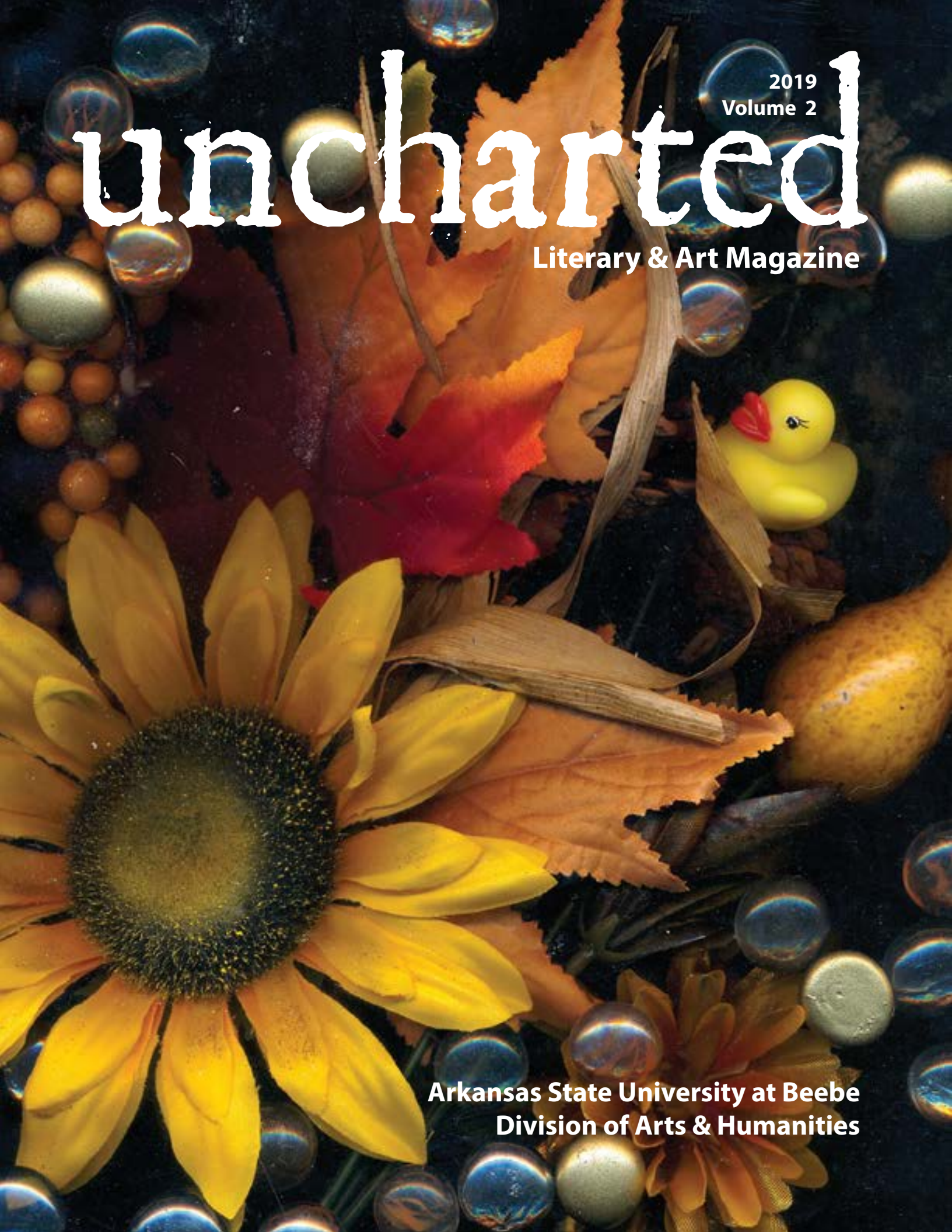


2019
Volume 2

uncharted

Literary & Art Magazine



Arkansas State University at Beebe
Division of Arts & Humanities



front cover
Alexus Dupree | Photography

inside front cover
Emmanuel Motto | Painting

back cover
Katie Winters | Illustration

inside back cover
Sarah Westmoreland | Digital Art

LETTER FROM THE ASUB PUBLISHING STUDIO DESK

This 2019 edition of *Uncharted*, the literary and art magazine at Arkansas State University—Beebe, marks not only the second issue of the digital magazine but also the first edition that will live in print. This year's publication was made possible through the dedication of the ASUB Publishing Studio members, magazine faculty advisors, and the Dean of the Division of Arts & Humanities, Dr. Jason Goodner.

The purpose of *Uncharted* is foremost to give light to the outstanding literary works and art created by students and alumni at Arkansas State University at Beebe. This publication also allows students, through the ASUB Publishing Studio, to gain project-based experience in editing and publishing. A final goal for this magazine is to encourage a flow of creativity and intellectual discourse in our readers.

We are proud to say that the second edition of *Uncharted* reflects the diversity of our students at Arkansas State University—Beebe. The magazine covers a range of topics—from fishing in Southern California to overcoming domestic violence to arguing graffiti is art.

We hope you enjoy the second edition of *Uncharted*, and that it inspires your own ideas, creations, and conversations. We distribute it as much as possible to increase the flow of creativity in our readers.

Dakota Hilbert
ASUB Publishing Studio

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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YOU CALL ME

Hope Smith | Poetry

You call me cold,
Cold-hearted,
Heart on my sleeve,
Sleeves rolled up despite being cold.

You call me out,
Out-witted,
At wits end,
End of the line once you walk out.

You call me kind,
Kind of funny,
Funny are the times,
Time has never been kind.

You call me over,
Over-worked,
Working things out,
Out into the unkind cold over and over again.



Kaylin Gist | Photography



Ashley Shaffer | Photography

THE CATCH, A HAIKU

Kelsey McGraw | Poetry

Mouths open in pebble wide gasps
Sunlight beating down with all its might
Waterlogged stench rising at midday.

CAGED BLIGHT

Will Wetsell | Poetry

A bad omen ran
Right across my kitchen floor
But my trap got it.



CAGED HUNTER

Kirsten Chance | Photography



▲ Kaylin Gist | Photography

▼ Allison Burrus | Photography



EDUCATED IDIOCY

Caleb Burley | Creative Nonfiction

I was raised in Arkansas. I will probably die in Arkansas. Arkansas, where the state motto is, "At least we aren't Mississippi." My father lives in Mississippi. Mississippi, where the state motto may as well be, "Why are you here? Leave."

I come from a family of educators. My grandfather was the chair of the English department at Harding until 2001. My grandfather reads whole books in a day and can comprehend things that I can barely even begin to conceive. He has a PhD in Biblical Languages and can fluently speak in about five different languages. I grew up admiring him for his ability to speak with anyone. My grandfather never let his education get in the way of his ability to love everyone. He has an uncanny ability to make anyone feel comfortable with him. I learned more from him than I ever will in a school. I learned that J.R.R. Tolkien suffered from PTSD and used writing to

// **The society that is educated
is the truly free society.** //

cope. I learned how to read by sitting on his lap as he read out loud to me, and I mimicked his every word as it came into my vision. I learned how a young Native American man in the 1940's would get a full ride scholarship to Georgia Tech and pass it up so that he could go to Harding. I learned that life is hard. I learned that there are times in life where you must let others help you. I learned that you must help others. I learned what education truly is.

Education in its rawest form is simple. Education is learning the ways of the world so that you may one day move yourself on to improve it.

Education teaches us pain. Education teaches us how we are only human. I believe that education is essential to humanity. I believe that education is a multifaceted tool that brings life to oppressed people. I believe that education breathes life into communities. The society that is educated is the truly free society.

Freedom is brought to the masses by showing them what freedom looks like in the outside world. America has always set a standard in education and freedom, but frankly, America is going the way of Mississippi in education. While the world remains highly educated and takes care of their own people, America remains in the dust. Our society has a great number of people who are still illiterate. Our society has an inexcusable amount of people who are brought up to believe that there is only one way to be educated. Our education system is repressive of free thought.

My grandfather told me when I was very young, "If anyone says that they are one hundred percent right, then look them in the eye and say no one is." When I entered into the school system, I was taught that I comes before E except after C. I then learned that this rule was absolutely wrong. I learned that the chicken came before the egg. But then where did the chicken come from? I learned from church that, "God loves all except...", but where does that leave the exceptions? I was educated to believe that not everything is true, but then what about this very statement?

My grandfather taught me everything I know. The school system made me question.

I AM AN OVERCOMER

Sydney Graham | Poetry

Your hand around my throat,
Consuming my being,
Painting my world in black.
I beg you to let go.
I squirm and gasp for breath.
You squeeze
Tighter,
Tighter,
Tighter.

My world goes black.
I welcome this black.
When my world goes black
I don't have to take these beatings.
I don't have to hear those words.
You leave me alone
While I'm in this
Black,
Black,
Black.

White floods my vision
And I gasp hard for breath.
There's a pounding in my head
My mouth completely dry.
You're there
Looking at me with cruel dark eyes
A smile across your face.
You let out a small chuckle,
You go for my throat again
I shove you
Hard,
Hard,
Hard.



Tina Green | Digital Illustration

Your face contorts
Turning into a monster.
The most terrifying monster I've ever seen.
The man I once loved, now a complete stranger.
A rainbow floods my eyes
You strike me,
Again
Again
Again.

I still feel your hands around my throat
Tighter and tighter.
Still brace myself for your fist striking,
again and again.
Still see your dark eyes,
They haunt my dreams,
Overwhelming fear tries to pull me under
Again
Again
Again.

But now I am free.
Free from this cage of blackness that is your being.
Free from the cycle of damage.
Free from the beatings and toxicity.
Free from the words you threw at me like daggers,
Free,
Free,
Free.

I am powerful.
I am beautiful.
I am strong.
I am an overcomer.
I am a survivor.
I am a fighter.
I am free.
And I will never let another man break me.



Earl Coralde | Photography



Alicia Webb | Photography

BABY LILLIAN

Earnestine Barron | Poetry

February 26 was the day Baby Lillian was born
Cold, bone-chilling rain
Lillian died the next day on Momma's bed
Dressed in a little pink dress.

She was laid in a small wooden coffin
Daddy designed for her
Solemnly, he grabbed a few nails
Struck them firmly in his mouth.

