

THE CRUCIBLE

Earlham's Literary & Visual Art Magazine

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14 Hours on Main by Kate Young
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Please visit our website to read past editions of *The Crucible*:
<https://www.earlham.edu/the-crucible/>

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Please join us in a moment of silence.

Thank you.

EDITORIAL NOTE

Dear friends,

You may notice that many of these pieces have dark, serious themes. This represents the emotional life of Earlham's students in all its complexity. *The Crucible* is a place where artists can express themselves truly and honestly, and subjects of life and death come up frequently as we collectively celebrate and mourn. In here are pieces that reflect the malaise within the experiences of students, faculty, and staff. However, there are also lighthearted pieces that celebrate joy, which is equally meaningful.

With the return of *The Earlham Word* and the amount of submissions we received for this edition, we're seeing a recovery within the creative community since the trauma of Covid-19 and the immense unrest on every front. We appreciate all the students who are continuing to create art despite the commodification and attempted automation of creativity that is rapidly devouring our culture.

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Our work as editors is simply helping our artists to be the best they can be. We have received so much support from faculty and friends, and we thank everyone who has devoted time, passion and effort into making this project a reality. As this campus is full of kind, loving, and wise people, we're so glad to be a part of this community of artists! Thank you for keeping the fire alive.

It's time to let our artists speak for themselves.

Yours,
Maxwell, Eliza, Nathan, and Leila
The Editors

Ali
Mollie Lyon
Oil on canvas



have you lowered your lover
to the depths of your mind,
only remaining after your last
song has ended

I have listened to sweet sorrows
lamenting solace, bestowing grace
on a solitude often left
unsung

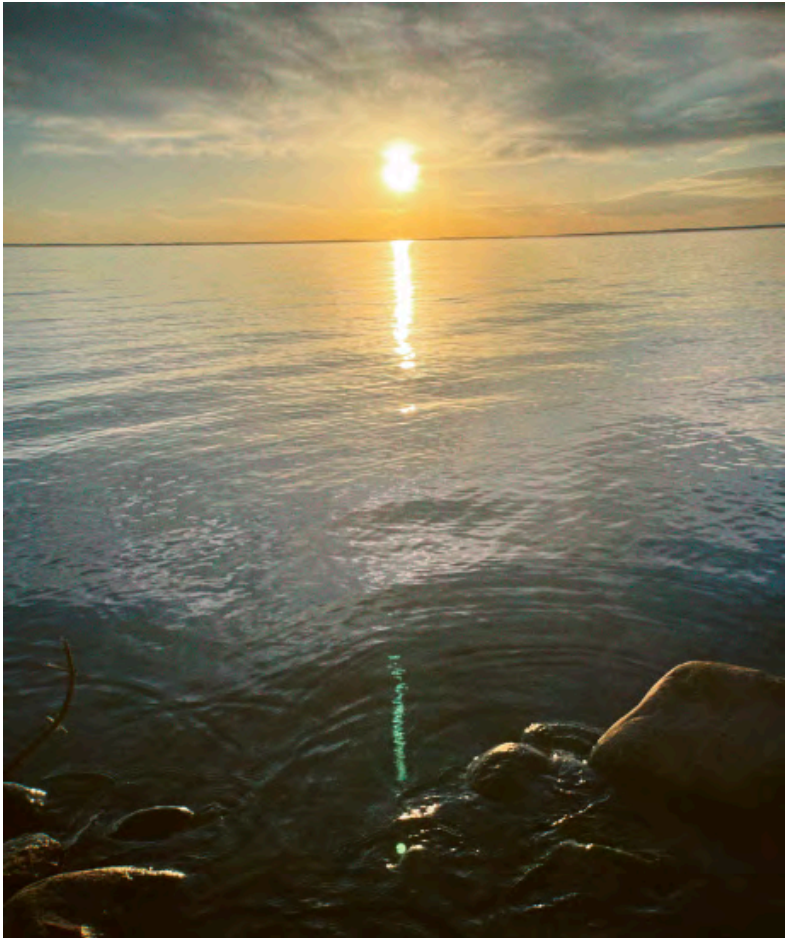
do you write melodies in her
stead, a muse in true ethereal
form, lost to you in all but
picture and memory

and I see her still, in
images on a Grecian vase; spelling
truth in beauty, beauty
in the truth of death unrelenting

Beautiful, isn't it?

Cayden Knight

Digital Photograph



Dialectical Montage of You and Me
Andrey Uzarski

Little girl who eats my body, big-eyed
ingénue, sharp-toothed little freak— be sweet
when you reach your baby hands inside
to rip out the pieces you want to eat

10 Little girl who vomits graphite, bird-boned
milksoop, magnolia blossom— be mean
when I conjure you, ghostly, as my own
to express a fantasy, now obscene

Little beast who wears my face, mute kid,
Freckle-faced you— nothing left to say.
Stitched together once, now something I hid,
child disowned as lines started to fray

Between past and future we long outgrew,
little boy in pink, I still love you

Untitled
Dorian Campbell
Collage



The man was carrying a briefcase and wearing a brown felt hat and he tilted it against the rain as he crossed the road and continued onto the sidewalk.

He was passing a tall grey building with tall arching windows and there were mannequins inside the windows wearing suits. They were almost like the man in the brown hat but they weren't wearing hats because they didn't have heads.

It was raining and it had started raining earlier that morning. The man in the brown hat had only noticed that it was raining when he had left his apartment a few minutes previously so he didn't have an umbrella. He put one hand into the pocket of his coat and he was thinking how he should have worn a scarf as well. It seemed cold to him.

When he had walked two blocks the rain started to fall heavily and the man did not want to get his brown hat wet. It wouldn't do at all if it was soaked through, he thought, it was out of the question. His briefcase would also get wet in the rain after long. He looked up and saw a newspaper stand on the corner of the next block and it had a small overhanging roof.

He avoided a few puddles on the road and soon he was standing underneath the roof of the newsstand out of the rain. He looked out at the street in the rain and then at the newspapers lined up on the stand and then at the newsagent.

— Quite a salvo out there, eh? the newsagent said.

— Yes, I suppose.

He pulled a few coins out of his pocket and exchanged them for the first paper that he saw. There were short headlines on it, very punchy. He stood there holding and flipping it with one hand and the newsagent leaned forward and held his head in his hands and yawned and watched the rain falling.

— Just terrible, the man in the brown hat said after a moment.

— Not for me, the newsagent replied. I had five bucks on Louis.

The man in the brown hat glanced up at the newsagent for a moment.

— You were on Conn?

— I meant the war. The British in Africa.

— Oh, sure, the newsagent said. I meant the fight yesterday.

— Of course, the man in the brown hat said as he looked down again.

— I was out there.

— Were you now?

— It was a damn good one, I'll say. Thought Conn had him down, but

Louis got him in the thirteenth.

The man in the brown hat kept reading the newspaper. His hat wasn't dripping anymore and he was reading the headlines.

— He thought he had old Joe beat, he did. Grinning wild as hell like he'd won. I'll tell you, I thought it really was over, just about. It sure was a good one.

There were people walking by with umbrellas and some with hats and they walked down the sidewalk past the newsstand. Cars were going down the street and stopping in front of each other and at the stoplights and their windshield wipers whined against the water. The rain wasn't falling so heavily now.

— Just a squall, I guess, the newsagent observed. But listen, Louis was out, I was sure. Then he picks himself up and knocks the hell out of Conn, the old devil. He did real well in there yesterday. Sure I'll put more on him again. It was a good one, I'll tell you that.

The man in the brown hat wasn't listening to the newsagent but was wondering if Carson had heard about the British falling back yet. He would want to know. Maybe a deal could be struck. There was a shipment going out later that week. They would want to stock up of course. Shells probably. He folded the newspaper as he thought about it all.

