

MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE



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# *Patch*

A MAGAZINE OF LITERARY ♦ ART PATCHES



VOL. 2

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*The*  
**Purple Patch**

A MAGAZINE OF LITERARY ♦ ART PATCHES

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## Foreword

Welcome to the second issue of *The Purple Patch*. When preparing to publish this edition, several students at Missouri Valley asked me, "What is the theme?" Over and over I explained that *The Purple Patch* didn't have a theme, our aim was diversity. We wanted many subjects, many expressions of art and writing. We did not want to limit the creative expressions of Missouri Valley students. And that approach paid off. For the first time the lyrics to a song by Jennifer Johnson are published as well as a photograph of a piece of sculpture. We have advertised for everything from art to zydeco, and we keep getting closer. If *The Purple Patch* has a theme, it is diversity.

And what better shining example of diversity, than the help and sympathy the United States received after the terrorist attacks? Months after the terrorist attacks of September 11th, the repercussions can still be felt and are expressed in the poems and photos of several artists and authors. Rachel Derboven writes the poem, *Do Not Despair*, and dedicates it to her "Fellow Americans." Sarah Casaletto submitted two photographs of the American flag that can best be described as patriotic. And, I myself, submitted a found poem arranged with words written by Walt Whitmen in 1855. Whitmen wrote about the heroic "New York firemen" even back then.

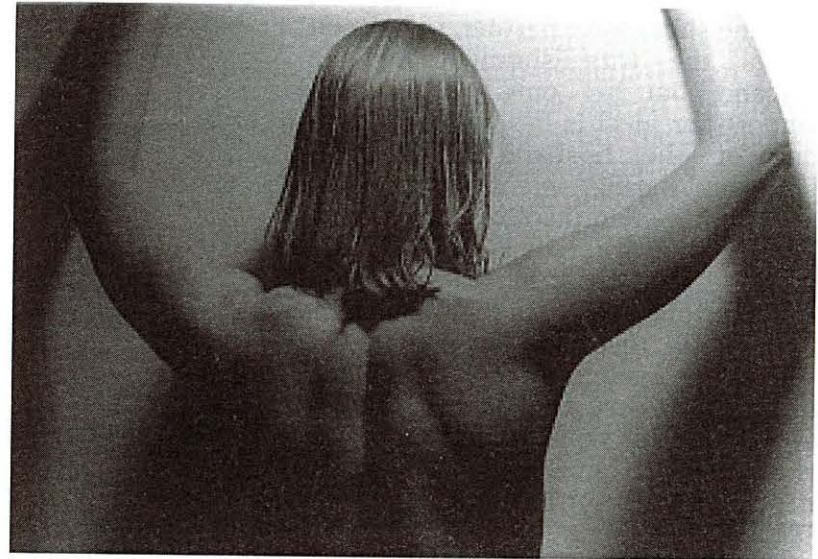
There are many other subjects covered in these pages. Carrie Clift writes about her favorite building and Stefani Deines writes about some of her favorite times with her grandparents. Cindy Harper writes about the love of a faithful friend, while Christine Ralph implores her daughter to heed her motherly advice. Sam Foust points out that, "only sinners go to heaven," and Stefani Deines makes the outrageous claim that in *Little Women*, that childhood book about good little girls, that Louisa May Alcott has included subtle undertones of feminism! And then she backs her claims. You go girl!

The art and photography is just as diverse. Nevena Durlova, a student from Bulgaria, has submitted numerous wonderful watercolors — some claim the hardest medium to work with. Laura Fennell and Cliff Miller have again submitted their unique pen and ink drawings. And Darby Adamson has contributed outstanding self portraits. For the first time we've also included some examples of nudes in art. Daniel Rush displays a sensitive recognition of the use of chiaroscuro in his photographs and every art student at Missouri Valley should recognize the mannequin painted by Nevena Durlova.

Art to zydeco. A to Z. Maybe the next issue in the Spring will even include the notes to a song. Or maybe there is a talented wood carver on campus that will submit a photograph of their work. Who knows? Our magazine of "purple patches" (pieces of notably fine writing and artwork) is just a small example of our student population's diversity and talent.

I hope you, the reader, consider submitting something for the Spring issue and that you enjoy our patches in time.

◆Melody R. Allee



Daniel Rush

Untitled photograph

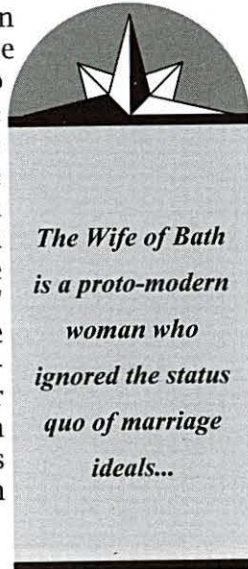
## Medieval Man-eater

By

Sarah Casaletto

A popular song written in the 1980's warns men of a woman, referred to as a man-eater, who will "chew you up." In the 1300's Geoffrey Chaucer penned a tale about a woman described by critics as "a monster-androgynous, spiritually corrupt in both sexes" (Hilary 865). Alyson, also known as the "Wife of Bath," delights in the pain she has brought to her five husbands and claims her experience makes her an expert on marriage. The Wife of Bath is a proto-modern woman who ignored the status quo of marriage ideals and set forth to create and delight in her redefined version of marriage.

Alyson adapts the modern idea of either partner being the dominant one. Medieval marriage, as described by Kenelm Foster is "a purely institutional and judicial state which only engages the personality in a relatively superficial bond" (Sheehan 33). The wife is often looked at as the submissive partner, yet Alyson insists the wife should rule the husband, but her only evidence to support her ideal is her own life. The idea of the husband being the dominant partner stems from the belief in Christian theology, such as in Genesis when God tells Eve that Adam shall be her master. Critics have argued this with the "rib-topos" (Kooper 46) theory which states the woman was made from the man's middle, meaning they are equals. Chaucer is claiming this equality using Alyson as a dominatrix, in a time when it was inappropriate for women to take on this role.



Not only was Alyson proto-modern in her idea of gender roles in marriage, but also in the motivation for marriage. Even though many marriages were still based on the convenience, Chaucer was coming off a time when romance was looked at as an Arthurian, knightly chivalry. Alyson dispels this idea by saying:

Thou liknest eek wommenes love to helle,  
To bareyne lond, ther water may nat dwelle.  
Thou liknest it also to wilde fyr;  
The moore it brenneth, the moore it hath desire  
To consume every thing that brent wole be.  
Thou seyest, right as wormes shende a tree,  
Right so a wyf destroyeth hire housbonde;  
This knowe they that been to wyves bonde  
(Chaucer 110).

This quote compares a woman's love to hell, fire, and the earth that is not satisfied with water. She is talking about using this power to break a husband into submission and tie the bond of marriage. Alyson successfully displays this modern idea in her first four marriages.

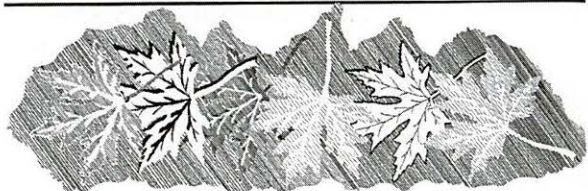
In Alyson's relationship to her fifth husband, Jankyn, she seems to lose her proto-modern woman title; however, this relationship is perhaps one of the most modern of them all. Even though she is not the dominant partner, her motivation for marriage is not for wealth, but love. This idea strays from the medieval idea of marriage and glides into the theory of "maritalis affectio" which Professor John T. Noonan, Jr. describes marriage as "not simply a legal will but an emotion-colored intent not far from love" (Sheehan 36). She abandons her former ideas of marriage for Augustine's vision of a "companionate marriage," which could only be enlisted as a social change in a later era (Clark 15). Therefore, her relationship was still proto-modern, just in a different means than the previous four.

Although the popular 80's song was not written for the Wife of Bath, it applies to Chaucer's dominatrix

even hundreds of years later. She uprooted the Medieval idea of marriage and redefined it on her own terms. She modeled theories that would not be put into practice for another hundred years. Chaucer rivaled the Christian idea of marriage with his tale, and created a valid modern character. She was indeed a "man-eater" for, in her own words, "That in his owene grece I made hym frye." A proto-modern woman indeed — she liked her meals deep-fried.

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Laura Fennell

Untitled pen and ink

## *My Building*

By

Carrie Clift

It may sound strange, but my favorite building is a singlewide trailer, in a tiny desert town called Hiko, Nevada, where the nearest neighbor is a milé away. I moved there with my dad during the summer between my sophomore and junior years in high school. This was a turbulent time in my life because my parents had just been divorced, my mom and I started bumping heads, I was angry with my dad, I soon found out that my first "serious" boyfriend had betrayed me, and my wrestling career was going downhill. While kicking and screaming, I was moved to Nevada, and to my surprise, I found a little piece of heaven. It was not the tiny trailer itself that I grew to love, but the sanctuary that it offered me, a place where I found peace in almost every aspect of my life, reaffirmed my faith, and reawakened my talents and passion for wrestling.


Living in my trailer, I was the poorest I have ever been, but this was okay. The desert was a place where I was to be cleansed, find peace, and re-find God. My clothes were old, and began to grow ratty, but we were too poor to buy new ones. I soon learned to gratefully accept hand-me-downs. Losing my sinful foolish pride and vanity, I started to grow closer to God. Having nothing forced me to turn to God for the things I needed, like warm clothes in the winter and food that would nourish me. To further aid my finding of the Lord, I quickly discovered that I was living in a Mormon community, where almost everyone's life is focused on God. Observing their happy way of life and close knit family structures, I realized that God was really essential to a fulfilling life, and I refocused my life on Him. With all the recent ordeals in my life, I had turned my back on the Lord. I hardly prayed or went to church. With my newly found poverty, which forced me to appreciate the little things in life, the God-centered community, and my dad



Nevena Durlova

Untitled watercolor

taking me to church every Sunday, I had grown closer to God than I had ever expected. I now associate being poor and being close to God, with living in my trailer.

During this unstable time, this building provided a place where I found peace. Living in the Pahrangat Valley, I discovered beautiful mountains, a deep blue sky, desert plants, and many desert oases found in the cool and hot springs and the three lakes, all found within the valley. One of the best parts of this beautiful serenity was the solitude that came with it. My neighbors were far away, my dad had to work, and I had not made a lot of friends yet since it was summer and I had not met many people. I was left by myself in the beautiful surroundings to reflect on my life and who I was. Re-finding God and learning who I had become, gave me great peace. My broken spirit was further renewed when I made peace with my dad,  and my parents divorce. *I realized that God was really essential to a fulfilling life...* Since I was living alone and was fighting with my dad, mom, I found an objective viewpoint of both my parents and their relationships with each other and me. I began to understand what went wrong in their relationship with each other and with me. I forgave the divorce, grew to be close friends with my dad, and began a long fought healing process with my grudge holding mother, which did not completely heal until four and a half years later. I fondly remember my trailer. Without my beloved building, I would not have had the opportunity to find peace.

With no television, and no books I wanted to read, I was left with a lot of time and nothing to do. I turned my focus to my dying wrestling career. My trailer and its location became ground for training. I would get up early every morning to beat the hot desert sun and run. My dad started to run with me, which strengthened our bond. I can remember waking up and stretching on our chocolate brown carpet in our tiny living room, getting ready for our early morning run. We would walk out onto our red-stained wooden front porch and look directly upon

the sun just barely starting to poke its beautiful head over the mountain, not far from our front porch. At the base of the mountain is a lake, which would sparkle as rays of light shone upon it. It was a beautiful and inspiring sight to see first thing in the morning. It was easy to get up and run in that early, dim morning sun which made the desert look almost hazy and dream like. There was a quiet stillness about the air and land. The sound of our running feet, hitting the gravel and sand, were the only audible sound. The sun would slowly rise and the sounds of birds and wind would start to stir, as if our feet hitting the desert floor were waking up the land. It was magical. It inspired me so much that I probably trained harder than any other wrestler in the state. The hard work paid off when the State Tournament arrived, and I took third place against all male opponents. My trailer will always be the place I associate with my success.

Who would ever guess that living in a tiny trailer out in the middle of nowhere, in the desert, could change someone's life? I surely did not, but I was proven wrong. The time I spent living in that trailer was some of the happiest time I have ever spent. I found true peace, strengthened my faith, and was successful athletically. The two years I spent in Nevada were significant ones. They changed me forever.



Melody Allee *God's View* Photograph

*Leaves of Grace*

By  
Sarah Casaletto

Lie dead on the earth  
After the fall from above,  
Be reborn in Spring.

*Balance*

By  
Mark Bishop

Light, dark  
Happy sad mood  
All of this is to say  
Even balance in us is good  
Night, day

*Frozen Dreams*

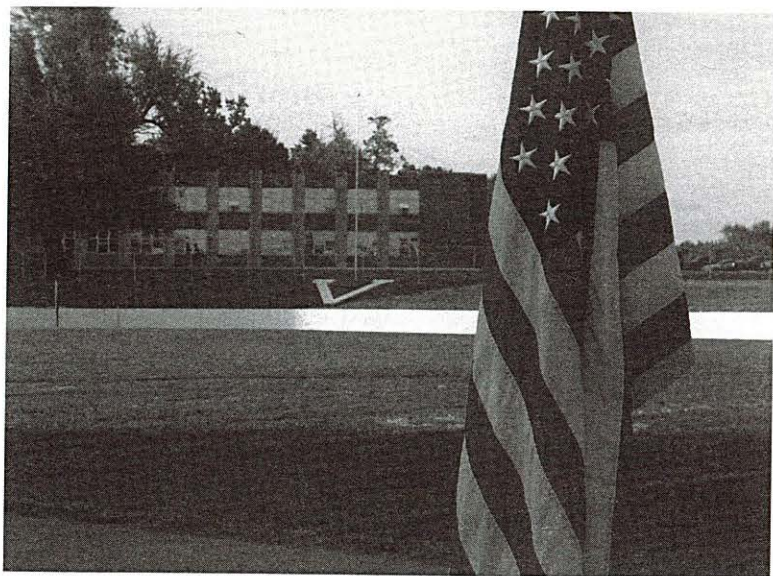
By  
Sarah Casaletto

Ice storm,  
Tragic beauty  
Preserving the world  
Beneath a seamless translucent  
Glass shield.



