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Artist's Statement: This is my 2nd quarter at LWTech. I'm trying to get an associate degree in Pre-Nursing. I'm in ART140 class online and this photo is one of my assignment from this quarter. My professor encouraged me to submit this photo, so here I am.
Table of Contents
(click on individual selections to go directly to those pages)

It’s Hard to Be Human (Cheryl A Sieloff) - essay
The Path (Annalise F Hill) - visual
I Believe in Quitting (Trevor Lee Close) - essay
Light Fixture Haley (Madisen Daggett) - visual
This I Believe (Taylor Nicole Combs) - essay
Untitled (Monica Shoemaker) - visual
Dani Reincarnate (Monica Shoemaker) - visual
I Believe in Books (Terry J Harleman) - essay
Conquest (William McKinnie) - poem
The Narrative of Victory in World War One (Lillian Beegle) - essay
Get Over Here (Tyler J Claxton) - visual
Pain Assessment and Management in Multicultural America (Jessica Anne Crandall) - essay
Sneakerhead Mind (Trixia Aningat) - visual
Graffiti to Murals (Kent Alex Fulton) - essay
The Light at The End of the Tunnel (Claudia Galvez) - essay
Uncle Pete's Train (Cortney Wells) - visual
Bjarke Ingels and Hedonistic Sustainability (Yutaro Sakai) - essay
Travelling Philippine Jeepney (Annie Cheng) - visual
It’s Hard to Be Human
Cheryl A Sieloff

I just returned to college after 35 years. This essay is about events in my life over the last 5 years. I share this story only in hopes someone else may find inspiration to just try. It is a story I’ve wanted to tell for a while, and Introduction to English Composition gave me the “tools” to achieve my goal.

The longer you walk this planet, the more experiences you will have personally and professionally. There will be times you think you are on the right course through life, but something happens that makes you question all your decisions. You never know what is coming. All you think is, “It isn’t going to happen to me.” Then, one day, you wake up and find yourself where you never thought you would be. It’s hard to be human. There may be periods in your life where you feel like you’ve taken two steps forward only to take three steps back. I’m sharing the last four years in hopes others will find strength that they, too, can overcome anything through small goals leading to a much larger goal. I’m pursuing Human Resource Management as my next career because I love the people side of business.

In April of 2014, my department at a well-known software company was being dissolved. I needed to change departments, but for one reason or another, I was complacent about moving on. I was laid off. It’s hard to be human. As stunning as it was, I knew deep down I had not tended to my career like a well-kept garden. I decided I needed to take a break and reevaluate being laid off. At the time, I was hanging out with a
group of partying people. I can only attribute my desire to hang out with this group to that need to belong. It seemed fun at the time, since most people like to belong to something. However, being with this group of people was not conducive to my future, and I knew it. I just didn’t do anything about moving on.

As a result of drinking with the group over time, I slowly became very addicted to alcohol. This was not just a situation of, “oh I need a drink to have fun,” but the kind of addiction where you wake up with the shakes. I knew at that point I wasn’t going to get a job until I pulled myself together, so I prayed to get off the fast train to destruction. What happened next, some may call coincidence and others call divine intervention. Two weeks after I prayed with all my heart and soul, I tripped on my flip-flops. If you don’t pick up your feet, these types of sandals are prone to rolling the tip under, thus tripping you forward. Yup, it’s hard to be human.

Tripping on my sandals was life changing. My head and the concrete connected. When I came to, I could see blood next to my head. Apparently, I did try to stop myself from hitting my head because I partially tore the rotator cuffs in both arms. I vaguely remember the Emergency Medical Technicians and the emergency room at Evergreen. They sent me to Harbor View trauma center. My left orbital eye socket was fractured, and my forehead had been cut open above my left eye. I spent two weeks in the ICU fighting for my life, including a near death
experience and developing pneumonia. When you get hit in the left side of your brain, all kinds of things begin to happen, including organs shutting down, delusions, and other kinds of complications. A damaged liver didn’t help my situation. They weren’t sure if I would make it through the first seven days, and, if I did, if I would regain my cognitive thinking. I had also lost the vision in my left eye. The worst part was that my body wasn’t cooperating. I wasn’t capable of talking and walking normally, and my words came out slowly. It is one of the most helpless feelings a person can experience. You’re trapped in your own body. By the third week, they let me walk with a walker. My mind was resisting everything that was happening. I just wanted all my abilities to come back to normal. Once it was confirmed that my cognitive thinking and hand-eye coordination had returned, I was discharged with my walker. With a little practice, I quickly switched to a cane.

My grandmother used to say, “Never be afraid of a little bit of work,” which became my mantra. The word “work” can mean many types of work, and I had a ton of work to do. I spent the next six months healing and fighting vertigo, walking with a cane and relearning how to function. After being laid up for three weeks, the resulting muscle atrophy was debilitating. I had lost seventy pounds and was left with no muscle mass. At this point, I was thinking, *it sucks to be human.* I looked awful in the mirror.
By January of 2016, I made a pledge to myself to start fighting to get my quality of life back. I challenged myself to do more and more tasks, starting with just body movement exercises. I set goals for each day and larger goals for the week. This was not easy because anything I did left me in pain. I was doing Epsom Salt baths twice a week and marijuana to take the edge off the pain. They told me not to do over-the-counter pain relief, since it was hard on my damaged liver. There was no way I was resorting to pain pills because they are too addicting and make you lethargic, and I had too much work to do.

Being sighted in only one eye left me clumsy. I tipped over coffee cups, ran into corners of walls, and had to retrain myself to do simple up-close tasks. People sighted in only one eye see things differently within twenty feet. Beyond twenty feet, we see like everyone else. If your peripheral vision is normal in the one eye, you can drive. Fighting through the muscle pain, I was able to slowly regain some normal function. I was not going to give up. I was determined to learn how to function with sight in only one eye, including practicing my computer skills and driving.

I started going to physical therapy and massage therapy, lifting weights, and walking. It took another six months of retraining and working out to start to feel normal. Regaining my life was a slow process. All the activity got me to a healthy state. Starting in July 2016, I worked my way up to five miles a day walking. Pokémon Go deserves
some credit, because my mindset was *if it gets me a little farther walking, let’s have fun*. Walking was a critical part of feeling normal and gave me time to think about life.

This brings us to 2017, when I felt great and excited to get back to work. I wasn’t giving up on life, and my goals were getting healthy, getting back to work, and regaining quality of life. But what was going back to work going to look like? I had done Program Management and Business Analyst positions, but it had been two years since I had worked. The feeling that I might not fit in started to set in, but I pushed forward. I told the negative self-talk to shut up and replaced it with “you’ve got this.” I removed the word “can’t” from my vocabulary and replaced it with, “How can I get this done?” I felt my mental self-image as well as my physical self gaining ground. I was starting to feel whole.

Besides networking, a great way to get back into the workforce is to work on contract through an agency. After several months, I finally landed a job doing business analyst type work. I felt very alone in an office with very little contact with my manager. The contract was supposed to last twelve months but was cut short due to funding. This meant I only got to work from September 2017 to March of 2018. As it turned out, the position was a great opportunity to get up to speed on Power BI and SharePoint, which, in theory, would help me land my next contract job. There was only one problem; I found a lump in my breast right after my contract ended. I had a biopsy done.
After the biopsy, the diagnosis was that I had breast cancer. This really put me in a stunned state. Well, I was back to “It’s hard being human” mode, but I pushed on. After all, I pulled myself through head trauma. Just being honest, this was a low point; it was more like “It sucks to be human!” The month of April was spent in scans and tests, and treatment started May 1. I had some of the worst reactions to the chemo because of my liver not processing normally. I had to keep telling myself, “I won’t be like this forever,” which got me through some of the worst times. On the good weeks, I started doing more thinking about my career. What was a head trauma and cancer survivor going to do with the rest of her life?

