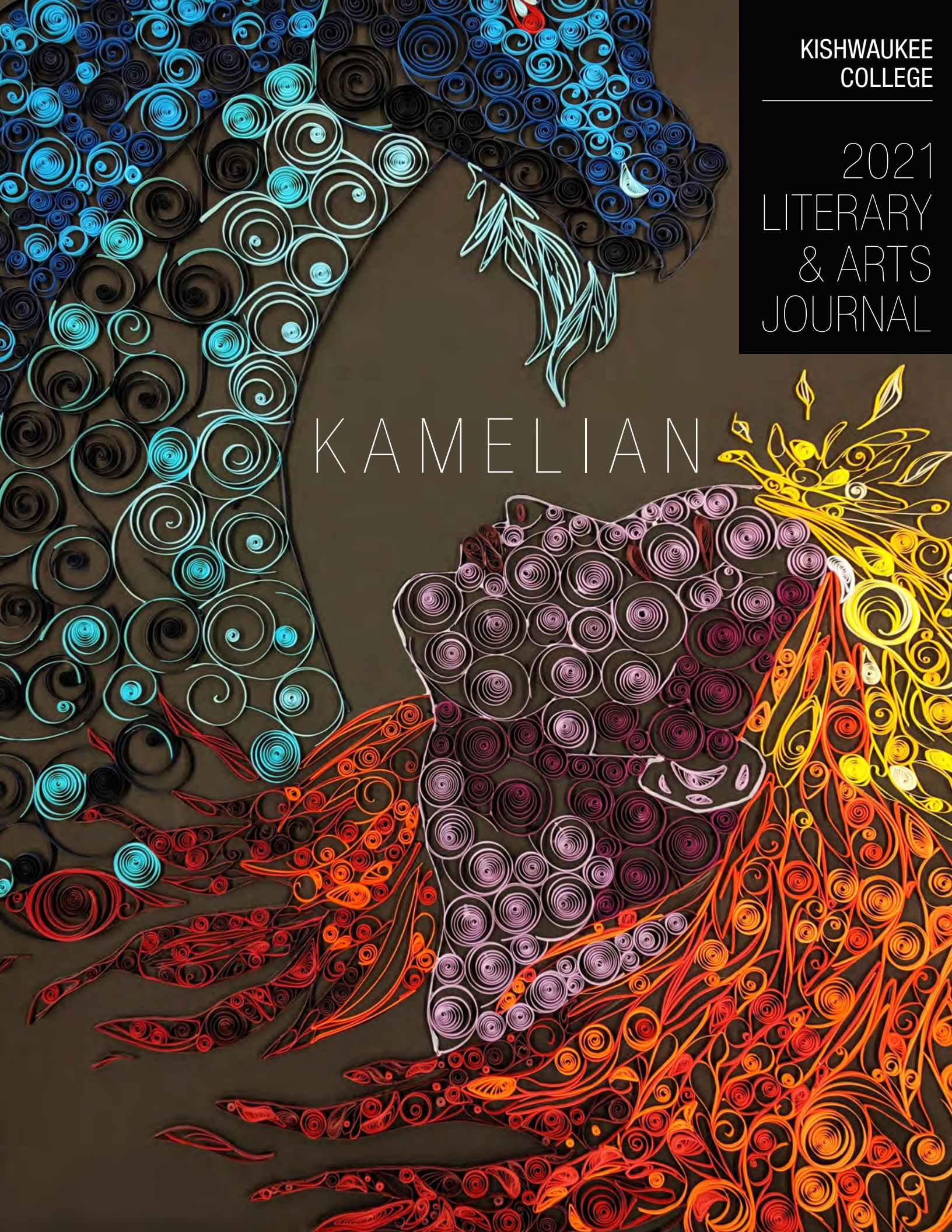

KISHWAUKEE COLLEGE

2021 LITERARY & ARTS JOURNAL

KAMELIAN

Kishwaukee College

2021 Kamelian Literary & Arts Journal

Realizing that educational institutions should encourage intellectual inquiry and being cognizant that we live in a pluralistic society, the following disclaimer is given.