He folded the newspaper and put it into his coat and saw that the rain wasn't falling so heavily now. Then he tilted his hat again and put his hand back in his pocket and walked out from the newsstand and onto the sidewalk again and thought it all over again and again.

The rain had almost stopped now but the sky and the streets were still grey. People passed by in coats and hats and with umbrellas, some folded away and others still held aloft. The newsagent watched them pass by and a few of them stopped to buy newspapers. He figured it would rain again tomorrow.



Lads Outside
Emerson Jakes

Dye paste and embroidery on cotton

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Postural Orthostatic Tachycardia Syndrome: A
Haiku
Emerson Jakes

Look up at the stars.
My head spins faster than Earth.
I stumble backward.

Untitled
Dorian Campbell
Embroidery



The Off Switch

Art Crockett

I absentmindedly fidget with the smooth metal disc at the nape of my neck. Paper crinkles under me as I shift on the examination table, trying to ignore the buzzing of the overhead lights. The doctor enters, holding a clipboard in her rubber-gloved hands.

“I believe there is very little I can do. Your Off Switch isn’t working and based on the scans, it isn’t fixable.”

Clenching my fists, I force myself to make eye contact. “Are there any other options? I’ve felt... *wrong* for almost a year, I’ve stopped being able to work properly.” Keeping my voice even is a struggle.

Her face is as composed as the faces of almost everyone I encounter, with the exception of the one in the mirror. “Yes, drugs that were used before the Mass Reset to treat emotional disorders could potentially fix the problem. I’ll petition for a stasis break on fluoxetine, escitalopram oxalate, and alprazolam, unless you have a specific preference?”

“What are those?”

She pulls a pen from behind her ear and writes *No preference* on her scratch paper, turning up the corners of her mouth in my direction. “Excellent. I will contact you when I receive a response from the medical board.”

I panic, jumping up and grabbing her arm. “What are those? You can’t just-”

Her gray eyes are cold and empty as she yanks her arm away, skin red. “Don’t do that. I will contact you; in the meantime the front desk will take your credits.”

///

The twenty-lane highway home is a nightmare, as always. It reminds me of a closely packed flock of sheep being shuttled between pens. The drivers around me sit passively, inching forward without complaint. I must look strange to them, with my white-knuckled grip and wide eyes. Driving makes my bones itch.

When I was thirteen, my father taught me to drive. I clearly remember his even tone as he corrected me and the mechanical instructions he gave as I swerved through the crowded parking lot behind our building. Later, when he was transferring credits to the woman whose car I clipped, his face remained

neutral. Always neutral.

My parents were matched by the US Population Maintenance Board at age 26; their gametes surgically extracted and combined to create seven embryos. I was selected for my viability and implanted in my mother, and they were given a list of requirements for a productive citizen they were to teach me before I was an adult. They performed exactly what they needed to do, and on my fourteenth birthday we all went our separate ways. fourteenth birthday we all went our separate ways.

Sometimes when I'm bored, I wonder; if the Mass Reset never happened and humans still married, still chose whether or not to have children, still reproduced naturally, would my parents have chosen each other? Chosen me?

The idea of choice is alien to me. Stores stock identical rows of sustenance bars and jugs of water, all in the same gray packaging. My clothes, ten full outfits, are all identical. Despite this lack of choice that has been forced upon me since birth, I still have to spend credits for each item. It makes me feel like I'm full of bees, something once known as anger. The people around me have the luxury of not feeling anger, not feeling anything. The Off Switch guarantees that.

///

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I arrive at my building after an hour, rushing to my sleep-cell immediately after parking. Touching the glaring white announcement-screen over my head, I swipe to the search engine, typing *broken Off Switch*. The screen flashes red, threatening to halve my salary for the month. Even people with working Off Switches have a physiological reaction to the idea of starving or being unhoused, allowing a credit-based economy and punishment system to flourish.

Sighing, I roll onto my side, trying to sleep. Before my inhibitor stopped working, I was content. The world was an unfocused haze of endless tasks, all things I could easily accomplish. Now I struggle with my jobs, with driving, and with people. I feel inexplicably anxious at the steady expressions of my coworkers as their eyes meet mine. Their voices, almost patronizing in their complacency, grate on my nerves. When I go outside, with all its harsh light and blaring announcement-screens (*Sell plasma for credits- No Limit!*), my head throbs and my vision blurs.

I find myself thinking, *feeling*, strange things almost daily now. The dark-haired woman down the hall inspires an intense, burning feeling in the pit of my stomach and a twisting in my chest. The daily sleep-cell charge makes bile rise in my throat. Anger is omnipresent. When I am assigned extra tasks at one of my jobs I feel the urge to hurt my superiors, to claw through their faces and tear out their inhibitors to force them to feel what I do.

The light from my sleep-cell announcement-screen is too bright, the words too loud. I couldn't afford the nighttime silencing option today. With a frustrated shriek, I hit its glowing surface, injuring my hand. The screen doesn't budge.

Walking down the narrow sidewalk, I shy away from passing strangers. The torrential downpour of rain stings my skin as it soaks through my clothes. With a working inhibitor, I was indifferent to how acidic it was. Now, the rashes bother me.

Water runs down the cracked concrete and into my shoes, making my steps squish. I shudder and make the last block of my journey at a sprint, splashing to a halt outside the large stone building I work at. Security cameras decorate the exterior, unyielding with no jutting ledges to shelter me from the rain.

The routine is familiar, I ascend the stairs to the accounting wing and go to the third cubicle on the left. Opening the time clock on my computer, I try to clock in.

ERROR: Unauthorized User

I try again, getting the same result. My login doesn't work anymore. The bees are back, buzzing in my ears till I can barely think. Shaking, I walk to my supervisor's office, rapping on the door.

"Come in," his even voice sounds from inside.

Pushing through the door, I do my best to compose myself. "Hello sir. My login information isn't working."

He doesn't look up from his computer. "Yes. Turn in your ID and collect your personal items."

I swallow hard, clenching my fists till my fingernails draw blood. "Are you saying that I'm terminated, sir?"

"Your final paycheck has been garnished for poor performance. We will update your work record within the next four business days." The wrinkles in his forehead move more than his mouth when he speaks. For a moment, I'm reminded of the blanket in my sleep-cell before I smooth it out, then that notion leaves me. He doesn't look like he'd be soft.

"Was I not always a hard-working employee?" I itch, horribly, the negative sensations in my body welling up until I struggle to think.

"Your performance has dropped significantly."

Stomping my foot, I slam a hand on his desk. "I didn't *choose* to be like this! I've tried almost everything, my doctor-

He looks up, face blank. "You have been terminated. Collect your items, you will be escorted out."

I look at his eyes, as lifeless as the cameras outside, and suddenly I'm screaming. I don't know what, just that I'm screaming. My hands are moving on their own, slowly, as though the air around me has turned to water. The stapler that was on his desk is flying through the air, end over end. A large welt is forming over his wrinkles, blurring them together. He doesn't react, maintaining steady eye contact as he dials the number for the public safety department. number for the public safety department.

Tears spill over and stream down my face. I start running, running until they're washed away with rain.

///

I can't go back to my sleep-cell. My car is likely tagged. I have nowhere to go. Pulling my jacket over my face, I melt into the crush of people outside. Despite how close I am to them, it feels like glass has been placed between us. Between them all. I feel something shift in my pocket, and the person behind me hurries away before I can see them properly. Reaching in, I pull out a slip of paper. *We know. We can help you. Warehouse on 7th, 9pm.*

///

I take off my shoes next to the door, enjoying the smooth, dry concrete under my feet. My watch reads 8:57 pm. Water dripping off my clothes and into puddles on the floor creates soft echoes throughout the vaulted room. It continued raining throughout the day, and the alleyway I rested in offered no cover.