During cancer treatment, I started doing research and a lot of soul searching. To this day, I’m not sure when I made the decision to go into Human Resource Management. All I can say is it must have been in August of 2018 when I applied for financial aid. The more I looked at the jobs, the more excited I got over Human Resource Management. The position seems to be in demand and a good fit for my personality. The next step was to find a training program. Since Lake Washington Institute of Technology was near my home, it was the most logical. It was thrilling to find out they have two SHRM-approved training programs. My current strategy is to go full time for two quarters, then have my final surgery during the summer. After recovery, I’ll need to continue my education in the evenings. Going to college will
demonstrate to prospective employers that I’m current and competitive. Some of the technology classes in the HR Certificate of Proficiency will help me in any job. This strategy should enable me to obtain a job on contract while I finish school. This is the course I’ve set in motion, and my goals are clear. I guess being human isn’t so bad; we can bounce back from anything by just trying.
While taking this photograph, I had the intention to capture a moment of my dog playing in the snow or simply posing in it. However, this proved difficult. After about half an hour with frozen fingers, I gave in and started taking pictures of what he was naturally doing. Taking photos to capture a moment should not be staged. Instead, embrace the awkwardness and natural feel.
I Believe in Quitting
Trevor Lee Close

This story is taken from a time in my life that proved to be one of the most difficult, taking the experiences to shape who I am today.

I believe in the importance of quitting. Every person on this Earth has the innate sense to stop, to surrender to the overwhelming circumstances that may later define who we are. In 2016, I began a long and unknowingly difficult journey at a place called Ranger School. “Not for the weak, or faint hearted”: this was one of the first and last things I saw inscribed on the battle-torn barracks wall that had been there for over a hundred years. I learned quickly that the men that came before me knew exactly what they were talking about.

I believe in quitting, but not because I am a quitter. I saw some of the most hardened men I had ever met fall short, give up, and give in to the overwhelming odds that was our everyday training. Days of pain and anguish were only to follow; “Push deeper,” I would tell myself, not knowing the extent of how deep I could truly go. After three hundred and ten days consecutively spent in a course that’s meant to only last sixty-two days, I never found the bottom. I was the last man standing in a field of crushed hopes and dreams; I stood triumphant. “Not for the weak or faint hearted.” These words echo in my mind to this day. I had lived the Ranger Creed, and I never surrendered to the easy way out.
The percentage of soldiers in the United States military who signed up to strap on their boots and be on the frontline is an underwhelming one percent. Which Ranger Regiment made up of only twelve hundred highly trained and motivated men. Attending Ranger School had become a way of passage for the lower enlisted soldiers once they entered their respective battalions. They would tell us that we proved nothing by making it to our battalion, that the hard work had just began.

From the moment you step into the door, you are taught to not give up, but the way they teach you is by simply training to make you quit, to weed out the men that didn’t have what it took. My time as a private was no different. We were always treated with respect, but every single day was an uphill battle, a competition of who was going to come to the forefront of the pack and prove themselves worthy to go to ranger school. Of the thirty lower enlisted men I showed up to my battalion with, I was the first to get sent to ranger school.

I had become lost in the moment, lost in the praise of my team leaders. I never stopped to look at the men that stood to my left and right. I never quit; I never felt sorry for my circumstances or passed judgement on others for stopping when the going got tough. But I never quit; I’m not claiming to be better, stronger, or more of a man than anyone. Just as I believe that man is created with the innate sense to quit, I learned that he is also programmed to keep going. To push past the limits and boundaries created by those before him. This I believe in
quitting, it was that belief that fueled me and made me able to push further, faster, and harder than I ever believed I was capable of. In a sense, quitting can be the climactic point in one’s life. Given two paths, the easy way, or the road less traveled, the road you choose to follow will later define you, mold you into what you could have become, or what you were meant to be.
Light Fixture
Haley Madisen Daggett

I am a running start student, and this photo is from an assignment I did for ART 140, Photography Appreciation. The assignment was called In Your Face, and the objective was to take a photo of something in your house and try to make it unrecognizable. This was to help show students that the end result of any art, whether it be a painting, a sculpture, or a photograph, will always be whatever the artist wants it to be.
This I Believe
Taylor Nicole Combs

I’m a student here at Lake Washington, and I am studying Medical Billing & Coding. I enjoy hanging out with friends and family and being outdoors. Right now, I am learning to become a better writer in English 99.

I believe in never giving up. My reasoning behind this is because I have been through struggles in my life. When I was going into my senior year at Snohomish High School, my dad decided to leave my family without warning to Indiana. My mom and I came home from work, and he was gone. I almost didn’t graduate because I didn’t know how to cope with what just happened. We were in the middle of losing our house, job, and everything else. I now suffer from major anxiety and depression.

After graduating, we lived with a couple of family members for a bit, and I had started school at Pima Medical Institute for Veterinary Assistants. Unfortunately, things don’t always go as planned, and I had to drop out of school due to homelessness. I was worried about where I was going to sleep at night, such as in our cars, and losing everything I had in the process. We then lived with my aunt, and, after seven months, we found a small place. Starting from the very bottom has been an obstacle due to finances, medical problems, along with suffering with the anxiety and depression. I was not motivated to do anything and lost all my happiness. I thought I never would be able to get out of this hole.
My dad abandoning me and experiencing what I did was one of the most tragic moments to ever happen to me in my life. The obstacles I have experienced where I wanted to just give up because I felt I couldn’t or wouldn’t get anywhere in life has now shaped me into the strong woman I am today. I finally woke up one day and told myself, I need to believe in myself, think positive, and only have positive vibes around me, and I will succeed, so I decided on a different career path and now am attending Lake Washington. I want nothing more than to have a great career, get married, and have a family. My hard work will pay off, and I will not give up until I get there.

In conclusion, the statement of never giving up means a lot to me due to going through a lot already in my life at a young age. Of course, those obstacles have made me the strong woman I am today. Also, losing everything, starting from the very bottom with nothing, and overcoming major depression taught me to go for what you want in life, no matter what it is. Don’t let anyone or anything stop you from reaching your goals.
Feathers, with their connection to wings as a spiritual metaphor, represent a strong celestial connection to the Heavenly realms, as well as love, truth, protection, new beginnings and rebirth. Rainbows speak directly to our heart and soul, filling us with awe and energies of liquid love pouring all around us. Rainbows bring the promise that the troubles of today will surely come to pass. Hold strong in your faith and vision, and the rainbow will bring you fresh beginnings. "Life experience is like a rainbow; it has all the colors -some we love, some we don't, but seen altogether...it's beautiful." www.instagram.com/lionsmaneart/
A few years ago, my cousin was killed in a car accident. My fondest memory of her is her love for elephants. When I began paint-pouring, I didn't realize that deep emotion could be visualized through something so unintentional and abstract. When I stepped back from this painting immediately after creating it, the first thing I saw was the head of an elephant. This piece is one of my most cherished pieces; I will never part with it. The opportunity to express this connection to her is extremely healing and humbling..."for in that sleep of death what dreams may come." www.instagram.com/lionsmaneart/
I Believe in Books
Terry J Harleman

I quite enjoy reading fictional novels and strongly believe that more people should read, and this is why.

I believe in books; they mold our early imagination, teach us, and remind us what has happened.

When I was a child, I did not like reading books; they seemed to not click in my imagination the right way. They lacked a certain clarity that I just could not grasp; it took my father to help me reach that perspicuity. I loved the movie *Eragon*; however, one-day my father saw my sister and me watching it. He said, “The movie is okay, but reading the book will open your eyes to a new perspective.” After much convincing and a bit of reluctance on my part, he handed me the hardcover and just said, “enjoy.” After ten hours of reading, I learned that a book has clarity I had never imagined. It had a much more vivid perspective; books had their own movie to play for you. When I slept that night, the scenes played out better than the movie ever could. It had dancing, battles, and a fluid feel that I remember to this day.

