

2023 *Kish* | KISHWAUKEE COLLEGE

Literary & *Arts* JOURNAL K A M E L I A N





2023 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

Frances West
Soaking in the Rays

First Place
Two-Dimensional Art

Contents

Frances West, Soaking in the Rays.....	Cover
2023 Kamelian Jurors	4
2023 Kamelian Awards.....	4
Outstanding Entry: CJ Campbell, I Always Knew the End.....	5
Belle Monica, Reconciliation (n)	6-7
Jessica Lechner, A Poem for Those Still Finding Their Voice.....	8
Belle Monica, Always: Appealing #Likeagirl.....	9-11
Emily Koeppen Tischer, Witch and the Window.....	12
Frances West, Soaking in the Rays.....	13
Belle Monica, Ceramic Tree Mug...Thing.....	14
Andrew Miller, The Madness of You.....	15
Cheryl Seguin, Waiting Child.....	16
Savannah Hasz, The Interrogation.....	17-20
Belle Monica, Elegy of My Last Straw	21
Makenzie Moser, Are you still laughing time?.....	22
CJ Campbell, Cancel Culture and the Problem with Heidegger's Nazism	23-26
Emily Koeppen Tischer, Pottery Place	27
Abigail Orr, Heart – Eater	28
Belle Monica, Braidification Overload	29
Sarah E. Scarpace, Phoenix	30
Belle Monica, Self-Evident Truths: Poverty in a Wealthy America	31-34
Mileyka Aguirre, Tabitha	35
Abigail Orr, Lucky #7.....	36
Belle Monica, Naomi's New Favorite Bowl.....	37
Sarah E. Scarpace, Postal.....	38
Emily Koeppen Tischer, Madison and Fred	39
Rose Misitano, Star Crossed Lovers	40
2023 Kamelian Credits	41

Jurors

Literature

Rikki Knutti
English Teacher
Casey Thayer
Administrator
at UIC

Art

Kathy Driscoll
Art & Design
Teacher
Andrea Guzzetta
Artist

Awards

Literature

Special
Recognition
Outstanding Entry
CJ Campbell
I Always Knew the End

Short Fiction

First Place
Belle Monica
Reconciliation (n)

Second Place
Savannah Hasz
The Interrogation

Poetry

First Place
CJ Campbell
I Always Knew the End

Second Place
Belle Monica
Elegy for My Last Straw

Third Place
Sarah E. Scarpace
Phoenix

Honorable Mentions

Andrew Miller
The Madness of You

Cheryl Seguin
Waiting Child

Makenzie Moser
Are you still
laughing Time?

Sarah E. Scarpace
Postal

Rose Misitano
Star Crossed Lovers

Jessica Lechner
A Poem for Those Still
Finding Their Voice

Essay

First Place
Belle Monica
Always: Appealing
#Likeagirl

Second Place
CJ Campbell
Cancel Culture and
the Problem with
Heidegger's Nazism

Third Place
Belle Monica
Self-Evident Truths:
Poverty in a Wealthy
America

Art

Photography & New Media

First Place
Emily Koeppen Tischer
Witch and the Window

Second Place
Emily Koeppen Tischer
Pottery Place

Third Place
Mileyka Aguirre
Tabitha

Honorable Mentions

Emily Koeppen Tischer
Madison and Fred

Two-Dimensional

First Place
Frances West
Soaking in the Rays

Second Place
Abigail Orr
Heart - Eater

Third Place
Abigail Orr
Lucky #7

Three-Dimensional

First Place
Belle Monica
Ceramic Tree Mug...
Thing

Second Place
Belle Monica
Braidification Overload

Third Place
Belle Monica
Naomi's New Favorite
Bowl

2023 KAMELIAN *Outstanding Entry*

I Always Knew the End

I found a way to stay alive in your absence.
I learned the secret thumbing through library books.
If you know the end, grief is too commonplace to have significance.
I knew you were still alive and simply choosing to X me out of this chapter.
I wrote myself into a rough draft to make sure I still exist after you left.
I became the sea waiting on the old man.
Holden trying to prove his no phony.
Pierre amid is his vodka laced lamentation toward G-d, hoping to be counted as legitimate.
And I always knew the end.

Foreshadow finds no shade in the shadow of the cross-reference.
Although, no editing could fill this plot hole you left behind.
Death and all of his friends were invited to proofread.
They loved the end.
I committed to the Hero's journey without Virgil and Enkidu.
I walked out of the cave.
I declared I am Ishmael.
I became Siddhartha's moment.
I did all without you because I always knew the end.

I didn't know there would never be a 2nd draft.
You and I would be left unfinished and imperfect.
I knew you weren't dead, but I had to let you be.
It's not something I chose for myself, but you did.
You once were left.
And so, you wrote the story you knew.
I had to live out this monomyth.
Somewhere within me I will always be that boy who's
father wasn't coming but waited anyway
You died, I always knew the end, but I wasn't prepared for it.

CJ Campbell

First Place
Poetry

Reconciliation (n)

“The restoration of friendly relations.”

I turned slowly to stare at my sister. “I think you forgot a good half of that sentence, there. Where’d that come from?”

“I was looking up the definition of ‘reconciliation,’ and that was the first answer that popped up. I thought it was interesting, so I decided to impart my bountiful harvest of wisdom upon your deflated volleyball of a head.”

“Well, thanks for sharing with the class. Maybe you should turn your energy away from random Google searches and towards your math homework – I think it feels neglected.” With that, I returned my attention to the book I had been reading prior to her odd little outburst. I had started it long enough ago that I was determined to finish it before the week was out, lest my reputation as a book lover be forever tarnished in the sanctity of my own mind. In my peripheral vision, I could see her shift her entire body towards me.

“There it is again. You’re deflecting.”

“You been reading a thesaurus in your spare time? What’s with all the fancy words, today?” Something was burning in the kitchen – did she leave the oven on? Again? I stood to go check and heard my sister inhale sharply.

“How is he?”

“Can we please -” and here my voice cracked, great “- not talk about this right now?” At this point, I hoped the kitchen was on the verge of a nuclear meltdown. Anything to stop wherever my sister was trying to steer this conversation.

“You can’t run from this forever. You know that.” How dared she, with her prepubescent vocal chords and squeaky little voice, speak with such a smooth, calm tone! She should have been the one who couldn’t trust her own voice, not me!

“Good thing I’m not worried about forever, just the present. And I presently don’t want to talk about him.” The smell was getting stronger with every step. How amazing, that the smoke alarms shriek any and every time I flip a pancake a few seconds late, yet the house was silent as the grave!

“I bet this type of thinking is why he left.”

“Shut up.” She kept pace behind me. The kitchen was just around the corner.

“I bet he wishes you would apologize, or at least admit that you aren’t infallible.”

“Shut up.” I reached the doorway, and -

“See, that’s your problem, is that you never listen when someone disagrees with you.”

“STOP ACTING LIKE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU’RE TALKING ABOUT!” There was no smoke. The oven was off. The kitchen was spotless.

“Then tell me.” She stepped directly in front of me and looked me in the face. She was crying, and, I belatedly realized, so was I. “What, precisely, am I not understanding?”

I opened my mouth, closed it. The kitchen was spotless. There was no smoke. Looking back, I wondered if I was imagining it the whole time. I couldn’t think of a counterargument, but there surely had to be one. There had to be. Otherwise, that would mean that I was the reason he wasn’t there, creating something for the smoke detectors to shriek at. It would be my fault he wasn’t there, nagging me to hurry up and finish the book she he could read it.

Maybe she saw something in my face, because when I looked up (when did I look down?) my sister was no longer in the room. I looked around. The kitchen was spotless. There was no smoke.

Belle Monica

First Place
Short Fiction

A Poem for Those Still Finding Their Voice

I have learned over time
That if you
Speak your truth
Someone will listen.

