

Postcard Magazine Theory
The Introduction

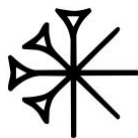
Tribute;

Language and problems of knowledge (LPK) is, primarily, a non-technical, or minimally technical, expansion of Chomsky's well-known argument that, under standard assumptions of learning, language is essentially unlearnable. The miracle of language acquisition, he argues, requires some version of time-and-space independent hard-wiring (à la Plato and Descartes) of the human our best chance to guess precisely what we as humans bring to bear on the data we are exposed to. *LPK* provides a thumb-nail sketch of Platonist (or mentalist) attempts to deal with Plato's problem and places Chomskyan linguistics within the context of those efforts.

—1

From;

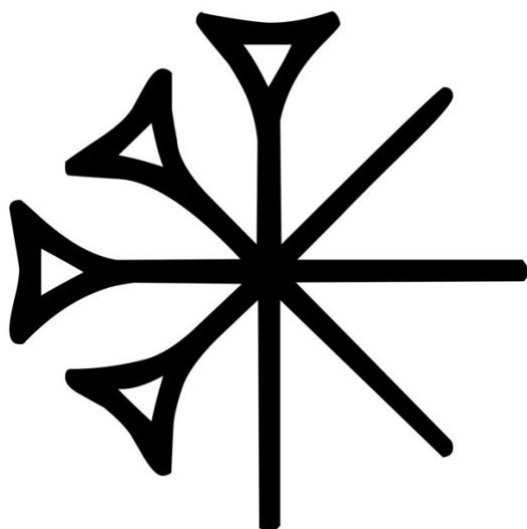
¹ J.K. Lele. R. Singh /' And never the twain shall meet or language and politics chez Chomsky: A review of Noam Chomsky's *Language and problems of knowledge* and *On Power and ideology**; *Journal of Pragmatics* 15 (1991) 176



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<http://translationstudiesworkshop.ucalgaryblogs.ca>

Maxwell Geandrea



$$\Delta S_{system} = q_{rev}T$$

ΔS = is the change in entropy

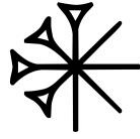
q_{rev} = refers to the reverse of heat

T = refers to the temperature in Kelvin

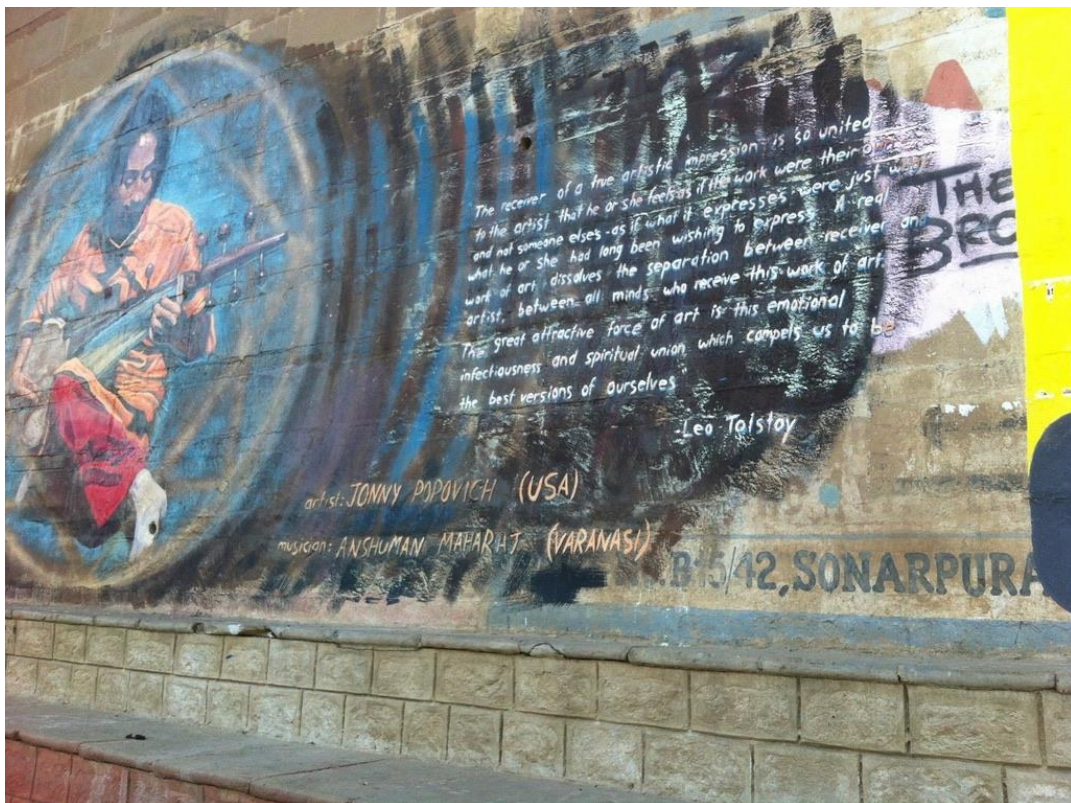
2. Moreover, if the reaction of the process is known then we can find ΔS_{rxn} by using a table of standard entropy values.

