

Tenth
MUSE
VOLUME X / 2020

POETRY
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ART
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POETRY

PROSE

FICTION

NON-FICTION

SCHOLARLY ESSAYS

DRAWINGS

ART

DIGITAL ART

PHOTOGRAPHY

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Cover logo design, by Eric Wold.

The logo this year was a community project done by Eric and four other graphic design alumnus: Laura Reiss, Nick Becker, Alyssa Raver, and Emmanuel Eqwaoje. Each student contributed to a letter respectively:

M- Laura Reiss
 U- Nick Becker
 S- Alyssa Raver
 E- Emmanuel Eqwaoje

The staff would like especially to thank Professor Emerita Katherine Fischer, an innovator in and beyond the classroom and mentor to many students and colleagues. With her colleague in the English department, Ann Pelelo, Katherine put the idea of a literary magazine at Clarke on the table at which, largely due to the Tenth Muse endowment established in her honor, we'll be feasting for years.

WEBSITE

tenth-muse.squarespace.com

EDITOR'S LETTER

EMILY BOGE

I'd like to begin with a brief history of the dawn of Tenth Muse. Almost eleven years ago, Emerita Katherine Fischer, Clarke writing professor, had a vision for a new literary magazine as a platform for writers and artists of the Clarke community to publish their works. With assistance from Ann Pelelo, professor of English, they were able bring the publication to life through a class taught by Anna Kelley, former Clarke writing professor. Anna taught a creative writing class that produced the first volume of Tenth Muse in the fall 2010. Volume One staff consisted of 19 students, and was led by a student editor-in-chief. From the beginning, Tenth Muse has been a community-building, student-focused publication. In its ten years of existence, the goal of promoting artists and authors from the Clarke community and beyond has remained the same. The Tenth Muse continues to represent a variety of creative and scholarly work, much of which comes from Clarke's own student writers and artists.

Throughout my two years serving as a staff member for the Tenth Muse, I have come to recognize the literary magazine's importance to the culture of Clarke University. During a conversation I had with Anna, she remarked that the two main successes of the first volume were the building of personal connections and the ability to represent a variety of student voices. In my experience of publishing Volume Nine and Volume Ten, my takeaways are very similar. I value the connections I have made during my time as a Tenth Muse staff member, especially with contributors and my fellow staff members. I cherish the ability we have to support student writers and artists by providing a creative and communal space for the opportunity for readers, like you, to enjoy.

For ten years and for the years to come, art and literature have and will serve as a reflection of the times. In the "Afterwards" of Volume Ten, Tenth Muse staff will share their resilience to the novel pandemic, coronavirus, through a variety of creative mediums. Prior to the outbreak of COVID-19 in the United States, this volume was going to be significantly different for many reasons—including new format, new faculty leadership, and new artistic designs. However, all of those changes have been overshadowed by the reality that we were not able to send Volume Ten to print in April 2020 as planned. Despite the significant pause in the development of this volume, I cannot thank the Tenth Muse staff and faculty, Steve Bellomy and Eric Wold, enough for their continued devotion to this literary magazine. Your talents and dedication to the success of this magazine do not go unnoticed. And to our contributors—you have given us the opportunity to create this magazine for ten years. It has been my pleasure communicating with you and publishing your work for the past two years.

Lastly, we owe gratitude to you, reader! We hope that our magazine impacts and inspires you in a unique way, possibly even to create your own work someday. Enjoy!

CO-EDITOR'S LETTER

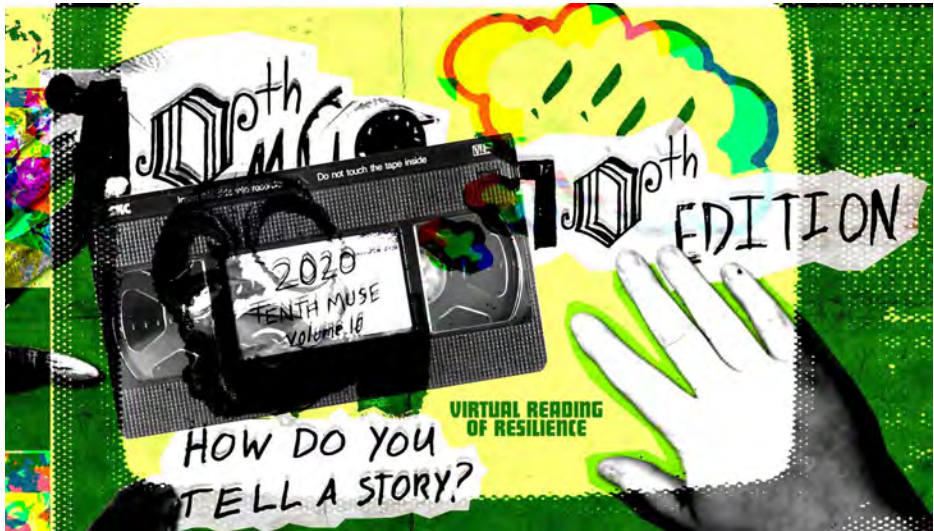
EMILY SMITH

When joining the staff of the *Tenth Muse*, I didn't realize how big of an impact it would have on my life. What I thought was just a writing course, turned out to be a multi-skilled course that lead me to be working with staff members and faculty for the *Tenth Muse*. This has given me a deeper understanding of what it means to collaborate with others, be creative with my own work, and what it means to be proud of the finished work. After two years of being a staff member, the experience of being the co-editor-in-chief alongside Emily Boge has been astounding. I knew once I became a part of the staff, I wanted to further my experience with the *Tenth Muse*; serving as a co-editor-in-chief has exceeded my expectations.

The contributions to the *Tenth Muse* this semester represent diverse genres, including prose, poetry, fiction, non-fiction, artwork, and sculpture. The work of the contributors is so crucial to the production and publishing of the *Tenth Muse*. The work of the staff and faculty remains equally important. The faculty and staff have been diligently working to create something for Volume X that hasn't been done before. Staff members copy-edit, utilizing graphic design skills, and apply their talents in social media promotion to create the *Tenth Muse*.

Even though our Volume X publication has been postponed to Spring of 2021, Steve Bellomy and Eric Wold have been pioneering a new virtual environment, creating the Live Reading Event to showcase this volume's accepted works. With COVID-19 keeping people inside, the faculty and staff are in the midst of creating a virtual event so that the Volume X experience is still one to behold.

The physical publication of Volume X was going to have a look that would have evolved. The faculty and staff were experimenting with different colored papers, a new paper material and a different layout. With these novel changes, it was going to take on an enhanced quality to the pieces being printed. Now that the *Tenth Muse* has shifted from a physical publication to an online reading, the evolution and flexibility of the magazine continues to amaze us. With this being said, a huge thank you is needed for all of the staff and faculty who have aided in this process. Your constant dedication and pursuance of this goal is what keeps the *Tenth Muse* to be constantly evolving. Thank you to all of the contributors; your creative pieces allow the *Tenth Muse* to even still be an entity here at Clarke. Last, but not least, thank you to all who continue to support the *Tenth Muse*, by attending our virtual event and patiently waiting for this double print version of Volume X and XI in the Spring of 2021. Your dedication to our literary magazine will never be forgotten. Enjoy!



VIRTUAL READING OF RESILIENCE

TUESDAY MAY 5TH 2020
@ 4:00PM

FACEBOOK LIVE EVENT
Hosted by Eric Wold, and Tenth Muse Crew
Zoom Meeting

“way to rock it!”

Katherine Fischer,
Professor Emerita

the twins

BY MIMI OTTAVI

Inside me there are bodies upon bodies,
 Stories upon stories
 That crawl up my throat,
 That dig through my bones,
 That burrow into my teeth
 And stick like sweetness.

I am a crowded Gemini,
 Two-three-four faced.

My hands are a Russian composer while
 My hair is a flapper, drinking gin and smoking cigars.
 My tongue tastes like blood and snow while
 My nose drips atomic bombs, so afraid in the
 nuclear age.

It feels dirty to romanticize this unstuck
 place I am in

(But it feels wrong to ignore it, too).

I am Rita Hayworth,
 I am Marlene Dietrich,
 I am a random woman on a train to
 Brooklyn in 1943.

I am a tired celebrity,
 I am an old and withered star,
 I am God in all of her terrible,
 horrifying glory.

I am everything,
 I am nothing,
 I am the past, the future,
 But never the present.

Deluded
 In every sense of the word.

There is no such thing as contentment in
 this skull of mine.
 Only other bodies and
 other faces.

Icarus as a Boy

BY MIMI OTTAVI

Icarus fell on a Tuesday.

It had been a beautiful morning,
The air, clear and the sky, blue.
Gulls could be heard screeching every so often,
A staccato language that pierced the ears of
Five women washing their clothes in a large basin.

They thought he was a gull, at first.

They thought *he* was nothing but a bird,
Calling, calling, calling.

It was only when they heard the large splash,
The earth-shattering crack against the shore
That they knew.

In a flurry of haste and panic,
They raced towards the water,
Towards the rocks at the end of the sand.

It was there they found him
Spread out like a sacrifice,
A halo of blood stains his blond hair red.

The women wept, though they did not know him.
Icarus, son of Daedalus.
Icarus, victim of the Sun.

Not a myth, but a boy.

Not a boy, but a tragedy.

Tales from the Wood

BY TAYLOR MAUSSER

Enter two friends,
Led by one
Hungry for adventure,
Prepared for fun.

Enter a woman,
Clad in red
Equipped with a mission,
For Granny to be fed.

Off they ride,
With the promise of gold
Equipped with their mission,
To feed the old.

Enter the woods,
Dark and full of hate.
Plagued by wolves,
The dice decide your fate.

Bloodied they strive
Down the murky path,
Ahead of you, a bullywug
Taking a bath.

He was quick,
But they had might.
Bloodied hearts still beating,
Surviving the night.

Daybreak brings hope
And off they go,
To meet the kind woodsman
Is he friend, or foe?

Down the beaten path,
Her home in view.
Yet the party senses danger,
Something's askew.

The woodsman a witch!
Adventure is nigh
Prepare my friends,
Now roll thee die.

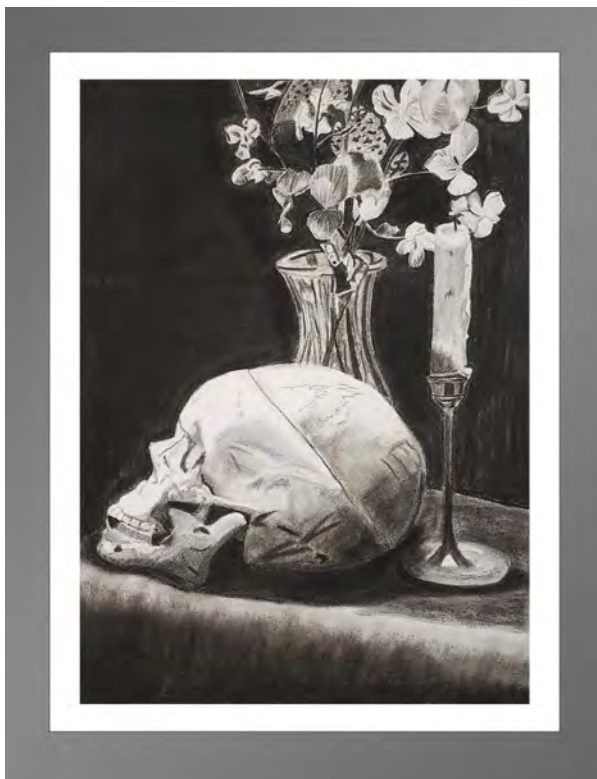


Above
Black Birds in a Storm,
Darcy Davis

Hiding beneath
my skin is
a cruel creature
who feeds on hope
and poisons
the ideals of positivity.
The beast feeds
for weeks at a time,
then ducks into
the cave he
carved into my chest,
full of my hope,
leaving me starving.
The next time the beast
rears his head,
he discovers that this
time is different than
any other;
he devours all
of the hope within
my bones, and he is
still empty -
yet I am
fuller than ever.

Skin Deep

BY KYLEE ALLEN



A



B

A — Alas, poor
Yorick!,
Austin Schroeder

B — Western Skulls,
Maggie Christianson

Opposite
C — It Had Been A
Long Day,
Rachel Daack

D — Leave Me Alone,
Rachel Daack

requiem of a will

BY HOLLY BEAUCHAMP

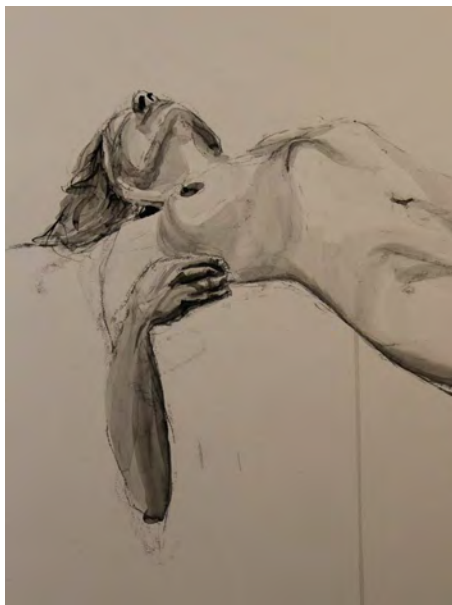
i barely have the drive to put ink to paper
and when i do, the words come out garbled.
time spent,
phrases non-existent
used paper crumpled and thrown away.
all that is done now, in place of a written piece,
is a longing for the self that had it all
last year.

see, the things i used to possess
vanished within the summer,
and when reaching out to grab them
i would be met with wisps of what i desired.
tantalus himself would be jealous.
but comparing his tragedy to mine,
when mine burns to the touch,
is such an exertion of brain-power
that i cannot make myself focus
for more than a minute.

will it ever return?
who knows.
i couldn't be bothered.



C



D

no words

BY HOLLY BEAUCHAMP

you open your mouth to
speak
and find out
that the coldness within has
crystallized your lungs,
making a pretty sculpture,
making breathing imprac-
tical.
you see the crowd moving
their lips
turning around, words being
uttered
accusatory whispers,
but all you hear is silence.

when words fail, you speak
in hands
trying to proclaim your
truth,
but everyone else has
reached a consensus
that you are no longer wor-
thy
of your mastery over com-
munication.
and your loyalty to your
words
has now reached the pinna-
cle of self-destruction,
and you fall
and fall
and fall
'till you collide with the
ground.
it has shattered the coldness,
but at the cost of being alone.
and there are no words
to accompany you anymore.