For a long time
I never
Spoke my truth.

I was the
Quiet girl
Who hid herself
Away
From the world.

It took
Years
To not
Be quiet.

Even when
I was told
To not speak
I did anyway.

When nobody
Bothered to
Listen
When I
Spoke gently
I decided to
SHOUT.

That's not
What some people
Want to hear.

They don't want to know
How I struggle
When I reflect on
Things I've been through
That hurt so much
They act like it doesn't matter
As if my feelings aren't valid.

I tell them
"I know my feelings are valid."

They don't always
Agree.

When they
Don't
And I need
Help
Instead of talking
I'll yell
Instead.

For those
Who's voice
Aren't being heard

SHOUT

Because that is
The only way
They will listen.

Jessica Lechner

Honorable Mention
Poetry

Always: Appealing #Likeagirl

The internet is a maelstrom of constant activity with the potential for information transfer on vast scales; global social movements which can dictate the trajectory of entire nations; and entirely new platforms from which to influence the thoughts, feelings, and actions of people of any age, race, nationality, or ethnicity. In older times, before this incredible interconnection, advertisements were limited by the technological constraints of the era. They were found on billboards, in newspapers, on television, and on the radio; however, these sources could be bypassed or ignored due to their infrequency. The modern millennium has advanced global marketing to everyday life. Advertisements now are in pockets, prelude school-required videos, and override academic journals. The extending arena for marketing results in increased competition, which in turn results in new innovations in marketing. Always uses an emotional approach tailor-made to interest and engage an audience beyond their primary customers.

The #Likeagirl campaign, according to Camilla Mørk Røstvik, debuted in 2014 as an advertising ploy by the brand Always, which specializes in feminine hygiene products. The picture to the top left is a typical representation of the general layout which characterizes the designs for this campaign. A girl or woman stands in the foreground, performing a stereotypically masculine activity, and white text beside her has a rhetorical question or empowering message promoting feminine strength. A variant of this model is exemplified in the top right image; a girl kicks over a box. Written on the box is a common microaggression or phrase demeaning the strength or capabilities of women, often crossed out. Again, white text promotes womanhood and feminine strength. Both models of the advertisement focus on the woman or girl and the white text; the plain blue background heightens this attention by keeping only the foci of the composition interesting. The brand name, Always, is an optional feature; the slogan, #Likeagirl, is not.

These images employ extensive and masterful use of pathos as a persuasive appeal. Interestingly, the technique of invoking emotions does not appear to be geared directly to potential customers for the purpose of selling a product. The emotions evoked are, indeed, more along the lines of contemplative, mutinous indignation and righteous fury than desire for the brand's product. Instead, the emotional messages promote feelings of empowerment and encouragement, especially to teenage and prepubescent girls – the group most likely to hear and take to heart disparaging remarks on the capabilities of women to exist on an equal plane with men. The messages are on a tightrope between uplifting and confrontational; from one perspective, they challenge the idea that being feminine does not equate to being weak or inherently less. From a slightly different perspective, it challenges internalized misogyny and directly speaks to those who do condescend towards young women.

Continued on next page . . .

The new millennium has ushered in the age of the internet and, consequently, a flood of new platforms for companies to exploit. From Reddit and YouTube to Instagram and Facebook, Always had an incredible array of ways to spread their marketing – and they certainly used them to great effect. In this modern time, advertisements are so competitive that innovation must occur in order to stay ahead of other companies. One such marketing invention is something akin to a social justice movement. These campaigns do not directly reference products, instead relegating them to background incidentals or removing them entirely from the narrative; the focus is entirely on the message. The theme of these campaigns can be anything sufficiently inflammatory that is tangentially related to the brand or product in question. Subjects such as racism, homophobia, and sexism are something like a “push to agitate” button for the internet – any mention of them will automatically stir up conversations and debates on any platform anywhere on the internet. This benefits the company which created the advertisements, because it brings publicity to their name and implants their brand into people’s subconscious.

Modern marketing, especially in the case of campaigns extolling social justice, relies less on direct product advertising and more on having positive associations. For example, when one may attempt to think of an insurance company, their first thought might be Geico, because of their entertaining commercials. It does not matter whether anyone thinks they are particularly good, only that they are the first name to come to mind. The same principle applies more strongly to products that are perhaps thought about with less deliberation than insurance, such as food or hygiene items. In moments of decision, one is often inclined towards their first ideas, and the goal of marketing is to make one brand the first thought above all others. This is why invoking social justice movements (or, in some cases, meme culture) is becoming so common in marketing strategies; more controversial subjects will spawn more discourse, which will increase the likelihood of seeing the brand name. In campaigns like that of Always, this is an especially lucrative strategy, as there is almost no chance of creating negative connotations with their brand name for their customer base.

Always is not the only brand to use this type of marketing. According to The Guardian, Gillette, which is owned by the same parent company as Always, released an advertisement which directly added to the #Metoo movement and addressed toxic masculinity in their customer base. This commercial, while immensely popular on the internet, is an example of how social campaigning can go wrong as a marketing strategy; the video sparked knee-jerk reactions in many of Gillette’s customer base due to outrage at the support lent to the #Metoo movement. Jessica McKinney of CBC News adds that Nike has famously referenced civil rights and social change movements in their ad campaigns, including, but not limited to, the HIV/AIDS epidemic, racism and misogyny in sports, and Islamophobia. Nike has seen great financial gains in the wake of their marketing ploys; it is little wonder, then, that Always would follow suit.

This social movement avenue is what Always followed for their #Likeagirl advertising series. Misogyny was already a hot online discourse topic at the time, primarily because of the rising #MeToo movement which “began in earnest in 2017...[but] date back...[to] 2006” (Shanker). The online community was ripe for a message targeted in favor of women and feminism, and Always took advantage of the heightening tensions between genders that were coming under the spotlight of internet discussion. By structuring their campaign around internalized sexism, Always ensured that their marketing would add itself to popular discourse and remain relevant for far longer than a single advertisement for a tampon or pad would have.

The target audience of consumers for Always is women, specifically those not in their prepubescent or post-menopause years. Although older women can be important for promotional purposes, young teenagers are new enough for their brand choices to be more readily influenced by good marketing. The #Likeagirl campaign, therefore, is exactly the best type of marketing Always could perform, especially because of how it appealed to younger girls. Women are less likely to take misogynistic words and attitudes to heart as they grow older, but teenagers have hormones, high school, and changing bodies to worry about. This cocktail of volatile change both makes teenagers more susceptible to bullying and unkind words and more receptive to kind and uplifting messages.

Always took advantage of the shifting landscape of global popular culture by targeting their marketing towards the rising movements of modern feminism. The #Likeagirl advertisements especially were geared towards the younger generations of women, who were just entering their adolescent years and were easily influenced by positive reinforcement. The advertisements were subtle in their promotion of the Always brand – no products were mentioned and the brand name itself was, as stated before, an entirely optional addition to the images sent all over the internet. However, by spurring conversation about their message, they created a subliminal pattern in the subconscious to think of Always whenever people needed to buy feminine hygiene products and also cemented a positive association between their brand name and the whole of feminism. By these methods, they were able to optimize their advertisements to best suit the interests of both their target audiences and the entirety of the internet culture where their campaign reached.