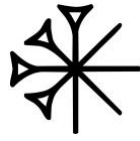
$$\Delta S_{rxn} = \Sigma \Delta S_{products} - \Sigma \Delta S_{reactants}$$

Georgescu-Roegen, Nicholas. *The Entropy Law and the Economic Process*. Harvard University Press, 1971.



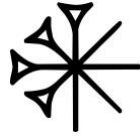
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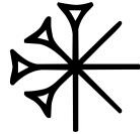




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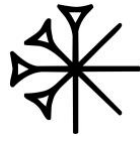
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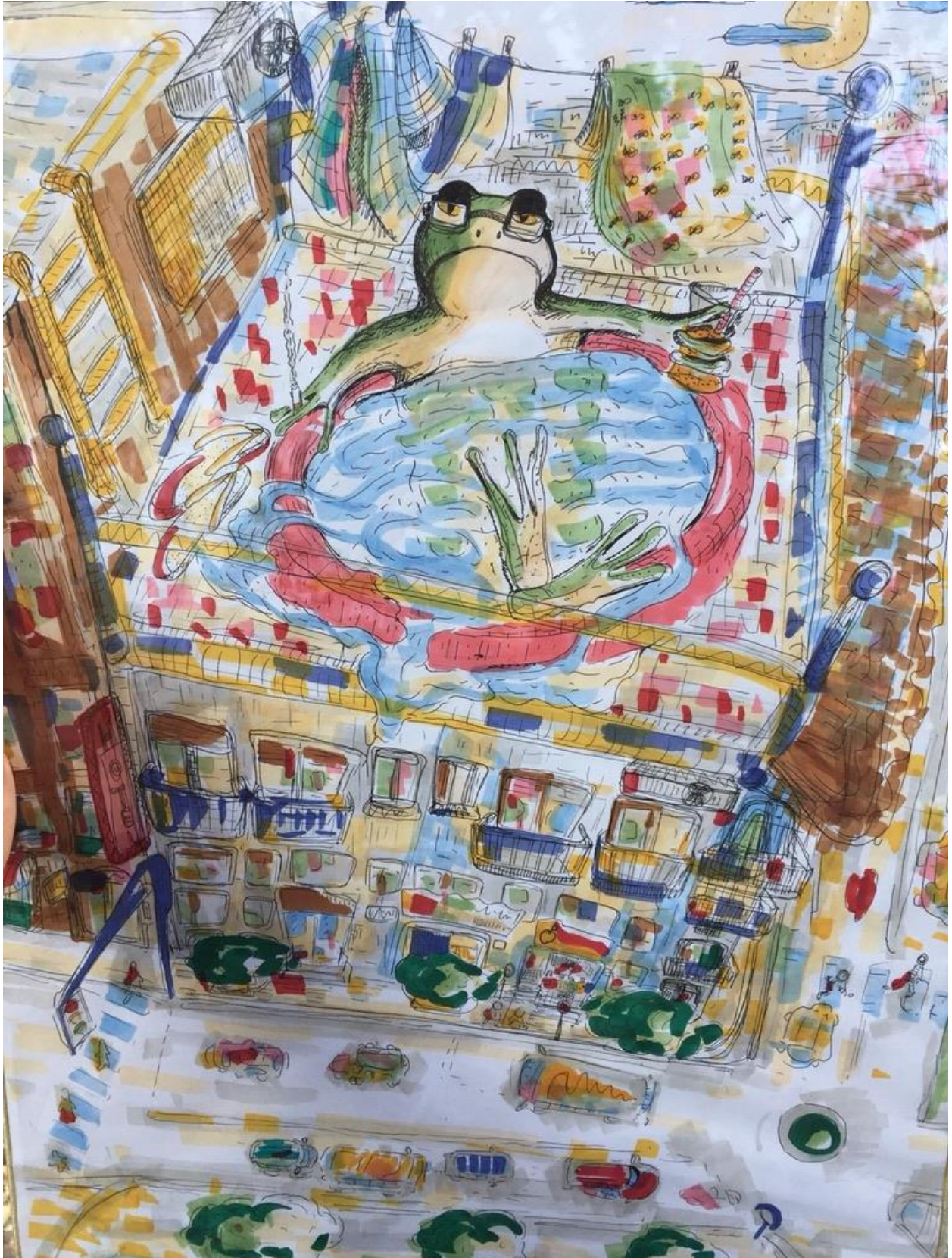
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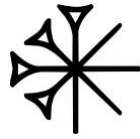
By Lisa Consolini



