

Synapt!c



2024

Synaptic

Synaptic is a digital and print publication celebrating the creative and intellectual work of Central students regardless of major or discipline. Work we are seeking may include creative writing, scholarly writing, artwork, set or costume design, photography, transcripts of podcasts and the like. Central faculty will nominate students for inclusion in this publication, citing the reasons why the student's work is notable. An editorial team of students and faculty advisors will review all submissions, selecting a limited number to be published.

Synaptic is expanding upon the success of *The Writing Anthology*, which Central has published for 42 years. We think of *Synaptic* as a modern reboot of *The Writing Anthology* that seeks to build on the best parts of this earlier publication while taking into account the ways in which print, visual, and audio media have changed across the first two decades of the twenty-first century. We seek to showcase outstanding student writing as well as outstanding multimedia and multimodal student work that doesn't fit easily under the heading of "writing," such as audio projects, video projects, and visual projects of any kind. *Synaptic* will both showcase the outstanding work of our students and more accurately reflect all that Central's liberal arts experience has to offer students.

Why the title *Synaptic*?

"Synaptic" is a descriptive word that evokes "synapse," or "the junction...between two neurons or nerve-cells." Etymologically, the word comes from the Greek for "to join," and, for us at *Synaptic*, the term evokes the spark that comes from intellectual and/or creative connection. It is also connected to the word "synapsis," which, in the 17th century, meant "connection" broadly speaking and, in a more modern scientific definition, signifies "chromosomal pairing during the zygotene stage of meiosis." *Synaptic* brings together analytical writing and creative work from across the college and features work that is making the kinds of connections we value so much here at our liberal arts college. The biological definition foregrounds our commitment to featuring writing across the college, and it relates to the early stages of reproduction; we invite you, our authors, artists, and readers, to think of this publication as an origin point for the students featured here. At *Synaptic*, Central students come into being as published writers, artists, designers, podcasters, and filmmakers.

Head Editor: Sydney Lowe

Co-Editors: Keilah Brewer, Fynn Wadsworth and Amelia Brown

Faculty Advisors: Dr. Katherine Nesbit, Dr. Mat Kelly, and Dr. Stavros Papakonstantinidis

Cover art by Kaylee Peiffer was selected due to its unique creation and imaging

A Publication of the Department of Language, Literature and Communication and the
Department of Visual and Performing Arts

Visit Central.edu/Anthology to view the digital version of *Synaptic*.

Central College, Pella, Iowa
2024

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the 44th edition of *The Writing Anthology* – now known as *Synaptic*. Founded in 1981 by now-retired Central College professor Dr. Walter Cannon, *Synaptic* provides an annual assemblage of remarkable student work that covers a wide array of academic disciplines. This year presented even more variety of works from presentations, to musical compositions and more that provided us with ample selection. Following a review and conference over dozens of outstanding works, our team has selected the following pieces for publication. This publication highlights our skills as editors and pays tribute to our fellow classmates commending them for their great work.

The standard definition of a synapse involves neuroscientific knowledge, microscopic details about the inner workings of a human brain. Beyond biology, synapses fundamentally pertain to connection, to junctures and boundaries and bridges between ideas. As *Synaptic* marks the integration of the Arts and English departments to form a more cohesive publication, we are proud to feature works that honor academic and creative relationships. Take Kenyon Geeting's "Willow Wonders," for instance, a work that integrates science, history, and literature creating a balance that places readers under the willow tree. Or the painting created by Gunner Hutton that transports the scenery in front of Jordan Hall into a new setting. Cheyne Plants challenges ideals about how history should be taught within the American education system using a controversial book for support. This submission also includes the artwork installed on Roe Center here on campus, a work that brought together Amelia Brown, Madilynn Peitzman, Fynn Wadsworth (artists), Joceyln Timmerman, Cassie Severson (grant writers), Kayla Lindquist, Carley Underwood, Madi Whalen, Summer Chambers, Jillian Fairbanks, Jordan Helmick, and Alexis Hesse (installers) to combine their disciplinary skills.

Each year, the John Allen Award is awarded to a piece of student writing that the selection panel deems to have superior rhetorical competence, high levels of readability, originality, and insight. This year, we are pleased to announce that Jessie Pospisil has received this honor for her work "Chaos is Not Wished Away." Jessie's use of the lyric essay gives us a glimpse into the chaos that is a full-time student athlete's life. The essay shows the frustration we feel as our schedules are packed to the brim. Creative aspects of this essay allow for the reader "to see the mix of unsteadiness, distraction, and obligation that college students face". This shape mindfully lets readers see the connections between the anxieties of creating meaning in a life that expects a lot.

We would like to extend our formal congratulations to all the students whose work is featured in this year's pages. Additionally, we would like to sincerely thank the professors who recognized the brilliance of these pieces and submitted them for our judgment. Furthermore, we must thank Mat Kelly, Associate Professor of Art, and Brian Roberts, Professor of Art, for presenting us with excellent student artwork. We would also like to thank Professor Kelly for designing the cover using artwork by Kaylee Peiffer. Also, we would like to thank the staff and the student workers of the Central College Communications Office for their efforts in bringing *The Writing Anthology's* website to life. Of course, our biggest thanks are owed to our faculty advisor Dr. Kate Nesbit who took over this year's *Synaptic*. We would also like to thank our guest editor Dr. Stavros Papakonstantinidis for bringing his expertise to this new edition. Thank you both for your commitment, attention to detail, hard work, patience, flexibility, and advice. Again, we must extend our sincerest gratitude to everyone who made this publication possible. We present to you the 2024 *Synaptic*, but first we share Winona Van Berkum's land acknowledgement speech given on February 8th, 2024 during the opening session of Central's MLK Jr. Day's alternate day of learning.

Sydney Lowe '24
Keilah Brewer '26

Land Acknowledgement

My name is Winona Van Berkum. I'm a part of the Ho-Chunk nation and an enrolled member of the Winnebago Tribe of Nebraska and I will be starting with the land acknowledgement. For those of you who may be unfamiliar with the practice, a land acknowledgement is intended to acknowledge the tribes and nations who have considered this land home long before the white man set foot here.

The Ioway and the Otoe were here before recorded time, as were the Omaha and Ponca, moving to new lands before white settlers arrived. The Pawnee used this land for hunting grounds, and the Sioux, Sauk, and Meskwaki were here long before colonization. Let us remember that we occupy their homeland and that this land was taken by force. Today, only the Meskwaki Nation, the people of the Red Earth, maintain their sovereignty on their land in Iowa after purchasing the land that now makes up their settlement. Places and names all over our state recognize famous Meskwaki chiefs, like Poweshiek, Wapello, Appanoose, and Tama. We honor the Meskwaki Nation for maintaining their language, culture, and spirituality in spite of those who made attempts to take it away.

The list of hardships native peoples have endured due to the oppression of the white man is lengthy. Today, Indian country still faces challenges brought on by the government's effort to assimilate and eradicate natives. Its children were forced to assimilate during the boarding school era. Its women were illegally and forcibly sterilized as late as the 70s. Today, over five thousand of its relatives have been murdered or considered missing. Yet in spite of it all, its people are still here. We are still here.

I'd like to note this is not for me to continue repeating the same history taught to me by my relatives in grade school, as my peers (all fully white) could continue to be infatuated by the teachings of brave conquistadors that sealed my ancestors' fates. It is to encourage others to look at the other side of history and how the Indigenous community has strived regardless of the disparities they've faced.

Our academic institution continues to hold responsibility to acknowledge the hardships and wrongdoings that have taken place historically. Over the years, a long legacy of broken treaties, forced transportation, and cultural assimilation have been major contributions to the struggles of tribes and nations, past and present. With that in mind, Central and its community emphasizes its commitment to diversity, equity, and inclusion in its partnerships with other communities and schools highlighting underrepresented individuals, awarding of academic scholarships, and efforts of engaged citizenship by students and faculty. These efforts are endeavors to show respect and consideration of modern struggles of Indigenous peoples. We ask for your mindfulness of those who cared for this land before us and your own impact to honor or antagonize them.

Hanac hinjkaragi wina - I greet you all

Winona Van Berkum '26
in collaboration with Leighia VanDam '22
Land Acknowledgement Speech
Presented Feb. 8, 2024

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* John Allen Award Recipient

In the Rough

Alex Gast

ENGL 241: Short Story Writing

The final project for this course asked students to compose a story using one of the “shapes” we read and analyzed in the first half of the semester. This student chose to write in the shape of a “Juggling” story, in which the narrative depicts a character preoccupied with an action while their mind wanders toward something else. In this writer’s case, we’re dropped into the final two holes of Kurt’s round of golf as he attempts to distract himself from the gruesome events from the prior night. Structurally, the writer smartly takes advantage of the way this shape generates tension. A lesser writer would be tempted to disclose the details of Kurt’s bloody encounter with the robber all at once; however, this student’s instincts for restraint work in his favor. Kurt’s inner conflict steadily grows as he finds it increasingly difficult to distract himself from his acts of violence.

-Dr. Lance Dyzak

“I’m sorry son, there’s just no way around it. We need to ask you a few more questions. You need to come back to the station when your round’s over.”

Kurt read the lanky white letters of his father’s text message in a numb sort of trance, then shoved his phone back into his bag. He exhaled strongly, flared his nostrils, and thrust his feet into the moist earth.

His plastic spikes tore into the mushy fairway grass and secured his stance. Rain had sprung from the clouds like torpedo bombers strafing the grass last night. He’d already ratcheted his old spikes off his smudged white shoes this morning and replaced them with new spidery black cleats. Kurt refused to allow a miniscule problem like slippery shoes to ruin his round. His father would’ve thrown a fit at such lack of attention to detail.

“Come on Kurt,” his father would probably chastise. “It’s just common sense.”

It seemed like everything was “common sense” in his father’s eyes.

Kurt loomed over his dimpled white ball with a 5-iron in hand. The navy-blue wooden stake on his left reminded him with elegantly painted white numbers that he was 250 yards from the hole. The pin sat on a downhill slope in the back left corner of the green. Kurt could swing for glory and try to reach the green with his 3-wood, sure. But he’d never been good with a 3-wood in his hands. There was a high likelihood he would send his ball sailing into the grove of oak trees to the right of the green. Another cruel slice in a cruel round. No, he couldn’t risk that. The last 7 hours had already backhanded him across the face. A blanket of exhaustion pulled him downward with every shaky step. He was almost finished with his miserable performance. The last hole was just around the corner. He saw no need to send himself to rock bottom with a shitty slap out of bounds. And if he had to go face his father after the round, he knew reporting he had made a mental error would earn a disapproving shake of his father’s head. Common sense, Kurt.

It was much more sensible to lay up and try his luck with a wedge. Kurt was much better at that sort of thing. Calculation and assessment were two of his most admirable qualities. Or at least that’s what his father told him. His father would say Kurt’s planning and strategy had led him to his sales career. Kurt would say his father had given him more than a subtle nudge into that profession. But never to his father’s face, of course. Kurt was thirty-two years old now, and already a successful account executive for a blossoming software company. His higher status in the company meant he could pick and choose when he crammed himself into his dull white office. Most mornings, he chose to play golf. Often that was how he’d gain new clients, and almost always how his father chose to spend his time with Kurt.

He could recall when his father had given him his first “adult life lesson” out on the golf course. He was 16 at the time. The group in front of them had stopped to flirt with the cart girl and buy overpriced, flat beers.

“They always bring the lookers out here,” his father had told him, flicking an index finger toward the cart girl. Try to seduce committed men into higher tips. But you and I both know your mother would whack me over the head if I flirted back. As for you, you just keep your hormones in check, boy. Your brain’s up here,” he’d said, tapping his temples, “Not in your pants. That cart girl understands that much. She’s a business lady. Leveraging what she has going for her. If you can make calculated moves like her,” his father had said, angling his head toward the doughy group of middle-aged men handing \$5 tips to the girl, “You’ll never end up like those dense bastards.”

Kurt had followed his advice to a tee, figuratively and literally. Thirty-two years old now, and utterly alone except for golf and work. He hadn’t even gone on a date since high school. Dating served as a distraction. Kurt couldn’t have any of those. He’d gone to the course by himself today to escape from all the distractions. Except now his father was asking him to relive last night all over again, trapping him back in a box of mirrors, all dedicated to reflecting the offense Kurt had truly committed.

He released a smoother exhale, then swung his club back and through, one fluid motion that rocketed the ball away. He watched the ball sail across the sky like a plump angel. It swerved right and imbedded itself in tall tendrils of grass right of the green.

Another poor shot. Kurt reckoned this day could hardly get worse.

He slid his 5-iron back into his black golf bag, then gripped the handle of his pushcart and loped down the fairway toward his ball. Most of the guys who came to this course liked to use golf carts. Then again, most of them were also chubby, short little blobs, the kind his father despised. Many were balding on top but had curls of chest hair sprouting from their unbuttoned collars. They looked like their hair was afraid of their scalp and had migrated to safety on their blubber. Kurt had vowed to never let himself look like them. A beer gut could hinder his golf swing and shred the disguise of health and happiness he wore for his clients. His father had taught him discipline in everything. No shortcuts, no distractions, just hard work. His body shape displayed that discipline.

Today, though, his fit physique added no benefits. In the mild spring sunshine, Kurt began to break a sweat under his sleek royal blue windbreaker and pressed black slacks. His faded white hat bore the stains of many moist summer days. He yanked the hat off his head and mopped off sweat with his sleeve. His effort produced a strange splotch that stained his sleeve a shade darker.

Kurt reminded himself he was lucky he’d even been freed to walk out here today. He’d had one hell of a night. Even if it truly was self-defense, most guys would still be at the police station right now. He knew that his family connection had saved him from a night in an interrogation room. His father, the police chief, kept detectives from troubling Kurt any further after they investigated the scene and moved Kurt to a motel for the night. That didn’t stop Kurt’s mind from trouble, though. It still flashed with siren lights and froze his thoughts. He felt like he was hovering outside of his body, reduced to a spectator. Almost as if his real self had slunk out of his own stocky frame last night.

Kurt shook his head and slid his hat back over his close-cropped chocolate hair. He wasn’t out here to think about last night. That could wait until after the round. Right now, he was here to play. Next shot, Kurt told himself. No distractions.

He parked his pushcart next to the cart path that wound down the right side. He jerked free a 60° wedge and a putter from his bag and plodded over to his ball. The wedge’s severe loft and strange shape had always fascinated him, but then again, so did many of the aspects of golf. Another odd instrument for a peculiar game. Sometimes it made him wonder why his father loved this game so much. Then again, he knew the mental fortitude it demanded was what hooked dear old Dad’s interest. Plenty of “adult life lessons” ripe for picking in golf.

He laid the putter in the grass to his left, then stood behind the ball and planned his next shot. Kurt envisioned the ball springing up from the club face of the wedge, taking a hop onto the green toward the flagstick, then spinning madly and halting a few feet from the pin. He took a deep breath, assumed his stance and flipped open his club face. He took a few practice swings, getting used to the short chipping motion. Ernie, Els, Kurt told himself. Ernie, Els. Back and forth. Back and forth. He’d learned that swing thought from his father. It helped him to keep an even tempo.

Kurt took one more deep breath. He set the club behind the ball, then flicked it back and through the ball like a clock handle. The grass seized his club face and halted his follow through. The ball popped up too high and began crashing down at a concerning speed.

“Sit!” Kurt commanded.

The ball disobeyed. It plunked down onto the green and kept rolling. It looked like it wanted to run away from Kurt. Like it was horrified of what he’d done. The ball sped off the green and into the fringe. A fresh indentation from the ball’s initial landing spot gave the green another pockmark. Kurt wondered if the detectives had found a similar dent in the robber’s head last night.