Belle Monica

First Place
Essay



Emily Koeppen Tischer
Witch and the Window

First Place
Photography & New Media



Frances West
Soaking in the Rays

First Place
Two-Dimensional Art



Belle Monica
Ceramic Tree Mug...Thing

First Place
Three-Dimensional Art

The Madness of You

hair so soft, like the golden fleece of legend
slipping through my fingers, I feel compelled to hold it ever so gently
I almost wish to see You grow it out, but that would require asking You to
change, a request I would never dream of.
hellish nightmares greet me with an image of You any different from the
You I hold in my arms
plagued as my mind is, I find sweet solace in You
much as I fret over You, as I turn my own hair gray with worry, You hold my face
in your palms and like magic; the shine returns to my locks
worry as You may about what plagues me, I hold my tongue
I do not wish to withhold my feelings from You, but the pain of my thoughts is
nothing compared to the pain of seeing sorrow scorn your gentle features
the shine that lights your eyes when You smile could only be contested by
bearing witness to the birth of a star
I read the tarot like a map of my own life, and in it I find my only constant: You
your light, your hair, your smile, your warmth in my arms that heats the furnace
of my heart during the dread of winter
You are all that fills my soul, all that fills my mind like a madness
I cannot escape
if this love for you is my madness, I wish not to be sane.

Andrew Miller

Honorable Mention
Poetry

Waiting Child

Afraid and seeking
Seeking for the warm breast
To shelter me from the wind
O! Harsh chill
How you strike me!
Where is the comfort
I hear so oft' spoke of?
Silence.
Little heart
You pound so
Drumming my rib incessantly
Pressed harder still
For the hunger
Stoking upward
White walls
Tinged with age
Staircases bare
Save for the memories
Of the long climb
And the swift descent
Empty rooms
Haunted spaces
Mother!
Where is your warm breast?
Where is your heart?
Little feet scourged
In dust and dirt
Diminutive arms about me
They are not the comfort
They are not the safety
A little one seeks
Noise!
What riot is this?
Strange faces follow me
From room to room
Mother!
She returns in stupor
Rejoice little one!
There the warm arms be
Climb up into your shelter
Think not of tomorrow
Clutch to today
There is warmth
Today, there is comfort
Wakeful burden stirs me
Wail little heart!
Gone.
The soft bosom departed
O Little heart so alone
Mother!

Cheryl Seguin
Honorable Mention
Poetry

The Interrogation

The General walks into the interrogation room where Cade is handcuffed to the metal table carefully studying his own reflection in the one way mirror opposite of him. The room looks plain and surgical with only a table and two chairs. The walls, ceiling and floor are almost entirely blank with the exception of a single luminescent panel hanging from the ceiling and a one way mirror. The General, wearing his slightly worn green camo fatigues, looks like he's in his early 50's. He has short, pristine, salt and pepper hair held in the shape of a rounded square by hair gel. He takes one step into the room before turning to the guard and whispering something in his ear. The General has a manilla folder tucked under his left arm, and in his right hand is a cup of steaming black liquid that gives off a strong smell of coffee. While walking over to the table, The General begins looking at Cade as if studying some sort of puzzle. Cade is a younger man somewhere in his early 30's, but he has an oldness to his face with mannerisms not seen in many people his age. He's wearing a semi lightweight hoodie and jeans. He still has on his warm winter hat and steel toe work boots. His face is almost entirely overgrown with facial hair. Cade does not move to meet the watchful gaze of The General, rather he continues to study the features of his face, almost seeming to stare at someone unseen behind the glass. The General sits down and lets out a slight sigh. As he sets his mug on the table and takes the folder out from under his arm he takes one last glance at Cade, who has moved from staring at his reflection to leaning back in the uncomfortable metal chair, trying to find something on the barren ceiling to focus on. The General now opens the folder and gives it his signature once over before turning to the subject.

"Well, Mr. DiAngelo is it?" The General says, waiting a moment for confirmation from the unresponsive Cade. Nodding slightly, he continues "It would appear to me that you think you stumbled across something in the woods today. It says here that you told the police chief you saw some sort of wolf-human hybrid in the woods, and also that it wrecked your car? Is that right?" The corners of Cade's mouth pull away from each other in a look of displeasure and he quietly mumbles something under his breath.

Begrudgingly, Cade answers "Yes, that is what I told the police chief."

Nodding along now The General continues by stating "Is it also true that, when testing for your Blood Alcohol Content they found you, well ,above the legal limit?"

This line gets a slight nod from Cade and an exhale of frustration through his nose.

"And when they tested your blood they found traces of Amphetamines taken earlier that night, is that also correct?"

Now sitting up and getting defensive Cade raises his voice in frustration and says "Hey man, that doesn't have anything to do with anything. What I told the police chief was right, I wasn't hallucinatin' nothin' sir."

The General begins talking again, now in a calm and smooth tone. "Son, they searched the woods. They scanned the area for footprints, and they found nothing. You know what they did find out there?" He asks, Cade gives a weak side to side shake of his head.

Continued on next page . . .

"They found tire tracks from your truck swerving off the road into the ditch, stopping in front of a pretty banged up lookin tree. They searched that area for two days and had almost a hundred men. The only animals in the area were some deer and birds. However, that's not why you're here, you know that?"

Now looking confused Cade asks "Then... sir, if you don't mind me asking, why am I here? Are you going to send me to jail or the nuthouse or . . ." He leans in closer, talking more quietly now ". . . are you gonna take me to some secret lab and run mind control tests on me?"

The General lets out a small laugh and shakes his head now smiling. He goes on to say "No, we aren't going to do any 'Mind Control Experiments' on you." Now laughing again he moves back to address the still confused Cade. "No son, you're here because we believe you. The cuffs were necessary to make the police think we were just further prosecutin' you. Son, we believe you, and we want your help with this thing." The General pulls a ring of keys out of his back pocket, flipping through them before settling on one. He motions for Cade to hold out his hands. He unlocks the cuffs with the key, and puts the keys back into his pocket. Cade pulls the cuffs fully off his wrists, and tries to rub away the redness.

The General, now leaning back more, holds a serious expression and picks up where he left off. "You see son, we've been trying to track this thing for a long time now. Our eggheads have traced the legends of this thing back to the first settlers who moved here. You see, these settlers, they were scared of this 'Wolf-Man'. Their Native American friends told them stories about this thing, but they didn't listen at first."

He Takes a quick sip of his coffee and shakes his head continuing his story "Well, they sure came to regret that. A few weeks into winter, some of the town's kids went missing. Eventually they found the kids' frozen bodies carved up to high hell with their clothes ripped off and faces mangled. So, in the dead of winter, they started making a big ol' fence. Every night as they worked away at the fence, they could hear this thing walking around the woods; watching them, stalking them. This thing was waiting for any of them to let their guard down. Before the winter was over, and by the time the wall was built and fortified, a quarter of the town's men had gone missing. N' you know how they would find them? Weeks later, clothes torn off, meat slashed to hell and their faces brutalized and taken."

The General, now flipping through the folder resting on the table, pulls out a few pictures of old letters. There are several highlighted sentences and when Cade turns the photos over there appears to be a typed transcript of the letter with the same sentences highlighted. Continuing his story now, while Cade reads the letters, he says "The next wave of settlers who came were never told what happened, but the stories of the beast in the woods lived on."

Now seeming to put pieces of a puzzle together Cade excitedly begins talking. "My grandfather used to tell us kids legends about an apex predator that stalked the woods." Cade shakes his head a little in disbelief. "...and to think, we never believed him. We could've died out there."

The General picks back up, "That's only natural son, with every generation the stories of our ancestors lose their punch and our belief, of course until they get an in person introduction to the creatures of their nightmares. Every year there has been a steady stream of strange disappearances in the surrounding forests, and I would say that we are pretty lucky you weren't one of them. I'm here talking to you today because I'm prepared to cut you a deal. I would like your help to capture or kill this creature." The General says, while motioning towards Cade. Cade's face twists into a sudden expression of surprise and confusion as he cocks his head to the side trying to piece his thoughts together.

"Wait... so you... need, me? To find this thing?" Cade cautiously asks The General.