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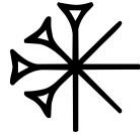
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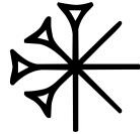


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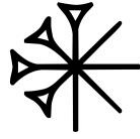
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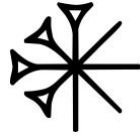
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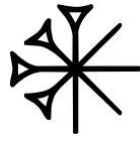


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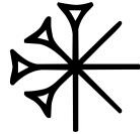


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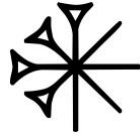
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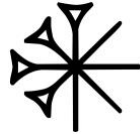
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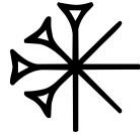
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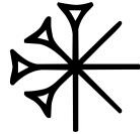
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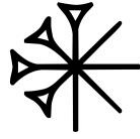
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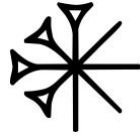
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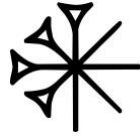
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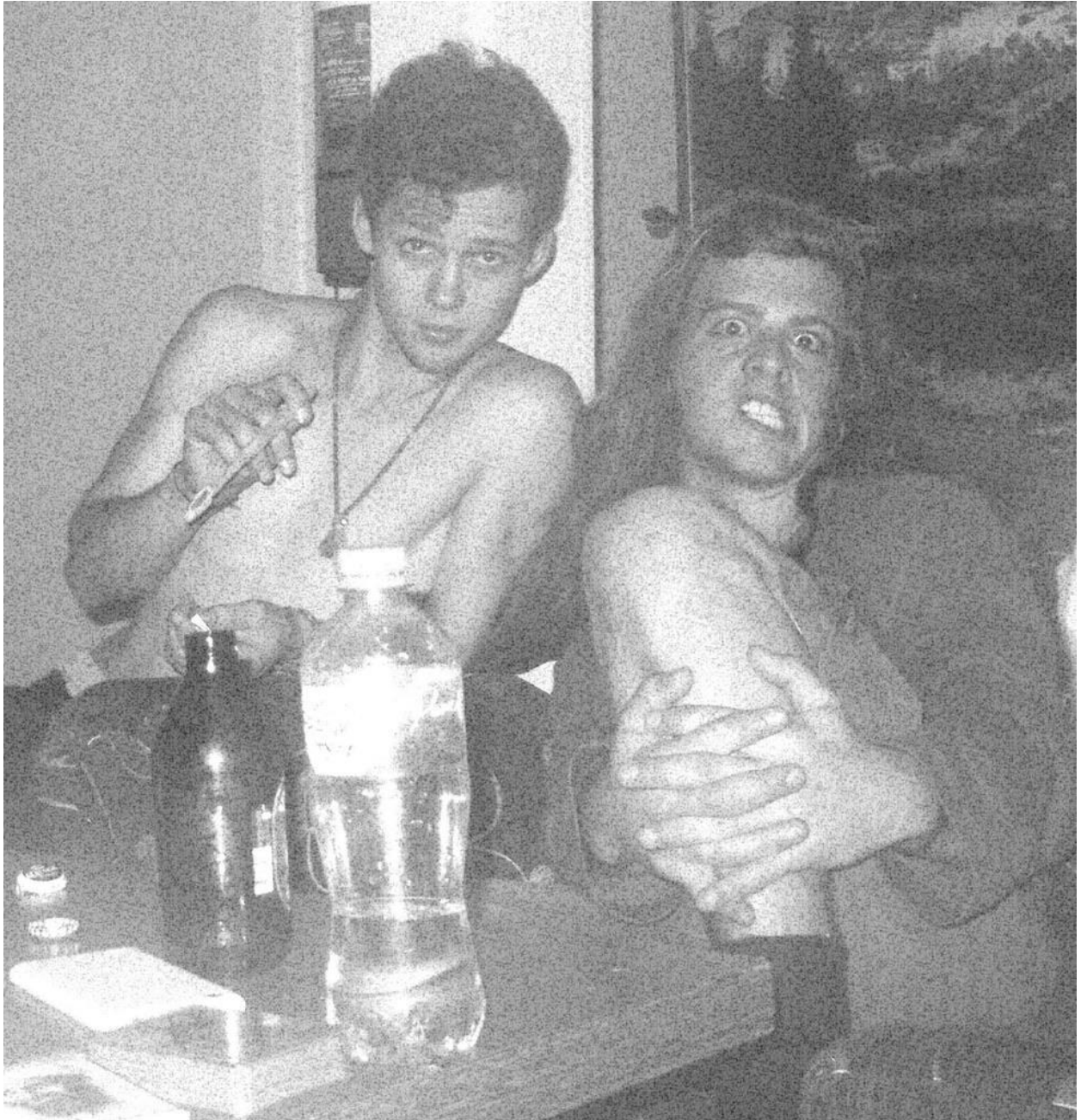


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Do You Know Who You Are?:

The Politics of Recognition is Emotionally Damaging.