Pacing in the darkness, I stare at the paper. Who is "we?" Are they others with broken inhibitors? Could it be a trap? Can people with Off Switches set traps?

The rhythmic clumping of boots outside makes me jump. I scurry further into the safety of the shadows, clutching the note to my chest.

"Who's there?" I call out.

There is no response besides the creak of the door as it is pushed open. Harsh light pierces the warehouse as three members of the public safety department march inside. Their automatic rifles are drawn, pointing into the room.

It was a trap, then? Or the group got caught? I find it mattering less and less if there was ever any hope as the barrels train on me, the deep black mouths swallowing me whole. The leader of the group, hulking, pale, raises his hand and nods to his fellow officers.

I turn to run as his hand drops, and my vision goes white.

Diamond Beach
Kate Young
Digital Photography



It was hot and sunny, Cincy downtown.
Rays and heat waves from the sun touch our skin.
Déjà vu left my girl and me to drown.
The moment, life itself felt like a win.

Us, a dreamland that we had created.
Feelings of no rules, just like in our youth.
The sound of hymn, coast to coast, awaited.
No room to dance, like a Tokyo booth.

Sped waterfalls of music flood our ears.
Paradise has a soothing melody.
“Helium” was so rich it brought me tears.
Just being there with her, like tangerine.

Leaving this place, got caught in a trance, and,
Should I make an album and call it Dreamland?

The Cultivation of People

Salvador Graber

Yesterday's rain turned the pot holes into puddles on the uneven dirt road leading up to Miller Farm. The water reflected the sun and the clear sky, while a breeze fluttered the grass in the horsepen. The front gate was between a compost pile and a series of Anarchist animals painted on wood boards nailed to the fence made up from pallets. An evil eye hung from one gate post, and a hand painted Black Lives Matter sign was nailed to the other. The barn doors were open, and Jacob, a quiet volunteer with a full brown beard and keen eyes greeted me in one or two words when I approached him, before I put the farm journal on the glass table behind him. Blue sticky notes poked out from between the pages, and chunks missing from the cover turned the flower stitching into loose threads. The cover had "Farm Journal (please write in me)" written in black marker. Jacob picked up the journal and flipped through the pages.



Miller Farm is a place where students from Earlham, a small liberal arts college, meet every Saturday to learn agricultural practices like weeding, harvesting, preparing beds, and using tools like a sickle or a two wheel tractor. Miller Farm was a place students congregated at during the Covid-19 pandemic when large groups were discouraged. At a time when people spent less time with one another, the circle around the campfire at Miller Farm grew.

Miller Farm is on 1405 Woolman Drive, behind the brick apartments leading away from the College. The Shawnee, Delaware, and Miami people lived on the land making up Miller Farm. Following the Battle of Fallen Timbers in 1791, the U.S. forced native peoples off the land, and sold the 35 acres that includes Miller Farm. The U.S. government sold the 35 acres to the Woodkirk family, who lived on the land for 43 years before selling it to Joseph Holeman in 1849, who sold the land to the Fort Wayne and South Railroad company in 1843. The land changed hands until John E. Miller bought the farm in 1920, and rented the farm to Earlham College in 1936. Earlham College used the land to raise pigs and cows, and Earlham students would work on the farm for tuition. Earlham served milk from the dairy farm in the dining hall, but this was discontinued when the unpasteurized milk caused sickness. The land of the north side was turned over to another farmer, who used the land for pigs, soybeans, and corn.

After taking ecology classes, Sharon Scott and other students imagined what it would be like to own a farm. Sharon had an informal discussion with Earlham's President, Franklin Wallin in 1976 about an agricultural program. President Wallin said that he was going to take some grant proposals to the W.K. Kellogg's foundation for funding, and invited Sharon to write a proposal. Sharon met with a small group of students to plan an agricultural curriculum for the Earlham College, and had the support from faculty in the biology and political science departments. The original agricultural program didn't include a student-led farm, and focused instead on agricultural classes and opportunities to travel abroad to learn about agricultural practices across the world.

While Sharon was putting together the grant, President Wallin told her, "you know, we do have a farm... we have some renters in there...but I think their rental period's up in six months...you want to use that one?"

After dropping off the sweet potatoes and spices, Edee turned around and faced the leaf pile on the far side of the farm. I, Jacob, and Edee's mission was to lower the leaf pile so that our farm wouldn't be sued by the city. The friction from microorganisms, which proliferate in a compost heap, can cause a fire. I, Jacob, and Edee walked over to the leaf pile as the birds chirped in the trees.

"We are probably going to need the tractor and the BCS," I said, as Sam, a volunteer passed through the gate and walked towards us. Sam lifted his hand and waved, already wearing leather gloves. Khalid, a freshman, caught up to us as well, and we told them our plan as we approached the leaf pile.

Edee stopped walking, "I'm going to be stupid for a minute: does anyone want to do a flip into a pile of leaves?"



At the time Sharon was writing the grant proposal “A Practical Approach to Integrating Agriculture into the Liberal Arts Curriculum,” she didn’t know how to milk a cow. After writing and rewriting the proposal, the W.K. Kellogg foundation approved the grant, allocating sixty thousand dollars to agricultural education at Earlham College from 1978 to 1981. The W.K. Kellogg foundation approved Sharon’s grant because Earlham had the land, a history of agricultural success, and the interdisciplinary programs necessary for a liberal arts agricultural education. Earlham’s agricultural classes spanned Chemistry, Geology, Biology, Economics, Philosophy, Physics, and Spanish. The W.K. Kellogg’s grant would also fund internships that taught students French intensive gardening, small rural agriculture, and how to build solar panels. Ten students, including Sharon, moved into “Ag House” on Abbington Pike, and purchased chickens, ducks, and a dairy cow. When a blizzard struck, Sharon was forced to take Portia into the garage. “I bought her a case of beer, and poured a couple cans of beer in her grain at every milking to keep her calm,” Sharon said. Portia turned around to lick Sharon’s arm as she learned how to milk her, and Sharon gave Portia a bowl of the ice cream they had made.



“We’re farm workers doing farm day!” Edee told Margret Leckner, who was cutting through Miller Farm with two other neighbors to get to the road.

“I can see you’re working really hard!” Margaret told us as we took turns rolling in the leaves.

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“Climb on in, the leaves are great!” Sam shouted as he made leaf angels. After Margaret and the neighbors left, we discussed the advantages of frolicking, found some slime mold, and gathered up to head back to get the tractor and the BCS, now that our microbiomes were properly balanced.

“Dirt touching your hands has microbiomes that literally release serotonin into your body,” Edee explained as we walked back. Tony, the farm manager, was standing in front of his pickup truck that he had driven onto the farm.

Every Saturday, students from Earlham’s agricultural themed hall in the Barret basement would cross the field behind College avenue for a workday. Work day, which would later be called farm day, began with a moment of stillness. After the moment of stillness, students from the farm house, who were usually upperclassmen, directed different tasks around the farm. Students worked together to plant crops, make beds, harvest, repair structures, make art, and cook a communal meal. The cold weather didn’t stop people from coming out to the farm. The farm journal notes that people were still coming out to the farm when it was 15 degrees fahrenheit. After finishing the work, people would play music and eat a communal meal around the dining room table and on the front porch. Caitlin Macklin said that “what drew me to my farm, first of all, was the farm day, which we did every Saturday. Do you guys still do that?”



“We’ve been frolicking,” I told Tony, who stood in front of his pick up truck.