Wrong Love

BY SAMANTHA BROOKENS

Black eyes, a demon.
Catching my eye, I go.
Being with you, I transform,
Becoming the demon I didn't set
out to be.

Together we are evil,
And it feels so good.
I don't want to let it happen,
But together, we transform.

We love the things we shouldn't.
We love the things that are toxic.
Wrong love is the strongest, too.
I never loved being sick,
until you.

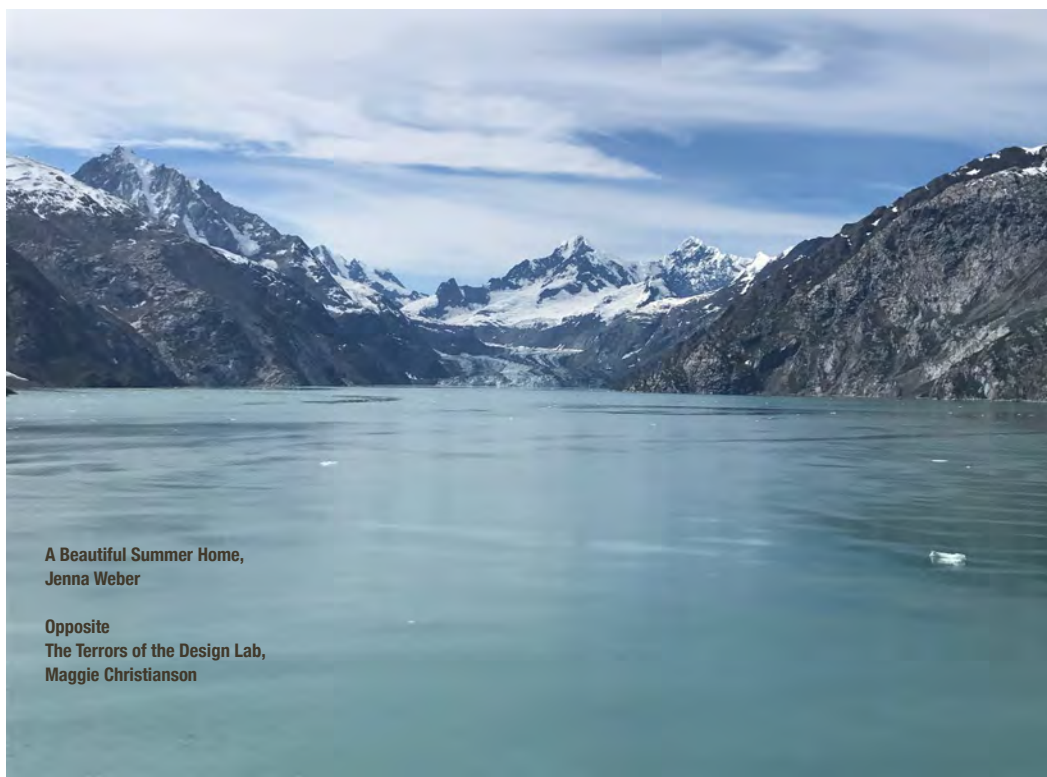
Let Go

BY SAMANTHA BROOKENS

Fantasy is always deceitful.
Reality will unceasingly be more dull.
There to crush your daydreams;
To pull you down, make you feel low.

It could be one, simple fact.
Sometimes you have to grow apart before you
can grow together.
Maybe in this case there is no forever.
Despite what you thought the first day you
met her.
If you really think about it, you know you
deserve better.
Do you really want to suffer forever and
ever?

Move on, live life.
Get past this strife.
Feelings will hold you down like anchors on
a boat;
They are almost impossible to control.
So just let them go.
Let them go.
Let them go.



A Beautiful Summer Home,
Jenna Weber

Opposite
The Terrors of the Design Lab,
Maggie Christianson

Irony at its Finest

BY MARIAH PELLINO

I will always find it a little bizarre
how therapists ask you how you are,
as they walk you to their rooms.

You uncomfortably answer,
“I am good. How are you?”
Knowing damn well you are about to
spend the hour twisting that truth.

A Moment With You

BY MARIAH PELLINO

Trying to live in the moment,
But I am stuck in a moment with you.

10:22,
Driving on the same road we always do.

Turn away before you catch me staring;
I look long enough to remember all that I need to.

The details of your face,
The sound of your voice.

I take note of all the little things,
So no matter where I am--
On the beach, toes in sand--
I can still live in that moment with you,
10:22.

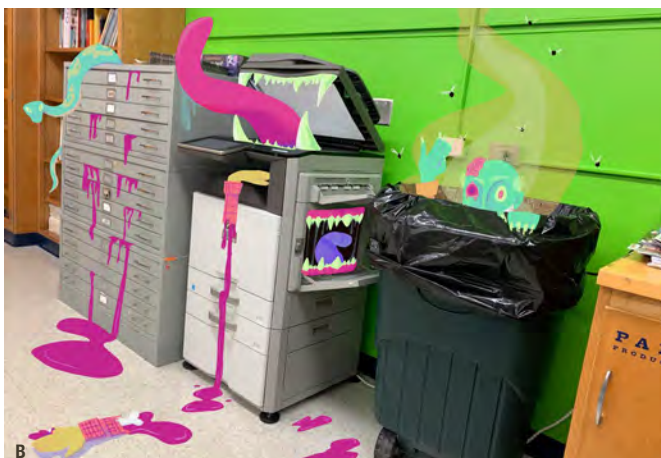


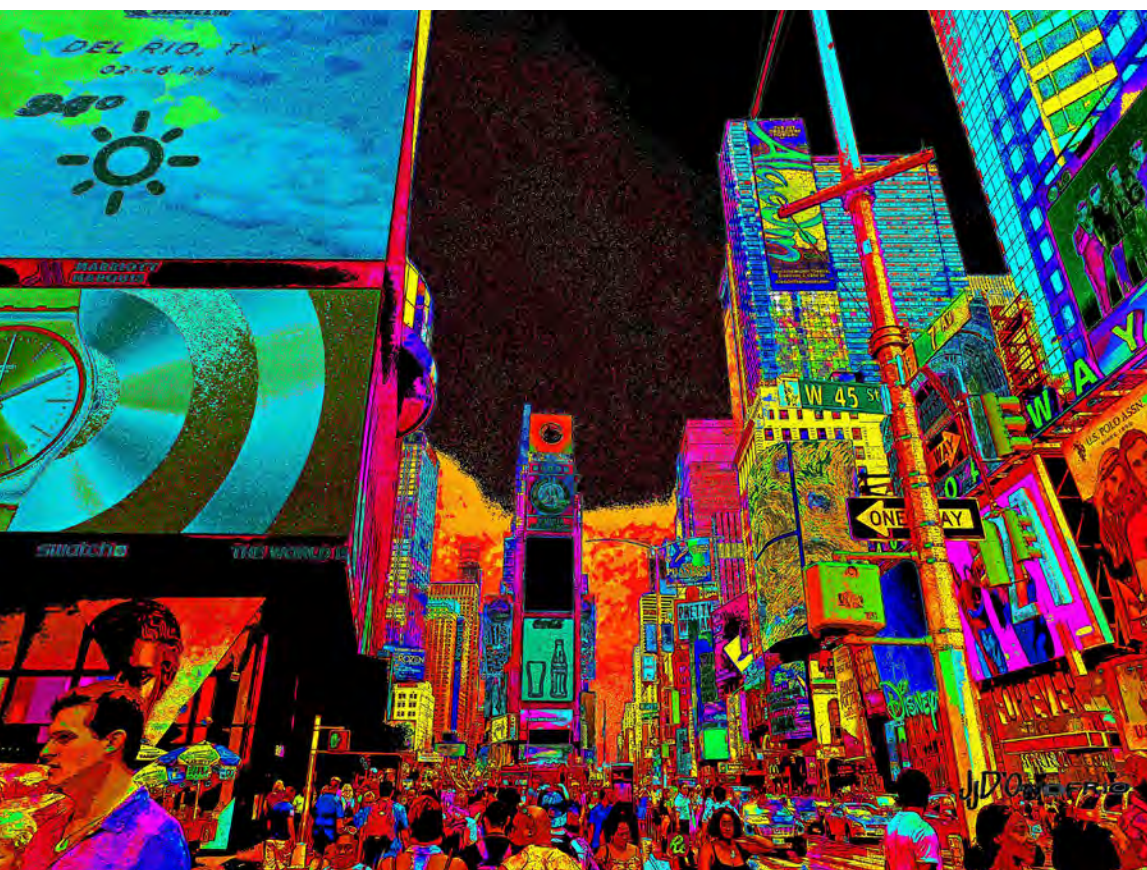
Phrases

BY MARIAH PELLINO

I have phrases stuck in my
head.
Like gum to the bottom of a
grade-school desk,
Messy, old, and used.

All I need is someone to
scrape clean the thoughts.
I just need someone who will
take their time on me,
Instead of flipping me over
and leaving me
As someone else's childhood
punishment for later.





Above
All That Is Left,
JJ D'Onofrio

My Lover's Eye

BY JENNA WEBER

His blue iris, flecked with brown,
is the inshore sea.
The foamy waves gliding across gritted sand
Reflect in his oculus structure
And come back to me.
His iris is natural blue,
Not the artificial blue
Of baby blue boy clothes
And blue raspberry blow pops.

His black pupil, glistening,
Is a television screen.
The static electricity I felt as a child
When I held my hand near its surface
I feel now in my heart
As I see myself reflected in his eye.
He's more than a program, a channel.
He is the satellite sending signals
From the stars.

His white sclera, glossy,
Is loose leaf paper
Lined with pink veins,
Bright from strained usage,
Filled with travels to virtual Azeroth
And tear-filled laughs with friends.
He tells a story of his day,
While midnight crickets sing
A familiar lullaby.

It's Easier That Way

BY JENNA WEBER

Through a warm July day,
Through a country road intersection,
Through the bright red Civic,
Through two matching scars on either side of my lip,
Through imprints left in my arm from the piercing
shattered glass,
The memory returns.

Sometimes I close my eyes whenever I pass that road sign,
With the black two-ended arrow.
It's easier that way.
I didn't look at my scars for a while,
As a way to ignore
The marks so permanent on my body.

Through an innocent radio hit,
Through my brother's voice,
Through a turning clattering garbage truck,
Through squealing black rubber tires against pavement,
Through a crushing car's framework,
The memory of that summer day returns.

In movie theatres, I have to cover my ears
Whenever a car chase flashes on screen.
It's easier that way.
I'm not sure I still need to do this,
But I can't shake the precaution.

Through clicking computer keys,
Through the confidence in my fingers,
Through a calmness in my chest,
Through my ability to finally write about everything,
The memory of my accident

Becomes less daunting.



White Abyss

BY JENNA WEBER

Stop mocking me.

You, with your harsh rectangular corners.

Your ghostly white glow

Casts unnerving shadows on my face.

Cover yourself with words.

Cover yourself so I can stop harrowing my mind

For something,

Anything,

To shroud you in.

Whenever I put my fingers to worn black keys,

You laugh at me

By making words on the page

Somehow different

From the ones in my mind.

I look away from you and down at my hands.

My cuticles have been peeled back so far

There is nothing left for me to peel.

I hate you.

The blinking cursor joins your snickers.

It whispers in intervals,

You don't

Even know

What you're writing.

I stare at it so long, I forget to blink.

My eyes start to sting.

I know writing is a process,

But does it have to be so cruel?

I, Judas

BY ROB LUKE

My ninth-grade English teacher
pulled me off a scrapheap of neglect.
He believed me a talented writer for my
age, adolescence before the watermelon
rinds of adulthood. Mr. John McNelis
was my mentor, convincing me that
reading and writing were noble labors
to escape hexes of demons and leprosy
of trench foot.

I betrayed him; my peers trumped his
influence. We vandalized his yard.
A kiss-off—teen angst smacko—
in the garden of his home. My teacher
turned over like spade dirt in a
nightcrawler bed—all for pieces of
silver, gleaming with duplicity—in
draw poker. I voted to crucify a man
who'd done me no wrong, all which
amounted to acceptance of my mob friends,
hoodlums who violated house rules,
reveling in gaming tables in the temple.

After we were apprehended, the judge in a
regal robe, ordered restitution, which was
blood money. My Lord received and
bore our sins with anguish in his
eyes and thorns upon his sweaty, bloody
brow. I fled to hide my shame, did penance
in hard soil—then further self-punishment on
the graveyard shift of the printing industry
while taking night courses at the community
college. With guilty fatigue, I hurt myself
instead of others. I was persecuted and
mocked by tormentors.

When I became an English teacher, my
atonement began as a fisher to illogical
teens. I witnessed words to them.
I avoided the rope and *Cercis siliquastrum*,
a small deciduous tree that blooms pink in the
Spring. When my teaching ends, a Potter's
Field awaits, full of clay refuse



Daeberys Targaryen, Season 1,
Maggie Christianson

A Longneck Look

BY THOM CHESNEY

Some say just a spoonful helps
though it's no sugary sweet
But barley, hops and water bound
together end in feet.

Three feet in all—in yards they come
or pints or cans or steins
to men and women, near and far
its colors draw no lines.

In golds and ambers, browns and reds
it freely flows to all
from breweries to backyard sheds
its smell has caused us all
to turn our heads into the wind
and smile as we inhale
a heady breath of stout or bock
of porter, pilsner, ale.

To day and night it owes no debt
but gives them equal share.
A picnic cooler chills the same
that rowdy night owls dare
to drink perhaps a bit too much
and wince upon the dawn
to find they're out of aspirin
to push their headaches on
to where another thousand years will pass
(a trillion labels fade)
while brews we reinvent adapt
to all the tongues that trade
the stories, worries, laughs and woes
that all the continents ply
until the day God only knows
when tipplers stand and cry,

“Our glasses have gone empty.
The barrels have run dry!”



Seasons

BY EMILY JONES

Winter

That winter cold bit my face,
but warmth blossomed
through my cheeks.

I was warm, happy, spending
time with you,
yet the wintry cold brought
feelings of change.

Driving through the flurries,
music resonating
throughout my chest, steady
bass lines shooting through
my heart.

Feelings, unexpected,
coursing through my veins.

Spring

As winter melts into spring,
the snow still falls.
Hard, fast, unwanted feelings
fall with the snow
cold dread settles in, my
heart left aching, knowing
the end was coming.

