Untold

UVU's Honors Program Journal

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Untold Staff

Foreword
Justin Black, Editor-In-Chief

When I first started college, I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life. I didn't know what I wanted to study and there weren't any professions that interested me. Most of us have gone through this at one point or another. I ended up being an English major as a way to postpone that decision. As an English major, I could study whatever I wanted as long as I wrote about it. Plus, an English degree wouldn't limit my job options. I would become an asset anywhere communication was attempted, regardless of which form.

Entering the program, I had no idea how much it would mean to me by the time I left. I met friends who love to analyze movies long after they're over. Friends who know how to disagree, and can hold a conversation even though we don't see eye to eye on everything. I met faculty who were willing to put in the extra time to help me succeed. This journal being one example of extra work, time, and effort. These relationships are some that I'll never forget and will be forever grateful for.

Deb Thornton, along with Kate McPherson and my awesome staff helped make this journal possible. At the beginning of the semester, I didn't know how to use InDesign. I didn't know how to publicize a journal. All I knew was that I had a vision for a journal that would break the bounds of written work and include all types of academic projects. I wanted to create something that hadn't been done before, something different. Thanks to the help I received and the excellent work that was submitted, I believe that vision was accomplished. But, I'll let you decide that for yourself. Please enjoy the first ever edition of *Untold,* the Honors Program Journal here at Utah Valley University.

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These selections consist of students who received a perfect score on their admission essays to the Honors Program

Analytical Prompt A

Subway maps, evolutionary trees, Lewis diagrams. Each of these schematics tells the relationships and stories of their component parts. Reimagine a map, diagram, or chart. If your work is largely or exclusively visual, please include a cartographer's key of at least 200 words to help us best understand your creation.

Oregon

Miranda Noble

44° N – 120.5° W
The map of the state known for its green
is actually predominantly brown—
with only a keyhole of emeralds and pines along its coast.

From left to right, it reads
like every other journey inland.
Vibrancy gives way to monochrome.
Ocean gives way to desert.
Rain dries up and leaves the summer scorching.
While snow only peaks past the Sisters come winter.
The Range runs high and divides East from West.

The border looks like a preschooler's scribble
on top of their older sister's math homework about right angles.
While the 101 teeters on land's edge,
I–5 carefully stitches the North to the South.

But the map doesn't show, doesn't paint,
cannot articulate the color
that leaves every tourist coming back,
and every resident hesitant to leave.

A map does not depict
how sidewalks are replaced with mud and gravel,
how fog nestles inside and cuddles with the evergreen,
how rows of vines bend and curl as waves on the hills,
how the sunset fights to be seen.

A map cannot capture
the barefoot boy standing in the rain,
the yapping dogs running laps in the yard,
the woman giving a tour of her garden,
the man pruning his mother's trees.

A map cannot illustrate railroads cradled by forests,
cigarette smoke lingering,
mist as it clings to skin,
or the effort it takes to breathe.

Cartographer's Key
Allison Sink

Above is a map of Salt Lake City that I illustrated myself. I was not born here, but this is where I spent most of my life; it is my home. The drawing is not completely to scale, but I was trying to capture less of exact measurements and more of the emotional significance certain places in Salt Lake have had in my childhood. I would like to start by describing a place that holds more emotional significance to me than any other place on earth.

In a web of houses symbolizing the town of Holladay, the biggest house on the map with a stylized halo surrounding it represents my home. It felt fitting to distinguish this place because it was my world growing up. This was truly a home that was full of happiness and light of an almost ethereal quality. Other houses scattered throughout Holladay represent the homes of close friends and family that represent similar beacons of light and happiness from my childhood. That web of houses with highlighted roofs remains the place I feel happiest and safest in this world today.

In the downtown sector, the buildings are tall and defined with the building standing out the most being the Salt Lake City Temple. The temple was a place I went often throughout my childhood, and it is a place that signifies downtown Salt Lake for me. I remember being young and visiting my dad at his office building with my siblings. We would head up to his office with stolen sodas from the breakroom, turn off the lights, and look down at the bright building with lights around every tree illuminating the people below. It felt like the glowing heart of the city and that feeling has not faded with age. That is why it is the brightest building on this map.

On the map another building stands downtown with music notes emitting from it. This represents the Complex and the Great Saltair, where I went consistently throughout my youth and young adult life. When I was fifteen, I waited with friends for hours on the sidewalk surrounding that building for a Walk the Moon concert. The lights, people and music blasting your face off hooked me and did not let me go. That first experience kept me going back repeatedly, getting to know more artists and music genres. I made friends who were also concert junkies and remain close with them to this day. The music I heard in those buildings shaped my whole youth and continues to shape me today.