“Good,” Tony said. We told Tony that we planned to move leaves, and asked him what else needed to be done. Tony told us that leaves needed to be spread around the young trees in the northwest woods. “Follow me, I’ll give you all a tutorial on how to spread leaves,” Tony said, before showing us how to identify saplings, and pulling out weeds along the way. “Oh,” Tony looked down at the handful of tubers he pulled out of the soil, “that’s garlic,” he said. “Sorry,” Tony told the plants, “I didn’t mean to pull you up.” When we finished identifying the trees, we filled wheelbarrows with leaves, and made circles around the young trees with three inches of uncovered soil around each trunk until the leaf trailer was empty.

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Miller Farm has always been a place for experiments. After eighteen months of sporadic construction, Miller Farmers built a one hundred and fifty square meter greenhouse to keep crops warm in the winter. The translucent glass allowed short range radiation into the greenhouse, but stopped the long range radiation from bouncing away, resulting in a greenhouse effect that kept the greenhouse warm. The back of the greenhouse was lined with fifty five gallon water barrels that were used to trap additional heat. The farm also constructed a root cellar in 2010, which allowed Miller farmers to store crops over the winter. Sharon traveled to the USDA headquarters in Washington DC to find out how a chicken’s diet affects the protein and cholesterol content of their eggs. Chicks found their way through a maze that a Miller farmer constructed on the dining room table in order to see if chicks could tell the difference between white and red. In 2009 Miller Farm collected over ten thousand dollars from the Earlham community in order to build a solar panel array on top of the Dennis Science building, and two wind turbines in order to power Earlham and the farm.



After snapping back the engine cord on the BCS (a motor, two wheels, and a hitch), I jumped onto the seated dump trailer and I shifted the engine into fourth gear, making the wheels shoot up mud. I rode the BCS between the garden plots over to the leaf pile. Sam and I used pitchforks to load the dump trailer while we talked about the moon landing, getting grant funding for an elephant on the farm, and the lack of development in horse technology. “Did you know that horses are as fast as they were two thousand years ago?” I asked Sam.

“That’s not right,” Sam said, “that’s not good enough. We gotta make them faster. I wanna fly down the interstate with my 80 mile an hour horse.”

When it was time to choose who would live in farm house, Miller farmers and students from Ag Hall met in the living room. Some years there were twenty one people that wanted to live in farm house, but there were only nine or ten spots. In 1998, it took eighteen hours over the course of four days to select who would live in farm house. Alex Davis was one of the convenors for the farm house selection meetings.

Alex wrote in the farm journal that, “never before have I witnessed the honesty, the affection, and the strength that prevailed in this atmosphere, in the living room as we hashed out our deepest feelings, and shared our shortcomings candidly with the group.” Alex also wrote that the selection process made clear what everyone’s roles were, and gave the farm direction. Selection meetings were not easy for students that were not experienced in forming consensus. were trying to reach a consensus on something that was so close to everyone’s

Caitlin Mackilin said that the selection meetings were not easy, because, “we were trying to reach a consensus on something that was so close to everyone’s personal wants and needs,” and that it was “hard to be detached about something like that. when you really wanted to live there. It was also honest...and real...people [were] trying to say: ‘here’s who I am. And here’s what I want to do and care about.’”



“Sorry about that,” I apologized after the hitch on the dump trailer slammed into the ground after I shook it loose. Sam pushed the dump trailer up the gray cinder blocks we used for a ramp into the barn. Khalid and Edee were in the kitchen, which was a raised platform that was painted green, alongside the fence between the barn and the stage.

“We have sweet potatoes. We have grazed kale, with sesame dressing and some fresh spinach. The spinach is from the farm,” Edee explained to Tony as we sat around the empty campfire with hot food and thin paper plates. “We also have fresh onion greens, arugula, and cilantro...we don’t have a lot, but it should be enough for everyone to get some.” After washing the dirt off my hands with the hose, I got a plate of the sweet potatoes, spinach, and green garlic tubers.

I looked at Tony, “I’m happy you pulled some up.”

After the W.K. Kellogg’s grant ran out in 1981, Miller Farm began having problems with Earlham administration. Without being connected to a funded curriculum, the residents of Ag Hall in 1983 found the associate Dean of Student Life, Mark Govoni outside their doors asking about the value of their themed hall. Miller farmers rallied to defend Ag Hall because it was an important link that Miller Farm had to the student body. Administration was concerned because Ag Hall mostly housed freshmen, that here was a lack of

interest in the science of agriculture, and that students were growing drugs in their dorms. Dick Wood, Earlham's President, discontinued the themed Hall in 1991, which would be closed the following year. While Miller Farmers were offered a second house to replace Ag Hall, seventy five percent of the students living in Ag Hall were freshmen, meaning that they could not transfer to a themed house.

Problems continued when dump trucks contracting with Earlham College dumped trash on Miller Farm. Garbage began to flow down the slopes of Miller Farm, obstructing a wooden staircase, threatening young trees, and damaging the soil with hazardous materials. Miller farmers responded by constructing a new path around the dump, trying to designate the property as wetlands, and asking the Geology professor Ron Parker for an assessment. "What I found flabbergasted me. I was really shocked because this was not your little farm dump. This was huge," Ron said, and added that in his professional opinion, the dump on Miller Farm was an environmental liability. Administration responded by saying that the next closest landfill was a twenty two mile round trip to New Paris Pike, which would cost eight more gallons of gas every load. The dump continued to grow.

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Administration took special steps to ban alcohol at Miller Farm after a Halloween party got out of control. In the time of the W.K. Kellogs grant, parties weren't generally over twenty people; in 2006 students hurled beer cans and chanted "fuck you!" to security officers, causing one to quit their job the following day. *The Earlham Word's* "Crime Beat" section has frequent mentions of public safety going out to Miller Farm, dispersing parties, and pouring out beer. A year before students were rushed from Miller Farm's 2006 Halloween party to Reed Hospital for alcohol poisoning, Miller farmers had a meeting with the Student Judiciary Counsel to create official house guidelines to limit the alcohol being consumed on the property.

In 1992, after Ag Hall had been turned into a regular dorm, and almost a decade without the W.K. Kellogs grant, Hope Vanderburg wrote in the farm journal that Miller Farm wasn't making progress. Hope wrote that, "People 10 years ago had the same problems as now-sometimes it seems like that's the only continuity the AG program has. But I noticed another constant too-people who wrote in these books have a genuine love and passion for the Farm, for growing things, and for preserving the history of this land. And I hope I don't forget that and get so lost in all the failures, broken hopes and burnt out ideas that I can't see what Dick Wood can never take away from us."

"What do you like most about farm day?," I asked Edee. Khalid got up for more sweet potatoes.

farm day.

“It was my freshman year, so Fall 2020. We had so many people, like fifteen. Some people would just show up for the food (I admit I did that sometimes). But it was so cool because we all sat around the fire...which was fun but it really ate up the day.”

“It’s really nice to see the sunset though.” Tony said, “in the summer, I’d start...when it’s early, nice and cool. It starts heating up, but when I’m working outside I don’t mind it so much. There have been eleven hour days. But when it starts to cool, it gets better and better. It makes me not want to leave and watch the sunset. I just want to stare at the sunset.”



“I can only say that words don’t lend themselves easily to describing the M.F. experience,” Walter Duncan wrote in the farm journal in 1999 as a farewell address to the farm. There are a lot of farewell addresses in the farm journal, which include gratitude for the time that was spent in community at the farm, and hope that they would be able to live in such a close community again.