Nevena Durlova

Untitled watercolor



Sarah Casaletto     *A Campus United*     Photograph

## *The Poetry of America*

Arranged by

Melody R. Allee

Found in *Preface to the 1855 Edition of*

*Leaves of Grass* by Walt Whitman

The United States themselves  
are essentially the greatest poem.  
The United States indicates heroes,  
roughs and beards,  
executives or legislatures,  
ambassadors or authors,  
space and ruggedness.

The genius of the United States is  
always most in the common people.  
Their deathless attachment to freedom,  
the fierceness of their roused resentment,  
their self-esteem and wonderful sympathy.  
The air they have of persons who never knew  
how it felt to stand in the presence of superiors.

The Americans, of all nations at any time on earth,  
have probably the fullest poetical nature.  
Their curiosity and welcome of novelty,  
the fluency of their speech,  
their delight in music,  
the sure symptom of tenderness  
and native elegance of soul.  
Their good temper and openhandedness,  
these too are unrhymed poetry.

The pride of the United States  
is always most in  
the perpetual coming of immigrants,  
the free commerce,  
the noble character of the young mechanics  
and of all free American workmen and work women,  
the Yankee swap,  
the large amativeness,  
and the New York firemen.

America, the union  
always surrounded by blatherers  
and always calm and impregnable —  
it awaits the gigantic treatment worthy of it,  
the tremulous spreading of hands to protect it.

Continued...

The haughty defiance of the United States  
is in the significance of their elections,  
the convening of Congress,  
the bringing to bear soldiers,  
the President's taking off his hat  
to them  
not they to him.  
He can make every word he speaks draw blood.  
He is no arguer . . . he is judgment.  
As he sees the farthest he has the most faith.

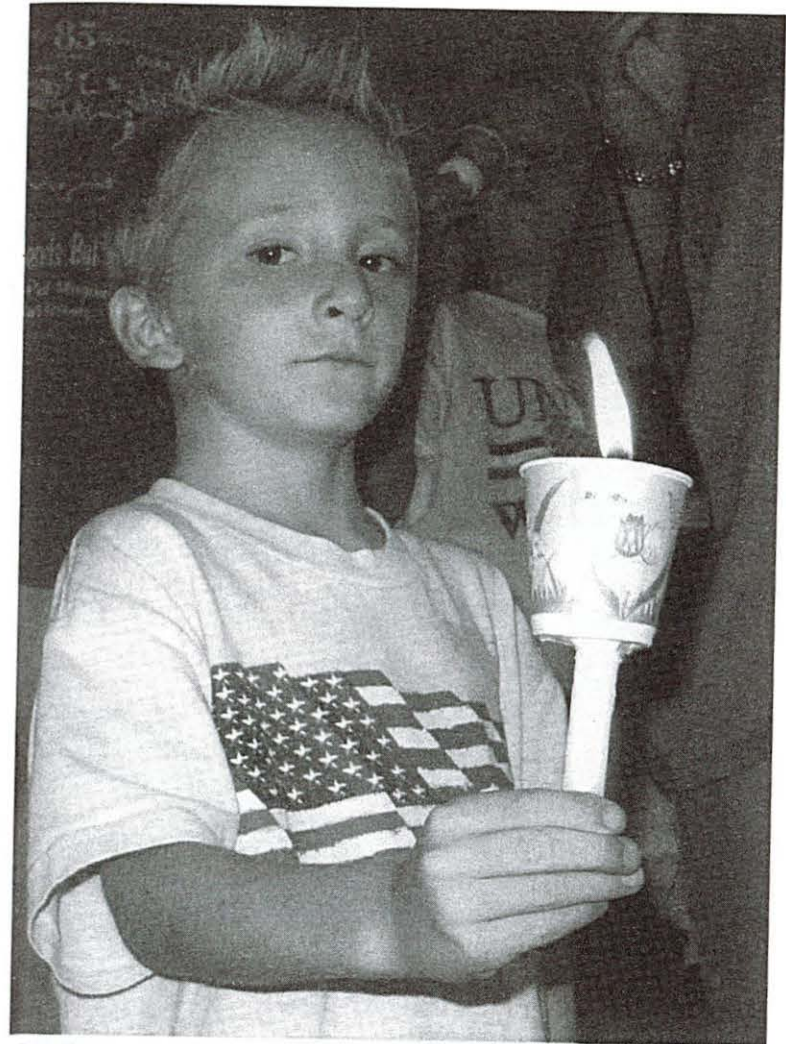
You shall learn the faithful American lesson  
though they neither speak or advise you.  
Liberty relies upon itself,  
sits in calmness and light,  
is positive and composed,  
pervades the common people,  
and knows no discouragement.

Realize the true American character.  
They never give up believing  
and expecting and trusting.  
Here the theme is creative and has vista.  
Beauty from beautiful blood and a beautiful brain,  
lighting the study of man,  
the soul, immortality.

Out of America  
speaks the spirit of peace,  
nothing too close,  
nothing too far off . . .

Peace . . .

not too far off.



Sarah Casaletto

Untitled photograph

## *Wilting Flowers and Adaptation*

By

Jasmine McDowell

**S** In nature there are only three potential outcomes during times of environmental adversity. First, organisms can relocate. It's nature's way of saying: All organisms that have the ability to move please do so now. It is in your best interest to seek out more favorable conditions. Plants, obviously, do not have the same luxury. So Mother Nature devised a different plan and imposed a second rule. All static organisms must stay and fight. Adapt to your dynamic environment. Failure to conform to either will give you the same outcome. Extinction. Man is not exempt from the laws of Nature. Many times man manipulates the environment to suit his temper. Yet, he fails to realize that he sets off a chain of events that will inevitably leave him with the same three choices: relocation, adaptation or death. I cannot think of a more profound catalyst to set the stage for an I environmental change than the rape of a young woman.

I'm like lilies and jasmine, but my grandmother always told me growing up that I sprouted like a weed. So naturally, I thought that I was weed. Weeds. They may be plain and inconspicuous but the real beauty lies in their resilience. They have this splendid knack for adapting to suit their environment. People cut them down, and they grow right back. One is plucked from the ground, and magically six more crop up. There was pride in being a weed. There was pride in toughness, resilience, and unflappability because there is beauty to be found in those attributes.

Just before I left for college I had a friend tell me that I had a soft, innocent twelve-year-old look. He said I reminded him of a flower; attractive because of my fragility. It was unsettling. I never thought of myself like that before. Perhaps it was unsettling because subconsciously I realized that by looking innocent and



Nevena Durlova

Untitled watercolor

fragile meant that I wasn't a weed after all. And I suddenly I realized that I could be broken.

The only thing that I can ever remember wanting was the opportunity to go to college and when the time came it felt as though all of the elements were mixed together by Mother Nature so that I had the opportunity to develop into fragrant jasmine. I truly felt like a burgeoning flower. They are beautiful, white flowers. But they're ever so delicate. They're not usually adaptable. And an experienced gardener knows that when the petals of a jasmine are forcefully plucked, the once fragrant aroma ferments in its own stench while the flower will normally wither and die.

When I thought I was a weed, I could withstand anything. If blown into the wind, I'd multiply despite adversity. I didn't need bees or a gardener's green thumb. I was independent and common but my resilience was beautiful.

Embracing jasmine was far more difficult than simply being a weed. When you're a weed you're all alone, but magically, when you're jasmine, bees are buzzing and whispering the promise honey. I wasn't receptive. I didn't want to reproduce.

I just wanted my chance to blossom.

Of all the bees in existence, bumble bees are the worst. They're immense, woolly and above all, ruthless. A bumble bee will stop at nothing to dip himself in the nectar of a flower. A bumble bee rams his atrocious, woolly body inside your sepals. A bumble bee does not care if he rips your petals, or taints your carpel. He ruthlessly rapes corollas and pillages for nectar. He remains unblinking, pinning the flower under its immensity and holding it captive. And the flower, though in agony, can do nothing except wait until he's finished.

The bumble bee finds himself in a new environment. All can smell the nectar on his belly. So he follows the laws of Mother Nature. He relocates.

The bee flies back to the hive, as though it were just another day.

But I'm just jasmine. And I have just learned what it's like to be fragile. I tried to push the bee away, but it was in vain. Flowers and bees do not have the same natural luxuries. I must remain planted in a field. Perhaps I should find comfort knowing that, every day, millions of flowers are pollinated by millions of bees. Somehow, as I behold my own broken petals, that thought doesn't give me solace. Living in a bed of trampled flowers doesn't give me back my nectar.

Welcome to my environment. Welcome to sudden, violent alteration.

Just like that I'm no longer a pretty, fragrant, little flower. I'm ugly. I'm broken.

I'm just jasmine.

But fundamentally, I am still an organism, and organisms are governed by the laws of Mother Nature. Therefore I still have choices. There are only two, but they're still mine.

I can adapt or I can whither and die.

Extinction is not an option.



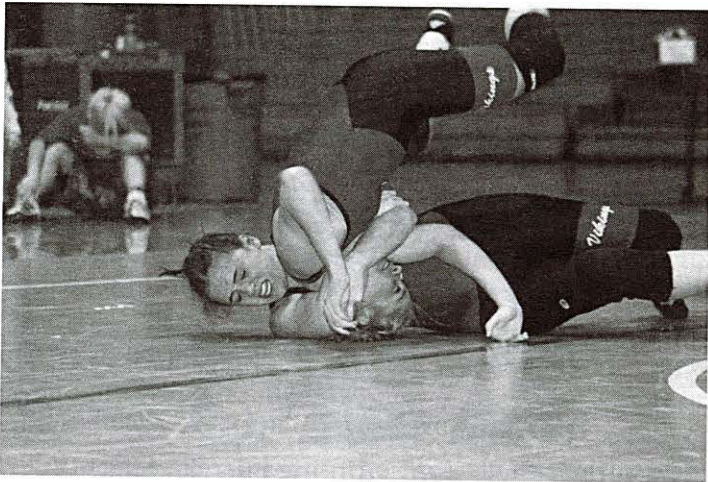
Laura Fennell

Untitled pen and ink

## *Keep Fighting*

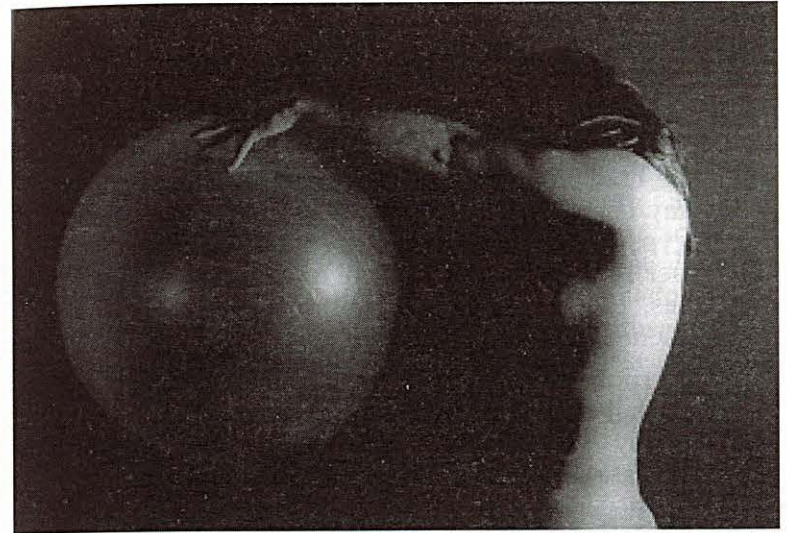
By  
Erin Soli

Feelings of suffocation again  
Floating in black space,  
Unaware of what still stands  
Do not know where I went  
Out of character,  
And out of sorts  
October 31st it would have been.  
Halloween we would never forget.  
I want to cry,  
As much as I want to cry on someone else,  
I want that to be me.  
A test to be passed tomorrow  
So busy, the irrelevant facts clot my mind.  
Hope to visit with old friends to renew essentials  
A smudge on my wall, and still  
A crush on my mind.  
Really tired, this pain won't stop me.  
Cry all I want,  
This pain won't stop me.



Tyson Ferreira

Untitled photograph



Daniel Rush

Untitled photograph

## *Do Not Despair*

By  
Rachel R. Derboven

Oh woman standing by that tree, it seems you've lost your way,  
Or is it that today's the eve of what tomorrow say.  
Do not feel frightened and alone, for your grief I too do share,  
They struck us once and could again,  
in hearts they have no care.  
Hate is what they cherish most, they pushed us from behind,  
They hoped for us to wither quick,  
but that is not what they will find.  
So weeping woman do not despair,  
our flags shall still wave high,  
Our future stands in the hands of God,  
with his love we'll always fly.

Dedicated to Fellow Americans.

## *Fireside Times*

By

Stefani Deines

The crackling fire warmed my skin and reddened my cheeks as I listened to my Grandma tell her gypsy story for the hundredth time. As I watch her face light up I can't help but think about all her stories, the lives that my grandparent's have made and the memories that they share.

My romantic side, all right so that is my only side, loves to recall how my grandparents met. In Ft. Collins, Colorado my grandmother, Mary Lou was attending Colorado State University and spending her time as a sweet sorority girl. My grandfather, Oscar, was in the Navy and attending the same university. The great part about the story is that my great grandmother told my grandmother never to date a sailor, they were dangerous. Well, I guess you never know; my grandparents just celebrated their fiftieth anniversary.

Their lives have been so diverse. They lived in Hawaii while my grandfather was stationed at Pearl Harbor and then settled in a small mountain town in Steamboat, Colorado. Eventually my grandparents and their two children moved to Laporte, Colorado and that is where they have remained.

They are now retired, but that has yet to stop them. My grandfather is an inspector for the Forestry Service and my grandmother is either walking or talking. Not to mention that they may live on the most beautiful spot I have ever seen. My grandparents have probably had every piece of wildlife that Colorado has to offer in their backyard. Currently a black bear cub has made use of their fruit trees, but in the past Golden Eagles, Great Homed Owls, Wolves, Fox, Moose, Elk, Deer and even a Mountain Lion have made a home in their backyard (for a time).

