

No Ordinary Journey

2019



No Ordinary Journey

FEATURED

- *My First of Many Trips to China* by Joshua Bienstock, LLM, JD, Assistant Professor in School of Management 2
- *Epithalamium* by Terese Coe, MA, Adjunct Instructor in College of Arts & Sciences 3
- *Gorgeous New York* by Jingxuan Li, pursuing BFA Digital Art and Design 4
- *Mumbai (India) to New York* by Harshada Phadol, pursuing MS in Data Science 5
- *Untitled* by Aditi Pancholi, pursuing Master of Architecture 10
- Other Journeys 12

Joshua Bienstock, LLM, JD, Assistant Professor in School of Management

MY FIRST OF MANY TRIPS TO CHINA

My story began in 2013 when I was invited by my colleagues at the City University of New York to lecture to undergraduate and graduate students on the topics of conflict management and resolution in the field of labor relations. I had previously made many academic presentations in New York to labor officials and professors visiting from China, so I was familiar with the audience, but I had never in my life been so far from home. My wife, good sport that she is, agreed to join me on this “trip of a lifetime”, and we boarded a Delta Airlines flight and landed in Shanghai 24 hours after we left home. My colleague, who is Chinese-American and speaks fluent Mandarin, escorted us through customs and security where we were interviewed and photographed, and after walking through the Shanghai airport for over an hour we reached the airport hotel where we checked in at midnight in a complete state of disorientation. No one spoke English at the airport or the hotel, and everything in the hotel room was in Chinese, with the exception of a small placard, which I interpreted as an admonition not to break anything. My one very vivid memory of that evening was that we had a perfectly round bed and although exhausted from the flight we couldn't sleep. We were both excited about the adventure we were starting and I was anxious about the unknown. Would my lectures be received favorably or would I bore the Chinese professors and students?

Early the next morning we caught an early flight to Guangzhou which is located near Hong Kong in Southern China, but before we could go to our hotel to unpack were whisked off to the prestigious Sun Yat-Sen University where I spoke before a few hundred undergrad students- begging them not to embarrass me because my wife was in the audience. The professors and students were lovely and receptive, they spoke fluent English and seemed thoroughly interested in my presentation on collective bargaining in the U.S. After the lecture we went to our first formal dinner. The table had a large lazy susan and all these exotic foods were being served. I had to use chopsticks because my ego prevented me from asking for a fork and knife. I explained to my host that I was vegetarian which magically brought forth heaping platters of mushroom, broccoli and bok choy dishes. To this day I crave extra spicy Tofu. The professors and students hosting the dinner and my wife and I engaged in chit chat as if we had been friends forever, each sharing our unique experiences and getting to learn so much about our very different cultures. During our first 24 hours both my wife and I were amazed by how warm and welcoming all the Chinese citizens we met were, from the taxi drivers (we rode in all manner of conveyances including the subway, motorized tuk tuks and motorcycles), to the restaurant workers, and of course the colleagues and students we met. There were definite language barriers and we often had to show pictures of the hotel, the restaurant, or the food to communicate. Time and again we were confronted with signage we could not quite interpret. But we succeeded and overcame those language barriers, often sharing a smile with a sympathetic resident helping us find our way as we frequently got lost. This story played out at six other universities, several businesses and law firms, and at labor related meetings. Everywhere we were greeted with great warmth. One of my funniest experiences took place after one of my lectures. The professors pulled me aside, asked me to sign some tax papers, and then handed me a fat envelope filled with yuan, the Chinese currency, as payment for my speaking engagement. I was a bit flustered and explained that in the US we are paid by check and in any event I didn't expect to be paid for the speaking engagement as I was doing it for altruistic reasons. Well, after some discussion I took the cash so as to not cause an international incident (and yes, I did report the income and paid taxes in the US).

My wife and I fell in love with China on that trip, and as we left I was sad because I wasn't sure I ever would have the opportunity to return. But happily, my wife and I have returned several times, me to lecture at business groups and other universities and my wife to explore the many treasures of China; the Forbidden City, the Great Wall, the Bund, the gardens, and of course the restaurants and shops. We eat sweet potatoes on the street for breakfast. Over the last few years we visited Beijing and Shanghai, Nanjing and Guangzhou, [need to include the industrial city]. This past June, I was invited to lecture at Southwest University of Political Science and Law in Chongqing in Szechuan province. As in each of our previous trips, my wife joyfully escorted me and the professors and students were terrific. In one of my lectures I addressed a group of Chinese and Israeli students. I never expected to see Israeli students in China let alone that I would have a chance to give a lecture to them. With the help of my Chinese American colleagues we were fortunate to have glorious meals at magnificent vegetarian restaurants where the delicious food looked more like artwork. We wrapped up that trip with a trip to the panda breeding center in Chengdu where we, along with the Chinese, fell under the spell of their adorableness.

Next summer I will be returning to China to lecture and to once again explore the rich Chinese culture and reconnect with my many friends on the various campuses.

When I got on that plane to visit China six years ago I had no idea how that trip would alter my life in so many magnificent ways, and a piece of my heart remains in China each time I come home.

Terese Coe, MA, Adjunct Instructor in College of Arts &
Sciences

EPITHALAMIUM

A wedding day,
and in the wood
a touchstone of
the green and good
sustaining love
of May and May.