I went to my first pow wow when I was 10 years old. I never wanted to dance, I was always too short, too stout and too awkward. When I went to the pow wow, I realized it was not that I did not want to dance, but rather, I did not want to dance ballet. When I heard the light rhythmic clanking sound, watching the cones sway back and forth, I wished I could dance jingle. Amongst the noise he pulled me up from my chair and faced the crowd, “my daughter”, he exclaimed. I was not really his daughter, but at that moment I felt as if I could just pretend. I could ignore my pale skin riddled with purple veins through my transparent mask, I could forget my dark chestnut hair that stuck out in the crowd.

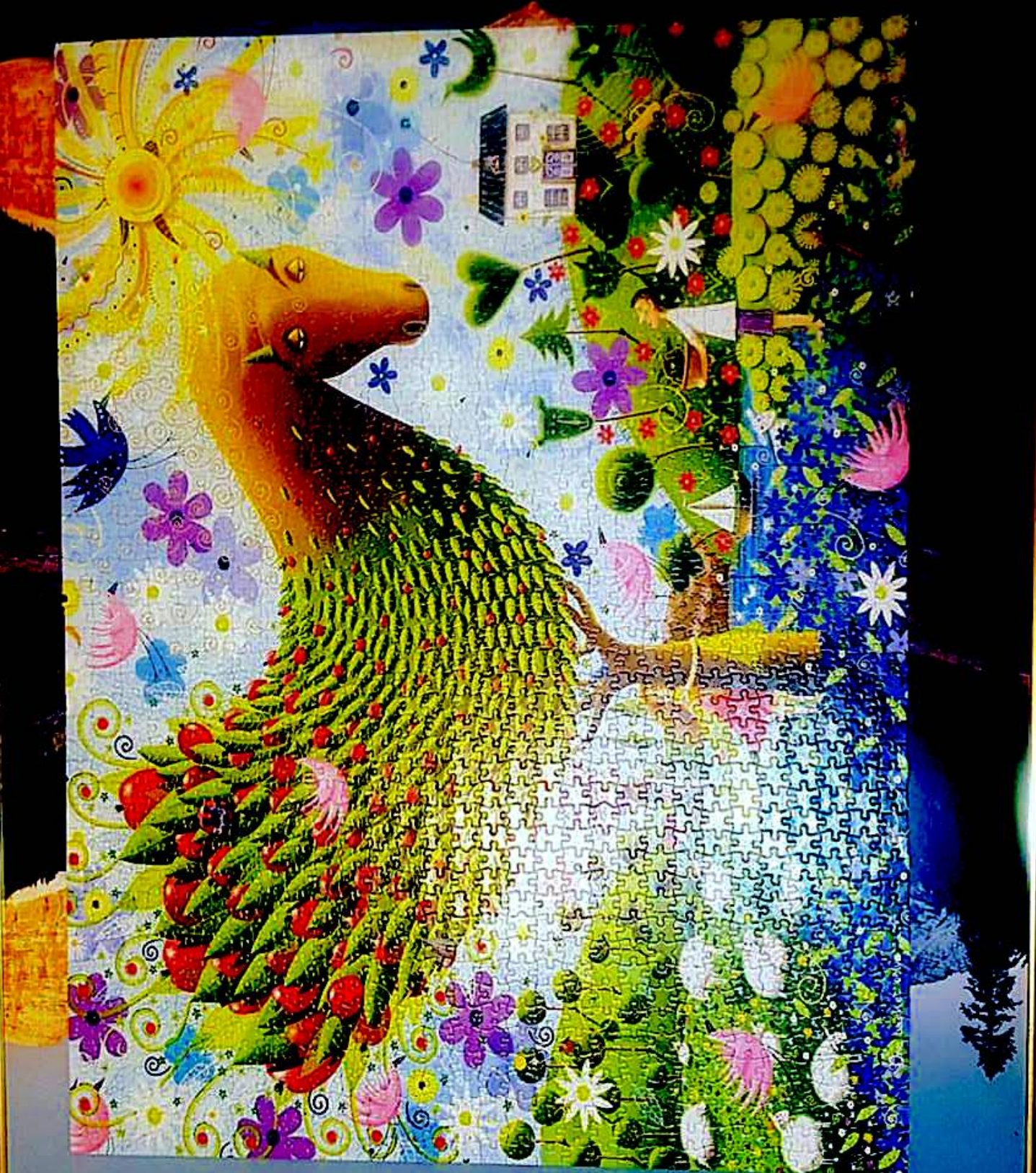
Her car pulled up outside the building and I got in, being transported back to my real life where I was not to talk about these feelings. It was an unspoken precedent between us, she knew her heritage, but she was ashamed. She was taught to be ashamed, and she passed that on to me. So I returned back to my classroom, where they all looked a bit like me. In some ways, they also didn't look like me, their hair like straw and eyes the colour of a river's bottom. They thought it was strange, my thick dark eyebrows and my thick dark hair. They found delight and humour and in pulling my hair, ripping it out.