Salt Lake City is a place I will always remember no matter where I go. It feels impossible to express in words how much I have loved this city and the people I have known here. It shaped me into the person I am proud to be today. It is my home in every sense of the word.
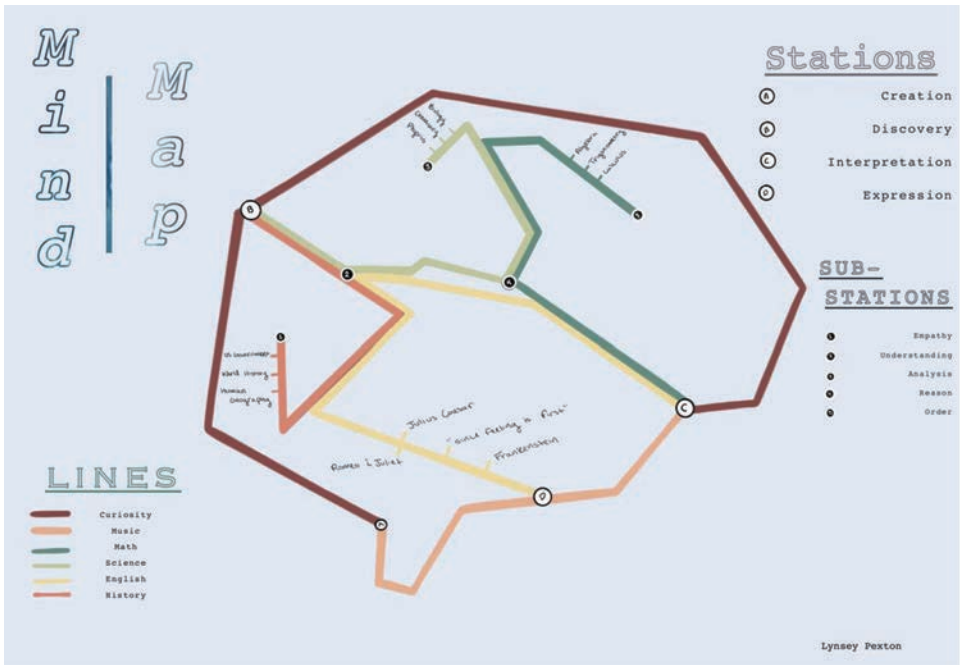
Brain Map
Lynsey Pexton

This subway map expresses my relationship to education. I wanted to play on the meaning of a literal "mind map" and relate different parts of my schooling to parts of the brain. The lines, excluding Curiosity and Music, are the school subjects that have impacted me the most. Music and Curiosity are the exterior lines because they serve as the backbone for my education journey. The dashes on the train lines are classes I've taken and literature I've studied that led to the corresponding Station or Substation. The Stations are broad, encompassing skills that have been fueled by the train lines they intersect.

Similar to the Stations, the Substations are aspects of my personality and smaller skills that have grown because of the classes I've taken. For example, my history courses fostered greater empathy within me by introducing me to different cultures and ideologies. The junctions of substations occur when both school subjects have helped develop the skills. Along with English and Science, History has also taught me how to see and understand various connections in the world. All of the aspects of a subway map are connected. Every aspect is necessary for the map to even exist. Like a subway station, my relationship with education is tied to my identity; one cannot exist without the other.

Analytical Prompt C

"The aim of argument, or of discussion, should not be victory, but progress." – Joseph Joubert. Sometimes, people talk a lot about popular subjects to assure 'victory' in conversation or understanding, and leave behind topics of less popularity, but great personal or intellectual importance. What do you think is important but under-discussed?

Marigolds and Walnut Trees
Lillian Gibb

We often spend too much time talking about how the actions, words, and attitudes of others affect us, and too little time talking about how our actions, words, and attitudes affect others. Our values, beliefs, and opinions may come from watching the consequences of the actions of others. People love watching the way others' lives play out. It's always, "What were they thinking?" or "I'm sure glad I'm not them." But what do people learn from watching you? How are you changing the way others choose to live their lives?

Consider the analogy of marigolds and walnut trees, originally adapted by Jennifer Gonzalez. Walnut trees seem harmless, but they actually emit a toxic substance that kills the surrounding plants. Marigolds on the other hand serve as a protector plant that guards against harmful pests and weeds. These plants can easily be related to people. We may find ourselves comparing individuals to walnut trees or marigolds assuming that they are suffocating or protecting us. We should also consider whether we are the walnut tree.

Today, it seems that there are too many individuals acting as walnut trees. We want to know all the latest gossip and what's not going well in the lives of others. Focusing on the actions of others allows us to look at our own lives with satisfaction. But what choices are we making that affect how others see their own success? There is too much time spent thinking about how others are changing us, when we really should be spending our time thinking about how we are changing others.

The Great Debate of the Role of Science
Elise Bennett

The great debate of where to direct the brightest minds in scientific discovery overshadows the need to understand each other and ourselves; these scientific advancements are not insignificant progresses, however they can become the main focus of human achievement while we still know so little about ourselves. Coming from an emerging scientist herself, I have a deep respect for those that discuss the complexities of people.

Humans are under-discussed. What is consciousness? What are our emotions? While interested deeply in biological sciences, I wonder if there is a scientific explanation to this, or if it is so abstract that we cannot understand it with our current technology. Corporations, politicians, and leaders may push for large-scale demonstrations of our achievements to use for selfish purposes. They want to be the victors in history. Meanwhile, we can forget to care for the people around us. When something is obvious, it can easily be overlooked.

We need to push the boundaries of where humans have gone in order to continue our expansion into space for our own pride–venturing into the most remote places on our planet yields the same effect. People want tangible and tactile proof of our advancement; thus, these topics become the most polarizing and popular. Pushed aside, the need for compassion and understanding is not seen as an "intellectual" discussion. We refuse to reflect on ourselves and our interconnectedness. If we considered each other on a grander scale, people as a whole would work together. Scientific achievements could come from all parts of the world instead of those that may be the most profitable. A brighter future starts with a better understanding of humanity. One type of human advancement should not be valued over another.