While books have imagination, they include a lesson for anyone and everyone to learn. English teachers use them for that specific purpose. In 11th English, there are books the whole class is to read and find the very point of it, an example of this being *Fahrenheit 451*. The book’s protagonist is a firefighter whose job is to destroy any books or houses that may contain any form of novel. This was to limit what the
populace truly knew. The government wanted everyone to learn a certain amount of history, science, math, and English. The point of that was to contain knowledge, leaving an uneducated population who obeyed orders without question; it was a dystopian society where everyone was “happy”. While books contain all that and more, you must read them to get anything from them.

“Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it,” George Santayana (1905). This quotation resonated with me, so I have gone about to learn about my countries past. While I believed history is important, schools agreed with Mr. Santayana. They endeavored to make the subject well known, so we will not repeat the horrors of the past. History must be learned; the very foundation of society is based on this subject. In ancient days, they used word-of-mouth to pass history along, but when hieroglyphs were created, stone slates were used instead. Later on, they used papyrus, due to the fact that it was easier to pass along and transcribe onto. Books first were created to allow generations down the line to remember what was, in the hopes that they will be better than those prior generations. My history class taught me about the revolution of the United States on multiple occasions; this is the most important part of history for our country. The revolution is literally the very existence of who we are. If it had not taken place centuries ago, the United States would not exist. However, it happened. We know this since treatises have been written with the events for us to
study-know. The revolution taught us the importance of listening to the citizens, and every four years, we elect someone that is to watch over the country. The only reason that we know who the previous presidents were and what they accomplished is due to books. They are the culmination of our past.

While treatises are our past, novels are our present and future. Even knowing aforementioned, there is more than meets the eye when it comes to the ever-changing concepts of writing. I believe that books are a great way for communication between the past and the present. I don’t know about everyone else, but they certainly molded me to be who I am today. I hope that one day, everyone one day sees books in a similar light.
Conquest
William McKinnie

We've studied quite a bit of poetry over the quarter in Introduction to Literature, and the best pieces always seem to share two attributes: they make a broad, insightful observation about humanity or life in general; and they make an unorthodox, sometimes quirky statement about you, the reader. This poem has neither, but at least it rhymes.

We came ashore to a new world
Where seas of methane boil;
Our drills and augers came unfurled
And raped the virgin soil.
We popped up tents of metal sheet
And cowered from that sun.
As I reposed in Spartan suite,
We vanished, one by one.
And in the morning I beheld
Nary a soul but me.
And lo, unearthly tracks foretold:
This place held more than "We."
Henceforth, this place was named as "cursed,"
Though you know now—they were here first.
The Narrative of Victory in World War One
Lillian Beegle

I am a student at Lake Washington Institute of Technology and am transferring to the University of Washington to study European history as an academic career. For this assignment in English Composition II, I decided to write a research paper on my “favorite” war, World War I. For me, this paper was an exercise in researching and implementing sources. One source in particular I had already read and had used to formulate my argument; the challenge was finding sources to support it. I hope readers will enjoy and learn something new from this obscure topic.

The recent centennial of the First World War from 1914-1918 brought the conflict and its consequences back into the public eye…in Europe. Notable in the United States was less acknowledgement of the Great War and the American contribution to the victorious Powers, and how President Woodrow Wilson and the United States shaped the post-war world. Perhaps this is because World War II so thoroughly overshadows World War I in the popular psyche, in which the “good guys” and “bad guys” are easily delineated, and because survivors and veterans are still with us today. World War I is distant, gray and morally ambiguous, and the last living war veteran died in 2011. It may not be as well-known to the layperson, but, among historians, an argument exists regarding whether or not the United States really was as important as claimed to the outcome of the Great War: the victory of the Entente and the defeat of the Central Powers. These details and terms will be covered in more depth in this paper. The argumentation given is that the Entente (in this case France and Great Britain) would have been victorious...
against the Central Powers (specifically Germany) without the United States joining the war at the last moment in 1918. Some sources counter that this may be an attempt to recover some national pride after the Americans swooped into battle in the final year and “took credit” for the victory themselves and point out the necessity of the governments of France and Great Britain to cover for their own mistakes. It is also verifiable that without monetary support from the United States, it would have been more difficult for the Entente to afford to wage a war on this grand scale. Therefore, with the facts available and with the support of first-hand sources, it can be concluded that the entry of the United States into World War I was indispensable to the Entente victory.

One of John Mosier’s (2001) most important conclusions in his book *The Myth of the Great War* is that the French and British officialdom and public started believing their own propaganda efforts and downplayed the effect the American contribution had on the outcome of the war: “the great myth of the war, then, is that Great Britain and France won it” (p. 9). Mark Grotelueschen (2017), in his analysis of the American war effort, points out that despite the “revisionism” of scholars in the 1980’s and 90’s who seriously criticized the leadership and effectiveness of the “American Expeditionary Force,” the “[American] contribution to the military defeat of the German Army was significant” (p. 3).
To set the stage: the original terms used for the two sides are the “Entente” and the “Central Powers.” The first began as a prewar alliance structure, called the “Triple Entente,” between the Russian Empire, France, and Great Britain. As the war progressed and other countries became involved, the alliance remained the “Entente” (French for “agreement” or “friendship.”) The Entente are sometimes called the “Allied Powers,” but this is frequently done in hindsight after World War II. The opposing belligerents were called the “Central Powers,” with the German Empire as the dominant partner, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the Ottoman Empire, and Bulgaria. The name comes from their geographic location between France and Russia. A simple map of the belligerents illustrates the Theater of War in Europe:
President Woodrow Wilson’s speech at the beginning of the Great War in 1914 stressed the importance of neutrality and noninvolvement; Garrett Peck (2018) quotes Wilson as saying, “we must be impartial in thought as well as in action” (p. 24). This may be mystifying to modern Americans, but this was an era when the United States interfering in the affairs of other countries was the exception rather than the norm. During the early years of 1914-1915, Wilson offered to be a mediator between the belligerents. Wilson relied on his envoy, Edward House, to travel to Europe to make his case (p. 25). However, given that the Americans were selling weapons to the British, the Germans were especially unconvinced with the Americans’ stated “neutrality.”

Through language and culture, American sentiment was usually pro-British, despite many German-Americans who might have been sympathetic to the German Empire or millions of Irish-Americans who were vehemently anti-British. President Woodrow Wilson, still bearing the banner of neutrality, allowed the Entente governments to borrow large sums of money to finance the war. The expectation among everyone was that the Great War would be “over by Christmas,” which turned out to be false; the war devolved into a catastrophic and expensive slog. These foreign loans were incredibly important to the Entente; according to Moser (2001), in total, $10.5 billion were borrowed, of which $3.5 billion was loaned while the United States was neutral (p. 303). For comparison, Britain and France’s combined
military budgets in 1914 were a paltry $671 million. In modern context, $10.5 billion is worth $177 billion in 2018.

In addition to loans, the United States had no scruples selling war materials to the British and French, as well. The amount of goods made or manufactured in the United States which ended up in Europe for the war effort is so numerous it would be too time-consuming to list them all. Some examples, according to Moser (2001): the British Army used US manufactured Winchester and Remington rifles, their eight-inch howitzers were produced in Pennsylvania, and the French Army relied on imported American steel to manufacture their tanks (p. 304). Just as important as the loans, the Entente governments heavily relied on American toluol, which is an essential component of trinitrotoluol, more commonly known as TNT, and necessary for artillery shells (Mosier, 2001). Mosier has supposed that the reason the United States government neglected to mention the massive assistance rendered to the Entente (and the pro-Entente positions of many important figures, such as Wilson) is the insistence that the US entered the war because of morally superior arguments of harm done to American citizens and property, and not because the government was sympathetic to England from the start. Mosier stated that “the United States was a cobelligerent long before it declared war” (p. 305).