My mother wouldn't talk about it, they did it to her as well when she was a child. She looked like me, her dark hair, thick eyebrows and nearly black irises, but her skin was darker. She couldn't help it, so she hid it. My grandmother, the darkest of us all, couldn't hide it. She couldn't hide it from her husband's family either, who shunned her for her mere existence. My grandfather was an embarrassment to his Scottish roots to marry a woman with long black hair and brown skin. My mother, with her pale caramel skin and dark features was a reminder of this secret. My grandmother was not around to teach any of us to be proud of our

differences. She was thrown down a flight of stairs decades ago. When she hit the landing of that staircase she was dead, and so was any chance of her identity being celebrated. As soon as the casket shut, and she was lowered into the ground her name became taboo.

As I grew older, I began to stop asking about why I felt so lost. My feelings of loss were rooted in confusion, because I did not fully understand what or who I missed. I just knew there was a part of me that was missing, a part that was also missing from my mother. This part was one she seemed to want to keep missing. Throughout this all, there was still a part of me that yearned for more, that felt displaced.

By Jane Moreland



Fabbri & Gardner

Progetto di Reclamazione terrestre

I will try and do what Salgado has done, replant the forest; when I first saw this it was unforgettable, it redefined reality and proved more than just what was right. It proved what was necessity. Reclaim the earth. Salgado named his project Instituto di Terra, in the spirit of knowledge creation, so will we.

Time spent wandering, was not for nothing, time spent learning was to see the natural path. We have the contacts, we have the desire to dream, and now we have the qualifications. This is the recipe needed for success. Though money is necessary, we are certain that our organization and expertise will bring the right sponsors to the table.

Zanzibar is a little island; about 80km north to south and 30k east to west and it has been deforested a lot. It's perfect for what we want to do. Our project will be extremely measurable as there is still existing primitive forest in the center of the island. Jozani forest. This is where we will begin our reproduction of the old. A restoration project starting from the heart. The climate is with us, in Zanzibar we could grow a forest in ten years.

It will require a very coordinated strategy; a local approach, community involvement. We will need to create a protected area. The whole island would be ideal, but will the importance on tourism, this will be hard. In this case we will micro scale our approach. Proving that life maintains during a transition.

Like we said, we need land, we need money, we need a sponsor. There is chance to make this a government initiative, to institutionalize this framework. Involving universities and creating a 21st century learning space. Research on plant species, plant successions, research that our existence is directly connected to the health of the planet. The biggest plant nursery in Tanzania a literal university ecosystem.

**Marzo
2020**

Artiste Preferito:

[Sebastião Salgado](#)

Creando si viva

L'arte e l'artista, sono due parole che descrivono qualcuno che ci mostra un prospettiva o cattura un pezzo dell'umanità per condividerla. Gli artisti vivono tra il loro mezzo di espressione, il loro soggetto e la loro realtà. Il prodotto delle loro vite non arriva subito e non è esattamente tangibile. Forse quello che vogliono non sempre si manifesta nella forma di un quaderno, dipinto, o edificio. Se vivendo, creiamo, forse l'arte potrebbe essere l'artista. Quindi, come vissero crearono e avendoli ricordato, non moriranno mai.

Nacque in Brasile, visse in Francia ed è un cittadino del mondo. Sebastião Salgado, vive tra la sua fotografia, i suoi soggetti e il mondo moderno. Sebastião lavorava come economista quando iniziò la sua carriera da fotografo. Nell'anno millenovecento settantuno lavorava all'estero e con lui portò a Rwanda una macchina fotografica. Quando ritornò le sue prospettive hanno cambiato, aveva trovato una ragione per creare. Da lì ad oggi e con il supporto di sua moglie, Sebastião ha catturato lo spirito dell'umanità e la supremazia naturale. È possibile che loro siano alcuni degli individui più importanti dei tempi moderni.

Sebbene che lui non sia un artista come Monet, Mozart, o Da Vinci, lui pratica un mezzo che trasporta l'osservatore accanto ai suoi soggetti. Sembra che possiamo toccarli coi nostri nasi, questa è la magia della fotografia di Sebastião. I suoi progetti sono dedicati ai soggetti che

vivono nell'ombra del mondo moderno. Di solito, loro non abbiano l'agenzia o volitivo per s'esprimere la loro esistenza. Quindi, si trovano l'importanza delle sue foto nella voce che lui darne.