The ideas and opinions expressed in *Kamelian* are those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect the attitude of the Board of Trustees, the administration, the faculty, or the staff of Kishwaukee College. Materials for *Kamelian* were submitted by students who have been enrolled in courses at Kishwaukee College during one or all of the previous three semesters. Outside jurors with professional credentials and knowledge in the respective fields reviewed all entries. The pieces selected for inclusion in *Kamelian* and the awards given were based on the jurors' opinions of their aesthetic merits.

On the Cover

Lydia Myers
Look Inside Yourself
3D Material on Board

First Place (Tie)
Three-Dimensional Art

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Literature

Julia Nusbaum
EIC HerStry
Literary Magazine

Art

Heather A. Houzenga
Visual Artist, Zenga's Elementary Art Enrichment, Easton Valley CSD

Sydni Reubin
Artist

Ben Rogers
Designer, Design Fugitives

Awards

Literature

Short Fiction

First Place
Dale Giebel
Chip's Colorful Day

Poetry

First Place
CJ Campbell
Quitting Dying

Second Place
Micheal Q. Harris
Through Your Eyes

Art

Photography

First Place
Katelyn Ackland
A Season of Transformation

Second Place
Sarah Slazyk
Moon

Third Place
Sarah Slazyk
Summer

Honorable Mentions
Katelyn Ackland
Nature's Jubilation

Chanel Coetzee
Sunset DeKalb

Lillian Johnson
Running Late

Lillian Johnson
Straight Flush

Three-Dimensional

First Place (Tie)
Katelyn Ackland
Whimsical Wonders

First Place (Tie)
Lydia Myers
Look Inside Yourself

Second Place
Elsie Gordon
Untitled

Two-Dimensional

First Place
Elsie Gordon
Grasp for Relevancy

Second Place
Lillian Johnson
Future Dropout

Third Place
Katelyn Ackland
Fear Not

Honorable Mention
Lydia Myers
Hear Me Roar

Katelyn Ackland
A Season of Transformation

First Place
Photography

Through Your Eyes

From the first moment I met you
I saw who I truly was
Through the spirit in your eyes
Things revealed to me never

Unto a cry coming out of me
I never knew was in me
A strength and focus

Never knew I had flowing through me

To the point of prayer language
Being pulled out of me
Because natural words could not express
Therefore, being pulled into the spiritual

As if we had already known each other

In a past moment or kindred spirits
Knowing all the glory and honor belongs
To the Most High

None thee less I am speechless
Yet my words flow
As the very tears and cry
Did that day unto now?

Micheal Q. Harris

Second Place
Poetry

Chip's Colorful Day

It was a bright and colorful day, and Chip was relaxing at home when he heard the phone ring.

"Chip," his mother called, "It's the Robs!"

The Robs were a fun older couple who were both named Rob. Chip always found this funny, especially considering both of their last names started with an 'S.' Chip sprang up and dashed to the kitchen, for whenever the Robs called, it was certain they had something fun in mind. "Hello," Chip said as his mother handed him the phone.

"Chip! We were wondering if you'd like to go see a show with us?" replied Rob.

Chip was super excited. The Robs were inviting him to a musical at the theater.

"I'd love to!" chimed Chip.

"Great," said Rob, "May I speak to your mother?"

Chip handed the phone back to his mom and ran to his room to get ready; he had to find the perfect outfit to wear that would match this colorful day. As he scoured his closet, he couldn't stop smiling.

Chip loved going to the theater with the Robs; it was always so colorful. One time, he even got to go backstage and see how the show was made. He got to see everything from the mics the characters used to sound louder to the props they used on stage. But his favorite part was seeing the costume room. There was a new color of fabric everywhere you looked. It looked like what Chip imagined the inside of a rainbow would look like.