“I know that one day, I will have a complete dream of living a life on a beautiful piece of land w/a community,” Martha Shauny read aloud to her housemates in a house meeting before leaving Miller Farm. The purple ink smudges on the page of Martha’s entry are most likely tears, because in a later entry, Sam says that he can remember Martha reading her entry aloud, and that “If you ever think that the tears that smeared her writing weren’t heartfelt, you are thoroughly mistaken.”

March something 1988

today was the first time I opened the Farm Journal. I've been thinkin' a lot about this place in the last couple of weeks... and reading this made me glad. I'm glad I'm not an idiot for loving this place so much...

... (goddamn pens keep running out). I've only lived here two months but they've been the highlight of my college career. We've kicked Ass this semester. Fixing things, planting, chopping wood, everything. We haven't had a small Farm Day yet, come hell or high water. The program is expanding beyond the house and its residents. These roots are making for a big Family Tree.

If you harken back a couple of pages you'll find a very moving entry on Feb. 2nd 1987 written by Martha Shanny. It's particularly important to me because I remember vividly her reading us that entry during the housing meeting last year. If you ever think that she had that inspired her writing weren't heartfelt, you will be thoroughly mistaken.

If was my meeting the to sleep or I'm only and I to farm believe sincer still explor exper Logic grow abal Fu E I 6 P

I know that some day ~~both parts~~
~~of my dream~~, I will have a complete
dream of living a life on a beautiful
piece of land w/ a community.

I have had my taste of beauty &
it has wet my appetite for more.

If I have fed my soul on the
life style dream will only be that much
closer to reality.

I still plan to come to every Atr. meeting
And every Friday I can. I still have so much to
learn.

Sorry if this is too
messy, perhaps it's too
bad more of life **isn't**

Thank you
Miller Farm

Martha



34

“The ultimate goal of farming is not the growing of crops,
but the cultivation and perfection of human beings.”
-Masanobu Fukuoka, *The One Straw Revolution*.

The strawberry drips from my lips.
It sits raw and red within my hands.
When I offered some to you,
You said you had had enough.

I choose to sacrifice my cherries instead.
Maybe the seeds inside will be more potent. Can you taste the tart flavor?
I hide behind my hands in shame.

You do not notice me, so I give you a pomegranate.
Is this what you want from me?
This is plenty.
These seeds will stain you afterward.

As I give you an apple,
You share a pear.
These will rot soon.

Watership Down in Color
Kate Wallace
Linocut and Pastel



Sticks & Stones & Broken Bones

Eliza Karnopp

Content warning: Gore

I am wandering, slow and aimless, through the fog-wreathed karst spires that jut out of the land around me, reaching for the marble sky with clawing urgency. I think, in the back of my mind, that they look remarkably alive... or, not exactly alive, but as though they once were, and were trying to come alive again.

They look, in the flat light, like jagged obsidian, and something about that seems wrong to me, but I am too sluggish to discern why. The spires are nearly blending in with the thickening fog now, and I want nothing more than to stop at the base of one of those unhewn obelisks and sleep, but I press on. I must press on.

Why?

I don't recall. It is--was?--urgent, though, or so I believe. So I follow these untrodden paths, seeing figures flicker and move in the corner of my eyes, keeping my gaze locked straight forward. I catch a glimpse of something that might be a stag, but I dare not check.

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The further I wander into the stone forest, the more unsettling I find the spires. The ground around them looks sick and broken, and the spires themselves have turned white as bleached bone (when did that happen?). It brings to mind the image of broken bones jutting through bruised flesh, and the warm, wet touch of the fog surrounding me makes me think, uncomfortably, of blood. It is dark and gray, eddying around the spires in a gentle caress, but the comparison has hooked its claws into my mind and I can't shake it loose.

I want to tear my eyes from the faint path I've been following, but I can't. I try to look up, look around, but no matter how I struggle I can't--and as panic wells up in my throat I try in vain to stop, stop walking and look up but my body continues its ponderous journey to that unknown malignant destination, and I open my mouth in a silent, strangled scream or I try to but it doesn't work, none of my muscles obey my commands and my fear is so tangible and thick I could *choke on it* but I do not because I am not me and the panic builds, builds, builds to a clamoring, writhing crescendo with n o o u t l e t --

It should stop, it should be at its peak with nowhere to go but down but it's not, it's maintaining its grating shrieking chorus and if I were real I would be deep in the throes of a panic attack I would have passed out by now I'm sure of it--

At last I black out, and I am at relative peace for a bare moment before I

jolt back to awareness, heaving great shuddering gasps and shaking all over as though I'd just run a marathon. The skin of my arms is bloodied as though I tried to claw it off myself, but I relish the pain each movement brings, because the movement is mine and mine alone. I pay no attention to the blood dripping to the ground at my feet, and finally dare focus on my surroundings.

The forest of bone-white stone spires is thinner than I thought, looking at the ground. The rest of the... things... I'd seen had been smaller spikes, ranging from smaller than a toothpick to only barely taller than myself and no thicker at the base than a telephone pole.

And topping each and every spike... a skeleton. Bleached white with age and sun, perfectly intact except for the jagged, gaping hole in the sternum of all those I can see. I spot a stag, proud rack of antlers held high, a mess of delicate bones and spikes that might have once been a family of coyotes or foxes, even a couple *humans*... It makes my skin crawl.

The sensation only grows as I stand, rooted to the spot. I shudder violently, trying to rid myself of the loose, itchy feeling in my flesh...

...it itches... so badly...

My muscles twitch and spasm, and it itches so badly it hurts. It hurts like a million tiny, writhing insects burrowing into my flesh and squirming underneath my skin. It hurts deep down in my *bones*, and I don't know when I'd started scratching but the frantic, jerky movements speed up and grow ever more forceful. Strips of skin are joining the blood in the dirt, and I collapse onto my knees, head spinning, with nausea rising in my itchy stomach and throat.

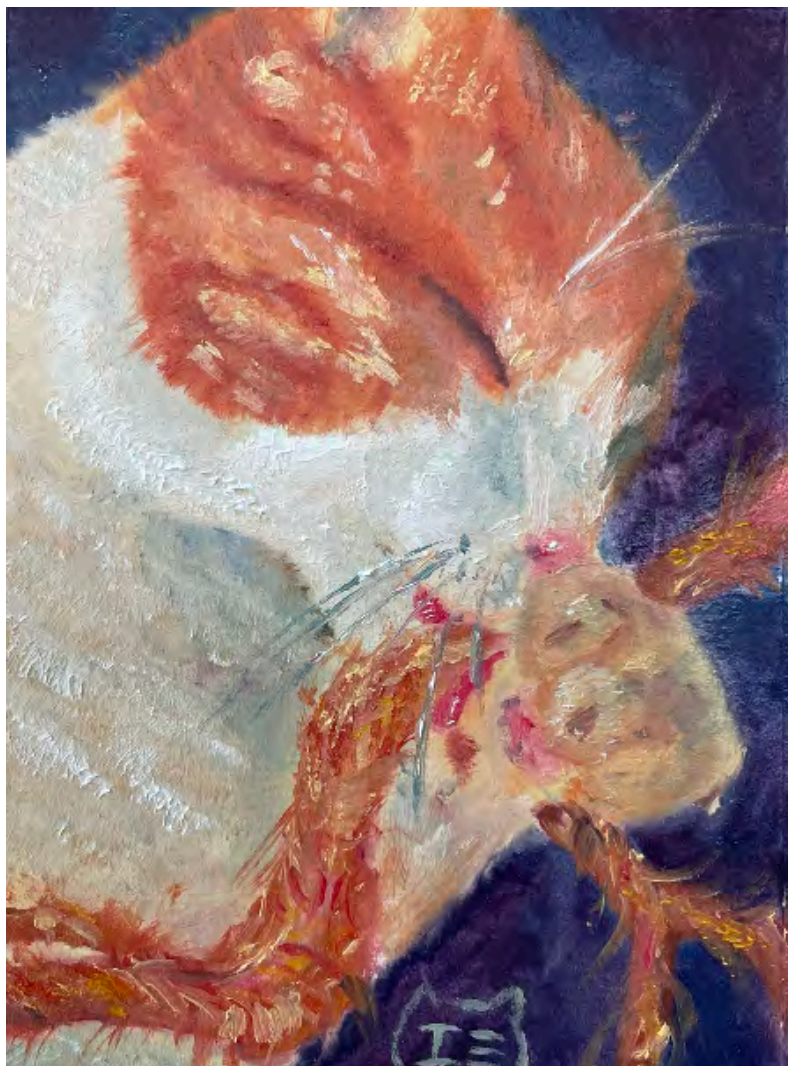
A wet, meaty *slap* and a moment of relief brings me back to the world just in time to bear witness as my skin and muscle begins sloughing off my bones and everything

goes
dark.