When I was younger I used to listen to these stories in awe, and now I really appreciate them for the amazing people that my grandparents are, but I will always remember one scene in my head after all the other stories have faded. I will always remember the crackling fire (that my grandfather would build just for me), my grandpa sitting in his favorite chair with a Rush Limbaugh book and a glass of whiskey and my grandmother and I on the floor with a scrabble game in front of us and a bowl of popcorn and homemade turtles by my side. Those were the best times, and those are the times that I realized how much I loved these amazing people.



*Grandpa and Grandma*

Photograph donated from the collection of Mellody Allee



Laura Fennell

Untitled pen and ink

## *Your Dog Really Loves You*

By

Cindy Harper

Many of us spend our lives searching for one true friend, a friend who listens intently when we speak of love, sorrow, shame or guilt. We search for a friend who does not judge us or dwell on our faults but someone who genuinely values our friendship and trust. For many of us we have found that friend. They greet us openly with wagging tails, perked ears and pure, unrestricted excitement. They are fixed on the moment their master arrives so as to empty their blissful hearts onto the friend they longed welcoming. Pets give us their hearts, love, and unwavering commitment. Those of us who have a pet view them as the givers and receivers of pure love, a love not filtered through any other emotion but love. It isn't describable by spoken language it is merely a profound feeling, a magical release of the heart and a blessing to those who encounter the emotion in its purest form. The pets we have come to love indeed love us in return because they are capable of having feelings much like our own.

Many are convinced their pets feel happy or sad, irritated or excited. A tucked tail and hunched back give evidence of a scolded, saddened dog. A happy dog, however, is bright and cheery eyed full of bounce and vigor. U.S. News and World Report journalist Stacey Shultz points out, "Often owners understand their dog's behavior correctly" (54). Most pet owners become quite familiar with their pets and know their habits and unspoken language. For example, if a dog rolls over on his back in submission, he trusts his master. Also, if he sits directly outside the back door, posture, erect, ears perked and tail thumping a rhythmic knock-knock on the floor in anticipation, of someone, anyone, exiting the house to give him an ever-so-brief bit of attention, he is excited to say the least.

Many pet owners might be reluctant to admit that they love their pets as much, or more, than their family and friends. Dogs are such pleasant companions that their masters cannot imagine their lives without them. Pets express a distinct personality all their own. For instance, some beg for love and attention. Yet others are shy and reserved. The author of "Dogs Never Lie About Love," Jeffiey Masson, describes the suffused with innocence, purity, and lack of self-deception, something that dogs have in common with children" (57). Like children, dogs have innocent eyes and a faulted perception of right and wrong. Some dogs are punished for chewing on mom's new leather pumps, but in innocence he could not differentiate the shoe from his rawhide squeaky toy. It smelled the same to him. A better understanding of a dog's capability of feelings would perhaps help owners to be more patient and understanding of their loyal companions.

*Quite simply, he wears*

A dog is *the face of his emotion.* a companion for life. He loves his master no matter what he does, says, or believes. In contrast, though, humans are incapable of expressing pure un-mixed emotion. Masson writes, "Humans have a tendency to immerse themselves in their own narcissistic concerns, losing awareness of the world around them. Perhaps one central reason for loving dogs is that they take us away from this obsession with ourselves" (94). Dogs are a release from our chaotic, monotonous lives. They relax and soothe our tension with each stroke of our palm on their silken fur by making us feel secure and needed by something, someone. True to his master, a dog stands beside him. Massen writes, "A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and sickness. . . He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. . . and guard the sleep of the pauper as if he were a prince" (52). The dog is faithful and loyal not because he feels an obligation, but because he feels love.

Though this friend does not speak, somehow we come to understand what our dog wants and needs. A dog may search out his favorite toy and bring it to his

owner's hand hoping for a few rounds of fetch. He may lead his master to the door that holds his food or biscuits. He greets his master readily when he arrives, and sends modest farewells as he departs. Many of us have learned our dogs feelings by getting to know them and their actions. A bouncing, panting dog wagging his tail furiously is unmistakably a happy one. Masson writes, "Nobody has ever seen a sad dog pretending to be happy, or a happy dog pretending to be sad" (33). A man cannot question his friend's feelings because a dog wears his feelings for the world to see. He shows he feels love and happiness when he is happy and given love. He shows he is sad when he is scorned or abandoned. His feelings are not mixed or torn between love and hate, he purely and simply feels his emotions separately and on the exterior. Quite simply, he wears the face of his emotion. Shultz explains, "Since we can't actually ask our pets how they are feeling, we rely on their behavior and body language for clues" (53). Humans who have pets certainly know their body language and routine behavioral patterns because they 'listen' to their language.

*"Nobody has ever seen a sad dog pretending to be happy, or a happy dog pretending to be sad."*

Man's best friend, as we call him, may be more like us than was ever thought possible. Donald Griffin, author of "The Question of Animal Awareness" suggests, "Neurophysiologists have so far discovered no fundamental differences between the structure or function of neurons and synapses in men and other animals" (104). Hence, just as man feels happy or sad, so, too, does his furry friend. Though a dogs emotions are not mixed like mans are, he is still capable of his own set of emotions. Perhaps this connection between man and beast is simply one of similarity. Although there are no words spoken by any understandable explanation, a master and his companion truth, that's who dogs are; seekers of another beings authentic core" (37). Perhaps

one I reason for loving the company of dogs is that they help us find that part of ourselves that has been wrapped in the complex and monotonous strain of reality. Dogs have pure emotions, something humans lack in ability. Dogs open our hearts to that same pureness to which they are capable and allow us to feel a joy that is unattainable with any other human species. We love and we hate, often the same person on the same day. Dogs are incapable of such combined emotion. By loving them, we take a piece of that genuine feeling back into our lives. Journalist Laura Tangley of U.S. News and World Report writes, "Many biologists maintain that all mammals feel joy" (48). By behavior, we conclude that our pets feel joyous. They give us a nudge to the hand with a wet nose, a sincere set of perked ears and a tongue dripping off to the side in contentment. Obviously, they feel something.

Each dog holds a special character that far exceeds his outward beauty and each holds a distinct personality and capability. The joy of having a truly compassionate companion is a fulfilling experience to those who have such company. One does not doubt the sincerity and honesty in his furry friend's heart he accepts it and adores his partner who speaks uniquely by expressive gesture. Words may not express his gratitude or thanks, but his sincere affection describes all that needs to be known. He will look his master in the eyes and never turn away. He is the friend who lends his heart in need and his love in times of weakness. The dog one finds at the foot of the bed is the friend who loves us more than we love ourselves.



Darby Adamson

*Bird*

Charcoal

## *Big Brother*

By  
e.e. soli

I feel the need for a Big Brother.  
The title was always there,  
    But you weren't.

I look out and feel I need  
Someone to tell me. It is ok.

The only thing new you  
can write is an emotion  
within yourself

Love, I hate it  
Change is never ending  
Big Brother might be different but  
    They're always the same.



Nevena Durlova

Untitled watercolor



Nevena Durlova

Untitled watercolor

## *Getaway*

By  
Erin Soli

A breath of fresh air in  
And all your worries out  
Free out here  
and free in mind  
To feel a breeze  
And see all free  
The stars in the night  
Were like no other  
More answer as my eyes lie  
upon the many layers of the stars  
A getaway for a while  
A getaway worth a smile



Rachel R. Derboven *A Night at the Lake* Photograph

## *The Creek*

By

Katie Crawford

Prairie grass stood tall from the opposite side of the bank and reflected in a sea of golden yellow and green onto the creek. A Blue Heron's wings flapping as it leaped to flight drew my eyes to the stream as it flowed around a bend away from my sight. The foliage around the creek began to blur as I focused on the water. Colors showed through the stream like a rainbow of blues and brown, continually changing as the water bounced and collided off of jagged rocks. The spirited water breathed life into my soul and took me away for a moment. I shook my head as if to return from the unconscious stare that had swallowed me and my eyes settled once again on the long grass to my side. Reaching my arm out I felt the splinters of the sharp grass that grew from around me like bars, not wanting me to ever leave. As I licked my lips, the sharp, pungent taste of nature brought to my mind the life that was once around me and the new life that now grew in its place. An aroma like that of fresh cut grass filled my lungs with every breath, awakening my senses. I dipped my fingers into the stream and waived them from side to side, catching my hand in the mossy shadow that lay on the water. The sound of footsteps on gravel startled me and I became suddenly reminded that he was standing there.

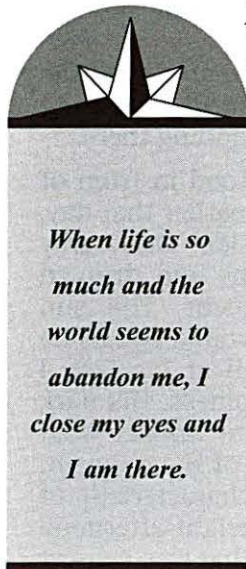
I took in the sight of him as he stood in from of me. His rubber boots, wet from the creek earlier that day, sloshed as he shuffled from side to side. Dark gray shorts hung loosely from his square hips and dripped from saturation with his every movement. The sun danced off of his bare chest like sparks from a fire as he reached down to touch the chocolate lab at his feet. I giggled at the sight of him in all his happiness. His dark green eyes glanced in my direction as if to wonder what the noise was that had broken the silence of the moment. He grinned the sideways grin that is so characteristic of him. As he turned to face the water the bright afternoon sun cast a shadow on the side of his face that was nearest

to me. His dark eyes wrinkled at the comers and his chin, covered in small dark hairs from days of not shaving, showed the face of a man who cared more about the simple things in life than of the material ones. He lumbered in his tired way from one side of the bank to the other, his eyes glued to the dog and me, watching like a mother does her children. When our eyes met I knew I looked deep into the soul of a man in love. I see now that he was proud of me. A love like that doesn't come along every day and he knew that on that day at the stream; he knew that when he looked at me.

The creek sprang up from a break in the grassland not far from the gravel turn-off to the Grand Pass Wildlife area. Every time we passed the sign reading "End of State Maintenance" my mind cleared and my spirit ran free in the humid summer air. His truck carried us to the creek through winding and twisting bumpy roads. Around every bend his hand would stretch out in front of me to point out a deer, a turkey, or a dove in the distance. I would rest my head in his lap, dangling my feet out the window, and dream. I dreamed of the adventures the day ahead would hold and of the happy times to come so far down the road. As we reached the intersection just before

the creek I always glanced ahead of me to see if the muddy water had risen. We always parked in the same area of the gravel that ran beside the creek and we would walk the few feet of sloping rocky ground to the creek bed as the dog ran to the side and slid into the water.

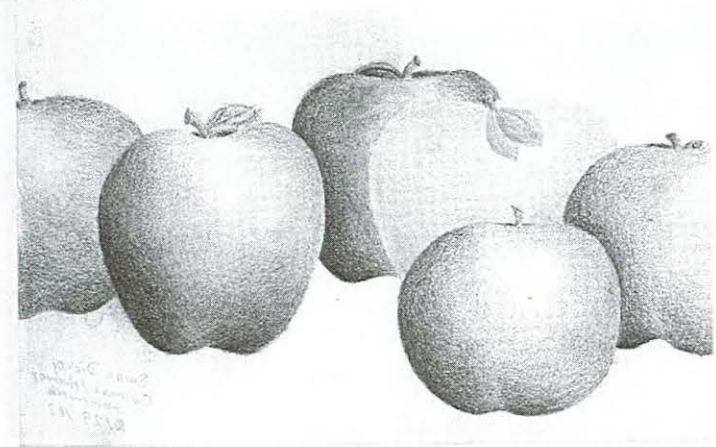
Some days the thick July air was so much that I just leaned with my legs bent and my arms supporting me on the gravel. Other days my independent spirit pulled me to my feet and I fidgeted with energy. Often I would slide off my black flip-clops and dip my toes into the refreshing water, breathing a sigh of relief as my toes danced in and out of the pure wetness.



*When life is so  
much and the  
world seems to  
abandon me, I  
close my eyes and  
I am there.*

One thing never varied from trip to trip, and that was the uncontrollable stare I had for him; I couldn't turn my eyes away. As I strolled from the water's edge to the low prairie grass surrounding us I would turn back to make sure he was still there, that I wasn't living a dream. At times the gravel became too rough to rest on so I sat on the tailgate and just took things in. I see now that the creek quickly became our haven, the place we could go to get away from the tangles of the world. The days we spent there are a blur of good times. We played in the water, watched the dog swim, and once on a cool rainy day the truck became deeply buried in mud and we sat for a time just chasing frogs and watching the world go by.

When life is so much and the world seems to abandon me, I close my eyes and I am there. I'm wearing my old cutoff jeans with him at my side and the dog is splashing around us. Those days, however few they were, helped build two people. Not two different people but two people together. There will be more days at the creek and each one will help add another brick to the invisible house that holds our hearts. For years to come we will go there and we will grow as people, we will grow as one, leaning on each other all the way.



Sarah Dickey *Contrast/Harmony* Pencil drawing



Darby Adamson     *Self Portrait*     Oil pastels

## *Temptation*

By  
Sarah Casaletto

Alone on a midnight Missouri highway  
I passed a seemingly innocent field fire.  
It seemed the sun had set into the earth,  
Forming a crater of roaring fire.  
The flames danced in the air, beckoning me to unite  
And become the fire goddess of the night.  
It was living, hypnotizing me with every breath  
It drew from the air around me.  
I watched the smoke bellowing upward, glowing orange  
As if it were a tiger scratching at the heavens.  
I wanted to caress its sleek coat.  
I wanted to see more, and live inside its kingdom.  
I had been raising hell all my life,  
But had never seen its vicious beauty.  
I wanted to stop, but I kept driving.

## *Who I Am*

By  
Katie Crawford

I am from pioneer stock  
And a mother's sweet touch,  
An aunt with a hung and  
Pachebel's Canon.