The British Royal Navy was the chief naval power on the globe, both commercial and military. According to Peck (2018), the British Navy
owned 50 percent of all “merchant marines” in the world and successfully cut off Germany’s commercial routes with the rest of the globe by blockading the Northern Sea from Norway to Scotland (p. 27). As the British began their naval blockade of Germany, there were protestations from the United States, who expected “freedom of the seas” for trade and were resentful of the powerful Royal Navy’s proclivity to dominate the seas and impose itself upon the rules of maritime commerce (p. 27). Unrestricted Submarine Warfare was a wartime policy started in 1917 by the German Empire in response to the British naval blockade, as they struggled to supply their armies and feed their citizens.

There are certain laws regarding what can be considered a blockade and how it affects the trade of neutral countries. The British went beyond the conventions of a blockade (in which neutral ships carrying munitions and other items to support the military of the opposing side could be considered contraband) and began seizing other supplies, such as grain and cotton (Peck, p. 27). German Admiral von Tirpitz is quoted by Justus Doenecke (2011) as saying matter-of-factly, “England wants to starve us. We can play the same game. We can…torpedo every English or allied ship which nears any harbor in Great Britain, thereby cutting off her large food supplies” (p. 58). To do this, the German Navy began deploying her relatively untested Unterseeboot (undersea boat, or U-Boats). Submarines were a very recent invention and didn’t have
much practical experience in modern warfare. They were best at stalking and infiltrating enemy waters and sinking their opponents rather than capturing them. The waters around the British Isles were declared a war zone by the Germans; any ships, neutral or not, were liable to be torpedoed and sunk by U-Boats. As Peck (2018) points out, it was becoming harder for the United States “to remain impartial, given that the country’s trading partners were at war with each other” (p. 28).

The United States government voiced its concerns over the safety of neutral ships and vaguely intimated that the German government would face some consequences if American citizens were made victims of German torpedoes. This included Americans who happened to be traveling on British ships. Frequently for ships carrying civilians traveling through declared war zones, a notice of caution was given regarding the danger and advising potential passengers to travel at their own risk.

RMS Lusitania, one of the largest ocean liners of the era, was launched in 1906, according to Wood, Smith, and Hayns (2002, p. 2). It was, at first glance, the safest passenger ship from the United States to England. However, before the war, the British government, upon funding the Lusitania, expected it to be able to convert to an Armed Merchant Cruiser (AMC) if necessary, and a secret hold was built to store munitions. It was this information, as well as the Lusitania neglecting to fly the British flag according to the proper wartime rules,
by which the Germans justified the Lusitania as an acceptable target. On May 7th, 1915, U20 torpedoed the Lusitania, and while over 2,000 passengers and crew were fleeing for the lifeboats, a second internal explosion quickly sank the liner. Over 1,000 people died in the tragedy, 128 of which were Americans (Wood et al., 2002). The sinking of the Lusitania remains one of the most infamous controversies of the Great War, with many unexplained mysteries and deliberate obfuscations by the British, American, and German governments. Regardless of the true facts behind the sinking or which country was to “blame,” American public opinion was primarily outraged and more favorable to an interventionist foreign policy than ever before.

Still, it took another two years for the United States to declare war. A number of factors were in play; according to Rodney Carlisle (2009) in *Sovereignty at Sea*, at least ten other incidents of US merchant ships were torpedoed by U-Boats within that time frame (p. xiv). The sinking of these ships may have been a mundane but more likely reason to declare a casus belli (act that provokes or justifies war), as compared to the inhumane sinking of the Lusitania. Woodrow Wilson was attempting to stay out of the war and even ran for reelection on the slogan “He kept us out the war,” according to Peck (2018), but his high-flying idealism was a major pull to get involved as well (p. 59). In his war message to Congress on April 2nd, 1917, on the vote to declare war against Germany, he referred more vaguely to German violations of American
sovereignty and preached rhetoric about the potential of a new, ideal world as he envisioned it (Carlisle, 2009).

Woodrow Wilson was loathe to refer to the United States as an “ally” of the Entente; the preferred term was “associate.” This may seem like unnecessary hairsplitting, but, according to Grotelueschen (2011) in his other work *Anglo-American Cooperation in World War I*, the semantics of American involvement in the war was vital to the self-identity of the American Expeditionary Force, or AEF, as an independent army and the United States having different war aims than the British and French (p. 214-215).

World War I was the very first instance the United States sent an army overseas (Peck, 2018). An immediate problem became apparent: How would it be possible to ship over a million American soldiers to Europe without the German U-Boats sinking the ships? The United States demanded all US ships be provided with convoys, which, surprisingly, the British were not doing. The United States and Great Britain erected huge trails of mines and nets to deter German attacks. The Germans severely miscalculated their ability to keep American transport from bringing soldiers to Europe in the first place. As Grotelueschen (2017) states, “The Admiralty famously gave the Kaiser a ‘guarantee’ that not a single American soldier would ever arrive safely in France” (p. 8).
The German expectation circa the United States declaration of war is that the introduction of the AEF could turn the tide against them. The German high command began racing to knock Great Britain and France out of the war before the Americans arrived. To do this, the Germans were in the fortuitous positions to demand favorable terms from the Russian revolutionaries after the collapse of the Russian Empire, which, after the signing of the Peace of Brest-Litovsk, was able to theoretically transfer German soldiers from the Eastern Front to shore up the West. By early 1918, General Ludendorff was taking the arrival of the AEF very seriously. As quoted in *With Our Backs to the Wall: Victory and Defeat in 1918*, by D. Stevenson: “only action brings success…Therefore we will and must not wait until the Entente with American help feels strong enough to attack us…” (p. 34).

The head of the AEF, General Pershing, emphasized the necessity to refuse the demands of the Entente to merge American units with theirs. He also expected the presence of the “doughboys” to raise French morale at home. However, the AEF soldiers required months of training before finally entering the trenches (Grotelueschen, p. 17). Still discouraged, General Petain remarked dourly to French Prime Minister Clemenceau in March 1918, “The Germans will defeat the British in open country; after that, they will defeat us, too” (p. 17). The Americans underwent a “trial by fire,” as they had no experience in trench warfare. But Pershing’s optimism proved correct; as an unnamed French officer
stated, “The sight of this magnificent youth from across the sea... had an immense effect... [as if] a magical transfusion of blood was taking place” (Grotelueschen, p. 18).

The biggest decimator of human life in the Great War was not from artillery or bullets. It was the Spanish flu, which, as it originated in Haskell County, Kansas, is a somewhat misleading name (Peck, 2018). This influenza virus was unusual in that it was more devastating to young adults rather than the very young and very old. Germany and Austria-Hungary, starving and desperate, were ravaged by the virus. Despite the devastation on both army and civilian lives, I haven’t found evidence which concludes that the influenza virus was a turning point for the German defeat. According to Peck (2018), the flu claimed some twenty-one million people worldwide (p. 176).

Another counter argument presented is that foreign (American) lending in the war was insignificant to the war effort. However, according to Mosier (2001), the numbers maintain that France, given her 1914 national budget was only about $1 billion, was especially dependent on American loans during the war; without them, she would be sunk, and Britain would be sunk without France (p. 324).

Mosier also presents much of the first-hand accounts from the BEF, which is frequently cited by other historians, as hopelessly self-serving and obfuscating. American inexperience and the rapidity in which the “doughboys” were forced to train for the trenches is frequently pointed
out by British historians arguing that American assistance to the Allied victory was relatively minor. Mosier (2001) writes; “American historians have been strangely receptive to taking British claims…about American [in]competence at face value, often seeming to assume that the BEF possessed a level of skill it clearly never did” (p. 325).