Chip was looking through his clothes when he saw it, his pink jacket. It was the perfect choice. Of course, he couldn't wear only the pink jacket, so he found a shirt and pants to match and hurried downstairs.

"Chip," his mother called as he reached the bottom step, "Rob said he and Rob will meet you at the theater at 4 o'clock. You'd better get a move on. It's already 3."

Chip said good-bye to his mom and rushed off. The theater was on the other side of town, which meant Chip would get a chance to see how all of the town looked on such a colorful day. At the end of his street, Chip turned right, towards the square-shaped bushes by the library. The bushes were so tall that they blocked all the light to the ground underneath. As he passed the bushes, he heard a whisper. He didn't pay it much mind, though, as whispering is what you do in a library, and carried on.

As he walked, Chip noticed lots of rainbows on all the buildings. He thought it must've been the town's way of celebrating such a colorful day. He decided it would be fun to count them, and so he did. He counted rainbows on the café, the toy store, the bank, and even the doctor's office. When Chip came upon the fire station, he noticed a rainbow sign on the ground. As he walked over to pick it up, he heard another whisper from the alley. He decided to investigate this time, as whispering is not often what you do near a fire station.

The alley was dark, with only the light reflecting from the street illuminating the area, but Chip could see a shadow hiding behind a trash can. There were dirty puddles in the middle of the alley and loose trash blowing all around. 'This was not a colorful place,' he thought to himself. As he neared the shadow, something jumped out at him. Close up, Chip could see that the shadow was, in fact, a very hairy pig. This was not a usual pig, though; it had dark, thick, coarse hair and tusks like an elephant, only smaller. It was dripping in alley water and did not match the colorful day. The creature's appearance frightened Chip, but he wasn't going to let that damper such a colorful day.

"Hi," said Chip, "what are you doing back here in the dark? It's much nicer and more colorful out on the street. There's even rainbows on all the windows."

"I hate rainbows," snarled the pig as he eyed Chip's jacket, "I wish I could get rid of all colorful days."

Chip was confused, 'how could anyone hate rainbows?' he thought. But before he could ask this, the pig grabbed his jacket and twiddled it between his hooves.

"Where are you headed all bright and colorful?" the pig questioned, letting go of the jacket.

"I'm headed to the theater," Chip replied, "the Robs invited me to see a show, and I can't wait! But I must hurry, it starts at 4."

"How fun," smiled the pig. "Will everyone there be as brightly dressed as you?"

"I hope so," gleamed Chip, for that was his favorite part about the theater. He loved to see all the fancy costumes and elaborate sets on the stage.

This seemed to delight the pig in a naughty way. However, before Chip could figure him out, the pig pulled out a watch.

"It's 3:30," said the pig, pointing to his watch, "You'd better hurry, or else you'll be late! Lucky for you, I know a shortcut. Just head down this alley and then turn left."

Chip thanked the pig for his help and went to follow his directions when the pig handed him something.

"A gift," said the pig, "to brighten your outfit even more."

Chip examined this gift. It was a rainbow balloon attached to a bracelet. It was a little heavy, but it was so colorful.

"I thought you don't like rainbows?" questioned Chip.

"I didn't." said the pig with a smile, "but then I thought, 'how could anyone hate rainbows?' Now hurry along. You don't want to be late."

Chip thanked the pig again and went on his way.

The pig's offer surprised Chip. He had thought the pig looked mean but figured he must have been wrong. Chip, however, was not wrong, for the pig actually had a very naughty plan brewing.

As soon as Chip was out of sight, the pig dashed for the theater. The 'shortcut' he gave Chip would actually take him longer, leaving the pig time to carry out his plan.

When the pig reached the theater, he gave everyone the same gift he gave Chip. He made sure to give the Robs the bracelets with the biggest balloons. All the colorful people thanked him and put the bracelets on at once. Little did they know, the pig had filled the balloons with dirty alley water, and the pig was planning on ruining all of their bright colors.