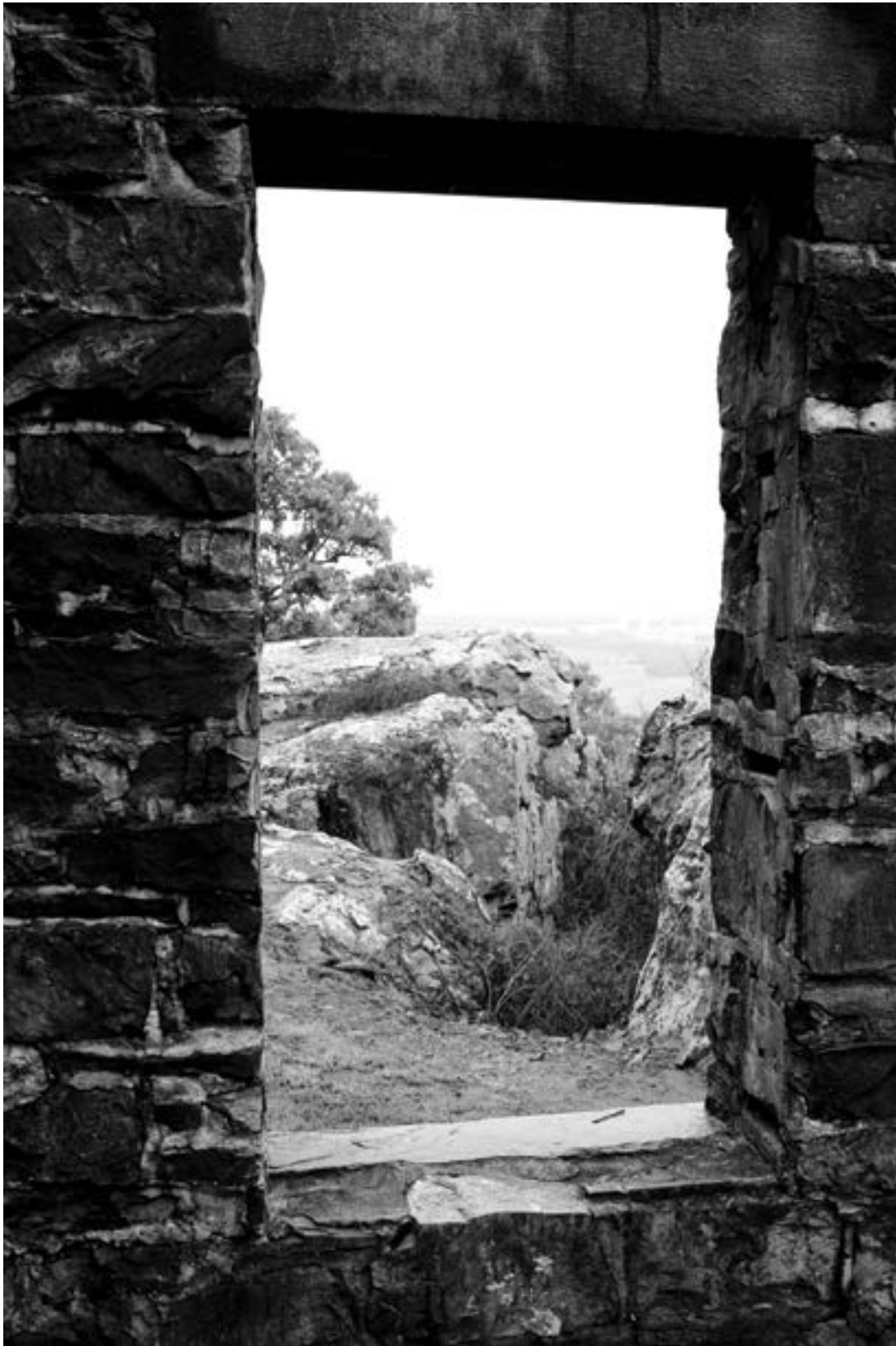
Picked up the hammer
Bang! The nail bit deeply into the wood
Echoed loudly as an angry curse
Nails disappeared from his mouth as he secured Baby inside.

Shovel used for digging worms to fish
Dug an eternal home for Baby Lillian.

LANDSCAPE

Chris Jones | Painting





GO WHERE YOU FEEL THE MOST ALIVE
Ashley Shaffer | Photography

DON'T GIVE UP: A JOURNEY TO EDUCATION

Earnestine Barron | Creative Nonfiction

Still as vivid in my mind, I was 18 years old the first time I enrolled at Arkansas State University in Beebe. It was the Spring Semester of January, 1966. Warren Harshaw had enrolled for the Fall Semester in September, 1965, which made him the first African American male to attend ASUB, and I was the first African American female.

I had graduated from White County Training School in May, 1965, an all-black school. This marked the end of segregated schools in White County. With the Central High School integration

“Warren Harshaw had enrolled for the Fall Semester in September, 1965, which made him the first African American male to attend ASUB, and I was the first African American female.”

still fresh on my mind, it was a time of uncertainty. I was unprepared to say the least. The books we had studied from were hand-me-downs from the Searcy Public Schools. From grade school through high school, the books were two-to-three years old. Many were missing the front or back covers, pages had been ripped out, and others had been marked through with pencils or ball point pens, making them impossible to read. Yes, I was years behind the other college students when I started, and it was frustrating and humiliating. To make matters even more unbearable, many of the students were hateful, cruel, and racist. This was their college, and I was not welcome.

Academically, I was unable to keep up with my college classes. I decided to get married and did not return in the Fall Semester. I worked

at various jobs, but to move ahead, it was necessary to have a college education. Both of my sons had graduated from Beebe High School. Carl A. Cooney had enrolled in Arkansas State University-Beebe before joining the Navy, and Marshall E. Cooney was enrolled at the University of Central Arkansas in Conway. So it was time for me to think about enrolling in college again. This time I felt more confident and felt I was able to compete.

I started back to college at ASU-Beebe in 1991. I was 44 years old. It was a challenge, to say the least. I thought, “Well, here I am.” I prayed, and

then I got started. I had to retake three of the four classes that I had failed. One of the classes was Fine Arts, and it was just as hard as before. I also had the same instructor as I’d had the first time. It was like nothing I had ever experienced. A month into the class, I decided to drop it again. I made an appointment to speak with Mr. Rick Chudomelka. He listened as I explained my situation.

When I finished, he said, “May I give you a little advice?”

“Of course,” I said.

“Don’t drop the class until you try this, okay?”

So I decided to try it for a month. What a difference that time made. My grades came

up, and I passed the class with a B. I owed Mr. Chudomelka a debt of gratitude. After he retired, I called him to thank him for his patience and encouragement.

I went on to graduate three years later with an Associate of Arts in Liberal Arts. I became disabled and was unable to complete my bachelor's degree.

Now I am 72 years old, and this is the third time I have enrolled at ASU-Beebe. I am a Grandmother and recently a Great-Grandmother. I won't say it has been easy, but I will say it has been worth every minute. Since enrolling at ASU-Beebe in 1966, there have been numerous changes at this great university. Use my experience to learn that if you give up, you are only failing yourself.



Chris Jones | Painting



Sherri Youngman | Ceramics



Teresa Young | Ceramics



Rose Sherrill | Ceramics

A WORLD IN STILLNESS SHROUDED

John Smith | Narrative

■ PART TWO: BREATHING A LESSON UNHEARD

Artis looked down at the small puddle of blood pooling near Doc Wilcott's feet. Quickly, she dropped a towel on the floor and patted it with her foot. Doc was finishing the last bit of stitching on the patient as Artis patted his forehead with a handkerchief. She did her best to keep the white room as antiseptic as possible despite the heat and humidity. The room itself was blistering hot, given the windows had to be kept closed just in case the ether wore off before they could apply more and the patient would cry out in pain, confusion, or both.

"Now, Artis, it was an accident. It took a lot of stitching, but I'm sure he'll be able to use his hands," Doc quietly stated not wishing to rouse the patient.

"That man ain't fit for anything and for him to do this to poor Jenkins? We all know it weren't no accident. Donoger is about as useful as a compass without a needle and this farming accident ain't no accident. He thinks he's God Almighty and if you don't cotton to his beliefs, he thinks he has every right to bully or beat someone into submission. If he don't do it himself, he'll have someone else do it for him."

"But, Artis..." Doc stopped short. He knew there was no convincing Artis, himself, or anybody else for that matter about Donoger. Joshua Donoger had taken to farming because of his involvement in the money scandal that forced the closing of the Women's Christian College up in Searcy.

He was a short, bearded man of slow wit, but quick when it came to treachery. Mean-spiritedness sort of seem to come natural to him when trying to undermine others in order to have his way.

His wife was rotund with round coal black eyes and just as pernicious as he. Prissy Donoger had a natural talent when it came to wrapping insults within her compliments and without care would sacrifice any woman who stood between her and her self-perceived importance.

In his spare time, Donoger took to his atrocious style of preaching to earn extra cash, peddlin' how Jesus taught that some folks be better than others, and quick to condemn anyone who thought different than he did.

Artis had a point: Donoger was the kind of slick ne'er-do-well that would just happen to let slip the gear on the hay thrasher and injure Jenkins, or shove someone into a hog pen for that matter. Artis had little patience, if any, for hypocrites like Donoger and his "higher the hair, closer to God" wife.

"Don't matter no ways! Oh, Mrs. Hayes is here to see you."

Mrs. Hayes was a tall, 'big boned' woman with an impressive demeanor, one that was well-suited for her role as vice-president of the Little Rock Women's Auxiliary. No one ever disrespected



Teresa Young | Ceramics



Lauren Potter | Ceramics



Lauren Potter | Ceramics

SPECIAL SERIES WRITER

her for she gave no pleasantries to anyone she found distasteful.

In the city, she was both a pillar of virtue and a tower of strength. Her charity work stretched far and wide in helping the young socialites of Little Rock overcome their 'particular' health problems and had the good fortune of calling on Doctor Willie (as she referred to him) for their personal hygiene issues.

Mrs. Hayes was fiercely protective of the young ladies as she guided them during their early development—almost to the point of being fanatical.

Artis beckoned Mrs. Hayes into the room as Doc opened the cast-iron safe and removed a large ledger which he used to log the payments along with other medical information about the women. As he made entries into the records, images of the pig-eaten victim clouded his mind, sending a shiver up his sweaty spine—he struggled to concentrate.