As the Entente Hundred Days Offensive triumphed in November of 1918, the German Empire finally sued for peace…with the Americans. Wilsonian idealism succeeded, much to the consternation of the British and French governments, who had very little intention to comply with President Wilson’s Fourteen Points, his manifesto for his new world order of peace and democracy. French General Petain correctly assumed they would need to mount a large invasion to utterly defeat the German army, which, for the majority of the war, had dominated the battlefield, to bring the German Empire to its knees (Mosier, p. 335). The home front in Germany was in dire straits; the German people were starving, war weary, and the threat of revolution as had happened in Russia was very real. As things stood, the German command was more than happy to negotiate a less painful cessation via an armistice on American terms, which would leave the German army mostly intact. The British and French were in no shape to protest. In the end, the Americans dominated in the war effort and at the peace table.
References


Get Over Here
Tyler J Claxton

I am a Business Technology student. I did this project for Art 102 Design.
Pain Assessment and Management in Multicultural America
Jessica Anne Crandall

I am a first quarter nursing student and was asked to summarize and reflect on a nursing journal article. My background includes very little exposure to multicultural America, and I was interested in acquiring a better understanding. I hope that, like myself, readers are able to gain an awareness of our diverse communities and how it impacts the quality of care in nursing.

The United States is becoming more diverse every decade, which intensifies the need for nurses to use accurate judgment when assessing their patients for pain and to understand the resources available. According to the U.S. Census Bureau, minority groups will increase from 30% of the U.S. population, as reported in the 2000 census, to 54% in 2015 (Narayan, 2010). This brings together people of different cultural groups, varying in ethnicity, religious practices, geographic factors, socioeconomic status, etc. Nurses have been working to improve cultural awareness and “culturally competent” care for the past two decades, but it is still undetermined whether this goal is being met. It is important to recognize that everyone is ethnocentric. This is the belief that attitudes and behaviors that match our own are correct and those that don’t are abnormal, wrong, or inferior (Narayan, 2010). When nurses can recognize their own beliefs about pain, then they are able to ask themselves which beliefs are cultural and which are proven with evidence to be superior.
The ethical issue of keeping patients safe from harm while maintaining their cultural identity and adjusting to the patients’ cultural practices is beginning to gain recognition as the population becomes more diverse. Both the Institute of Medicine and American Pain Society have conducted reports and found that minority group members, when compared to whites, had poorer outcomes with more pain (Narayan, 2010). Patients from different cultures interpret pain differently and use a wide array of different terms to describe pain. This is because culture strongly influences the individual’s perception of pain within multiple dimensions, including psychological, social, spiritual, and physical dimensions (Narayan, 2010). Managing and treating a patient’s pain becomes more complicated for nurses in a multicultural country like America.

It is important for nurses to be aware of some of the major factors resulting in suboptimal pain outcomes when caring for their patients. Patients who are not fluent in English may not give a thorough and accurate pain assessment and need further questioning, with rewording of the questions. A patient’s nonverbal communication needs to be assessed carefully, as well; the nurse may misread a patient’s signs of pain. The use of various pain assessment tools does not work for every patient, and nurses cannot assume patients comprehend the numbers, pictures, etc. used to rank their pain level. For many patients, to admit
they are in pain makes them less than a “good” patient, leading to underreporting of pain.

According to the American Nurses Association, “Discrimination and racism continue to be a part of the fabric and tradition of American society and have adversely affected minority populations, the health care system in general, and the profession of nursing” (Narayan, 2010, p.43). There are patients who are subject to prejudicial stereotypes or negative judgments based on their race or ethnicity, which negatively affects the management and treatment of their pain within healthcare. This leads to fear of prescribing medications, labeling minority groups as “drug-seekers,” and pharmacies in poor neighborhoods not dispensing opioids for pain (Narayan, 2010).

Nurses have an obligation to care for patients, advocate for them, and safeguard their welfare. Culturally, this means encouraging a patient to continue beneficial practices that promote health and well-being. Another responsibility for nurses is to determine when a patient’s beliefs or practices are neutral and accommodate them if it is possible. These are not proven scientifically beneficial but are spiritually uplifting for the patient and have a therapeutic effect. It becomes difficult when patients use harmful practices, and nursing intervention and negotiation are needed. Patients can never be forced to change their norms, but nurses can encourage safe behaviors by listening, explaining, acknowledging, recommending, and negotiating (L.E.A.R.N.).
Respecting cultural norms and striving to understand people’s differences promotes a feeling of being valued (Narayan, 2010).

**Analysis and Reflection**

It is disheartening to learn minority groups, when compared to whites, receive less ideal care, such as pain assessment and management. I think it is a misconception that every patient is treated with the same level of care. Patients who do not speak English or have different cultural and spiritual practices from their nurse can make the assessment process and care plan more challenging and time-consuming. The nurse is then required to ask more questions, clarify the patient’s full understanding, and discover and learn about their patient’s culture to help make accommodations.

I work in Pre-Surgical Admitting at a hospital, and we have minority patients who speak a language other than English and are part of a different culture than the nurses admitting them. The nurses try their best to put bias aside and to treat every patient with their best care. Sometimes, when they are unable to relate to their patient, I see them struggle through their admit process. I have seen staff start talking in a louder voice to their patients who are unable to understand the words being said, as if they are hard of hearing. Aside from embarrassing me, the nurse intimidated their patient from trusting them with personal information about their views on pain management. They did not
disclose to the nurse any of their cultural views or spiritual practices because they wanted to be a “good” patient and make their nurse happy. This was damaging to the care in the recovery room when the nurse did not know anything about their strong feelings against the use of opioid prescriptions.

The foundation of trust between a patient and their nurse is built on respect and understanding of cultural and spiritual differences around topics such as pain. As America becomes increasingly multicultural, nurses will have to continue improving their knowledge about their patients and strive to become more “culturally competent” in their nursing care.

References
Sneakerhead Mind
Trixia Aningat

I have created this picture because of my love for sneakers. Not only men can rock a nice kick—women do, too.
This paper I typed goes through one of my many personal goals I am working on. This document shows my progress over the years of working to be a graffiti artist and muralist. I am still working towards this goal, and I am not going to stop. I am currently enrolled in the CSNT program here at LWTech working to get my AAS degree. I am also still in high school and working part time in Bellevue. Overall, I hope my paper inspires you to stick with your own goals and not to give up.

I’m a student who is currently in the final quarter of Computers, Servers, Networking, and Technology. I am employed down in Bothell to a tech company called “Teal Group Technologies.” Getting a tech job for my future was always my main goal, so I could start my life and grow. Later on, my mindset changed to not worry as much about money and stress about how I will be with big companies. Currently, I have a starting tech job to grow in and slowly learn more and more over the years to get higher in the industry. In the background of all this progress, I have been busy with the goal I want to complete that involves art and drawing. Art has always been in my life, and it has always been something I was not afraid of trying. Graffiti and other types of art have been flowing through my life and have changed the way I see the world. Because of this, an addiction of wanting to be a better artist was driven into my heart.

Growing up as an only child, I spent most of my time either playing video games or sketching. My mother, being an artist, would encourage
me to draw. She would buy sketching books for me to study in, where I would draw everything from simple pictures of characters from the cartoon SpongeBob SquarePants to detailed sketches of robots. Of course, I wasn’t a professional artist, but I was only five at the time. But my mother would always tell me my sketches were amazing, which encouraged me to continue drawing and show my drawings off to my friends and other students at my school. Being as young as I was, some people thought they were awesome, and others thought I was a geek.

Later in my life, I was attending middle school and taking pottery classes. The instructor of the class was Oliver, whom I’ve known a very long time. I took his pottery classes every year trying to get better with the trade skill of clay. I took his classes for five years trying to make something decent. Overall, Oliver is the best in the state for pottery, hands down, but I never could get a grasp on the skill side of pottery. Sure, I made some cool things, but down inside of me, it was all just garbage. In the class, you were supposed to sketch two times a week, and, at the end of the class, he would flip through your sketchbook and see what you have sketched for the year. I filled up an entire sketchbook full of “memes” that I would see on the internet and cartoon characters. At this time in my life, I was not drawing or sketching much, and I was just doing it because it was an assignment, but doing this through the years helped me to get comfortable with drawing and coloring.
Getting older, I entered high school and went to a tech trade school. Half of the day, I was at the high school, then the other half I was at Sno-isle Tech. I was taking the CSNT course for computers there, trying to get experience to get a well-paying tech job. In that class, I met lots of people, people who I still talk to today and make plans with. Sitting in my CSNT class, I looked at the handwriting of a student that was sitting near me. His hand writing had a style to it that I had never seen before, and it made me curious on how he learned to write like that. Later on in the class, the student was whispering to another, showing the student something on his phone. I, of course, butted in and asked what he was showing the other student. The student held up his phone and showed me some graffiti that he had painted under a bridge. Seeing this opened my eyes to graffiti for the first time and interested me, because I did not know what it was or why people would do that.