Chip exited the alley and turned left as the pig advised. He was happy to be out of that dark place and back in the light. The alley didn't even have one rainbow. As he continued along the pig's route, he started to picture all the colors of the theater and wondered what the Robs would be wearing.

As he neared the theater, Chip noticed that everyone had the same bracelet he had gotten from the pig. Even the Robs had the bracelet, which matched their colorful looks perfectly. Chip assumed the pig must have been going to the show all along and was maybe even a character in the show, which would explain his strange look. Chip had never seen a dark character in a show before, but the idea of that ugly pig up on stage surrounded by all the bright colors was silly enough for him to look past that.

As he came even closer, Chip spotted the pig on top of the theater awning. He had heard of shows where the characters pretended to be a part of the audience and got very excited that this might be one. However, when the pig saw him, something truly awful happened. A loud "POP" sounded as all of the balloons popped, covering all the theater's bright colors, including Chip and the Robs, in dirty alley water, just like the pig.

Chip then heard something from the awning. It was the pig.

The pig started to laugh and shouted, "No more colorful day for you!"

Chip couldn't believe the pig had tricked him, and even worse, ruined all the colors of the theater. But then, Chip remembered what he saw on the backstage trip he went on with the Robs and knew what they had to do.

Chip told the Robs his plan, and they rushed inside the theater to the costume room. They grabbed every color of fabric they could find and piled them into baskets. Once they had all the colors, they rushed back outside, where they could still hear the pig laughing on the awning. The Robs and Chip started handing everyone a different color to put on, which did not please the pig, and soon the crowd was even more colorful than they started.

"No!" cried the pig, "you ruined everything!"

"No!" said Chip, "It was you who tried to ruin everything. But lucky for us, nothing can ruin a colorful day!"