No, I do not want to jump into oncoming traffic
But how would the crunch sound?
Would it be like a chorus of joint cracks, like a back that hasn't been stretched
Maybe it would sound like a xylophone, and each bone would have a different timbre
My morbid curiosity runs in circles like a child that will inevitably be diagnosed with
ADHD
But I don't want to act on these evil dark twisted fantasies
They don't even seem to be my own
More like movie tapes of alternative realities, that are insidious, grimy, and soulfully
paralyzing
But I don't decide when or how they get played. They just appear at random, and I can't
help but momentarily watch before reality calls me back, and I shiver: scared, but more
connected to the ground on my feet and the skin on my body
A grey world is dull, but a red one could be much more interesting.
Even if that red flavor is comprised of tires and my own extremities
Freed from momentary boredom, my curious mind loves the idea, but my mortal flesh is
terrified. A silhouette of a man signals and I cross the road with caution: my toes locked
in my shoe. I cross the road with more precision than usual, but my thoughts still wander.
I walk precisely with I-95 salsa on my mind

Entwined
Emi Hinosawa
Oil on canvas

40



a cat and his twine // a purrfect romance
Cas Bowman

my love is sweet and brightens up my day,
and follows me for all my happenings.
our love will never falter, come what may,
much like the earth's new growth throughout the spring.

their hair, so wispy, and so orange, is coarse
and matches mine exactly to a T.
it tangles in my hand, and yet of course,
the feeling's like a drug, compelling me.

if we're apart, i might as well be dead,
for i can't take a second without you.
your grip on my heart, tightened like a thread—
take it out, and make me feel anew.

but i am just a cat, and you, my sweet,
are just a piece of twine i sometimes eat.

Still Life with Late Afternoon Sunlight, he thought, as brush hit canvas,
exploring how the light cast the room in gold.
The white tablecloth now yellow, teal walls yielding to peach.

Even the floor looked beautiful at this hour,
its gray changing to orange and blue
as light and shadow danced across it.
And the door- oh no! He had left it ajar.
The dog stuck her snout in the gap and pranced in.

No, *Still Life with Tablecloth*, he smiled,
the pattern of pink petals springing from his brush
with the same delicate touch as when his mother sewed it on.
The fabric suddenly pulled taut as
the dog tugged gently from below.
He shoed her away and refocused.

42

Still Life with Water Pitcher, he contemplated,
Observing how the crystal vessel distorted the scene behind it.
The impossible stillness and serenity of— *lap lap lap!*
The dog had found it.

Still Life with Cherries, he mumbled,
distracting himself with the task of perfectly
capturing the glare off the matte, fleshy surface
of the fruit that was past its prime

and the beautiful ceramic dish, which,
now that he thought about it, was precariously— *crash!*
The dog looked up, tongue out, from the eye
of a hurricane of broken stoneware.

Oh, fine, he said, rolling his eyes,
Still Life with Dog.

Untitled
Dorian Campbell
Print



Click click click... click
The clicks enter through the barrier of my sleep.

I grab Bob, a teddy bear my height,
Seeking comfort,
I press my cheek to his fur.

Drag him along with me,
The pitter patter of my tiny feet replacing the sound of the clicks
I rub the sleep from my eyes
drag a chair next to my mother
My feet stop.

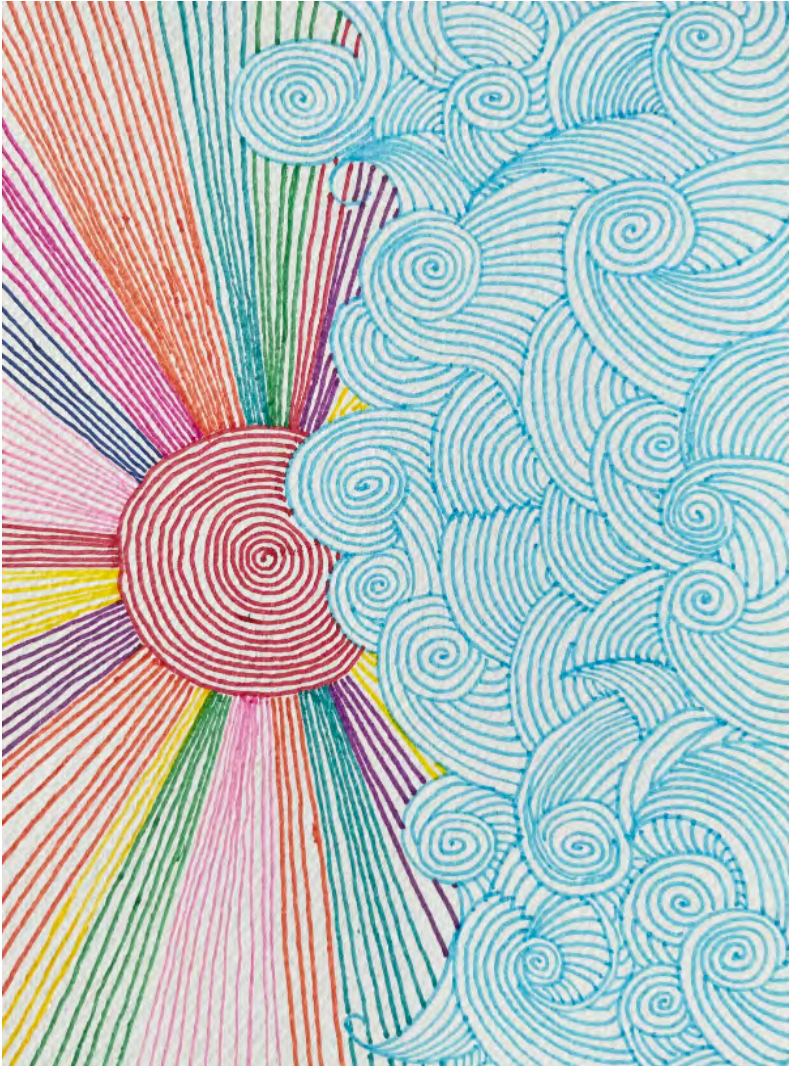
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The clicks sound again
I sit by her.

With each click a structure is formed
A room, and then a bed, a garden, a door,

The roof.
Like a final amen after a prayer.
I crawl into her lap,
The clicks that once woke me
Lull me back to sleep.

Voyage
Momoko Nakata
Colored pens



Waltz to My Death in C Sharp Minor

Katherine Liu

Screw you Chopin and your hands that were bigger than mine,
How the hell do you expect me to play
that chord with one hand?
I'm straining my fingers, but they don't stretch that way
I can't get my thumb to quite align
Right— I play it wrong, can't get my hands to obey.