Throughout the year, I would talk to this student, asking him to explain how he did that and why. He would always laugh, because he had been writing graffiti for years and was very skilled in it. Me, being seen as some younger kid asking about graffiti with no experience, did not interest the student, but I did not stop. Graffiti, to me, was something that I had never understood and could not even comprehend how to create something so unreadable yet have it say something. This student eventually took me under his wing. To this day, he gives me advice on my work and helps me with my art.
After getting to know this student, I started researching how graffiti started and went from there. I started sketching “tags” and would write my name in a sketchbook with some funky, yet terrible letters. I started sketching the name “Panda” and taught myself how to do bubble and 3D letters on paper. Being a Christian, I did not want to break the law by painting on walls illegally, so I came up with the idea of “chalking.” Every day, I would walk back and forth from school with a box full of chalk in my backpack. As I would walk by parks or places with smooth sidewalks, I would take my chalk and “tag” the ground with it. The name “Panda” was all over town, on the ground next to parks, schools, and sidewalks. Everyone who was a teenager saw the name “Panda” and would talk about it and wonder what it meant. I did this for about two years. Then, some problems came up. Being a 16 year-old can be scary; making dumb decisions without thinking happens a lot.

One day, I thought it would be a cool idea to chalk on a park wall that was on the main road of the high school. This was a prime spot because all the school buses would see it driving up and down to and from the school, so, being a stupid non-thinking teenager, I went up to the wall next to the busy road and started chalking. I took my time, about ten minutes, drawing on the wall, “Panda.” When I was all done, I sat down next to it and listened to music, enjoying the nice sunny day. Having no guilt or worry of my art being a bad thing, I noticed that a city car pulled up. I stood up and smiled and was being friendly to the
lady. While talking to the city lady, two cop cars suddenly pulled up with their lights on.

Me standing there, not afraid, I talked to the kind officers about my chalk and told them how I thought it turned out. The officers laughed and responded with, “Wow! You should get paid to do murals, man!” or “Wow, that’s actually pretty cool! You should learn to paint!” At the end of the day, the city lady explained to me that I am not allowed to do this on walls because I had no permission. The officers somewhat disagreed and thought what I was doing was cool and inspiring, but the city did not care. Packing everything up, and everyone getting back in their cars, the officers privately talked to me. They told me that I should keep it up with what I was doing, just try not to be as noticed and stick to the
ground. After that day, I was awakened to laws and started thinking more.

Since then, I have chalked at parks for hours and drawn characters or mountains with plenty of people watching me with their kids. I have gotten all sorts of feedback; people say it boosts their moods and inspires them to walk around the parks and see my art. Now, after sketching nonstop, trying to be better, I went through name changes and stuck with the name “Rake.” This name doesn’t mean anything; I just liked how the letters flowed with each other. Getting caught up, it’s been two to three years writing graffiti and sketching every day or every other day. I completed two sketchbooks and lots of side doodles and drawings.
Deep inside of me I knew I was ready to paint. I just didn’t know how to start.

I ordered some paint online, then took a big tarp that was buried in my shed and hung it on the side of my house against my fence with a rope and clamps. I tied it up and finally had a big canvas to practice painting on. I soon got my paint in the mail, and I began to learn how to use all the different types of paint cans and caps. I learned when to use low pressure cans or high pressure cans and different paint caps. I started painting my sketches and began building can control and quickly became comfortable with painting. Now, in 2019, I am still painting and trying to reach my goals of being a better painter, painting murals for people, and becoming a local graffiti artist. I have met lots of people along the way who have encouraged me to keep going. I most recently met a graffiti writer at a legal wall by a skate park. He has been painting graffiti for over twenty years, and his work is beautiful. He gave me some pointers with the painting I did below and was friendly.
Overall, I am growing as an artist very quickly. I see major leaps of progress in my work and am inspired to keep going and to stay legal. I will one day paint murals for people, and my name will be known around some parts of Seattle. You can do anything if you put your mind to it, just put in the work and you will gain your reward. In my case, I won’t stop sketching and I won’t let people discourage me from my goals.
The Light at The End of the Tunnel
Claudia Galvez

I wrote this personal narrative for English 101. I told this story in my father’s perspective, hoping that I can bring his story to life and inspire anyone who ever finds themselves in a situation of trying to move forward after a life-altering event. This is my dad's story, told in his voice.

My motivation for a better life for myself and my family came from most heartrending and emotionally scarring events in my life. My father's passing was that life-altering event that changed my life forever. I was sixteen years old, the oldest of nine siblings. His passing brought pain, sadness, but, most importantly, a great load of responsibility. I turned this event into my motivation to pick up where my father left off and raise my siblings. My journey of dealing with my emotions while at the same time having to be a parent to nine siblings was difficult. But I hope that it will positively impact anyone who finds themselves in a situation of trying to move forward after a life-altering event.

September 12th, 1984 was the day I was leaving for Mexico to go to the United States, but before I left, I went up to my father, hugged him, and told him that he had to quit drinking for our family. He put his bottle of whiskey down and put his hand on my cheek. “No te preocupes mijo, voy a tratar.” He told me he’d try his best. As I walked away, I tried holding my tears back, but the knot that I felt in my throat was much too big to hold back. Tears started to come down my cheeks. I cried not because I was leaving, but because I knew he wouldn’t quit. I arrived in
the United States one week later and got to work right away. I was working hard to provide my younger siblings with food and clothes for school. I called once a week to check up on my siblings and, most importantly, my dad. Every time I called, I prepared myself for bad news. I was unsure of what would become of my father, since I was no longer there to keep track of his whereabouts - or how many bottles of alcohol he had before he ended up at the hospital. Every time I called, my sister Sonia would pick up, and every time I asked for my father, she would make excuses to why he couldn't come to the phone. “He’s sleeping, in the shower, or out buying groceries,” she’d say, but I knew the truth: I knew that he was slouched in a corner with the whiskey bottle in one hand and completely out of it.

A month had passed since I had arrived to the States, and I received a call from my uncle, Miguel. My father was ill. After hanging up, my heart dropped because I knew how this would all end. I prepared myself because I knew I had to be strong if anything was to happen. I had to not break down because I had my younger siblings to worry about. The weeklong trip felt like eternity. When I arrived back to Mexico City, my father was in his bed - pale, sweating, with a weak look in his eyes and with little color to his face. He had been diagnosed with end-stage liver disease.

Weeks passed, and there was no sign of improvements. His health began to decline rapidly. My uncles insisted on taking him back to his
pueblo, where he would spend his final days. We loaded the truck. In it were my father, my uncle Lupe, and me. The five-hour ride to his pueblo was long, but I was determined to cherish every second I had left with my father. We were one hour away from our destination, and my father began to have chills and uncontrollable shaking. All the color he had on his face was no longer there, and he was pale and weak. I knew what was to come in the next hour. Though I began to prepare myself, an abundance of emotions began to hit me all at once. I was angry because he could have prevented this if he would have stopped drinking when the doctors told him to. I was sad because I would no longer have my father and because my younger siblings were too young to have known what a wonderful man he actually was. I cried right there and then. In silence, I wanted to be strong and not look weak. I needed to get myself together because soon I would have to fill my father's shoes. As my father began to get weaker and weaker, I began to comfort him. My father had a worried look in his face, like he was trying to fight death, and he wanted more time. I could see the desperation in his eyes. My uncle turned to me and said, “tell him not to worry, and that you’ll be in charge, that you’ll take care of your siblings. Let him know that it’s okay to let go.” As my hands held his cold body and tears ran down my face, I told him exactly that. As the last word came out of my mouth, his body began to get cold, and he took his final breath. I told him not to worry
and that I would be responsible for my siblings. I felt that he left with peace, knowing that I would do good by their side.