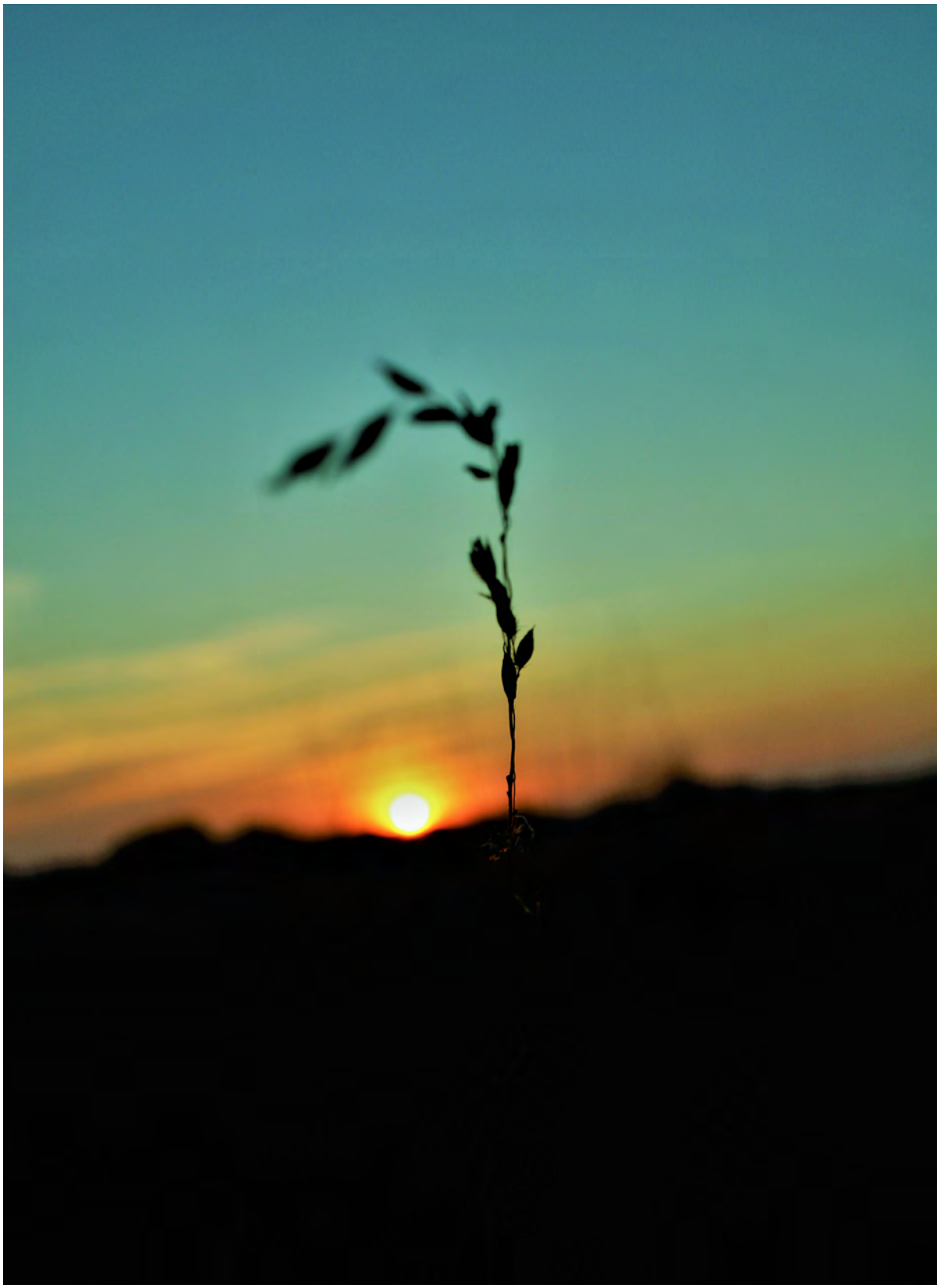
With this, the pig jumped off the awning and ran towards the alley. However, news of the colorful victory spread fast, and by the time the pig reached his alley, it had been covered in rainbows. Upon seeing this, the pig ran out of town, never to be seen again.

The show at the theater went on, as it must, and it ended up being the most colorful one yet.

Dale Giebel

First Place

Short Fiction



Sarah Slazyk
Summer

Third Place
Photography

Sarah Slazyk
Moon

Second Place
Photography

loVe
Love
Me

Elsie Gordon
Grasp for Relevancy

First Place
Two-Dimensional Art

Lillian Johnson
Future Dropout

Second Place
Two-Dimensional Art

Katelyn Ackland
A Puzzling Expression

Two-Dimensional Art

Elsie Gordon
Untitled

Second Place
Three-Dimensional Art

KISSES
T 1
F 4
D 2

Katelyn Ackland
A Reflective Observation

Two-Dimensional Art

In the Ashes of Your Property

In the ashes of your property I found history

I found ebony blood dried into the mortar.

I found white smoke that stained my skin as the oppressor.

I found the broken teeth that couldn't bite through chains.

In the ashes of your property I found off-set scales of justice.

I found sugar and spice

I found coffee for your cream

I found blindness and the true cost of the economy.

In the ashes of your property I found parts of me I didn't want to face.

I found my pockets lined with coin meant for your labor.

I found the stitches that hold this whole thing together.

In the ashes of your property you were mourning the things that can be replaced.