I am from a brother  
Who loves with his all  
And late nights in the driveway,  
Just me, Daddy and the basketball.

I am from kitchen table comedians,  
And deep shoulder chuckles.

I am from the clean plate club,  
Deviled eggs and green salad,  
Skinned knees, braces, and  
The *Velveteen Rabbit*.

I am from secrets  
Kept in so tight,  
And tears in a pillow,  
Cried only at night.

I am from ball fields  
And tee times in the morning.

I am from "Love you Gert"  
And "Stop your bawling,"  
"Walk it off" and "Accidents happen."

I am from men who pick up  
Where others left off,  
And women of wisdom with  
Hands so soft.

I am from a dream, a hope, and a prayer,  
A house with understanding  
And love that will never waiver.



Gerald Clifford Miller, Jr.

Photograph

*Bre' Shea Ma' Rea Miller*



Mellody Rhea Lawson Allee Pencil drawing

*My Pegasus*

## *In the Hills of Missouri*

Lyrics by

Miss Jennifer Marie Johnson

I remember Sunday trips we'd take down to the park  
Playin' hide and seek, just my Dad and me  
And afternoons spent playin' with my sister Jean  
Not a care in the world, two lovely little girls  
I'll always carry these memories with me  
And lookin' back I know, I'll long to be

In the hills of Missouri  
That old sun come up early and warmed the day  
With that old sycamore still standin'  
As those little bluebirds landed, and sung the song  
From a simpler time long gone  
In the hills of Missouri

I remember ballet lessons and games of T-ball  
Even then, I wasn't tall  
And those days I spent singin' on our backyard swing  
I knew early on, it was my everything  
I'll always carry these memories with me  
And looking' back I know, I'll long to be

In the hills of Missouri  
That old sun come up early and warmed the day  
With that old sycamore still standin'  
As those little bluebirds landed, and sung the song  
From a simpler time long gone  
In the hills of Missouri

I remember Grandma's face the day my uncle died  
She said she was all right, but I knew that she lied  
Or the time that little sprinkle had passed away  
My aunt was there to say, that it would be okay  
I'll always carry these memories with me  
And lookin' back I know, I'll long to be

In the hills of Missouri  
That old sun come up early and warmed the day  
With that old sycamore still standin'  
As those little bluebirds landed, and sung the song  
From a simpler time long gone  
In the hills of Missouri

I remember winning the middle school talent show  
Oh how great it was, to make my small voice known  
And all the little talks that me and momma had  
She saw the best in me, she's my best friend  
I'll always carry these memories with me  
And in my heart I know, I'll always be

In the hills of Missouri  
That old sun come up early and warmed the day  
With that old sycamore still standin'  
As those little bluebirds landed, and sun the song  
From a simpler time long gone  
In the hills of Missouri

## *Turn Off the Heart Before You Come to Life*

By

Sarah Casaletto

Young children often request a small night-light to be turned on while they sleep. The fear that remains is that the night-light will go out and the darkness will take over. Even a child fears the absence of light, because light is the only thing that separates us from the dark. Darkness represents evil, because ultimately darkness is the base of all things, as is evil. Romans 3:23 of the New International Version of the Holy Bible says "for all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." Sin is one of most common associations with evil, and all humans are born sinners; therefore, born evil. Each person has a capacity for evil; however, many try to conceal it and never come to truly know what is inside. In "Heart of Darkness" Joseph Conrad proves that the only true way to know one's self is to come to terms with the human capacity for evil.

In civilized society there are many distractions that hide people from evil. The critic Albert J. Guerard says, "We are protected from ourselves by society with its laws and watchful neighbors[...]and we are protected by work (243)." Kurtz didn't realize his capacity for evil, but he could see the savage's evil because they were not masked by civilization. When Kurtz went to the Inner Station he intended to civilize the savages and bring light to the darkness; however, the light was taken from him. Kurtz went down the path knowing he would encounter evil, but never knowing he would encounter his own. Marlow progressed down the river with the intention of finding Kurtz, gradually becoming aware of the inherent evil in everyone. The two men entered the Congo with different missions and Marlow survived to tell the tale because he witnessed the evil that can overtake a "remarkable" man such as Kurtz and didn't try to change it. The critic Wayne E. Haskin echoes this by saying:

[T]hose who, like Mr. Kurtz, are aware of the darkness, who hope with conscious intelligence and a humane concern for all humanity to bring light into the darkness, are doomed, are themselves swallowed up by the darkness and evil they had hoped to penetrate (Haskin).

Both men were on a journey to self-discovery; however, only one man realized it and he came out of the darkness to tell about it.

On the journey to self-depths, the river represents the pathway coursing through the soul. Marlow describes it as a snake, "its head in the sea[...] and its tail lost in the depths of the land" (Conrad 274). The snake alludes to original sin and the serpent that tempted Adam and Eve with wisdom and self-awareness (Turko). With the tail of the river in the depths, it suggests that evil is at the beginning of everything, and it flows throughout a person until it reaches the sea of people in society. The river seemed to take Marlow to the beginning of time, where he was able to see the evil inherent in all of creation. He describes, "Going up that river was like traveling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on earth and the big trees were kings" (295). The river represents mankind's battle to overcome the evil that will always flow through the soul. As the river flows to the sea settlements become more civilized, and the masks to hide the evil thicker. In order to get to the inner part, one must go upstream, proving that the battle against evil will always be a struggle, one that many people don't even attempt. The river represents a cut-off from the outside world where stillness begs evil to take away the light. Marlow describes the journey on the river:

The broadening waters flowed through a mob of wooded island; you lost your way on that river [...] till you thought yourself bewitched and cut off forever from everything you had known once—somewhere—far away—in another existence perhaps. There were moments when one's past came back to one, as it

will sometimes when you have not a moment to spare to yourself; but it came in the shape of an unrestful and noisy dream, remembered with wonder amongst the overwhelming realities of this strange world of plants, and water, and silence. And this stillness of life did not in the least resemble a peace (Conrad 295).

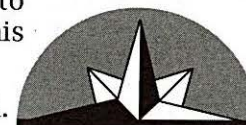
Very few people know about this alternate existence, and few possess the desire to chase it because it would mean becoming aware of the capacity for evil inside of everyone. As Marlow goes up the river he becomes increasingly self-aware, as though he were seeking self-enlightenment, ironically, about the darkest part of himself.

After the journey Marlow was enlightened to evil, a state few men attain. After telling his story Marlow "ceased, and sat apart, indistinct and silent, in the pose of a meditating Buddha" (Conrad 331). The image of Marlow sitting like this suggests he is enlightened, yet set apart in his enlightenment. Not even the telling of the story could make people understand what Marlow experienced. Kurtz became the embodiment of what many people choose not to believe—that evil can control a person and overcome the goodness. Kurtz didn't even realize what he had become until his death. His epiphany came too late and he was powerless to overcome or accept the evil. Upon seeing the capacity for evil within himself he exclaimed "the horror!" and died. Kurtz completed the journey of self-discovery even though he was never able to reenter society and place a mask on once again.

While describing this journey to the core of the self, Conrad uses light and dark to reinforce the struggle between good and evil. Merriam-Webster defines darkness as "devoid of light" and light as "something that makes vision possible." The irony in "Heart of Darkness" is that the absence of light is what makes the vision of the self possible. Conrad exploits darkness as the undiscovered, raw territory of the soul, and light as the mask of the dark part of the soul. Evil is not only described in light and dark, but in terms of physical

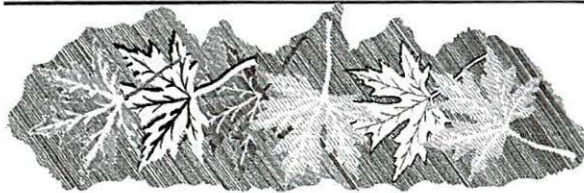
capacity in the soul. Kurtz is described as hollow; however, Kurtz only seems hollow because Marlow observes him at the deepest, darkest place of his self. People use the expression "deepest darkest" because the deepest part of something is always dark. Barry Hannah says, "T.S. Eliot, the High Modernist, might enlist 'Mistah Kurtz-he dead' as a rubric for the Hollow Man, but the horror was that Kurtz was not hollow" (Hannah 331). Marlow had never seen Kurtz in civilization, therefore his impression of Kurtz is incomplete, especially since Marlow sought a man praised by many and found a monstrous evil creature. Ultimately Marlow realizes that Kurtz is remarkable because he came to truly know himself by realizing his capacity for evil.

All people are inherently evil. Even though light overcomes darkness sometimes, darkness will always be behind the light, waiting to reign once again. The evil that resides in every heart is waiting to be called out. Just as a child realizes the darkness behind the night-light, humans recognize the heart is dark, even though it may be well disguised. The journey of self-enlightenment is one made by few, because people must be careful not to lose their hearts to the darkness. The river can exist anywhere but few take it. At the end of the story the narrator comes to see what Marlow is talking about when he noted the sky "seemed to lead into the heart of an immense darkness" (Conrad 331). Sometimes the path to self-discovery is right in front of us, waiting to be discovered. All we have to do is turn out the light.



*The journey of  
self-enlightenment  
is one made by  
few, because  
people must be  
careful not to lose  
their hearts to the  
darkness.*

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## *A Little Help From Above*

By

Rachel R. Derboven

A broken home, mourns recent past,  
And asks if sadness, long will last.  
Waiting till the day grows dark,  
A bedtime prayer of melodious lark.  
Oh bird of song show them the power,  
To become once more, that budding flower.  
For I am small, and need their guidance,  
Oh how I long for such alliance.



Mellody Rhea Lawson Allee

Pencil drawing

*Pegasus Running Free*

## *Listen Little Girl*

By

Christine Ralph

Listen little girl to what I have to say  
As only you can in your own special way  
Take time my child, to live your life  
Be true to yourself, bring your senses to light  
Listen to the unspoken and hear with your heart  
The ways of the world, I beg you, don't take part  
Use your eyes to see all that there is  
Use your mind, keep it clear for all you'll adhere  
And grow from within — learn from your tears  
I know in my heart that you're gonna go far  
Because of the special kind of person you are  
Use your voice to speak for what you believe  
Be very careful Kerry,  
don't wear your heart on your sleeve.

Listen little girl to what I have to say  
As only you can, in your own special way  
You and your brothers, you are my life  
Sometimes, my heart could burst with pride  
And tears fill my eyes that I can't hide,  
Knowingly I can already see  
the special kind of woman you'll be  
Remember the things that you've been taught  
You know good and bad, the things that you ought.  
There's never been uncertainty especially not for you  
There's never been anything you couldn't do  
You're kind and you're giving, so loving and sweet  
You make my rainbows, with your smiles, complete  
You are my sunshine, my faithful friend  
You are my light at a tunnel's end  
Don't follow my footsteps, live your own dreams  
Shape your young mind, you're part of God's TEAM  
That can go anywhere and do anything.

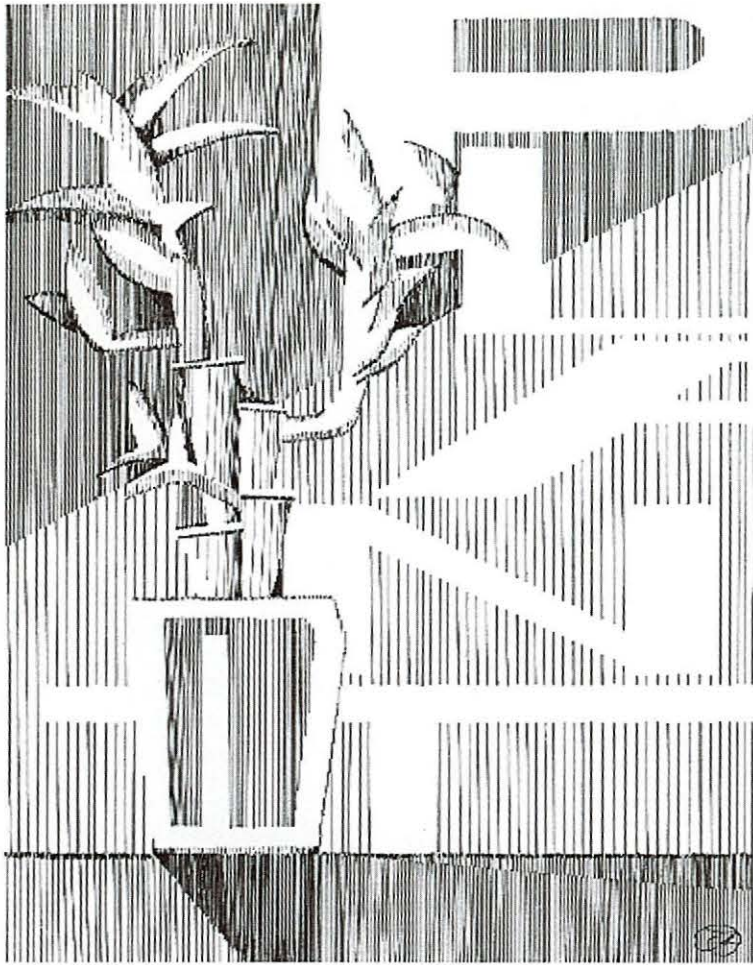
Listen little girl to what I have to say  
As only you can in your own special way.



Sarah Casaletto

*Daddy's Watching*

Photograph



Nevena Durlova

Untitled pen and ink

## Getting to the Root of "Kew Gardens"

By

Sarah Casaletto

Italians generally tell stories using not only words, but also expressive hand gestures. Although the gestures are merely supplemental to the words, they add to the overall meaning and depth of the story. In Vincent Van Gogh's painting of his bedroom he includes many things that can be seen as simple description; however, these items all represent something about his life. Van Gogh could have taken a picture of his bedroom; however he didn't only want people to know what the room looked like, but the room imitated his life. Writers also include things that give their scenes depth-symbols. In "Kew Gardens" Virginia Woolf uses symbols to convey a deeper meaning throughout the story.