"Artis," spoke Doc a little loudly after Mrs. Hayes discretely left his office, "I've got to go see the sheriff over at the funeral parlor."

He stepped to the back of the building and began walking. After a quarter mile, he walked by his own house. He stopped and shouted at the porch until his wife appeared. Callie with her pale blue eyes and ghostly white skin grimaced at him before retreating inside the house.

Doc continued walking up Main street to the parlor, lost in thought, and slowly arriving at the inescapable conclusion, that the man who had

become hog fodder was definitely murdered—there was no doubt about it.

* * *

Some would say that Caledonia Moriah Wilcott was too thin for her own good. Being the wife of a doctor, many thought, she might ought to be more robust. But, like everyone, she had her own set of problems.

This afternoon, Callie kept watching out the back window and waiting. She had swept the floors, tried to read a book, but always came back to the window. The six bits she had left on the outside table, next to a large quartz rock she had brought back from a trip to Malvern, were still there.

Finally, sometime after five o'clock, a smile creased her thin lips as she saw her long-awaited prize—a Mason jar. The quart jar with a cheese cloth and string for a make-shift lid to keep the flies out held clear liquid. She quickly retrieved it as if a thief stealing a precious jewel from a crown and hid herself in the kitchen. The burning liquor felt so good inside her, even if the temperature was still something to be reckoned with outside.

Without warning, hands inched around her waist and a breathy voice filled her ears.

"Come on, Callie, run away with me," begged Clancy with utmost sincerity.

Thinking he was teasing, Callie surreptitiously answered, "Clancy Beauregard Wilcott, you ought to be ashamed of yourself jabbering on like that. You peddlin' Jesus and all. Why...what would people think if they heard you talkin' that way!"

SPECIAL SERIES WRITER

She wriggled away from his embrace and came close to slapping her husband's older brother were it not for her great affection for him. His good looks always made her heart flutter and her knees weak. Her body would tingle all over every time he would enter her presence.

Besides, how angry can you be at a man whose wife had died five years earlier during the Spanish Flu epidemic?

"You know you're not happy with my brother. Him not given you any babies. You know as well as I how he's making money off them socialites and debutantes from Little Rock."

Callie sipped and then shared her liquor with Clancy, eyeing him suspiciously.

Suddenly, the sound of crashing filled the house, a commotion was erupting in the front hall. Clancy moved toward the kitchen door as if to block it if need be. Callie hid the Mason jar.

"...Callie! They found a body. They found it out on Swinging Bridge Road!"

**To Be Continued
in *Uncharted* Volume 3**



Kathleen Wells | Ceramics



Anna Sharp | Ceramics

LOVING AND LOSING NOVELLA FORSTE

Tara Forste | Creative Nonfiction

I can see her hands, so worn and tired when I imagine them now. Long filed fingernails adorn slender wrinkled fingers and every vein is visible. While they are an obvious reminder of the life flowing inside of her, in this moment, the veins are symbolic of old age taking her body over, trailing through her hands and up her arms, reminiscent of the way I've seen vines strangle out an established orange tree if left to nature's devices. I remember these same fingertips, youthful and strong, drawing on my thigh as a child. She would poke at a pattern of three freckles, pointing out two eyes and a nose, and finishing by drawing a little smile with her fingertip. Somehow, she always found beauty in the ordinary.

She always joked that if she could have, she would've had so many children that a head would be poking out of every window. And coming from a large family, one of a dozen children born in a working class family in Pine Knot Kentucky, she was always a nurturer and wanting a large family was basic instinct to her. A pre-cancerous concern had caused her to have a premature hysterectomy after the birth of my father, and her mothering nature had left her with a lot of love to give. Before adopting me, she had attempted to adopt her nephew, Lonnie, and unfortunately was unable. In 1984, when the opportunity came for her to step forward to take care of me, her granddaughter, born to a drug-addicted mother, she leapt at the opportunity, leaving her plans of retiring aside to be my Mom.

My mom gave all she had, and like so many

mothers, she often sacrificed her own happiness for the sake of others. And at times, like a selfish fool, I felt cheated growing up because my mom was so much older than everyone else's. She didn't have the energy or patience of other mothers and having polio as a child had left her with a deformed foot that resulted in an awkward, uneven gait that I'm sure caused her discomfort but she'd never tell. The truth remained that she was, in fact, my grandmother, and because of this, I often found myself questioning the mortality of everyone around me, coming to terms with the very real possibility that I wouldn't have my mom for as long as many of my friends... and I didn't.

I can attribute so much of the person I am today to her, especially my knack for cooking country-style vittles, the same kind that she said made my grandpa fat. Every meal was a feast, and often she would cook foods that seemed bizarre to me as a child. She would tell me what a treat they were for her growing up: cornbread and buttermilk or a heaping plate of poke salad. They were delicious indeed, and I was almost certain my friends weren't eating like this in a world full of microwaved pizza rolls and pre-filled juice pouches. My mother cooked like every meal was for a pot luck: roasts, rolls, fancy pies. She always seemed to be striving to impress, who? Who the heck knows!? But I always recognized it as such a beautiful labor of love, and I try to emulate this myself as a mother. As she cooked, she would tell me stories about growing up. She told me about being so poor in Kentucky that a typical Christmas was getting oranges and a big peppermint chunk that her grandmother would break with a hammer for all of the kids to share. I think of this story often and think it has formed

me into a more humble person. I feel like I can make the most of any situation because she did.

From her I learned to garden; I gained a love of reading; and I was always encouraged to express my artistic side. She taught me how to be strong, and she never let me forget that I was loved, even when I was at my worst. When I was 24 years old, she developed a cough, and it was soon discovered that she had Stage 4 lung cancer that had spread to her stomach. The oncologist spoke about her like a piece of meat into his pocket recorder, calling her "patient," ignoring that she had a name, and saying right in front of her that her outlook was not good.

I became her advocate as she embarked on a journey of chemotherapy and radiation. As the weeks passed by, her hair grew thin and her body weaker by the day. I lifted her from bed to wheelchair and back again hundreds of times. I could feel her frustration as she slowly lost all of her independence. The humiliation liquefied in her beautiful hazel eyes as life came full circle, and eventually, it was I bathing and diapering her. After a short battle of only two months, all of her fight was gone. In December she came and December she went. My saving grace, my best friend.



Rachel Patrom | Drawing



DUCK DOG
Taryn Phares | Photography

THE SUN AND THE MOON

Katie Taylor | Creative Nonfiction

It was 4:00 a.m. when my loud phone woke me up. I rolled over to see who was calling me. It was my sister. My heart dropped. I pressed the green button on my phone to answer, my heart pounding.

“Hello?” I said, my voice groggy from sleep.

My sister was crying. She said, “You’ve got to get to Arkansas as soon as possible. Mom is in the hospital. The doctors are saying she only has a couple hours left.”

I just hung up the phone. I could not find words. The next few hours were a blur. I somehow managed to get a plane ticket, get on a plane, and make it to the hospital where my mom was being treated. Ten hours later, she was gone. My best friend, my mom, my shoulder to cry on was gone. Forever.

My mom and I got matching tattoos when I was eighteen. That was my first tattoo. I remember being so embarrassed that my first tattoo was a matching one with my mom. Now I do whatever I can to show off her memories imprinted on me. I later got another one of the sun and moon to honor her and the role her death played in my life.

On my way to the tattoo shop, I kept thinking how unfair it was that I was getting a tattoo to signify my mother’s death. Tears rolled down my face as I pulled into the parking lot. When I arrived, I met with the artist. He was bald and kind of tall. I wanted the entire tattoo done that day. He said that he could make it happen, although the tone of his voice seemed unsure.

Before he got started, I told him that I wanted

the words “You are my Sunshine” around the sun with her birthdate, and the words “I Love you to the Moon and Back” around the moon with her death date. I explained that I wanted light blue to dark orange and red, like water colors, inside and all around it because my mom was a very colorful person. She loved to paint. She wore very colorful clothes. She had a colorful personality. One night we got these old blue desk chairs and decided to paint them. She painted all of these different patterns and lines in all different colors. I just painted my name in my best version of graffiti letters.

When everything was ready, I followed him into the stuffy tattoo room. Awards and artwork lined the walls. I sat down in the black leather chair. He got the needle ready. I winced as the needle stabbed my upper arm. A single tear rolled down my cheek. Not because of the pain. This single tear rolled down my face because I felt like this tattoo meant that her death really happened. I couldn’t deny it when her death date was permanently written on my body.

About three hours later, he was done. I walked up to the body mirror to check out the finished product. It was beautiful. All the colors were beautiful and exactly what I wanted. When I showed it to my family, they cried. They had always hated my tattoos and called them trashy. They loved this one, though.

After my mom died, there were a few months that I refused to accept the fact that she was gone. My friends and family called it shock. I would listen to her voicemail over and over again. Any time something happened in my life, I would pick up the phone to call her and tell her about it, only to realize that she would never pick up again. I kept waiting for her to show up at my

door with a bottle of wine and tell me that she was kidding. I tortured myself with false hope for months. I didn't even start the grieving process until a couple months ago. I found that getting a tattoo about her death helped me accept that

it had actually happened. When she died, half of my heart had broken into tiny pieces, the frail fragments withered away. This tattoo helped me find some of those lost pieces of my heart.



TRAVIS
Chris Jones | Painting

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

Tabitha Davis | Poetry

Splashing

Laughing

Spitting

Hands grasping Mom's,

Boys will be boys.

Pinching

Poking

Trembling

Hands curled into guns,

Boys will be boys.

Wrestling

Building

Yelling

Hands clenched into fists,

Boys will be boys.

Till someone teaches them to be men.



SILHOUETTE

Chris Jones | Photography



Kaylin Gist | Photography

THE WAVES

Cathryn Lyle | Poetry

I feel the sun on my toes.
 I watch the waves,
 Come and go.
 I begin to ponder my life.
 Sometimes my life is calmer waters,
 Where I can see the beauty of the ocean.
 How warm the sand is,
 How beautiful the sunsets are,
 And how blessed I am to have calm waves.
 Other times,
 The waves consume me,
 Hurricanes of destruction,
 Destroying everything I love.
 There is not sunshine,
 Only waves of darkness and death.
 The only good thing about the waves is,
 They come and go.
 Nothing is permanent.
 The waves can bring great joy,
 Or horrible destruction.
 I never know which,
 So I just ride the waves.
 Enjoy the calm waters when it's there,
 And keep going when the hurricanes hit.
 But for now,
 I am just going to ride the waves.
 And pray,
 I can make it through another day.
 That I don't get consumed,
 By,
 The,
 Waves.