CJ Campbell

Poetry

Katelyn Ackland
Whimsical Wonders

First Place (Tie)
Three-Dimensional Art

Lydia Myers
Hear Me Roar

Honorable Mention
Two-Dimensional Art

Quitting Dying

You smoke cigarettes to prove to yourself that you already dead

You created me out of smoke rings

I live like a wisp and an apparition

I smell of tobacco and I am stained nicotine just like you

When you left I had to learn to breathe oxygen

I coughed as my lungs turned pink for the first time

I didn't know I was meant to grow and expand

I feel brittle out in this world without you

Now you ask to bum smokes out of the breast pocket above my heart

I can't, I am saving my fire to burn down the house we lived in

So you're dying now

I think I have always been dying, I still can't breathe

CJ Campbell

First Place
Poetry

Lillian Johnson
Running Late

Honorable Mention
Photography

Katelyn Ackland
Fear Not

Third Place
Two-Dimensional Art

Informed Consent

We live in a multifaceted world that has a dichotomy at work. Depending on your perspective, you may feel that the world is on the cusp of an Orwellian dystopia or a new age of interconnectedness. That perspective much depends on your relationship with emerging social technologies and what priorities you have about your privacy. We now live in a world of an all-encompassing account of our lives thanks to social media and the proliferation of AI enabled smart devices such as phones, tablets, as well as camera-enabled apps for your doorbell and electronic hubs for tracking everything from our latest package to the whereabouts of loved ones. In this described dichotomy questions arise. What does it mean to have privacy in the face of our reliance on emergent technology? When we choose to give up what may seem as one aspect of our privacy do we know to the full extent we are relinquishing our privacy in reality? Are we able to function within our agency to consent to the magnitude that we may be sacrificing our autonomy to global corporations, and potentially to governments both foreign and domestic?

I was an observer to the birth and coming of the social media age. I was an early adopter of many of the earliest platforms. When I started my first blogs as a 16-year-old I had no thought about who may read them or the implications that may follow later in life. As I have grown and became a published author with a small range of media attention for not only my book, but my work in the sphere of activism. I have come to the understanding that a mere Google search will let any person into a scope and view of my personal world to draw conclusions from. However, that understanding has much come as result of concession to the futility of trying to remain private and anonymous in the age we currently live in. What about the average person that has not willfully chosen a path to the public eye? Before that question can be answered a definition of privacy is needed: “the quality or state of being apart from company or observation” (Merriam-Webster.com). As social media came to the forefront of our social collective conscientiousness one contender became the ubiquitous presence and connotation for the uninitiated to envision social media; this contender being Facebook. Facebook quickly gained its notoriety after its launch in 2004 with little negative attention on a wide scale until the Facebook-Cambridge Analytica Scandal in 2018. The scandal giving many the first glimpses into the wide-open secret of big data and how much control the average user had given up regarding their private information and who has access to it. This leaving many with questions such as: How private is the information we share on platforms like Facebook?

You may be able to assume that if you take the time to personalize your privacy settings on your Facebook profile that this means you are protected from unwanted prying eyes to your photos, posts, and connections. To a certain extent you may be able to have peace of mind on this particular front of online privacy. However, this is not the only concern you should have and isn’t even the primary threat. Most Facebook users are unaware of the looming presence of their internet cookies. To give a connotative definition of cookies: Cookies are digital bread crumbs you leave with every website you visit that collect in a cache that has information that can not only lead to you as a person, but also reveals intimate private details. Facebook cookie policy came under fire after and their relationship with Cambridge Analytica and other data companies came to light in 2018. Facebook revised their third-party cookie policy in April 2018: “If you’ve previously received a cookie from Facebook because you either have an account or have visited facebook.com, your browser sends us information about this cookie when you visit a site with the ‘Like’ button or another social plugin. We use this cookie information to help show you a personalized experience on that site as well as Facebook, to help maintain and improve our service, and to protect both you and Facebook from malicious activity. We delete or anonymize it within 90 days, and we do not sell it to advertisers or share it without your permission” (Facebook). Facebook in addition did terminate their third-party data program. However, Businesses that you interact with on Facebook may still work may with third-party data collectors.