Creative Prompt A

"Do you feel lucky? Well, do ya, punk?" - Eleanor Roosevelt.
Misattribute a famous quote and explore the implications of doing
so.

Neighbors
Garrett Young

"Neighbors are people who are close to us, and friends are people who are close to our hearts. I like to think of you as my neighbor and my friend." – Al "Scarface" Capone

We know Scarface: he was a gangster, unbothered by the authority of the law and the deaths he caused. He took full advantage of the illegal demand of alcohol during Prohibition with the gang he was part of since sixth grade. Hearing this may result in a promise that couldn't be broken easily; it would be hard to take at face value from him. This quote is far from being Al Capone's, by time and personality. In fact, it was Mr. Fred Rogers, the creator and host of Mr. Roger's Neighborhood, who said it. Polar opposites, right? It must be admitted, though, that there are strange similarities between the two: both were members of a neighborhood, discussed death, violence, money, and made sure to care for their friends. Of course, the meanings and execution of each point were vastly different between these two men, but it leads into an exploration of what might have happened if Al Capone were like Mr. Rogers.

Imagine Mr. Capone's web of influence stretched across a 1920's Chicago, never lacking the funds to do as they wished wherever they wanted, dedicated to the wellbeing of the community. They would help charities and soup kitchens selflessly (and not to save face, as he did in real life). Children would be taught how to live as good people by example. Schemes would be made in secret to donate furniture to a poor family or give gifts to police officers and firefighters, and the only things that would be rubbed out were poverty and suffering. The scope and range of such a group would be stupendous and effective, and one must wonder how much we would benefit from Mr. Capone's Neighborhood Gang in these times. And who's to say we shouldn't build these up in our own communities, like the 501st Stormtrooper Legion of today, but with suits and fedoras for all the volunteers? From there, it could be made national, then international.

And look back at the man that would be at the center of all. Al Capone would give care to friends and neighbors alike, with the help of his men, if not personally. He could fund studies, scholarships, the arts, any good thing. He would give opportunities for employment, whether in his own gang or in jobs created by them. Perhaps he would have a show on the Public Broadcasting System, where he might be able to speak to everyone at once in his community and ask if they would be his neighbor.

Creative Prompt B

Vestigiality refers to genetically determined structures or attributes that have apparently lost most or all of their ancestral function, but they have been retained during the process of evolution. In humans, for instance, the appendix is thought to be a vestigial structure. Describe something vestigial (real or imagined) and provide an explanation for its existence.

The Common Mosquito
Lillian Gibb

There are plenty of insects on this earth that have an obvious purpose. Ladybugs eat aphids, praying mantises eat beetles, and flies clean up waste. But there's one insect it seems every person could easily do without: the Culicidae. That's right, the common mosquito.

Imagine a warm summer night. You're sitting outside, enjoying the evening air. All of a sudden, you feel a persistent itch on your forearm. You try to restrain yourself, but eventually the pulsing twitch in your arm takes the victory and you scratch it for a moment of sweet relief. You look down only to see a small, swollen bump beginning to form. A week of suffering stands before you, caused by an insect with seemingly no other purpose except pain, suffering, and frustration.

So what brought mosquitoes here in the first place? Insects were some of the first living organisms on this planet, and this includes mosquitoes. That being said, their original purpose was probably to assist in pollination. After increasing in population, mosquitos would have become a food source for the fish, reptiles, and amphibians that were then introduced into the ecosystem.

But since then, mosquitoes have been replaced by other insects such as stoneflies, mayflies, and riffle beetles. The nutritional value of mosquitoes is far lower than that of these replacement insects. Their pollination duties have been passed down to other insects who are better equipped to perform the task.

Mosquitoes have somehow remained a part of the earth's ecosystem despite the evolution occurring around them. They could likely be removed from the earth without issues arising, and yet they remain due to their ancestral duties. Now their main purpose seems to be bringing annoyance and frustration to the human race. But what would camping be without at least one mosquito bite?

Vestigial Structures
Brendan Bakker

A vestigial structure is a structure in an organism that no longer serves a function. They are common in all animals and are a natural product of evolution. The appendix and gallbladder, for example, are believed to at one point have served some function, but they have been rendered obsolete as humans have evolved. Despite the change evolution has brought, they remain inside everyone as a mark of the past. Interestingly, vestigial structures also exist outside the realm of biology. Here, we will explore one vestigial structure that exists in many homes today: the fireplace.

The purpose of a fireplace is very simple: keep your house warm, especially during the cold winter months. In the past, people burned coal and wood before the modern heating system became commonplace. However, after the more practical and cost-effective electric heating system became available, the purpose of the fireplace became rather obsolete. While it is interesting looking at the original purpose of vestigial structures, I personally find it more interesting to tackle the question regarding why they continue to exist: Why do fireplaces continue to exist in homes today?

Over the time that fireplaces have existed, many social traditions have sprung forth. For example, gathering around a fireplace as a family provides a feeling of warmth and togetherness that is unique to such an activity. Many traditions, such as Santa coming down the chimney to deliver Christmas presents, are large parts of American culture. It is in these social traditions we find why fireplaces continue to exist.