“Yeah, real fucking lucky Kurt,” he muttered to himself. He set down his wedge and snagged the putter from the turf, then strolled toward his ball. He halted his strides in the middle of the green and tugged a divot tool from his pocket, then thrust it into the ground and repaired the mark. He always fixed and filled his divots. He took care of the course like it was his baby. A very green, very unforgiving baby. He wished he could repair the robber’s head just as easily. Or maybe fill the divot stuck in his mind.

Kurt at last approached his golf ball. He’d already decided he would putt the ball from its new resting spot. It was just “common sense.” He crouched down to read the green but found no concerning curves. The best path seemed to be dead straight to the pin. Kurt hunched over the ball with his putter, then pulled it back and through.

The golf ball popped off the putter face and rolled toward the hole. It smacked into the pin, dropped down, and nestled into the cup with a purr, like an asthmatic cat.

At least his putter refused to fail him today. He sauntered over to the pin, reached down into the hole and pried his ball free from the tiny pit.

Kurt strode away and snagged his wedge. He returned to his bag and headed for the final tee box. He racked his brain for happy thoughts but found none. A permanent scowl remained chiseled into his face. He wondered if his expression would ever change. Maybe it would remain permanently fixed, just like the robber’s frozen stare when the detectives had snapped the crime scene photos.

As he arrived at the 18th tee box, he parked his pushcart and surveyed the layout from the mound. Kurt had played this course enough to know the design intimately, but he still liked to confirm no new obstacles had appeared. He needed something familiar in his life today. He was delighted to find the same elm trees lined up like dominoes down the right side. A jellybean-shaped fairway bunker guarded the left, along with a field of wavy wild grass and a red spray paint line that marked it out of bounds. Thick, rough sprouted next to the freshly mowed fairway, which winded and wobbled on its way to the green. A maroon flag flapped in the wind on a bright yellow fiberglass stick, roughly 400 yards away from the tee box. A small pond served as a moat to protect the green, leaking from the right side toward the middle. The pin sat in the back right corner of an undulating green, which sloped downhill toward the pond like a man stranded in the desert crawling toward an oasis.

A tough challenge to end the round. The course heaved all its might upon you at the end. This is what his father would call “a doozie.”

Despite the challenge ahead, relief cascaded down Kurt’s body like a waterfall. Finally, something that wasn’t foreign to him today. Dozens of previous rounds had prepared him for the best attack strategy. He had fought the course for 17 holes, and it had returned several jabs. It was time for Kurt to stop blocking punches and launch a sweeping knockout hook.

Kurt pulled his glossy driver from his bag and yanked a pristine white tee from his pocket. He sunk it into the ground between the black wooden tee markers and gently rested the golf ball upon it. He ran through his pre-shot routine, settling the club and circulating the humid morning air through his lungs. Routine invigorated Kurt. It calmed his nerves, quieted his inner monologue.

Kurt stared at his golf ball and examined the red dots on its dimpled surface. He had drawn the dots with Sharpie to give him somewhere to focus his eyes. But after 17 holes of being battered and bashed like a rotten watermelon, the drops of red marker had bled into a smudgy mess. The smears reminded him of flecks of the robber's blood all over his bathroom tile floor.

Kurt swiveled his club heavenward, then let loose and unleashed his fury upon the golf ball. His whole body seemed to release all its anguish into the poor little sphere. The ball soared off the club face like a mortar shell. The impact vibrated through the club and up into his arms. He lofted his head up and watched the ball zoom through the atmosphere right toward the middle of the fairway. It seemed piped down the middle, but an aggressive gust of wind forced the ball to fade right. The ball smacked into a tree along the right side. It pinballed around in the branches before the tree spat it out next to its trunk.

Kurt's frown deepened. Just what he needed. Another crappy shot. He growled, but huffed out a deep breath and reassessed the ball's landing spot, telling himself he needed to find a plan of attack. Reassess. Control your emotions. Use common sense. He saw no trees in the way of his line to the green. He was further away from the hole than he would've liked, but he could manage a good shot. The tensed muscles in his face released. He grabbed his pushcart and commenced his march down the fairway.

He reached the ball and slid a shiny bronze-painted rangefinder from his bag, then aimed it at the flagstick. The scope blinked back digital numbers: 150. One hundred and fifty yards to the hole. One fifty. It had happened at 1:50 A.M. He'd jumped in his sheets, startled awake by the shatter of glass. Kurt had immediately registered the scuffling sounds of an intruder's boots on his hardwood floors. He'd slid from his bed and onto the floor. He'd seized his father's old 5-iron from its resting place under the king-size frame. His father had gifted it to him as a weapon for self-defense.

"You can't get caught with your pants down," his father had told him when he'd handed him the crooked club. He'd given Kurt the club as a present when he'd moved into his first house by himself. "This neighborhood's sketchy. Never can be too safe."

Kurt had never thought he'd have to use it, but suddenly he'd found himself hunkered down behind the side of the bed furthest away from his bedroom door, awaiting the intruder. The boots had scraped closer.

Suddenly he heard a wicked thwack echo through the damp air.

"Fore!"

Kurt hit the deck and curled up behind his bag. A second later, a blinding neon-yellow golf ball smacked into a tree a few feet to his right and rolled to a stop behind him.

Kurt remained cowered behind his bag as he heard a man's expletives punch the air. His ball awaited the embrace of a steel face a few yards in front of him, but he couldn't move. His thoughts paralyzed him with the sound of a different club hitting its mark.

That thwack. Such a violent noise. Unnatural. Not how someone should strike a golf ball. Not how anyone should strike anything. And yet he'd heard that noise last night. He'd created that noise.

Kurt broke out in a nervous sweat and found his chest shaking, diaphragm spasming, lungs gasping for oxygen. How the hell could he have produced such an awful, gut-twisting noise?

A blurry figure flashed into his mind. The figure had crept into the bedroom, donned in all black clothes and a black ski mask. He hadn't even known robbers still wore those. Kurt saw himself leap from his hiding spot behind the bed. His hands had swung his weapon wildly. He felt the rusty 5-iron smack the robber's skull. He saw the body crumple onto his tiled bathroom floor. He saw blood soak the top of the ski mask with a moist stain.

Kurt's memory was broken by the sound of a golf cart zooming toward his spot. He shook himself violently and

steadied his breathing, then arose from his hunkered position and faced his golf ball. The cart skidded to a stop behind him. Kurt tried to ignore whoever drove the cart. He let his right arm dangle next to his hip, rangefinder still gripped with white knuckles. Then he turned to his bag, careful to avoid eye contact. Kurt was here to play his game, not chitchat.

Kurt had just slipped the rangefinder back into his bag when he heard the other golfer shout in his direction.

“Hey! Ain’t this a great day?”

Kurt reluctantly craned his head. Behind him stood a pudgy man in a slumped posture. The guy gripped a dented 3-wood in one hand and a Busch Light in the other. He had a stupid clown grin plastered across his face and sported a double chin under a patchy goatee. Scraggly strands of brown hair sprouted from his scalp.

“Yeah, fantastic,” Kurt muttered. He turned back to his bag and mulled over his clubs.

“I reckon it’s the best weather we’ve had this year!” the man admitted cheerfully. His dirty white visor and dollar-store sunglasses bobbed up and down with every word. “All this damn rain finally up and quit town, and now we’ve got some beautiful sunshine! This looks like one hell of a golf course, too. You a regular out here?”

Kurt sighed quietly and swiveled back to face the man. He registered the man’s loud yellow polo shirt and gray plaid cargo shorts. Sweat stains encompassed the man’s armpits, sternum, and crotch. This man was everything his father disapproved of. Kurt imagined his father would call the man some names he reserved for certain “lowlife” members of society, if only he were here to see the living caricature standing before him.

“Yeah,” Kurt answered. He had no patience for this, but he figured humoring the man would kill some time and shoo him away. Not like he was in any hurry to get back to the station or his father’s icy blue stare. “I play here a lot. Almost finished with my 5th round of the week.”

“Damn! You ain’t a pro, are ya?” the man asked. His beer gut jiggled over a thin black belt. If the man’s waist could talk, Kurt imagined it would be screaming for mercy.

“No, I’m not a pro. Just love the game.”

“Well, ain’t that something. Me and my boys, we just started today!” the man exclaimed. He took a sip from the can. “Saw it on TV one day after the ball game, and I says to myself, ‘It can’t be that hard if that skinny little fucker’s slapping that thing around! I oughta smack that little ball a mile past that runt!’” He flashed another smile and gestured towards his ball, which lay to the left of his golf cart. “Seems like it’s a little harder than I thought.”

“Yeah, golf’s a tough game,” Kurt told him. “Mentally and physically draining.”

“Well, I ain’t gotta worry about that!” the man shouted back. “Got me a fine physique right here.” He gestured toward his gut and let loose an airy chuckle. “And my mind’s better yet. They oughta study it for science!”

“I’m sure,” Kurt responded. “If you don’t mind, I’ve gotta finish out this hole quick. Wife’s nagging me to get home in time.”

“Oh!” the man suddenly looked apologetic. “Don’t let me stand in your way. I know how bitchy them ladies can get when their man ain’t home on time. You go right ahead, show me how it’s done!”

“Thanks,” Kurt said.

Kurt turned back to his bag and pulled out a 9 iron. He ran through his shot routine. On his second deep breath, he heard glass shatter on the hole to his right, where the annoying man had come from.

“Shit!” he heard from the other fairway.

“Billy, what the hell are ya doing?” the man behind him shouted back at the hole he’d emerged from. “You’re s’posed to hit it on the green, not in the fuckin’ house!”

“Sorry!” Kurt heard another man yell back to the one lingering behind him.

Kurt sighed, then readdressed his ball. The pin was in a tough spot, but he knew how to get to it. Kurt would hit a slight fade with the 9-iron and curve it onto the green, nice and tight next to the pin. It was a risky move, but he knew he could do it. He’d done it plenty of times before. It was the best way to salvage a birdie and shine a bright spot on this dark day. It would give him a positive memory to beat back his demons when he stepped into that police station.

Kurt started through his routine again. Deep breath. He saw the robber’s body, sprawled out on the tile. Kurt dug in his feet. He had kicked the robber in the ribs. Practice swing. Kurt saw himself smash the club down on the robber’s head again. Another practice swing. Kurt had hit the robber again. And again. He’d hit him until the blood had seeped through the mask and onto the tile, until he was sure the robber couldn’t get up.

Kurt took another deep breath. He heard his own gutturale yelps as he had beat the robber to death. Kurt heard his heavy, panicked breathing, his exclamation of “Oh my God!” when he’d finally halted his assault. He heard his voice barely above a whisper on the phone with 911. Kurt saw the police lights that had spilled through his windows and danced across the walls. Kurt heard his father when he’d gotten to the scene, telling him, “It was self-defense, son. Nothing to be ashamed of. Hell, you might’ve done this town a favor. One less criminal running these streets never hurt anyone, especially when it’s a coked-up bastard like this lowlife. If anything, you’ve made my job easier. No shame, son. You stood up for yourself.”

Nothing to be ashamed of? What the hell wasn’t there to be ashamed of?

Kurt interlocked his hands around the velvet grip and choked it until the blood drained from his knuckles. Then he wound the club back and flung it violently through the ball, releasing every ounce of the expectations and pressure his father had poured on his shoulders like wet cement.

The recoil told him he’d struck it well. The ball glided through the air like it was on a zipline. Kurt had aimed way left of the pin, but he watched as the ball began a perfect arc toward the pin, curving back to the right. With a ball flight that Tiger Woods would’ve been proud of, the ball plummeted towards the green.

“Holy shit!” the man behind him screamed. “What a shot!”

The ball plopped down on the green’s front right ridge like a beached whale and settled into its own divot. Kurt thought for a split second he’d done it. Excitement jumped into his brain, but then he realized something was wrong. The shot felt too perfect. His father would’ve chastised him.

“Never celebrate too early. You haven’t accomplished a damn thing yet,” Kurt imagined his father saying.

Sure enough, his apprehension was answered. The ball began to trickle down the front of the green. It picked up speed as it tumbled down the slope. Kurt’s gut felt like someone was nabbing it with pliers. The ball raced off the edge and dropped into the pond.

That was it. Kurt’s bright spot, gone. Nothing to hide behind now. Every ripple in the pond smacked him with overwhelming misery.

“Aw, damn!” the pudgy man yelled. “I thought you’d really done it there.” The man let loose a raspy sigh. “You still got one hell of a grip though.”

“Wha...what do you mean?” Kurt asked, body still facing the pond. Still watching those ripples run.

“Look at your hands,” the man told him.

Kurt looked down. The club remained clenched in his hands, but the glove on his left hand now displayed a crimson red blood stain. Kurt had gripped the club so hard that he'd reopened a cut earned when he'd cleaned up his broken glass. The splotch was the same shape as the robber's puddle of blood.

Kurt's eyes watered. He didn't dare turn to face the pudgy man now.

"Oh, yeah," Kurt muttered, "I—I guess I do. Force of habit."

He'd always gripped the club too tight. It was the one habit his father couldn't break from him. An imperfection in his golf game. Unacceptable in his father's eyes.

"Well, there's always next shot, right?" the pudgy man asked.

"Y—yeah, I g—guess there is," Kurt stuttered.

"You okay pal?" the pudgy man questioned.

"F—fine. Just a little hot, I think."

"You better get yourself outta this sun," the man advised. "Don't need a professional out here getting heat stroke." The man let loose another airy laugh, like he was coughing up water. Well, I don't mean to be too much of a burden on ya. I'll just hit my ball and get on outta your hair." He heard the pudgy man start whipping his 3-wood against the dirt in what Kurt judged was a practice swing motion. He still didn't dare turn to watch as the man produced another thwack with his 3-wood.

"Shit!" the man yelled. "I must've picked up something from you when I watched ya. I hit that thing to the moon!"

"That's great," Kurt mumbled.

"Thanks man! And hey," he heard the golf cart creak as the man plopped down on the seat, "Don't beat yourself up about it. Just a game, right?"

"Right," Kurt croaked. "Just a game."

The cart sped off again, leaving Kurt alone with his thoughts and the smell of expelled gasoline.

Kurt marched up the fairway toward the hole. He parked his pushcart next to the green, then stood in a fixed posture like an old Greek sculpture. He contemplated his next move. His thought process was scrambled. All he could remember was the robber's body. He could've sworn he'd even seen the same icy blue eyes of his father in the robber's face.

After a minute or so of silence, Kurt reached into the pocket of his bag and slid out his phone. He reread the text from his father one more time.

There's no way around it.

If his father had taught Kurt anything, it was to always find a solution. Face the world. Take on a problem head-on.

Kurt didn't give much of a damn about what his father had taught him anymore.

He slipped the phone back into his bag and strode briskly past the green, speeding uphill back toward the 1st tee.



Gunner Hutton

ART 365: Glassblowing II

*Project: Engage in the technical process of putting a hole through the glass form.
It is an interesting and complex form with two necks and the offset hole going through the vessel's body.
The sweeping movement of the darker color around the form adds to the presentation.*

-Professor Brian Roberts

Willow Wonders: A Tree-mendous Tale of Science and Magic

Kenyon Geetings

LAS 410: Exploring Ecotones: Literature, Science, and History

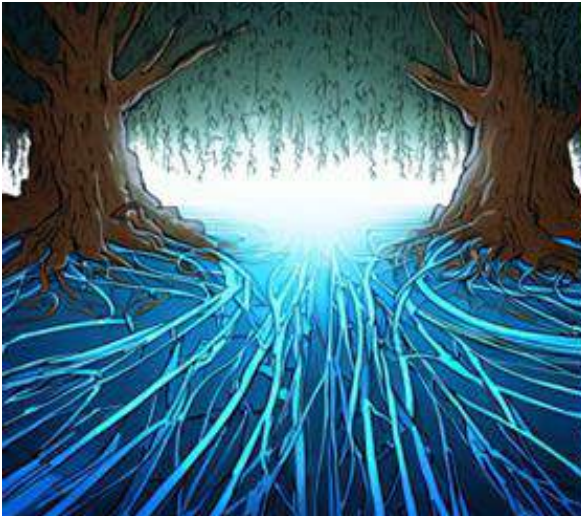
The LAS 410 seminar applauded this author's writing style as well as ability to integrate science, literature, history, and word play. We also loved this presentation he created to present to the seventh graders for "Willow Wonders: A Tree-mendous Tale of Science and Magic."