Now more animated, The General responds "YES, yes son. We need your help, your expertise in hunting and tracking. When your case file landed on our doorstep we looked into you and to put it simply, you've impressed us. You spend every weekend at the range, and every hunting season out there honing your craft. This mission is the culmination of what you've worked towards throughout your life. For many people this has become their life's work and I know I've dedicated most of my service to trying to track this thing down. Should you choose to help us we won't be sending you in, anywhere, ill informed, or ill equipped. Our Department has been written a blank check by our government, so anything you feel you need to catch this thing will be given to you. The only requirement is that you sign some paperwork saying that you can't mention any of what I've just told you to anyone, ever. We might have also thrown in a little line that, should you cooperate with us, you can kiss those car repair bills and felonies goodbye" While Cade thinks over what he's just been told. The General starts taking a small stack of papers out of the manilla folder. He pulls a pen out from deep within his front breast pocket. The General turns the paper around and slides it over to Cade. Cade takes a quick glance at the front page and flips through the rest of the pages without really reading.

"If this is just telling me to keep my mouth shut, why is there so much of it and so many places to sign. And... and, what if I don't sign? Will you let me leave?"

The General has a grin on his face and a somewhat comforting chuckle to himself before saying, "Mr. DiAngelo, to answer your first question, most of the pages are a bunch of humbo jumbo legal bullshit just saying the same things over and over again with different words. The lawyers and good ol' Uncle Sam like to be safe when dealing with... sensitive matters, such as this. As for your final questions, of course you can leave. You aren't our prisoner, hell the door here isn't even locked," The General says calmly getting up and opening the door with ease. "You can leave this room anytime you want. This is the land of the free, isn't it? Only the terrorists need to be afraid of us." After the last remark, The General flashes a toothy side smile. "If you don't want any part of this, you can leave, but I have a feeling you have a sense of good in you that's telling you to help us out." Now looking pretty serious, Cade looks up from the table and towards the general. A sense of seriousness now crosses his face.

"Sir, it would be a great honor to me to help my great country. My father and my father's father both fought and died for this country, I'd do anything you needed of me." Cade begins signing his name in the several blank lines with an almost tangible proudness now seeping into Cade's very posture. Watching him do this, The General now with a more solemn tone, intently watches Cade sign his name on the paper over and over again.

Continued on next page . . .

“Son, while I didn’t know your grandfather or father I can tell that they were true patriots, and I know that as they look down on us now, they would be proud of the legacy that lives on within you. You’re free to go for the tonight. Your car is out front, and I want you here at 0900 hours sharp for a brief meeting with the team you’ll be working with. I don’t think I can thank you enough for what you’re doing.” The General stands up and extends his hand for Cade. Cade stands up and shakes his hand, almost thrown off guard by its sturdiness and strength. Now walking out the door, Cade looks back once more to The General who gives him a small salute. Cade continues down the hallway, and The General continues to watch him, now studying him from behind. He walks back into the room and sits down staring at the blank wall where Cade was sitting. He gives me a short nod before letting out a short sigh. He walks back to the door where the guard is still standing, The General speaks softly to him. When he’s done, the guard walks away hastily. The General sticks his head in the door of the interrogation room and says “Alright, cut the tape.” He grabs the manilla folder and places it back under his arm, with his other hand he takes his coffee. On his way out, he shuts off the light and closes the door.

I don’t know how he doesn’t get tired of this, but he really is the best at what he does. I love watching him figure someone out and cater to what he thinks they’ll believe. It’s easier this way. The only time I ever saw him fail was ugly; the person would not comply and eventually the guards had to intervene. No one likes that route. No one likes any of what we have to do, but that’s neither here nor there. What is important is how good ‘The General’ is. The thing is, he never outright lies to anyone. He gives them pieces of the truth we know and embellishes on it a little bit to make them believe more, or at least he does that for the less intelligent ones. The end is the only part he has to lie about, and I have no idea how it doesn’t tear him apart. I don’t know how he sleeps at night doing the same, terrible, thing every few months but he always sells it. He sells the idea that these people are going out there to find the beast and help us learn about it. The truth is, we know how it works, we’ve learned all we can. It evades capture and any forceful attempts to detain it always end in bloodshed and the massive loss of life. Sending those people out is the nicest way to keep everything happy. They die with a sense of purpose and everyone else is kept safe. Their sacrifice is not in vain, no, I would argue that it is one of the more noble ways to die. You see... we aren’t the monsters, we aren’t bad people. We just try to keep the real monsters at bay, by any means necessary.

Savannah Hasz

Second Place
Short Fiction

Elegy for My Last Straw

Curse my clumsy, thundering voice
That shatters peace and
Makes a mockery of my choice
To observe and
Remain in the safety of my mind.

Fool am I for my ill-thought
Words which say
Nothing that I mean or want
To say to
You, my dear friend, my sister, my mother, my...

These shaking hands cannot
Fix what they have
Broken and left to rot
Alongside the wilting
Flowers I couldn't save.

My mind strays away from
All good things and
Spirals into madness of kingdom come.
Is there any escape
From this gilded cage of "intelligence?"

Belle Monica

Second Place
Poetry

Are you still laughing Time?

Time is strange and cruel
As it slips between you, unnoticed.
It smiles and laughs at you,
Knowing you won't realize
That this will never happen again.
The past, present, and future,
All unique pieces of a thread tangled together
In the timeline of the universe,
So many lifetimes.
And in the meantime,
You are oblivious.
Thinking this will last forever.
Because tomorrow you will wake up,
Staring in the mirror at a stranger.
Where did I go?
I ask myself.
Which thread do I untangle first?
I ask myself.
As they wrap around me,
Warping my mind.
Why am I wasting time?
Are you still laughing, time?

Makenzie Moser

Honorable Mention
Poetry

Cancel Culture and the Problem with Heidegger's Nazism

It is a constant talking point for cable news networks and new media pundits. Conservative pundits lament the realities of another life and career ruined by a collective digital mob hellbent on obsolescence. The celebrities, artists, and political figures' metaphorical epitaphs are closed with a set of hashtags MeToo and their name coupled with Cancel. Social media users write and film responses that say "I can't believe it...I always knew it...and I wonder if we are going to far..." The seemingly ubiquitous social phenomena that is easily discussed but unclear in definition "cancel culture" is a part of discourse both and out of academia. Questions are being asked of us as stakeholders in economic, social, political, and cultural spheres of what should be done when influential people hold profound significance and are found out to be abusers of varying degrees. How should we view them as people? How should we frame their legacy and significance historically, and what should be our relationship with engaging with their work especially posthumously? Is it permissible for us as consumers to enjoy the work of musicians accused of sexual assault? If an actor in our favorite movie is outed as a domestic abuser in a tell-all book, do we have a moral obligation to no longer watch the movies we enjoyed before the accusations became public knowledge? Should we abstain buying from companies run by CEOs who have questionable views or have been discovered as financial backers of morally bankrupt political organizations? As a passionate lifelong student of philosophy who aspires to teach in universities, I must ask questions of similar context with some of history's most prominent social influencers that have troubling moral flaws. One of the most important existential philosophers of the 20th century, Martin Heidegger offers a similar complex question of those who engage, study, and educate on philosophy. Heidegger was a member of the Nazi Party during the reign of Adolph Hitler. Scholars actively debate how we should handle Heidegger's place within Western philosophy. Should we recognize the value of his work and view his Nazism as irrelevant to his philosophical work? Or should Heidegger's name be willfully made obsolete in the lecture halls of our universities?