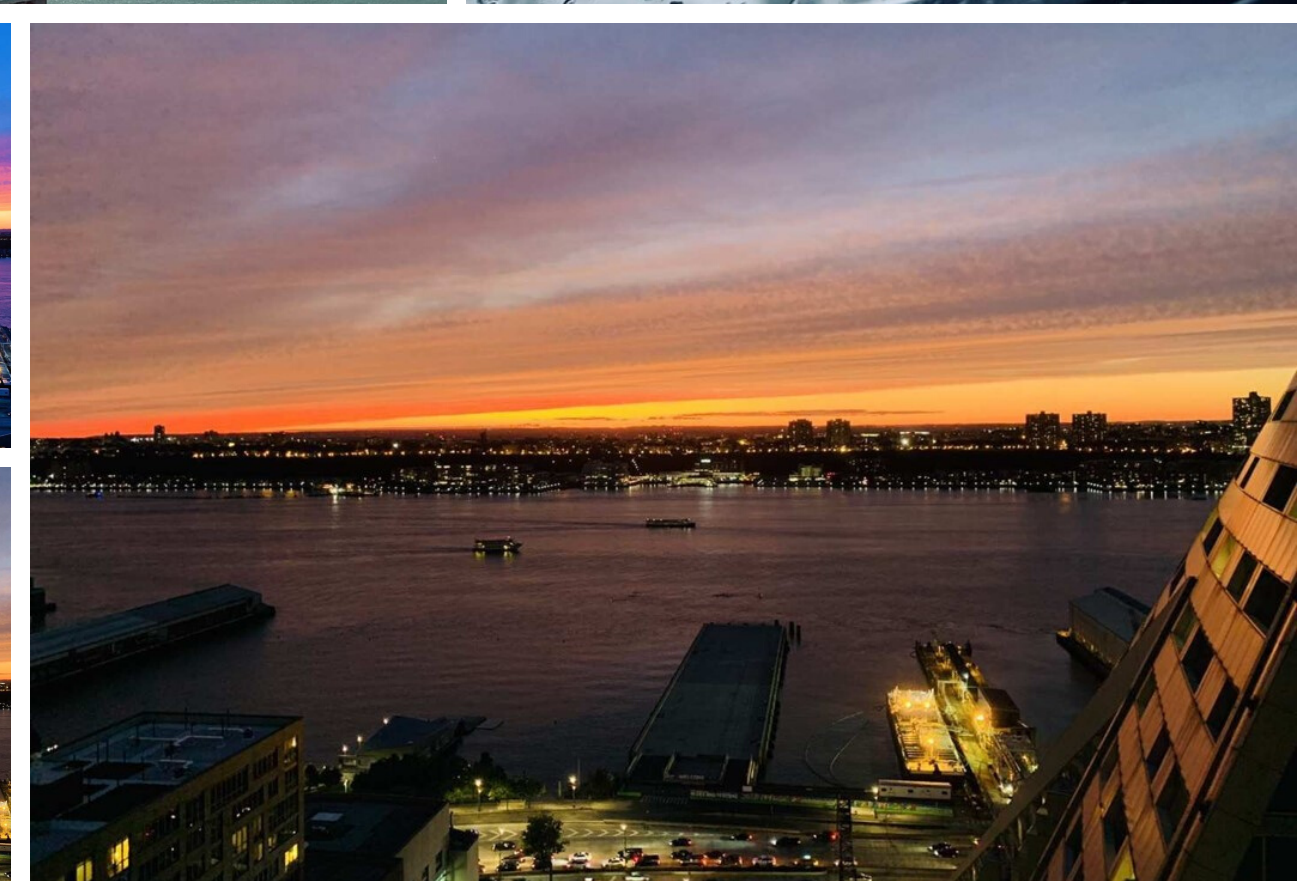
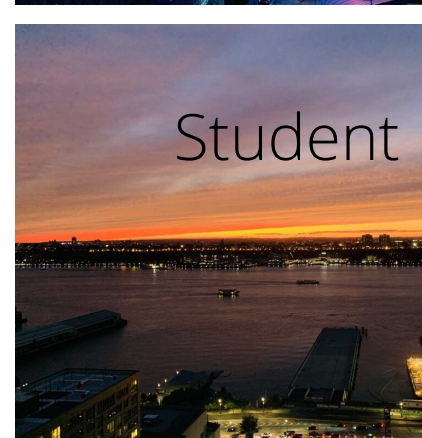
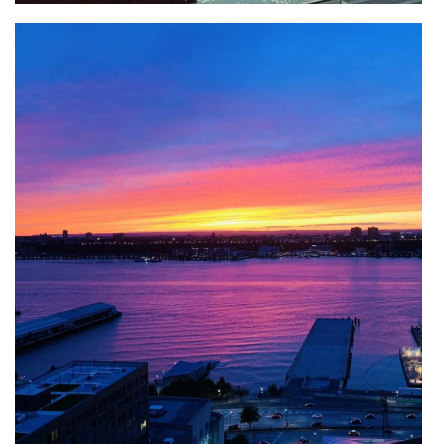
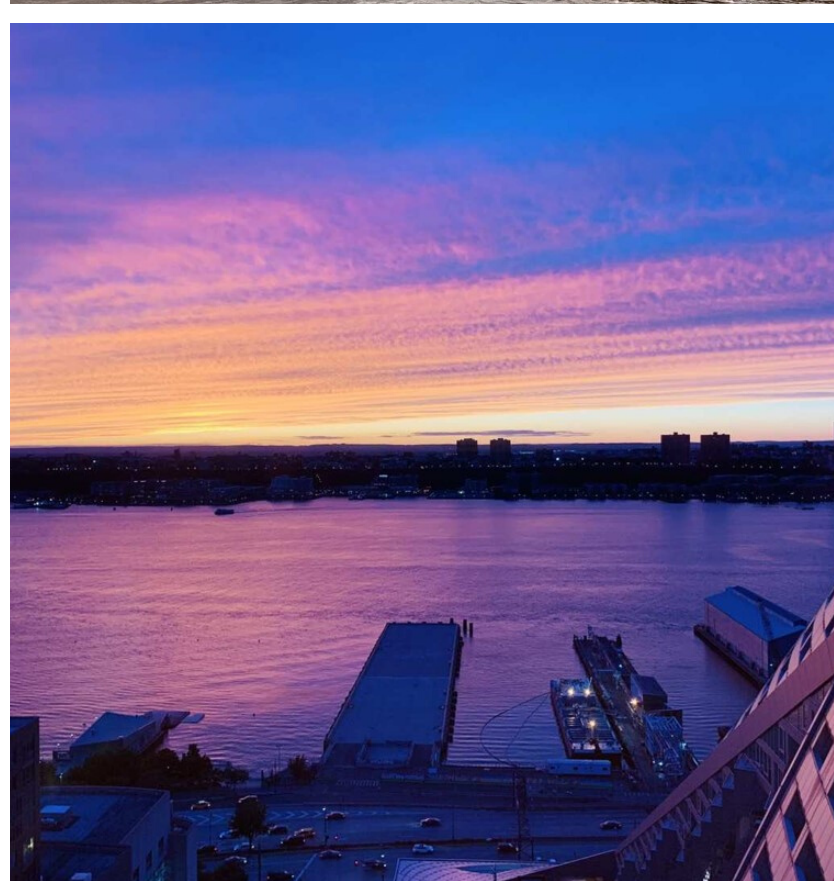
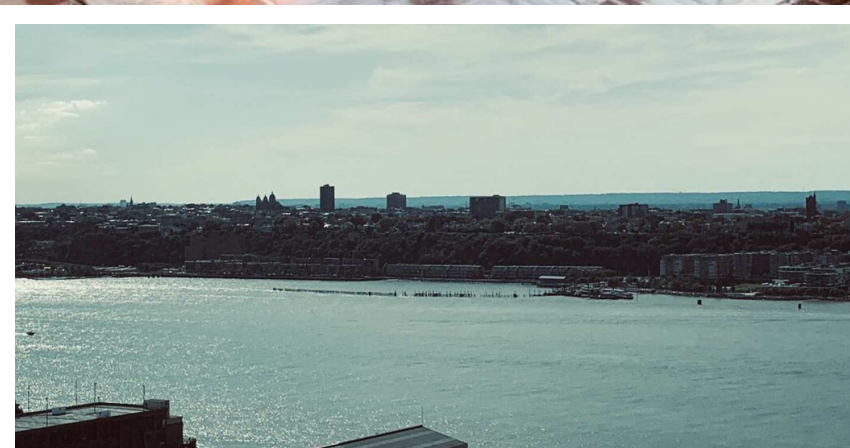
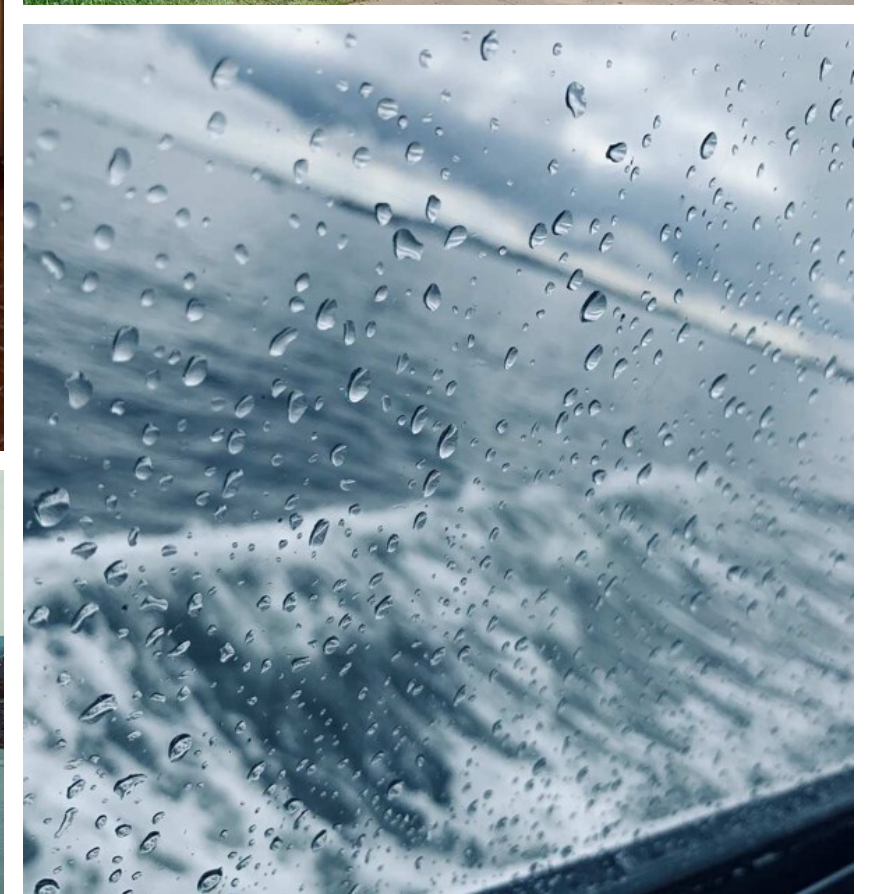
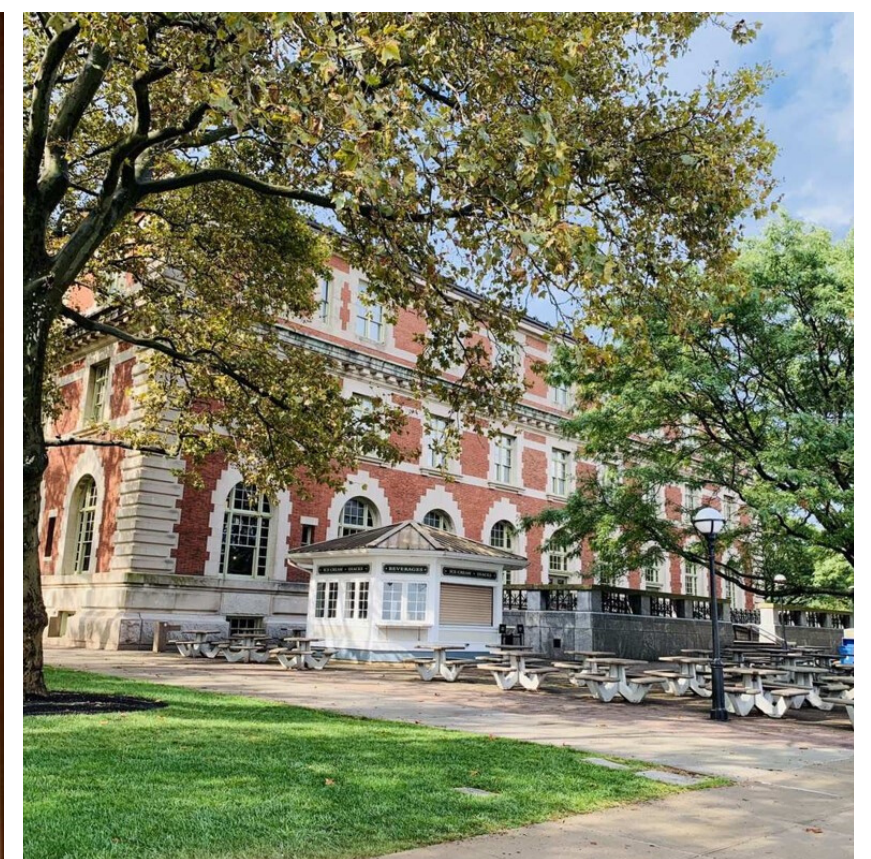
Whatever cannot be
entirely known,
take the trickle and spate
of the life-giving zone
and reverberate
through eternity.