Staunch and dogmatic preachers of a gospel of personal responsibility may be believing that they have an impenetrable defense in this debate because of user agreements. However, this argument even with knowledge that users sign a terms of service and privacy policy is myopic in its breadth of comprehension. If fails to recognize the commodity that engaging in social media has become in a cultural emotional economy. In fact, in today's workplace, it is known that your actions on social media can cost you your job. In addition, some employers may view a complete absence of social media with suspicion. Even if you choose a path of abstaining from social media this will not leave you in a place to assume anonymity. Can you take account for every person in your life to hold your privacy with as much caution as you do? When a guest comes over and uses your Wi-Fi network they may have agreed to terms of use on websites that may you not be comfortable with. On a related note, when you visit an acquaintance's home with smart enabled devices you can never have a fully informed perspective on what is being monitored or collected about you.

Most environments you find yourself in rely on a passive definition of consent to be able to record you. So far only the things you have been engaged within your private sphere have been discussed. What can we realistically expect as we move about in public? Corporations like Google have `mapped out nearly every conceivable inch of public space in many cities and towns throughout the world. Much the same, many municipalities have vast arrays of security cameras that our monitored by law enforcement and private contractors alike. Although, your rights and laws may vary where you live passive consent of merely being in public space opens you up to recording and monitoring. At times this mass surveillance may seem good or even necessary such as identifying conspirators in the recent attempted takeover in the Capitol Building on January 6, 2020. You may have the belief that you only need to be concerned if you plan on committing a crime. However, situations like that of Robert Julian-Borchak Williams whom was wrongfully arrested because of evidence using faulty facial recognition technology reminds us that mass surveillance only benefits you if the ones with agency work in your personal interests. (Hill) We no longer can live in a world of simplistic stands of ethics in the realm of privacy and individual freedoms.

When we revisit the definition of privacy "the quality or state of being apart from company or observation" it seems that this definition is out of touch with the current state of affairs without a Thoreau-like retreat from civilization as we know it. It is unlikely to be a functioning member of society without being observed. The ethical way forward is a prime directive of informed consent. Informed consent is usually used in a medical context and is defined as: "permission granted in the knowledge of the possible consequences…(with) knowledge of the possible risks and benefits" (Oxford Press). If informed consent could be the guiding principle with our privacy in the hands of private corporations and governments much like the medical community views the Hippocratic Oath, this will empower individuals to make informed choices about their well-being much the same as they have when making choices in regard to their physical well-being. True and pure privacy is not a tangible reality, but informed consent allows an individual to curate their observable presence. All of this in the light that we have only discussed the operators that reside in the well-lit areas of the surface internet and have not touched on the implications of those who reside their data-collecting in the dark web. In closing, two things can be assumed when it comes to your privacy today. One, if it's on the internet it can be found by anyone, even if deleted. Two, the only place you can guarantee privacy is within your own thoughts within your mind. That is, until we too sacrifice this to whims of corporations.

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CJ Campbell

Essay

Katelyn Ackland
Meandering in a Magical Meadow

Photography

Katelyn Ackland
Nature's Jubilation

Honorable Mention
Photography

Lillian Johnson
Straight Flush

Honorable Mention
Photography

The Weight of the Names We Carry

To know thyself, to know the secrets kept within thyself

It's not that simple.

You will not understand until you feel the weight of names

The names put upon you.

The things that claim the things you can and cannot be.

The weight that slips you under, into the void between seen and unseen

What is it to add another hue to the kaleidoscope that is the asymmetrical connection?

the perception and the reality of you

The scene will be set for you

To be a beast of burden.

Heading into the heat of a sun in an unknown east

The least you can do is carry what is expected of you.

I didn't expect this.