As the snow melted, so did
the bond that held us
together, it all ended.
A loss, or empty longing,
perhaps, settled in.
Nostalgia, the sad feeling
of missing home.

Summer

We drifted apart, ties never
keeping us away,
always drawing us back
together, inevitably,
like the waves gently crashing
on the river.

Soft whispers and hands
caressing.

'I miss you,' breathed out
between faces.
Too close, too painful to let
go; maybe I'll keep you close,
let you know that we can still
hold the warmth once there.

Fall

Falling, again, I thought
I let you go.
Out of sight, out of mind, yet
you held fast in my mind.
I wanted you out, yet still
you stayed, knowing it
would hurt.

Me, not you, and we both
knew that this would
never last.
The winter air was returning
fast, ending, again, in pain
and tears and yet I longed.

Winter

The cold, biting air has come
back, and with it
the feeling of missing how
I felt with you.
Yet I know it will never come
to fruition, too far
gone, yet so close I can feel
your warmth.

Feelings long gone, I no
longer miss being
with you. Nevertheless, a
desire for being together
remains in my soul, knowing
it will not come.

You will not come.

Choosing a Thanksgiving Turkey

BY CHARLOTTE RODEWALD

Come, friend, let's discuss:
The preferred dead bird,
The broad selection,
For the average man.

You see my table?
It's evolution?
Three bodies all cleaned, plucked from
the breeders?
Breasts up, legs untied, stretched hole
there waiting?
Where I dug out guts: crushed lungs, heart
and stomach?
Ready to be judged.

My friend, let's discuss the Conventional:
Cheapest, sadly common public option.
The oven popping when it's overcooked,
Leg bones inflating, bubble thin skin--
Sagging, sickly tinged goose pimples in line
To guide our forks, knives. Built-in courtesies,
Thanks to barred nests and factory farmers.
Must be boob men. They pumped in breast
implants—Hormones gobbled up by the
starved masses.

My friend, let's discuss the Free Range;
Our grip on Mother Nature's neck lessened.
Allowed to roam free, birds sunburn
their skin under feather dust, blushing
their bosom.
Puffed with windswept air,
flightless wings lifted.
You can taste the wild, unfrozen will.
Hunger for the past, two-fold illusions.
Their controlled freedom, grown on a spike.

A compromise, false life before slaughter.

My friend, let's discuss the New Heritage:
Modern resurgence of old ideals.

God's luxury feast raised in old country,
Preserved Oakey Glens. You try to shave off
Blue feather stubble, thorns on rosy cheeks
That attract your stares. You don't like gamey,
Sky-launching muscles kicking the cosmos?
Triassic talons clawing the ceiling?
Shattering the thin barrier of time?

Fine, let's keep the free in range of sight!
Call them from the mist.
Walking as equals
To the killing barn,
A sack with a neck hole.
Calmly beheaded,
Our ideal lady,
The average man's bird.



Untitled, Erika Cone

Absent of Understanding

BY JONATHAN DOWDLE

Night pulls the sheet of darkness down over her face and the
 Stars twist in their affection. Deep pulses of light pressed
 Like burning mouths filled with ardor against
 That eternal sheet of skin. Here, with less to say
 Than at any other time, I search for the language of silence;
 Waiting to hear the wind toss its laughter
 Into the branches, leaving each wave ripple,
 Each leaf burst with motion, as though all
 Were a face held, this way, cupped within a hand.
 A moment of tenderness
 In some endless trail, or eternal war.

My mind spills its contents over the horizon, and
 I wonder, is even death so in love with life
 That it must claim it with a kiss?

Between all progression and yielding,
 Between all conquering and surrender,
 There is the motion of life, slowly shaping
 With trembling fingers, the life
 Which falls around us.

Still, absent of understanding, there is
 No use of a voice; and absent of the seeking,
 No purpose in what is found.

While with thoughts as chains, some hearts sing of
 What was, that same pattern; the ghost of the heart,
 Unconquered, and unyielding,
 Life alone speaks of what must be
 Overcome, what must give way,
 What is born outside repeating
 Our twisted collisions.
 Before the dawn, the song in my veins
 Will be tossed into the wind;
 Perhaps, in some great fortune,
 Life will blossom
 Around it.

Each Sorrow Feeds the Root

BY JONATHAN DOWDLE

I've learned to build an ocean of solitude,
 Calmed the deep waves roar,
 Like thunder echoing
 Throughout the night, or a lion's roar
 Deep in the heart. There are reasons
 For such rages, but the seeds
 I would sow, are whatever peace
 You might claim
 From the center.

I soften my footfalls, though
 I still walk heavy. There is a distance
 Between easy, and worthy,
 And long ago; I did not choose
 Easy.

What heart does not return us,
 Does not unfold us,
 Does not enfold us,
 Is not worthy of whatever
 Kindness or knowledge
 Rises above the nights of ache.
 The tears and pain and struggle
 As time ages us, or withers us,
 As we fight to remain.
 Because all the spaces within us
 Are ever shifting rooms,
 Changing: with memory, with harmony,
 With dreams, and terrors, and wonders;
 The soul of memory is always changing,
 Always collapsing, always growing,
 Merging, and coming apart.
 We are houses
 Where all the darkness
 Kisses all the light.
 Only the ever widening heart
 Can encompass
 All we are, step by step,
 Breath by breath.
 I've built an ocean of this solitude.
 Unless drop by drop flows,

Unless you know how to swim,
 Do not brave such waters.

Because each sorrow, each joy,
 Each friction of fight,
 Gives sparks of light
 Which leads the heart through.
 If the gravity does not pull you through,
 If each thought, or feeling, does not unfold,
 Pass on through.
 For we are here to remain the same,
 While being born anew.
 We wait for the undercurrent to flow through
 The memory; all that built us, and will build
 us—
 In our ocean
 Of solitude.



Concepts

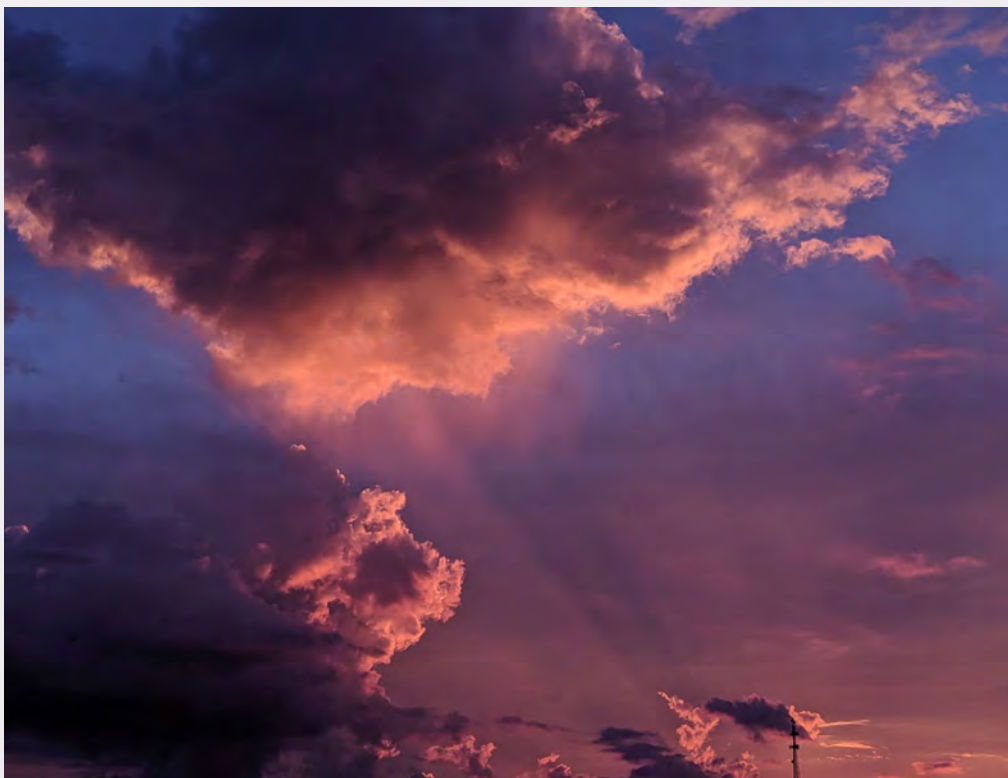
BY JONATHAN DOWDLE

Concepts are bridges which lead us nowhere;
When you say: "Which frame will you fit within?"
I ask you: "What would your eyes manufacture?"
For I've never lived beneath those borders;
There is no room to breathe in them.
Still, if you believe even the earth is solid ground,
You have turned your eyes from seeing
How seasons bleed.

A thousand words are wasted arrows;
Hitting targets they have created,
They remain tucked in the border of the skull,
Never venturing beyond.

"I cannot be as I am, unless you are," you tell me.
"Why?" Is all I can ask, "My name is not oxygen."
"But we are defined in how we define," you say;
"Why not be discovered in how we discover?"

"So you are one of those," you surmise.
"I suppose I am." I finally say, and
Properly caged within your eyes,
I make my way
Just beyond your vision.



Untitled, Erika Cone



A

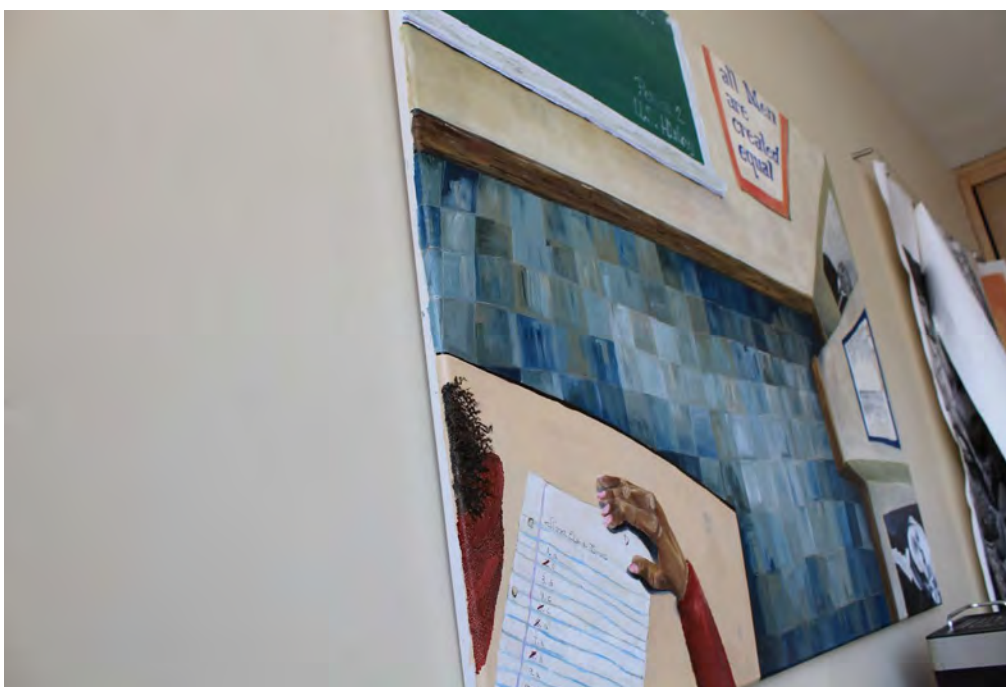


B

A,B — Transcendence, Sarah Shealer



C



D

Zelda and Lizzie

How Foucault's Power and Knowledge Informs the Imbalance of the Sexes

BY MIMI OTTAVI

Michel Foucault, a French philosopher who explores the dynamics and structure of power, offers a number of insights into the concept of feminism and the role it played in the lives of, what author Kate Zambreno labels, the “mad wives” of famous, Golden Age writers. In her text *Heroines*, Zambreno illustrates how the violent and smothering personal and social hierarchies of power, which oppressed women like Zelda Fitzgerald and Elizabeth Hardwick, lead to their eventual downfall. The unfortunate narratives of these iconic women act as chilling examples of Foucault's perspective, which deviates from the conventional juridical model, painting power as something that is constantly exercised and self-regulatory.

Traditionally, power has been viewed as something to be possessed, “like a commodity, and which one can in consequence transfer or alienate, either wholly or partially” (Foucault 1976). Foucault disagrees that power is a possession or something established through sovereignty alone. Rather, power is “neither given, nor exchanged, nor revered, but rather exercised” (1977). Through this perspective, the concept of power can be analyzed through the lens of punishment. For a long while, torture as punishment was considered the primary governing strategy. Beatings and physical discipline were public spectacles. However, this practice later shifted into something more psychological and private. Modern punishment became about promoting self-regulation, enforcing different codes into societies to encourage people to govern their behavior to the standard set by those in dominant seats of power. This kind of manipulation comes as a result of the

application of Foucault's view of power as a relationship between individuals rather than a transfer of force stemming from a domineering sovereign towards a vulnerable public (1980-1981). With this outlook, Foucault, then, can argue that the investigation of power should not stem from the question of “why certain people want to dominate,” but rather

“how things work at the level of on-going subjugation, at the level of those continuous and uninterrupted processes which subject our bodies, govern our gestures, dictate our behaviours, etc.” (1981).

In order to further unravel Foucault's own inspection of power dynamics, it is important that real-world examples, such as the experiences of authors Zelda Fitzgerald and Elizabeth Hardwick, be taken into account. Kate Zambreno, an abstract novelist, examines how the patriarchy as an overarching power structure influenced the lives of these two iconic women, from Fitzgerald's stays in mental institutions to Hardwick's willful ignorance. Zelda Fitzgerald, a starlet in her own right, was wife to the famous F. Scott Fitzgerald, author of the classic novel *The Great Gatsby*. However, in the couple's rise to fame, their relationship and the societal view of Zelda Fitzgerald became tumultuous, resulting in her having a series of nervous and rage-filled episodes.

Of course, living in the roaring 20's, any emotional behaviors performed by a woman that spilled outside of the widely accepted modes of docile and submissive were considered hysterical or insane. Zelda Fitzgerald, as perceived through the eye of Zambreno, was frustrated with her husband's constant looming figure. Day after day, he stole bits of her personality, incorporating pieces of her into his books, turning her into a character, a puppet, and then

ignoring the woman herself. In the words of Zambreno, “she [Fitzgerald] herself was written as a paper doll-- transparent, easily destroyed, one-dimensional. She is the doll: he dresses her” (143).