The snail is used as a symbol throughout the story to represent the movement of a life. It is first mentioned in the opening paragraph as being colored by the light, along with other objects, showing that it is just one of many things in the garden. The story continues, describing the people visiting the garden, then referring back to the snail and its movement. As it moves across the earth it seems to have a specific goal, yet there are several things obstructing the path. While the snail is making a decision, the story cuts back to the people in the garden. When the scene is shifted back to the snail it is continuing its journey, contemplating how to tackle the obstacle in front of it. The snail could stop moving and give up on its goal completely and life around it would continue. The snail represents one single person on a journey and how insignificant that journey seems to the big world. The end of the story echoes this in the closing paragraphs using the example of silence. Even if the world around you is silent, there is never silence because life is happening everywhere else. Time never stops, not even for a snail.

Just as the snail represents a journey, the flowers represent a sexual journey. The symbols placed together create a Freudian example of a night of lovemaking. The story begins with a description of the garden in a sensual manner. The description "From the oval-shaped flower-bed there rose perhaps a hundred stalks. . .and from the red, blue or yellow gloom of the throat emerged a straight bar. . .slightly clubbed at the end" represents a phallic object inside of the petals, a symbol for the female sex organs. Penetration occurs when one couple walks by and "together pressed the end of her parasol deep down into the soft earth." The sexual journey rises when the couples walk by the flowers and are flushed with color. Climax is marked by the heat, followed by a description of the bodies as sinking down as if they were melted candles.

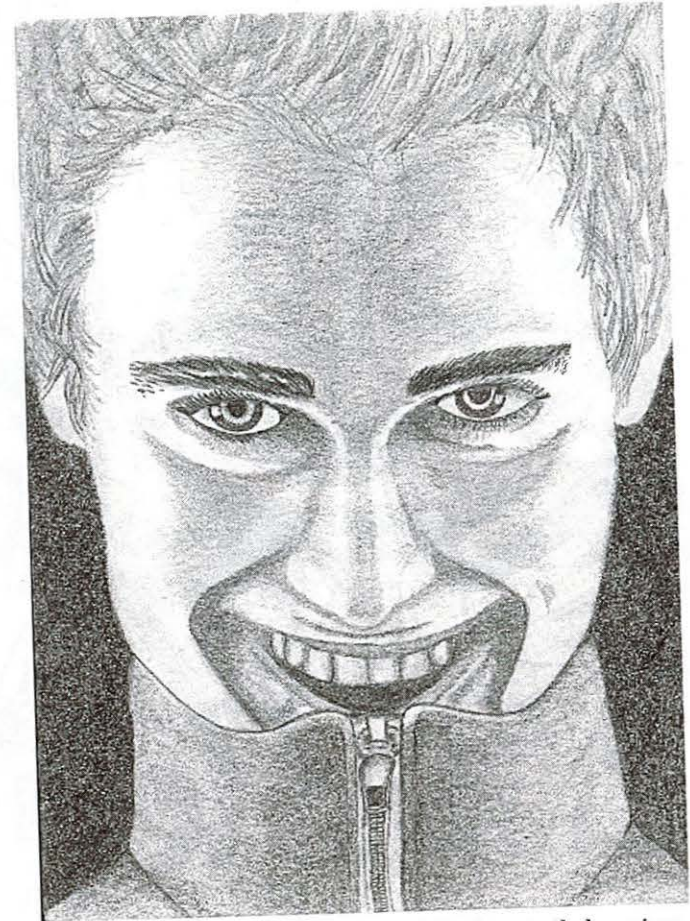
*The garden itself is a symbol of the world and all of the microcosms that are contained in it.*

The garden itself is a symbol of the world and all of the microcosms that are contained in it. The symbols help the reader understand that this story is not just a description of a garden by personifying it. The people in the garden imitate nature and vice versa, so that the two become one by the end of the story. Umbrellas open in a medley of colors, just as the flowers.

The woman allows the "words fall over her" just as rain would. These symbols allow the characters to live inside the garden. When the bodies melt together, it is as if the people are melting into the garden, becoming snails and flowers. There is silence; however, it is revealed that the silence is only an illusion. Their voices went forth to the world outside of the garden, even though their voices escaped them, there is never silence, because life is still moving somewhere else.

Woolf could have written the story so that it was a simple description of a garden, yet she subtly includes symbols to give depth to the story. Van Gogh could have left out the picture above his bed in the painting;

however it leads to a meaning deeper than pigments and canvas. The gardens represent a place all people exist in, carrying out their life in various manners—conquering obstacles, having sex, or ignoring the outside world. Italians can tell a story without gesturing, but they would just be a boring white person telling a boring story about pasta, or a garden.



Jorge Arana

Untitled pencil drawing



Laura Fennell

Untitled pen and ink

## *College*

By

Erin Elizabeth Soli

We are little kids

Wondering???

What are we doing here??

You're this little person  
in this grown up place

Day by Day, hanging by a thread  
wondering, how long will it take  
for someone to see your fright  
Worries if you'll make it  
Dread the day you'll break

To pass the time

Things are done to forget  
that thing called fun

brings us back to who we really are  
That little kid

but now, you are a little kid having fun  
In a grown up place

## *Wanderlust*

By

Sarah Casaletto

We sleep, we wake.

We give, we take.

We earn, we spend.

We stretch and bend.

Days come, days go,

Some are fast, others slow.

Time to move, time to roam.

Searching for something found at home.

## *Dreams*

By

Rachel Anne Barber

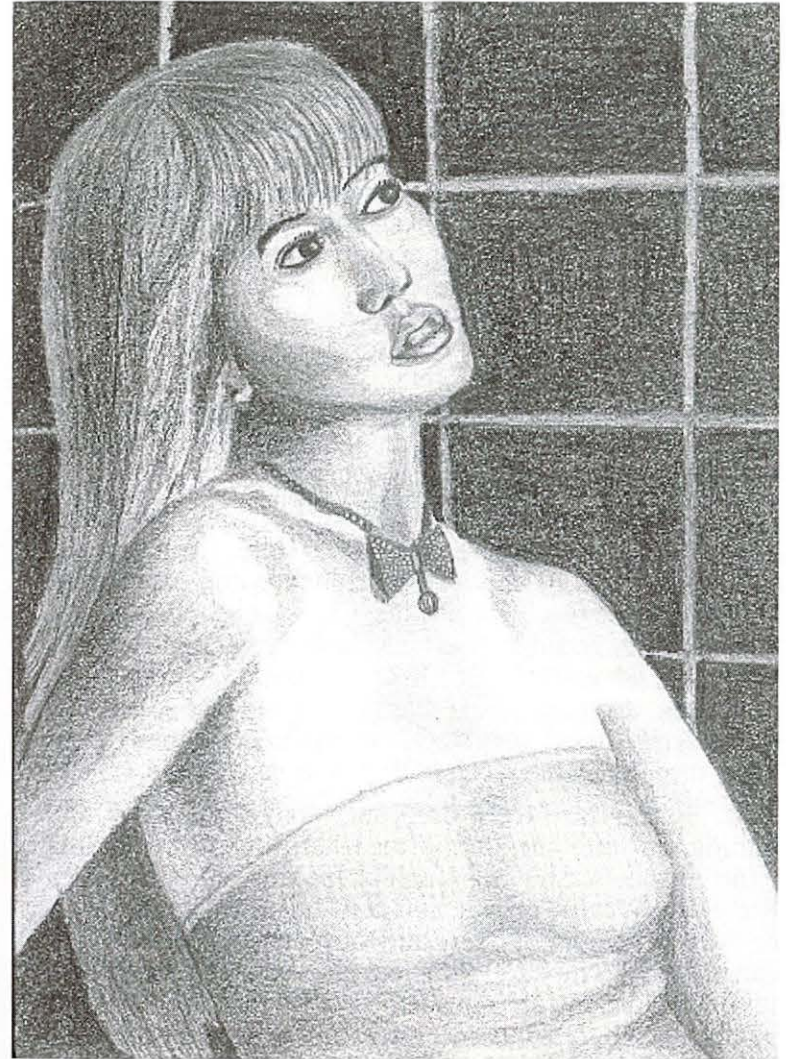
I dream of simple things  
I imagine a nice smile  
Of when I sit around  
Or if I walk a mile.

I dream of great big things  
Like going to the moon  
Or being an artist, even  
Being discovered soon.

I dream of silly things  
Like going to the circus  
Talking to the clowns  
Who say, "Come have fun with us."

I dream of pretty things  
Like diamond rings and roses  
Pretty China tea sets  
Or snowflakes falling on noses

I dream of everything  
My life, My goals, My destiny  
But most of all I dream  
That someone will love me.



Jorge Arana

Untitled pencil drawing

## Jessie

By

Mary Maupin

My fate was sealed as I signed the dotted line at the bottom of the yellow paper. I was in for it, 58 hours of nerve wracking, mind numbing, baby-sitting. Actually, my fate was as a student teacher for a summer school class. I had decided to go for a scholarship that required 50 hours of tutoring, on my part and because I had signed on late I was doomed to get up at 6:30 am every morning during the summer before my senior year. I was not looking forward to having to deal with 65 screaming rugrats that early in the morning. What I gained from the experience was a lot more than a college scholarship.

My stomach was very uneasy as I walked into the air-conditioned building for the first time. I was met by the two teachers in charge; Ms. Goucher and Ms. Yount, my three peer teachers; Jackie, Carrie, and Nicole; and about 65 dirty faced kids. The kids were talking excitedly about the adventures of their upcoming summer. We began the first day of class with a few theatrical exercises. Within a few weeks everything seemed to be falling into place. Everything, that is, except Jessie.

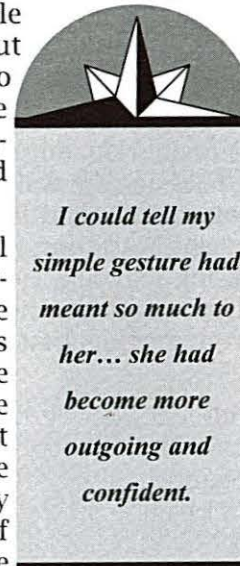
By the third week everyone was getting along and bonding, but one girl, no matter what, was always hiding in the shadows. She was a plain looking 12 year old, a little chubby, with brown hair and beautiful green eyes. She was very soft spoken and always walked with her head down. Jessie rarely smiled or even got excited like the other kids, she always seemed to be hiding. The other children seemed to ignore her and she never had a partner when we played partner games.

As I watched Jessie on that third week I began to feel sad. I remembered a girl just like her from my past. Shy, overweight, plain, and soft-spoken. I remembered knowing that all the girl had needed was a smile, a friend,

someone to give her a chance, to let her know she was OK. That shy girl was me and I decided that I was going to be the smile, the friend, the chance, and the "OK" for Jessie.

At the beginning of the fourth week I began to ask Jessie to be my partner before any child could ask me to pair with them. Jessie was timid on the first day, but as I asked her to be my partner again and again she began to build up confidence. Jessie would beam and do the exercise all the while not saying more than she had to. I could tell my simple gesture had meant so much to her, but after about four days Jessie no longer needed me as a partner, she had become more confident and the other children had taken notice of her.

Jessie's real breakthrough came one day after practice. We were for the parents week and we all the practice children had given it exhausted by the Seeing that they Goucher said all of have a ten minute



breakthrough after a grueling play putting on a play in just one short needed to get in we could. The children all and were end of the day. were antsy, Ms. the children could break at the end of the period. As the children were preparing to go Ms. Yount asked each of the student teachers to pick the student who had been best behaved out of our group, that student got to line up at the door. My peers quickly picked the most popular children from their groups, but my decision was a little harder.

I did not know who to pick, like my peer student teachers, I was tempted to pick the popular boy in my group. No, I had asked him to sit down three times. Should I pick Shawna? No, she had been a little bossy. My mind raced, who should I pick! I looked at all their faces anxiously awaiting my choice. Jessie. There she sat with her hands folded and her head down. She had been very

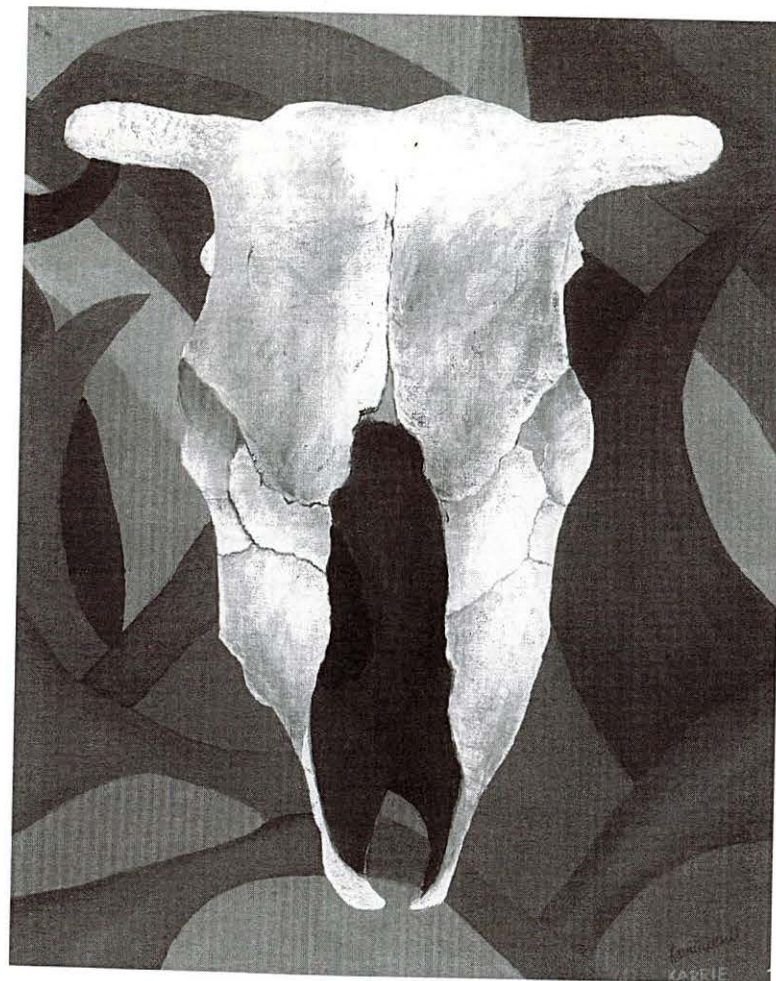
good and done everything I had asked. My mind was made up. "Jessie," I said, "She was the best behaved." As all the other children's faces fell, I saw Jessie's face light up. Her eyes twinkled and she ran to her place at the door.