In the interest of clarity and simplicity, I would like to first address engaging in entertainment or commerce that features or is owned by unethical people. First to address economic agency and support of certain producers. It is crucial to recognize that even within a system of liberal capitalism, not every consumer has equal power of agency. This recognition reaches far beyond a typical reductive justification such as "there is no ethical consumption within Capitalism." Although, it is in my view a true statement. It does not give clarity and offers a fatalistic determinism that does not acknowledge collective and varied individualistic agency. There may be differing or potential spaces of choice. In other words, there may be more ethical options even if no perfectly ethical choice is identifiable. I do not have to be paralyzed in a binary of perfection or Nihilistic apathy as a consumer. Thereby when talking about ethical consumption certain questions must be addressed to identify individual agency before individual culpability can be deemed. Is what you buy crucial to physical or economic survival? Is a better ethical alternative available to you? Does the more ethical alternative have an availability to you. Will choosing this alternative burden you to a point where the philosophically ethical choice will create a risk to your physical and economic well-being? To describe this logical process, I offer the following scenario:

You have to grocery shop. You have a list of what is necessary. You wish to engage in a collective boycott of major oil companies by participating in a "National Week of No Fueling-Up" campaign. Where individuals choose to go without spending money at gas pumps for personal vehicles used for transportation to protest to the oil industry's role in global negative ecological impacts. This is something that is very important to you, and you view this as the most pressing social issue. The environmental non-profit that created this national boycott campaign has

Continued on next page . . .

also suggested that you avoid several national chains that week because they are owned by the oil companies through subsidiaries. You are encouraged to shop locally owned businesses if buying is completely unavoidable to limit the fuel expended through the supply chains. You have carefully planned out to follow this boycott to your fullest possible capacity. You had planned for the weeks leading up to avoid any unnecessary trips in your car so that way you would be able to drive to work (a nursing home that you are paid at an hourly rate) that week without needing to buy more gas. You even made some sacrifices of luxuries in your usual budget so that way you could take public transit (ride share) to the expensive locally owned co-op that is also farther away from your apartment and is not reachable by bus routes for your weekly groceries. You feel a true sense of hope rise within you knowing that you are following your convictions and fighting the status quo. However, the week before you caught a bacterial upper respiratory infection. This caused you to miss several days of work due to a policy at the nursing home regarding working while sick. The policy does not allow you to come back to work until you have documentation that you are not contagious and pose no threat to the residents. You went to an urgent care facility the first morning you showed symptoms to try to get back to work that same day if possible. Even though you showed to the urgent care a few minutes before it opened and called ahead to be ensured to be seen as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, the urgent care does not do its labs in-house, and sends it to a third party instead. You could not get the results for 2 days. By the time you got the results you missed a third shift. The bacterial infection was confirmed. You were given a few days of antibiotics and were given the clearance to return to work tomorrow morning, but you will need to get a prescription filled to finish the full cycle of antibiotics. The loss of 3 shifts worth of pay was not something you could have accounted for. When it comes time to do your weekly grocery trip you run into a real dilemma. Your health coverage you pay for through your employer is only accepted at the pharmacy that is through the big chain grocery store that is on the list of places to avoid. You could pay full price for the antibiotics at another pharmacy, but that would force you to forgo groceries and it still would not be covered. You will still need to dip into your rent money. That is not an option. Even if you could take that risk, you would then have to buy gas to make up for the shorted rent. This would defeat the whole purpose of avoiding the pharmacy in the boycotted store. You could not get the antibiotics, but then risk having the infection come back and missing even more work. This subsequently will create the same problem that arises from paying for the medication without your coverage. You then make the difficult decision to use the cheaper pharmacy. Subsequently, you decide that it doesn't make sense to spend the extra money for the ride share to take you to a more expensive place to shop when you are already there. Especially because it will use fuel to get you to and from the co-op any way. You struggle emotionally with this disappointment while you remain loyal to the preplanned shopping list. You saved a significant amount of money compared to what you would have paid at the local co-op. This not only allowed you to avoid missing more work, but it made up for the lost wages enough that you still would be able to get through the work week without needing to buy more fuel. You followed through on the main part of the boycott, but you can't help but to question if you did the right thing.

The preceding scenario demonstrates a descriptive exercise of how both collective and individual expressions of agency are at a disadvantage and are susceptible to externalized forces that can diminish the potential for deployment of full agency. Therefore, judgement of ethical culpability of economic choices cannot be utilized. Before I address the main discussion point of the relevance of Heidegger's Nazism when assessing his philosophical work, I feel it necessary to briefly touch on the related discussion of ethical consumption of entertainment.

It is of importance to acknowledge that this line of questions is in relation to the surrounding ethical discussion orbiting Heidegger's philosophy. There are certainly parallels and similarity to the two comparative situations.

However, the differences are foundational and of such distinction that if they are ignored it will diminish the importance of philosophy as a whole. As a result, even those who view Heidegger apologetically if they fail to identify the fundamental differences contextually of the intents and purposes that humanity engages with entertainment and philosophy, they devalue Heidegger's work. Humans can derive pleasure and enjoyment from both art and philosophy. Conversely, art can inspire thought and perpetuate ideology. However, art can have multifaceted intent and purpose of both creators and consumers of it. An artist can create art solely to be consumed. For the intent of just to be aesthetically pleasing. A consumer of art can be multifaceted with their reasoning to listen to music or watch a television show or film. It may inspire them or bring feelings of belonging because it reflects aspired to or shared values. However, they may watch something for the simple reason of nostalgia or may listen to a song for no other reason than it sounds good. The amount of pleasure derived for the individual in its multifaceted expressions is part of the equation of ethics of consumption. Entertainment can have multiple purposes and even with intended purposes of creation. No primary intentions can make the claim of art and entertainment that there is only one valid reason for enjoying it. Philosophical work cannot function within the same ambiguity because of the nature of philosophy itself will have a generalized primary intent that is definitive of philosophy as a word and study.

If it is not evidently expressed as this essay surpasses 1700 words, I am impassioned by studying and engaging philosophy. I derive a great deal of enjoyment from this. However, this is a subjective and secondary purpose. That is not intended or necessary to philosophy. Philosophy by its very nature primarily aims to influence. Whether that philosopher inhabits theology, ethics, or politics their aim is to influence thoughts or society individually or collectively. The philosopher cannot be a philosopher without striving for influence. A philosophy can communicate or propose to humanity to maintain something or change something; but it cannot be philosophy separate from the will to shape our existence. With this integral and simplistic nature in mind, the mechanism of influence that informs a philosopher contextually whether it be historical or ideological will be critical to understanding the work of the respective philosopher. Their beliefs will have a relevance to their work. Although, it cannot be a static factoring into every philosopher uniformly applied. There cannot be a sincere engagement of a philosopher's work that is devoid of their contextual influences. Their beliefs and actions directly communicate and inform to what degree a philosophy can be applied. Or if it should be seen as idle and fanciful intellectual chatter as opposed to serious expressed theories on the nature of existence and life itself. This imperative is profoundly connected to Heidegger's philosophy with specificity.

Heidegger's work is focused on existence and life itself. It focuses upon the finding profound value and awe in life and existence itself. Heidegger argued as a foundational characteristic of philosophy that it could not be separate from life and human existence. Furthermore, He decried and warned against beliefs that diminish humans. He judged that attributing our identity or validity of existence to be attached to group or collective belief makes us less human. Concluding that doing so inhibits our sincere thoughts and expression of authenticity. He gravely warned about technology and its application in society without boundary would irrevocably dehumanize every being. This is undeniably his philosophy. His philosophy was one that Jewish people in his life championed on his behalf. His mentor Husserl, that he derived his ethos from, consistently removed barriers for Heidegger that would have in all probability abandoned him to obscurity and lost potential. He also gained pleasure from his Jewish student's body. This same student, Hannah Arendt after surviving the Holocaust became a legitimate philosopher in her own right. She went on to help Heidegger return to public life after the fall of the Third Reich. Heidegger owed so much to these two people. Yet he fervently supported the Nazi Party as they rose to power. He joyfully took his mentor's job when Husserl was legally stripped of all his public life and titles. He never made any attempt to protect anyone. He never made any known attempt to escape or subvert the

Continued on next page . . .