F. Scott Fitzgerald’s treatment of his wife is only one example of Foucault’s explanation of imbalanced power. Living in a patriarchal society, Fitzgerald was considered the “man of the house,” meaning he was able to, in a sense, rule over his wife. However, Zelda Fitzgerald entered willingly into her union with F.Scott Fitzgerald, making the transference of power between them a willing relationship, adhering to Foucault’s perspective of disciplinary bonds. Unfortunately though, in the words of conceptual artist Jenny Holzer, “abuse of power comes as no surprise.” After spiraling into a sort of manic state, instigated by her husband’s constant dismissal and emotional abuse, Zelda Fitzgerald was sent to an asylum, by her husband, to receive treatment for her prematurely diagnosed schizophrenia. There, she was restricted from writing and expressing herself creatively, as that was considered “unladylike” behavior. Though, even within that smothering, oppressive environment, she was able to remain defiant. Until, one day, she couldn’t.

Zambreno claims that as Zelda Fitzgerald’s treatment continued, she began to doubt herself and her fight towards autonomy. In Zambreno’s words, Fitzgerald “became a patient-patient,” eventually yielding to the insistence of her psychologist, nurse, and husband (174). This surrender is an illustration of Foucault’s idea of self-regulation within disciplinary environments. Physical punishment, having become obsolete, moved to something more visceral and all encompassing, colonizing the body and the mind and forcing them into a state of involuntary governance (Ashman).

Another example of this self-regulatory behavior, presented by Zambreno, can be found in the analysis of Elizabeth Hardwick’s

criticisms of Zelda Fitzgerald. For a majority of her life, Hardwick regarded feminism as “a sort of internalized disciplining punishment,” believing that women like Fitzgerald, who had been beaten down by the patriarchal attitudes of their husbands, were overly sensitive individuals, unable to carry the responsibility a woman must take for her spouse. The popular portrayal of Zelda Fitzgerald as a victim left Hardwick feeling irritated. However, the irony of Hardwick’s stance on feminism and Zelda Fitzgerald’s unfortunate story is revealed through her own marriage.

Elizabeth Hardwick was trapped in a union with Robert Lowell, an author who whirled between mania and mistresses, leaning on Hardwick like a well-worn crutch, and she was happy to support him. Zambreno references Hardwick as once saying “she would kill herself if it would save him from his mental breakdowns” (192). Statements such as these reveal the true nature of Hardwick’s own internalized misogyny, exploiting the fact that she, herself, is a prime example of self-regulation. Manipulated by the patriarchal values imposed upon her since birth, Hardwick turned a blind eye to her own abuse, excusing Lowell’s behavior despite the dehumanizing nature of their relationship.

This kind of behavior highlights another primary aspect of Foucault’s text, in how the “new mechanism of power is more dependent upon bodies and what they do than upon the Earth and its products. It is a mechanism of power which permits time and labour, rather than wealth and commodities, to be extracted from bodies” (984). Hardwick served a purpose for Lowell; she was the rock in his storm of mental health struggles and drunk escapades. By manipulating their power dynamic, Lowell was able to promote an attitude of low self-worth, morphing Hardwick into what Lowell needed her to be: a tool used for comfort and nothing else. As Foucault makes clear in his analysis, power is

productive. Exerting power over another can shift and mold behavior in both positive and negative ways.

As seen in the examples of Zelda Fitzgerald and Elizabeth Hardwick, the patriarchal values impressed upon women tend to lead to negative outcomes. Fitzgerald, a once caustic and independent figure, ended up burning to death in the asylum her husband placed her in, tied to her bed in an effort to ensure her "safety." Hardwick led a life trapped within an emotionally, and supposedly physically, abusive marriage, actively working against

feminism and promoting attitudes of internalized misogyny, unconsciously self-regulating her behavior as a result of the imbalanced power dynamic within her marriage. Foucault's concept of power, separate from the juridical model, is described as capillary: practiced at every moment, everywhere (Ashman). Through the analysis of women like Zelda Fitzgerald and Elizabeth Hardwick, it becomes easy to see how power and the practice of self-regulation can be manipulated to oppress individuals to the point of disastrous consequence.

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Experiences of Racism

BY JACKIE MOSS

Dubuque, Iowa, is not known for its diversity. Therefore, it is not surprising that Clarke University is also not very diverse. In 1952, the first women of color graduated from Clarke. Despite the decades that have passed, there has not been a significant increase in racial diversity at this institution. In 2018, there were only three pictured black women that graduated, and presently, I know very few people of color in my own graduating class.

According to activist and scholar Peggy McIntosh (1988, Daily Effects of White Privilege section) in "White Privilege: Unpacking the Invisible Knapsack," white privilege is "an invisible package of unearned assets that [one] can count on cashing in each day." One of these privileges may include not being singled out due to one's race or having one's voice heard when he or she is the only member of that race in a room (Daily Effects of White Privilege section). Despite McIntosh's (1988) focus on white privilege, there are still

privileges I get to enjoy. I am a black woman who grew up in a diverse county outside of an even more diverse city, I am receiving a college education, and I plan to go to graduate school. I may not have all the same privileges as a white person, but it is relevant to mention that there were a few statements by McIntosh (1988) with which I agreed (Daily Effects of White Privilege section). However, there are still instances when I am reminded that there are many privileges that I may never receive.

There have been occasions since attending Clarke University when I have spoken to community members who saw me in performances with the music department. While we are making conversation, they ask me where I am from, and I reply by saying, "Virginia." However, the response that I tend to get is that they assumed I was from Chicago, presumably due to my race and the high amount of black people living there. There was, in fact, one occasion when a man's response was, "I would have thought you were from Chicago because there are a lot of..."

people from there,” as if preventing himself from saying more. In Richmond, Virginia, my home town, when people ask where someone is from, they want to know which county they are from or if they live on the north or south side of the James River. A person’s race is less of a determining factor for a place of residency there. This is not to say that I have never had unpleasant conversations with people regarding my race in Richmond. However, due to a more significant number of minorities living there, white people are more accustomed to interacting with said minorities.

Regarding the exchanges I have had with students at Clarke, I have frequently been commended on my speech and the way I carry myself. However, these compliments are mostly due to my blackness as opposed to my humanness. Some of my friends have told me that when first seeing me, they were worried about how I might behave, but after hearing me talk, they were surprised and reassured. They told me that I spoke “like a white person” and that I was one of the “good ones.” Peggy McIntosh (1988) would recall the privilege of not becoming a representative for one’s entire race (Daily Effects of White Privilege section). People have said that they wished other black people were like me, and I am put on a pedestal like an example of an “ideal black person.” The freedom to be unconcerned with how one’s actions reflect on their racial group is typically a privilege given to white Americans. Because my friends are white and grew up in less diverse communities, I had concerns about whether I would come across as an “angry black woman” complaining about racism if I told them how I felt about their statements. While my friends’ intentions may be to compliment me on my vocabulary and clarity of speech, the way it is said makes it problematic. Their complements are made at the detriment of an entire race and are based on a stereotype of a black person.

Most of the students that attend Clarke University are from the Midwest, which

has a lower concentration of people of color. Coincidentally, many white people from this region may not have had many opportunities to learn about the experiences of other races. However, there are those who may have had more exposure to and understanding of other races and ethnicities. There is, then, a responsibility to share the knowledge gained from those diverse experiences. There is more import for members of the white community to partake in efforts for change due to their automatic status in society. This change does not have to be a large overthrow of society. Change could begin by staying informed on matters of race or speaking up and rejecting racist language. Making progress requires more than identifying a problem--it also requires working to fix it. What can become problematic is if, despite knowing that one should say something, they decide instead to keep silent. Silence perpetuates the idea that the problem is not problematic. A white person may be more hesitant to participate in discussions about race than a person of color would. However, the lack of participation from the white person further cements the idea that matters of race are irrelevant to their lives and that black and brown people are alone in their struggles.

The challenge and take away from these experiences are to not give in to the privilege of ignorance. McIntosh (1988) included in her list of privileges the freedom to live in oblivion to other races without repercussion (Daily Effects of White Privilege section). Sociologist W. E. B. DuBois (1898) warns against this oblivion in his piece “The Study of the Negro Problems,” saying, “there is but one coward on earth, and that is the coward that dare not know” (p. 23). McIntosh (1988) speaks of the coward who knows but does nothing with that knowledge (Earned Strength, Unearned Power section). While one’s reasons for not getting involved could stem from caution or fear, it does not justify their non-action. If someone has the power to impact someone else without harm to any parties, then that

person is responsible for following through on that action. Choosing to withhold from conversations about race because they may be challenging is counterproductive. Discussions about the abolition of slavery were difficult in the 1800's, just as discussions about

the Black Lives Matter movement are difficult now. If people today opt for refusal of more substantial conversations, progress will become a much slower process than what is already in place.

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A



B

Whale Songs

BY BOB CHIKOS

My grandmother was always on the lookout for things that would improve my and my brother's cultural appreciation. When we visited, she would take us to an art museum and correct us when we said abstract art looked like finger painting. Or she would prepare exotic foods like pickled artichokes which, everyone knows, young children prefer over cookies.

My grandparents collected *National Geographic* magazines. I don't believe they read them, but they had decades of issues in the basement. We were too young to see the full magazines because they had pictures of naked ladies, but my grandmother would mail us posters or maps from the magazines. When I was four, she sent us a record that was inserted in one of the issues.

I was amazed by its advanced technology. It was a floppy, square record. We were well on our way to the Jetsons' society! My mom read the caption. She said it contained the sounds of whales singing.

I was confused. A lot of things about the adult world didn't make sense to me, like teenage girls. They cared about makeup and giggled at nothing. I couldn't figure out why the cool, teenage boy next door to us liked to hang out with them all the time. I also couldn't figure out the Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass record cover, the one with the woman covered in whipped cream. I asked my mom about it, and she said, "You'll understand when you get older."

The *National Geographic* record must've been another confusing adult thing. Whales singing? I thought about the guys in the circus who got seals to honk horns. Technically, they did get the seals to honk horns, but the sounds were terrible!

I imagined a scuba diver going underwater and placing a gigantic boom microphone next to a whale. I wondered what it would

sing – “Row, Row, Row Your Boat?” Would it hum the Popeye theme? I wasn’t expecting the music to be very good.

It was a cold winter day – too cold for playing outside. The drapes were closed in our family room, and my brother placed the record on his Fisher-Price player. I liked how it spun. Instead of the standard circular record, the square made the corners go by at an impressive clip. The record had an etched image of a humpback whale. When the record spun, it looked like the whale was swimming in reverse.

A man began speaking, using language above my comprehension level. That was another thing with adults – they were always ruining things by talking all the time. Finally, the guy shut up, and we heard the whales sing.

I heard what sounded like high-pitched Chewbacca grunting at a slow speed. *Rrr-rrr-rrrrrr-rrrrr. Urrrrrrr. Ur.* This wasn't even a song. These were just noises. Years later, I heard similar noises interspersed in the opening music of *The Shining* when the characters[RP1] were driving up the mountain roads.

After a few minutes, we took the record out and replaced it with a disco album, Sesame Street Fever, and listened to it at a faster speed. We spent much of the day mimicking the whale sounds. Before dinner, my mom called grandma and forced us to tell her that we liked the record.

"I'm so glad to hear you enjoyed the recording. I have a surprise for you. When you come to visit next week, I'm taking you to the library for a demonstration of a weaving loom."





B

Previous
A — Riding The Lost Rails With
Hobos And Winos,
Brett Stout

B — Monochrome Skull,
Mackenzie Wieczorek

C — The End,
Jesser Hernandez



C

Patrick

BY BOB CHIKOS

My brother is two years older than me. My oldest cousin is two years younger than me. Guess who “got to play” with Patrick when we were kids?

When I was five, my Aunt Peggy and her family came over for Thanksgiving. Patrick was three and one way to occupy a three-year-old is to assign him a five-year-old mentor.

“Go play with Patrick,” Mom said.

“OK.”

In my room, I took out Silly Sandwich, a board game in which you collect items to put on a paper piece of bread, like a sardine or a jar of jelly. Patrick, not understanding the intricacies of high-level entertainment, wanted something a little more hands-on. I offered Cootie, in which the players put appendages on a plastic centipede. This was also not satisfactory.

Patrick left my room in tears, screaming to his mother about how his totalitarian cousin wouldn’t let him play anything fun. Mom entered my room and told me to let Patrick play with any of my toys.

“OK.” I opened my closet. Patrick pointed to a puzzle.

“OK.”

I got it down. He removed the lid and threw all the contents into the air. Hundreds of pieces spun, alternating between glossy and cardboard sides in the light. He beamed, transfixed at the hundreds of fragments cascading down.

He laughed. I looked at the mess and thought this might bring trouble. Then again, mom said to let Patrick play with any of my toys. I couldn’t be blamed for something I was told to do. Could I? He pointed to another puzzle. I tried to steer him to another toy. He began to well up. I got down the puzzle.

“Gee-hee-hee-hee!” as hundreds more flew.

We continued this several more times, including my brother’s 1,000-piece Star Wars puzzle. Never before have I seen such joy from a person, but I didn’t appreciate it at the time.

I heard my aunt’s footsteps walking down the hall toward my room.

“Patrick! We need to get ready to-”

She opened my door, as her eyes popped open, mouth agog.

Mom peeked in behind my aunt’s shoulder.

“Bobby, what are you doing in here?!”

“You said to let him play with any of my toys.”

“I didn’t mean to let him do *that*.”

My aunt, trying to do *something*, started to pick up pieces.

“Don’t worry about that Peg.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah. Just get the boys ready.”

My mom left to see them out as I sat on my bed, waiting for punishment. Dad appeared at the door, shook his head, burned a hole through me with his glare, then left. Through my window, I heard Mom talk to Aunt Peg in the driveway. She laughed. I knew adults’ games. They kept up polite appearances for each other, then brought the hammer down on the kids when no one was looking. Several minutes later, Mom returned. She said, “When Patrick got into his car seat he said, ‘Bobby and I had a great time playing with his puzzles.’”

My punishment? There was none. My mom, brother and I spent most of December on my floor, sorting out puzzle pieces into their correct containers and I learned to use a little better judgment.

But to this day, I won’t let Patrick touch my puzzles.

Cattle Farming

BY BECKY SISCO

I wore my melon-colored, spring coat to school throughout the winter of 1962-63. With a thin lining and no hood, it was not meant for harsh weather. That year the temperature stayed below freezing for 67 days. On five of those days, it never rose above zero. I shook to the bone. I can still feel the sleet and wind slashing at my face as it sometimes did during recess. There were days I didn't go outside to play.