Più mosso? *Piss off.* I decline.
And now to my growing dismay,
The enharmonic key— This piece should have been canned.
Your scales make no sense though I work day after day;
My head bows to rest and I just want to whine:
Hell, at this rate I could learn to crochet.

46

Now I want to know, before I completely resign,
Can you offer me a small ray
Of hope that I'll finish in time? I planned
to have learned the whole piece by May.
You are long laid in a box made of pine;
At this rate I won't finish before I end up the same way.

November's Dream

Emi Hinosawa

Oil on canvas



Sonnet for the Headlights

Sam Stassen

Alone now, I was accompanied then
By the falling leaves, the rain, and a friend.
How can I work, write, laugh, or despair when
It's taken so long for my bones to mend?

Within me resonates a melody,
Rage and reflection, rhythmic steps toward
Grim destination, westward odyssey,
Fractal cold and relived pain strike a chord

Of haunting memories: my name called out.
Approaching headlights, all is naught but sound
Until then, my safety I did not doubt,
I cannot forget the view from the ground

48

We were two. Now alone, I walk across
The empty street where life was nearly lost.

Café Lafitte (Before the Exile)

Andrey Uzarski

In 1943, moments before they knew one another and years before their wedding, a street punk found himself next to a drafted soldier in an ancient New Orleans gay bar that shouldn't have existed. And with the whiskey in his bloodstream and the thrum in the air, the boy-creature in his father's coat couldn't stop himself from staring.

"I thought they didn't take men like you," he said with a grin, his voice creaky enough the soldier wondered if it wasn't completely forced.

"What, queers like me?"

"Whatever you call it."

The soldier was pretty in a way soldiers often were— his hair combed back from his youthful eyes, uniform fit snugly around his waist— but there was a softness in his gaze they didn't always have, and the way he held his hands let one forget how strong they were.

"They're not supposed to," he said, "but they're not very good at finding us either."

"They ask your opinion on Marlene Dietrich?"

"They made me strip naked and asked about my masturbation habits, and I lied."

The punk sputtered and laughed, a musical sound, and leaned himself lower over the surface of the bar.

"Oh, but we're the deviants?" He sneered.

"Ain't that the way?"

The soldier ordered two more drinks.

"Got a name then, private?"

"Javier," the soldier said.

"My name's Kit."

"Like Christopher?"

"Like Kit." He said it like it was obvious.

"You not fighting, Kit?"

Kit scoffed. "Oh, I'm doing my part for the war effort. Thousands of lonely army wives in this city and I'm doing them all."

This was a brag to him, clear enough. He puffed out his chest. He felt like a man. Laughter bubbled up inside him like a schoolboy telling an outrageous lie.

"What the hell are you doing here, then? With other people's wives to impress?" Javier wasn't sure he could imagine it, a scrawny, vulgar guy like

this with the kind of woman who would marry a soldier— but then again, he couldn't presume to know what women liked.

"Can't a fella have layers nowadays?" Kit replied, overdoing a stupid radio accent.

Obnoxious.

If Javier was an army wife, this idiot would be in his bed, too.

"So they shipping you out?" Kit asked, and dropped the voice.

Javier nodded. "Tomorrow, to Italy."

"Tomorrow? You ain't scared?"

"Sure I am, but there's nothing to do about it."

"You could run away," he said with a tilt of his head.

"Some wars need to be fought."

"Sure they do, you're right... I just think, what are you fighting for?"

The bartender delivered their drinks.

"And you can't say it's an end to tyranny or whatever-the-hell when our own country's the one locking up innocent Japanese," he added, and took a swig.

"You keep talking like that and someone's gonna call you un-American."

"Well, ain't that the damn problem?" Kit spoke at a volume just above the hum of the bar, and Javier wondered if it was typical of him to talk like a Southern preacher, big-mouthed and gesturing.

Javier wondered if it was typical of himself to be attracted to that. "But it's all about fighting Hitler, right?" He said, "You don't want me to go fight Hitler?"

"Well— well— 'course someone's gotta fight Hitler" —Javier snickered to watch him think— "But this country don't care about saving nobody, you know what I'm saying?"

"Anyone ever told you that you're real cute?"

Kit froze for a moment, and narrowed his eyes. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means forgive me for thinking it, when I'm about to get sent away to war."

"Oh, so I'm trying to talk to you about something important and you just want to flirt with me?"

"I think you've just been using something important to flirt."

"I don't know how to flirt," Kit said, and the line between sarcasm and sincerity was ever-harder to tell. "I'm just annoying. And sometimes people like me, and sometimes they don't."

"People probably think you're a Communist."

"Nah, the Communists won't take you if you ain't a strong reader."

Javier snorted when he laughed, such a human thing against the crispness of his uniform, the stiff shape of his hair.

And he had a mole on the apple of his cheek, Kit noticed it now.

to countries now invaded. “Course I do.”

“That was all immigration quotas and bullshit politics, you know? Like they were numbers before they were people, and all anyone could talk about was what refugees would have done to the job market.” Javier tensed his jaw as if holding in all the things he could say before he finally settled. “This country ain’t out to save anyone, it’s all a pissing contest.”

“But you’re still wearing their uniform,” Kit challenged, for the sake of it.

“I suppose I am,” he said, and smiled once more. “And I’m using their guns to do my Jewish duty and kill Nazis, too, so I can let myself believe it all makes sense and I’m not just selling my body to Uncle Sam.”

“Ah, if you’re Jewish that just makes it worse, don’t it?”

Javier cocked his head.

“The last thing Roosevelt has any right to do is throw Jewish boys at the problem like snowballs,” Kit said. “If someone’s gonna get used as cannon fodder and sent to die in Europe, it shouldn’t be you. The math ain’t right.”

“Then why ain’t you fighting instead of me?”

Kit blinked his huge eyes, looked down at himself and then back up.

“My body ain’t right,” He finally answered with a spreading smirk. “All kinds of messed up, they said. ‘Don’t come back here with that freak body,’ they said, and then these two big army men— biggest fellas I’ve ever seen— came in, and picked me up by the scruff of my neck, and threw me right to the curb, didn’t want to see me for even another second.” Javier laughed, but Kit sat slouched around his chest, hiding under that giant jacket, like maybe there really was something he didn’t want even Javier to know— or especially Javier.

Any decent man knows when not to press.

“Anyway,” Kit veered on, dead serious, “if I’m not even good enough to die for them, I don’t see why some Jewish boy should, when that’s exactly what those damn Nazis want.”

Javier grinned; kind of stupid, kind of beautiful. “But there’s the difference: I’m not gonna die.”

And the shine in his eyes made Kit smile, too. “Well, in that case, I take it all back.”

That would be a nice world, where soldiers didn’t die, where the bodies deemed expendable could not be expended.

Kit didn’t even like most soldiers.

“My sister’s husband’s in North Africa,” Kit said. “Maybe you’ll meet him.”

Javier laughed, again, again. “I don’t think Italy is in Africa.”

“It’s not that far,” Kit said, waving his hands. “If you meet a Lucien Fontenot, you tell him to bring my lighter back. I know he has it, that pig.” “You don’t like him?”

Kit shrugged. “He’s a Catholic. They’re funny; the Catholics.”

“You don’t like all them scary, crying statues?”

“Nossir, nossir.”

“What are you, then?”

“I guess I’m a Baptist.” He drew patterns in the condensation of his glass. “My old church went on about snakes and spoke in tongues— that kind of Baptist. But I’m starting to think it’s all a load of bullshit.”

“Ain’t it all?” Javier said, and downed half his drink. “You’re not from New Orleans, right?”

“So my accent is terrible?”