Nazi Party. Even though Heidegger had significant opportunity and resources compared to others that had made the sacrifices he was unwilling to. When the Nazis no longer viewed Heidegger as valuable, he laid low in his rural cottage where he privately in his notebooks wrote damning admissions of antisemitism and specifically referenced Husserl. Heidegger lived well past the Nazi regime. He never once showed remorse for his support of a fascist state that proliferated industrial application of technology to enact genocide and dehumanize those who possessed life. I plainly ask, how can we not consider this as important to authentically understanding the philosophy of Heidegger? How can we sincerely engage his work with integrity by ignoring undeniably self-professed allegiance to a dehumanizing state-endorsed ideology in respect to a man who demanded authentic and sincere proclamation of thoughts as an individual as paramount to being human? Heidegger's ethos demands that we view his thoughts as his own. Therefore, there is no necessity to understand Heidegger that separates his work from Nazism. There exists no binary that determines that refusing to ignore his Nazism must be followed by willfully pretending Heidegger has no place in history. Much like trying to never discuss Hitler or understand his ideology will in turn take away the opportunity to dismantle and philosophically fight that ideology. It will rob us to not communicate that apathy and cowardice like Heidegger's is relationally complicit to actions of Hitler that impacted his millions of victims.

I do not have to require tactical ambiguity of character to be able to identify some things as true. To describe this further, someone can communicate truth in part. Just as someone can assume another identity. Heidegger expounded on the truth that of Husserl expressed existentially. I can acknowledge without assuming a stance of praise, romanticizing, or endorsement. To give a related example, if a neo-Nazi stated that you should regularly call a grandparent that helped raise you. I can evaluate that as a maxim. However, I can act within my agency and assign the weight of that evaluation in juxtaposition to the neo-Nazi's philosophy as a whole. This does not force me into a place to endorse a Nazi as a good person. I can also philosophically argue that the Nazism of that individual diminishes the clarity of the truth first expressed.

In closing, many philosophers are problematic and have done truly terrible things. It is something that I have contended within the context of earnestly seeking to understand philosophers while reconciling their failings and historical importance. It becomes more complicated when I am inspired or influenced by problematic individuals. Especially when the inspiration and influence happen before the knowledge of incompatibility arises. I have found it useful to recognize the historical relevance that a flawed philosopher possesses, but reserve the praise for those that shared or progressed the philosophy of the former. Paul Tillich was a contemporary of Heidegger from Germany that shared mutual philosophy. He spoke out against the Nazis after Hitler was named chancellor. Tillich was among the first to be named an enemy of the Nazi state. Who do you think better communicated the proposed truth that philosophy cannot be separate from life? I have similar struggles with the Mennonite ethicist John Howard Yoder, and political theorist Slavoj Zizek. It is a painful and complicated part of striving for a transformational and deep understanding of philosophy. I cannot with conviction claim to have a deep transformational understanding without contending with the reality of who philosophers were as humans. That at times, there ideas are in conflict. I can with conviction say that philosophy matters, context matters, and intent matters. I can also without pause proclaim that words coupled with actions matters, cowardice matters, and yes life itself matters. Without question Heidegger's Nazism matters in relation to his philosophical claims.

CJ Campbell

Second Place
Essay



Emily Koeppen Tischer
Pottery Place

Second Place
Photography & New Media



Abigail Orr
Heart - Eater

Second Place
Two-Dimensional Art



Belle Monica
Braidification Overload

Second Place
Three-Dimensional Art

Phoenix

Sometimes, I feel I'm made of flames.

I feel molten lava swirling in my core,
and I feel smoke billowing in my breath;
I feel a flood of gasoline in my veins,
and I feel a cobalt lightning in my flesh.

And every once in a while, there's a lump in my throat like a spark plug,
and a stench in the air like methane,
and I ignite, as if my body was a matchstick,
and my head struck the book's front page.

It's as if my teeth are made of flint,
and my nerves are turned to steel,
and my mouth is filled with scorching coals that I can barely feel.

And then I'm overheating,
and ash is seeping out of my pores,
and when that fire escapes my lips,
I am burned to the ground once more.

Sarah E. Scarpace

Third Place
Poetry

Self-Evident Truths: Poverty in a Wealthy America

The United States of America were founded on the premise that all humans should have the opportunity to live life to the fullest and, through hard work, achieve self-fulfillment through their accomplishments. Almost 250 years later, the most recent two generations (colloquially known as millennials and generation Z) overwhelmingly believe that this is an impossible goal in modern America. As the cost of living – comprised of food costs, shelter, utilities, and transportation to work – increases, the income rates of the 99% have plateaued. Poverty in America is a severe issue and a violation of human rights in a nation which should be advanced enough to combat it effectively.

Poverty is defined by the US Census Bureau as earning less per year than the national poverty threshold (“How the Census Bureau Measures Poverty”) – a definition which is sterilized for public use and official data, so it does not encompass the life of an impoverished or near impoverished family. The online documentary “Poverty in the USA: Being Poor in the World’s Richest Country | ENDEVR Documentary,” published by ENDEVR, gives first-hand anecdotes about the daily lives of homeless or deeply impoverished people from coast to coast. These people are, predominately, working-class citizens; one notable man – who lives in his car – is a computer engineer. In some cities, it is illegal to dispense shelters for the homeless, for people to rummage through garbage receptacles, or for anyone to solicit or beg for food at restaurants. Homeless people are not treated as persons, but as pestilence which lowers property values and chooses to beg from honest working Americans.

The most obvious result and physical consequence of poverty is eviction and homelessness. In America, evictions may happen in a few weeks; this amount of time may, perhaps, allow the tenant to find alternate housing and pack essential belongings. However, living in a motel, homeless shelter, car, or sidewalk tent is demoralizing and can inhibit a person’s ability to function in daily life or find and keep a stable job with decent pay. Additionally, legislation in various cities and states may add to the stress of living on the streets. Several states, for example, have banned “public camping,” panhandling, and sleeping outside - all punishable by fines or displacement, and sometimes both (Brandt). It is a common phenomenon that sleeping in a car or tent is not as restful as sleeping in a secure home with a bed; the logical leap from that knowledge is that living in a car or tent is not conducive to a happy and fulfilling life.

Another issue for poor people (especially families) is that of food. Many will decry working and middle class Americans for choosing fast food and processed meals over the healthier alternatives, and those people are right in saying that those choices will cost more in the long run than eating healthier food would. This snap judgment, unfortunately, does not take into account the cost of time. “Time is money,” the saying goes, and it is especially true for those who may work upwards of fifty hours a week, and perhaps all seven days of the week. Here is the math: assuming a perfect four weeks in a month, a minimum wage job at fifteen dollars per hour, and using average costs in America, the cost of living would approximate the calculations shown in table 1. These calculations do not take into account such personal issues as medical procedures and costs, education, dependents, dietary restrictions and necessities, raised costs in cities (where many homeless people live), and the costs of owning relatively necessary technology such as cars and phones. The fact is, eating healthily requires time and labour which perhaps cannot be spared, especially if there are children in the household. For those without a kitchen, there is the additional issue that most such foods need to be cooked

Continued on next page . . .

Required Use	Cost of Item (in American Dollars)	Hours per Week	Hours per Day
Monthly Rent ("Average Rent by State 2022")	1326	22.10	3.16
Monthly Utilities (including water, gas, and electricity)	300	5.00	0.71
Monthly Groceries	200	3.33	0.48
Daily Sleep	0	28.00	4.00
Daily Hygiene	0	7.00	1.00
Daily Eating (2 Meals a Day)	0	7.00	1.00
Daily Commute (Assuming a 30 minute, 25 mile commute, gas price of \$4, and fuel economy of 40 mi/gal)	5	9.33	1.33
Total Working Hours	0	39.18	5.60
Total Unavailable Hours	0	81.77	11.68
Total Available Hours	0	86.23	12.32

Table 1: Approximate Calculations of Available Weekly Hours Based on Cost of Living (Monica "ENG_P3_Math_Document")

or prepared in a way they physically cannot do. As a result of this dependency on processed or unhealthy foods, diseases relating to obesity, high cholesterol, and plaque in arteries may plague the poor – thereby leading to chronic illnesses, increased medical bills, and more monetary issues.