During the next week Jessie walked with her head held high and she never had to ask for a partner, they always came to her. The last day of class Jessie performed her part as flawlessly as she had rehearsed. When the play was over and everyone was milling around eating snacks Jessie came up to me and tightly hugged my waist. "Thanks, Miss Mary," she said. "You're welcome," I said, but I wasn't really sure what for.

Four years later, during my third year of college, I was working at a local restaurant during summer break and I again encountered Jessie. She walked in with about six friends, they were all smiling and laughing. At first I wasn't sure it was her. She was four years older, taller, much slimmer and wearing makeup. Her hair was now a beautiful shade of sugary blond and her eyes lit up like firecrackers. It was her green eyes that gave her away to me.

Her friends strode confidently to the counter and ordered their food. Jessie stepped up to order her food and in her soft voice began to tell me what she wanted on her turkey sub. I couldn't wait any longer, "Jessie, do you remember me?" I asked. She seemed a little surprised and her face showed no sign of recognition. "No, I am sorry, I have a bad memory," she said looking down at her feet. "It doesn't matter," I assured her and proceeded to add Mayo to the sandwich.

Jessie paid for her meal and then hurried to catch up to her friends who had already started across the parking lot toward the car. She opened the shop door but hesitated for a moment before turning around. "Miss Mary," she said, "Thanks for letting me lineup first." She smiled and then slipped out the door.



Karrie Mitchell

Acrylic painting

*O'Keefe Comparison*



Gerald Clifford Miller, Jr.

Untitled pen and ink

## *The Ride*

By  
Chase Foster

With dust in the air and the roar of the crowd;  
The man clinched his fist with all of his might.

With all of the cheering and screaming aloud;  
The man knew it was going to be a fight.

With the big bull snarling and squirming;  
The man threw his hand up confirming.

With the quick pull and opening of the gate;  
The man and bull shot out of the chute.

With the crowd clapping and not knowing his fate;  
The man not knowing, didn't ride for the loot.

With all of the commotion over that 8-second ride;  
Lane Frost lost his life but held on to his pride.

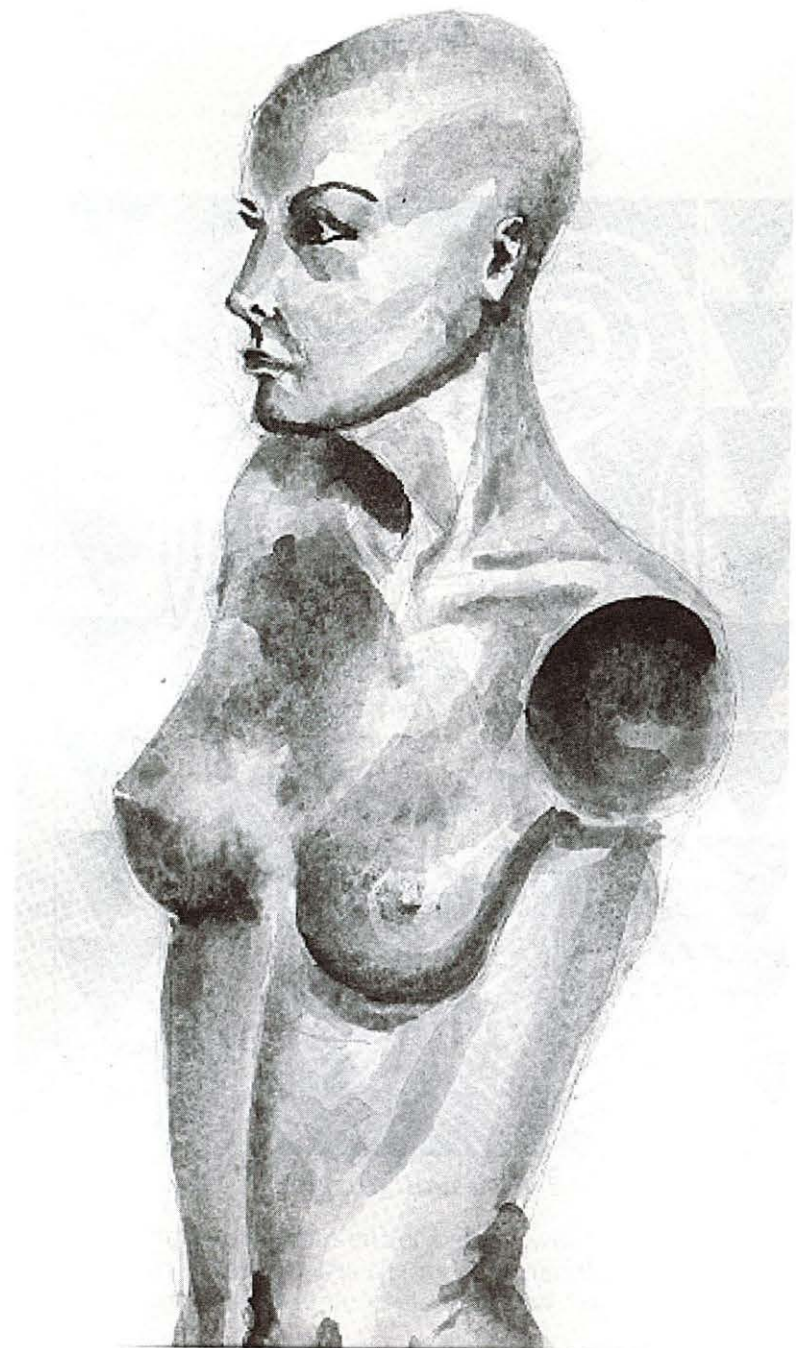
*A tribute to Lane Frost*



Nevena Durlova

Untitled watercolor

watercolor to the right on  
the facing page also by:  
Nevena Durlova, Untitled





Tyson Ferreira    *Polynesian Warrior*    Black marker

## *Particle of God*

By

Sam Foust

People these days have the wrong idea or picture of religion. People think that a person has to be perfect in order for them to enter the gates of heaven. This idea can be disputed, because only sinners go to heaven. People have a sense of God, but they picture God the wrong way. God has no body and isn't a individual at all. God could be pictured like nature. Nature can never be looked at as being evil. Nature always has the mood of the spirit.

Everyone gets a distorted picture of religion from man. Because man is human, we all make mistakes like changing a story a little. We all would have a better understanding of religion, if we would only read Jesus' words out of the Bible. When people think of religion, the only fact we need to know, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." (John 3:16) From this we know that a person only has to believe in God, and that's it. Everything else will follow.

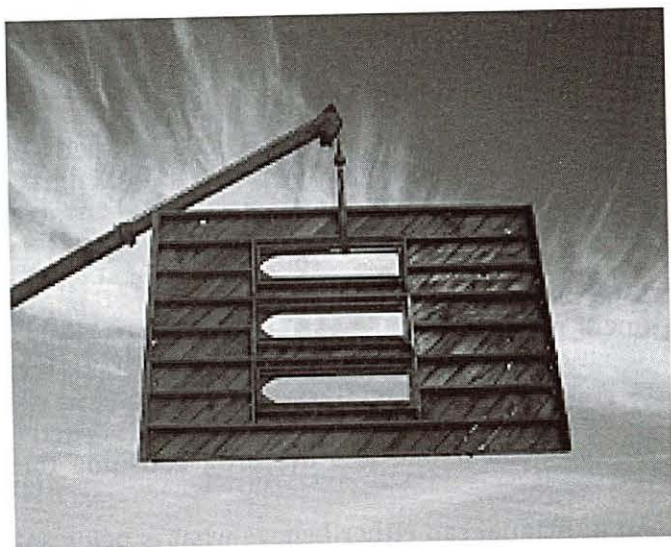
Why should you believe this? Ask yourself this question and you will know the answer. God culminates only in the moment and never any more in all of the ages. An individual should always try to live a simple life. If you think like a child, you will never miss the true meaning of life. Live life to the fullest of your abilities. Only sinners go to heaven. Take your life to the fullest. Society must do this in decent manner. Jesus drank wine and went to a few social activities too. Even though a person may do drugs doesn't mean they are destructive. Drugs are only bad if one lets the drug consume their mind.

An individual can either believe what is being said or their own opinions. The theory that people can only go to heaven by going to church is true and false. Churches

have messed up the true meaning of religion. The church adds rules and has mainly only one person teaching everyone else. The true meaning of church is for a number of people to congregate together about God. People congregate to put in their ideas and to get the true understanding. Churches must have a free mind about everything, including alcohol and other illegal activities. There are already too many secrets in this world to add more.

By now the reader should have a better understanding of the writer's beliefs. An interpreter must never believe in everything a individual speaks. Listen and have your own opinion of what an individual speaks. God is of the living and not the dead. God has an actual person standing before the gates of heaven. A person just like you and me that does understand how hard life can be. An individual has to be good or bad" never both.

"He who is not with Me is against Me, and he who does not gather with Me scatters abroad."  
(Matthew 12:30)

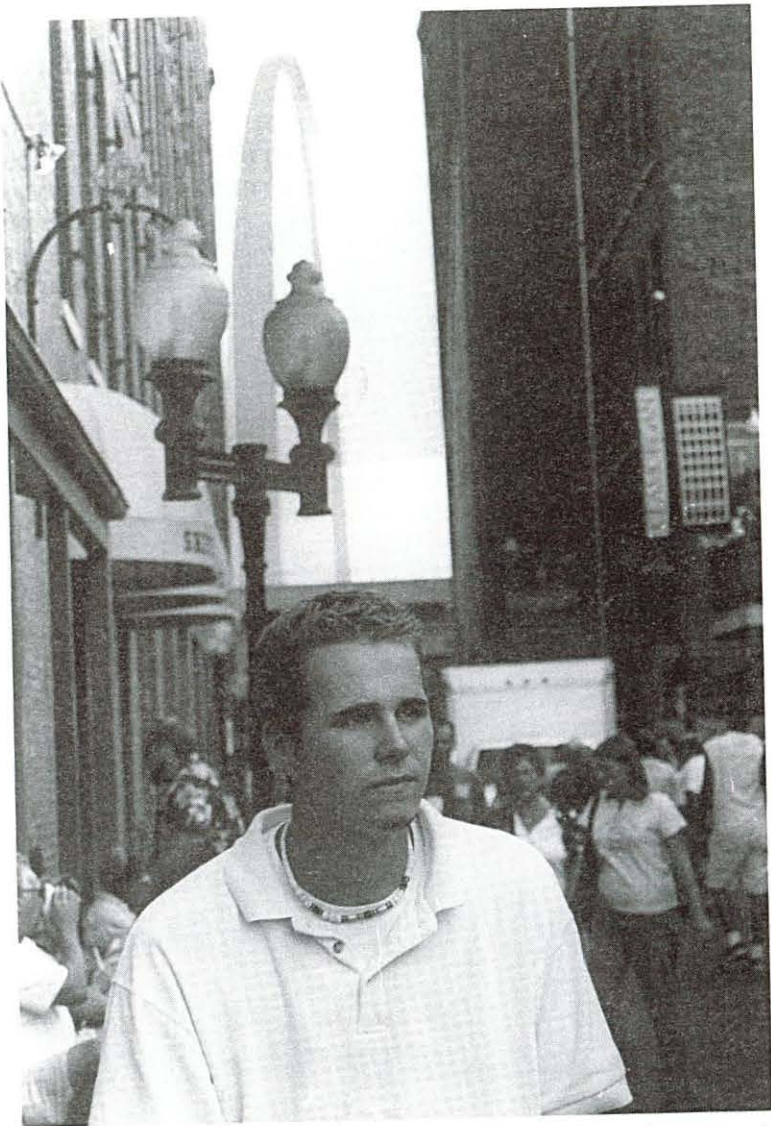


Mellody Allee *Windows to God* Photograph



Carrie Clift

Untitled pencil drawing



Jasmine McDowell *Meet me in St. Louis* Photograph

Jasmine McDowell *The Cold Shoulder* Photograph





Mellody Allee *Honduran Hospitality* Photograph

## *A Coconut*

By  
Mellody R. Allee

**C**oconut: "The fruit of the coconut palm; a large seed with a thick, hard [brown] shell that encloses ... white meat and has a milky fluid filling the hollow center."

Coconut: A person of racial background with brown skin who denies his or her heritage and acts white. An insult.

In "Mixed Blood: Columbus's Legacy. A World Made *Mestizo*" by Richard Rodriguez, he is a Mexican-Aztec Indian searching for himself. To the Mexican he is American. To the American he is Mexican. To the Indian he is Mexican. To the Pakistani he is Indian. To the Spaniard he is Mexican. If he were a dog, he would be a Heinz 57 or a mutt, and therefore not as valuable as a pedigreed canine.

In "Black White Other," Jonathan Marks says an article's referral to a lady as "half-black" and her referral to herself in the article as "black" distracted him totally from the point of the article. How is it possible, he asks, to be both black and half-black at the same time?

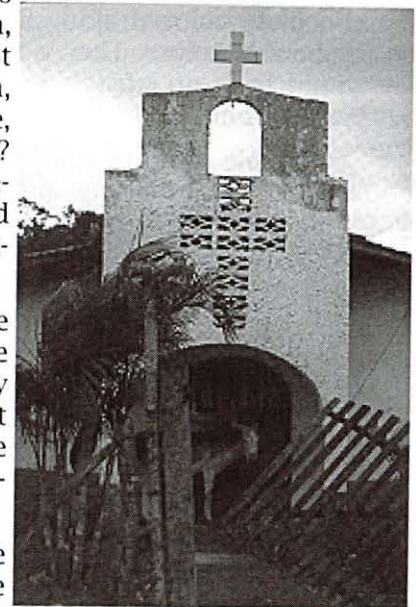
My dilemma is, how is it that in an essay discussing race it is overlooked that if she's half-black, the other half has to be something also. Is she half-white, half-red, half-brown, or half-yellow? The reader is never told. We just assume he's discussing half-white. And, isn't it interesting that the world's races can be divided by five colors?