These traditions are such a strong part of American culture that it is not uncommon for modern TVs to have a fireplace feature, imitating the image and sound of a warm fireplace burning. Fireplaces are hardly primarily used to keep a house warm anymore, but they still remain a part of creating a welcoming atmosphere.

There are plenty of other seemingly useless vestigial structures in human society. Touchscreens at fast-food restaurants will never bring the personality and care a human waiter can bring. And even the most sophisticated audio equipment will never convey the same emotion and expression that comes with a live performance on a real musical instrument.

It's good that vestigial structures are a part of life today. Although they may not always be the best way to do things, that isn't always the purpose of human life. When we focus our efforts on optimizing every variable and being the most efficient or the best at doing basic tasks, we miss out on the social traditions connected to what's around us. So, although the fireplace may not serve its original function, its roots in tradition have and will make it stand the test of time.

Creative Prompt C

W. J. T. Mitchell entitled his 2005 book What Do Pictures Want? Briefly, but richly, describe a picture (a painting or a photo both suffice), and then explore what it wants.

The Wedding Dress, Frederick William Elwell, Ferens Art Gallery, (East Riding of Yorkshire: 1911), http://museumcollections.hullcc.gov.uk/collections/storydetail. php?irn=637.

The Wedding Dress
Miranda Noble

In his painting titled *The Wedding Dress,* Fred Elwell depicts the range of emotions that can exist within a single moment. Upon only glancing at the painting, some may say it is of a broken-hearted woman—dressed in deep and dark black, hiding her head in her arms as she leans against an open trunk at the foot of her bed—left with nothing, but memories of what love once was. While this is certainly a valid interpretation, there are other—more hopeful—ways to analyze the same painting. The bright white wedding dress, with matching shoes, lies tossed on the ground under the woman's knees. The dress shines in a stark contrast to the dark and gloomy room as the light bounces off of it in an optimistic way.

The woman depicted can be a girl worried for her future, an exhausted bride on her wedding day, a newlywed questioning her decisions, a widow aching with loss, or anything in between. No matter which of these she actually is, the painting reminds us that within each moment labeled with one emotion—joyous, terrifying, tragic—there are other emotions, unmentioned emotions, dismissed emotions. These emotions deserve recognition too. Elwell shows these emotions in the painting by creating an ambiguity. It is impossible to argue that the painting conveys only one emotion. It is the multitude of emotions coexisting which turn the painting from a flat and fictional image to a snapshot of a brutally honest human experience.

"Pale Blue Dot" 1990, NASA/ JPL-Caltech

Here, We Are One

Elise Bennett

I often ask if we are alone in the universe. Was life on Earth a fluke in the universe? Will we find a friend in the dark expanse of space? Or foe? The purpose of the Voyager 1 space probe was to call out into the universe to let our presence be known. The Voyager 1 launched on September 5, 1977. The picture above, entitled "The Pale Blue Dot," was sent back to Earth thirteen years later on February 14, 1990 by Voyager 1.

The picture shows the emptiness surrounding a light speck. Like a pin dropped into a sea of ink, this silver blue dot is the earth surrounded by black space. This tiny speck is the earth, billions of miles from the Sun. Streaks of random color distort the serene, but loud, blackness. This picture demands that you feel small. You feel overwhelmed by the possibilities, the vastness, and the insignificance of many of our daily troubles. It is troubling, yet inspiring. It is hopeful, yet exhausting.

The picture wants you to examine your own spot in the cosmos. Are we really meant to live our lives in certain ways with instructions on how to "succeed" when there is purpose outside of Earth? As Carl Sagan said in his "Pale Blue Dot" speech, the earth appears as a "mote of dust suspended in a sunbeam."[1] The comparison to dust shows how insignificant our planet would be without us on it. The idea of a sunbeam shows the hope and optimism people have—the idea that we are meant to be here. The light shines on us and we create light through scientific advancements. We all come together when we feel small or inspired. Being part of this "Pale Blue Dot" is exhilarating and frightening. We are one here.

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1. Carl Sagan, "Pale Blue Dot," (Lecture, Cornell University, Ithaca, 1994), https://www.awakin.org/v2/read/view.php?tid=682.

Current Student Submissions

The following section consists of the best work put forth by Honors Program students

News Coverage of the Sacred and Holy: Presenting Religion Over the News and Its Effects

Aaron Williams

Regarding religion in the media, representation and presentation has usually been controversial and met with negative feedback from the general public as well as religious practitioners. Christianity and Islam are the more prominent and pertinent examples to Western news media and news consumers. Even as media outlets and the general public have become aware of such reporting, especially the last few decades, little has changed. However, there is more that can be done by the media to improve journalistic practice in reporting stories that involve religion. Because of how broad this topic is, and the numerous religious denominations there are, the only religions that will be examined in this paper are Christianity and Islam. These have perhaps been the most influential beliefs during the 20th and 21st centuries and are the most concerned with respecting modern news in Western cultures.

To help illustrate how journalists' stories have presented religion in the news, several examples must be provided to gain some grounding of contemporaneous and relevant media. Several scholarly works, studies, and articles on this subject have also been included to provide a commentary on the media's stories of religion, particularly in where and how they clash and on how journalists must improve their practice.