-Dr. Mary Stark



In the field of botany, there exists a group of arboreal wonders that captivate both the scientist and the dreamer alike. Among these, the *Salix babylonica*, commonly known as the weeping willow, stands as an emblem of enchantment. Its scientific name, a poetic melody in itself, conceals a world of mystery and fascination waiting to be unveiled.

The scientific name *Salix babylonica* follows the standard binomial nomenclature system established by Carl Linnaeus in the 18th century. In this system, the genus name (*Salix*) is followed by the species name (*babylonica*). The genus *Salix* encompasses a wide variety of willow species, and each species has its own unique scientific name. The term “*babylonica*” in *Salix babylonica* doesn’t directly reference the ancient city of Babylon. Instead, it is believed to be a reference to the tree’s resemblance to the willow trees that were common along the Euphrates River in ancient Mesopotamia, where the city of Babylon was located (Burton 140). This similarity in appearance likely led to the choice of the species name. The weeping willow, with its graceful, drooping branches, has captivated the human imagination for centuries. Its melancholic appearance has often been associated with themes of sorrow and mourning. In various cultures, willow trees have symbolized sadness, reflection, and even the passage of time. One such example is poignantly echoed in Psalm 137 which begins “By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof” (Holy Bible King James Version, Ps. 137 1.1-2). This cultural significance may have influenced the choice of the term “*babylonica*” as well, as it evokes a sense of nostalgia and contemplation.



As I stand beneath the graceful canopy of a majestic willow tree, I am transported to a place where science and magic intertwine. The slender branches, like cascading locks of a sylvan god, gracefully sweep the earth, a living curtain veiling secrets of the natural world. In the dappled sunlight beneath its boughs, life thrives, and a diverse community of creatures flourishes.

Scientifically, this arboreal wonder is a deciduous tree, belonging to the genus *Salix* in the family Salicaceae. But to merely label it as such is to miss the symphony of life that dances in its presence. The weeping willow is, in essence, a sanctuary for biodiversity. Its sinuous branches provide refuge and sustenance to an array of avian residents like the American Robin (*Turdus migratorius*), the Marsh Wren (*Cistothorus palustris*) and pictured here, the White-breasted nuthatch (*Sitta carolinensis*) (Shaw). As I gaze upon the intricate nests woven amid the willow's tendrils, I marvel at the delicate architecture of nature itself.

But it's not only the avian world that seeks solace within the embrace of the *Salix babylonica*. The rich ecosystem beneath its boughs teems with life. Beneath the surface, roots reach out like searching fingers, drawing sustenance from the Earth. This grand tree offers a haven to innumerable microorganisms and fungi, engaged in a subterranean dance of nutrient exchange. A symphony of life hidden from the casual observer, unveiling the profound interconnectedness of the natural world.

In the midst of my reverie, a gentle breeze stirs the leaves above, and the signature rustling of the willow, like nature's lullaby, fills the air. The weeping willow's leaves, elliptical and green in the spring, transition to a vibrant yellow in autumn, as if the tree itself were shedding tears of pure gold. It's a transformation that speaks of the changing seasons, a timeless reminder of nature's eternal rhythm (Rovelli 18).



In Iowa, as in many other parts of the United States, the weeping willow has become an integral part of the landscape. Its elegant form and serene demeanor make it a beloved tree for parks, gardens, and residential areas. It thrives in Iowa's climate, with its long, cold winters and warm summers, and has adapted well to the region. Beyond its aesthetic value, the weeping willow also plays a role in environmental conservation in Iowa. Its extensive root system helps prevent soil erosion along riverbanks and streams, making it an ideal choice for riparian areas. Furthermore, the tree's ability to filter pollutants from water and provide habitat for wildlife contributes to the overall health of Iowa's ecosystems. The weeping willow's presence in Iowa symbolizes a connection between the state's natural beauty and its people. It serves as a reminder of the importance of preserving and appreciating the rich biodiversity that Iowa's landscapes offer.



Fig. 1. *Underground wood wide web*

Shifting focus back beneath the surface of the weeping willow's sweeping branches lies a concealed network of life that transcends our understanding of individual trees. It is a domain where the boundaries between roots blur, and communication takes on a language more ancient than words—the Wood Wide Web of mycorrhizal fungi (mycorrhiza).

This intricate underground network, often referred to as the “Internet of the Forest,” serves as nature’s own social media platform for trees (Rhodes 331). Mycorrhizal fungi form symbiotic relationships with tree roots, extending their reach far beyond what any single tree could achieve on its own. Through this vast fungal web, trees can communicate, share resources, and support one another.

But do willow trees, with their poetic and melancholic presence, partake in this silent symphony of communication beneath the forest floor? The answer, indeed, is a resounding yes. Willow trees are active participants in the Wood Wide Web, demonstrating the interconnectedness of all life in the forest. Within the embrace of a willow’s roots, mycorrhizal fungi bridge the gap between trees. They facilitate the exchange of essential nutrients, like nitrogen and phosphorus, between different species of trees, enhancing the overall health of the forest community (Beard 84). The willow, with its extensive root system, is particularly adept at nurturing these fungal connections, making it a vital contributor to the Wood Wide Web.

As I stand here beneath the willow’s drooping boughs, I can’t help but marvel at the idea that these majestic trees are not solitary beings, but rather integral members of a forest community that communicates and cooperates beneath the surface. It’s a testament to the deep interdependence of life on our planet, a reminder that no being exists in isolation.



Now, let's turn our attention to the Global Goals for sustainable development, as outlined by Project Everyone. These goals serve as a compass for responsible stewardship of our planet, urging us to protect and nurture the environment upon which all life depends (Goals Archive). Willow trees, with their unique attributes, contribute significantly to several of these global goals.

Goal 13, "Climate Action," calls for efforts to combat climate change and its impacts. Willow trees play a crucial role in this endeavor. Their rapid growth and extensive root systems make them excellent carbon sequestration champions. By absorbing carbon dioxide from the atmosphere and storing it in their biomass and the soil, willow trees help mitigate the effects of climate change (Gorobets 4).

Furthermore, Goal 15, "Life on Land," emphasizes the need to protect and restore ecosystems and halt biodiversity loss. It explicitly highlights that "flourishing life on land is the foundation for our life on this planet" with the target of incentivizing sustainable forest management (Goals Archive). Willow trees, with their ability to create habitat for a diverse range of wildlife, contribute directly to this goal. Under their sheltering branches, birds build their nests, insects find refuge, and countless other creatures find sustenance. By preserving and planting willow trees, we can enhance the biodiversity of our landscapes.

In the shade of the weeping willow,
I find not only solace but also inspiration. It
reminds me that, like the trees in the forest, we
are part of a larger web of life. It's a web that
calls us to act, to protect, and to preserve—a
web that extends far beyond the branches of a
single tree, encompassing the entire world.



As I reflect on these global goals, I can't help but see a parallel between the interconnectedness of the Wood Wide Web and our shared responsibility to care for our planet. Just as the mycorrhizal fungi facilitate the exchange of resources between trees, so too must we facilitate the exchange of knowledge and action between nations and individuals to achieve these global goals.

As I take in the grandeur of this willow tree, I realize that scientific names and classifications, though necessary for understanding, do not capture the essence of this living marvel. The weeping willow transcends the confines of nomenclature. It is an embodiment of life's wonder, a testament to the meaningful bonds that underlie our world.

In the realm of the willow tree, science and poetry converge, reminding us of the inexhaustible wonders that surround us. This weeping willow, with its scientific name as intricate as its biology, beckons us to look closer, to embrace the sense of wonder that lies within our reach. In the shade of its branches, we find not only shade from the sun but also a profound connection to the intricate web of life that binds us all.

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Gunner Hutton

***ART 252: Painting: Traditional
to Digital Approaches***

This was a traditional landscape painting assignment where students were to mix their limited palette colors to match the colors they observe outside in the landscape. Working from real life observation, students wrestled with the ever-changing light and shadow as time passed. Gunner captured the beauty of the subtle light and shadow found in the manicured garden outside of Jordan Hall.

-Professor Mathew Kelly

Nature's Lament

Carter Piagentini

*LAS 410: Exploring Ecotones:
Literature, Science, and History*

I was excited to read the different styles of poetry in this final pursuit for LAS 410, including rhyme in "Starfall"-- and different tones from "Reverie from the Depths" and "A Requiem for a Growing Tree" to the illuminating joy in "To Touch the Sun."

-Dr. Mary Stark

I often hear this idea that poets can see the intricacies of every little thing in life. And although there is definitely some truth in this sentiment—after all, William Wordsworth was able to compose 162 lines about a single place in “Lines Written a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey”—I would also argue that the word intricacies often gets conflated with beauties. It is true that I can see the intricacies of mundane objects, but it is fallacious to say that these intricacies are always beautiful or pretty. And I often find myself both departing from and envying Wordsworth and the Romantic tradition of exalting nature as sublime because to me, it simply is not. My relationship with nature is one of solitude, sorrow, and anguish without the promise of spiritual renewal.

To Touch the Sun

He gives the sky a thumbs up,
Eclipsing the sun.
It's bright. I smile.
I put my hand to the sky
And open his palm.
He smiles. I laugh.
And together, two boys,
concealed by the shady silhouette
Of their hands, hold
The brightest thing imaginable.

A Requiem for a Growing Tree

Once upon a time, there was a growing tree.
Its bark had just begun to develop fortitude,
And its branches effloresced autumnal hair,
While its measly roots found their place in the soil.

But one day, the tree's roots burrowed so deep
That amongst the nutrients and the worms,
They found something else in the soily synapse.

And so the growing tree began aging
faster and older than all the other trees.
But this growth spurt...
This one was different.

This growth,
Like emerald ash borers,
Creates tiny little holes
That lead to a torrent of decay.

This growth,
Turns the rustling of foliage into
The moaning stridor of weak, creaky oak
Batting at the wind itself.

This growth,
Makes all the other trees
Start producing that sweet,
Sweet nectar of Narcan.

This growth...
This growth made me,
An unarmed fighter,
In your internal crusade.

I'm sorry...
No hand I could've laid,
Could've stopped you withering away.



Callie Clark

ART 362: Ceramics II

*Project: Throw at least 8 plates of various sizes.
At least one will have an enhanced surface from carving.
One aspect that draws attention is how Callie glazed the plate
to separate the foreground from the mountains in the background.*

-Professor Brian Roberts

Tulips and Trash Bags: Tiptoeing Through the ~~Tulips~~ Ditches

Kenyon Geetings

*LAS 410: Exploring Ecostones:
Literature, Science, and History*

*The poem does indeed “linger, like a soft, prairie sigh...”
with the echo of Naomi’s title and themes: “I cast away the clutter, make the ditches sublime.”
When I emailed the poem to Naomi with the author’s permission, she replied immediately:
“‘Steward of the ditches’ - I love it! Thank you, name, GREAT JOB!!!!,
and Mary, for sending it to me!”*

-Dr. Mary Stark

This poem draws inspiration from the works of Naomi Shihab Nye, particularly her collection “Cast Away: Poems for Our Time.” In the spirit of Naomi’s exploration of everyday moments and the profound stories they hold, this poem takes a journey along the road that brings me home, Highway 102 in Pella, Iowa. The narrative unfolds as I become a steward of the ditches, cleaning up the discarded fragments of modern life. The poem seeks to echo Naomi’s ability to find beauty and meaning in the ordinary, turning the act of cleaning into a poetic reflection on human connection and responsibility. As we weave through the ditches, we discover not just debris but tales waiting to be heard—a testament to the resilience of nature and the human spirit.

In the heartland's embrace, where fields stretch wide,
Along Highway 102, where the winds confide,
There, amidst the whispers of the prairie breeze,
A tale unfolds, spun in the threads of ditches, if you please.

In Pella's haven, where tulips bloom so fair,
I find myself, a steward with a mindful care,
A custodian of ditches, where stories unfold,
Each piece of litter, a narrative yet untold.

Beneath the vast Midwestern sky, I stride,
Gloves on hands, and a sense of pride,
Through dappled sunlight and the rustle of corn,
I embark on a journey, a cleaner's morn.

The highway's edge, a canvas of neglect,
Discarded fragments, a disrespectful sect,
Yet in my hands, a promise to redeem,
To turn the ditches into nature's dream.

With a bag in hand and determination true,
I stoop to gather what others eschew,
Bits of plastic, whispers of a transient past,
I weave a tale that will forever last.

In the rhythm of the highway's gentle hum,
I see the remnants of where others succumb,
To the rush, the haste, the fleeting drive,
But in these ditches, I find what survives.

A rusty can, a crumpled note,
Each discarded item, a tale to promote,
For in the refuse of the hurried mind,
A chance for redemption, for solace to find.

Pella's tulips nod in silent praise,
As I tread the ditches in these quiet days,
Each piece of debris, a story to share,
A reflection of humanity, in a world laid bare.

The winds of change blow through the reeds,
As I cleanse the ditches of our thoughtless deeds,
In Pella's embrace, where the heartland sings,
A cleaner's ode, to the simple, profound things.

So, let this poem linger, like a soft, prairie sigh,
Of a soul on a mission, beneath the open sky,
In the spirit of Naomi Nye's poetic rhyme,
I cast away the clutter, make the ditches sublime.



Kaylee Peiffer

***ART 252: Painting: Traditional
to Digital Approaches***

This piece was for the Out of the Box assignment where students were to use a shaped canvas that related to their content rather than the traditional rectangle. Kaylee used the laser cutter to create these forms. A silhouette of a butterfly for the base where she painted a dense grove of flowers, then the lined form of the butterfly to show pattern laid on top, then another lined form to link it to flight. Additionally, she took all of the little pieces from the wings and built the caterpillar and chrysalis from them. A beautiful integration of form and materials.

-Professor Mathew Kelly

Chaos is Not Wished Away

Jessie Pospisil

ENGL 240: Personal Essay

In a lyric essay, the writer works by art of indirection, presenting the reader with a set of disparate particulars and then writing toward a point of connection. For her final project, Jessie opted for this difficult form as a way of communicating the turmoil of life when our schedules stretch us to the limit. Using particulars such as a mattress topper, a Walmart whiteboard, Hawaiian rolls, and the cup holder in her car, Jessie's writing invites readers to join in her experience. The bare bones of this lyric essay are, at first blush, disparate and could probably stand alone. However, careful readers will note the connective tissue: discomfort, blurriness, distraction, obligation. With the bones assembled into a loosely connected whole, the shape communicates her character's anxieties about living meaningfully in a world that expects too much. The never-ending struggle to keep the lid on the chaos.

-Dr. Lance Dyzak

Mattress toppers have recently become my worst enemy. Mine in particular, has become more of a mattress slip-and-slide than a topper, and the worst part is that I can't just take it off and chuck it out the window. I need it in order to find the slightest bit of comfort in my slim stack of a college mattress. The best part? My bed is bunked. Each morning, I wake up and slide straight off, tumble down the ladder, and bust the arches of my feet as I plunk to the floor.

I wish it wasn't a hassle to realign my mattress topper so it wouldn't droop anymore

I schedule time for everything: classes, work, dance, eating, homework, study groups, sleeping. I have my schedule written in my room on a whiteboard. It's a small board, roughly the size of a standard piece of paper. The stupid thick Expo Marker makes it difficult to squeeze everything on the board. Each month I update the board. The first attempt at writing my schedule, I ran out of room so quickly, I questioned how I anticipated my regular handwriting to be the best option. I had to erase the ink and shift things to make it fit.