The pedestals of inspiration

Stacking us up as fuel for the innovation of the machine

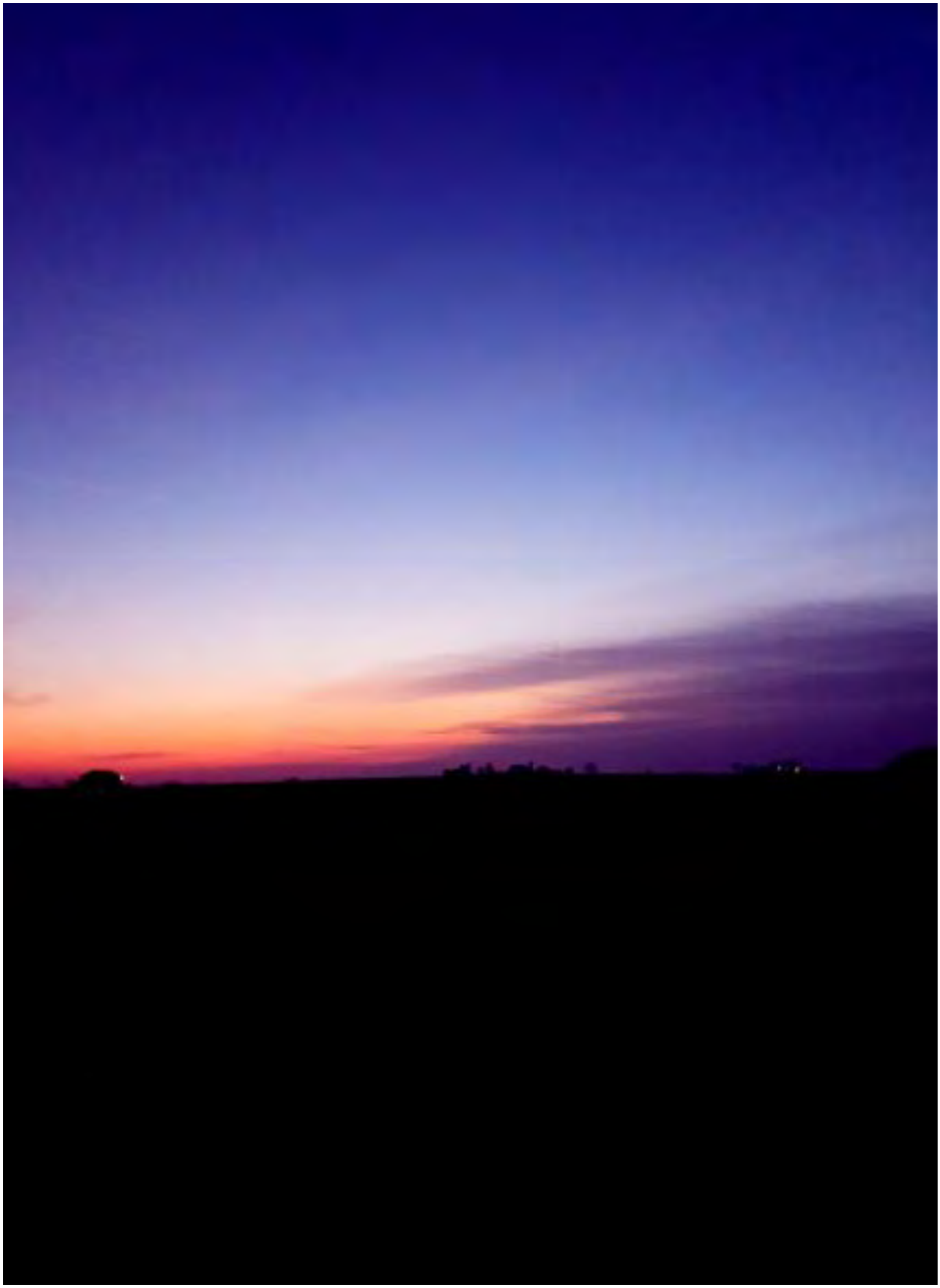
Mechanizing our bodies to be present in categories

What's the use of another name?

The weight of it all, just waiting to collapse you into place.

CJ Campbell

Poetry



Chanel Coetzee
Sunset DeKalb

Honorable Mention
Photography

Lillian Johnson
Our Happy Place

Photography

David Masoner
Christmas

Two-Dimensional Art

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