Chris Jones | Painting (detail)

THE POINTE SHOES

Maren Bonham | Creative Nonfiction

“Every art is the expression of the here and now when you celebrate its natural dynamics. Dance is movement, literature, archaeology, mysticism, music, painting, poetry, and drama. It is a window to a larger life and culture.”
- Chitra Visweswaran

When I was nine years old, I went to Austin, Texas, to stay part of the summer with my Aunt Susan. Aunt Susan knew I liked art, so she suggested going to the Fort Worth Museum of Modern Art. At first, all I could imagine was us walking around a museum for hours and hours looking at pictures from a hundred years ago. That sounded terribly boring to me; I was not excited at all. One painting changed my mind.

The painting *Ballet Rehearsal* by Edgar Degas, had little strands of fabric fibers hanging off the edges, probably because it was such an old piece of art. I remembered it being odd that the artist signed his name at the top and not at the bottom like most artists back then. That detail just added to my intrigue. I thought that the painting was the most beautiful, powerful, and dramatic thing I had ever seen. It wasn't beautiful because of the dancer. The painting was a window into the dancer's emotions. I could see what she was feeling as she danced through the painting.

At that moment I felt a passion for dance that I had never felt before. I knew that I truly wanted to know, be, and feel everything that the dancer in the painting was expressing. Aunt Susan watched me as I stared at the painting for a solid ten minutes. She smiled at me and told me that she was going to talk to my mother about taking some dance lessons in the fall because she knew I would love them. She was right.

After I had been taking ballet lessons in the studio, I saw a video on YouTube of a dancer doing something that I thought was odd. She was standing on her toes completely! As I watched the video, I was in shock at how beautiful her feet were gliding so gracefully across the black, large, open stage floor. After seeing that, I talked to my own ballet teacher to find out if she thought I was ready for pointe shoes. To my surprise, she said yes! My feet were strong enough to begin. I was overwhelmed with excitement and fear because I knew that taking the next step would be a lot of hard work. I did not know if I could handle it all. As I grew more and more passionate about dancing, I also became stronger and better at dancing.

I auditioned for a corps de ballet position for the ballet *The Nutcracker* with Ballet Arkansas. Before I registered for my audition, the ballet company hired two new directors, so I was extra nervous about what to expect. I still remember my audition so clearly because I was very nervous, and I just wanted to be a part of a professional performance so badly. I remember trying my best and repeatedly telling myself, “It's okay. Just smile, be yourself, and show them what you can bring.” I guess that was enough because the next day I was ecstatic when I saw my name listed in the snow scene for *The Nutcracker*! The director told all the girls that we would be in our pointe shoes the entire time, but I had never done that before. I was both excited and scared.

Every day when I came home after three hours of

rehearsal, I took my pointe shoes off and looked down at my bruised and blistered feet and stared at them with a mixture of sadness, frustration, and accomplishment. I knew that I would never be as good as a professional. However, I worked so hard for so long. After months of training and memorizing the most difficult dance I had ever danced before, my time to perform was finally here. I was so ready to get it all over with. I will not forget when I stepped onto the stage and

began my dance. I felt a sense of peace and, finally, some happiness after so much pain while I was dancing on that stage. Even though I may not dance everyday now, and my pointe shoes may sit on my dresser, they are still the most significant object in my life. They are a constant reminder to me that goals are achievable to those who keep at it. I can do something difficult and succeed because I did not give up.

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Tina Green | Digital Self-Portrait

SHACKLED FROM THE INSIDE

Braylin Powers | Creative Nonfiction

Being chained up doesn't have to be a physical characteristic. At no point in time was I physically wearing chains, yet somehow, I felt confined to pain and injury. In 2015 I injured my back badly. I was a dancer... My existence was built around dancing since I was a little girl. The injury was bad enough for a visit to a surgeon who told me I had to quit all physical activity until it was time for surgery. Shackled. I was restrained by injury. I stood under pain. No dancing. No hiking. No running. Those are all the things I loved to do.

Living a shackled life is terrifying. It's almost living as a prisoner, without the prison. For me, being bound on the sidelines meant I could do absolutely nothing. I had lived a life, a great life, and did everything I loved. In a second's time, it had all changed! I was doomed to sitting out at practices, having to ice my back every second and miss out on events like youth group hiking trips and girls flag football... all the things people my age were doing.

Once I found out the recovery time for the surgery was two to four months, I was heartbroken. I wanted to be freed from the bondage, not held prisoner any longer. This meant I was going on my second year, my senior year, while I was still captive to my injury. I wasn't allowed to carry a backpack or dance on my team. With no activity, I gained some weight. I could feel the added weight I had to carry, both literally and figuratively. I felt broken.

Fragile. Fragile hearted was how I would have described me at

this point in time. My heart felt broken, abused, and fragile. Any time someone offered to help me or pray for me, I cried. I just cried. I didn't want to be this way. There was nothing physically wrong with my heart, but it sure felt like it. This injury was a very external bondage, though I could feel it internally. My heart ached for everything I had lost because of those chains. The ache hurt almost worse than the injury itself.

Once I was released from recovery, I felt the weight of those chains lift. I was free of this pain and hurt that had been my prison for two years. I was free! The empowerment of being unchained let me start with a new perspective on life. Making it through this tragic time in my young life inspires me to appreciate good days when I have them.



Crystal Harrison | Digital Illustration

SPARROW

Will Wetsell | Poetry

She composed her life where
she could only lie there
counting on the cold air
to cobweb her resolve.

She produced a bird sound
pulling at her night gown
dripping on the warm down
her bloody siren's call.

I hand washed in cold soap
watching pinkish suds go
overwriting striped holes
a palate soft as silk.

Her young eyes were bright white
lightning veins and lids tight
face uncut by smile lines
and pale as mother's milk.

Nights of pacing, breath spent
oh her little teeth went
nails impaling, harsh bit
to draw my eyes away.

Oh my sparrow, I'd sigh
why do I even try
hydrogen peroxide
baptized forearms swayed.

I am sorry, sparrow
winter trapped us in snow
winter kept the coals cold.

You were already gone.
you were already gone.



DUCK

Kristin Pickett | Photography



Sophie Clark | Photography

THE LOAD WE CARRY

Russ Lindsey | Creative Nonfiction

I was working in this bar, not a hard-core drinking bar, but more like a Chili's or Applebee's kind of place. I was learning to be a master bartender from an older guy who never spoke and taught other beginning bartenders as well. It was late one night, and we were closing. No customers, just about 7 of us employees. We were a mix of men and women of all races, and there was one little girl about 12 years old or so, which was strange. We were laughing and joking with each other, all the while each of us was gathering up a load of things to carry with us when we left.

I'm not sure what each of us had specifically, but we all had a lot of stuff except for the older guy, who also stayed behind as we all left the building for the night at the same time.

As we walked out of the building, the joking subsided significantly, but suddenly, someone made a joke about God. There was no laughter, not even from those who didn't believe. Amidst the silence, one of the younger men began to speak. He wasn't a white guy; he was darker skinned, but I couldn't tell what race he was. He laid down his load on the ground and began to walk around to each person in the group, laying his hand on their shoulder and asking, "Do you believe?" not asking if we believed in God, just if we believed. As he asked the first person, I was moved to drop to one knee, and about half of the group did the same. When he asked those who remained standing, not one of them replied at all, just stood there with a terrified look on their faces.

As he came around to me, I replied "Yes I do, with all my heart." The others who knelt replied

the same thing. After he had spoken to us all, he said out loud to the group, "We are all going somewhere. We may not know where right now, but rest assured that we are all headed somewhere!"

We all watched in silence as he gathered his load back into his arms, and as a group, we silently began walking down a road. It was completely dark, but off in the distance was a street light. I was walking behind everyone, so in front of me, all I could see were each of their silhouettes in black, each carrying their own load silently down the road. The young man who had spoken to everyone was walking right in front of me. Without turning around, he said, "You must speak about this." I replied, "Me?" He said "Yes, Now!"

And I sat straight up in the bed, wide awake, 6:44 a.m., November 4, 2017.

I never had a more detailed dream in my life. One thing is for sure, we are ALL headed somewhere while we are on this earth. We will all walk together down that road, carrying whatever load we choose to carry, but when it's all over, we ALL have a destination. I have faith that I know where mine is going to be. Do you?

And what about that old guy who stayed behind and didn't carry anything? Only thing I can think of is that maybe he had already reached his destination... Like a good soldier, I'm just doing what I was told to do, speaking about it, so lay down some of the load you might be carrying. Maybe that walk will be a little easier if you do.

THE SKY HAS FALLEN

Tabitha Davis | Poetry

The sky has fallen,
The world sending all around.
The sky has fallen,
Did only I hear the sound?

It hit me like an anchor,
Dropping from the sky.
It hit me like an anchor,
On whom shall I rely?

The sky has fallen,
The world evaporates beneath my feet.
The sky has fallen,
Oh, mother, mother help me.

I felt the ache,
It struck me unaware.
I felt the ache,
Mother, be fair.

Mother says, "The world isn't over,
Your life has just begun.
The sky has never fallen,
I love you, son."

I feel the world ending,
Mother doesn't understand.
Perhaps I'll speak with Father,
Tell him man to man.

The sky has fallen,
The world ending all around.
The sky has fallen,
Only I have heard the sound.

"Son, do not fret,
Why would he choose,
Gift you this grim fate?
You only have the blues."

My friends snicker and sigh,
Family thinks me overdramatic,
My enemies stare me dry.
Why, God? Oh, why?