Cattle prices were down, so my parents couldn't afford to buy me a new winter coat. There were no second-hand stores in our small farming community and I suppose neither of my sisters, nor my older girl cousin, had a jacket that could be passed along. I envied the girl who sat behind me in school. She had a warm, knee-length coat with a fur-trimmed cape that provided a second layer of wool around her shoulders. I didn't complain to my parents, though. I knew they would have bought me a coat if they could have.

In 1949, Mom and Dad faced a life-changing choice: They either had to update their barn with modern dairy equipment, such as automatic milking machines, or get out of the milking business altogether. Modernization was becoming the only way to survive in the dairy industry. I later wondered whether my parents regretted the decision they made in 1949, 13 years earlier. I'm pretty sure Mom did. But, Mom was pregnant with the fourth child so she didn't have time to help Dad with the milking. Demand for beef was high, so my parents took what seemed to be a logical step: they sold their dairy herd and started buying "feeder cattle," or castrated steers. These were steers that they would "finish"--fatten up—and sell when they were ready for market. My parents felt optimistic about their future; and even though Mom would miss the monthly "cream checks," they gladly said goodbye to the twice-daily grind of dairy farming.

When the steers were ready for slaughter, they were shipped to the Union Stockyards in Chicago. Dad hopped on the Land O' Corn train, when it stopped in town, and rode it about 200 miles to the cattle yards. He and other farmers stood around the animal holding pens while cattle bellowed and pigs snorted, waiting to see what price their livestock would bring. They had to take whatever they got from the powerful meat packing industry.

Meanwhile, Mom would wait anxiously at home for the farm report. If cattle prices went down and my parents lost money, she would have to buy groceries on credit. Sometimes she would post-date checks, asking merchants to hold them until after the next batch of livestock was sold. If things got really bad, she would put off making household purchases or buying clothes for our family. If prices were good, she could shop without worry.

For a while, Mom and Dad looked to Oren Lee Staley and the National Farmers Organization for relief. The NFO, founded in 1955, was a sort of labor union for farmers, and Staley was its first president. The idea was to organize "holding actions," whereby farmers would keep their livestock and milk off the market for as long as possible while the NFO negotiated for better prices. By many accounts, Staley was a rousing speaker, and my parents likely heard him at a rally. They brought home a tin NFO membership sign and nailed it to the side of the garage that faced the road.

Dad, ordinarily a reticent man, volunteered as a group organizer. "Farmers have got to work together," he would say. Throughout the off-season days of 1961 and 1962, he put on clean work clothes and boots and called on neighboring farmers. Over cups of coffee he tried to convince them that, until they joined forces, they would keep falling behind. If enough people signed on, they could have some control over their income, but few joined. Most belonged to

the American Farm Bureau Federation, a conservative group that wanted nothing to do with tactics borrowed from organized labor.

Some of my classmates teased me and another girl, Gail, whose father was an NFO organizer, but she and I were proud of our dads for taking action. Feeling alone against the rest of the world, Gail and I became friends.

Farmers continued to be at the mercy of market forces, and cattle farmers especially struggled. In 1963, the price of finished cattle dropped more than 15%.

Still, producers shied away from the NFO. After some Iowa members dumped milk by the side of the road, the organization nearly sputtered out. The public saw the act as wasteful and militant. Besides, farmers could only hold on to their commodities for so long before the milk, or animals, lost their market value.

My parents stuck it out in agriculture, but they had to re-mortgage the farm in order to keep afloat. The local bank gave them loans, and the feed and grocery stores gave them credit. Had it not been for the help and trust of these business owners, they would have lost the farm.

Dad's face began to sag, and Mom started to yell at us kids for minor infractions like leaving our school books laying on the kitchen table. We were growing up, and they wanted us to get an education. They could see the handwriting on the wall for small family farms like ours and wondered how they could help us afford college.

They knew they needed more than the good will of local merchants, so Dad started selling life insurance and Mom got a job at a toy factory. She was the first woman in the community to work off the farm and that hurt Dad's pride. He had tears in his eyes when he told my older sister about Mom's job. None of us had ever seen him cry before. Later, Dad became a forklift operator at John Deere where the work was steady and the wages were good. My parents sold 20 of their 120 acres so they could pay off their mortgage. With their debt cleared and more money at their disposal, they went on a cruise and flew to Hawaii.

Staley eventually became a commercial real estate broker. In 1984, he ran for the Democratic nomination for the U.S. Senate from Missouri, but he lost. He died a few years later at age 65.

I got a college degree and steered clear of farming. My husband Dick and I chose careers with a stable income. Dick started out as a teacher, and I found employment as an advertising copywriter.

In 1978, at age 64 and while still working at Deere, Dad had a heart attack. He died the following year from complications from a damaged heart. He and Mom never got to take the trip to Europe they planned for their fortieth wedding anniversary. I wore a quality wool suit and a new winter coat to Dad's funeral.



Hope, Cynthia Yachtman

Generation to Generation

BY MAGGIE CHWIERALSKI

During the Great Depression, the United States experienced one of its lowest points in history. The Great Depression began in 1929, affecting every American physically and financially. Although these were some of the toughest years for citizens to live in, people managed to survive. My parents, along with my grandparents, survived in Poland, living a life that was somewhat similar, yet different, from the American perspective.

Both of my parents are first generation immigrants from the land of Poland. Despite being from the same country, my parents came from different worlds until they both met here in America, settling in Chicago. My mother was born in 1959 and came to America in 1981. My mother's mother and father were raised in very poor conditions, trying to make the best of life after the war. My grandma was only nine-years-old when World War II began and grew up witnessing warfare. She learned how to hide while taking care of her own elderly mother. Sadly, my great-grandpa was taken in by the Germans. This left my great-grandma alone to raise five children. He was not freed until England and General Anderson invaded Germany. After the war, my great-grandfather remained a captive as a worker on a German farm, never getting the chance to go home. My grandma and her siblings learned to farm the land that they still owned in order to produce as much food as they could. My great-grandma could not work because she had to find ways to help raise her five children at home.

After the war, my grandma was about 14-years-old when she started attending school. She "majored" in some sort of crafting. Once factories began to open, she got her first job where they produced parts for airplanes. After finding her job, she fell in love with my grandpa. My grandma and grandpa did not have the means to live independently

as a couple for a while. They lived together at her parents' house for a few years while he worked as a train conductor. The more they worked, the more money they made, which allowed them to eventually purchase their first home together.

My grandparents were taught to help one another and value the money that they made because they worked hard for every bit of it. This characteristic was passed down to my mother, who lives by saying, "The only thing that is free, is the air." My grandparents learned how to save necessities like food and money. It was not possible for everyone to purchase things like a T.V. with cash back then, so my grandparents began to use credit when buying expensive things. They did not get any savings from their parents because they did not have any themselves. My mom learned that she must value everything, especially the money that she works hard for. Whatever she makes, she cherishes. This translated to her thinking twice before making a decision about anything. She learned not to waste, never to throw food away and how to share whatever is shareable. The greatest lesson passed down from her mother is how to keep things clean, such as a home. My mother understands that such a task may take a while, but slowly she gets things done properly.

My grandma and grandpa had no idea what was occurring in America during the Great Depression era because they lived under the communist government. News and information were blocked so that people would not be privy to how other countries were living the "better" life. They probably knew a little bit about America, but nothing about the federal financial situation. With the communist government, no one could travel outside of the country. The Great Depression was not mentioned on the television channels, nor could the broadcasters even mention that sort of information. My mom knew more than

her parents, but still did not know much. She heard about it in passing, but had no possibility to learn or read about it. Everything was controlled, even the telephone conversations and mail were monitored. When she came to America, her first phone calls back to Poland were still supervised by the Poland communist government.

Similarly, my father was born in 1960 and came to America in 1981, also settling in Chicago. My father's mother and father were raised during a very difficult time, born before World War II. When the war started, they were just young kids about eight years old. In regard to his own experience growing up with parents who had lived through World War II, my father said, "When war starts, there are a lot of problems. People die, and after that war, they are left with nothing. They have to start all over. Start from scratch." He remembers always hearing from his grandpa and grandma that they had to fight every day to survive. They had to work hard to put food on the table and to make it day-after-day. Although it was a difficult time, his grandma and grandpa believed that the most successful way to make a living was to get an education. Both of his parents went to school and savored their education. My grandpa was an engineer and held down a good job, while my grandma did not finish school after becoming pregnant with my father.

After the war, the rich could afford phones while the middle class read the newspapers. Information was separated by class. During the war, there was no information given at all to the public. My dad gained a real political perspective from his parents at home. He was not allowed to rent any books about America because it was illegal, but he would go to the library and read as much as he could. Another source he gleaned information from was the B.B.C. Radio. His friends and him would sneak around at night to listen to it so that they would not get in trouble. When my dad went to college, he got to learn more about the world around him. His elemen-

tary teachers had told him only what they wanted to or were told to tell him; in college, there were a variety of people in his classes who were very interested to learn about the rest of the world. Back then, and still today, America was thought of as the best country in the world. Everyone in Europe wanted to know what happened in America and wanted to be like the people across the seas. He did not learn much about the Great Depression from school, but he taught himself about the era from the illegal books that he read and the radio stations he listened to.

Later on, as my dad was studying to become an economist, he learned about the stock market. He understood that what went down must come up, and vice versa. He knew that after a bad period, better years had to follow. He was not scared, but rather curious to see the rest of the world. He understood that the fall of the American stock market would happen in Europe eventually. Because America is thought of so highly overseas, whatever happens in America seems to create a domino effect. My dad introduced me to the mantra, "If America has the flu, then Europe will have a fever," meaning that whatever happens in America will eventually transfer into Europe. Historically, my father's mantra had come to life. After the Great Depression happened in America, there was a great recession between World War I and World War II in Europe.

My grandparents learned to always count on each other, to support each other and to trust each other. They knew that if they worked together, they could accomplish a lot more than they could by being alone. My father learned that every parent wants the best for their kids. He now understands that this continues from generation to generation. What his grandparents wanted for his parents is exactly what his parents wanted for him. Obviously, in my generation, it is a lot easier to communicate because we have cell phones and we do not have to talk through a war that is happening right in front of us. We do

not have to worry about getting food on the table or worry about getting shot outside our home every day. Overall, my father believes that everything he learned 30 to 50 years ago is still valued by my generation, we just approach things differently.

My family has a lot of amazing history that I am proud to be a part of. I have learned a lot from both of my parents. More specifically, I have learned how to clean, and be clean, from my mother as she learned from hers, as well as how to spend my money wisely, while I learned the more technical values of life from my father. They both have instilled an equal amount of lessons within me that I follow in my life today. Whenever they tell me stories about their past, I realize what a different world I live in compared to theirs. Not only do I live in America and not in Poland, my generation has the newest technology and stereotypes. My generation shows a great difference from my older sister's generation as well. Pre-teenagers are drinking more, smoking their lungs out before getting their driver's license and using weapons like toys. Children as young as five years old are holding bigger cell phones than their hands could even grasp. Couples are getting married a lot later in their lives and most do not even succeed. As different as the generation that I am growing up in is, I will continue to cherish the lessons that were passed down to me from the previous generations in my family. Eventually, I want my own children to learn these lessons and traditions from me, so they can continue them as well.

As our family tree grows larger, with the continuation of my future family along with my sister's family, we will continue to hold on to the family values. My father believes that there is an instinct to survive in humans which will continue to thrive and be used by future generations when times get tough. He believes that people are prepared, and those lessons from the past are going to save them. As my family originates from across the sea, I have learned how to take in their stories

and lessons over the years. I like to store them in the back of my head so that one day I can tell my own children how brave my grandma was surviving through the World War. This is the biggest value about learning from one's past and that is how generations survive like my father mentioned before, through togetherness.



Monochromatic Still Life Painting, Sarah Shealer

Windfall

BY ELIZABETH PAPA ZIAN

Melia Dolman missed a deadline at the design firm where she worked. She had an awful fight with her husband, too. What a week. Visiting her daughter, Annie, at school would make her feel better. She resolved to leave for Boston early Saturday morning.

Late Friday night, she grabbed her wallet and keys, donned her favorite neon-colored jacket and headed into the wet night. The streets glistened. Traffic on Sixth Avenue was light. The small vestibule of ATMs at her bank was lit up like an airport.

Once inside, she tapped her bank code onto the worn numerical keypad. She waited. An old heating vent whirred. Suddenly, a stack of bills shot from the ATM in rapid succession. Cash flew into the air around her.

What the hell? This must be some sort of joke.

She looked around. She didn't see a soul. Tiny beads of sweat dripped down her neck. She looked up at the security camera and across its screen was a giant spider crack.

What are the odds? She scooped up the bills, stuffed the thick stacks into her bag and read her receipt: "Two hundred dollars withdrawn."

She looked closely. There was no transaction time on the receipt.

Rain pounded outside, sending streams of water down the vestibule's windows. A blue lightning streak sliced through the sky. She ran back to her apartment.

Dripping wet and standing at her kitchen table, she counted out five hundred crisp hundred-dollar bills. She recounted twice. Disbelief and excitement overcame her. Feeling faint, she sat down. She dreamed of travelling to Europe.

Maybe I should return it to the bank, but this is a drop in the bucket to big banks like Chase. They're worth billions.

The next morning, Mara Jones, a confident bright teller noticed a large discrepancy in the ATM cash. She scratched her head with long purple fingernails. A steaming cup of black coffee sat, untouched, on her desk. As a single mother for two years, a pang of jealousy moved through her. *Imagine being at the other end of this mistake.* She cursed herself for not calling a repairman about the broken security camera sooner.

Counting slowly and methodically, she checked receipts against cash in the machine's back drawer three more times. She cross-checked account numbers with account holders' names. Everything matched, except for fifty thousand dollars. Even worse, the machine's thousand-dollar withdrawal maximum made the discrepancy almost impossible to trace. Mara remembered the private investigation class she'd recently finished at adult education school. *I'll figure this out.* She splashed cold water on her face in the bathroom and went straight to her boss.

"John, I've got a tremendous loss in the last ATM. Fifty-thousand, to be exact. I'm not sure how to handle this. Is there a form to fill out? Do I call fraud control?"

"What? Are you positive?"

"Definitely. You know my numbers are always spot-on." Her ten years in banking reinforced her confidence.