I assure you, fresh out the box, the board was white. From the smeared ink, the board now looks like a gray board behind all of the black writing. Like when young kids come back after playing hard outside in the summer and you can't really tell if they've tanned or are just dirty.

I wish it didn't take extra effort to go get a new, jumbo whiteboard from Walmart

Every free moment is marked down on the sliver of space surrounded by other obligations. The twig bit of time left over that is scheduled as "Free" looks malnourished despite the fact that it comes after meals. I don't leave enough wiggle room for travel distances between events. I rush from place to place. Every action is on the clock, punching in and punching out. Heaven forbid, something wants overtime. I'm working with limited resources.

I wish I could cut something out and have a moment to be free

Each morning, Butterflies in my stomach kick-start my body. Well, what is usually described as butterflies in your stomach. Instead of butterflies being in my stomach, it's more like butterflies were my stomach, and they all just spontaneously combusted and painted my insides with their insides. This is the

result of rolling over a little too close to the drooping edge of my bunk, and the fact that there is no guard rail protecting me from plummeting to my death and smashing against the concrete. As that glorious image plays in my head, I try not to lose sight of the fact that my class starts at 9 am and it's currently...

My phone fell off my bed.

This is how my body gets the energy to go from place to place all day. Thank you, Lord, for energy that early, but I am still praying you can figure out an alternative for me.

I wish getting in and out of a bunk bed wasn't so terrifying

On my busiest day this week, I went back to my room in the middle of the day. I tend to go back to my room when I know I should be on my way to another location. I never do anything. I never think about anything. I don't want to think about anything.

Instead, I stand stagnant in the center of my dorm room eating Hawaiian rolls and breathing manually, until I come to. This situation approaches like shingles in your 50s. It's never something that is planned. You almost forgot you had chicken pox. At some random time in the day, you feel this itch, a burn, that has you questioning everything you did that day, week, your whole life. A fiery sensation that has thrown off your schedule, swirling you into a haze of questions that you are struggling to answer because what-in-God's-name kinda rash just popped up on your body. It's a rash in my mind. I don't know how to get rid of it. For a good amount of time, Hawaiian rolls and staring at my fuzzy rug are the only things that feel comfortable. I wait until I feel like moving again.

I wish moments that feel frozen in time, actually were

The blasting gush of mechanisms from the engine of a plane perforates your ear drums. A guide yells your instructions. The anxious thoughts run around each other as you try to figure out who convinced you to get on the plane in the first place. Oh yeah, it was you. The sliding door flies open, nothing makes sense. The wind smacks you in the face, throwing you into an overwhelming state. So much to think about and remember. My mind moves until my thoughts catch up and I descend into free fall.

Falling
Falling
Falling

...

As soon as my feet catch the ground, I'm sprinting for the gate, onto what's next. Next on the schedule, next stage of life, next meal, next day. I put the bag of Hawaiian rolls back on my snack cart and grab my keys.

I wish I didn't have to wait for my brain to catch up with my schedule

My "emotional support" cup doesn't fit in my cup holder in my car. The bottom rim is too fat. I continue to forget this fact and put my cup in the holder before pulling out of the parking lot. The first turn I take, the cup falls into the passenger seat, and my arm whips out to try to snatch it before my fruit punch spills out. Thank God for leather seats because I'm never fast enough. I grab the cup as if it is at fault and grunt. I wipe off the wet cup and shove it between my legs to finish the drive.

I wish I didn't have to use my car's cup holder, or rather, use my car at all.

My bed tends to keep on trend with everything else in my life. My pillow gracefully slid off the curved edge of my top bunk and squashed my desk that sits just below. I'm an avid Monster Energy drinker, and I enjoy stacking my cans on my desk. My pillow detected my cans, aimed and fired, and scattered them across the

room. I wasn't even sleeping anyway; my brain wouldn't quit yapping. The crash made me scared to look. At 2am, I slumped off my bunk and flung my pillow back onto my bed. I gathered the cans and rolled them back onto my desk. I climbed back up the ladder realizing I only had 3 more hours to sleep. I laid my head on my pillow and the overwhelming fumes of fruit punch and watermelon Monster welcomed me back.

I wish I didn't have expend so much energy in the middle of the night

Doing laundry is a frustrating chore in itself. I don't think anyone will disagree with me on that. I live on the third floor of my building. I wait to wash my clothes until my basket is about to erupt, then I wait until the weekend. I stumble around the hallways as I carry the basket around. The laundry room is in the basement, so I praise God for an elevator.

The elevator bell rings for the third floor ||

I get a little break for my muscles to scream at me now that they aren't crying from carrying the basket of dirty laundry.

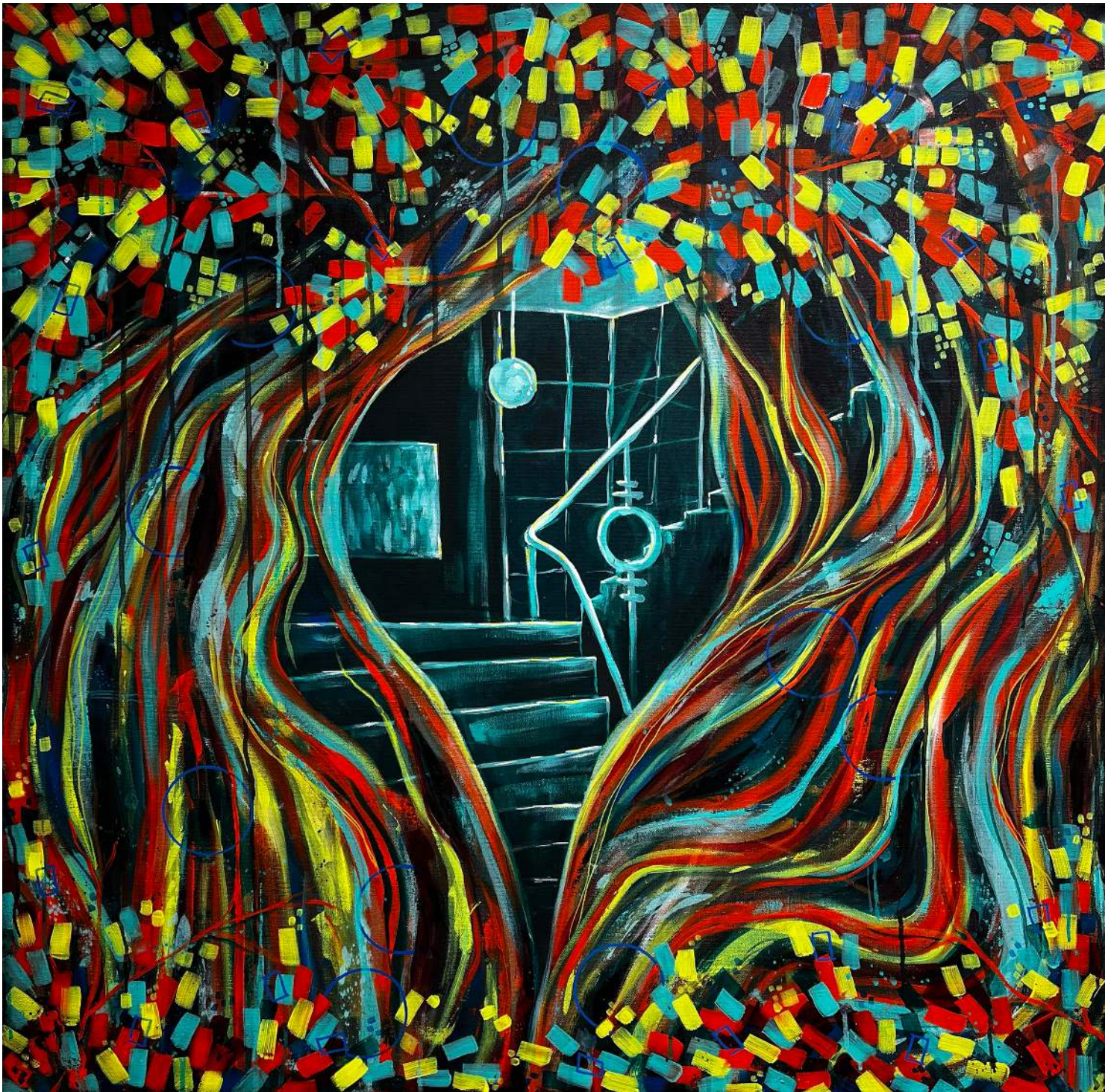
The elevator bell rings for the basement. ||

I pick the basket back up and continue my treacherous journey. That's not even the most frustrating piece of exercise. Once my clothes are finished washing, I have to prepare my aching body to move the sopping wet clothes from the washer to the dryer. I have to bear hug the clothes I can carry and rip them away from the clothes I can't hold yet. When that one pant leg gets twisted around four sweatshirts, I start wishing pants didn't exist. I have to be anointed with superhuman strength from beyond the realm of the laundry room to yank the clothes out. Once the laundry is finished, it takes the same effort to haul it back to my room and years before it gets folded and put away.

I wish I didn't have to kill my body carrying laundry around.

In a world where I could teleport,
My problems and time
of chaos would be used
could be remedied more efficiently

Ideally, I would be able to take things with me when I teleport. Why fix my mattress topper, or climb up and down my bunk, when I could pop down from my bed without risking injury? Why put miles on my car or pay for gas when I could think of where to go, and two seconds later, be there? Why kill my body carrying clothes way too heavy to be lifting on my own when I could touch the basket and send us both to the laundry room in a flash? Why waste time traveling from place to place when I can run errands or be at an event in a second? Teleportation would give me the extra time I crave; the time to deal with the chaos that didn't bother to RSVP and expects to be sticky noted to my whiteboard. If I were able to teleport, would my cycle to keep the lid on chaos ever end? And people wish for super speed or flying or strength? That's the problem. They are wishes. Teleportation is a wish. Getting rid of chaos is a wish. And despite what people like to say, wishes don't always come true.



Fynn Wadsworth

*ART 252: Painting: Traditional
to Digital Approaches*

This image was for the Slap-Dash assignment where students were to emphasize brush strokes and texture. Fynn chose to work on a three-foot square stretched canvas. He painted the stairway in Lubbers at the center of the image and placed it in an invented forest-like environment capturing the eerie feeling of the basement of Lubbers at night.

-Professor Mathew Kelly

Musical Magnum Opus

Amelia Brown

MUS 105: Music Applications

In Music Applications, students begin the course with many musical understandings and finish the semester by composing an original piece. This is an impressive composition for a student who had some piano background from childhood but is a non-major here at Central College. This student went above and beyond by checking off all the requirements and producing a synthesized composition that dances to the heart of creativity. At the beginning, the song starts in D major with a more regal or stately feel. Soon, it begins to take on more character as it develops, moves into the B section, and evolves into the relative minor. Coming back to the A section at measure 35 it further develops into a playful rhythmic gesture around measure 40. The student finishes the coda at the end of the “Musical Magnum Opus” in style.

-Dr. Sarah Van Waardhuizen

QR Code: Look for Musical Magnum Opus to
Listen



- = Triads
- = Intervals
- = Note values
- = Scales
- = Chords

Musical Magnum Opus

Music Apps Final

$\text{♩} = 220$ A section = D Major

Quarter note Half note Major second

Whole note Major triads

6

Minor third Perfect fourth Major third

Eighth note

I chord IV chord V chord

10

Perfect fifth

Sixteenth note

13

Minor sixth Major scale

- = Triads
- = Intervals
- = Note values
- = Scales
- = Chords

Musical Magnum Opus

Music Apps Final

♩ = 120 A section = D Major

Quater note Half note Major second

Whole note Major triads

6

Minor third Perfect fourth Major third

Eighth note

I chord IV chord V chord

10

Perfect fifth

Sixteenth note

13

Minor sixth Major scale

A

- = Triads
- = Intervals
- = Note values
- = Scales
- = Chords

Musical Magnum Opus

Music Apps Final

$\text{♩} = 120$ A section = D Major

Quarter note Half note Major second

Whole note Major triads

6

Minor third Perfect fourth Major third

Eighth note

I chord IV chord V chord

10

Perfect fifth

Sixteenth note

13

Minor sixth

Major scale

A

- = Triads
- = Intervals
- = Note values
- = Scales
- = Chords

Musical Magnum Opus

Music Apps Final

$\text{♩} = 120$ A section = D Major

Quarter note
Half note
Whole note
Major second
Major triads

6

Minor third
Perfect fourth
Major third
Eighth note
I chord
IV chord
V chord

10

Perfect fifth
Sixteenth note

13

Minor sixth
Major scale

- = Triads
- = Intervals
- = Note values
- = Scales
- = Chords

Musical Magnum Opus

Music Apps Final

♩ = 120 A section = D Major

The musical score is in 4/4 time with a tempo of 120. The key signature is D Major. The melody in the treble clef consists of the following notes: D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (half), B4 (quarter), C#5 (quarter), D5 (quarter). The bass line consists of the following chords: D4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), D4 (quarter). Annotations include yellow boxes for note values (quarter and half notes), a blue box for an interval (Major second between B4 and C#5), and red boxes for triads (D4, D4, D4, D4).



Lauren Husz

*ART 252: Painting: Traditional
to Digital Approaches*

This piece was created during the collage workshop with Allison B. Allen and visiting Artist Delano Dunn. Using old record album covers and scrap material, Lauren puts the viewer in the audience of this unusual theatre, hinting at film, drama, and musicals all at the same time.

-Professor Mathew Kelly

“Targeted by Who?” America?: How Hip-Hop Exposed Systemic Racism within the US Criminal Justice System

Kelsea Hurley

LAS 410: Rap, Hip-Hop, and Decolonizing the Classroom

The scope of this paper encapsulates key aspects of systemic racism and the integration of hip-hop while highlighting the main components of this LAS 410 course. For the final research paper, students focus on their area of interest, whether embedded in their major or intended career field. This student targeted the U.S. criminal justice system as they are now working on their master's in that area of study. The paper illustrated many specific lyrical and cultural examples highlighting the interrelatedness of hip-hop music from the 1970s to the present.

The history of oppression is retold through hip-hop in ways the author focuses on in many illustrations throughout the paper. The student writes, “Because of this, hip-hop artists are presented with a huge opportunity to educate those who are blind to the injustices that exist.” Hip-hop continues to play an integral role in giving voice to the voiceless and power to the oppressed.

-Dr. Sarah Van Waardhuizen

Abstract

The U.S. criminal justice system has subjected Black Americans to countless decades of injustice and unequal treatment under the law. There exist many stereotypes and associations that link Blackness with crime, violence, threat, and aggression (Hetey & Eberhardt, 2018), and this has negatively affected Black Americans when it comes to how they are treated by police, lawyers, judges, juries, and more. While only constituting about 13 percent of the U.S. population, Black Americans are the main victims here, making up about 40 percent of the nation's inmate population (Hetey & Eberhardt, 2018). This makes it so clear that the criminal justice system is racially biased and systematically targeting Black people. As one of the most influential forms of popular culture in the world today, hip-hop represents a type of cultural expression that combats these injustices and stereotypes that have been formed about what it is like to be Black in America. Hip-hop has influenced an entire generation to form a strong distrust for the criminal justice system because of how it systematically targets Black Americans. Artists evoke the history of oppression through the language and song of hip-hop to try and make the listeners see the truth behind this horrible reality (Dutra, 2020). It is very important to recognize that the connection between hip-hop and the lived experiences of the youth of color makes it an especially useful cultural tool to analyze and critique their world and the social forces that impact them (Graves et al., 2020).

“Targeted by who? Amerca”-How hip-hop has exposed systemic racism within the U.S. criminal justice system.