Earl Coralde | Digital Art





UNCHARTED
GUEST WRITER:
**MÓNICA BEATRIZ
CHINCHILLA MARTÍNEZ**

For three years World History classes from Arkansas State University—Beebe have traveled to El Salvador. This study abroad program has forged relationships between ASUB and the Catholic University of El Salvador (UNICAES). The 2019 *Uncharted* guest writer, Mónica Beatriz Chinchilla Martínez, is a 19-year-old student at UNICAES. She grew up in Santa Ana City, El Salvador and is currently pursuing a Bachelor of Arts in English. Her hobbies include reading, listening to music, and watching Korean dramas. In this essay Mónica informs *Uncharted* readers about her home, “El Pulgarcito de América.”

EL PULGARCITO DE AMÉRICA

Land of...

*“Majestic rivers,
superb volcanoes,
peaceful lakes,
scarlet and golden skies”.*
 (“Ode to the Flag”)

El Salvador is also known as “El Pulgarcito de América” since it is the smallest country from Central America. Even though it is small, it is represented by big-hearted and warm people. Once you come to El Salvador, I can assure that you will definitely find hospitality and kindness from its citizens.

I personally invite you to join The Catholic University of El Salvador (UNICAES) campus to experience Salvadorans’ friendliness yourself. The academic year at UNICAES is divided in two semesters, each with three class periods respectively. The grading system goes from 0 to 10, and you need to get 6.0 to pass a course.

Regarding the professors of the University, I personally think they are accessible to talk with. They are also likely to help their students when they are going through difficulties with the content given. Professors motivate you to always do your best and push you to make an extra

effort, not only to pass, but to improve in every course.

Moreover, the university constantly develops different activities throughout the year, like festivals, club activities, courses, and programs where students can actively participate. One of my favorite activities involves food, accessory, and craft sales held in the campus to promote the growth of enterprises in Santa Ana City. These kinds of activities give students the chance to spend a couple of hours more with their friends out of the classroom.

Living and studying in Santa Ana has been quite calm because it is more like a small town than a big city. It is a good place to live and still find many touristic attractions as well. In the center of the city, not that far from the campus, you will find The National Theater of Santa Ana, which was officially opened in 1910 and declared part of Salvadoran cultural heritage in 1982. Its extraordinary architectural style was influenced by European countries like Spain and Italy. Certainly, when you are walking through its halls it feels like if you were in a different age to the current one, and if you look at the ceiling, you will find a lot of gorgeous paintings.

At the very beginning of this text, you could read a short verse, part of “Ode to the Flag” written in 1916, which has described the natural beauty of our country throughout the years. Certainly, El Salvador is well known and recognized all around the world by its volcanoes, lakes, and beaches. One of my favorite places is the National Park Cerro Verde (Green Hill), meaning “Cuntetepeque” in our indigenous language, Nahuatl. Cerro Verde is located between Santa Ana and Sonsonate, and if you like outdoor activities, like walking all the way up to the top of a mountain, you will definitely enjoy going there.

When you reach the top, you will find an overlook from where you can see everything below you (Santa Ana and Izalco Volcanoes, some small villages, and a nice view of Coatepeque Lake, which is pretty close to Cerro Verde). It feels like if you are above the clouds and the sun is just right in front of you.

In addition, going some kilometers back to the highway, you will find Coatepeque Lake. The lake was originated as a result of a big volcanic eruption a very long time ago, and now it is one of the most important lakes in the country and an

active part of Salvadoran tourism.

This lake is another of my favorite places because you can easily get there from Santa Ana. You can enjoy cool weather, a beautiful view from the lake, and have some delicious food. Salvadoran cooking is wide and rich in tradition compared to the size of its country. You will be able to find a great variety of delicious dishes, from the most traditional, such as grilled meat or seafood, to the most typical ones made from corn and cassava.

You can also enjoy a ride in boat through the lake and see a lot of beautiful cottages just by the shore. This place is also characterized by a beautiful natural phenomenon that turns the clear color of the water into a beautiful turquoise color. This event occurs at a certain time along the year. So if you come the next season, you may be lucky to see the majestic turquoise water of Coatepeque Lake.

This is just a very small part of this small but beautiful territory, and as any other country, our country has its pros and cons; you just need to give it an opportunity to be explored and find what you like the most about El Pulgarcito de América.



UNICAES Administration Building
Photo by Thomas Fernandez



Allison Burrus | Photography



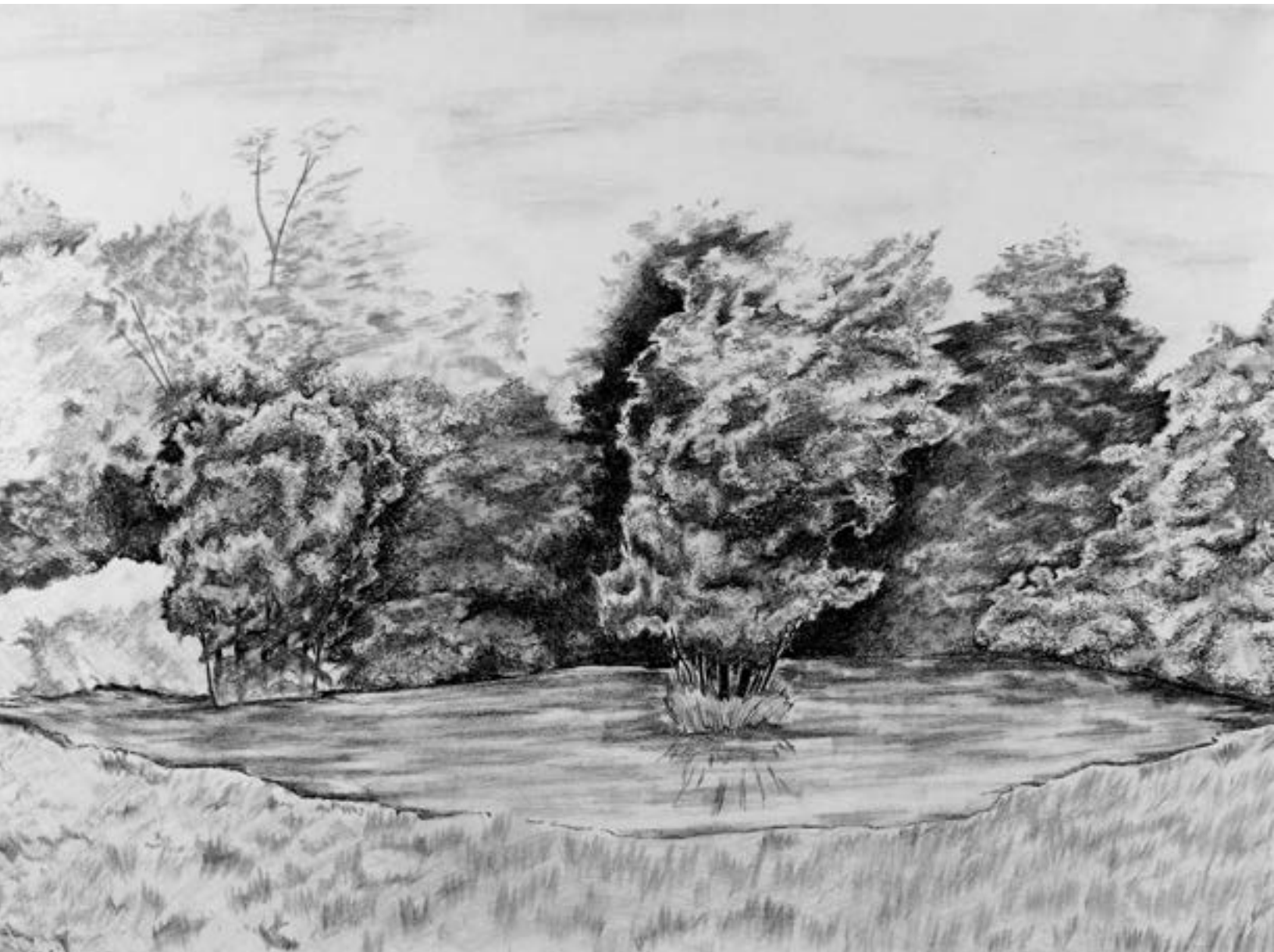
ENDANGERED

Kirsten Chance | Photography

DROWNED FOX, **A HAIKU**

Kelsey McGraw | Poetry

Red fur mangy and still damp
Twisted into a fetal curl of death
Limbs saturated in cold mud.



Hailee Chappell | Drawing



Sara Westmoreland | Drawing

TAKE VIOLENCE BY ITS HAND

Kelsey McGraw | Poetry

Take violence by its hand,
Feel its nails bit down to the quick,
Knuckles scabbed and dry and red.

Rattlesnake venom twitching towards the trigger,
Cottonmouth softness that even still lingers.

A hand that knows,
There is comfort in a pocket full of bullets.



RIO GRANDE
Chris Jones | Painting

IS GRAFFITI ART?

Tina Green | Nonfiction

Most believe that graffiti is not art because it is seen as vandalism, something done illegally on buildings, trains, and so on. However, graffiti is most certainly a form of art. For the most part, people create art as a way of expressing themselves because they cannot always form words to express what they are feeling. Art is their unheard voice. Graffiti is not just a scribble on the wall; behind every piece of art, there is meaning. To take the risk of being caught or even arrested shows how much graffiti artists are dedicated to their craft.

“Graffiti is not just a scribble on the wall; behind every piece of art, there is meaning.”

Graffiti tells a story of what may be happening in the artist’s life or world events which may prevail around them. Some graffiti is used to send a powerful message or show one’s opinion on a controversial topic. It contains the element of beauty and the challenge of texture like any other form of art. By “beauty” I mean the vivid colors and hues ranging from light to dark. The challenge with texture for any artist is the thickness of application and precision needed to create a clear image or even engineer a two-dimensional object to look three dimensional. Graffiti artists perform all of these.

However, defacing someone’s property is still considered vandalism and is therefore illegal. Some see graffiti as nothing more than destruction of property. Those who appreciate the craft have sought alternatives to avoid getting the authorities involved. Some communities and businesses have adopted the idea of “permission walls” where a business owner will allow art (graffiti) on the wall of his or her business. Tom McGhee (2016) points out, “they [permission

walls] help prevent unwanted graffiti on other parts of a business” (para. 4). Through the use of permission walls, creating graffiti is no longer a crime. This gives artists the chance to, “appreciate the opportunity to see their work as art rather than vandalism” (McGhee, 2016, para. 5).