Quello che Sebastião cattura si vivendo e creando senza riconoscimento e senza volere. Il prodotto delle loro vite non arriva subito e non è esattamente tangibile, ma appartengono alla storia di oggi e da sempre. Se vivendo, creiamo, forse, l'arte potrebbe essere l'artista. Sebastião Salgado e la sua fotografia cattura quanto ci danno e da cui prendiamo sempre. I poveri, i proletariati e Pancha Mama. In lotta, esistono fra lui, il mondo moderno e noi. Quindi, come vissero crearono e avendoli ricordato, non morranno mai.











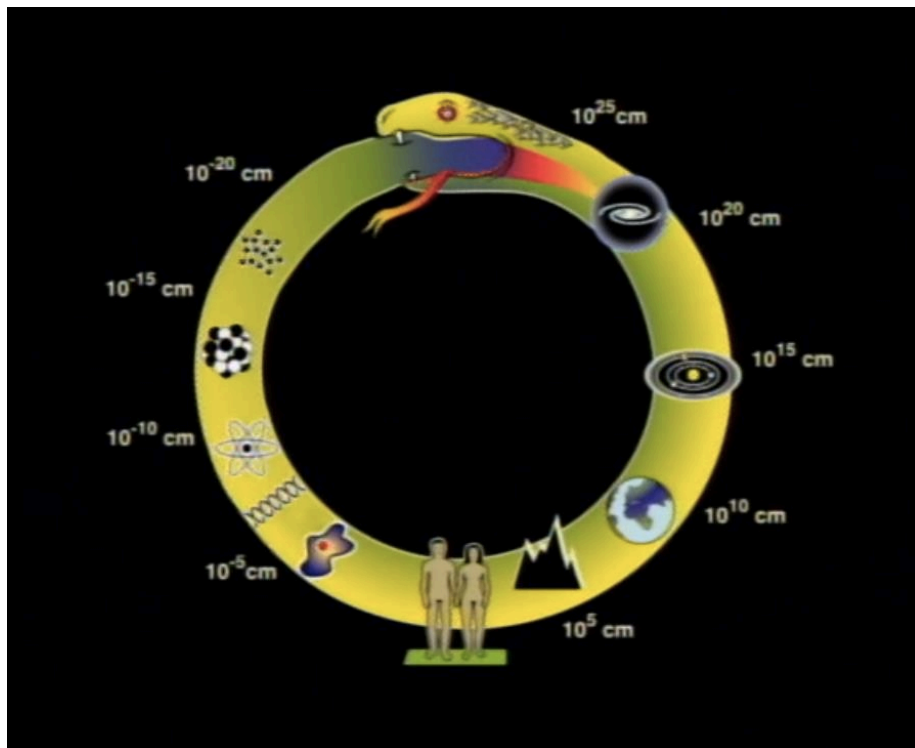
Thoughts on time that has passed:

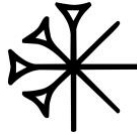
Growing up, I had three cousins with whom my siblings and I were very close. We lived in the city, and they the country. Visiting my aunt and uncle was always a treat; my grandpa lived on the next farm, my uncle the next one after that, and we got to visit them too. My cousins and I would go exploring in the twenty-five acres of forest and farmland on the property. If we got hungry or tired, we'd stop by either my grandpa's or Uncle's house for ice cream. If we were lucky enough, they'd tell us a war story from WWII or let us shoot their guns at tin cans. Every so often, we'd venture off overnight and sleep by the river. This river provided all of the fun that a kid could possibly endure. In the summertime, we'd build enormous tree forts by the shore and in the winter, we'd skate on it. The fond memories and stories born from that land can never be replaced as far as I'm concerned

After a while, we just sort of stopped exploring. It didn't seem to appeal to us anymore. You could say that this was due to us growing up, but then again, we were camping out there when we were as old as 17. I think that after my uncle and grandpa died, the spark that would fill our hearts with joy kind of went out. There is still a part of me - deep inside where that yearning has not been quelled. Sometimes I call up my cousins who are either studying for university, or raising children now, and see if they want to set off one last time. But, knowing that we'd never get to enjoy ice cream with Grandpa and Uncle during our adventures seems to remind us: Those days are long-gone.

Cactus Man Walt

<https://www.thevenusproject.com/resource-based-economy/technology/construction/>





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Untitled #2

It's a mad world, we can't understand.
Water is God but sold for oily sand
Bombshell sandwiches served at elementary schools in far off lands.
I ask,

Where has compassion gone to hide?
How do we come back from this?
Can we turn this mad world around?

I'm here with no solution and offer no peace of mind

They tell us to be kind and recycle sometime, everything will be fine.

How have we not pushed for change
Reclaim the earth and clean the dirt.

When our ecosystems are deeply observed we can see the flora and fauna exist to preserve.
What is it then that we are doing?
Creating a world of our own, a pseudo economy separated from our ecologically dependent reality
ignoring the laws of physics and nature.

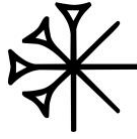
I hope the youth will find the truth
But our ability is fading fast through the glass of your crystal liquid dash.