America’s criminal justice system is in a league of its own. There is a disturbingly large number of various groups who suffer at the hands of this system, rather than being protected by it. The harsh reality is that there is extreme racial injustice that has never truly been stopped in this country, with the U.S. criminal justice system being the main reason why this is. In a society that has continued to be severely unjust toward people of color, this violence and injustice has only grown worse, specifically toward Black Americans. However, these issues have been brought to light largely because of hip-hop culture. Built on a foundation of Black America, hip-hop has emerged as a response to the current inequities and discrimination that has been experienced for far too long, especially within the criminal justice system. Proactive policing, aggressive prosecution, severe sentencing, mass incarceration, and the world’s most extensive system of penal control are all what the U.S. criminal justice system revolves around (Garland, 2023). While only constituting about 13 percent of the U.S. population, Black Americans are the main victims here, making up about 40 percent of the nation’s inmate population (Hetey & Eberhardt, 2018). By looking at these numbers, the criminal justice system is racially biased and systematically targeting Black people. For decades, there have been stereotypes and associations that have linked Blackness with crime, violence, threat, and aggression (Hetey & Eberhardt, 2018). Hip-hop artists have worked to dismiss these stereotypes and instead teach listeners about how the criminal justice system has disempowered people of color.

One major issue with the criminal justice system that hip-hop exposes is how crime and punishment are extremely unfair, inequitable, and biased against people of color and the poor (Cummings, 2010). Black Americans are five times more likely than Whites to be incarcerated, handcuffed, searched, and arrested (Hetey & Eberhardt, 2018). Rather than protecting these individuals, specifically those who live in lower-income neighborhoods, the justice system instead targets these communities and brutalizes them. America leads the world in its staggering incarceration rates, deploying extremely intense and extensive penal controls that unfairly affect minorities. Additionally, American police are responsible for more civilian deaths than any other police force in the developed world (Garland, 2023). A lot of hip-hop music relays a similar message, showing that law enforcement targets minority youth with the expectation that most are involved in illegal activities and that the criminal justice system often prefers that Black youths be placed in jail or prison whether they are guilty or not (Cummings, 2010). N.W.A. ‘s “FTP” is a prime example of this. It is situated as a “protest song” which tells the tale of young Black men’s frustration with policing and a lack of accountability in the criminal justice system (Tibbs, 2015). In a way, this song, and many others like it have directed listeners’ attention to these discriminatory behaviors performed not only by police officers but also by prosecutors and judges as well.

While it may be believed that the days of slavery are in the past, it has actually continued into the U.S. prison system. In fact, the history of law enforcement in the United States is linked to the history of slavery and colonialism in early America (Hinton & Cook, 2021). Modern day hip-hop music seeks to educate youth of color on how to rebuild their communities after these periods of slavery, colonization, Jim Crow, and civil rights battles (Nocella II, 2014). However, institutional racism can still be seen throughout almost all aspects of society. While slavery may no longer exist in the form of servitude and labor, it can now be found in penal control today. More African Americans are under correctional control today – in prison, in jail, on probation or 4 parole – than were enslaved in 1850, a decade before the Civil War began (Nocella II, 2014). Lil’ Wayne’s song “DontGetIt” identifies issues like this by saying, “Got this White guy on there talking ‘bout Black guys, talking about how Black guys are targeted. Targeted by who? America. You see, one in every one hundred Americans are locked up. But one in every nine Black Americans are locked up” (2008).

In another manner, once Africans were brought to the United States as slaves, their expressive cultures, especially musical ones, have provided opportunities for resistance, critique, and education (Nocella II, 2014). This is still reflected in hip-hop music to this day. Rap and hip-hop music emerged within the Black community in the boroughs of New York City as a musical genre that hoped to challenge the cultural dominant through a combination of defensiveness and willful optimism, not as a call for violence from gang-infested streets like many listeners perceive it to be (Nocella II, 2014). This music is still constantly stigmatized as violent, misogynistic, and threatening. What often goes unnoticed, however, is the fact that these ‘negative’ messages of some lyrics are far fewer than the extensive number of messages from the dominant White, capitalist, colonized, U.S. imperialist

culture that promotes patriarchy, sexism, homophobia, and White supremacy (Nocella II, 2014).

The perception of hip-hop music being controversial came to be, not just because of the explicit political and violent counter-culture messages, but because these messages were being heard and received widely by inner city youth and by White suburban youth across the country (Cummings, 2010). Furthermore, there are some individuals from the dominant White group who may argue that Blacks are policed and punished more because they do commit more crimes, not because the system is biased. Just like they would say that people of color make up a majority of prison inmates because they commit a majority of serious crimes. The same justification is made in regard to racially disparate police killings, where even a police officer once said that Black civilians “probably ought to be shot more” due to their high rates of criminal conduct (Garland, 2023). Similarly, prosecutors and courts put so many Black men behind bars, they insist, because the authorities are striving to make Black communities safe – and have succeeded in doing so – to the resounding benefit of “the law-abiding members” of communities of color (Garland, 2023). In response to these more conservative viewpoints and comments, hip-hop artists retaliated by further promoting and standing behind their socially conscious messages. For instance, Ice-T once said:

“They are not really after me for that, [law enforcement and critics are] after me because of the educational level I’m giving the people. And I’m telling them, I am giving them the guts to say, ‘Fuck em.’ See, this is what scares them. They are scared of one brother yelling out ‘the system can ‘kiss my ass.’ This could cause a problem”
(Cummings, 2010).

When it comes to exposing the deep-rooted issues in the criminal justice system, these artists are providing a voice for the voiceless. Hip-hop has influenced an entire generation to develop a deep distrust of the system that systematically targets Black Americans. The way artists evoke the history of oppression through the language and song of hip-hop to try and make the listeners see the truth behind reality is such a power to hold (Dutra, 2020). The connection between hip-hop and the lived experiences of the youth of color makes it an especially useful cultural tool to analyze and critique their world and the social forces that impact them (Graves et al., 2020).

The biggest crime the U.S. criminal justice system has committed is that it has become such an extreme race-based institution where Black Americans are directly targeted and punished in a much more aggressive way than their White counterparts (Quigley, 2012). However, this presents the youth of color with a unique opportunity to build a form of resilience against the negative impacts of these oppressive systems through the development of critical consciousness that hip-hop music raises. As one of the most influential forms of popular culture in the world today, hip-hop represents a type of cultural expression that allows its consumers and producers to understand the unequal distribution of power and privilege, specifically in the United States (Graves et al., 2020). Logic’s song “America” puts this into perspective when one of his lyrics reads, “In the name of the government rich White men, while the rest be suffering” (2017). Kendrick Lamar has released many conscious hip-hop songs in response to systemic racism, and he is a major advocate for racial justice. His song “The Blacker the Berry” speaks on this by saying, “You hate my people, your plan is to terminate my culture” (2015). One of the main reasons why White Americans have failed to recognize the existence of structural racism in the criminal justice system – and in general – is the lack of education and the presence of miseducation on the topic (Rucker & Richeson, 2021). Because of this, hip-hop artists are presented with a huge opportunity to educate those who are blind to the injustices that exist. For White Americans, this music opens their eyes to a different perspective of what it is like to be Black in America. For Black Americans, this shows the direct and intense experiences with racial discrimination in criminal justice that they have more or less grown accustomed to.

For most of U.S. history, when looking at racial inequality in criminal justice, American elites and institutions have proclaimed the stereotype that Black Americans are inherently more ‘criminal’ than others – be it due to biology or culture – thus justifying the group’s unequal treatment and outcomes (Rucker & Richeson, 2021). Even when hearing hip-hop’s defense to this shut-off way of thinking, these same people would argue that “hip-hop culture rose out of the gang-dominated street culture, and aspects of the gangs are still defining features of hip-hop” (Arahamian, 2019). While it is certainly a challenge to get through to these individuals, hip-hop music can help the youth of color find their identities and a voice that pushes back against these social constructions of racial minority groups, along with building a sense of consciousness that they can use to challenge oppressive social forces and the criminal justice system that is situated against them (Graves et al., 2020). “Everybody has a voice, don’t you dare stay silent” (Dax, 2020).

List of Hip-Hop/Rap Songs that Highlight Systemic Racism, Police Brutality, and an Unjust System

Alright - Kendrick Lamar	Official Invasion - Jeru the Damaja
America – Logic	January 28th - J. Cole
Around My Way (Freedom Ain't Free) - Lupe Fiasco	Keep Ya Head Up - 2Pac
Baltimore - Prince	LAND OF THE FREE - Joey Bada\$\$
Be Free - J. Cole	Lockdown - Anderson .Paak
The Bigger Picture - Lil Baby	Man Plans God Laughs - Public Enemy
Black America Again (ft. Stevie Wonder) - Common	Me Against the World - 2Pac
Black Like Me - Mickey Guyton	The Message - Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five
Black Lives Matter - Dax Black	Mr. Officer - Tee Grizzley
Steel in the Hour of Chaos - Public Enemy	Murder to Excellence - Jay-Z & Kanye West
The Blacker the Berry - Kendrick Lamar	Never Let Me Down - Kanye West
Blue Lights - Jorja Smith	New National Anthem - T.I.
Captured On a iPhone – Dre	New Slaves - Kanye West
Changes (ft. Talent) - 2Pac	Nothin New - 21 Savage
The Charade - D'Angelo and The Vanguard	Otherside of America - Meek Mill
Claimin' I'm a Criminal - Brand Nubian	Paranoia - Chance the Rapper
Constables - O.C.	The People - Jim Jones & Harry Fraud
Cops Shot the Kid (ft. Kanye West) - Nas	Pig Feet - Terrace Martin & Denzel Curry
Criminal Minded - Boogie Down Productions	Police State - Dead Prez
Crooked Officer - Geto Boys	Power - Rhapsody
The Day The N ****z Took Over - Dr. Dre	Reagan - Killer Mike
The Devil Made Me Do It – Paris	Rosa Parks - Outkast
DontGetIt - Lil' Wayne	Say It Loud- I'm Black and I'm Proud - James Brown
Don't Die - Killer Mike	Sly Fox - Nas
Don't Don't Do It! - N.E.R.D. & Kendrick Lamar	Snitch - Lil' Wayne
Don't Shoot - The Game	Sound of da Police - KRS-One
Enough - Eric Bellinger	Stand Up - Cassidy
Fear of a Black Planet - Public Enemy	State of the Union (STFU) - Public Enemy
Fight the Power - Public Enemy	Strange Fruition - Lupe Fiasco
Freedom of Speech - Immortal Technique	Testify – Common
Front Lines - Conway the Machine	The Stone Throwers (Gone in a Blink) - Shad
FTP – YG	This is America - Childish Gambino
F**k tha Police - N.W.A G	Trapped - 2Pac
Code - Geto Boys	Walking in the snow - Run the Jewels
Gang Shit - Marlon Craft	We Will Not - T.I.
Gangsta Gangsta - N.W.A.	We Will Not Tolerate - Freestyle Fellowship
Get By - Talib Kweli	What's Free (ft. Rick Ross & Jay-Z) - Meek Mill
Good Kid - Kendrick Lamar	Where Is The Love? - Black Eyed Peas
Hands Up - Vince Staples	White America - Eminem
High for Hours - J. Cole	Who Got the Camera? - Ice Cube
Hip Hop Police (ft. Slick Rick) - Chamillionaire	6 'N the Mornin' - Ice-T
Hold You Down - Childish Gambino	24 - TOBi
I Am George Floyd - Lil B	16 Shots - VIC MENSA
I Can't Breathe - H.E.R.	911 Is a Joke - Public Enemy
Illegal Search - LL COOL	99 Problems - Jay-Z
J Insert Here (ft. Haley Smalls) - Kardinal	

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Sophie Kruger

ART 252: Painting: Traditional to Digital Approaches

This image was for the traditional still-life painting project where students were to mix the colors they saw in the still-life as closely as possible with a limited palette. This image captured the color shifts in the reflections of the saxophone, while the distinct borders between colors throughout lean more toward graphic novel illustration. The absence of smooth transitions between all colors gives this image its artistic voice.

-Professor Mathew Kelly

The Importance of Learning Hard History and Gone with the Wind

Cheyne Plants

*CIV 110: Freedom to Read: Reading's
Role in Citizenship*

*This assignment was framed by two questions: What challenges exist to ensuring our freedom to read and to free expression? What solutions are possible? To explore these questions, this student focused on the frequently challenged novel *Gone with the Wind*. She traces a thoughtful arc from the novel's original context to the present. Part of this assignment was to write in opinion-editorial style, including a compelling lead, effective evidence, engaging counterclaims, and a clear call to action. The student demonstrates these elements with sophistication and style.*

-Dr. Beth McMahon

America's past is not a sight for sore eyes, but in fact, is one sight that can cause sore eyes. Our flag of stars and stripes has been stained with blood, torn by strife, and burnt by fury. Our landscape has been marked by the fallen brave plundered by injustices. I believe part of the reason why we Americans remain so proud of our country is that, because of the trials of past mistakes, we have become stronger as a nation.

The danger of losing this history, bitter as it may be, comes when schools attempt to remove the sensitive subjects from curriculum and libraries, as though administrators can erase or skip over select parts of America's history. Each moment of our past, even the ones we cover in shame, has shaped our nation and it is vital to include all of them. However, it's also important not to forget the moments of victory, unison, and celebration our nation has experienced either. Together, these moments make up the story that completes America's past and creates strong citizens in modern-day society.

For young students and citizens of the United States, the time-gap between major world wars and depressions make these concepts difficult to understand and relate to; therefore, current students fail to see the significance of historical traumatic events and how they have come to shape our society. In order to fully understand the injustices, present during that time period, we must expose and educate on sensitive historical topics so that future generations do not suffer from ignorance and repetitional conflict.

However, large publishers, movie producers, and even educators have attempted to cover up some of America's shamed historical happenings. Book bans are one way these leaders are pulling threads out of our tight-knit past. *Gone with the Wind*, an infamous novel by author Margeret Mitchell, has been hit with recent controversy over the sensitive historical subjects described throughout.

A story of a true southern belle with a hefty dose of independence, *Gone with the Wind* features the fierce young woman Scarlett O'Hara, daughter of Irish immigrants. Her family owned a cotton plantation during the pre-Civil War era, but as tension built and young America headed for its first internal rebuttal, Scarlett's life turned upside down. After losing her first husband to war, her second to a drunken duel, and her third to an ugly divorce, Scarlett's two estranged children are sent away while she chases her only true love from her past, Rhett Butler. This novel not only touches on heartbreak and heroism, but also includes the sickening details of slavery in the United States, the mad rampage and destructive habits of war, and the psychotic assignments carried out by the Ku Klux Klan. Mitchell writes of typhoid fever, miscarriages, death, heartbreak, rape, torture, slavery, hangings, and all the repulsive cruelties of life during the Civil War era. By covering years before, during, and after the War, Mitchell was able to fully present the way of life in southern America during the mid-1800's.

Currently, the latest version of Margeret Mitchell's classic novel contains newly added disclaimers. They

state that the novel does not endorse the topics mentioned previously, and that Scarlett's story is a "romanticization of a shocking era in our history", and represents "unacceptable practices, racist and stereotypical depictions, and troubling themes", according to Stewart Carr, journalist for Daily Mail media. Carr is right that the novel contains horrendous elements of injustices present during the Civil-War era, but he seems on more dubious grounds when he claims that the novel is full of troubling themes. On the other hand, it is important to keep in mind, this book is a work of fiction; however, the major historical events described are not.

Racism and immoral practices aren't the only themes of this book. In fact, I would argue they simply should not be considered themes at all. The importance of hard work, the value of family, and women's independence seem to be stronger themes in the novel. We see Scarlett shedding her black garments and refusing to mourn as a widow, taking over her deceased husband's lumber business, and even defending her plantation after her mother's passing and her father's feverish delusions.