In contrast to professionally inspired graffiti, a plethora of gang-related graffiti has ensued disapproval from local communities. The J Radford Group (2014) claims gang-related graffiti gives the community the appearance of being distasteful and unclean. It also shows a sense of disrespect to the community from the

graffiti artist. Many business owners suffer the loss of wanted clients due to the fact that they have been, “associating a particular place with criminal activity” because of the graffiti on the building (J. Radford Group, 2014, para. 2). The loss of customers can create ghost towns doomed for abandonment. The negative connotations resulting from gang-related graffiti have tainted society’s perspective on graffiti as a whole. Many believe that any form of graffiti should not be considered art because of the impression caused by gang-related graffiti.

When creating graffiti art, most artists do not profit from it but rather gain street credit. For example, Joe Epstein, who runs the website LDNGraffiti, said, “In graffiti, the harder the place is to reach, the more recognition it will get.” “There’s terms like ‘king spots’; there’s a term – it’s not very appropriate – but it’s called a ‘heaven spot,’ which is essentially a location so hard to get to and so risky that the artist could potentially lose his or her life. When writers hit these spots, they are widely recognized” (as cited in Gayle,

2018, para. 7). The fact that they are willing to risk their lives for their art shows the level of dedication of graffiti artists. Their dedication to their work is also apparent because they receive no monetary profit for their art.

Simon Armstrong, who is currently researching a book on graffiti, believes these artists would rather be known as “writers,” and they talk about wanting to “claim space” and “do damage” (as cited in Gayle, 2018, para. 12). Most are willing to risk their lives because graffiti artists do not care what others think of them; only their art matters (Gayle, 2018). When others have something to believe in, it creates a sense of security and also tells a story behind each piece of art created. Eventually society will not view all graffiti as a form of vandalism.

Although graffiti is illegal, I see how adolescents and young adults alike could draw inspiration from this form of art through first impressions. Inspiration can come from any kind of art, even a wall full of graffiti. Inspiration could be a huge motivation for someone to learn and explore more types of art. Graffiti has the content of regular art lines, shapes, colors, hues, and various patterns. It is not just created as a nuisance on a wall; it helps one to develop a sense of style and accomplishment. Just spraying a line on a wall helps to develop a certain amount of stimulation in learning art.

Graffiti is a form of art and should not be seen as vandalism. It deserves the same amount of appreciation and respect as any other form of art because it can help individuals develop a sense of artistic style and express themselves freely. Creating graffiti helps artists everywhere to be heard through their art instead of their voice.

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Sky Ferrell | Drawing



ANDREW
Jordan Augustine | Drawing

LEGACY AND LAUNDRY

Will Coleman | Nonfiction

Personal identities can be formed or created by the surroundings in which an individual was raised. In the article by Kelly Fields, “For Native Americans, Education’s Lost Promise,” many Native Americans would leave the reservation to attend college, only to return broke, in debt with student loans, and in bad academic standing. These young people were not prepared to leave their familiar surroundings to attend college away from home. My first experience of going to college came about twenty years ago. I, like the above noted Native American students, returned home broke, in debt with student loans, and in bad academic standing after just one year. I, too, was not prepared to leave my familiar surroundings to attend college away from home. The reality of leaving the comfort of

“According to Fields, “If you are not able to do your own laundry, you are not ready to leave home to go to college.”

the environment in which a person grew up is both scary and enlightening when compared to a person’s perceived reality created in the years leading up to adulthood.

Before college, my personal identity was sheltered and quite exclusive. I hung with a certain group of people who were mostly my immediate family and a few friends from school. I did not venture outside of this circle of familiarity prior to college. The limited exposure for me was very similar to the experience of the Native Americans. My environment was comparable to living on a reservation. My view of life as well as the Native American students’ perception of growing up were based on our cultures and surroundings in which we were raised.

In addition, I was quite shy and never explored beyond the boundaries of my “comfort zone.” I played the same sports, had the same job, and did the same thing every weekend with the same friends. I did not give myself the opportunity nor did I feel the pressure to branch out and seek new adventures or activities on my own.

As for the Native Americans living on the reservation, their identities were also formed by cultural forces and surroundings. They grew up on a reservation, which was usually very reclusive, seeing the same people and doing the same thing day in and day out. They learned to be content and not to explore beyond their boundaries because so many who had left returned to the reservation in worse shape. Young people were convinced they should stay and live on the reservations to further their

Indian heritage and culture. Leaving would tarnish their legacy on the reservation and within their tribe. Similarly, I was convinced college was not for me, and that I should go home content to continue my work in the food industry, the same job I had already been in for several years.

According to Fields, “If you are not able to do your own laundry, you are not ready to leave home to go to college.” At age 18, I could do my own laundry, and I’m pretty sure the Native Americans who moved off the reservation could do their own laundry, but in no way was I ready for the shock of the real world when I moved from Panama City, Florida to Livingston, Alabama at age 18 to attend college. Likewise, those leaving the reservation had the same shock I did of moving away from their homes

to go to college. The culture in which these young Native Americans and I grew up did not prepare us for the challenges of living in different surroundings. No one was there to protect or shelter us from the real world when we left the comfort of the place we lived, grew up, and became accustomed. I learned on my own to study and manage my time differently. In Alabama, I was forced to see through the shadows of my background and to function entirely on my own without my support net and familiar surroundings. My life was my own and not controlled by my perceived identity.

Just like many of the young Native Americans who returned to the reservation after failing at their attempt at college, I came home after one year, academically and financially broke, and feeling like a failure. I felt safe again with the familiarity of my life back in Panama City, and that is where I stayed ... until two years ago. I finally came to the realization that I was in a rut, heading nowhere, with no future. I had to rid myself of the perceived reality of nothing could be better than what I had and what I would ever have. During this time, my grandparents

died, and my parents moved to Arkansas. As my perceived reality left me behind, I should have stepped out beyond my borders to discover the grass would be greener outside the reservation. I just could not bring myself to do it. I began to dislike my job and was ready to do something different but continued to work in the same place. Finally, with urging from my parents and other immediate family, I left the reservation and moved to Arkansas where I enrolled at ASU Beebe at the age of thirty-seven. My only regret is ... I did not make this move sooner.

It may take some of these young Native Americans the same amount of time it took me to realize a legacy is more than life on the reservation. However, it is never too late to break the bonds of perceived identity and start a new one! For some of us, the saying, "There's no place like home" is a hard reality to break. Nevertheless, home can sometimes break us.

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TACO

Chance Reagan | Digital Art

TO RESTORE OR NOT TO RESTORE

Tesla Childers | Nonfiction

History is a part of who we are; it allows us to learn from the past so that we can gain more in the future. Art is a part of that history, but would we want to preserve it for future generations if the cost is grievous? A question has been raised: should artwork be restored or left alone? Art should not be restored because priceless pieces of history should not be altered.

Restoration is any attempt to preserve or repair any work of art affected by its surroundings or any attempt to prevent future damage. Restoration helps bring back life into paintings from our past that over time have become faded, deteriorated, or damaged. A conservator's job is to find a non-invasive way to gain an understanding of how a painting has been treated over the years. In order to gain information, conservators use x-rays to look at an outline of a painting and infrared technology to see the original painting underneath (Fuentes). Typically, after a conservator has analyzed the history of the original painting and all previous attempts to preserve and renew it, a mixture is created "containing hazardous solvents and other substances" (Rose). The negative consequence of using harsh solvents is often the beauty of the details are lost due to "paint loss, thus causing a more seemingly perfect but less unified painting after restoration" (Fuentes). In an attempt to preserve the beauty of art, it is often ironically lost through the preservation process.

There are many issues regarding restoration, but perhaps the most interesting is that both restorers and those opposed to it take their stands for the same reason: to preserve the beauty of the art. Those on the side of restoring artwork believe that it is the responsibility of a

museum or a collector to preserve a painting. While those on the side of not restoring art disagree because of the possibility of tragic mistakes made during the restoration process, the often outrageous cost of restoring, and the original is sometimes altered or censored. While both positions have the same noble reason, the results of restoring are most often negative.

Many pieces of art have been destroyed from restoration after careless decisions or quick fixes have gone wrong. An eighty-year-old woman on the wall of a church in Borja, Spain decided to restore a 19th century fresco of Christ. In the process of doing so, she made mistakes, and in an attempt to fix her mistakes, she only damaged the art more (Fuentes). An article in *The Telegraph* reported that part of the burial mask of Tutankhamen had a piece break off from the head. In attempt to repair the artifact, the workers used epoxy glue. The use of this glue is impossible to get off because it can either chip the piece more or break it completely (Molloy). This piece will be lost forever, and these are only a few examples of mistakes.

It could be argued that this is not enough to completely stop restoration, but what if this happens to original works like *The Last Supper* or *Starry Night*? These are priceless art pieces that could be lost by simple restoration mistakes. Also, these are not only works of art but pieces of our history. Without them, parts of our past would be gone as well. It may sound insignificant, but the priceless knowledge that comes with these art pieces is worth keeping safe and well-documented.

Restoring works of art can also come at the price of taking away the originality of the piece. For example, a deteriorating Qing Dynasty fresco piece in Chaoyang, China was "sloppily drawn"

over after the temple's abbot hired an unqualified company to restore the painting in the interest of saving money (Molloy). Restoring can take away the original impression meant to be shown in a work of art. The painting *Expulsion from Eden* was censored because the lines of decorum were crossed. In the original painting, Adam and Eve were walking away from Eden unclothed, so when this painting was restored, fig leaves were placed over the genitals and later removed. Although, a thin layer of the fig leaves can still be seen, which means this painting will never appear the same after restoration (Fuentes). Many paintings have been censored and denied proper care due to unnecessary restrictions. If we want to preserve history, then why would we hide parts of it away?

Those who argue for restoring works of art might claim that the act of restoration preserves art for future generations. However, instead of using harsh chemicals to clean the paintings, why not take pictures and document the information of the original piece? Times are changing to an age of technology that could be used to preserve and save these works of art in a new way. Artwork can only last so long, restored or not. Compared to that of a human life, people do not last forever, but

to be immortal is to leave a mark behind. These paintings are marks that have been left behind to make an impression on those who come later. If preserved in a safer way, through technology, we could extend the life of these paintings.