Examples of Religion in Journalism

In writing about the clash between journalism and religion, Stewart M. Hoover, professor of Media Studies and Religious Studies at the University of Colorado, stated that there is little doubt someone will take offense to news stories over religion. He later wrote that "whether those statements and stories belie a systematic attitude on the part of 'the media' and whether that attitude is one that is consistently or irresolutely antireligious" is the main concern when reading religiously themed stories.[1] Though

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1. Stewart M. Hoover., *Religion in the News: Faith and Journalism in American Public*

an antireligious sentiment may not be their intention, journalists have repeatedly provided the public with numerous articles that have left a bitter taste on the tongues of readers and marks upon the religious practitioners represented.

Islam

Unfortunately, in the years following the 9/11 terrorist attacks and other similar acts, Islam came to the forefront of minds due to horrendous acts of violence and terror. It would be understandable how such things led to discrimination of an entire religion, even when few practitioners of said religion promote such acts. In one study *The Washington Post* conducted on the journalistic representation of Muslims, Souffrant (a data analyst) and his team examined newspaper articles from North America and England between the years of 1996 and 2016. He stated their "research finds that the news media tend to portray Muslims negatively, frequently associating Islam with terrorism and cultural differences that conflict with mainstream values."[2] The concluding percentage of negative articles they read through was 78% overall, both before and after the 9/11 terrorist attacks.[3]

This is quite a staggering percentage, especially when considering how few Islamic extremists there are among the 1.8 billion members world-wide.[4] Souffrant, however, went on to later write that he and his team had discovered "[n]ewspaper articles that contain references to Muslims and devotion are not as negative as stories about other aspects of Islam—and, in some cases, are even positive."[5] The overall percentage in their research was that positive articles about Islam were about 5%, and the remaining 17% being neutral.[6] Both of which are significantly fewer when compared to articles that are negative.

One such article that had a positive message was of a tragic story from *The New York Times* about two young Islamic women, Ms. Hussaini and Ms. Monji. They were voracious readers and lost their lives from Taliban

Discourse

(Thousand Oaks: Sage Publications, 1998), 53.

2. Erik Bleich, Julien Souffrant, Emily Stabler, A Maurits van der Veen, "Analysis | Most News Coverage of Muslims Is Negative. But Not When It's about Devotion," *The Washington Post,* (December 7, 2021): https://www.washingtonpost.com/news/monkey-cage/wp/2018/10/17/most-news-coverage-of-muslims-is-negative-but-not-when-its-about-devotion/.

3. Bleich et al., "Analysis."

4. Jeff Diamant, "The Countries with the 10 Largest Christian Populations and the 10 Largest Muslim Populations," *Pew Research Center* (April 1, 2019): https://www.pewresearch.org/fact-tank/2019/04/01/the-countries-with-the-10-largest-christian-populations-and-the-10-largest-muslim-populations/.

5. Bleich et al., "Analysis."

6. Bleich et al., "Analysis."

suicide bombers in Kabul, Afghanistan. In spite of the tragedy, the families of these women became inspired to start local libraries in their respective communities of Kabul and Daikundi. In the process, the families gave hope for a better education and future to many of the youth.[7] This same article not only covered the grief from their loved ones, but also discussed the implications of women's rights in Afghanistan for when the peace negotiations between the government and the Taliban came to an end. It stated, "many worry that a peace deal could mean that the progress Afghan women have made the last two decades will be lost,"[8] making the death of those two women, along with many others, vain.

Though such stories as this are quite heartening, they are far and few between. This is one, among the scanty 5%, of positive news stories about Muslims. The article also stated that these "gains have also been overshadowed by violent resistance. Education centers are routinely the targets of terrorist attacks and more than 1,000 schools have shut in recent years."[9] Thus, underscoring the terror and violence from Muslim extremists that many American readers have read and seen numerous times attributed to Islam, this adds to the 78% of negative articles as well. It is quite antithetical that an article with a heartwarming story also holds negative views.

Christianity

The largest religion in the world,[10] Christianity has also had its share of coruscating news stories, especially when it has come to scandals with large church organizations. The recent 2020 presidential elections have provided numerous stories involving self-proclaimed Christian prophets, most of whom hold no affiliation to any formal church. An article from *The New York Times* has stated, "The result [of this] is that many congregations are awash in misinformation. Almost half of Protestant pastors frequently hear members of their congregations repeating conspiracy theories about current events."[11] Another article from 1993 speaks of how numerous Christians were urged into certain evangelical political actions by Chrisitan preachers over the media, such as the "Old Time Gospel Hour" television broadcast.[12] Such media-based evangelical preachers prompted

7. Fatima Faizi and Rod Nordland, "They Built Libraries to Honor Loved Ones, Women Felled by Bombings," *The New York Times* (February 21, 2021): https://www.nytimes.com/2021/02/21/world/asia/afghanistan-libraries-women-taliban.html.

8. Faizi and Nordland, "They Built Libraries."

9. Faizi and Nordland, "They Built Libraries."

10. Don Vaughan, "What Is the Most Widely Practiced Religion in the World?" *Encyclopædia Britannica* (Accessed March 3, 2022): https://www.britannica.com/story/what-is-the-most-widely-practiced-religion-in-the-world.