Carr goes on to mention that what spoils the story is "white supremacy", (Carr). Although I agree with Carr's claim that these topics are morally wrong, I want to point out that by reading about these injustices, we as a society are better able to understand what white supremacy is so that we can become educated to recognize it and can work to prevent it.

Shockingly, a recent survey by the Organization Teaching Tolerance, "noted that fewer than one-quarter... [of] participating high-school seniors knew that 'protections for slavery were embedded in [America's] founding documents'", (qtd. in Cokeing). Without the fundamental knowledge that the abolition of slavery was an immense turning point in American history, students are simply unable to understand the hardships America went through to get to the point our nation is at today.

The same survey also presents the concerning fact that "fewer than four in 10 students surveyed... understood how slavery 'shaped the fundamental beliefs of Americans about race and whiteness' that have impacted American society since", (qtd. In Cokeing). I agree that these concepts are vital to our schools' curriculums, and therefore materials containing hard truths like these should not be banned or withheld from students.

Not only does this withholding limit the amount of understanding that students need in order to fully understand the sacrifices and struggles that built our, but it also strips the truth and the identity of the U.S. It literally alters the history of the United States of America, and in a way feeds falsehoods to younger generations.

The following question then presents itself: What are the benefits of teaching students so-called "hard history"? Cokeing presents the claim that "to focus only on these narrower avenues of ... history, is a misrepresentation of the full story... The ability to go beyond [general historical events] is always important, but becomes vitally important in more tumultuous times", (Cokeing). Those unfamiliar with this school of thought may be interested to know that each and every aspect of history must be taught in order to gain full understanding. When mentioning "tumultuous times", she is referencing recent events like the death of George Floyd, Covid-19, and large Black Lives Matter movements in current society.

On that note, the recent remake of *Gone with the Wind's* even more infamous movie and TV show has begun a quick descent in popularity. The film portrays the main character Scarlett, along with "Mammy", the caretaker of the household and slave. The treatment and portrayal of Mammy's character in the classic film and new TV series has caused both to be removed from HBO Max streaming services, "due to concerns over its racist depictions of black characters amid BLM protests" (O'Connor). Even Queen Latifah, who portrayed Hettie McDaniel's character, Mammy, says "let it be gone," (O'Connor). Now, here's where the "hard history" concept comes in. Although I agree with O'Connor when he states that the treatment of African Americans at the time was cruel and views were racist, I still insist that it is important for people to understand what life was like during the Civil-War era.

Through TV shows, movies, and novels that cover these subjects, (like *Gone with the Wind*), people are able to recognize the immorality and monstrosities of racism. An HBO representative stated that *Gone with the Wind* is a "product of its time... depicts some of the ethnic and racial prejudices that have, unfortunately, been commonplace in American society" (O'Connor). Meaning, the company recognizes that although some depictions in the novel are disappointing, they are strikingly similar to what life was like in the early 1860's.

Lastly, understanding history, even when it hurts, can benefit us as citizens. Author Kate Shuster says, "to achieve the noble aims of the nation's architects, we the people have to eliminate racial injustice in the present",

(Shuster). In other words, in order to fulfill the rights, the founding fathers listed in the constitution, we still need to eliminate racism in today's society. We must first understand the history behind this conflict before we can improve society today.

Shuster goes on to say that “we cannot do that until we come to terms with racial injustice in our past, beginning with slavery”, (Shuster). In other words, Shuster says that nothing can be changed for the better until we see the worse so we can remedy it. Consequently, as good citizens, we should not prevent younger generations from accessing this history, (even if it's painful) so that future American citizens will grow up with the same discernment and again, improve society.

In conclusion, classic novels and books, like *Gone with the Wind*, should not be banned simply because they cover cringe-worthy, painful, and even repulsive times in America's past. They should be presented as learning opportunities that grow and educate young citizens' appreciation and understanding for their Nation today. We must continue to educate young citizens in order to benefit future society.

Don't deprive America's children of lessons that have already been learned, or they might have to learn them the hard way all over again.

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Madilynn Peitzman

ART 262: Ceramics I

Project: Replicate a historical, slip-decorated vessel form and apply an original visual narrative about your interaction(s) with the world to its surface.

Madilynn's design utilizes a good sense of movement around the bulbous vessel form and has some very nice sgraffito work done in creating the textures and patterns of the branches and birds.

-Professor Brian Roberts

La representación visual de la relación madre-hija en Gaspacho agridulce. Una autobiografía chino-andaluza de Quan Zhou Wu

Cera Stroh

SPAN 332: Modern Spanish
Literature

Gaspacho agridulce. Una autobiografía china-andaluza (Sweet and Sour Gaspacho. A Chinese-Andalusian Autobiography, 2015) is a popular autobiographical graphic narrative that features the life of Quan Zhou Wu, the daughter of Chinese immigrants to southern Spain. In choosing this paper for submission to Synaptic, I considered the paper's overall organization, effective and sustained visual analysis, and efforts to explore the particulars of the graphic medium such as word balloons, text size, and motion lines. The student's close reading of multiple panels from the text illuminates readers' understanding of the complexities of the immigrant experience and mother-daughter relationship in Gaspacho.

-Dr. Kathy Korchek

Nacida de dos inmigrantes chinos en Andalucía en el sur de España, Quan Zhou Wu se crió entre dos culturas y dos identidades, junto con sus dos hermanas y su hermano. Ella detalla su vida híbrida en su obra, *Gaspacho agridulce. Una autobiografía chino-andaluza* (2015), y cómo los miembros de su familia, especialmente su madre, influyeron en sus sentimientos de identidad. A diferencia del resto de la familia Zhou, Mamá Zhou es extremadamente hostil hacia la idea de abrazar la cultura y la identidad españolas, y fuerza a su familia a preservar su patrimonio chino. El estilo artístico de Quan de la exageración y el uso de los elementos cómicos proveen una narrativa visual atractiva e íntima de su relación con su madre y el impacto en su vida. El lector puede ver la perspectiva de Quan específicamente a través de la deshumanización del aspecto de Mamá Zhou, las reacciones de Quan acerca de la atención de su madre, y el uso posterior de rasgos realistas y suaves al representar su madre.

Por toda la obra, la madre de Quan juega un papel importante en el desarrollo híbrido de su hija. En *Gaspacho agridulce*, Quan vuelve a visitar su infancia y reflexiona en su relación con su madre, pero reevalúa la influencia de esta en llevarla a aceptar su pasado chino (Collado 144). La obra ofrece una oportunidad para ver la infancia de Quan en la manera que sintió en aquel momento. Inicialmente, sintió odio y miedo hacia su madre por forzar su identidad china, pero más tarde, acepta tanto a su madre como su pasado chino, hasta el punto en que Quan puede volver a contar su historia de una manera humorística (Collado 155-156).

Quan usa elementos que se encuentran en los cómics y las novelas gráficas para retratar eficazmente sus emociones al lector de una manera comprensible. Un concepto importante de los cómics y las novelas gráficas es la diégesis, el nombre del mundo en el que viven los personajes y el que el lector no puede experimentar personalmente (Pratt 108). Por ejemplo, el lector tiene que contar con elementos como bocadillos y efectos de sonido para saber lo que los personajes están diciendo y qué ruidos están ocurriendo en la historia, porque no puede escucharlos. Inversamente, Pratt explica que “the characters cannot see word balloons, sound effects, or narration,” pero pueden escucharlos (108). Y entonces Quan aplica elementos de cómics como bocadillos, el tamaño de texto y figuras, líneas de movimiento, y fondos diferentes para ayudar al lector a comprender las emociones de los personajes.

Primero, Quan dibuja a su madre con ciertos rasgos de un toro para representar su ferocidad y rabia. En Fig. 1, Mamá Zhou tiene ojos estrechos y rojos y vapor que le sale por la nariz. En lugar de tener colmillos afilados que desgarran, ella tiene dientes redondos, como rocas blancas que se aplastan hasta convertirse en pulpa dentro de una boca grande. Detrás de Mamá Zhou hay un aura roja y ardiente resonando desde su cuerpo que agrega oscuridad detrás de su ropa rosa. El texto incluye múltiples signos de exclamación en cada oración con

la palabra “sinvergüenza” en texto grande para denotar gritos (132). En la próxima página en Fig. 2, Mamá Zhou golpea a Papá Zhou en el cielo como un toro golpeando a un torero fuera del ruedo con fuerza bruta y agresión. A diferencia de Fig. 1, los sujetos son pequeños y el lector puede ver la ciudad y el paisaje natural en el fondo. Pero la boca grande y los ojos rojos de Mamá Zhou todavía son visibles y contrastan con la boca más pequeña y los ojos en forma de corazón de Papá Zhou (133). A pesar de que este evento tuvo lugar antes de que se formara la familia Zhou, Mamá Zhou todavía mantiene su rabia y ferocidad, y Quan usa los mismos rasgos de toro en el resto de la historia para representarla.

Después de que Quan y sus hermanas nacen en España, Mamá Zhou les transfiere su ira a ellas por maltratar y descuidar el restaurante familiar. Cuando Quan y sus hermanas tienen que hacer las tareas del hogar, Mamá Zhou les grita por no tomarse en serio las cosas, como en Fig. 3. Ella tiene los mismos rasgos de vapor que salen de su nariz, una cara roja y una boca grande. En comparación, los rasgos faciales de las hijas son muy pequeños, probablemente por miedo y resignación (50). Sin embargo, Mamá Zhou todavía espera que sus hijos hereden el restaurante y por eso, está furiosa cuando una Quan mayor quiere continuar con sus estudios, como se muestra en Fig. 4. Otra vez, Mamá Zhou tiene ojos rojos, una boca grande, vapor que sale de la nariz y un fondo rojo oscuro detrás de ella. Pero Quan también dibujó líneas de movimiento para mostrar que las manos de Mamá Zhou están temblando. Su bocadillo es anaranjado y andrajoso, a diferencia del bocadillo blanco y redondo que se usa típicamente en la obra, lo cual sugiere que sus palabras se dicen de una manera más siniestra que en paneles anteriores (72).

Segundo, Quan aplica el mismo estilo de exageración a sus propias reacciones en respuesta a las travesuras de su madre. Aún en casos como Fig. 5, donde Mamá Zhou parece normal y tranquila, las características de Quan son muy exageradas. En este ejemplo, Mamá Zhou tiene una aguja para realizar la acupuntura en Quan, que es una medicina tradicional china que se supone que ayuda con la enfermedad de Quan. Sin embargo, Quan tiene sentimientos muy diferentes al respecto. Su miedo y dolor se representan a través de ojos anchos, líneas en su cara, una boca grande con dientes puntiagudos y un tono púrpura oscuro que cubre su frente y el resto de su cuerpo para que solo su mano derecha y su cabeza sean visibles (44). El lector aprende en la siguiente página de que Quan todavía tiene fobia a las agujas en la actualidad a partir de esa experiencia, lo cual también agrega un sentimiento de trauma a su reacción (45).

En algunos casos, Quan se parece a Mamá Zhou cuando ambas están discutiendo apasionadamente. La situación en Fig. 6 tiene lugar después de que Mamá Zhou se da cuenta de que la hermana mayor de Quan tiene un novio español en lugar de un novio chino y que Quan guardó el secreto (95). La interacción comienza con Mamá Zhou siendo frenética con su pelo desaliñado, su boca grande y sus ojos anchos que lloran ligeramente, y Quan siendo exasperada con sus ojos y boca estrechos mientras está sudando ligeramente. El lenguaje corporal también muestra las emociones de las dos cuando Mamá Zhou sacude un dedo acusador a Quan en el tercer panel y luego enrosca su mano en un puño en el cuarto panel. Del mismo modo, los brazos de Quan están en un gesto de aplacar en el segundo panel, pero ella los tira hacia atrás en el tercer panel cuando comienza a enojarse con su madre. Para entonces, el pelo de Quan está desaliñado como el de su madre y su cara refleja la cara de su madre con sus ojos rojos y sus hombros tensos. En el último panel, las bocas de las dos son anchas y sus palabras no están contenidas en bocadillos, demostrando cómo Quan y su madre no están restringiendo su ira como argumentan (96).

Tercero, Quan cambia drásticamente la forma en que retrata a su madre y sus interacciones cerca del final de la obra. Antes de que Quan se mude de la casa familiar para asistir a la universidad, Mamá Zhou todavía expresa sus expectativas chinas sobre Quan, pero de una manera más suave. Fig. 7 muestra a Mamá Zhou con una sonrisa y unas zapatillas de color rosa que contrastan con la ropa oscura que suele llevar. Corazones rojos flotan en el aire alrededor de Mamá Zhou para simbolizar su amor y cuidado hacia Quan. En lugar de iniciar un argumento acalorado como en Fig. 6, Quan rechaza rotundamente las expectativas de su madre con los brazos cruzados y su pelo descuidado como una referencia al argumento anterior. Pero luego acepta el hecho de que su madre no se detendrá y parece resignada con el pelo liso y líneas rectas para sus cejas, ojos y boca como si dejara que su madre caminara sobre ella literal y figurativamente (116). Después de que Quan y su hermana mayor se han alejado, el lector ve una rara muestra de amor materno en Fig. 8, donde Mamá Zhou expresa cuánto echa de menos a sus dos hijas. Todas sus características son redondas y sus rasgos faciales se hunden hacia abajo con una

lágrima deslizándose hacia abajo. También, ella lleva una bata de baño rosa sobre su habitual ropa china oscura, casi como si Quan estuviera cubriendo la ira y la ferocidad asociadas con su madre en esas ropas para mostrarla en un raro momento de vulnerabilidad y calidez (120). Esta escena es interesante porque Quan no la habría visto en la diégesis pero la incluyó en su obra, por lo que debió haber recibido la impresión de que su madre se preocupaba por ella y sus hermanas lo suficiente como para extrañarlas. Esta impresión también lleva a la aceptación del hecho de que su madre tenía buenas intenciones al obligarla a ser china, pero no lo suficiente como para olvidar el trauma que le infligió.

Al dibujar a Mamá Zhou con características no humanas, sus propias respuestas a las travesuras de su madre, y eventualmente dibujar a su madre con rasgos más redondeados, Quan utiliza la exageración y varios elementos cómicos para mostrar la evolución de la animosidad a la aceptación hacia su madre y la cultura china que ella representaba. Su relación madre-hija no es perfecta, pero el lector sirve como testigo de lo mucho que ellas pueden mejorar sus actitudes mutuas.

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Rachel Barton

ART 267: Metalsmithing I

Project: Create a goblet/chalice/pedestal bowl vessel form through the process of angle raising. The vessel form will have an angle-raised bowl/cup with a supporting structure to raise the bowl above the resting surface. This supporting structure can take the form of a stem and foot, pedestal format, sculptural configuration, or combination; soldering must be involved in the fabrication of the supporting structure, and the bowl must be attached (soldered or cold-connected) to the supporting structure. The supporting structure can utilize nonferrous metals, as well as found objects and mixed media.

Rachel's goblet has an original solution to form the "foot" and "stem" structuring as two sharks, an octopus, and an anchor interlock together.

-Professor Brian Roberts

Ethical Communication

Gabriella Petruzzello

*COMM 272: Oral Communication
in Professional Context*

I nominated this piece for two reasons. First, it is an excellent example of this project, very well-researched and written. Second, I feel that the topic is very important and one that is not widely explored in professional contexts. It is important to share the information in this report as widely as possible so that we may enhance understanding of the lived work life of neurodivergent persons as well as ways supervisors and coworkers can adapt and enhance communication.

-Dr. Linda Laine

Ethical communication requires a broad consideration for the individualized needs of every person, regardless of their physical characteristics or cognitive abilities. Neurodiversity is a newly explored area of ethical communication that emphasizes how we can enhance communication for individuals with autism, ADHD, and other neurodiverse individuals. Changing the communication landscape to become more inclusive to people with differing levels of cognitive abilities and perspectives is critical to cultivating a more welcoming and productive workplace.