Of children, may
you have a few,
a little of him,
a little of you,
beginning again
at break of day.

Jingxuan Li, pursuing BFA Digital Art and Design

GORGEOUS NEW YORK

I am an international student and it is my first year to be here in New York. I can feel a different kind of culture and touch a totally distinguished life style. Hudson River, the Statue of Liberty... Here, New York is gorgeous.



Harshada Phadol, pursuing MS in Data Science

MUMBAI (INDIA) TO NEW YORK

Working as a Software Engineer, I never thought I can make this far but yes, some wishes come true (Some years ago, I was watching a series called 'How I met your mother' .I was fascinated by the city and just said to myself that I just want to live in New York for a month, not like a tourist but a local person). So when I got the acceptance I was on cloud nine, I was like, not just a month I got 2 years in NYC.

Agnetha Brandin <abrandin@nyit.edu>

to me ▾

Hi Harshada,

Congratulations, you have been accepted into our MS in Data Science program!

Coming from a rustic background to this big city is a dream. Three months back, I was roaming in our wine yards and playing with my dogs and horse and now here I am...far away and missing everything but to get something in life you need to do some sacrifices (This one is not big but still 😊)

Harshada Phadol, pursuing MS in Data Science

MUMBAI (INDIA) TO NEW YORK



First day at NYIT, Orientation

To reach at 8:30 AM, got up at 5 (just because I was excited) and reached college. Then I saw many students from everywhere, it

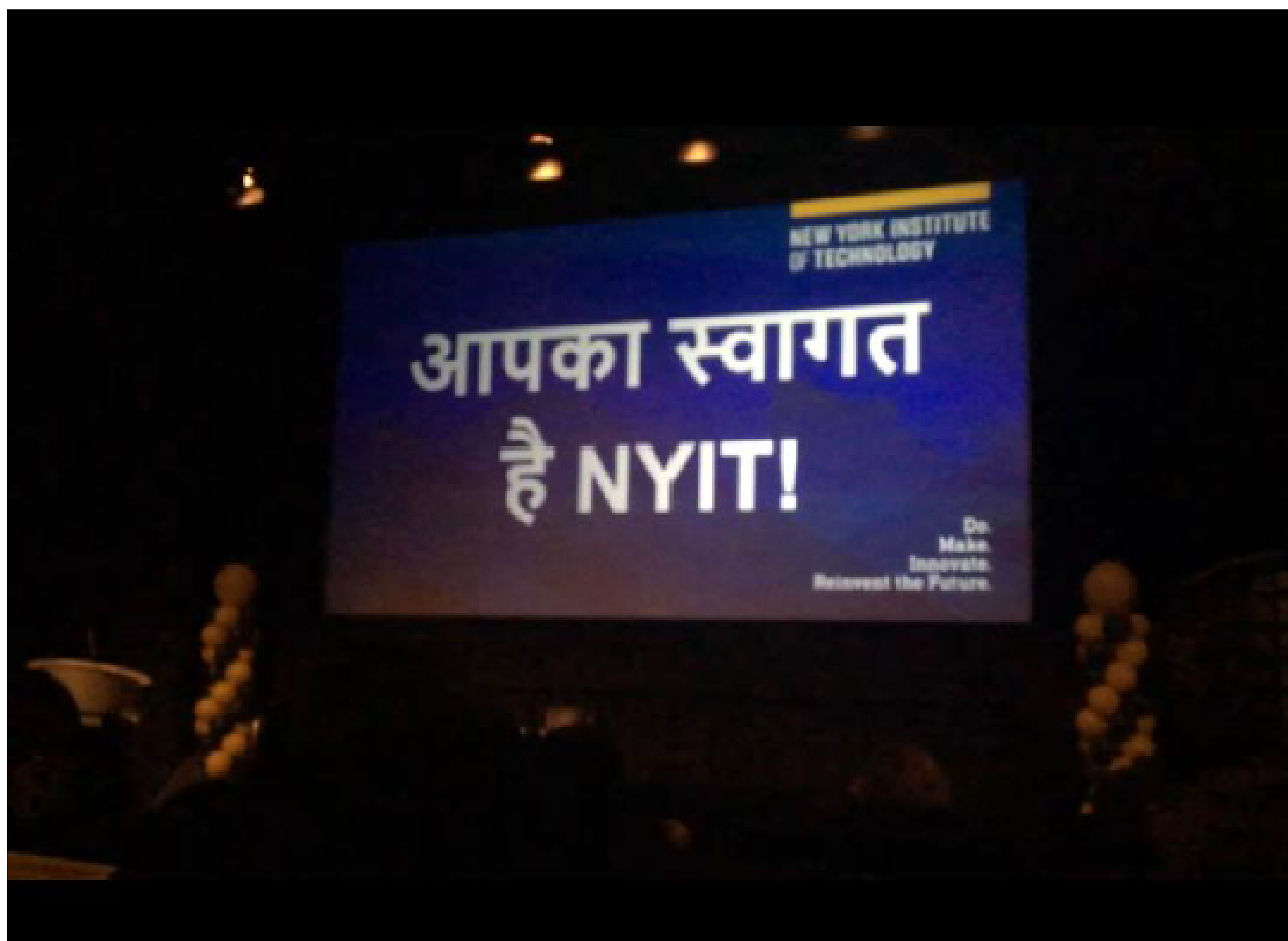
Harshada Phadol, pursuing MS in Data Science

MUMBAI (INDIA) TO NEW YORK

feels like everyone is so proud of where they have come from and for this amazing place...NYIT

Then I saw this on screen, it felt so right that NYIT people are so welcoming and they know what to do to make us feel comfortable here.