11. Ruth Graham, "Christian Prophets Are on the Rise. What Happens When They're Wrong? *The New York Times* (February 11, 2021): https://www.nytimes.com/2021/02/11/us/christian-prophets-predictions.html.

12. Michael Weisskopf, "Energized by Pulpit or Passion, the Public Is Calling,"

their listeners to take action against the abolishment of the military gay ban and tried to sway the 1980 presidential elections. Weisskopf, in his article for *The Washington Post,* has stated that such adherents of these preachers are "largely poor, uneducated, and easy to command."[13] In contrast, a survey in 2017 found that Christians in the United States "with higher levels of education appear to be just as religious as those with less schooling, on average. In fact, highly educated Christians are *more* likely than less-educated Christians to say they are weekly churchgoers."[14]

These articles represent a greater number of others related to governmental action taken by politically active Christians, who were adjured into such activity by media-based preachers. Such representation of these groups can be scathing, portraying them as ill-educated and prone to believe conspiracy theories. Furthermore, these articles depict the preachers as manipulative of the public to further their personal agendas.

Pope Francis' recent trip to Afghanistan has provided news outlets material to relay and comment on his message of hope after a year of disturbance and disorder in the world. One video from *The New York Times* gave consumers a few minutes of Pope Francis speaking in Mosul, discouraging the horrific terrorist acts by stating, "fraternity is more durable than fratricide, that hope is more powerful than death, that peace is more powerful than war."[15] After Pope Francis' trip, a story reported that before he ventured out of the Vatican "he had wrestled with his decision to visit Iraq in the midst of a pandemic, but ultimately chose to put in God's hands the fate of the Iraqis who gathered in crowded churches, often without masks, to see him." It was also reported that the trip in general had "sent a dangerous and irresponsible message to a world still in the grips of a lethal pandemic fueled by fast-spreading virus variants" due to the lack of safety concerns.[16]

Resulting Harm from Media

The effects from the media's poor treatment of religion can, and does, bring much harm to religious practitioners. Especially as the numerous

The Washington Post (February 1, 1993): https://www.washingtonpost.com/archive/politics/1993/02/01/energized-by-pulpit-or-passion-the-public-is-calling/f747ded3-b7c5-4578-ad3b-2f500dbaeacf/.

13. Weisskopf, "Energized by Pulpit."

14. "In America, Does More Education Equal Less Religion?" *Pew Research Center* (April 26, 2017): https://www.pewforum.org/2017/04/26/in-america-does-more-education-equal-less-religion/.

15. Al Iraqiya Pool, "Video: In Mosul, Pope Francis Says Hope Is 'More Powerful than Death,'" *The New York Times* (March 7, 2021): https://www.nytimes.com/video/world/middleeast/100000007641240/pope-mosul-iraq-prayer.html.

16. Jason Horowitz, "Pope Francis Defends Iraq Trip during Coronavirus Pandemic," *The New York Times* (March 9, 2021): https://www.nytimes.com/2021/03/08/world/europe/pope-francis-iraq-covid.html.

news outlets have each printed countless articles about religion over many years, the articles have accumulated just as the proverbial straw on a camel's back. Hoover, paraphrasing Peter Steinfels from the Catholic magazine *Commonweal,* stated "that the traditionally 'privatized' nature of American religious experience meant that it crossed the boundary into public discussion only rarely and in inadequate ways."[17] Some of the boundaries that have been crossed by journalists are with what they have written, as well as what they have left unwritten, and in the fallacious stereotypes that they have placed on Christians and Muslims.

The first, and often unnoticed, result is due to what is left out of some news stories, leaving a gap left unfilled in readers' minds. This gap can most often be found in the difference of how Western readers think of political/religious extremists. Professor Day, of Religious studies at the University of London, stated that "the story of good Christian/bad Muslim is told both by expression and omission, by naming, or not naming, the religion or ethnicity of terrorists."[18] One example she gave was of Anders Berivik, a mass-murderer and terrorist who self-identified as a Christian, but was not publicly described as such by the media. His actions were described as "political and not religious, which is commonly a generosity not extended to Muslims who murder for political-religious reasons."[19]

Due to media coverage of terrorist acts from Islamic groups, representing such a relatively small group of extremists among a religion of over one billion members, Palmer et al. noted that this has led to "misconceptions and stereotypes [that] are widespread and have contributed to the spirit of 'Islamophobia.'"[20] Such coverage is not limited solely to news media or terrorists, but to all media formats and the religion as a whole. Palmer further stated that

> "The media often perpetuate . . . misinformation and stereotypes [about Muslims]: movies, cartoon strips, and print media typically portray Islamic religion and culture as menacing and alien, thus contributing to a climate of distrust that has characterized Christian-Muslim relations for centuries."[21]

He concluded that while Islam is vast in geographical coverage and membership, "it is also one of the most misunderstood and maligned."[22]

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17. Hoover, *Religion in the News,* 7.

18. Abby Day, "The Conflict between Religion and Media Has Deep Roots," *LSE* (August 22, 2016): https://blogs.lse.ac.uk/religionglobalsociety/2016/08/the-conflict-between-religion-and-media-has-deep-roots/.