In the case of restoration, the possibilities of negative consequences outweigh the potential for good. The pros of restoration include the possibility of cleaning off grime, bringing a piece back to its original state, and increasing the value of the painting. However, when restoring these works, there is a possibility of ruining a priceless work of art. Restoration of these works of art is not worth the risk. Art is a part of our history, and history is priceless and irreplaceable. This issue needs to be reconsidered because if this is not thought through with care, irreplaceable pieces of history will be lost.

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Adrianna Morris | Painting

WOMEN IN THE 19TH AND 21ST CENTURIES

William Cearns | Nonfiction

Throughout history the lives of American women have gone through many different progressions. From their physique to their role in the workplace and expectations in the home, the continuous developments of the lifestyles of women are as diverse as the times themselves. Women today live completely different lives than ladies from generations in the past.

In the 19th century and earlier, a “full” figure was a sign of prosperity in women. With food not as abundant as it is today, it was difficult and expensive to procure. Consequently, the heavier a woman, the more she could afford to feast. To supplement the attractiveness of a larger woman, having the extra layers of insulation would also indicate higher fertility and provide extra warmth and cushion at night (Fraser 775).

To canvas those voluptuous hips, fashion was fundamental for exhibiting economic and social stature. Until the late 19th century, there were no department stores to go wardrobe shopping. Articles of clothing were mostly handmade and made of higher quality materials, which would make them substantially more expensive. Thus, even the wealthiest had a meager supply of attire to fill their closets. Accordingly, if a woman had paltry means, she would have even fewer options for bundling up (Evans). For these reasons, round ladies clad with corsets, bonnets, top hats, bustles, and petticoats were viewed as distinguished, affluent persons of society.

Women in early America were considered inferior to men in nearly every way. The responsibility of the 19th century woman was the home. They were to be mothers, housewives, caregivers... nothing more. Although the women raised the children, they were to be raised the way the husband deemed appropriate. To nurture the family, she would take care of the home, from scrubbing it clean to preparing meals. In the 19th century, a woman was expected to stay in her place, which was the home (Warder).

In the 21st century, the circumstances are now much different for women in America. Body image reflects one of these differences. The heavier woman is no longer an implication of wealth or social standing. Unlike the sensuous full-figured women of yesterday, ladies of today tend to exercise and eat healthier to maintain what is now considered a sexy body. The libidinous form today is more of an athletic build with muscular tones and a shapely bosom and bottom. With the invention of central heating, the extra warmth of the larger figure is no longer a necessity (Fraser 778).

Although clothing has all but completely changed, the desire to distinguish oneself through apparel is still apparent. American women no longer strut around in bonnets and

corsets, rather they don jeans, t-shirts, blouses, dresses, and miniskirts. The brand and style of the articles of clothing are ultimately the determining factors in social prominence. While most apparel is mass manufactured and easily acquired today, price remains an important consideration. Women may still be looked down upon for not wearing the latest greatest fashion trends from the best brand names.

Never in history has the American woman had as many rights and freedoms as she does today. Women are now able to accomplish everything a man can. They are no longer confined to the home; they hold the same career choices as men. It is virtually mandatory for a two-income family in present-day America due to rising costs. In addition, raising children is frequently a role that both mother and father fill. Not one is more important than the other. They share ideas and processes to come to a mutual decision on how to proceed. Finally, many men assist in the household chores, including cleaning and cooking. It is clear that the role of women in society has changed drastically.

There is no doubt times have changed. Women of centuries past would not recognize the lives of modern women. We have come a long way in society and overcome many injustices directed toward women. The clothes they want to wear, the careers they would like to have, the bodies they are comfortable in — all choices they can now generate on their own. With the advancements made over the last two centuries, there is no conceivable way to imagine what life will consist of for women in the next two centuries.

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DEBORAH
Sky Ferrell | Drawing

THE HARD LIFE OF A BOWTIE
Ashley Shaffer | Photography



WOMEN'S MOVEMENT

Hope Smith | Poetry

Aggression
Bravery
Color
Daughters
Eloquent

Watching from a window as they march down streets in clamoring chaos

Ferocious
Grandmothers
Humanism
Integrity
Justice

A woman's sign reads, "A Woman's Vote is a Human Vote"

Kindness
Living
Mothers
Nationwide
Oppression

A mother breastfeeding her child in a public setting

Population
Quiet
Revolution
Sisters
Torment

A man spewing degrading words at two teenage girls

Unaccepted
Violated
Women
X vs Y
Yes We Can

A man in the crowd of women with a sign that says, "Yes they can"

Zero rights
Zero freedom
Zero tolerance for discrimination.

VOICES

Rose Dobbs | Drama

Cast List

One: Seemingly the ringleader of the group

Two: A follower of One whose story changes based on One's opinion and attitude

Three: Another follower of One

Four: She sticks with the group loosely, motives not entirely clear

Zero: The topic of conversation, outside of the clique, and a bit naive and very anxious

Voiceover: Zero's anxious ramblings. Zero acts out according to the thoughts

Four girls are gathered closely together. We come in on their gossiping, almost talking over each other. A fifth girl, Zero, is a little apart from the group, sleeping restlessly.

One: Yeah. She called me stupid. Can you believe that?

Two: Really?

Three: *(Looking One up and down)* I can.

Four: She's literally the worst.

One: She treats me like trash! Like I'm the nastiest piece of crap her pretty little feet have ever stepped in. I'm sick of it!

Three: Do you see the way she walks around, like she thinks she's better than everybody else? Like she owns the place.

Four: She makes me sick.

Two: *(Trying to be the center of attention)* I'm tired of her bullying me, too!

Zero: *(Waking up from a nightmare)* What?

Voiceover: This week has been a ride. A ride I never want to get on again, but I always find myself stepping back into line, lowering the harness, anticipating the start, then screaming the whole time. All as if I didn't know what was going to happen next. I've fallen in an infatuation with the adrenaline haze. It's before the messy crash, before the end, before the picture that is taken, and we all get to see after we get off.

----- Black out -----

The clique gossips again.

Two: She scares me.

Three: Why does she think she's perfect at everything? Show off.

One: She can't possibly know how it feels to be going through any of this. Any of what she's put me through. I want her to feel every ounce of pain she's ever put anybody through.

Four: *(Whispering to herself, maybe glancing over to Zero)* I want to be more like her.

One: *(Pointedly)* What?

Two: Don't be stupid, idiot.

Three: Don't make me laugh.

Four: *(Changing tune, snapping back)* Yeah. What was I thinking? I don't ever want to sink to her level.

Zero: *(To herself but as if answering what Four had said)* Oh.

Voiceover: My insides feel empty. I'm voracious for anything. I'll take anything. But everything makes me sick. *(More desperately)* Just let me nibble. I take it back. Move! I'm going to puke. Not again. And let the cycle begin!

----- Black out -----

Clique gossips. Zero is still apart from the group looking anxious and queasy.

Four: She's so thin. It makes me sick.

Two: I bet she has an eating disorder.

One: Are you guys blind? She's a hog!

Three: If I ever get that big, shoot me in the head to put me out of my misery, please.

Two: *(Mimicking with her hands something that might be vulgar)* Did you see what she did earlier? I don't know how she got away with it. I bet you a thousand dollars, if I did that, somebody would have called the cops.

One: Yeah. It doesn't sound that bad to me. But it's her. So, it was probably even worse than what people are saying.

Four: *(Excitedly)* I didn't hear! Tell me everything!

Zero: I don't feel too well. *(Running, exits)*

Voiceover: When migrating, the young, the old, and the sick are always targeted before the strong and middle-aged. The packs always try their best to protect the young, but usually the stragglers are left to fend for themselves. Let nature take its course.

----- Black out -----

Clique gossips. Zero worries her looks in a mirror.

One: Don't let her know.

Two: I bet she slept with him. *(Pointing off to somebody off in the audience)*

Three: I bet she slept with her, too. *(Pointing off to somebody off in the audience)*

Four: *(Automatically)* Yep.

Zero: *(Makes eye contact before looking away.)*

Voiceover: I was born with an unfortunate face. My disposition is even worse, not pleasing or inviting *(Zero gets up and fusses over her outfit in a mirror).*

----- Black out -----

Clique gossips. Zero pep-talks herself on her side, pacing.

Three: She's always had it easy. Never had to work a day in her life, I bet.

One: Probably not. Do you see the way she's always so high and mighty? When real life gets here, she'll never know what hit her.

Three: I heard that she moved here because she has a record from, like, twelve other schools. God, our standards have dropped.

Two: This is a public high school, moron. But I know what you mean. Just don't talk to her. We don't want to be like her. Or near her.

Four: Ew. There's nothing I hate more than people like her.

Zero: *(With shaky courage, but strong voice, practicing)* Hello! My name is _____. I don't believe I know you. How do you do?

Voiceover: Hello. They always start out with the same word and the same facial expression: nice and pleasant, but not too much — people get weirded out if you do too much. Okay, now breath. Deep in. Huff out. Deep in. Huff out. You can do this. Just one more day. For me. No, not for me, for you. If you can't do it for you, you'll never be able to do it for somebody else.

----- Black out -----

Clique gossips, but this time Four sits just slightly away from the other three.

Four: *(Sheepishly)* She's actually not that bad. I had a few conversations with her last week.

One: *(Aggravated)* Eh? Why? I thought we agreed to not associate with people like that! *(Pointing at Zero, Zero looks up and smiles. The clique smiles back before turning together their venom on Four.)* She might try to hurt you! She's not safe. I think it would be best to stay away. *(Threateningly)* For real this time.

Three: *(Leaning forward condescending)* Don't be cruel. Don't let her think you actually want to be her friend or some shit.

Four: *(Shamed)*

Two: She always gives me these looks like she's about to kill me. I don't feel safe around her. My life is on the line here.

One: And she still hasn't apologized for what she's done. So, I won't forgive her. Ever.

Four: I guess so. *(Scurrying away, bumping into Zero)*

Zero: *(Bubbly, but nervous. Rambling)* Hey, are we friends? I'd like to think we are. I don't really know. *(Ad lib under Voiceover, exiting with Four.)*

Voiceover: Give 'em that smile. It's a little

crooked, but it's the real one. Yeah. There we go! Beautiful. Why can't we do it more often?

----- Black out -----

Four stands noticeably separate from the rest of the clique.

Four: *(Insistently)* Guys, I think we should stop. She's really a sweet girl.