NYIT Orientation

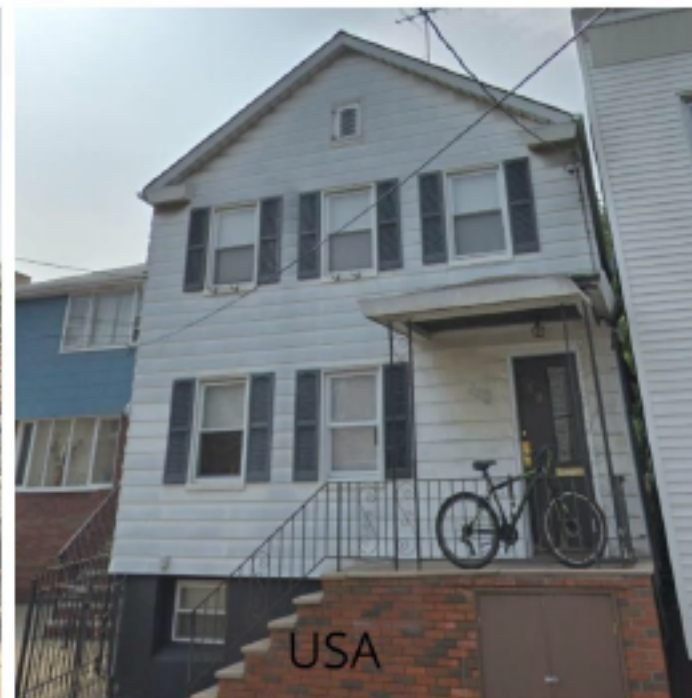


How things here are different from India and I am loving it...

Harshada Phadol, pursuing MS in Data Science

MUMBAI (INDIA) TO NEW YORK

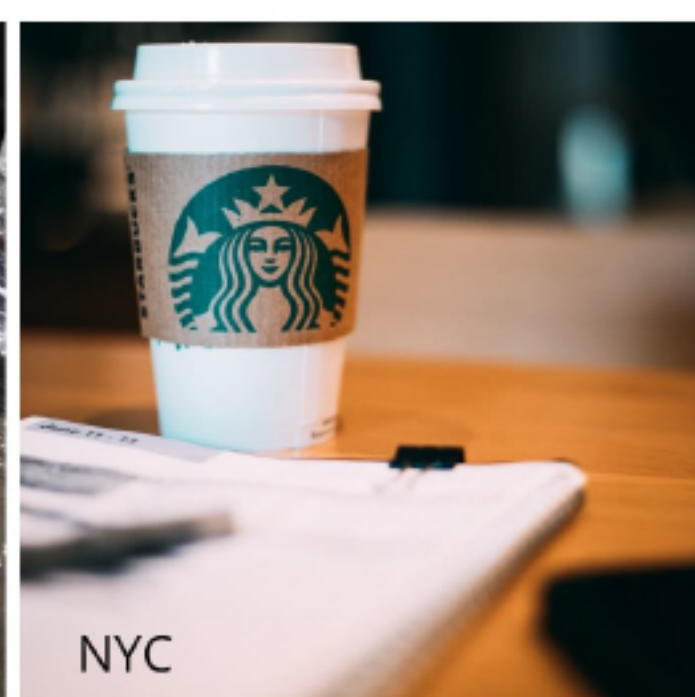
There is nothing like home but you can always make new one...



And there is food, In Indian cuisine we don't think about fats and calories but after coming here, on each item we see sugar free, fat free, cholesterol free etc..Eating some healthy food now

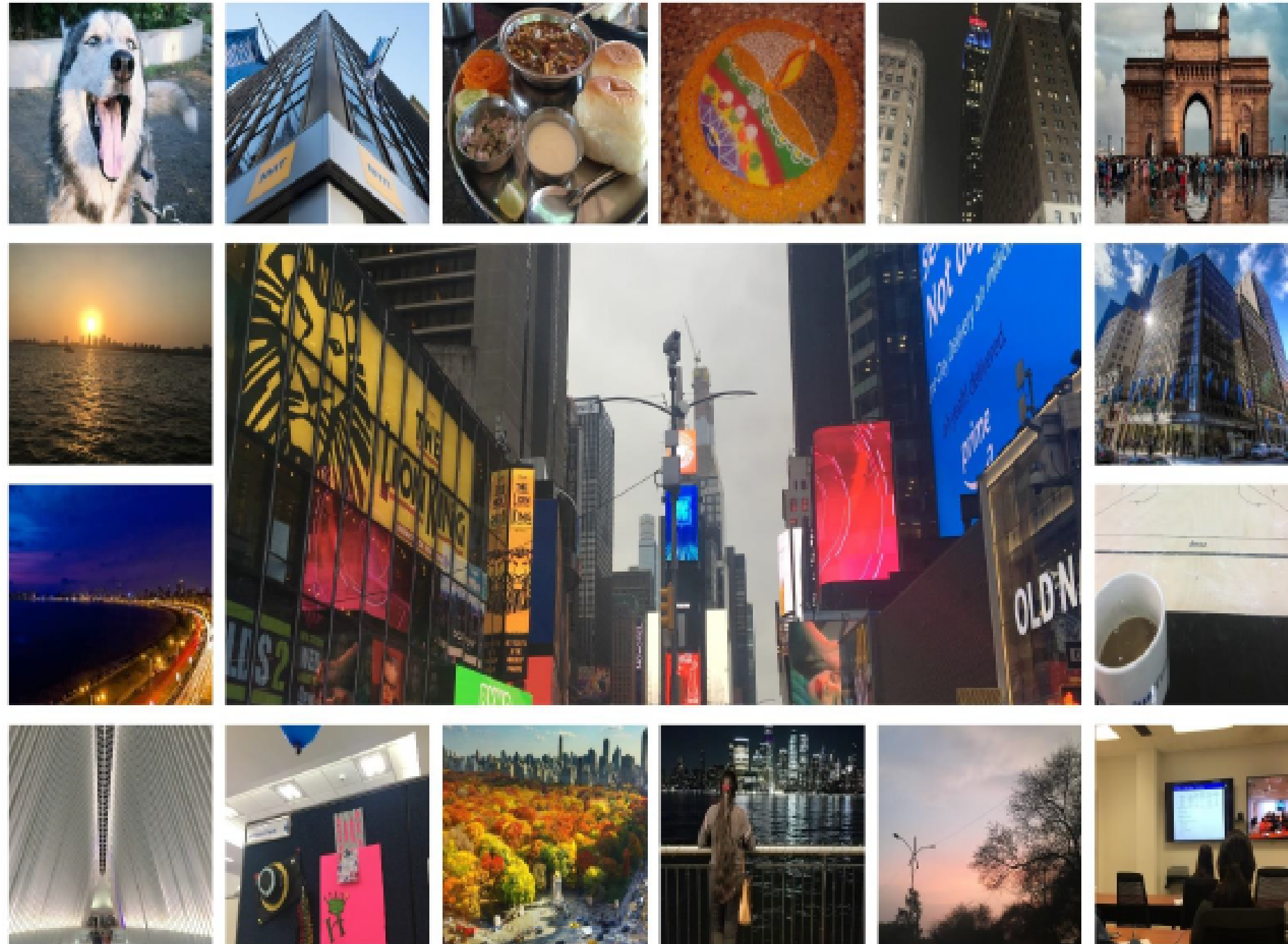


In India we start our day with Masala Chai(Tea), now we are at Starbucks like a New Yorker..



Harshada Phadol, pursuing MS in Data Science

MUMBAI (INDIA) TO NEW YORK



All of us are missing our families but somewhere we already started making friends here and friends are family too..

Recently we celebrated Diwali (biggest Indian festival) and now all set for Halloween, Thanksgiving and the grand CHRISTMAS (with snow 😊 I am ready with my jackets and caps).

This journey is not easy, moving to a new country and everything but you can make it beautiful by exploring new things and get new life experiences.