I cycled through the Delhi haze and walked in circles of the Varanasi maze.
What I discovered, what I felt cannot be described in pictures or words in books

What I experienced was the Way;

Life
Truth
God
Allah
Humanity
Existence

I gave myself to the Way and in return it showed me love and hope.
It feels like a dream now, but I knew it would.
Forever and ever, I could never understand why Mary never stayed in Neverland with beloved Peter pan.
Plato's cave says it would be a task at hand
Now this is where I stand.
Awoken
Broken
Trying to open the minds of those not yet in motion
But how do we share something you don't believe exists?
A future so free
A world in bliss



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Our other lives

War is never a pretty thing; it evokes a feeling of retraction within the human spirit when talked about by those not affected. There is no need for us in the west care as we have it all as the bombs do fall. We sleep soundly and hear nothing at all. This is for all my friends who think they're unaffected by it all.

We know it's happening but it's all too far away for us to care.

We continue on with our daily routine and block out the truth that appears on our screen.

We disregard the role we can play and continue on with our normal day.

Nothing has happened and nothing has changed, but somewhere so far away
a bomb does fall.

It was our inaction that caused this all.

My mother cries out at the thousand lives that had been lost before her eyes.

I could never comprehend how they could not find an end;

They meet in faraway places and do pretend to make things right but behind the scenes the
soldiers still fight.

The money they spend to finding no end it makes no sense, and then they started building the
fence. The wire was stretched, and the machine guns were up, alert at the ready, soldiers stand
steady!

It has happened twice don't be foolish friends a world conflict could happen again. Two great
forces both full of might, politicians angry and the people willing to fight. It's scary to say but
we are much the same to those days when the blitzkrieg did rain. Only now there are a few more
clouds, though they refrain, the lawmakers look much the same as that man who brought the
world to flames.

Long are the days of a peaceful past my city now has turned to ash

I look through the rubble for the cause of this this trouble, moving these stones that once were
homes, I can't help myself to feel alone. From under a stone I pulled out my phone, and upon the
screen it read the war had reached our home.

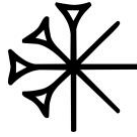
There we were all minding our own, we had heard on the news, but we left it alone.

It was all too far for us to care, so I changed the channel and continued to brush my hair. How
naïve was I to discount the lives of those who died in far off lands while I still survived?

Now it's too late we've sealed our fate, the bombs will fall, until we take a stand and tell those
men in suits that this must end.

You may say that it's all just too far away but we're all human at the end of the day, and what
you say has the power to change the world in a great big way

Neither here nor there it's our inaction and inability to care that will take us back to the days our
grandparents lived in fear. My brothers, my sisters it's our future, it's here. We are no longer
kids with backpacks on we are the ones who must take this world on. – Maxwell 2017



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The World Was Beautiful Until I Woke Up

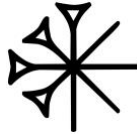
All I want to do is speak French and dance with dogs through a moonlit street by the ocean
Where we can dream of a world where the skies light up and twirl and all life is moving in one big motion
Sleep will be a fruitless task and the love for life will allow us to finally remove our mask
Your life will make sense of its existence and will finally allow you to live in the instant
Unity will inhabit the world and peace will be had for all of God's little boys and girls
From what I can see love has conquered the world but then I wake up and see my brothers continue to quarrel
I then ponder the purpose of our actual cause and question the world for some of our flaws
I mean, what's the point of life without all of its laws?
Peace and Love the message from above, but
Then the rest would rather look to the sun and pray for their wars to be won.
Command and conquer seems a much more noble cause

- Maxwell 2013

Travellin ramblin's

The world is a great big place with many wonderful things to experience.

Lately I have found myself asking the question... Why would anyone want to settle for a life of survival? Whether you may realize it or not everyone in the world that is not enormously rich is playing a game of survival. From the slums of India to the upper middle-class neighborhoods of western countries we are all surviving. Noted some better than others but the point is we all just serve a function for the betterment of someone in a higher position and this function is what defines us in society. When we are defined by what function we play in this system of ours it creates a hierarchy among the people and breaks down understanding to create differences among all people. On a purely human level what is the difference from a Muslim, and a Christian? Or an Arab and a Jew? I am not speaking about the beliefs of these people just what is the difference on an existence level. Does the Muslim not have two eyes just like the Christian that



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allow him to see the same sun shine on the world? Both bear two legs and two arms that allow him to plant seeds and grow the world into something great.

Instead, we allow ourselves to become involved in a war of belief and power, believing that this man is lesser than I because of his function in society or the structural beliefs to which he ascribes. We need to ask ourselves why is it that men are turned against another in the name of a noble cause? Where is the reason?

Do we actually enjoy war and terror or is it at the hand of something greater than the common people? If the function of the commoner is to play a role for the betterment of someone in a higher position than what should be the role of the people at the top?