19. Day, "The Conflict."

20. Spencer J. Palmer, Roger R. Keller, Dong Sull Choi, and James A. Toronto, *Religions of the World: A Latter-Day Saint View* (Provo: Brigham Young University, 1997), 213.

21. Palmer et al., *Religions of the World,* 213.

22. Palmer et al., *Religions of the World,* 213.

For Christianity, Bradley R.E. Wright, Professor of Sociology at the University of Connecticut, and his team, found a general narrative that can be found through several series of articles over time, which they termed the "Christian-Failure Narrative." It "is structured in three parts: statements of failure, crisis, and then solution."[23] The first and second parts of this narrative, particularly, is when journalists shed quite a negative light upon Christians.

The first part, "statements of failure," is when news stories expose how Christians (particularly those in leadership and respectable positions) are "acting immorally, not evangelizing . . . , or simply not living out their beliefs."[24] The second part of the narrative, "crisis," carries this further by journalists writing about how "the Church [is] losing its influence in the world, not carrying out its mission, diminishing in size, and—especially—losing its young people."[25] Such stories lack the distinction between the humans that are in the organization of the church and in the core beliefs, assuming that they are usually the same and both are failing.

These comparisons are not to claim that the different difficulties faced by Muslims and Christians cause the same level of harm to the respective groups within Western civilization. This is merely to illustrate that news outlets have printed stories that have harmed other religions in a variety of ways.

Reactions to Poor Journalism of Religion

In response to journalism's failure of writing about religion, one can imagine that there has been great commotion from it. It has been found that "readers and viewers both within and outside the religious community have their own views" of the news media's coverage of religious stories, "generally expecting a greater amount of quality of coverage than has traditionally been offered."[26] It has also been discovered that "more and more people both inside and outside the media have begun to talk about the way religion is treated in the nation's newspapers and on its airwaves."[27]

The Muslim community, interestingly, has not been particularly vocal of their mistreatment in the news, but have expressed a fear that comes to many of them whenever a story of a terror-related act apears. One article wrote that

On the morning of June 12, as details emerged from a shooting at

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23. Bradley R. E. Wright, Christina Zozula, and W. Bradford Wilcox, "Bad News about the Good News: The Construction of the Christian-Failure Narrative," *Journal of Religion and Society* 14 (December 2012): 14, https://dspace2.creighton.edu/xmlui/bitstream/handle/10504/64309/2012-16.pdf?sequence=1.

24. Wright, Zozula, and Wilcox, "Bad News About the Good News," 14.

25. Wright, Zozula, and Wilcox, "Bad News About the Good News," 14.

26. Hoover, *Religion in the News,* 139.

27. Hoover, *Religion in the News,* 4.

an Orlando nightclub, Muslim Americans across the country likely reacted with horror, while secretly hoping that the shooter wouldn't turn out to be one of them. Many had gone through the same roller coaster of emotions after the 2013 Boston Marathon bombings and the San Bernardino shootings.[28]

It went on further to say that it has become a recurring pattern in their relationship with the news, as "media outlets will debate whether or not Islam justifies violence."[29]

Christians, however, have been the most outspoken against the media.[30] One study of three best-selling British newspapers "found that between 2000 and 2010, Christians comprised 67 percent of reported claims covered by the media," and that they have "also participated in most (96 percent) of the discrimination claims."[31]

What can be Done to Help?

Amidst all this uproar, there are several things that can be done by the media to help restore the public's trust in their ability to represent religion. These suggestions were made specifically for Chrisitanity and Islam, but they can easily be made useful in reporting about any religious belief. In summing these few recommendations, Hoover noted:

> The religious journalist must ultimately develop an expertise both in decoding and in understanding the often arcane languages of the various meaning systems that present themselves as religious. The journalist must further articulate those languages and claims into a realm of public discourse that requires more general language. Finally, there is some expectation that the media will take a determinative role in that [interfaith] discourse.[32]

As he first put, journalists must develop an understanding of the language of religion, a religious literacy, so that they can then clearly express what they have learned to their readers. In turn, journalists must lower the wall of misunderstanding that may develop either between the religious community and journalist, or the journalist and their reader. This can then, secondly, lead to a greater religious literacy in the general public so that they may then understand and even catch poor journalism of religion when they read it.

The second suggestion is an interfaith dialogue between the reporter and members of the respective religious practitioners for a story. In talking

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28. Muniba Saleem, "Why Bad News for One Muslim American Is Bad News for All Muslims," *The Conversation* (June 24, 2016): https://theconversation.com/why-bad-news-for-one-muslim-american-is-bad-news-for-all-muslims-61358.

29. Saleem, "Why Bad News."

30. Day, "The Conflict."

31. Day, "The Conflict."

32. Hoover, *Religion in the News,* 43.

about how Islam can be viewed in a more positive light, Souffrant stated that "if newspapers in liberal democracies increasingly [have] . . . inter-faith dialogue[s] across religious divides, they may begin to soften readers' prejudices about Islam and Muslims."[33] If journalists were to hold this practice with all religions that they report on, it would help them gain an understanding of the various views of religious believers who are affected or involved with the story.

These are just a few examples, but very essential practices that must be used in the field of religious journalism. If they are to be taken up and used regularly, journalism's reputation and their ability in reporting would increase and improve their relationship with the public readership and religious community.