Aditi Pancholi, pursuing Master of Architecture

UNTITLED



It is like the distant chatter; you always feel surrounded by...
The city has a beat of its own... That makes me twirl, each day!

Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, Staten
And the Manhattan!
The bustling Broadway, the soothing highline
The grooving times square...
The ever changing image with - The people, running people...
The sun, The lights, The skyline
It is like the Pinterest board brought to life!

It is dramatic reference to life... to life style
The hope to break through and to hit the blue!
Museums, Opera, Ballets, Theatres and the Concerts...
Prateek Kuhad to Alessia Cara to Chain Smokers in a single month
The city always has something to offer...
To witness, to enjoy, to relive!

It is the people, the life, the living...
As Carrie Bradshaw points out...
I see 20 something women, men, everyone...
Looking for something deeper than the surface!
Trying to chase it, to hold it, to run away with it, to run away from it!

It is the treat to the creative kind
Piano, Mies, Chipperfield to Bjarke, Zaha & Eisenmen...
The Mondrian, warhol-ian and many more treasures
The spirit of flamboyance and the spirit of expression
The Jazz workshops, the guitar sessions on the street
The stereotypical out of the box way to break through...!

It is the feeling of the Frank Sinatra lyrics
'If i can make it here, I'll make it anywhere'
The rushed life, the rush hour, the peak subs, the yellow cabs
The wait for the weekend!
The strength to take it all in...
But then I tell myself, Its NYC baby!!!
And remind myself...
To sip the coffee, flip the hair, breathe the spirit in and
Set out for a yet another adventure... in disguise experience.

Eventually,
The city is like the unrequited lover!
Always so enchanting but you are never enough for it.
Its a bitter-sweet relationship of give and take...
The city is soaking me in it...
And I am absorbing it in me!

Its NYC baby!

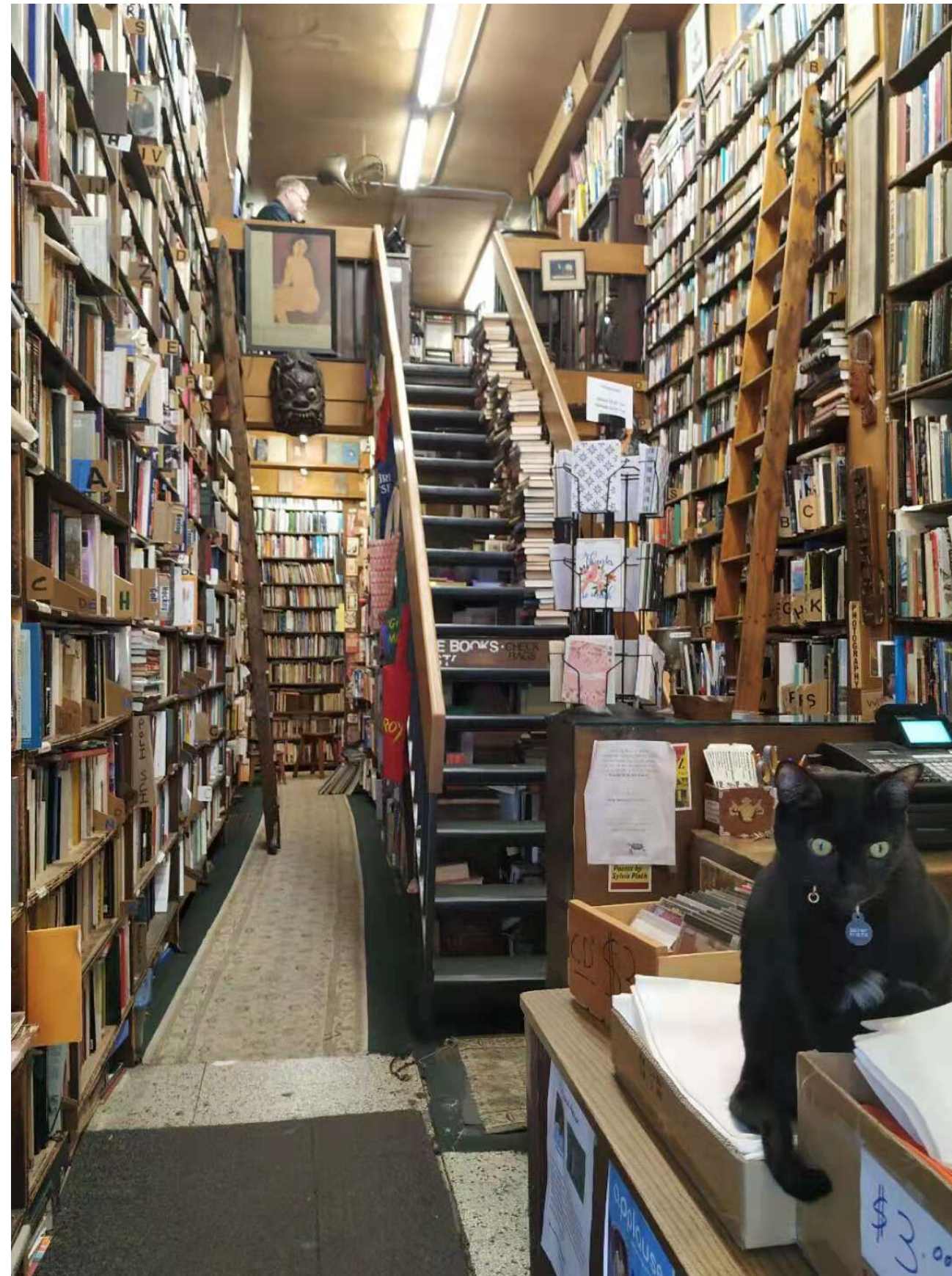
No Ordinary Journey

OTHER JOURNEYS

- *Value of the Book and Fall in NY* by Yang Fan 12
- *We all belong to New York City...* by Shaocheng Gui 13
- *Untitled Essay and Poem* by Akhtar Saad 14
- *Selflove is More* by Revathi Selvaraj 16
- *Lyric and Joy* by Yiwen Qin and Zhiyu Li 17

Yang Fan
UNTITLED

Value of the Book



Fall in NY

Shaocheng Gui

WE ALL BELONG TO NEW YORK CITY...

I still remember the first time I came to New York City. I was so nervous and worried, wondering whether or not I would or even could fit in. I chose to take the subway after I got off the plane, and when I did, the first impression I had was a beautiful sight of people with a variety of different skin tones, features, and accents. Coming to New York City made me realize how much diversity this city had. Although this city is filled with different nationalities, culture, and people, there still seems to be a shame that came with it.

A few weeks ago, after comedian Shane Gillies was announced to join the cast of SNL, someone brought up his offensive past. Shane had stated Chinese people as “chinks” and made fun of the Chinese accent on his podcast. He didn’t think there was anything wrong in using the word “chink” when referring to Chinese people.

You would think people wouldn’t use these types of slurs today, because it is still common. It might be a joke to some people, but to those Chinese people who live in America and who are trying so hard to learn English, isn’t a joke... it’s a nightmare. I’m sure every Chinese student, including myself, who comes to study in America might face a similar situation, when feeling awkward and insecure about their accent when they speak English.

It definitely makes Chinese people feel worse when someone like Shane keeps making fun of the Chinese accent. I’m not sure why there is still a double standard with non-English speakers speaking English. For instance, when a foreigner wants to learn how to speak Chinese and has a strong accent, most Chinese people will never mock them, instead, they will assist and give out compliments. However, when non-English speakers speak English, some people will continue to judge them because of their accent, which is truly unfair.

Sadly, people from all around are too quick to judge someone’s American accent, even in China. Two years ago, Dior had famous Chinese actress, Zhao Liying, in one of their campaigns and broadcasted it on a Chinese social media platform, Weibo, stating “What would you do for love?”. Liying ended up getting attacked by thousands of Chinese keyboard warriors after this video was released. They had mocked her accent and criticized her, stating she was unable to speak proper English as a famous celebrity. Eventually, Dior deleted this video from the Chinese social media platform because of the pressure from the public opinion.