Given the increasing emphasis on diversity in the workplace, a limited focus has been spent on the experiences of neurodivergent employees, and particularly those with autism spectrum disorder (ASD). In the U.S. alone, over 500,000 individuals with ASD will enter the workforce by 2027 (Autism Speaks, 2017). The unique social and environmental experiences of people with autism need to be sufficiently addressed in order to fully embrace the analytical strengths of neurodiverse employees. The lack of acknowledgement of these experiences provides a problem with ethical communication that can be remedied by employers to ensure the collective success of all employees in the workplace.

Employees with autism bring significant strengths to the workplace. People with autism demonstrate intense focus and attention to detail, reliability, and excellent visual skills (Hayward, McVilly, & Stokes, 2019). Neurodiverse employees provide substantial contributions to the technology sector in particular as a result of their ability to complete exacting and repetitive tasks, recall specific details and recognize patterns, and to focus single-mindedly on a task (Hayward et al., 2019; Krzeminska et al., 2019). Furthermore, working in a neurodiverse workplace can increase creativity. In an experiment where either single-neurotype pairs (both neurotypical or both neurodiverse) or neurodiverse pairs (one neurotypical and one neurodiverse) were instructed to build the tallest tower possible from dried spaghetti and plasticine, neurodiverse pairs constructed the least similar towers, demonstrating elevated creativity (Axbey et al., 2023).

Despite their significant contributions to the workplace, employees with autism report significant distress in workplace contexts. In a study interviewing 600 neurodivergent employees (95 with autism), significant negative experiences were found with almost no positive views about the workplace being expressed by those with autism (Cooper & Kennady, 2021). A majority (60%) of the employees with autism had been bullied or experienced other problems severe enough to lead to them being fired or resigning and 73% reported that managers did not adequately understand or value their neurodivergence (Cooper & Kennady, 2021). Colleagues and managers primarily focused on their areas of weakness rather than their strengths and important contributions (Cooper & Kennady, 2021).

One of the factors that contributes to the distress of autistic employees is difficulty in social communication. In-person communication with non-autistic people is often draining and elevates anxiety due to heightened awareness of eye contact and facial expression interpretation and management (Howard & Sedwick, 2021). Employees with autism describe difficulty starting conversations, understanding abstract language and jokes, and reading body language (Cummins et al., 2020). Despite a desire for social interaction, employees with autism report feelings of isolation and misunderstanding (Cummins et al., 2020). These communication difficulties are a result of both internal and external factors including anxiety, the communication environment, and one's communication partner (Cummins et al., 2020). The communication environment is often filled with a lot of noises and voices that can create sensory overload for neurodiverse employees, with group contexts particularly amplifying this problem (Cummins et al., 2020; Hayward et al., 2019). These communication difficulties often lead to a withdrawal from work and society and produce feelings of isolation (Cummins et al., 2020).

Despite the overall negative experience of autistic employees in the workplace, there are numerous pathways to improve social functioning and positive engagement in the workplace. Restructuring the communication environment can significantly improve productivity and group connection for employees of all neurotypes. Making the work environment more inclusive can empower employees with autism rather than require them to change specific behaviors that are traditionally viewed as deficient (Cummins et al., 2020).

Altering leadership behavior has revealed promising results in improving the workplace for employees with autism. Leadership behavior plays a significant role in the successful acclimation of employees with autism and accounted for 34% of the variance in outcomes for employees with ASD (Parr & Hunter, 2014). Frequently, leadership training focuses on relationship building, emotional motivation, and communication skills, which is often unhelpful in supporting the unique needs of neurodiverse employees (Bowman, 2020). Specifically, transformational leadership is often touted as superior. This type of leadership can be ineffective for employees with ASD and can increase anxiety and decrease organizational commitment (Bowman, 2020; Parr, Hunter, & Ligon, 2013). Specific leadership skills that can improve outcomes for employees with autism include providing clear and direct communication, knowing about ASD, giving empathic and individualized support, and cultivating a work environment accepting of neurodiversity (Bowman, 2020). Furthermore, leaders who are able to understand how ASD impacts employees in the workplace and appreciate and accommodate these strengths and weaknesses are able to reap the benefits of neurodiversity in the workplace (Bowman, 2020). Overall, the behaviors of leaders can play a significant impact in the well-being and job performance of neurodiverse employees.

An additional behavior that can be adapted to better fit the needs of employees with autism is the feedback process, which can often lead to workplace burnout and unnecessary anxiety. Well-structured feedback can improve work relationships, boost job commitment and engagement, and create a more inclusive work culture (Hamdani & Biagi, 2022). One of the best methods of giving feedback to neurodiverse employees is with the incorporation of compassionate and individualized consideration. Companies like Microsoft, JP Morgan, and SAP utilize peer mentors, job coaches, and work buddies to develop robust feedback channels between neurodiverse employees and the rest of the team (Hamdani & Biagi, 2022).

Once feedback teams are established, employers must consider the structure and content of their feedback to best support neurodiverse employees. Feedback should be based on observable, specific, and job-relevant behaviors, rather than abstract concepts such as leadership or teamwork, which need to be broken into their desired behaviors (Hamdani & Biagi, 2022). Feedback should be given frequently, with an emphasis on positive reinforcement. Positive feedback that describes specific behaviors and their impact is particularly reassuring to neurodiverse employees (Hamdani & Biagi, 2022). Positive feedback should be given immediately, but corrective feedback should only be given right before the task is performed again to help reduce anxiety (Hamdani & Biagi, 2022). Since neurodiverse employees are particularly sensitive to feedback and stress, neurodiverse employees prefer a direct approach with clear and direct corrective instructions and concrete goals to work towards (Hamdani & Biagi, 2022). By reforming the feedback process to center around positive reinforcement and concrete behaviors, employers can empower employees with autism to undergo significant personal and professional growth over time.

In addition to leadership behavior and feedback structure, general communication inclinations emerged that hindered or strengthened workplace communication for employees with autism. In terms of creating an ideal

communication environment for employees with autism, a significant preference emerged for written and direct communication, with a strong aversion to communication over the phone (Howard & Sedgewick, 2021). Written communication was preferred due to greater thinking time and a greater sense of control over the conversation (Howard & Sedgewick, 2021). These insights reinforce the guidance given on the importance of in-person and direct feedback. Knowing these insights into the communication preferences of employees with autism, workplaces and employers can adapt their primary communication to alleviate unnecessary anxiety and streamline communication.

In summary, understanding the unique needs of neurodiverse employees can help employers harness positive strengths of intense focus, pattern recognition, and attention to detail (Hayward et al., 2019). Although employees with autism report significant negative experiences in the workplace surrounding social communication, structural and individual improvements can be made to alleviate the problem.

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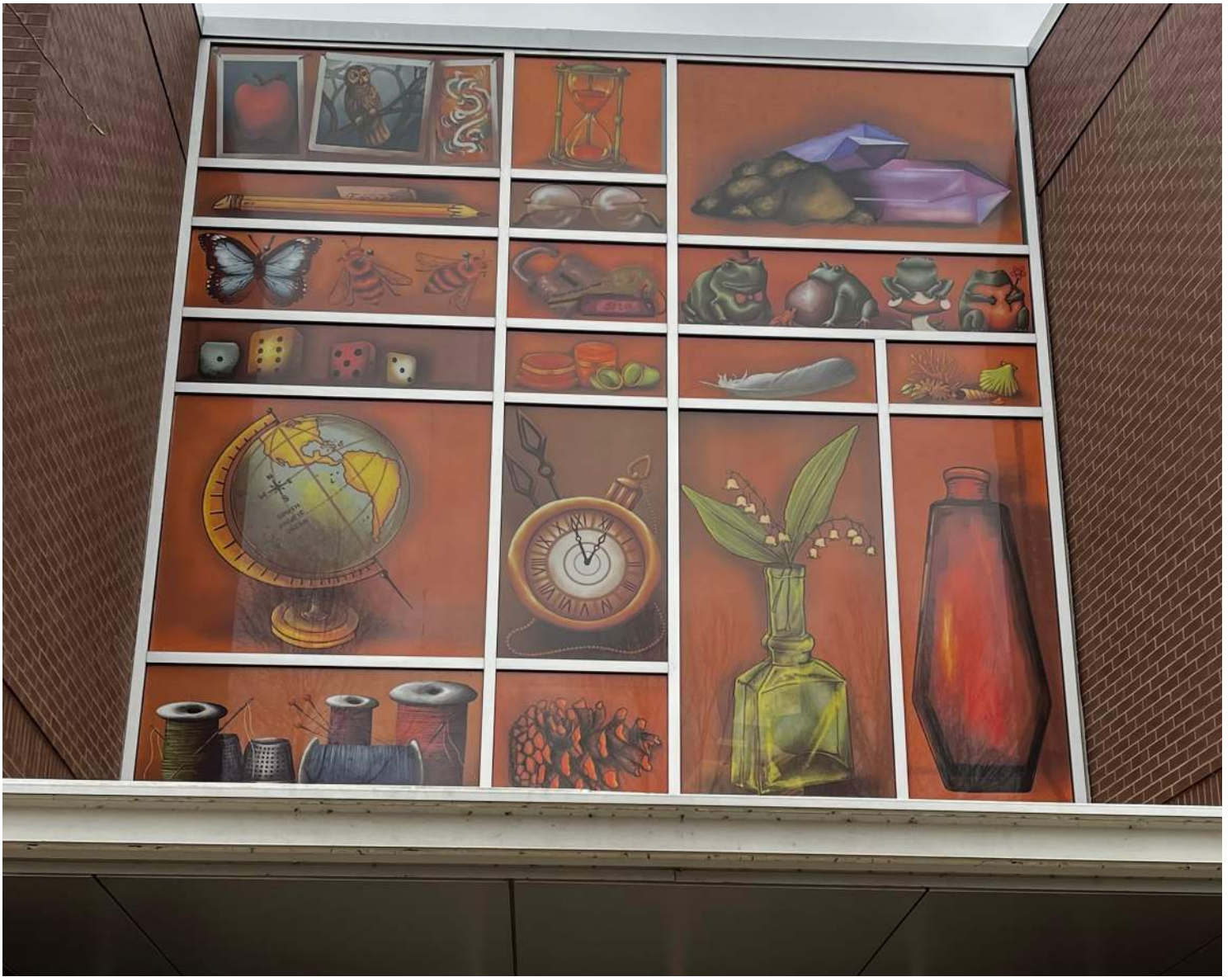
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Amelia Brown, Madilynn Peitzman, Fynn Wadsworth (artists), Joceyln Timmerman, Cassie Severson (grant writers), Kayla Lindquist, Carley Underwood, Madi Whalen, Summer Chambers, Jillian Fairbanks, Jordan Helmick, Alexis Hesse (installers)

This installation of bird strike decals on the Roe Center was a collaboration between students in the biology program and art program. Glancing at the top of the overhang at the entrance of the Roe Center, one can easily count upwards of 20 fatal collisions by birds against the windows. The decals prevent this from happening. Fynn, Madilynn, and Amelia saw the windows as a cabinet of curiosities. As suggested by Joceyln, they chose some objects related to the disciplines taught in Roe, and others related to the college in general. The dice are arranged to show the date Central College was founded, 1853, and the keychain has the zip code for Pella. This joint effort was, as Dr. Benedict said, “a simple way to help solve an environmental problem.”

-Professor Mathew Kelly and Dr. Russ Benedict

Women's Soccer in the Middle East and North Africa: Resiliency and Representation

Emma Garrett

*ENGL 217: Lit and Film
of the Middle East*

This assignment, titled the "News & Lit Essay," asked students in my Lit & Film of the Middle East course to select a current event/news story related to the Middle East as a region and reflect on how three of our course texts provided perspective on this event and its coverage. The essays are supposed to include two sections: one on the current event itself, and another on the course texts and the perspective those course texts provide. This student provided a rich and passionate look at how our course texts speak to the exciting developments in women's soccer in the Arab world. I appreciated the care with which she covered the current event, but also the detailed analyses she provided of the three books/films she analyzed.

-Dr. Kate Nesbit

SECTION ONE: Morocco and the 2023 World Cup

It was August 3, 2023. After a hard-fought win over Columbia in the FIFA World Cup, the Morocco Women's national soccer team waits on the field, huddled around a few phones here and there. They were watching the closing minutes of the South Korea v. Germany game, which would determine if they moved on to the Round of 16. Suddenly, shouts of excitement can be heard from the field, the Moroccan women are seen embracing each other, and their coach is in tears as he runs around hugging his players. It is moments like these that sports enthusiasts live for, a true underdog story. Morocco was the lowest ranking team to qualify for the World Cup, and they beat out Germany for a spot in the Round of 16. This was also historical for Germany; it was the first time their team did not see the pitch past the group stage of the cup.

One of the most striking parts of this story is it was Morocco's first time qualifying for the tournament. The news page Al Jazeera clarified that not only was it the first time a women's Moroccan team made it to the World Cup, but it was also the "first Arab country to qualify" (Al Jazeera). The women on this team not only represented their own country, but also took on the role of representing the Arab world, specifically Arab women. The year before, the men's team also qualified for the men's World Cup for the first time. We see here that Morocco is paving the way for future Middle Eastern, Arab teams to find their way into the World Cup.

In an article on how gender equality effects international soccer performances, a quantitative analysis of several variables such as GDP and labor force participation rate (LFPR), determined that the level of gender equality in each country effects the success of the women's national team. Although Morocco maintained a consistent equality and success rate between both the men's and women's team, there were other Arab countries brought forth that have a higher discrepancy, specifically with the LFPR (Bredtmann 301). The top five teams who have demonstrated the biggest improvement in equality, also implying the lack of in the recent past, include Algeria, Afghanistan, Algeria, Jordan, and Pakistan (Bredtmann 301). There are Middle Eastern countries in this list, which implies a promising future for Middle Eastern women's soccer, in Arab countries extending past Morocco.

Women's soccer was not always accessible, or available in general, in Morocco. In a CNN news article about the Moroccan women's team, some of the players commented on their experience with soccer growing up. Women's captain Ghizlane Chebbak played with boys growing up, and "didn't join a girls' team until she was a teenager" (Howorth). When she was ready to go professional, she first had to move to Egypt to do so, professional soccer in Morocco was not in a solid spot for her as a player. However, she came back and with her talent and

leadership led many Moroccan teams to victory and records of success. This did not happen for a long time, the preexisting condition of women's soccer in Morocco, and in the Middle East overall.

Without the drive of Moroccan women to make professional soccer something noteworthy and valuable to the country, nothing would have come of it, and girls across the Middle East would be without an opportunity to play a beautiful game. In an article on the "soft power" of Arab women's soccer, the use of social media by Middle Eastern clubs is analyzed. Overall, it was found that through using Instagram, these women's teams are changing the conversation of soccer in the Middle East (AlKhalifa and Farello 1). They are doing this through what the author calls "soft power," which is the "ability to advance interests through persuasion without coercion and has often been described in its capacity to aid foreign policy" (AlKhalifa and Farello 1). They engage with neighboring countries who have developing soccer programs, as well as countries with well-developed programs, like the United States (AlKhalifa and Farello 22). Middle Eastern soccer clubs, through the use of Instagram create messages of acceptance and representation through the players they choose to display on social media.

The second part to this current news issue is the theme of representation in clothing, specifically head coverings. Morocco obtained another newsworthy achievement through one of their defenders, Nouhaila Benzina. She is the first Muslim woman to wear a hijab at the World Cup (Al Jazeera). FIFA reallocated hijabs to be worn in March of 2014, after a few years of banning it. Despite this happening almost ten years ago, Benzina was the first to wear a head covering, as well as other modest clothing, during the World Cup. As a player she made a difference on the pitch, and she did the same off the pitch. Fans across the world applauded Benzina and her teammates for their bravery, hard work, and strength, as pointed out in the Al Jazeera article.