But, if one is anything but one hundred percent white, they cannot claim to be white on a form's racial category block. Yes, the newest forms have a little deviation. There is the standard: Are you white, black, Indian, etc.? Except now there is an additional question: If you are white, do you claim Hispanic descent?

Why do the forms say white, black, Indian, Asian or Hispanic? Why not English, German, Dutch, French, Spanish, Aborigine, African, Asian or Mexican? Why are some people categorized by color (black and white) and others by heritage (Hispanic and Asian)?

What about the half-black who claims to be black in Marks' essay? By aligning herself with just one race, doesn't she lose out on the cultural richness of her other half?

Let's imagine the lady's father in the article has ancestry from the Republic of South Africa where chances are his



*Stubborn Christian*  
Photo by Mellody R. Allee

ancestry has some Dutch (white) in his lineage. Let's pretend I'm her mother. I'm English, German, Irish, French, and Indian and I'm called an American. There is no true "American" race. We are all Heinz 57's, but what race named above doesn't have a rich heritage?

And why limit one's self to one "race?" As Marks states, "You may group humans into a small number of races if you want to, but you are denied biology as a support for it." I say, let's just skip "racial" categories and go by color. I'm a very light-skinned "white" person — but my heritage includes red and brown.

The lady in the article, with the imaginary ancestry applied, could claim "brown" on the forms, but her heritage would include white, black, brown and red.

Or what about my best friend's sons? She is white, her husband is black. Let's pretend he's part Vietnamese and West Indian (like Colin Powell) and she's part Hispanic. Their blood would be white yellow, red and brown. Her sons could claim "brown" because they have very chocolate colored skin. Their heritage would be a rich rainbow of colors. They wouldn't be "black" because they would have no African or Aborigine blood (neither does Powell whom America calls black).

A couple of years ago I spent three months in the Honduras. I lived in a tent, ate in a tent, slept in a tent,



showered in a tent, and worked in a tent. One day I came out of the bathroom  
t e n t  
h u m m i n g

*How Great Thou Art.* One of the Honduran gentlemen working on the compound smiled at me and immediately started singing the song. In Spanish. I returned his smile and started singing with him. In English. We wouldn't have won any contests, but we connected. We recognized a kinship in God. Race was irrelevant.

I also connected with one of the ladies operating a roadside stand outside the compound. I'd go there often after work to purchase yet another souvenir. I always wore a cross around my neck and one day it was outside my tee-shirt. The Honduran lady saw my cross and pointed at it and then pointed at herself. I didn't know if she wanted to buy the cross or what. She understood my confusion even though neither of us had spoken. She reached under her counter and pulled out her Santo Biblia; her Holy Bible. We smiled. No language was necessary and the color of our skin was irrelevant. We were sisters in Christ.



I especially connected with Walter. Walter was around twelve and was the man of his family. I don't know what happened to his Papa. Walter became my symbol of Honduras. He was bright, smart, and ornery. He was a hard worker on the compound and he was my buddy. He hid my bicycle from me one day (I had adopted the Honduran method of transportation) and he laughed for hours while I searched for it. I couldn't ask him where it was because I didn't speak Spanish. He couldn't have told me where it was (even if he had wanted to) because he didn't speak English. When I left the compound for good, Walter was there to tell me goodbye. We were both crying. Walter will always be in my prayers. He is the son of my heart and a part of my heart will always be with him in the Honduras.



I connected with the Honduran people in many ways many more times. At the market in Coyoles, I couldn't stand still or I would be surrounded by children begging for food. When I wasn't surrounded by children,

invariably one of the women would reach out and touch my hair. I'd turn around and she'd smile and say, "Bonito." I'd reply, "Gracias," all the time wondering why the women were touching my hair. Rodriguez said it was because touching blonde hair is believed to bring them luck. I hope it does.

So why do we find it necessary to identify ourselves by race: People all over the world have the same feelings and desires. Race doesn't change a mother's desire for her child to have a better life. The color of a child's skin doesn't change their need for love and affection. To be honest, I didn't even notice the color of Walter's skin when I was hugging him goodbye. I'm sure it was brown, but after three months in the Honduras, so was mine.

And unfortunately I foresee that the forms would soon say, "Dark brown, amber, auburn, bay, beige, biscuit, bistre, brick, brindle, bronze, buff, burnt sienna, burnt umber, café-au-lait, chestnut, chocolate, cinnamon, cocoa, coconut-shell colored," (well, you get the idea) because it seems that regardless of the lack of biological support for racial identity, people have to put labels on each other.

Sadly, if one looks "brown" no matter how much "white" blood there may be in them, if they act "white" (whatever that is) they're labeled a coconut. I'm not called a coconut, though, because my skin doesn't advertise my rich red and brown heritage. I look "white" so it's okay if I act "white." Walter would say, "Melodia, estas de dentro afuera al revela coco."

"Melody, you're a coconut turned inside out."



*Mother and Child,  
Walter and Me*

Photograph from the  
collection of M.R. Allee



Darby Adamson

*Self-Portrait*

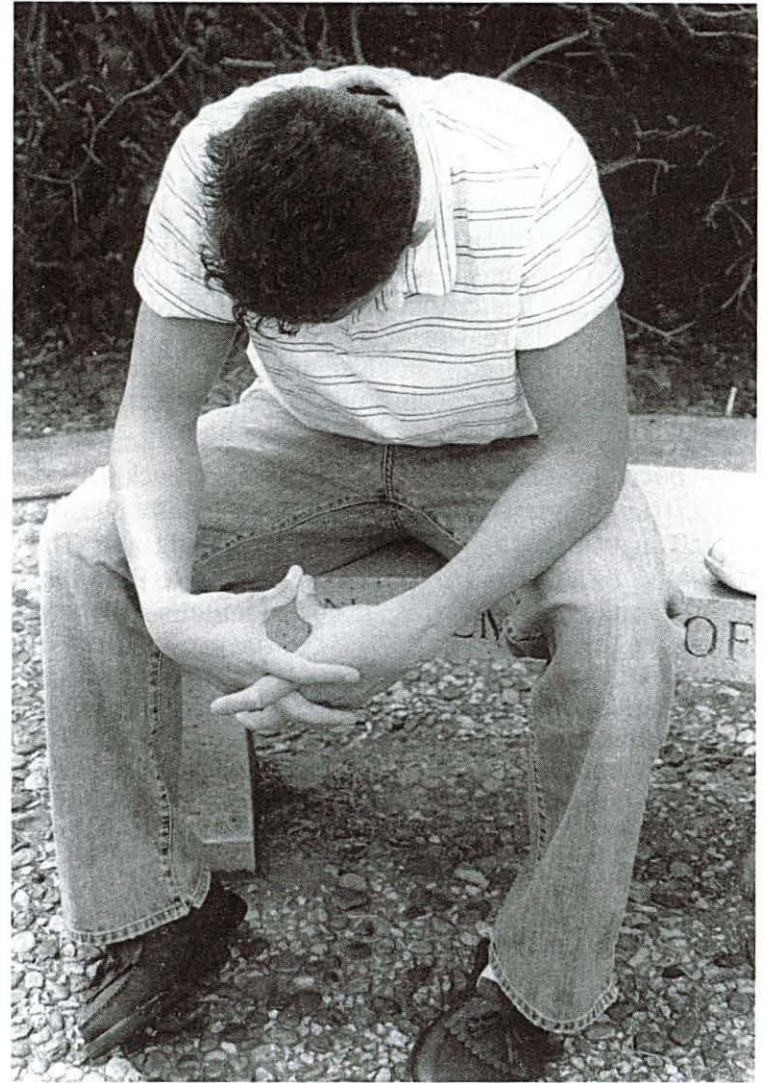
Colored pencil



Jasmine McDowell

*Defeat*

Photograph



Brandi Turley

Untitled photograph

## Little Women: Big Influence

By

Stefani Deines

Louisa May Alcott once said about her novel, *Little Women*, "It reads better than I expected. Not a bit sensational, but simple and true, for we really lived most of it; and if it succeeds that will be the reason of it" (Stern 196). Louisa will always be remembered for this novel of four young women and their struggle through life, and for the most part it will be remembered as a children's book.

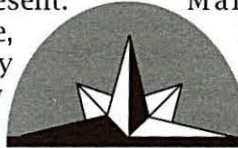
But Louisa May Alcott's philosophical background gives *Little Women* a deeper meaning. Louisa became involved in transcendentalism at a very young age. The *Handbook to Literature* gives an excellent definition of transcendentalism. It states transcendentalism is, "A reliance on the intuition and the conscience, a form of idealism" (Harmon & Holman 514). After this definition, the handbook goes on to list several characteristics of the movement. Each of the characteristics listed exemplified throughout not only Alcott's life, but also throughout her novel *Little Women*.

One characteristic of transcendentalism listed in the handbook is, "Every person's relation to God was to be established directly by the individual rather than through a ritualistic church" (Harmon & Holman 514). In Louisa's history we do not read much about her connection to God, except her referral to *Pilgrim's Progress*. Louisa never mentions going to church, nor does she mention her relationship to God. She does, however, mention using *Pilgrim's Progress*, which was obviously her tool on her journey through spirituality. The fact that Louisa never really mentions a relationship to God is a key to understanding that Louisa's relationship was very personal and intimate, without using the church as her mediator.

*Little Women* gives a better picture of the relationship between the girls and God. The girls use *Pilgrim's Progress* not only for their journey to God, but also for the daily trials and tribulations that they face with their burdens of character.

The *Handbook of Literature* lists another characteristic, "[Transcendentalists] strongly felt the need of intellectual companionships" (Harmon & Holman 514). In Louisa's experiences as a child a group of transcendentalists were always present. Margaret Fuller, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Emerson, Henry Henry Sewell, Henry Lane, and many others were frequently present within the Alcott household.

Her intellectual companionships shifted as she grew older. Later in life feminists such as Anthony and Lucy Stone were always requesting her references and meetings. Transcendentalism also advocated the franchisement of women in 1840, the study of the woman's sphere became more intense. Women found themselves in much different circumstances than




*Women found themselves in much different circumstances... feminism began to emerge. Women began writing about their experiences.*

their mothers and grandmothers. For one, women in these times were much more educated than women had been before. Women began to find more time on their hands for education, temperance and prison-reform because production had been taken out of the home. For years most factory production had taken place within the home, but after the founding of factories, women found more time on their hands. Under these circumstances feminism began to emerge.

tual companion-grew older. Later sought Louisa Susan B. Stone were always present at meetings. Transcendentalism also advocated "the enlightenment of the woman's sphere" (Harmon & Holman 515). Starting in the 1840s and more women found themselves in different circumstances than

Women began writing about their experiences, whether it was domestic, in the sweatshops, or experiences of women slaves. For the first time in history, women were having their female experiences published, and people were reading them.

  
For years critics have stated that *Little Women* cannot be a feminist novel.

This movement was the beginning of securing the end of oppression for women and Louisa May Alcott was in the center of it all. Through her life and experiences, it is possible to see how much of an affect feminism had upon her life. For years critics, such as Martha Saxton and James Tuttleton, have stated that *Little Women* cannot be a feminist novel, nor even have feminist undertones. However, Louisa May Alcott's history, the life she led, and the evidence she left behind, proves that not only was Louisa a feminist, but that *Little Women* was intended to have feminist undertones.

Although critics defend that neither Louisa nor *Little Women* complies with feminist analysis, the characteristics listed in the *Literal and Cultural Theory* by David Hall are consistent with Louisa's life and situations in the novel. According to these characteristics, not only was Louisa a feminist, but also her novel, *Little Women*.

The principal that is listed in feminist analysis is, "Language, institutions, and social power structures have reflected patriarchal interests throughout much of history; this has had a profound impact on women's ability to express themselves and the quality of their daily lives" (Hall 202). Most of Louisa's life was spent in the recognition of the oppression of women.


Another characteristic listed in *Literal and Cultural Theory* states, "at the same time, women have resisted and subverted patriarchal oppression in a variety of ways" (Hall 203). Louisa May Alcott grew up in a home with a mother who demonstrated and exercised her rights within the home on a regular basis. Later in life,

Louisa found an outlet to patriarchal oppression through the U.S. Sanitary Commission. This group of women organized the entire hospital effort during the Civil War. This commission organized the deployment of nurses, doctors, and hospitals into the field during the war. Although the women did on occasion consult outside physicians, the women were responsible for the foundation that was laid for a hospital system in the war.

*Little Women* gives another subtle example of escaping the control of men. Just like Louisa's real life, the five women in the book were often left to each other, with no male to control the household. The girls express themselves through their Pickwick Society.

The girls form a little newspaper staff and every week turn out the Pickwick Papers. The girls held board meetings, with a president, vice president, secretary and all the rest. The girls put together a paper and conducted themselves within what was always considered a man's job. Although this was considered a childhood game, the girls were playing a very revolutionary pretend game. They gave themselves male jobs and never doubted their ability to turn out a good newspaper full of quality literature and news. The girls did not see anything abnormal about the game. And Louisa is letting a little of her feminist behavior shine through in this situation.

Louisa May Alcott and *Little Women* also comply that "For some feminists, the most important way to resist patriarchy is to challenge laws and other institutional barriers to women's equality" (Hall 205). As a child Louisa was allowed to listen in on the meetings of the Transcendental Club. Although she was too young to voice her opinions, she was allowed to listen and learn from conversations that typical children were forbidden from hearing. She was also part of a group of women, her mother and her

  
However, Louisa May Alcott's history, the life she led, and the evidence she left behind, proves that not only was Louisa a feminist, but that *Little Women* was intended to have feminist undertones.