When we arrived at his pueblo, our extended family and my siblings were informed that he had passed. Everybody around me mourned, but not me. I had grieved my father’s death before everyone else did. From there on, I had to be strong for my siblings because I had promised my father that I would be in charge and responsible for each of them. My father passed on October 23rd, 1984, and his funeral was the day after. After the memorial service and burial, my siblings and I were huddled. I was trying to comfort each of them. My fathers, brothers, and sisters surrounded us and said, “okay, so how are we going to do this?” They then began picking which one of my siblings they would be in charge of. I looked over at my younger sister, Angelica, and I saw the sadness and fear in her eyes. My siblings had just lost their father, and they were about to be separated from each other. As orders were being given by my uncle, I intervened. I made it clear that no one would be separated and that I would be in charge. They were doubtful. I could see it in their faces. But I knew I could do it. Their doubt was my motivation.

Fast forward 25 years later, I am proud to say that I succeeded. I proved that I was able to move forward, even after the loss of my father and the load of responsibilities that followed. My motivation to exceed the expectations of those who doubted me was accomplished. Although the circumstances I was put through were difficult, I was able to thrive.
Uncle Pete's Train
Cortney Wells

When I was growing up, one of my great uncles was obsessed with trains, and he would collect trains from all over the country. One day, I had to do a "place" assignment for my photography class, and I saw the train, and I knew that he needed a photo of it, so I took it and edited it. I then sent it in as my assignment. I gave it a title, since I knew that by not having a title, it would look like an abandoned train left in the snow, but it is not. It runs weekly.
Bjarke Ingels and Hedonistic Sustainability
Yutaro Sakai

I am studying in the Architecture Technology program, and this research paper was written for the Theory of Architecture class in my sophomore year. The criteria for this project were to choose one of the architectural theorists, summarize his background, and write about his design process, strategies, and theories. Bjarke Ingels is a world-famous young architect, and I was inspired by him as an architect, his design process, and sustainable thinking. He is one of the reasons why I became interested in Architecture and Sustainability.

Abstract

The reason why I chose Bjarke Ingels for my research paper is that when I started becoming interested in architecture, I was inspired by his designs, philosophy, and theories. Because of that, I was passionate about doing more research about him and wanted to know his vision and ambition. Ingels is a young Danish architect who introduced Hedonistic Sustainability to the world. His design thinking, process, and strategy in architectural practices have brought sustainable design to the next level. Ingels was nominated as one of Time magazine’s one hundred most influential people of 2016, and he has been called the next Rem Koolhass. With enhancing quality of life, hedonically sustainable buildings and even city masterplans are no longer detrimental to our

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1 Rem Koolhass is a Dutch architect, architectural theorist, urbanist and professor in practice of architecture and urban design at the Graduate School of Design at Harvard University. Koolhass is the founding partner of OMA and known as one of the most important architectural thinkers and urbanists of his generation. He won the Pritzker Prize in 2000.
ecosystems. Hedonistic Sustainability is a holistic approach to design in which a high quality and satisfying lifestyle coexists within a comprehensive ecosystem of urbanism.

Keywords: pragmatic utopianism, engineer without engine, hedonistic sustainability, architectural alchemy, sustainability, powder plant

Introduction

In his early life, Ingels wanted to become a cartoonist, but his parents told him that he should study architecture. Because of their suggestion, he started studying architecture to improve his drawing skills at the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts in 1993. He discovered his passion for architecture and went on to continue his studies in Barcelona. Ingels also worked for Rem Koolhaas for three years at Office Metropolitan Architecture (OMA) in Rotterdam, Netherland, from 1998 to 2001.

In 2001, he returned to Copenhagen and founded an architectural practice called PLOT with a former OMA colleague, Julien de Smedt. The VM House, which is inspired by Le Corbusier’s\(^2\) Unite d’Habitation concept, was an award-winning project and was their first major achievement in 2005. It was designed as two residential blocks and shaped like the letters V and M as seen from the sky. Daylight, privacy, and views were carefully considered. More interestingly, there

\(^2\) Charles-Edouard Jeanneret-Gris, known as Le Corbusier, was a Swiss-French architect and one of the pioneers of modern architecture.
are 80 unique types of apartments in the complexes, and they are adaptable to individual needs. In January 2006, after closing PLOT, Ingels established the Bjarke Ingels Group (BIG), which grew to four hundred employees by 2016. The mountain dwellings were the first project for BIG, and they are located in the same site across the street from the VM House that he completed in 2005. Since Denmark is a flat landscape, he designed the building like a mountain which combined 110,000 sq ft of housing and 220,000 sq ft of parking space.

Ingels published his first book, Yes Is More: An Archicomic on Architecture Evolution, which included thirty-five projects from his practice between 1999 and 2010. It is designed in the form of a comic book talking about how he came up with designs, how they relate to his theories, and what he learned through his projects. After several years, his second book, Hot to Cold: An Odyssey of Architectural Adaptation, was published. It contains fifty-five case studies of his practices, including well-known projects such as West 57, the 8 House, Powder Plant (Copenhill), and so on. He also spoke at TED events a couple times and presented his vision and mission, including Pragmatic Utopianism and Hedonistic sustainability. Throughout those dynamic and challenging years, Ingels won many competitions and completed projects domestically and internationally and started becoming a well-known architect in the world.
Pragmatic Utopianism

According to Ingels’ first publication, *Yes is More: An Archicomic on Architectural Evolution* (2009), Pragmatic Utopianism is defined as follows: “Historically, the field of architecture has been dominated by two opposing extremes. On one side an avant-garde of wild ideas, …On the other side there are well-organized corporate consultants that build predictable and boring boxes of high standard. … A pragmatic utopian architecture that takes on the creation of socially, economically, and environmentally perfect places as a practical objective” (p. 13).

The theory of architecture has evolved over the past decades. Architects and designers often borrow some ideas from world-famous architects, such as Frank Lloyd Wright, Renzo Piano, and Le Corbusier. In general, architects try to come up with eye-opening design concepts and ideas, but due to complex issues, it is often difficult to achieve their dreams. As a result, buildings frequently become typical boring boxy shapes. It is also very challenging for architects to satisfy a project with all social, economic, and environmental aspects these days. Still, I believe that you cannot compromise to make a better quality of life. Your project might be a long-term one, and you might have to take risks. It is difficult to make the impossible possible, but once a project reaches a sweet spot, it will effectively influence its surroundings.
**Engineering without Engines**

In 1964, there was an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) in New York called “Architecture without Architects – A Short Introduction to Non-Pedigreed Architecture,” by Bernard Rudofsky. According to Ingels’ second book, *Hot to Cold: An Odyssey of Architectural Adaptation* (2016), “The exhibition highlighted the fact that, with the rise of the international modernism, buildings had started to look the same everywhere” (p. 9). Traditionally, buildings were well-designed and functioned by themselves. For instance, the thickness of walls, solar orientation, proximity of windows, and the operability of windows were thoughtfully considered when they were built. However, due to improvement of technology, architects and designers began to rely on building systems and many mechanical components in the buildings. Consequently, many buildings became boring boxes. Since sustainability and sustainable design have become common nowadays, we have started to reconsider replacing an elevator with a ramp, an air conditioning with a natural ventilation, a motorized shading with an adaptive shading, and a mechanical heating with a passive solar heating.

Ingels (2016) also mentions that “Instead of simply outsourcing environmental performance to engineers or product manufacturers, we want to see if the permanent physical design of the building can once again play an active role” (p. 9). His vision is to bring back the essence of
architecture, utilize local climate and landscapes, and maximize the potential of the building without any compromise.