"Alright, go put an 'out of order' sign on the machine. Shut it off," John said. "Call the repair company. Let's meet in an hour."

Mara liked her boss and knew he'd write off the money. Nearing retirement, he was just putting in his forty hours. Meanwhile, she thought of ways to trace the missing cash.

First thing Saturday, before she even left the city, Melia called her daughter to explain her good fortune.

"How amazing! What are you going to do, Mom?"

"Wait it out for a few weeks and see if anything happens with my account or the bank," she said.

"And then?"

"I'll book a flight to visit Aunt Maura in Scotland."

"Do it! You totally deserve it."

"Thanks, but first I'll get a check in the mail to cover next year's tuition."

"Are you kidding? Oh God, yes! Thank you, Mom!"

Back at the bank, Mara reviewed the security camera images, scrutinizing them for even a tiny clue. Though damaged, the camera displayed grainy, disjointed images. On the twelfth replay, she noticed neon yellow and blue colors flash on the screen. She magnified the image a hundred times. A figure wearing a neon jacket with large, bronze buttons bent down several times. *Bingo!*

Several days later, Melia took a personal day to book a flight to Scotland.

This is one three-week vacation I'll spend in style, she thought, contentedly.

She shared an elevator ride to the lobby with a tenant she occasionally saw.

"How's it going?" Melia asked.

"Good, but I'm running late for work. I hate feeling stressed out."

"Where do you work?"

"I'm a bank teller at Chase on Sixth and Fifty-Seventh.

Not my favorite career choice but it pays the bills."

Melia's heart skipped a beat.

"I hear you. I took off today. I have a few boring errands to run.

Then I thought I'd check out that new deli on Lex."

"You picked a nice day."

"I love this time of year. Great scarf and boot weather."

Melia loved her new neon retro jacket, a recent find at a nearby consignment shop.

The unusual colors and square buttons stood out.

"That's a great jacket. Very unusual."

"Thanks."

"Enjoy your day off. I'm Mara, by the way."

"Melia. Nice to formally meet you."

As she walked the quiet street, Melia fell deep in thought. The woman from her building worked at her Chase branch. What a strange coincidence. Nothing to worry about, though. The camera and ATM were broken. *Just to play it safe, I'll pay cash for the airline ticket.* Mara couldn't get the jacket out of her mind.

What are the odds of the mystery thief living in my building?

At the bank she checked her local customers, looking for the name “Melia” with her address. She found “Melia Dolman” immediately. A simple receipt check proved Melia Dolman made a two-hundred dollar withdrawal on the night in question.

Mara couldn’t contain herself. *In just a few days, I’ve found the customer who walked away with fifty-thousand dollars!*

The only way to prove her identity was to catch Melia wearing the jacket again. She walked to the breakroom, poured herself a cup of black coffee, and thought deeply.

The next night Melia’s doorbell rang in the early evening.

“I hope I’m not bothering you,” Mara said, “but I really need to talk to you.”

“Sure. Mara, right? Is everything okay?”

“Well, it’s about that jacket of yours—”

Mara ended by offering Melia a deal. “Why don’t we split the cash? I could use some to pay down my mortgage, help with daycare and take a well-needed vacation.”

By the end of her visit, the two women decided to eliminate the only evidence related to the missing cash. They tossed the jacket into Melia’s fireplace, sat back on her sofa, sipped on wine, and watched it slowly burn.

A few months later, when Melia returned from Scotland, she and Mara planned a dinner date. Like many good friends, they share a great secret.

The Administrator

BY MARCUS LOPEZ

Maybe I’m just getting older, but things are starting to feel repetitive around here. It’s nothing but a boring version of “Groundhog Day” and I’m Bill Murray. The only difference being I can’t take advantage of my groundhog day to try and jump off buildings, win the lottery, or find my true love. No-- the world around me continues to move forward while time in this building seems to be standing still. Show up at the same time every day to do the same things, all day, every day. Sitting and signing papers, mostly suspension forms, so much so that the dates I write next to my signature are the only way I can tell the weekdays apart anymore.

“Brian, there’s a young woman named Ryan Davies that was told to come and speak with you, so I am sending her in.”

Two immediate thoughts run through my mind as the intercom clicks off. The first (which is the same every time I hear her name) being, why the hell would anyone name their daughter “Ryan”? The second being, why am I talking to students suddenly? Then I see Ryan Davies walk into my office. A young woman I can only appropriately describe as overly developed squeezed into tight clothing designed to show off said “developments”. Ms. Davies’ tanned face, caked on makeup and bleached blonde hair fit a very stereotypical high school “mean girl” aesthetic. Just as she begins to sit down, I get up and tell her, “**just one second.**” From the little I know about Ms. Davies, I’m guessing that she’s getting an in-school suspension or detention because of her clothing and that John (the tenured moron that usually handles the bullshit lecture given to students before they’re suspended) is busy eating lunch.

I march over to the office secretary to figure out why Ms. Davies is sitting in my office and not outside waiting for John to get back from wherever he shuffled off to.

“Sarah!” I whisper-yell, my tone expressing my frustration with what she did before I can even explain myself. “Why didn’t you just have her wait outside until John got back?”

In her monotone, nasally voice, Sarah tells me “Because she wanted to talk to you.” I don’t respond. All I can do is roll my eyes as I make my way back to my office. I’m preparing myself to hear a young, provocatively dressed girl whine to me about why she should be allowed to dress however she wants before explaining to her the student code of conduct. I was asking for a change in my daily routine, but I didn’t want to be hassled with John’s responsibilities.

Walking back into my office, I can see Ms. Davies still sitting where she was when I left. But then, for the first time in a long time, I see something in my office that catches me off guard. I can see Ms. Davies grabbing tissues from my desk and bringing them up to her eyes. Then, I realize that I can hear sniffing. I can’t believe it, the prototypical “mean girl” is sitting in my office crying. I slowly walk back into the office and, before I say anything, I notice the mascara around her eyes that was so perfectly applied, now a smoky mess.

I’ve never seen a student act this way before they got suspended, especially for something as minor as a repeated dress code violation. I especially wouldn’t expect Ms. Davies to react this way. I thought of all the young women in the school, Ms. Davies would care the least. To my knowledge, she’s never been in any serious trouble, so she’s probably just doing what teenagers do and overreacting.

“Ms. Davies it’s okay, it’s only a one-day suspension-- that’s more of a formality than anything else,” I say in my most nurturing, mentor-like voice. Then, suddenly, the controlled sniffing and occasional tear devolved

into complete bawling. Ms. Davies dropped her head into her hands and with her bawling came my complete loss for words. After an awkwardly long amount of time I manage to eke out, “Ms. Davies I can’t help you if I don’t know what’s wrong.”

That’s when she tells me. “I’m getting suspended because Jacob DiFario is an asshole.”

I again find myself at a loss for words. Jacob DiFario? He’s that short kid all the art teachers are constantly praising. That’s the kid that Ryan Davies is calling an asshole? He’s the reason that this young woman is crying in my office? I almost don’t believe her. Jacob DiFario seems much too passive. Maybe he just upset her and she’s overreacting.

“What did he do, Ryan? Why are you crying?” I say in that same calm, caring teacher voice I’d developed back when I was still in the classroom.

Then, Ms. Davies composes herself, dabs the tears off of her cheeks with a tissue before she quietly tells me, “He sent naked pictures of me to a bunch of people.”

And just like that, my heart drops to the bottom of my stomach. “What!?” I say, shocked, appalled, and all around confused about why I wasn’t informed of this situation.

“Jacob DiFario sent private, intimate, photos of my body to all his friends. I guess they showed people too. And when the school found out they told me I was getting suspended for indecent exposure,” Ms. Davies says almost under breath, eyes trained down as if she were ashamed. Or maybe she just didn’t want to see another judgmental look on someone’s face.

“Ms. Davies, look at me,” I say nervously.

“Ryan, I’m here to listen. Please, tell me how this happened?” Then, to my surprise, she picks her head up and looks at me. I can see the eyes of a young woman struggling to hold back more tears.

“He was different, Mr. Har...” I stopped her with a hand gesture before she could finish my last name. I know I’m going to regret the words before they even come out of my mouth.

“Listen, Ryan. You can call me Brian. Right now, I’m not a teacher. I’m just someone who wants to help you. So please, just call me Brian.” Maybe I’m creating too much familiarity, but it’s too late now.

“OK, Brian.”, she responds with a nervous tremble in her voice. “I liked him, obviously, and that asshole decided to embarrass me.”

“Why would Jacob do that?” I responded with genuine confusion.

“I don’t know. Because he’s just awful,” she responds with clear, burning anger, each syllable passionately overemphasized.

“Did he take advantage of you, Ryan?”

“What do you mean?”

“Did Jacob lie to you? Trick you into sending him those pictures or did he black mail you somehow?”

“No.” The answer she gave was quick and franc. It was probably a dumb question for me to ask. This girl has probably had guys try every trick in the book to get her to do something like that. Ryan seems too smart to fall for any high school guy’s “game”.

I don’t want her to shut down on me, but I need to know why she did it. I just need to ask her. “What made you trust him, Ryan?”

She shakes her head and grabs another tissue from my desk as the question reinvigorated the tears. After dabbing those away and sniffing, she tells me, “Jacob was different. He was so nice, kind and just... so much deeper than any other guy I’d ever even spoken to before. I didn’t even think he wanted me at first. I just thought he was some fucking art nerd that liked drawing. That’s the only reason I sat next to him in that damn art class. I only talked to him because I thought he could help me pass.” She sniffles as she grabs an-

other tissue from my desk in another attempt to hold her tears at bay. “It was just the way he talked about his work. His passion for it. I’d never seen someone care so much for anything as much as he cared about his art.”

She finishes speaking as she shakes her head, while the tears she’d been trying so hard to hold back breaking through and I know I just can’t sit here and let her cry.

“Ryan, it’s okay. I understand he was your boyfriend. It’s something people your age do, but it’s not your fault.” She lets out a snicker through all the sniffing.

“We were never even dating. I sent him the pictures because he said he wished he could draw me. He said he wanted to encapsulate the ‘purest version of my beauty’.” And like an idiot, I fell for it. Jacob was just another guy who only saw me as a thing to play with.” Then, Ryan completely breaks down, all of her feelings culminating in Ryan crying into her hands, attempting to hide what I can only assume is an underserved sense of shame.

“It’s not your fault, Ryan.”

“Yes, it is.”, she replies as I struggle to make out her words through her bawling.

“No, it’s not. You are nothing but the victim of someone trying to stroke their own ego.”

I notice Ryan lift her head from her hands and look me in the eye. The sobbing subsides slightly, and I know this is the perfect opportunity to calm her down.

“Ryan, I know you think I’m just another old man talking down to you, but I’m not. I was a high school senior ten years ago. I get it, I do. Jacob was different, he was interesting, and he earned your trust. Which is truly what makes what he did disgusting. Jacob showed those pictures to his friends because he doesn’t want to understand, or just doesn’t care about how doing something like that would hurt you. Jacob used the very real feelings you had for him to try and make himself look cool to his friends and now you’re suffering for it, which is just awful.” After

I step down from my soapbox, I notice that Ryan has stopped sobbing, and I feel a wave of positivity wash over me.

I'm not sure what, exactly, I said to make her stop crying, or if it was everything, but I don't care. I'm just glad I could help Ryan Davies feel better.

"Thank you, Brian", Ryan says. Then, I notice a text from my secretary. John said to send Ms. Davies back to class. That's exactly what I repeat to Ryan. Just as I get up to open the door, Ryan Davies gives me the tightest hug I'd ever received. Ms. Davies looks up at me and gives me the sweetest smile before making her way out of my office. Watching her walk away, understanding that she's not completely okay but knowing that I helped her feel a bit better, I just can't keep myself from smiling.

A few hours after Ryan Davies had left my office, and about twenty minutes before my secretary usually leaves, I walk out to ask her a question.

"Hey, Sarah. Do you know if John ever talked to a student named Jacob DiFario about suspension?"

"He did", she replies, nasally and emotionless.

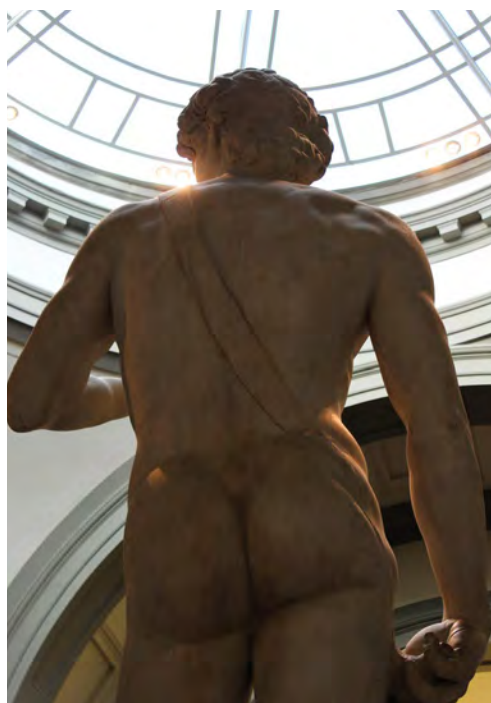
"Do you know how long he's getting suspended for?"

"Uhm, five days."

Then I think to myself and ask, "Can you tell me how long Ryan Davies is supposed to be suspended for?"

"Yeah...Ms. Davies is being suspended for seven days", Sarah tells me, emotionlessly, and just like that, I'm done. There's nothing I can do. John isn't going to listen to me. That out of touch old man treats me like a child even though I'm a 28 years old man. Sarah is the only person John even pretends to listen to and that woman doesn't care about anything. So, I'm going to do the only thing I can do. I'm going to go home, have a few shots of whiskey,

scroll through social media and pass out on my couch. Because that's the only way I can stand to walk back into my office and stare at those blank white walls for eight hours a day without pulling my hair out. It's the only way I can stand to look myself in the mirror after days like these, which happen more often than I ever would have expected. But at least I have a job. And hey, I got a follow request on Instagram. Who the hell is Daviesdaiys24?



la posteriore di David, Mimi Ottavi



Teatro alla Scala, Mimi Ottavi



Lee
SANFORIZED DENIM - SHRUNK LINING

LOT 101LJ	UNIONMADE
SZ 44REG	★★★★★

Storm Rider, Mariah Pellino

Monster

BY REILLY GILLETE

The monster had been ravaging the villages for weeks. The messenger sent to call for the army never returned, and the villagers had little hope for his return. The thing had already massacred the sheep and cattle. Dozens of people had been brutally killed in the fields or had gone missing while going to fetch water from the well. Over half the settlement had already left, and the select few who remained rarely left their cottages.