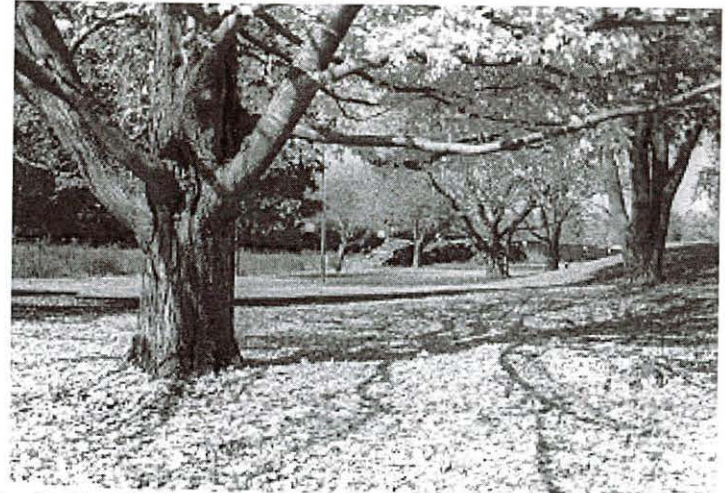
sisters, that ran her household. Typically, men took on the financial responsibility of the household, but in Louisa's sense, the women were responsible for making the money and making ends meet.

Later in *Life*, as Louisa submerged herself into the feminist movement, she began to rally for woman's right to vote. Louisa May Alcott had no tolerance for classic institutions of men taking care of women and limiting her options in life. *Little Women* suggests breaking barriers within its pages, although Louisa used subtle examples.

*Little Women* is considered a children's novel, but there are philosophical undertones that cannot be ignored. The novel is meant for young women, but it also gives them a positive outlook on the opportunities that women have. Louisa May Alcott was not a militant feminist, but she was strong in her beliefs, and those beliefs are revealed in her novel *Little Women*.



Javier Lammirato Untitled pencil drawing



Leslie Footlick

Photograph

*In the Morning at the Park*

## *Freedom*

By  
Mark Bishop

To live life,  
is freedom.  
Running wild with the one I love,  
is what I want to do,  
To be free  
to inhale the very breath of liberty,  
sets me free.  
Limitations,  
walls,  
or doubt  
is the life I choose not to live.  
Freedom involves our expression.

## *Pedigree*

By

Mark Bishop

The tree of life from which I came,  
brings me forth to where I am.  
If where I am  
is not supposed to be,  
then I know I am not fulfilling  
my family tree.

My family tree has traveled abroad,  
and crossed many waters,  
with pain, and dignity,  
and with pride.  
Now I know why God will keep me alive.  
Alive! Yes, I am alive!  
I can continually walk,  
with my family pride.

To know where I am helps me  
stride to where I should be.  
My roots keep me planted,  
within the heritage of this tree.  
So, branches can always spread out  
adding the future fruits of me.

## *My World*

By

Mark Bishop

Corrupt, painful, distorted with hardly a hope,  
life is torn from me day by day.  
Survive in a maze,  
I am the middle of the beginning.  
From a slave generation I was born  
to find my way out.



Mellody Allee

*Callejón Gato*

Sculpture

## *To Have Acquaintance with Mine Own Desires: Objectivity & Strong Character*

By  
Carrie Clift

What is the key to power, control, and ultimately, strength of character? True strength can be found when people have control of themselves and over events. This control is a result of objectivity. People that can step back and look at their own situations, then make decisions, have this strength which allows them to control action in their lives. Weakness, on the other hand, is determined by a lack of objectivity, called subjectivity. Objectivity is vital to strength, because without it, people lack self-control and/or influence over the events in their lives. By looking at Shakespeare, his *Rosalind* and *Lady Macbeth*, and life outside of literature today, one can discover that objectivity is the key to strength of character which results in power and control.

Shakespeare himself exemplifies this quality, because when he is examined next to other authors, it becomes obvious that he epitomizes objectivity. With this gift of objectivity, Shakespeare can truly define a large number of different personality types. For example, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, all of the characters have different ways of ruling. Undeniably, Shakespeare creates characters that are completely opposite and different. All these characters have amazing depth. It is only with his unparalleled level of objectivity that he has power to step back and carefully create such unique and *real* characters.

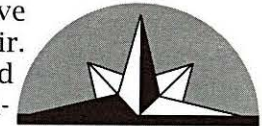
Shakespeare created amazing characters and his objectivity gave him further control. By being objective and in control, he manipulated his characters using his objectivity to place them in either difficult or pleasant circumstances. He creates different fates for them, which they must live out and shape, such as *Rosalind's*

banishment in *As You Like It*. In addition, Shakespeare bestows this power of manipulation, which comes from objectivity, upon some of his finest characters which they use for purposes of good and evil. *Rosalind* is given this power so she can help bring order to the kingdom, between characters in love, to ultimately be the great manipulator, the shaper of fate, for the play.

Looking at Shakespeare's plays, one discovers that women's level of objectivity results in the strengths and weaknesses that play an enormous role in the dynamics of the relationships between women and their men in the plays. The highly objective *Rosalind* has complete, confident, self-control as she maneuvers her relationship with *Orlando* and brings order to the kingdom. A sharp contrast to *Rosalind* can be found in the subjective, impulsive character of *Lady Macbeth*, who appears to be strong but, in actuality, cannot even control herself. Her only strength comes from her will and her only power of control comes through her husband by manipulation, for evil purposes. In the end, her subjective manipulation fails and she is rendered powerless.

*Rosalind*, on the other hand, is one of Shakespeare's strongest woman characters because she faces banishment and is objective enough not to give in to despair. *Rosalind's* ability to stay composed when banished, and to think to the future, which eventually allows order to be brought to the kingdom, stems from her extremely high level of objectivity. She addresses the fact that she may have some fear deep within, but she will let that lie there and let her strength prevail. Her understanding that all brave people have some sense of fear inside allows her to maintain control over herself and proceed.

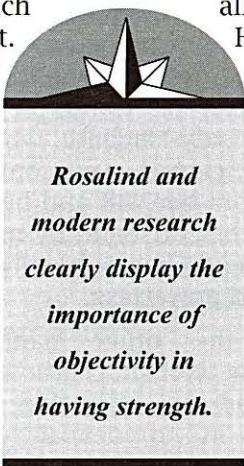
*Rosalind* is one of Shakespeare's most liberated women. Being a



*One discovers that women's level of objectivity results in the strengths and weaknesses that play an enormous role...in relationships.*

wise and strong woman, she is highly successful in her control over the plot. She truly has control of herself, her fate, and the fates of the other characters in the play. A woman with this much control is exceptionally strong. This power that she has by using her objectivity to control the fate of the characters is truly influential in the overall plot of the story, much like the modern researcher who, while in control of himself; designs and controls the lab experiment, by objectively looking at every possible variable that influences research.

In an experiment, the researcher has complete objectivity which allows him to control the experiment. He knows and plans every aspect of the experiment. In this sense he is like Shakespeare, who creates the situations the characters will be placed in. Then the researcher molds or "creates" his laboratory assistants to act in the way he wants them for the experiment. As Shakespeare does with Rosalind, the assistants that control the project. His does create control and therefore strength. Rosalind and modern research clearly display the importance of objectivity in having strength.

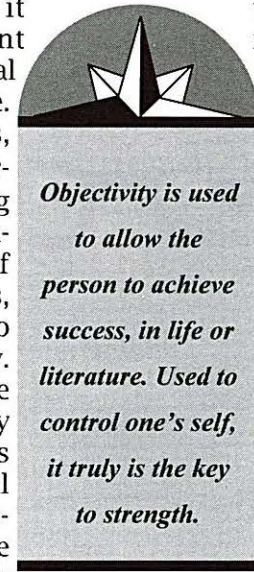


In contrast, one can find a complete opposite in the character of Lady Macbeth. She appears to be a strong woman who is in control, but in actuality, she is not. It is true that she has a powerful will, but a strong will is not the same as a strong character. If she were a strong character, she would be able to act on her own desires, but she is weak and must have Macbeth act.

Lady Macbeth is weak because she lacks objectivity, which would allow her to be a strong character. She is too greedy, passionate, and full of ambition to step out of her place and make well thought

out decisions. Lady Macbeth is excited about the possibility of her husband gaining power, which she hopes will also transfer to her. In the play, she talks about having to manipulate Macbeth to take action. She does not even think that she would be the one to act because she is too weak to act without her husband. She lacks the ability to control herself and make action happen. To further injure her strength, her impatient ambition and desperate hunger for hope of some kind of power, leave her blind (without objectivity).

Although it Macbeth's descent caused by a moral it is not true. Shakespeare's plays, *Othello*, commit terrible. However, strong Iago, maintain com-minds. His lack of him in his evil acts, ity helps him go them successfully. successful that he chess pieces. If Lady been as objective as have been successful ous plot. Lady Mac-cannot have hope objectivity. In the lost in madness, she gives in to despair.



would seem Lady into madness was conscious alone, Characters in such as Iago in rible deeds. characters, like trol over their conscience helps but his objectiv-through with Indeed, he is so uses people like Macbeth had Iago, she would in her treacher-beth is weak and when she lacks end, after she is

Seeing that objectivity has been the key strength which can be measured in terms of level of control and power for Shakespeare and for his characters, one can also find that this holds true in life today, outside the realm of literature. This objectivity can be found in the life of Shakespeare, his plays, and in life today in other fields. It is used to control people which allows the person to achieve success for him or herself and for others, either in life or literature. Objectivity, used to control one's self and the people in life, truly is the key to strength.



Darby Adamson      *Self Portrait*      Watercolor

## *One of Millions*

By  
Mark Bishop

I wonder if people listen to us,  
in this America we built  
with our hands and minds.  
Those pirates who stole  
bought my ancestors  
now speak of equality,  
and of peace,  
but I feel nor see either one.

I want unity.  
I am one of millions who screams in anger.

Things have not changed from our past  
just renovated crow laws,  
hidden to all guests.

As frustration enters my door,  
I wonder if violence lurks behind.  
I touch my forefather's grave in prayer,  
why is there no change?  
I worry not about the Constitution and the Bill of Rights,  
for those laws condemned our actions.  
Now threatens to condemn our minds.  
I cry when we fight amongst ourselves,  
and not join as one.

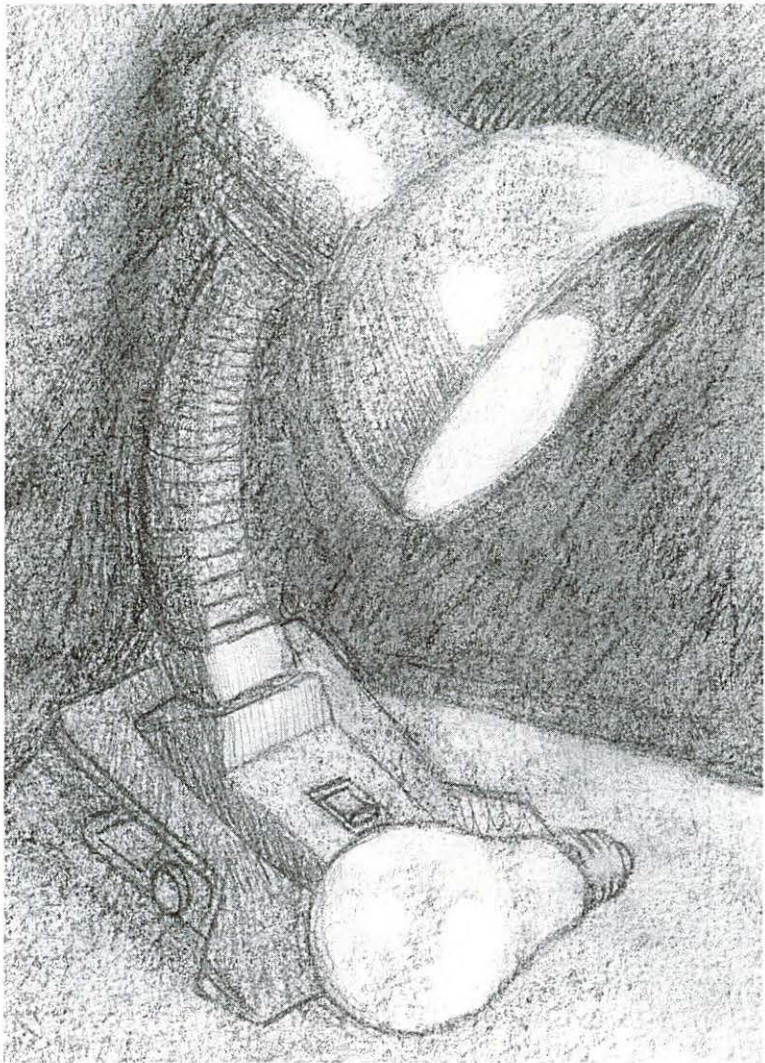
I am one of million who screams in anger.

I understand the heavy load I carry  
from Great People before me  
but...

I ask myself,  
is it worth the bloodshed,  
pain,  
patience,  
the tears?

How much longer should I dream?

I am one of the millions who scream in anger



Martin Cavoti

*Still Life*

Charcoal

# The Purple Patch

A MAGAZINE OF LITERARY ♦ ART PATCHES

## *Choosing a Magazine's Name*

By

Sarah Casaletto

**T**he white paper contrasts deeply with the black ink stamped upon it. The words seem uniform, organized in paragraphs and formatted onto the page. A person reads over the words, leaving the page intact, until he or she sees a portion where the black ink seems darker, as if the passage of writing were jumping off the page. The highlighter comes out, and the page is now marked, the significant passage a new color all its own. This is known as a "purple patch." The Handbook to Literature by Harmon and Holman defines a purple patch as:

A piece of notably fine writing. Now and then authors in a strongly emotional passage will give free play to most of the stylistic tricks in their bag. They will write intensely colorful and more than usually rhythmic. When there is an unusual piling up of these devices in such away as to suggest a self-conscious literary effort, the section is spoken of as a purple patch—a colorful passage standing out from the writing around it. (The expression comes from Horace, for whom purple dye was much rarer—hence more conspicuous—than it is for us.) (421)

Generally the purple patches are the "quotable quotes" and the part of the piece which stands out to the reader. Just open any "Zankified" book and one can see purple patches highlighted in many works of literature. A purple patch is often the best writing in the piece of work. The new Literary Magazine for Missouri Valley College represents some of the best writing, art, and photography of the students in the school. It shall be our "purple patch" for people to open and immediately recognize as the best.

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