This is the pathetic truth that lots of Chinese people still hold in their minds; measuring a person’s English-speaking ability by their accent. Therefore, so many Chinese families spend money sending their children to the best of the best bilingual schools to learn English, to try to avoid their children having a Chinese accent.

When I was in high school, I really wanted to speak more like an American or like the British people, but when I speak fast, my Chinese accent would still be pretty obvious. After I came to New York, at first, I was still pretty shy in speaking English, part of the reason was that I wasn’t confident in my accent. But attending college in New York City, talking to the Arabic guy at the halal food truck, communicating with my professor from Russian, and even just chatting with friends from France, I realized there’s nothing shameful about an accent. It doesn’t matter how our accent sounds, what truly matters is the content and the ideas you express.

Now, I have become more comfortable with my own accent. It reminds me of who I am, where I came from, and how unique I am. From my eye shape that is the same as my mothers to my accent, knowing who I truly am is the only thing that matters.

I still think back to the first time I came to New York, on the subway with beautiful people surrounding me. At that time, everyone seemed to be so proud of who they are and now I can say I am too. I want to tell everyone who is trying so hard to learn English, to never feel insecure to speak English in your native accent, because you belong; here in New York City.

Akhtar Saad

UNTITLED

I have always remembered New York as the most fun place to be ever since my last visit in 1992 when I graduated with highest distinction (GPA 3.92) in Chemical Engineering from the University of Wisconsin-Madison. I then wanted to pursue a graduate degree in Business Administration but when I went to Pakistan later that year, fate had decided on another course.

I have always been a very patriotic individual who had a strong yearning to build my country, contribute something. So, when this government service entry exam called the Central Superior Services exam deadline appeared in the newspapers, my parents expressed their desire for me to take it before I left for USA again for the Master's degree. I did. Scored really high and was in a dilemma when the government of Pakistan decided they wanted me in the Law Enforcement services. I took that U-turn after considerable thought. Signs of what would later be known as 9/11 had begun to emerge on the Law Enforcement canvass of Pakistan. The country was facing threats of terrorism. I gave up my dream to come to New York for higher studies.

The next 25 years of my life seem now as if I was in a hurricane. What terrorism did to Pakistan and to the rest of the world is a matter of history now. I gave it all I had. Suffered at times in my personal and family life to fight the menace. My country in return recognized my efforts time and again. They conferred the highest national award to me among others. I had no regrets. But the transition from books to guns was not easy.

Year 2017 was another turning point in my life. I had begun to feel that since now things were in much better control vis-a-vis law enforcement and terrorism, perhaps it was time to fulfil my lingering dream- The MBA degree. I was not going to make a career out of it at age 50. It was just a passion that had refused to die since 1992. Most people in my family and in the government, circles were not too happy about taking a break from a highly coveted government job at such a high position to embark a journey to New York but I was determined.

A new chapter was beginning in my life. At an age of 50 after 25 years since I was last a student, I was pursuing education again, at NYIT. Red-tape delayed my departure to New York and by the time I landed at JFK, classes had already begun. Excitement proved short-lived as an acquaintance who had supposedly arranged for my accommodation just vanished in thin air. He had left USA in an emergency said a brief message on his phone voicemail. Having no credit card eliminated my choices for rented places. However, with the help of a kind lady at the airport travel desk, I was finally able to book a hotel room in Brooklyn on cash but at an exorbitant rent of \$250 per night. It was way out of budget but I had no other option.

The next one week was at best exhausting, both physically and mentally. I felt like lagging behind exceedingly a city that far out-paced me. Was it the lack of preparedness, my age, technology or were these people just from another planet? My excitement had evaporated so fast. The atmosphere at NYIT was inspiring but there was so much academic work to catch up to. My finances were fast depleting. I cursed my friend for leaving abroad without arranging my logistics. It was getting so hard to find an accommodation without a social security number and a credit card. Walking slowly, deep in thoughts, I sometimes felt I was such an annoyance, an impediment to the fast progression of people on the streets of Manhattan. Dragging myself tired out of the library one night, I remember looking up to a starry sky with teary eyes, contemplating if coming to New York was really a wise decision for me.

I distinctly remember the day I had to meet the rest of the class on a field trip to a business concern in West town Manhattan. Getting late, I decided to take the bus instead of walking only to realize I had my metro card home and did not have enough quarters to pay fare to the bus driver. She waived me the fare, mistaking me for an ignorant tourist but I felt stupid. I got off near the subway station but had no idea where to buy a new Metro-card from since the machine was not taking in my crippled \$50 note. Getting late and in panic, I decided to hail a cab. I wish I was able to use Lyft or Uber ride sharing services but since I had no debit/credit card, I could not, since the few banks I visited trying to open an account needed a social security number which I did not have. The cab I got onto had no google maps so the driver asked me to use mine on my cell phone. Problem was I had hardly ever used the app in my country. To cut the story short, when I reached the destination, the class had already left and I had to take that same cab drive me to my hotel. I ended up paying almost \$100 for nothing. Tears were rolling down my cheeks on the way back. I was feeling so small under the mighty Manhattan skyline. It was all so overwhelming. That night when I looked outside my hotel window, I felt like the old bare tree across the street, ripped off of all leaves that were keeping it warm to stand naked and face the battering cold winds alone.

Two semesters down the road I now look upon that time with such nostalgia. Things started to change for the better when I was first guided by the foreign student office to open an account at this bank that accepted passports without any social security number. My next help came from this lady holding a senior position at the Graduate Student Office of NYIT and I was able to rent an affordable apartment close to the campus. Somewhere along this time I realized age did not seem to matter. I was picking up on technology from fellow students half my age and with the instructors I felt such appreciation and concern for my circumstances. I can now use Lyft or Uber to feast myself to the best Pizza or ice cream in New York or just visit a museum or go shopping. I gained confidence with every passing course and although so much had changed since I was last in the USA in 1992, I realized the values and the culture still remained the same. I felt home in this city, with my NYIT community.

In hindsight I feel that although the transition from guns to books was ironically again, a very difficult one, New York proved true to its reputation. It gave me back my dream after 25 years at NYIT. A dream that seemed almost impossible to live.