The semi-bipedal, fifteen-foot wolf-like creature seemed to never sleep, stalking the edge of the snowy village, just past the dark treeline, day and night. One villager had managed to lodge a spear into its leg before it grabbed him with its already bloody hands and shredded him to bits with its eight-inch claws and twisted, gnarled fangs, protruding from its mouth in every direction. A villager who came face to face with the monster and lived to tell the tale recounted how it had a sort of intelligence in its rage-filled eyes. After he mentioned how the monster had picked its long arms off the ground and stood up on its hind legs, his eyes glazed over, and he fell into a state of post-traumatic shock. It had been five days, and he still muttered to himself in his bed, eyes agape.

Marth turned away from her uncle with his blank stare, as she heard her older sister coming down the hallway, remembering her words: *"Don't stare at Uncle. Seeing him like that is not good for little girls."*

Little girl. She could handle it! It seemed to be Older Sister who could not stand seeing Uncle like that. She would sit in her room at night and cry. Marth could hear her through the walls while she tried to ignore the sound of the beast slaughtering the cows.

Marth made her way down to the small kitchen and sat at the table, staring at the empty

top and the pattern of the rough wood.

Everyone in the village was told by the chief to stay indoors unless absolutely necessary; the monster was indiscriminatory in its targets. Chief Harold was killed a week ago. It would eat everything. It could never satisfy its hunger.

The first time that Marth laid eyes on the monster was through a foggy window pane. The monster seemed really skinny, maybe lean. No. It was skinny. Blood matted the white fur around its mouth. It had just eaten two villagers, the look of rage fresh in its eyes. It was always starving.

Marth scratched the rough table with her finger. Little girl.

It seemed every time the monster came into the village, it already knew what it was going for. It went straight for the sheep or a specific hut. It sometimes even ran straight past easy targets to get to something else.

There was a pattern to it. Marth tried to tell the adults that there was some rhyme or reason to the attacks. They did not listen to her, telling her to stay inside and to not look at the monster. It might give her nightmares.

Little girl.

Nightmares? She was living one already. But this nightmare...was different. Specific hut. Sheep. What was the pattern?

The first time the beast was spotted, it had come just past the treeline, sixty feet from the village, a wolf pack surrounding it, barking and howling as if possessed. Everyone was screaming and scrambling for their houses. The wolves attacked before half the villagers could return to their huts. The monster, the pack leader, stood on all fours, and watched. Once the wolves had done their damage, they ran, barking and howling into the woods. The monster turned slowly and followed its pack back into the timbers.

Little girl. Powerless. Observative.

Marth turned and looked down the hallway. She heard Older Sister in Uncle's room, changing his bed sheets. She turned her head toward the old spruce door that led outside. The sound of the furnace sparked across the room, keeping the cold at bay.

Little girl.

Marth pushed herself off her chair and walked over to the door slowly, grabbing the cold, metal door ring. She opened the door and was met with a blistering cold gust of wind. She stepped outside into the snow, closing the door behind her.

It was bright outside. No one was around. She brushed a few snowflakes off her eyebrows, and then started walking toward the woods.

"It's a pattern," she whispered to herself.

"There's a reason to it all."

She hugged herself because of the cold and continued walking, looking around the village as she went. The snow had covered all tracks and blood from yesterday's attack. Seven had died.

Little girl.

She stopped herself thirty feet from the hundred-foot pines, their broad branches and nettles blocking any light falling from the sky. She closed her eyes for a moment, breathing calmly.

"You're after something. You need something."

She opened her eyes.

It was standing twenty feet in front of her.

It had come, silent as the nightfall. Its lips curled, a growl on the precipice of its vocal cords. Its eyes were mean, and old blood had frozen to its matted fur. It didn't move.

Marth looked up at the monster and, without fear, took a step forward. She saw its left paw lift slightly off the ground. She didn't waver as she took another step. A small growl rumbled in its throat, and its face scrunched

up a bit more.

"You want something the wolves can't give you, don't you?"

The beast stared straight into her eyes as she moved within seven paces of it. Six. She heard her sister screeching her name from their house. She ignored it.

Little girl.

Five paces. Four.

Drool fell from the creature's jaws onto the snow, melting patches in it.

Two paces. One.

She came to a stop and looked directly at the wolf-headed creature. It looked straight down at her.

"I can give you what you want." Marth reached her hand out carefully, slowly...

Her sister's screams continued. Marth could hear her choking up, sobbing.

Marth smiled. **"I'll tell her it's okay."**

She placed her palm on the creature's arm. It didn't move. It seemed to stop breathing. She reached out with her other arm and slowly petted it. A smile spread across Marth's face.

"You're okay! You're a good boy." She leaned forward and embraced the creature's arm.

"I don't know why, but you were looking for this, weren't you?" she said as she nuzzled the creature's smelly arm.

The growling stopped. She looked up at its face, and it was almost unrecognizable. The anger that has been in its eyes had melted away; the fury in its lips had quelled. Its ears had fallen slightly, and it began to pant slowly. Marth giggled as she hugged it harder before letting go.

"There you go!"

The creature leaned down and rubbed its blood-crusted muzzle gently on Marth before standing back up and looking down on her kindly.

Suddenly, at least a dozen wolves jumped out of the forest and sprinted towards the village. The creature tensed up and barked so loudly that Marth was almost deafened.

All the wolves skidded to a halt and turned to stare at the pack leader. It looked one final time at Marth before turning back toward the forest and walking slowly into the darkness. All the wolves streamed past the little girl as they followed, disappearing into the timber.



A



B



C

A —Chaos Breeds The Modern Domestic Abyss,
Brett Stout

B — Confessions From A Terminus City Gulag,
Brett Stout

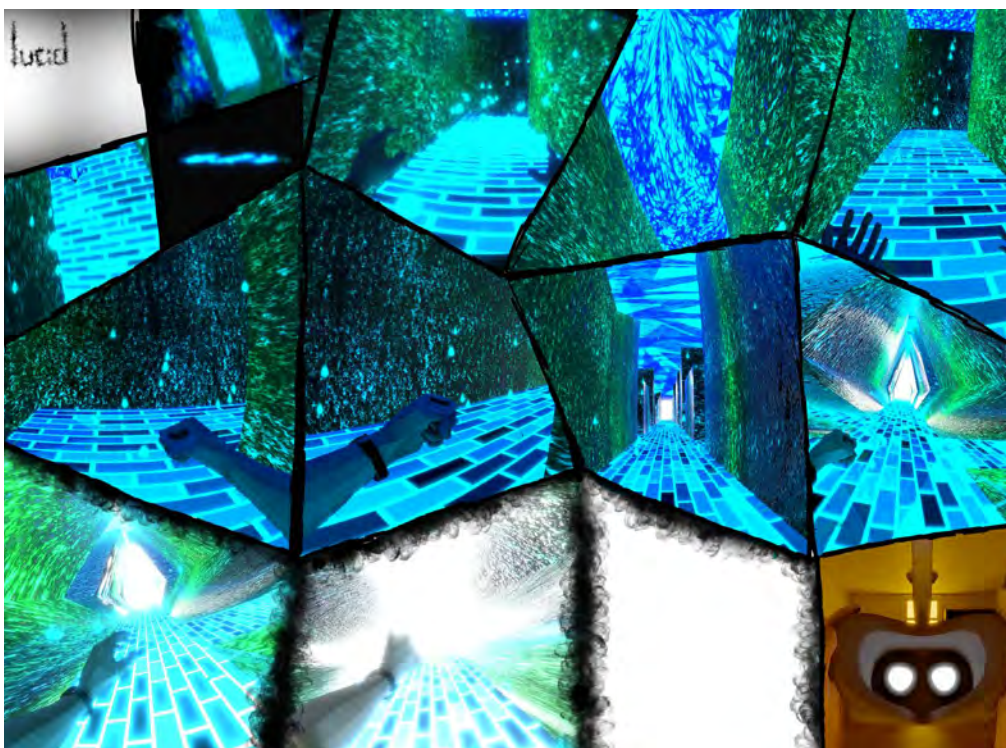
C — Corroding Coversations With Terminus City Infrastructure,
Brett Stout



Maggie Christianson, Noodle Heads



Entropy 2, Cynthia Yachtman



Lucid, Parker Lippstock



Entropy 2, Cynthia Yachtman

Backstay

BY ITALEE CASTELLON

“I was wondering when you’d come back.” Being the captain of a ship meant meeting some interesting passengers every now and then, but Captain Staller didn’t mind a bit of excitement. This time around, he managed to befriend two children. A boy, the youngest son of the ship’s wealthiest passenger; and the other, a girl who earned her ticket through hard work in her community. An interesting pair to say the least, but he was thankful to have company in his den once again.

Marinette grinned, “Sorry for the wait.” She hugged the man and walked inside, Damian trailed behind her. She scanned the shelves as she walked further into the room,

“Did you get more?”

The captain walked over to the bar with Damian. Damian proceeded to pour him a drink. Despite being only fifteen, Damian learned to concoct Staller’s favorite drink and would make it for the captain whenever both were in the den. It was a display of gratitude for allowing him access to an otherwise inaccessible part of the ship, and the captain never complained. Staller took a sip and nodded, “You’re getting better at this.” Damian shrugged and the captain turned back to Marinette, “Get more of what?”

“Ships.” She carefully picked up an old ship in a bottle and rubbed some dust off of it, “Or maybe I just didn’t notice these before.”

Captain Staller put down his drink and walked over to Marinette, “That one is my favorite and the oldest in my collection. It was given to me by my niece, years ago.”

Marinette tensed, “Should I put this back?”

“No! No.” He leaned over her shoulder and pointed at the ship’s side, “S.S. A. Staller. Anne was always cheeky like that.” Marinette smiled at the small detail, completely unaware of the boy watching from the bar. “She gave this to me when she was thirteen. She told me she spent weeks on it, and refused to let anyone forget that.”

“She sounded fun.”, Marinette replied.

“She was.” He took the bottle from her hand, putting it back in its place on the shelf and grabbing another one. “This is the last one she made for me.”

Marinette took the bottle from Captain Staller and did her best to appreciate the smaller details, “The materials are different. Better quality.”

“And how exactly do you know that?”

She shrugged, "I like fashion and art; I guess I just have an eye for this sort of stuff."

Staller grinned, "Good eye is right. What else?"

Marinette turned the bottle carefully, "These sails don't look like the others. This looks custom."

"Good. Good. Anything else?" Marinette hummed as she trained her eyes on the smaller details before the captain interrupted her, "Look at the bigger picture, girl."

She blinked, realizing she was practically holding the bottle to her eye trying to find the hidden secrets within the model. She looked up at Staller and then noticed Damian snickering from behind the bar. Marinette stuck her tongue out at him and looked back at the bottle, "Oh, it has a different name. S.S. A. Dereon."

Staller nodded, "She got married and sent me this as a gift before her honeymoon." He pointed at the sails, "The sails are made from pieces of her wedding dress."

Marinette's eyes lit up, turning her attention back to the sails, "That's so sweet."

He carefully took the ship from her hands and placed it back onto the shelf. Staller led her back to the bar, where Damian already had some water waiting for her as she sat down, "She was sweet. She was the bottle to my ship."

Marinette couldn't help but be confused, "How so?"

The captain sighed and took a swig of his drink, "When you throw one of those ships into the sea, what do you think happens?" Marinette shook her head and motioned for him to explain. "The bottle protects the boat from the sea. The bottle will keep the boat intact, providing a safe place from the chaos of the outside world."

Marinette watched him carefully and before

she could stop herself she asked, "What if the bottle breaks?" The captain set down his glass, with a clamour that echoed throughout the room despite its gentle force. The two teens tensed. Damian brought his attention back to the conversation, now curious about where this line of questioning might lead.

Staller thought for a moment, "The bottle may break, that's right. Without the bottle, the ship is left to its own devices against the raging waters of the sea." He thought a little more before nodding, "Yes. The ship is left to survive. Sometimes when the bottle breaks, the boat finds itself in a terrible current or storm. Sometimes, the ships are lucky enough to find themselves in calmer waters with gentle waves. Most don't though."

He took one more drink from his glass before handing it to Damian. Damian grasped the empty glass from his hand, put it away, and waited for Staller to continue. Staller briefly looked at the cigarettes on the bar top before shaking his head and turning back to the kids. "All boats are made differently. Some have higher quality material while others are made cheaply. Some are bigger. Some are made better. The boats all have different qualities, but not all will float. Sometimes the better ships, on calm waters, find themselves with a breach and slowly sink. Sometimes you'll see a tiny little ship in the middle of a storm fighting to stay afloat. A lot of times, those boats are underwater when the bottle breaks, forcing them to struggle right off the bat."

Captain Staller sighed, "Not all boats make it. Many are victims of the chaotic world without their bottles, but there are also many who continue to sail on. Despite the breaches, despite the flooding, despite possibly being submerged at some point; those ships who have had the most damage to them and still stay above water are to be celebrated for their resilience. The sea fights to claim as many ships as possible. Someday every ship will have its final journey, but that doesn't mean those ships should stop trying. Even if

their bottle breaks, either by accident or by someone's hand, ships are made to sail the waters no matter how aggressive the waves. Will they all make it? No. Are the ones that do survive tested by the sea? Absolutely. Will those ships ever stop? Eventually, but eventually is a long way away. Today they sail and continue to fight. A fight for the bottle that was broken, and prove to the world that despite everything they can still persevere."

The two teens quietly processed the captain's words. Each wondering if they were in the process of sinking, and pondering what would prevent them from being submerged. Damian broke the silence, "What about you?" The captain turned to him and Damian repeated the question, "What about you? You said Anne was your bottle. Are you still sailing?"

The captain thought for a moment before looking at Marinette with a smile, "There are ships fortunate enough to find a kind spirit to repair a few parts to help them stay afloat." He ruffled Marinette's loose hair and chuckled, "You send out the same energy Anne did. That definitely helps."

Marinette smiled, "I'm sorry I'm not Anne."

"You are you, that's all that matters."

Staller looked over the two teens before stating, "You both lost your bottles."

They appeared startled, but he just waved his hand dismissively, "It happens. I lost my bottle too, but you two are faring much better than this old ship."

Marinette patted the captain's shoulder, "Don't say that."