Although most people had positive things to say about Benzina and her choice to veil, there were a few negative reactions. A portion of the backlash came from French reporters and policy creators. For example, in another link provided in the Al Jazeera article used, a video was posted of a French reporter stating the hijab "is an incredible regression," and that by Benzina wearing it, she is telling her teammates they are "indecent" for not covering in the same way (Al Jazeera). Comments like this call to attention the continued need to learn more about veiling and the implications of the debate at hand. It also reveals the importance of clothing, and its ability to empower people, or the exact opposite. In a case study on the sport hijab, one of the main takeaways was, "We continue to realize that what we wear speaks volumes about us" (Fuller 129). This can be observed through the lens of religion, socioeconomic status, physical health, and so on. For Benzina, her choice to veil is due to her Muslim faith, and in veiling she is making a public display of faith. Clothing can be used as comment, which is what Linda Fuller is getting at (120). Benzina is not trying to make a statement against uptight French reporters or old FIFA rules but is instead commenting on her personal choice to follow Islam. Benzina and the rest of the Moroccan women's team provides representation and hope for other young women in the Middle East aspiring to be professional soccer players one day.

SECTION TWO: What perspective can literature and film provide about these events?

Literature and films from and accurately depicting the Middle East speak to the importance of representation and community in sports. From the class work covered this semester, three artifacts will be discussed: Farah Nabulsi's short film *The Present*, Nadine Labaki's Lebanese film *Caramel*, and Leila Chatti's poem "Muslim Girlhood." *The Present* (2019) is a short film depicting the daily life of a Palestinian father and his daughter, who spend an entire day looking for a birthday gift for their wife and mother and have to demonstrate extreme resilience against oppressive Israeli powers. *Caramel* (2007) is a Lebanese film following the lives of four women who work in a hair salon together and displays sweet community and day to day struggles of these women, similar to the community that can be found on a soccer team. Lastly, "Muslim Girlhood" is a poem about growing up as a Muslim girl in America, and thus points out the importance of representation and inclusion. These three course texts all point to a different aspect of the Morocco women's national soccer team and their story; feeling empowered to create change in oppressive or inequitable scenarios, the value of community and teamwork, and the power of representation for Middle Eastern women in the public sphere.

To start, the Morocco women's team sets a good example of what it means to advocate for oneself and acting through setbacks and inequality. One of the news articles discussed above mentions how multiple Moroccan women had to advocate for opportunities to play soccer in their country. The team captain, Ghizlane Chebbak, mentioned that for a while, everything was a fight; a fight to gain access to stadiums, a fight for club funding, a fight for overall representation (Howorth). Her refusal to give up, alongside many other Moroccan women, is what has allowed the success of women's soccer in Morocco. Similarly, the daughter in the short film *The Present* demonstrates what it looks like to be empowered to act, rather than remain discouraged in a situation of difficulty. Near the end of the film, her father has enough, and begins to yell at the Israeli guards in front of her. The film utilizes a close-up shot here, which focuses on the father and his anger (21:45). Since a close-up shot is used, what is happening behind him is hidden, until he turns around and realizes his daughter has left. Amid the arguing, the daughter decides to take their present around the fence on her own. She does not appear afraid, she quietly pushes the fridge past the guards and the enclosure, and the film ends with her father catching up with her as they finally wheel to their present home. The situation her and her father were in was bleak and discouraging, but the girl was inspired to act, not in violence but with confidence and a peace that is astounding. Just as the little girl was inspired to act by a painful situation, so were many of the Moroccan women's soccer players. Because of their action, the little girl got their birthday present home for her mother, and the women's soccer players created opportunities to play soccer in their home country.

The Morocco women's soccer team provides a beautiful image of community, as seen in their celebration after they made it into the round of 16. Having a supportive community like this is empowering and encouraging for women and is a framework for future community in the Middle East. Another positive example of feminine community in the Middle East can be found in the film *Caramel*, directed by Nadine Labaki. This film features multiple scenes of the girls banding together in times of heartbreak and joy, supporting each other all the way. One example of this is when the character Layale is ghosted by her secret boyfriend on their anniversary. The scene begins with her lying alone in a sketchy hotel room, and then makes a cut to the door knocking. She opens it to find her three coworkers, and closest friends, there to make fun of her bad baking but mostly to give her shoulders to cry on. Dolly shots are used in this scene, going from Layale on the bed, to Jamale and Nisrine sitting next to her, and Rima sitting in the corner with the cake (52:05). Although this creates a fragmented, disunified image, the dialogue and action connects them. Rima tries the cake, and in her disgust passes it to Jamale. This passing of the cake connects the two Dolly shots. Dialogue is also present in this scene, with Layale verbally processing her feelings and her friends listening intently, but also with an air of humor. The connection created through dialogue is strong, and they bond through their shared struggles. The images of community found in it are profound, and they point to the importance of women having a support system. The community of the national women's soccer team in Morocco speaks to this as well, they work together to create the best outcomes for each other and speak highly of one another too.

The representation of women sprinkled throughout the Moroccan women's national soccer team is encouraging for other young girls, in the Middle East and across the world. Having the opportunity to witness women do extraordinary things, and further, women who value the same things you do, inspires girls and young women to dare to do the same. The call for more representation resounds around the world, as we see in the poem "Muslim Girlhood." The poet, Leila Chatti, describes her experience as an Arab girl living in America. Her father "drove fifty miles to buy me [her] a doll like a Barbie / because it looked like me, short brown hair underneath her hijab" (Chatti 19-20). Her father had to drive miles to find a doll, not even a true Barbie, that resembled even slightly his beautiful Muslim daughter. This poem overall demonstrates how she felt like an outcast in America, and she did not have anyone to look up to or feel encouraged by, except for her family. This cry for help, seen in a father's desperate hunt to find a doll, is what the Moroccan women's team answers. Specifically, the first woman to wear a hijab at the world cup, Nouhaila Benzina, helps represent other Muslim girls in the Middle East who have a similar dream of success. It is important to note that the role of representation does not fall on one individual, but rather many people who combine their efforts. Benzina is just one example of this.

Another pro athlete to do this is Ibtihaj Muhammad, an American fencer. In the case study mentioned in section one, her story is shared. After making waves as the first Arab American to wear a hijab at the Olympics, Barbie became interested in her story. This led the Barbie company to create a doll in her likeness, the first Barbie doll to wear a hijab (Fuller 126). In the rows of white, blond dolls, the Barbie in Ibtihaj's likeness stands out, in a positive way. Now, Arab American girls longing for a doll that looks like them have it in their grasp. It is also bigger than a doll. This step towards inclusion and representation indicates a shift in the narrative for Middle Eastern women, not just in Morocco or those who have immigrated to the United States. Having a doll with a hijab and seeing a woman wearing modest clothing while playing a professional soccer, encourages women in the Middle East to feel empowered in their choice to veil, or not to.

This story of success for a woman's soccer team from Morocco is also a success story for women across the Middle East. There has been increased representation of women choosing to veil, examples of feminine community that encourages women to seek it out, and women who have demonstrated resilience and action in inequality. The image of the Morocco women celebrating on the pitch after they made it to the round of 16 is ingrained in many soccer lover's minds, mine included. The story painted in this specific moment is just a small part of a story of commitment, love, and positive change.

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Amelia Brown

*ART 252: Painting: Traditional
to Digital Approaches*

This was for the Slap-Dash assignment, in which students were to emphasize brush strokes and textures. Amelia chose to work on a three-foot square stretched canvas. The layers of color and brush stroke on this image created a physical texture on the surface enhancing the illusion of three-dimensional space while the flowing rope lines lead the viewer throughout the composition.

-Professor Mathew Kelly

Eating the Rich: The Proletariat and the Aristocracy in The Hound of the Baskervilles

Carter Piagentini

ENGL 160: The Literary Imagination

In this essay, the writer performs a sophisticated Marxist reading of Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes story, "The Hound of the Baskervilles." I was especially impressed with the interpretation of how the criminal Selden, killed for passing as the upper classes, underscores what the writer criticizes as this story's ultimately conservative message.

-Dr. Kate Nesbit

The phrase “eat the rich” has become a contemporary colloquialism with etymology typically tracing to famous French philosopher Jean Jacques Rousseau’s quote: “When the people shall have nothing more to eat, they will eat the rich.” And, although Rousseau likely used “the rich” to refer to any form of power, many nowadays echo this phrase to denounce capitalistic antagonism between the powerful aristocracy and the poor proletariat. This pervasive enmity between the classes is epitomized in Arthur Conan Doyle’s novel *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. The plot follows John Watson, Sherlock Holmes’ assistant detective, as he endeavors to solve the mystery of an enigmatic hound that is murdering the Baskervilles, a line of wealthy aristocrats. Throughout the story, the two detective’s and the Baskerville’s prominent upper class statuses often differentiate them from the working-class civilians of Dartmoor. But, by killing the wealthy, the hound disrupts this clear class dichotomy because it attempts to eradicate the Baskerville’s power and authority. For this reason, I posit that the hound is a symbol of the proletariat revolting against—or “eating”—the rich and moving towards socialism, a classless system. However, Doyle’s application of the hound suggests this notion to abolish the class system is impossible because the poor will always fall within a hierarchy and eventually “eat” themselves.

The upper-class characters exhibit a clear disdain for many of the proletariat characters which reflects the typical class tensions in a capitalist society. For example, when Watson first encounters Jack Stapleton, they begin talking about the superstitious hound and Stapleton remarks, “It is extraordinary how credulous the peasants are about here! Any number of them are ready to swear that they have seen such a creature upon the moor!” (Doyle 50). Not only does Stapleton blatantly degrade the proletariat by calling them “peasants,” but he also suggests a uniformity among them. By suggesting that they all believe in this superstition, Stapleton groups them together and degrades their autonomy as individuals. Instead, they are just a group of inferior people. Watson further characterizes these negative beliefs later in the novel when he reaffirms himself of his rationality in a letter to Holmes. He writes, “if I have one quality upon earth it is common sense, and nothing will persuade me to believe in [the hound superstition]. To do so would be to descend to the level of these poor peasants” (67). Watson’s degradation of the proletariat in this thought transcends the idea that they are only inferior. Rather, the implication that they have no “common sense” predicates their means of living on the aristocracy, who have the rationality and intellect to solve complex situations. This clear class dichotomy in which the proletariat is subordinate and reliant on the aristocracy clearly reflects Marx’s descriptions of class structures during a capitalist mode of production.

However, Jack Stapleton complicates this clear class dichotomy because he is genetically part of the Baskerville aristocracy but has also been cast out into the proletariat class. So, in response, Stapleton imbues superstition to keep people from questioning and intervening with the revolting hound so that he can take down the aristocracy he was cast out from. For example, when the two detectives and Stapleton encounter each other in the moor after Seldon’s death, Stapleton tries to sow doubt in the detectives by questioning, “I was wondering if there were any evidence of such a sound [of a hound] tonight?” (Doyle 83). Even though the detectives are upper class and unlikely to give into this ‘proletariat-like’ superstitious belief, Stapleton still tries to lead them into superstition through this leading question. The superstition of the hound keeps people complaisant. Once someone starts

to believe that the hound is supernatural, they give up on questioning it or trying to put a stop to it because it is out of their human control. However, the upper class are the only people who can actually challenge the superstitious belief because they reject superstition and Stapleton is not able to coerce them financially like he does with Laura Lyons (88-89) nor dominate them like he does with his wife (93-94) because of their wealthy, prominent aristocratic status. Stapleton endeavors to permeate the idea of the hound being supernatural to prevent the skeptical upper class from fighting against the hound overthrowing the aristocracy through trying to invoke doubt within the detectives.

However, Doyle uses Seldon's death to suggest that the proletariat's revolution against the aristocracy is futile because even if they destroy the current aristocracy, there will always be a class struggle. In Stapleton's endeavors to eliminate classes so he can then implement himself as the aristocracy, he accidentally kills Seldon, a fugitive. But, when Seldon dies he is wearing a "peculiar ruddy tweed suit" (81) that belongs to Henry Baskerville. In his endeavors to eliminate the aristocracy, Stapleton, a proletariat revolter, has inadvertently killed a proletariat character who was disguised as an aristocrat. But, not only does poor Seldon die for wearing an aristocratic outfit, but his body is found "hunched together as if in the act of throwing a somersault" (81). The motion of a somersault represents a circle or cycle that has become broken with Seldon's death. Even though Stapleton presents his revolution as a positive change, he is really just perpetuating this cycle of wealth. Sure, the Baskerville aristocracy could be eliminated, however, that doesn't change the class disparities between the surviving working class and the extremely poor people like Seldon. With one aristocracy dying, the upper sector of the proletariat takes its place and the extremely poor are still subordinated by these class dynamics. Doyle uses Seldon's death to represent that trying to implement socialism just leads to the proletariat "eating" itself.

Although this hound may originally seem like the proletariat eating the aristocracy, it actually is a symbol of never being able to break social class dichotomies. Doyle suggests that no matter how hard the lower class tries to implement no classes, there will always be a disparity of wealth and the more wealthy will just take the aristocracy's place. However, Doyle also suggests a sense of identity within class. In this story, the aristocracy always believed in the rational, and the proletariat always the superstitious. Perhaps the first step to addressing this class issue is addressing these beliefs that have become innate ideas. Regardless, even if we don't change anything, I guess we'll never go hungry because we'll always have each other to eat.

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Amelia Brown

ART 262: Ceramics I

Project: Introduction to throwing on the pottery wheel. The task requires that at least one drinking vessel has a sculptural shape, utilizing a cylindrical form.

I always ask students to consider the engagement with the user's hand(s) and with their lips when making decisions about the potential of the cup. Here, Amelia sets up an interesting encounter for the user.

-Professor Brian Roberts

Amelia Brown

THEA 280: Advanced Theatre Practice

In THEA 280 Advanced Theatre Practice, the final project is to complete a realized design in a live theatrical production and to create an organized book of research, paperwork, and images associated with the design and the process. Amelia successfully designed a 12-foot-tall puppet for the Mel Brooks Musical Young Frankenstein. The puppet design integrated elements from the costumes and the limited color palette in the scenery and props. The caricature of the monster's face embraced the comedic elements of the musical and matched the exaggerated expressions of the performers. For the puppet to quickly appear and disappear on stage, the larger-than-life puppet required six puppeteers to operate four individual parts combined to make up the whole of the monster. Amelia received two awards through the Kennedy Center American College Theater Festival for the design and production of the puppet.

-Mr. Ron Rybkowski, Technical Director of Theatre





Step Five; The Hips

I wanted to create the illusion that the legs were attached to the body despite being separate pieces. I did this by creating a hollow, flexible hip section to cover the base of the legs. I created this with a piece of muslin that I dyed gray. I then inserted a piece of boning into the bottom hem. The boning helps the hips keep their shape and not cling to the legs. It also gives the bottom hem a little weight to pull the muslin straight and reduce wrinkles. I then attached the hips to the lowest segment of the torso.



Step Six; Painting the Face



I used the same paint that was used for the set to keep the color scheme consistent. The base is the straight up green color. I mixed purple into the green to darken, and dull it for the shadows. The highlights were green and white. The hair was done with two different light shades of purple over a black base.



Step Fourteen; Finishing the Shirt

After fixing the chest I draped the front of the shirt how I wanted it and hand sewed the bottom to the hip fabric. Then I attached the back panel of the shirt at the shoulders. I ended up having to add additional triangles of fabric at both side seams to properly fit the torso. After that I sewed the rest of the shirt bottom hem to the hip fabric. Then I added a black ribbon as the tie for the neck of the shirt. Finally I sprayed green and purple paint on the shirt. I focused on joints and the bottom hem to create the illusion of natural wear and shadows.



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