**Hedonistic Sustainability**

Typically, hedonism and sustainability are not equivalent. However, Hedonistic Sustainability is defined as a holistic design approach enhancing a quality of life within a whole urban ecosystem. In other words, such ecosystems address human lifestyle needs, such as social interaction, access to amenities, and mobility. According to one article, “Hedonistic Sustainability is the latest and most exciting evolution in the green movement. It transforms the whole sustainability movement into something very youthful, dynamic, and egalitarian. That proves design and architecture can be economically profitable as well as environmentally sustainable” (Natural Habitats Landscape Designing Company, 2018). Ingels mentioned at a TED talk event, “Hedonistic sustainability is what happens when you stop thinking about buildings as structures and start thinking about them as ecosystems. Creating closed loops for recycling energy and minimizing environmental impacts allows a building to produce positive side products like a higher quality of life.” As Ingels (2009) defined it, “Architectural Alchemy” is “the idea that blending normal ingredients in surprising mixtures, you can create added value.” The mountain dwellings are a perfect example of Architectural Alchemy. The sum of Hedonistic Sustainability,
Architectural Alchemy, and the notion of public participation enhances and improves a high quality of life. I believe that Hedonistic Sustainability creates the synergetic effect on both function of a building and people’s life. I would now like to explain Hedonistic Sustainability by introducing Ingels’ completed works.

**Ingels’ Theories of Representation**

This is one of the examples of Ingels’ projects in Manhattan, New York. West 57, also known as Courtscraper (see Figure 1), is the world’s first LEED Platinum certified high-rise, completed in 2016. At first, Ingels met a local developer, Douglas Durst, from Durst Organization in 2010. He had a chance to talk about his ideas during a conference meeting he was invited to. He introduced his ideas by asking “If they had ever considered allowing the design of the building to be directly informed by the intended function of the building” (p. 218). Douglas was interested in some of Ingels’ projects in Copenhagen. After three years of conversation, the project started to move forward. Ingels had an idea to create a mixture of a Copenhagen courtyard and Manhattan skyscraper for the building. Ingels started implementing a variety of forms with a site analysis. Since the site was in the middle of all the infrastructure, he thought the building needed to be an oasis for people. The courtyard became a sanctuary for the residents featuring effective natural light results. To reach Manhattan density, the north-east corner
of the building was raised to match the surroundings. The warped pyramid form allows the water views from the building to be maximized. It also creates uninterrupted space for the adjacent building to preserve the views. This unexpected combination across professional disciplines and architectural categories allowed the urban city to create a higher quality of life.

Another example, the Powder Plant (see Figure 2), also known as Copenhill, is Ingels’ most successful and stunning project in

Figure 1. West 57 – Courtscraper, designed by Bjarke Ingels and the BIG team. Retrieved from Bjarke Ingels Group website: https://big.dk/#projects-w57
Copenhagen, Denmark. One of the biggest problems for Copenhageners was how to deal with waste from 590,000 residents. As Ingels (2016) said, “Any problem is an opportunity. In a way, pollution is an abundant resource that hasn’t found its true use yet” (p. 628). What he did to solve the problem was turning the household waste into heat and energy effectively. In other words, he wanted to create a new power plant that converts a large amount of household waste into heat and electricity for 150,000 households. In addition, to minimize transportation time and transmission loss, the power plant needed to be moved into the middle of the city. According to Ingels’ research (2016), “One ton of trash has the same energy content as 1 and 2/3 of an oil barrel. Moreover, 6lbs of kitchen garbage turns into 5 hours of heating and 4 hours of electricity” (p. 630). He also had a vision that the new power plant had to be the cleanest waste-to-energy plant in the world. Since the new power plant was going to be in the core of the city, they had to consider the effect of pollution, such as dirt, smoke, and toxins. Ingels came up with an idea to create a non-toxic smoke ring from the chimney, but the greatest challenge for his team was to design a chimney that could create the smoke ring.

In addition, it is a fact that Copenhagen has a cold climate, with several months of snow but no mountains. Many local skiers have to travel several hours by car to go skiing in Sweden. Therefore, Ingels created an alpine ski slope, which has the same length as an Olympic
half-pipe, and a hiking path for hikers and picnickers on top of the new power plant. The slopes allow skiers, hikers, and visitors to enjoy the spectacular views of the city skylines. The building is wrapped with façade bricks that function as planters. A part of a wall functions as a 90-meter-tall climbing wall. As Ingels (2016) says, “This is a perfect example of hedonistically sustainable. It is imbued in every surface of the building, inside and out, both functional and playful; sustaining the lives that we want to live” (p. 634). As a result, Ingels turned a typical power plant into a giant ski mountain.

Figure 2. Powder Plant – Copenhill designed by Bjarke Ingels and the BIG team. Retrieved from Waste Management World website: https://waste-management-world.com/a/bw-hands-over-copenhill-waste-to-energy-skiing-facility-in-copenhagen
Sustainability – current issues

According to the article “Sustainability Improves the Quality of Life and Human Enjoyment,” in recent years, sustainability and sustainable design in architecture have become popular in the U.S. Several sustainable design standards were introduced in the mid-90s, including Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design (LEED), Living Future Challenge, and Energy Star. They have been growing over the last decades, and yet there are some social, economic, and environmental challenges. These challenges include client demands, aspirations, and pressures. Generally, a developer or a funder is only interested in sales, but not in sustainability. However, each team member has to allow sustainability as a core value. Politics can present other challenges for sustainability. Due to complex issues, it seems like a sustainable design will need to make some form of sacrifice. Gathering people’s attention and support for sustainable design will be the key to build a hedonistically sustainable building.

Sustainable design focuses on minimizing the negative environmental impact, moderating the material and energy use, and developing spaces and ecosystems. Because of the improvement of technology and the growing sustainability movement, many buildings have cost-effective elements, such as efficient heating, ventilating, and air conditioning (HVAC), and mechanical equipment including cooling towers, boilers, plumbing, and lights. The more technology improves, the more we
produce such products. It is good for the economy, but not for sustainability. Considering sustainability as a guiding principle, we have to convert a negative element to a positive element.

**Conclusion**

Ingels’ urban designs have been widely spread out in high-density cities in Europe because of a cultural mindset more focused on sustainable lifestyle. Still, with his success in Europe, Ingels’ Hedonistic Sustainability movement has started to extend to North America. In recent years, he has completed or proposed several projects in Manhattan, New York. The Two World Trade Center (see Figure 3), which is designed by Bjarke Ingels and the BIG team, is now under construction and is expected to be built in 2022. According to one article, “The design of 2WTC is derived from its urban context at the meeting point between two very different neighborhoods: the financial district with its modernist skyscrapers and TriBeCa with its lofts and roof gardens. The design combines the unique qualities of each, melding high-rise with low-rise and modern with historical” (2 World Trade Center).

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3 TriBeCa is a neighborhood in Lower Manhattan, New York City. It is an abbreviation for “Triangle Below Canal Street.”
As Ingels said at a TED talk event, “Sustainability has to be a design challenge.” Once you solve impossible problems, it will open doors of opportunity for possibilities. It is difficult to accomplish a sustainable design without sacrificing our quality of life, but it is important to shift people’s mindset toward sustainability. Everyone includes owners, architects, designers, engineers, and builders as a project team member has to recognize what a true sustainable design is. With his success, Ingels gave us the notion of Hedonistic Sustainability. Now, it is time
for us to develop a Hedonistic Sustainable movement on our own. Understanding and accepting Hedonistic Sustainability as a future investment will bring back the essence of architecture and enhance quality of life.

References
Travelling Philippine Jeepney
Annie Cheng

I moved here in the United States in 2007 from the Philippines. I was 19 years old. This jeepney signifies a lot of my Filipino roots. It is unique to the Philippines and it comes with significant history. This vehicle was originally used by US military men during World War II. When the war ended, the jeeps were left in the Philippines as military surplus. They were either given or sold to Filipinos. Filipinos are known to be adaptable. Hence, it was converted to one of the most popular public transportations in the Philippines. ART 140, Photography Appreciation.