“I love your hick accent.”

Kit stopped himself from hiding his face— what a silly reflex. “I’m from Tennessee. Me and my sister came a few years ago, you know, when the money was real bad. The Great Depression, I guess— stupid name.”

“I’m from the city, never been further than East Texas.”

“Not for long.”

Javier sighed. “Not for long.”

A lesser person could almost mistake the jitter in his fingers for excitement, but Kit knew better. “You come from a synagogue in New Orleans, then?”

“I suppose I do; Haven’t been in awhile.”

“Well, tell me where it is.”

Javier puzzled at him.

“Tell me where it is,” Kit repeated, “and I’ll go see it and think how pretty it is, and think of that pretty soldier I met. And maybe I’ll donate if they take donations, that seems fair, and then— look, I won’t even be disrespectful— I’ll go home first, and I’ll pray to my snake-obsessed God that you come back with both your legs.”

Kit’s mouth may have been running ahead of his brain now, but he didn’t usually get this far with strangers, and the high was an easy one to ride.

“I’d be more flattered if you hadn’t just called the whole thing bullshit,” Javier said.

Kit rolled his eyes. “You’re running into a warzone, you should take what you can get.”

“Okay,” Javier said, showing his dimples. He could have been a smartass— he didn’t feel like it.

Kit kissed his cheek before he could stop himself, a quick thing, like the French say hello.

“That’s for good luck, too,” he said, and felt like a child.

And Javier was flushed all down to his neck, his confidence cracking like he’d never even been kissed before.

“Kiss me on the mouth at least,” he said, very softly. “Then I know I’ll never die.”

Kit blinked at him, big blue eyes wavering, and then, when the bartender was on the other end of the bar and he hoped that maybe no one was looking, he leaned forward, and he did.

Look at the Clouds

Cayden Knight

Digital photography



Contributors

ALEX EASTMAN is a senior Public Policy major. He enjoys cooking, playing sports, and going on long walks. He has come to enjoy writing poetry as a way of exploring emotions, and believes that while art can be anything, the best thing it can be is accessible.

ANDERSON RILEY is a Religion and Studio Art double major who enjoys reading and writing in his rather-infrequent periods of free time. “June, 1941” is both inspired by and an homage to the works of Ernest Hemingway and his ‘iceberg theory’ of writing.

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ANDREY UZARSKI is a senior Creative Writing major. He was created in a lab in the year 2000 and has previously been published in the Journal of the Compressed Creative Arts, as well as— you’ll never guess— The Crucible. His work can be found on Andreyooze.Wordpress.com. Stream #PeteSeeger.

ART CROCKETT is a freshman who plans on majoring in neuroscience, if they manage to pass organic chemistry. They grew up in Virginia, and are perpetually horrified by the lack of mountains here. As a queer and neurodivergent individual, they try to write stories that are representative of those experiences in America: dystopian.

BAILEY OWENS: “I’m a Senior English major. I enjoy writing short stories and poetry as a method to cope with my unlikelihood to procure a job within my major after graduation - and for fun ;). Hopefully you enjoyed!”

CAS BOWMAN is a junior biology major who also loves creative writing. They began their writing career with One Direction fanfiction and have since (finally) matured into building their own worlds and writing poetry about their cat, Tito. Cas enjoys reading, crocheting, and binge-watching Good Mythical Morning episodes.

CAYDEN KNIGHT: “I am the type to stop what I am doing to take a picture of the sky. Very Simple.”

DORIAN CAMPBELL is a freshman sociology/anthropology and studio arts double major from Yellow Springs, OH. “I’ve been making prints and collages since my freshman year of high school, and I also regularly sell prints at the Heart Market.”

ETHAN “E.J” UPTON: “I am finishing my Freshman year here at Earlham. I am 19 years old. I live in West Chester with my Mom, Dad, and younger sister. Besides being a student, I am also an athlete. I am a defender on the Earlham Men’s Lacrosse team, and starting next fall, I’ll be playing on the Earlham Men’s Golf team. I am undecided about my major, but by the end of my sophomore year, I will likely major in Business with a minor in Sports Management.”

ELIZA KARNOPP is a writer who loves birds, books, dragons, and fantasy. She also likes music, and dislikes speaking of herself in the third person.

EMERSON DELYN JAKES (they/them) takes on the world with their service dog, a face full of glitter, and a healthy discontent for most things. Their favorite color is purple, their favorite plants are the willow oak (*Quercus phellos*) and the string of pearls (*Senecio rowleyanus*), they are very fond of the chemical element mercury, and they would prefer to fuel their disabled self with mostly chocolate if there weren’t complicated ethical consequences.

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EMI MARIE HINOSAWA is a senior Japanese Studies major with a (purr)plexingly passionate interest in cats and their Japanese-American experience(s). They have amassed a small a(meow)nt of cats: Kitkat, Meringue, & Egg.

GLORIA ALIGBE is a senior at Earlham College. She loves to write, watch films and television, and sing. She would like to travel the world one day.

JOJO-NOELLE MICHAEL-ADDY: “I am a sophomore. I really love reading and writing (sometimes) and poetry is an escape for me. My favourite poem is ‘Kubla Khan’ by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. In my free time, i like to read, sleep and learn new languages.”

KATE WALLACE is a senior art major who focuses in painting and ceramics; they are from and reside in the Wayne County area. They will soon be starting the M.Ed Program with Earlham to pursue a career in community art education and advocacy. In their spare time, Kate enjoys reading Anne Rice novels, learning about Queer history, and taking care of their numerous houseplants.

KATE YOUNG: “I was given my first camera when I was 7, it was lime green with no view finder or screen, just a shutter button. I would wait patiently as the photos uploaded to the family computer to see them for the first time and enjoy the feeling of creating something. Now I live in Richmond, work for Earlham as a videographer, and find myself incredibly lucky to do what I love professionally (now my camera has a screen and a view finder)! Beyond work, I’m an EMT, I love to travel and I love learning from people who are passionate about what they are doing.”

KATHERINE LIU (she/her) has little regard for classical music nor the English language. Despite this fact, she enjoys both playing the piano, and a variety of pursuits in the English language, including speaking, reading, and writing. When not angry at music, she can be found in 3rd floor Dennis, backstage, or solving a sudoku puzzle instead of going to sleep.

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MOLLIE LYON: “I am a current senior majoring in global management. I have always had a passion for art and I especially enjoy drawing and painting portraits of people I am inspired by. I am hoping to take my passion for art and combine it with my education here at Earlham and become a creative director for a social justice organization.”

MOMOKO NAKATA: “My country, Japan, is an island, so our culture is related to the ocean, and there are many famous paintings of the sea. I like the ocean because it always makes me imagine an unknown world beyond the sea and excite me to learn new thing. Drawing has been my hobby since I was little, and I enjoyed drawing this piece at home during the pandemic, imagining the ocean. I hope you enjoy the work, thinking about memories or images of the sea as I did!”

SALVADOR GRABER: “I was homeschooled, and I started telling stories by playing imagination games with my younger brother until I was fifteen. I struggled with the lack of community at Earlham during Covid. The pandemic taught me that community is precious, and should that it should not be taken for granted. I want to use stories to create community wherever I go.

SAM STASSEN: “I have always been imaginative, I have always loved to create. It was not until a few years ago that I began writing things down, and from then on I have grown to appreciate writing more and more. Poetry is a new endeavor for me, but one that has been really enriching.”

SETH NIEMANN: “I’m from Toledo Ohio. This is my third year at Earlham College. I am a biochemistry and pre-engineering major and my favorite style of writing is magical realism. In both double majoring and magical realism, I find the most exciting ideas are at the crossroads of two ways of thinking.”