"You are." He straightened out his back and, as if to prove his point, his back cracked.

"You see, this ship creaks it's so old." Marinette giggled and Damian bit his inner cheek to keep from reacting. Staller smiled at the two and did his best to reassure them, "It's okay though. I think both of you hold qualities to repair other people's ships. Finding

each other, despite the distance between your homelands, was not by accident. You two will prove to be very helpful to each other." The two looked at one another, confused and a bit embarrassed; and it caused the captain to laugh at their naivety.

Staller turned to Damian, "You." Damian pointed at himself as if to confirm it despite being the only one behind the bar, "I allow you in here for the same reason. Despite your attitude, you radiate the same kind of energy as my Anne." Damian opened his mouth to protest but the captain held up his hand, "I'm not saying you are as openly affectionate. Your ship is made of hard materials usually meant for battleships, odd for a child but undeniable. You still seem to use that material to fight for others, and fight for those you care for. You have a kind soul underneath."

"So do my brothers."

"Yes, but your brothers are loud and you are not." said the captain.

Damian couldn't help but bark out a laugh before immediately covering his mouth and turning to Marinette. She was trying not to laugh either, but the smile on her face expressed that she was struggling.

Marinette took a few more sips from her drink and stared at her glass, "How do you do it?" Damian and Staller turned to the small girl. She continued, "How do you stay afloat even when you feel like you're being submerged?"

Staller hummed as he thought about his answer. It was clear to him that something was on their minds, but he wasn't about to pry. Instead, he offered some general advice. "It's all about inner strength combined with external support. If you have a lot of inner strength you may not need to rely on others as much, and vice versa. Sometimes you will find that if your inner strength is draining you, you will need to shift to using your support structure. It's a balance. You don't want to solely rely on those resources, but you

don't want to isolate yourself thinking you can do it all by yourself either." He scanned the two once more before stating, "You both seem to be relying on your inner strengths too much. Rely on others and each other for a bit. Recharge. Rest. You'll float."

Marinette nodded and sighed before drinking the last bit of her drink, "Okay."

Damian snapped out of his thoughts and turned to her, "Okay?"

She nodded, "Okay." She looked up at Damian and asked, "We're friends, right?" Damian nodded. She added, "If I lean on you, you can lean on me. We don't have long on this trip, but if possible, I want to spend more time

with you." He looked surprised. The meaning behind her words obviously moved her. Her face went flush and she began rambling, "If you want to...I mean, I just noticed that so far the best times I've had are with you and your brothers and..."

"Okay."

"Huh?"

Staller grinned as he watched Damian struggle to reach out to someone outside his family. Damian remained silent before repeating himself, "Okay."

Marinette smiled and nodded, looking much more relieved, "Okay."



Santa Maria delle Grazie, Mimi Ottavi

CONTRIBUTORS

Charlotte Rodewald

Charlotte Wissel Rodewald is a senior at Clarke University. She is completing a BFA in Graphic Design in May 2020 with a minor in English. Charlotte is originally from Dubuque, Iowa, and commutes from home. Along with being editor of the Crux (Clarke newspaper website), Charlotte takes part in several other clubs like Page-Turners, the Clarke Scholars Program and is a Dungeon Master in the Dungeons and Dragons club. Along with submitting to the Tenth Muse, Charlotte is also a part of the Tenth Muse staff because of their dedication to quality and professionalism, as well as their encouragement for creativity and risk-taking when it comes to the liberal arts. She believes that the magazine inspires students to put their best work forward, test boundaries and is one of the best things Clarke University offers its students.

Emily Jones

Emily Jones is a sophomore English and Education major. She enjoys reading and writing since childhood and decided to write a poem for submission.

Cat Sears

Cathrine Sears, who some people know as Cat, is a third year student at Clarke University with majors in Spanish and Secondary Education. Her piece, "Amor de un solo lado," is her version of a Spanish bolero, or song. It is about loving someone who never truly notices you or loves you back. It touches on the pain and beauty of loving them forever while they will never truly love you. She chose to write this because at the time she felt very alone. Cat also wrote this in Spanish to continue the Spanish legacy here at Clarke, due to the discontinuing of the major. She is hoping to continue to become a Spanish teacher at the secondary level, and hopes to inspire her students to write their feelings in Spanish too.

Jonathan Dowdle

Rob Luke

Rob Luke is a graduate of the M.F.A. in the Creative Writing Program from Minnesota State University, Mankato. He teaches English at Delano High School in Minnesota. He lives on Lake Minnewashta, near the town of Excelsior, with his wife, Sara.

Taylor Mausser

Taylor Mauser was born and raised in Dubuque, Iowa. Clarke was her first choice when she began looking at her future after high school. Beginning as a graphic design major, she quickly realized that her true passion lies within teaching. Now in her final year, she is on the last legs of completing her degree in History and Secondary Education. She will be student teaching during the Spring semester and graduating in May. This is her third publication with the Tenth Muse and she is extremely grateful for the staff and the opportunity to have her work published for all of Clarke to enjoy.

Samantha Brookens

Sami Brookens is from Platteville, Wisconsin. When she was 7 years old, her dad bought her a guitar and she has been playing and writing songs ever since. At Clarke, she is a Biology major with Chemistry and Philosophy minors. She is a part of the women's soccer team, Scholars Program, C.S.A., Hippo Society and more.

Holly Beauchamp

Holly Beauchamp is currently a sophomore at Marquette Catholic High School, and hails from Bellevue, Iowa, as well as Casteau, Belgium. Most of the time, Holly can be found scribbling ideas down at 11 p.m., enjoying humorous content of this generation, drawing and writing in English and occasionally in Tagalog.

Mariah Pellino

Mariah is currently a junior pursuing a Bachelors degree with an emphasis in Graphic Design. She is a lover of writing, drawing and creating. She participates in Clarke's track and field team while proudly supporting and participating in many other Clarke activities.

Mimi Ottavi

Mimi Ottavi is a senior at Clarke University currently completing a degree in communication. She has contributed and served as a staff member for the Tenth Muse for two consecutive years. Mimi also maintains a position at the MARC Writing Center on Clarke's campus. In her spare time, she enjoys writing, making music, and putting together outrageous outfits with clashing patterns.

Kylee Allen

Kylee Allen is a sophomore nursing student at Clarke University where she is involved with Dance Marathon. When she is not studying for exams, she enjoys writing poetry, playing guitar and baking. After graduating with her BSN, she plans to continue her education and obtain her D.N.P. She was born in North Carolina, and currently resides in Dubuque, Iowa.

Thom Chesney

An MA graduate of the Minnesota State University—Mankato creative writing program, Thom currently works in the president's office at Clarke U. His occasional poetry, essays and short stories have appeared previously in *The Muse*, *The Chronicle of Higher Education*, and *ART:MAG*, among others.

Jenna Weber

Jenna Weber is currently a senior at Clarke University, with an English and secondary education double major and a minor in writing. Throughout her time at Clarke, Jenna has served as a writing coach at the MARC and as an intern for Clarke's marketing department. She is currently student teaching at Hempstead and after graduation in the spring, she plans to continue her education by attending graduate school for English. In her free time, Jenna enjoys reading, writing poetry, roller skating, watching 80's movies, and hanging out with her family and friends. Jenna has been writing poetry for about nine years now and enjoys seeing the growth she has made throughout the years.

JJ D'Onofrio

The last decade has seen the images created by Jj D'Onofrio shown in galleries throughout the upper midwest. His work has also been included in public art projects in both Middleton and Madison, WI. His pieces include photography and digital art, depending on how the foundation of the image informs him. Jj studied graphic design in addition to selling fine art through a Madison art gallery representing some of the most notable national and regional artists. He currently lives with his family in Middleton, Wi.

Cynthia Yachtman

Cynthia Yatchman is a Seattle-based artist and an art instructor. She works primarily on paintings, prints and collages. Her art is housed in numerous public and private collections in the Northwest, and she has been shown nationally in California, Connecticut, New York, Indiana, Michigan, Oregon and Wyoming.

Brett Stout

Brett Stout is a 40-year-old artist and writer. He is a high school dropout and former construction worker turned college graduate and paramedic. He creates mostly controversial work, usually while breathing toxic paint fumes from a small cramped apartment known as “The Nerd Lab” in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. His work has appeared in a vast range of diverse media, from international indie zines like Litro Magazine UK to Brown University.

Austin Schroeder

Austin Schroeder is 36 years old, and a transfer student from Southwest Wisconsin Technical College with an Associate of Applied Science degree of Graphic & Web Design. Currently, he is enrolled towards a bachelor's degree in Graphic Design at Clarke University and hopes to graduate in 2021.

Maggie Christianson

Maggie Margaret Meegan Christianson is a young graphic designer with a long name who excels in drinking coffee, illustrations and covering her arms in paint. Currently, she is attending school for her B.F.A. in Graphic Design, a B.A. Digital Media Studies and her Associates in Computer Information Systems. Drawn to the style and colors of Post Impressionism, the concepts of imagination and dream like images similar to the themes in Surrealism, Maggie works in oil, acrylic and watercolor paint. When she isn't painting, she is thinking up new and creative worlds as she develops her illustrative styles using ink or working digitally. On the weekends, she is either at her computer writing her book/stories or crafting her cosplays for her next con. In between all that, she is swiping pens and running in circles because everyone needs a hobby.

Rachel Daack

Rachel Daack started taking art classes at Clarke a few years ago after a 25-year break from making art. She loves learning new media and new techniques. When she is not in class or doing homework, she teaches at Clarke, DIYs, gardens, and reads. Daack has a family full of artists. Her husband and two grown sons are musicians. Both sons are also writers and more. She is glad her children have learned to nourish their creative selves and is so glad she rediscovered her own creativity in the gorgeous studio in Eliza Kelley Hall.

Erika Cone

Erika is from Dubuque, Iowa and currently attends Clarke University. She is pursuing a bachelor's degree in Mathematics and Biology with a minor in Psychology. She decided to submit to the Tenth Muse to showcase her hobby in photography.

Darcy Davis

Sarah Shealer

Sarah Shealer is a Clarke Senior and Scholar, studying the fine art (sculpture) and business. Her passions include learning, nature, music and her family, which often inspire her studio work. She is an engaged student, hard worker and an aspiring creator.

Jesser Hernandez

Jesser is a transfer student from San Francisco, California, and is enrolled as an art major at Clarke University. The name of his piece is called "The End." This piece is a still life painting. While he was working on it, it made him think that life is too short and how important it is to enjoy the moments with the people he loves.

Mackenzie Wieczorek

Mackenzie Wieczorek is a senior at Clarke University. She is from Lake in the Hills, Illinois, and graduated from Huntley High School in 2016. She is currently majoring in art education with a focus in ceramics. Outside of school, she plays for the women's lacrosse team at Clarke. In her free time, she enjoys wheel-throwing and spending time with her friends and family.

Parker Lippstock

Parker Lippstock is a 19-year-old sophomore at Clarke University. He was born here in Dubuque and has lived there his whole life. He is majoring in graphic design, which is something that he gained interest in via his past explorations with art and design on his own and through middle to high school classes. He has always enjoyed creating art and learning new ways to explore it, and he plans on focusing his adult life on continuing and building upon this passion.

Hannah Litterer

Hannah is a 16-year-old junior in high school at Bellevue Marquette Catholic. She has been drawing since kindergarten, and has developed a love for drawing that she plans to pursue a career in. After creating A Thank You, her English teacher referred her to the Tenth Muse, and she is excited to submit a piece in honor of my retired janitor.

Maggie Chwierski

Maggie is a Clarke University alumna. She graduated early in 2019 receiving a double major in business administration and psychology while being a part of the Scholars program. She was also part of the women's volleyball team. Her absolute favorite hobby is photography because she is able to capture a visual story through her camera lens to share with others.

Liz Papazian

Elizabeth Papazian was raised in New York City and graduated from Fordham University. She has a diverse work background, including jobs in non-profit development, corporate law, and travel. Some of her fondest memories are of traveling through Queens and Brooklyn to visit her immigrant Irish grandparents. Her work has appeared in the 2016 Brooklyn Film & Arts Festival, Boomercafe.com, and The Ravens Perch. Currently she's writing stories, attending workshops and polishing up her first novel. She lives in the Hudson Valley with her family. Her two rescue dogs and swimming keep her calm and inspired.

Marcus Lopez

Marcus Lopez is a senior lacrosse player from Wilmington, Delaware, majoring in business marketing and minoring in writing. He is an aspiring writer and avid comic book reader whenever he is not practicing or lifting weights.

Reilly Gillette

Reilly Gillette is a senior at Clarke University and is pursuing a BA in art with an emphasis in graphic design. He is from Oswego, Illinois. Outside of his class work, he enjoys drawing, creative writing, or anything else that allows him to flex his creative muscles in a unique way. His writing and drawing largely center around imaginative, unique universes with large breadths of characters and places. Much of his work from even a very young age consisted of this. Since then, he has also dabbled into the horror genre and has found success on online platforms where tens of thousands have experienced his stories. Reilly continues to flex these creative muscles and has no intention of quitting as he turns his eyes to the world beyond college.

Italee Castellon

Italee Marie Castellon is a first-generation college student. She is studying at Clarke University to receive her master's degree in social work. She is in the accelerated program, meaning she will get her MSW in one year. Italee is in her second semester and is expected to receive her degree this May. Her goal is to ultimately be a counselor, as she loves working with people. Though she describes herself as not a "non-traditional" writer, she hopes that the small pieces of writing she does create hold a message people can think about and take with them.

Jackie Moss

Jackie Moss is a junior at Clarke University. She is pursuing a Bachelor of Arts in Music with an emphasis in vocal performance. Jackie is from Chesterfield, Virginia, and is very passionate about where she's from. She is the vice president of the LGBTQIA+ Alliance and a member of the bowling team. Jackie plans to receive a graduate degree in Library Science upon graduating from Clarke University.

Becky Sisco

Becky grew up on a farm in northeast Iowa and was employed at various times in fields like marketing, journalism, and teaching. Her work experience includes adjunct teaching at Clarke University. In 2006, Becky self-published a local-interest book titled "Garters and Grit: Stories from Galena and Jo Daviess County, Ill." She is now retired and working on a series of memoir pieces.

Bob Chikos

Bob is a 22-year veteran of working with people with special needs. In his third stage of life, he has finally reflected on his life lessons in order to advocate for change. Bob lives in Cary, Illinois, with his spouse Aileen and son Martin.

Tenth
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