Some Americans will contend that the United States Census Bureau's poverty line wildly overestimates the true disenfranchisement of the American lower class. Due to the modern conveniences available to the general public, it is said that the poor are relatively well-off in terms of material possessions and necessities (Rector and Sheffield). Many impoverished have electronic appliances and devices such as microwaves, personal computers, and phones. Some even have gaming systems and televisions. This material wealth is far from the stereotypical idea of poor people, so there are avid proponents of the idea that poverty is not nearly as much of a problem as charity organizations and documentaries would lead one to believe.

While it is true that many poor are not necessarily penniless, it is both shortsighted and cruel to deny their need for some such possessions. A person

should not have to choose between enjoying life and paying for bills. A mother is not at fault for using a microwave to make quick meals, or a television to occupy her children while she takes a shower. Mental and emotional health must be kept strong, because those aspects of a human may allow them to escape destitution. Besides the issues of staying happy and living instead of surviving, some technology is almost necessary in the modern world. Work is done online, sign-ups for self-help events may require scanning a QR code, and most jobs use online applications over physical forms. Libraries are an excellent help, but use of them is dependent on hours of operation being compatible with work schedules, not to mention the ability to transport oneself to a library. Additionally, libraries depend on local communities for funding and foot traffic; if the community itself is smaller and of a lower income, the library may not have enough resources to fully benefit the community it serves. It is, clearly, fair to say that poor people may have as much or more need of technological possessions than those of the middle or upper classes.

So, where does poverty come from, and who suffers most from it? Gradin contends that Black and Hispanic people are more likely to suffer from poverty – each for slightly different reasons, but largely attributable to having more dependent children, younger heads of household, and less education than their peers ("Poverty Among Minorities"). Additionally, "a significantly higher proportion of transgender people reported recent housing instability" than peers of cisgender identity and the rates of experiencing homelessness in genderqueer people were over twice those of the general population (Wilson, Bianca D. M., et al). As instances of lower education and increased numbers of dependent children are often encouraged through culture or situation, poverty becomes a cycle for those demographics which commonly engage in these societal performances. This does not even take into account hiring discrimination and inequality of pay – which is a documented phenomenon in racial, LGBTQA+, and disabled communities.

Poverty breeds poverty. Once one has little to no financial savings, they are unlikely to recover.

Consider a scenario in which one's boots are worn through: that person has two options. They can buy a cheap, but flimsy pair of boots, or they can buy an expensive, but long-lasting pair of boots which costs two to three times more than the inexpensive option and will last over three times longer. The poor person has no money to buy expensive boots, and they cannot go to work shoeless, especially if they work in a warehouse or hard labour environment. They buy the cheap boots. Those boots wear out quickly, and they must come back to this same dilemma. In this way, the poor are kept poor because being poor is expensive. Of course, one could save up money for better quality items, but in the event of medical emergency or car troubles, that money cannot go towards shoes. Consider also the issue of illness. If a person has a cough, but cannot afford to go to the doctor for preventative care, then that cough may develop into a chronic illness. It will flare up often and strongly, and the person must choose whether to seek expensive medical care or continue working. If they continue working without care, they may lose working days to bad flare-ups, thus losing money and continuing to be unable to get help. This horrible spiral continues until death relieves that person of both the illness and the job. These dilemmas may be listed ad infinitum; such is the life of an impoverished American.

There is an opposition to the notion of the poverty cycle, perhaps most aptly referred to as the "Bootstrap Argument," which is popular in America. It is the basis of the famed American Dream; that idea that anyone can make themselves rich if they only put some real work into the endeavor. The title of the Bootstrap Argument comes from the old idiom, "pick yourself up by your bootstraps" - an action which is physically impossible to do. This is the backbone of "Grind Culture," which itself inherently leads to burnout and mental illness from the exhaustion of all work and no play. It is physically possible to work full-time and take collegiate classes, but such a cramped and stressful schedule takes a toll on mental, emotional, physical, and even spiritual health (if one is so inclined to religion).

Humans are social creatures; if no time is given to religious, social, or personal activities in pursuit of the American Dream, how can the American Dream be worth the pain? Many can judge poor and homeless people, or say they bring such a fate upon themselves, but it is those same people whose "good fortune ... [is] to live distant from the scene of sorrow" (Paine 26). The American Dream is called so because America was originally meant to be a refuge for the disenfranchised and those who chafed under British law. American government supposedly is governed by representatives of the people, but has there ever been a homeless representative? There is a great array of vocal opponents to welfare programs, but have those opponents ever been brought to the point of living in vans or losing a high-paying job to burnout and illness?

Those who have never had a reason to be desperate may never know or understand the lengths to which one may go in search of biological necessities. Perhaps not all poor people face total food insecurity, but, in cities where homelessness is illegal and punishable, the poorest of the population still need to eat, drink, and sleep. If searching through garbage for food is illegal, then there is no recourse but to break the law. The famous Heinz dilemma details the moral struggle of a man unable to pay for even a small dose of life-saving medicine for his sick wife; in desperation, he steals the medicine from the inventor (qtd. in Sabellano 3). In this manner, desperation may breed crime - theft, assault ("mugging"), and small crimes such as loitering, soliciting, and public camping all are the logical route to acquire necessary goods for survival.

Change in the broken or inherently inequitable parts of the American governmental system can lead to the betterment and elevation of American society. With more physical security and less worry about how to come across the next meal or pay for utilities, there is more room for education and self-actualization (such as art, literature, analysis, material works - all of which becomes culture). No more would American cities be seen as a black mark on the record of a wealthy nation, but they instead would become centers of learning and progress. The next great genius could be living on food stamps, or the greatest musician in America could be living under a bridge. Unrealized talent and

potential is the greatest waste that is perpetuated by the current system.

Aiding the disenfranchised, the sick, and the poor is the morally right thing to do. This is a fact, and it is true whether all poor people are lazy drug addicts living off of taxpayer money or every poor person has been directly harmed by pharmaceutical companies and factory employment. Whether both or neither are true does not matter, because action and rehabilitation are more important and useful to society than condemnation and derision. Helping these people now and stopping poverty at its sources will create a better future – not only for the lower class, but for those who are one hospital visit away from that very situation.

There are those who would say that physiological necessities are not human rights and, therefore, there is no obligation for the government to provide aid to those without food, water, or shelter. One example for the argument of what constitutes a human right is healthcare. Peikoff, in his article, "Health Care Is Not A Right," maintains that "to call 'medical care' a right will merely enslave the doctors and thus destroy the quality of medical care in this country" - an opinion which is formed on the idea that human rights, by definition, impose no obligation upon others. This is not an unusual concept; many fear that America will turn to socialism and the various mandates will stifle progress and effective treatment. There is also the additional concern that the government would impose these costs upon taxpayers, which would mean that one would pay for another person's medical care. As the prevailing opinion in America is that every person must stand on their own two feet, this is a daunting prospect for citizens across the nation.