Ultimately what is this common goal? It has been said lately the common goal should be to end all wars, stop climate change, end world hunger, equality rights, end poverty.... the list goes on. These are all very noble causes that have shaped the world for good but the thing is we still live in a pretty chaotic place and these days it seems like it's getting crazier. We need to take the chaos out of the system, or in other words, remove the entropy bit by bit and all together. We have bright minds and pools of knowledge, the world is in no better shape than now to pivot towards creating a peacefully efficient market, that means instead of solving problems with bullets and nuclear bombs, we have to present an innovation that will maximize technology and resources in order to solve it? Imagine if the USA, Russia, or China spent their defense budget on education and innovation for the common marketplace?

I can't think of a world with that much sense. Inequality trumps democracy, and tycoons or men with hubris treat nations like a balance sheet or game of risk, should think twice before articulating their intentions to lead, let alone declare themselves to be an innovator or entrepreneur. The information age is here, there are no more excuses for our behavior or attitudes towards the re-organization of our modes of production. The drums of war must be silenced and the wheels of progress set in motion.

- Maxwell 2014

Mentre, Dante guardava a il Saggio Poeta Arabo con l'affezione, è arrivato un angelo nella forma di Noam Chomsky e lui parla alle due poeti “Ricorda ti che vostre parole tengono il potere, allora parlate gentile se voleste sopravvivere, per essere certo vi non dimenticherete ho scritto una formula per mettere sul vostro frigo”:

(Clarity³⁶ of Language + (Subscribers + Memory³⁷)) Distribution = Power of Thought

³⁶ Friedman, Rachel. “Theological Echoes of Literary Controversies: Reading Abu Bakr Al-Baqillani's Iʿjaz Al-Qurʿān in Light of the Debate over Badiʿ Style.” *Journal of Arabic Literature* 49, no. 4 (2018): 305.

³⁷ Buonocore, Eleonora *Per una politica e retorica della memoria in Dante- Il ruolo del poeta nella Monarchia a confronto con l'Antepurgatorio*, Studium, 2021

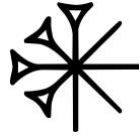
Poi Dr. Chomsky metta una torcia nella mano dell'altissima poeta e con gli occhi confusi Dante guarda ancora al suo amico poi Al'Ma'arri lo dica “ci sono sempre una sopra e uno sotto di te, però eventualmente arriveremo alla posizione di tutti, l'anima è l'empatia ma non la conosciamo bene se non soffriamo mai come un altro.” e Dante fa cadere la torcia nella pila di legno per avanzare la sua posizione. Mentre l'anima brucia, l'angelo cantava:

“Voi con cuore fresca e semplice!

Voi chi tenete la fede in Dio e la Natura

Voi chi credete in ogni età

Ogni cuore umano è umana³⁸



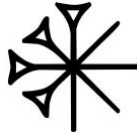
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Chef Romic's - CULINARY PHILOSOPHY AND ROOTS

As a Chef, originating from the island Grenada. Entering the international culinary arena and learning the various cuisines was always my set goal. After growing up in the Caribbean and eating my local cuisine, I was left to wonder. What does the rest of the world have to offer? Which can bring diversity to my knowledge and pilot as a young and aspiring Chef.

I concluded to myself, to achieve that goal and get my answers, I had to work hard and ride on the opportunities that came my way, to reach the international platform and get that firsthand experience. Through my perseverance I landed in Nova Scotia Canada, in fall 2018.



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This started my international journey as a Chef. There I attended the Nova Scotia community college (NACC). Since then, I have traveled to numerous continents such as Europe and Africa doing what I love, Cooking and experiencing good food.

This life changing experience opened my eyes to all the amazing things and twists that can be done to food.

UNIQUE; “**The Meaning of my Name**”

Date Written: November 10th, 2018

I am not a shadow stuck to an individual lost in the mediocrity of societal norms.
“I am Unique “

Unique because I have chosen to set my own Path, pushing towards a destiny unseen but thought of. A Future in the direction of Innovation.

Marriam-Webster dictionary defines Innovation as;

- 1: The introduction of something new.
- 2: A new idea, method, or device:

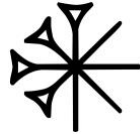
NOVELTY

Being a novelty to my skill/trade within the Culinary Arts I saw it fit to bring Soul burning Innovation to the table. In Reference to a novelist to his books, before the ink touches paper, ideas are born from great thoughts. So, I will compose flavors like an Artist to a blank canvas at his peak or his Carrier, I will combine aromatics and my knowledge of Advanced cookery wand use of grate techniques to the food I Produce, thus Creating true Innovation.

Romic C. Isaac

Date: February 21st, 2019

Keep me Interested, that’s all I ask. Be mindful though, I’m an open book, but not everyone can read me. Feel free to indulge in my story because Memories are waiting to be made. ® R. Isaac



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