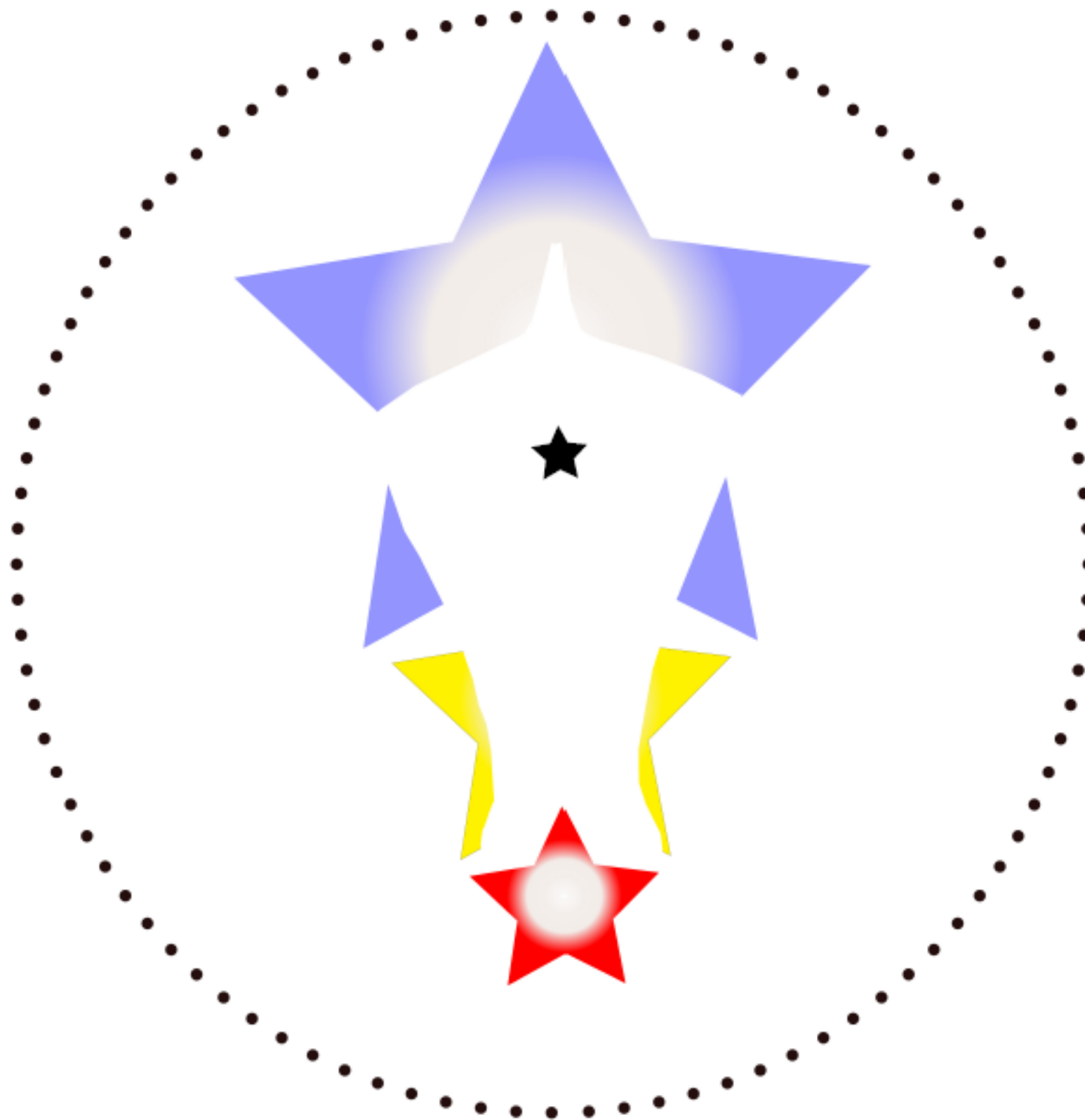
Akhtar Saad

UNTITLED

I climb these mountains all the time in search of heavenly views.
But when on top, these winds so cruel, I can't find my way through
I stumble and fall down the cliff to a place so dark and deep
Takes ages to get back my strength, stand up on my two feet
These bruises take so long to heal yet I don't let go my dream
And I start again, climbing these mountains to chase away my blues
Did God intend for heaven to be a place for just a few?
Perhaps this time when I fall, I'll tread these valleys so low
So want to let go my dreams of chasing these heavenly views
Perhaps my image of happiness was never all that true

Revathi Selvaraj

SELFLOVE IS MORE



The art piece is the explanation of self love is more by minimalist concept.

The more you love yourself the less you need from other people

The color I used are primary color (blue, red, yellow) which also indicates being original and living with fundamental principal of life.

The color blue indicates- I see

The color red indicates- I am

The color yellow indicates- I do

The more you think good about yourself the less you distract from others

The black star in the center explain about the existence of you. You are still here in this world because of some force, which is making you to live.

This art was made after a month I came to New York I was so in need of self-confidence and in need of love and care. I started this art in midnight as a random work by seeing the star in the sky.

The people in this world are stars (uncountable) but every star is still shining in its own way.

This has art has the power of healing and make you shine more in life.

Yiwen Qin and Zhiyu Li

LYRIC AND JOY



Yiwen Qin and Zhiyu Li

LYRIC AND JOY

One day, J and L came to E store to
select their tools for adventure
After giving a tour of the huge store
J found that her bag was open
What' s worse
She lost both her purse and the phone



It was like a comet hit on the head
Searching all around the store
They failed to find the purse or the phone
J began to count the amount of her lost
money in a flurry of tension
When L was waiting for J to search around
the store
She texted an adventurer' s alert(a warn-
ing message) to J' s phone
The new quilt was used as cushion be-
cause of the difficult wording



Yiwen Qin and Zhiyu Li

LYRIC AND JOY

New York is a magical city

For J, it has a lot of mysterious but scary
basements

One day . A handsome man walked out
from a dark basement

Since then

The basement became J' s gem case.



The story happend in the after-
toon,when L and J ran out of their
soy sauce

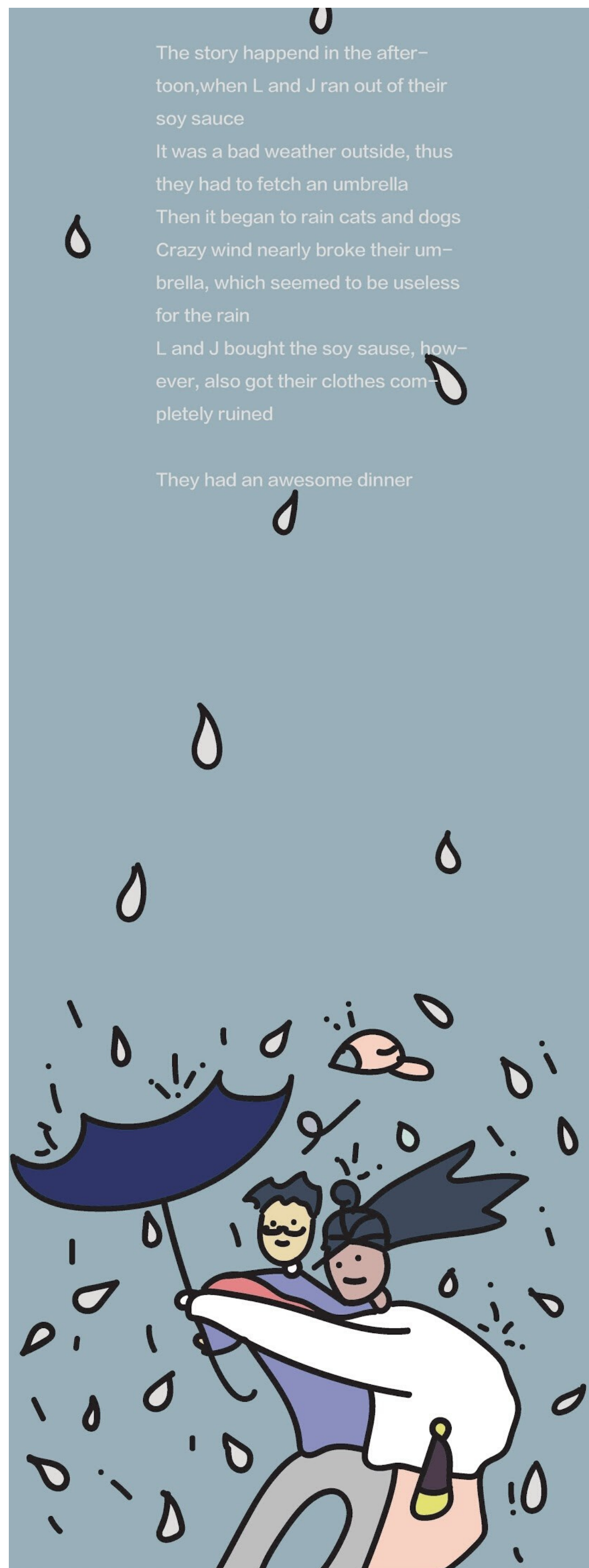
It was a bad weather outside, thus
they had to fetch an umbrella

Then it began to rain cats and dogs
Crazy wind nearly broke their um-
brella, which seemed to be useless

for the rain

L and J bought the soy sause, how-
ever, also got their clothes com-
pletely ruined

They had an awesome dinner



Yiwen Qin and Zhiyu Li

LYRIC AND JOY

When J was looking for her lost things with
guard for the 34th time
A fairy with sacred light showed up
She came, along with the purse and phone

Nobody knew whether was J forgot to zip
up her bag or some badass got frightened
since the alert(warning)