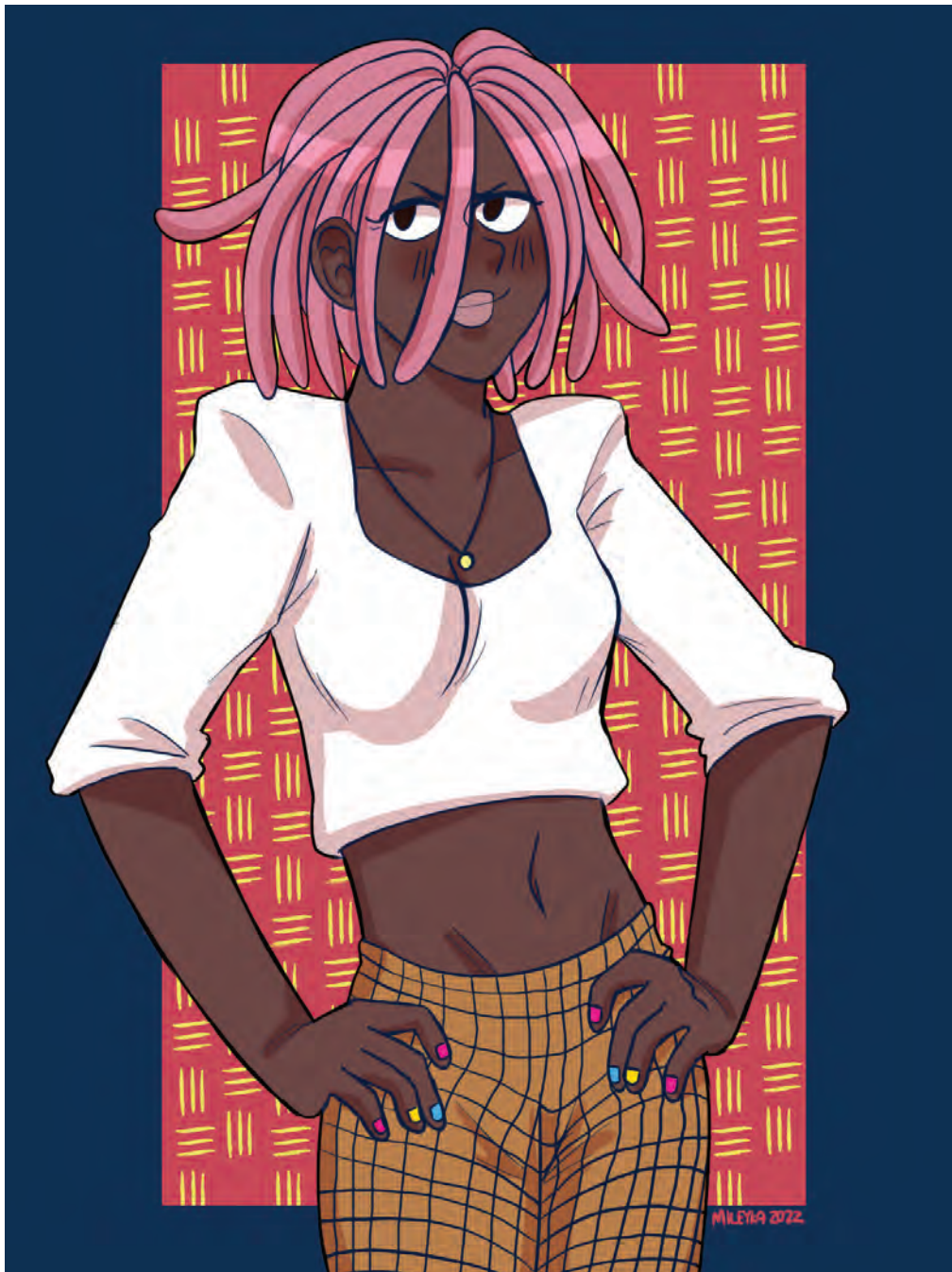
Despite this argument, which, admittedly, makes some excellent points, the United Nations has a list of human rights agreed upon by an international committee of leaders. This list clearly states that, not only is health care a human right, so are shelter, education, water, and food (among other things). In the instance of healthcare, it is a doctor's profession to provide aid – they would be no more burdened by it than they are now. In fact, it is likely that doctors would celebrate universal healthcare, because more preventative care could lead to fewer instances of emergency room visits for unchecked illness, thus freeing up medical staff for more serious cases.

If the United Nations agrees that physiological and security needs are human rights, then poverty itself is a clear and disgusting violation of those human rights. Even if few are food insecure, or homeless, or unemployed, or unable to get an education, the threat of such looms over the heads of the lower classes of America like an executioner's blade. No one in such a wealthy first-world nation as the United States should have any reason to fear poverty and its perils, and yet, so many in America stand on a razor's edge. Some do not realize how close they are to those they so scorn, but others are all too aware of the inequities rife in America.

American citizens of the lower classes are in constant danger of poverty and the loss of human rights it represents. There is no greater fight than that for the welfare of our common human beings. There is nothing more American and patriotic than protest. There is no greater human attribute than compassion. Humans are strongest when they stand united; nations are strongest when their governments protect their people. That is the only reason a government exists: to protect those who give it power and authority. The right time has never and will never exist for apathy – but now is the time to stand for those who are too ill to stand and shout for those whose voices are suppressed. This is the modern revolution: that all humans are equal and should be protected under the same umbrella. This is the American Way.

Belle Monica

Third Place
Essay



Mileyka Aguirre
Tabitha

Third Place
Photography & New Media



Abigail Orr
Lucky #7

Third Place
Two-Dimensional Art



Belle Monica
Naomi's New Favorite Bowl

Third Place
Three-Dimensional Art

Postal

Sometimes I think of my body as a box.

Sometimes there are holes for me to breathe through,
other times, the walls are made of metal bars,
but I'm too big to fit through such a small space,
and there is no key to a cage sealed with tape.

Whenever someone jostles me around,
the cardboard cuts into my paper-thin skin,
and my bubble-wrapped dams break open,
all those words from my label filling me in.

My styrofoam skull has been chipping away,
tears in a bottle, broken at the throttle,
wood wicking water, rotting through the bottom,
and my packing-peanut heart has fallen out onto the ground.

Sarah E. Scarpace

Honorable Mention
Poetry



Emily Koeppen Tischer
Madison and Fred

Honorable Mention
Photography & New Media

Star Crossed Lovers

We are star crossed lovers
Never met to be the one
But destined to love and run
Harboring enough capability
To dissipate our invisibility
Our love was fire
It burned brighter than no other
But fires burn out
Just as our capacity to understand one another
But just as you cannot forcibly understand
You must learn to accept that
Loving from a far
Caring from a distance
May be better for both
As love will run deep
You cannot shatter yourself
To hold someone else

Rose Misitano

Honorable Mention
Poetry

Credits

Editor

Nate Gordon

Associate Professor of English and Humanities

Graphic Design & Layout

Sophie Cormier

Multimedia Strategist and Designer

Marketing & Public Relations, Kishwaukee College

Artwork Photography

Kamelian Entrants

Printing

Kishwaukee College Printing/Mail Services

Special Thanks

Jessica Anderson

Dr. Laurie Borowicz

Judson Curry

Miles Halpern

Tina Hultgren

Kim Jordal

Dr. M. Joanne Kantner

Barbara Leach

Kishwaukee College Art Gallery

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

Kamelian is produced by Kishwaukee College to recognize and showcase the artistic and literary talents of Kishwaukee College students.

This publication is partially funded through student activity fees.

Kishwaukee College does not discriminate on the basis of race, color, ancestry, sex, gender identity and gender expression, sexual orientation, religion, national origin, age, marital status, pregnancy, physical or mental handicap or disability in its programs or activities. Inquiries regarding this nondiscrimination policy may be directed to: Dr. Michelle Rothmeyer, Vice President of Student Services, Kishwaukee College Title IX/ Section 504 Coordinator, 21193 Malta Rd., Malta, IL 60150, 815-825-2086 or at mrothmeyer@kish.edu. Individuals requiring accommodations to access and participate in the courses, programs, services, or events at Kishwaukee College should contact Disability Services at 815-825-2931 or email ds@kish.edu.



21193 Malta Road • Malta, Illinois 60150
815-825-2086 • kish.edu