One: *(Exasperated)* Not this again. Do you see the way she looks at *(gestures to one of the girls vaguely)*? It's despicable. I guess she really doesn't know what she's doing. That makes her the stupid one. And you stupid for falling for her stupid little act.

Three: *(Literally jumping for attention)* Yeah! She just keeps treating me like I'm less than her. She doesn't even know me!

Two: *(Pushing Three back down)* Just stop trying already. That one's just a lost cause. *(Four exits, meeting Zero on the way out.)*

Zero: I hope we are friends. I really like hanging around you. *(Four seems friendly, they walk out together)*

Voiceover: Relax. Relax. Relax.

----- Black out -----

Four and Zero sit together, the air heavy, but Zero, anxious, tries to ignore it.

Four: I need to talk to you about something. My friends, they, um, don't really like you.

Zero: Why? I've never really spoken to them in, like, an actual conversation. I don't even know their names. Did I do something that I didn't realize?

Four: No. It's not really your fault.

Zero: But feels like it is.

Four: Well, you can't help it. It's just who you are. You can't really change that. And it's not your fault the way they talk about you.

Zero: *(More anxious)* They talk about me? What do they say?

Four: *(Backing out of the topic)* Not a whole lot of anything important.

Zero: *(An attempt to be bubbly, but fully*

vulnerable) Okay. I trust that you would tell me if it were. You can tell me anything, you know?

Four: Yeah. Let's get back to *(trails off and the two exit in the direction Four points).*

Zero: Good idea.

Voiceover: MAYDAY. MAYDAY. RED ALERT. RED ALERT. PREPARE FOR BATTLE.

----- Black out -----

One paces, Two and Three try to please her, both nervous. Four and Zero seem to be off discussing something together, having fun.

One: *(Exasperated)* Ugh.

Two: What's wrong this time?

One: It's her again. You just wouldn't understand the way she treats me! It makes me cry sometimes! I look at her and I feel like everything is my fault.

Three: Such a judgmental wench.

Two: I bet a thousand dollars that she's going to shoot up the school one day.

Three: You can't say that. It could get us all in trouble with what's been going around lately.

Voiceover: Calm down. Plug up the holes and cracks in the dam. Ease back into what is safe. Safety is all that matters. That's why we came here, remember? Everything is going to be okay. Right?

----- Black out -----

Four and Zero sit together. Zero fidgets.

Four: I have something that I want to tell you. Please don't be hurt.

Zero: *(Pretending to smile)* Okay...I'll try my best. Go ahead.

Four: Before I say anything, I just want you to know, that I love you and don't want anything in the world to go bad for you. But I need to tell you about some things that have been happening.

Zero: Alright. Tell me.

Four: I don't know if you know or not, but some of my friends, have--

Zero: Do 'your friends' also include you?

Four: It did. Did. Not anymore. I don't really talk

to them anymore.

Zero: Just tell me.

Voiceover: *(All action freezes for the Voiceover.)* Here we go again! We've reached the top. A reminder to all who's riding: For your safety, please keep hands and feet in the cart at all times. Thank you!

Action resumes.

Zero: Just tell me. I won't get angry.

Four: Promise?

Zero: *(In mock confidence)* Promise on my mother's favorite pair of Chanklas.

Four: *(Whispering to herself)* Wow... that's weird.

Voiceover: Here it comes.

Four: *(Talking over Voiceover. At each or ____ the Voiceover objects with no's or groans or something. Four ad libs rumors the other girls had been saying.)* We've been.....and then ____ said you were.....but I eventually got to know you and now..... so many things.

Zero: *(Dazed. Voiceover might still be making panic-y sounds.)*

Four: Are you alright?

Zero: *(Almost robotic)* It's nothing. I've been through this before. Thank you for being brave enough to tell me. I knew what was going on. I just wanted somebody to tell me to my face.

Four: *(Ashamed)*

Zero: *(Pulling out of the daze)* I swear it's okay. You don't think that stuff of me anymore do you? After getting to know me for real?

Four: Of course not! You're a better person than they are. *(Reassuringly)* By leagues!

Zero: Then that's all that matters. If you still thought that stuff about me, even after getting to know me, then it wouldn't be alright. *(Anxiously changing subject, hopping up)* I'm hungry. Let's go to the kitchen. *(Four and Zero exit together, a little more separate than before)*

Voiceover: Hold on to your harnesses, folks!

The original clique is together again. Her phone rings, and it's Zero. The other girls are quiet, smug,

and nudging each other, maybe mocking Zero too.

Four: Hello?

Zero: Hey! Is everything okay? We haven't spoken much or hung out much recently.

Four: I'm fine. Don't you have work to do?

Zero: Yeah. But you're my friend. Probably my best. And I care more about your wellbeing than my GPA.

Four: That's stupid.

Zero: I don't think so.

Four: Well that makes you stupid too.

Zero: Hm... Maybe.

Four: Don't say "maybe." Go do your work.

Zero: But--

Four: Go. *(Four hangs up and starts gossiping to the Clique under the Voiceover)*

Voiceover: That feeling when your stomach and your heart have suddenly decided that, after x amount of years, it's finally time to go and greet your esophagus and brain.

----- *Black out* -----

In the black out, we hear voice messages for Four from Zero. The clique is mimicking and whispering under it all.

Zero: Hey. I haven't heard from you lately. Is everything okay? What's up? How's your day been? Man, I gotta tell you about what happened this morning!

Lights up. Clique is like they were at the beginning. Zero is not on stage.

Four: That witch.

One: *(Smug)* I told you so.

Three: *(Relieved)* And to think that I was going to ask her for help this morning.

Two: *(Mocking)* Where are the bullets?

----- *Black out* -----

Voiceover: Please keep all hands and feet inside of the ride until it completely stops moving. Press down on the harness and then lift up. Exit to your left. Thank you and come again soon.

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SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Uncharted publishes a broad scope of high quality poetry, prose, art, and photography in the arts and humanities fields. All submissions should be original, unpublished work. Written submissions should be no more than 2500 words. If the paper is a source essay, include the most recent citation style appropriate for the field of study. All written work should be submitted as a doc, docx, or rtf file. Visual work should be 8 megapixels or higher and can be submitted as a jpg, png, or tiff file.


To submit a piece of work, simply send an email to uncharted@asub.edu with your submission attached. In the email message, include your first and last name and the title of your submission. Submissions are accepted October 1 — March 15, and any artists or authors not receiving acceptance letters by March 15 can submit their work for future publications.

COLOPHON

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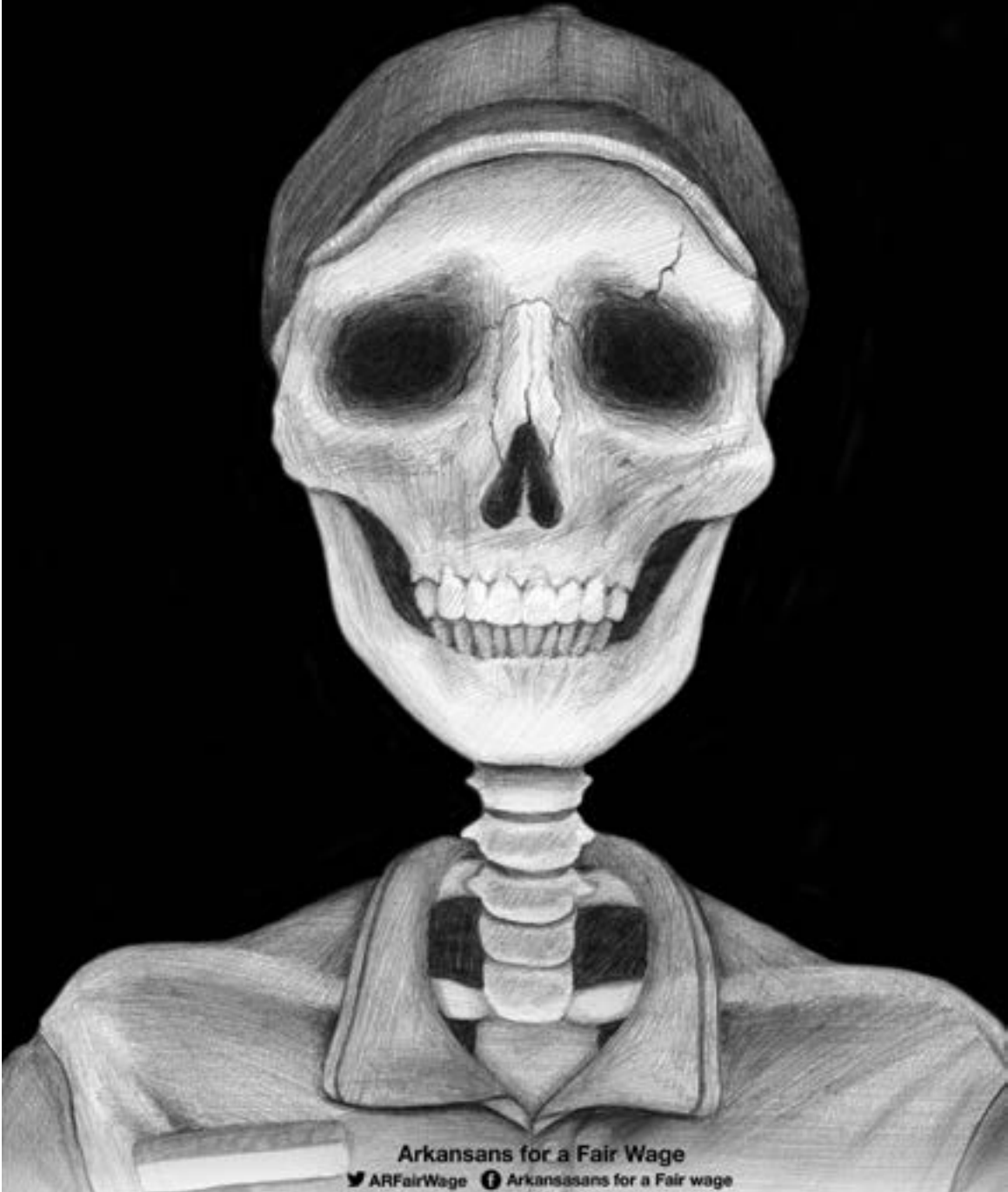
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