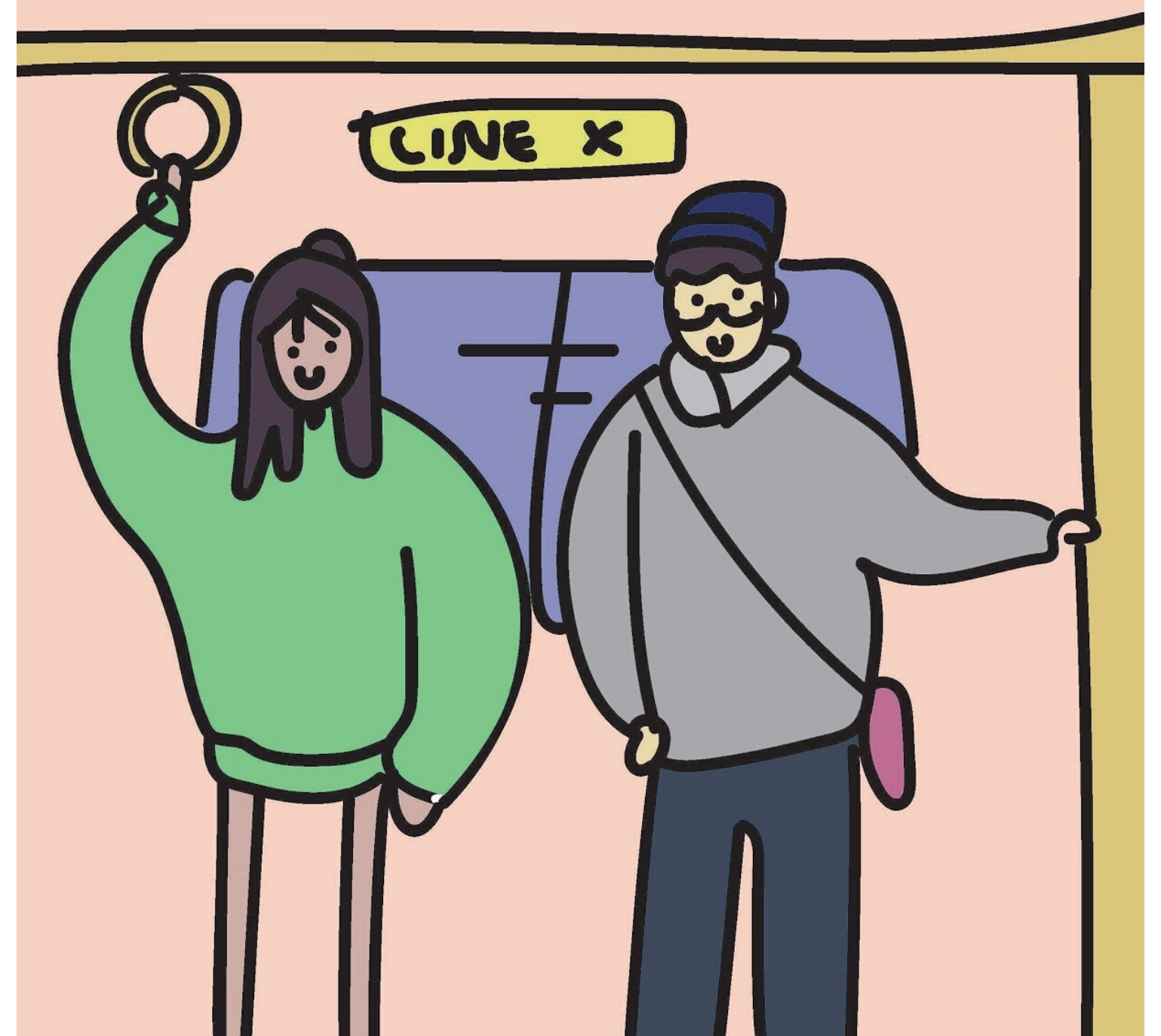
This time, J held her purse and phone tight
with shaking hands



“Light year train”

October 2rd, 2019
13:20

L and J stepped on a train which
was heading for the museum

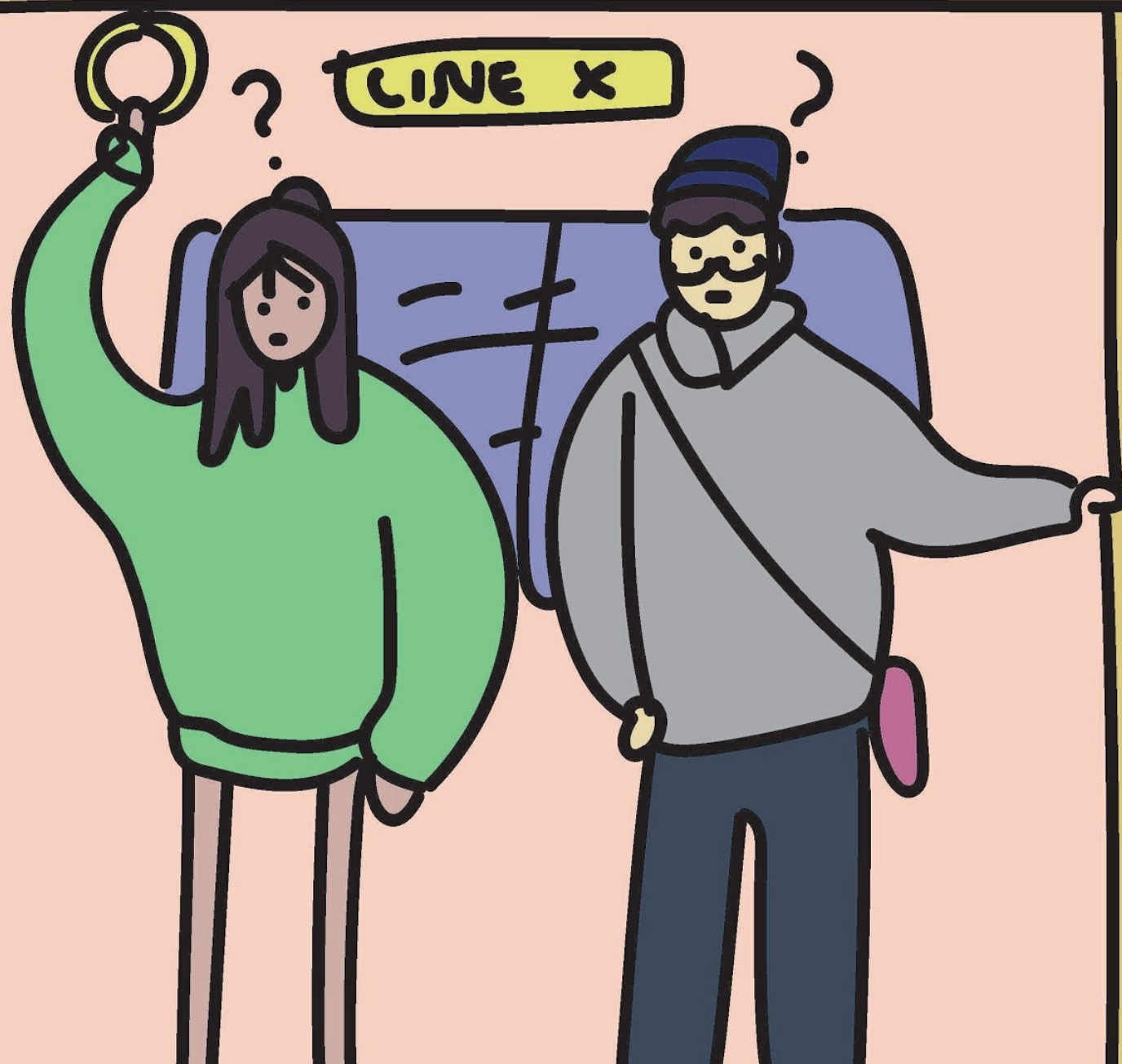


Yiwen Qin and Zhiyu Li

LYRIC AND JOY

“how long does it take to get to the museum?”
“10 minutes maximum, I think.”
“why is the train still running?”

20 mins later...



“where is this?”
“why do people on this train never talk?”

30 mins later...



Yiwen Qin and Zhiyu Li

LYRIC AND JOY

“what time is it now?”
“it’ s still 13:20”

1 years
later...



“ ”
“ ”

“.. “is that planet Jupiter? ” ”

50 years later ...



Yiwen Qin and Zhiyu Li

LYRIC AND JOY

200 years later ...



October 2nd, 2219

13:20

L and J reached their destination

There was another wish when L came to NYC
To get a tattoo
Today, she succeeds!

As for the cost, she has to raise her arm while walking