Conclusion

The results of journalism's misrepresentation of religion have piled up over the years, leading to erroneous stereotyping and stories about the failures of churches which have dissatisfied the general public and exasperated religious believers. It harms the very core beliefs of many people on their understanding of their purpose in life and understanding of the universe. However, by expanding religious literacy and through respectable interfaith discourse, news outlets and journalists will be able to regain the trust of the public, the religions they report on, and help unify the world through understanding.

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33. Bleich et al., "Analysis."

trauma's shadow
Ashtyn Tumblin

It is difficult to find accurate verbal comparisons to our emotions. Art therapy is an underutilized resource to help individuals recognize feelings. It relies heavily on the artistic process, and in my case, often results in abstract sketches focusing on the contrast between light and dark space. *trauma's shadow* is one of many pieces within my series of visual emotional responses. Through my artwork, I hope to create a sense of safety and connection with others who experience strong or difficult emotions. The beauty of abstract art lies within the perception of the product - one piece could be viewed in countless ways.

Sacramento
Street

Allison Sink

I believe the greatest beauties and emotional moments of life surround us daily. It's why I choose to paint what's around me. The power of recognizing the genuine beauty of the world and these people resonates deeply within

me. When I see these moments, I know I need to capture them in paint. My hope is that as viewers observe my paintings, they can catch a glimpse of surreal beauty found within the everyday human experience.

Christine de Pizan's City of Ladies: Naturally Occurring Through Social Media

Amanda Grant

Christine de Pizan Meets the Three Ladies and Lays the Foundation of the City of Ladies, for the Queen's Manuscript, 1410-1414: https://smarthistory.org/christine-de-pizan-city-of-ladies/.

    Humans striving for connection are one of the driving forces of the world. We strive for world peace, and we have created media, technology, and art that brings us across both time and space: centuries and thousands of miles. This is the legacy of gathering. Gathering doesn't have to be a physical space or meeting but can be a collection of ideas, content, and people. In this project, I will focus on the legacy of gathering through the lens of Christine de Pizan, and how social media has facilitated her idea of gathering. In Christine de Pizan's work, "The City of Ladies," she constructs a theoretical city with the help of three women that are visions. Such a city wasn't a possibility in de Pizan's time, but today, through social media, we have created a "City of Ladies," among many other "Cities.

De Pizan wrote the *City Of Ladies* around 1405 when there was very little writing on women, and even less by women. In the book, she was pondering why there were such small amounts of literature from women and why, when they were in literature, they were represented poorly. While studying, three ladies appear to de Pizan. These ladies are Reason, Rectitude, and Justice. They call Christine to make a "city" with them to act as a theoretical and symbolic refuge and gathering place for women. They outline the goals of the city by saying, "she will now be charged with establishing a new written tradition of women by building the City of Ladies, where the debris that needs to be cleared from the building site stands from the writing of antifeminists, where every stone a celebrated women of learned or military achievement, and where the inhabitants are women of impeccable virtue."[1] Through social media, women, as well as other marginalized groups, have a new tradition, just like de Pizan's.

The goals of the city of ladies are also outlined before the vision given to de Pizan: "Christine's mission has been accomplished at the end of the City of Ladies: Women now have a strong and durable refuge against slander. They will be recognized for their true worth, and their history will finally take its place alongside that of men."[2] The "cities" we have created follow the same goals; people are provided with comfort and refuge, and places to gain education and advocate. Fandom and mom blogs alike provide for people's unique needs and create niche communities. We are finally addressing and solving a concern for marginalized groups that have been around for 600 years, and it is all done through social media.

One thing that is different from social media and Christine's "City of Ladies" is how trend driven social media is. This is something that the "City of Ladies" and its four founders were trying to avoid. In the text, Reason said, "this city which you will found with our help, will never be destroyed, nor will it fall: it will forever prosper in spite of all its jealous enemies."[3] This City was meant to be eternal and unvanquishable. Because it was only an internal manifestation and philosophical idea, that was allowed to be the case. Now, instead, we have trends, groups, and ideas come and go in a matter of months. These groups we have created are living and breathing. The women in de Pizan's city would not fall out of favor like our celebrities in groups, the cities realized through social media, often do. "Cancel Culture" will never allow us to have the same effect that Christine's gathering did, because there will be people that the world respects one minute, and loathes the next. Despite this, we are able to maintain

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1. Christine de Pizan, *The Selected Writings of Christine De Pizan: New Translations, Criticism,* ed. Renate Blumenfeld-Kosinski. (New York: W. W. Norton & Inc, 2017), 116.

2. Pizan, *The Selected Writings of Christine De Pizan,* 118.

3. Pizan, *The Selected Writings of Christine De Pizan,* 125.

cities throughout time and over space because our groups are less general than de Pizan's and based on incredibly specific values.

People are able to align themselves with certain groups through multiple ways. On TikTok especially, hashtags are used as a guide to a specific side of TikTok, such as 'BookTok' or 'MomTok.' These 'Toks' can be considered their own cities, as they fulfill the goals of the City of Ladies. Another way people align themselves with certain 'cities' is on Twitter, using the location section of their profile to put their pronouns and what groups they belong to or are involved in. (See Figure 2) Doing this completely erases our concepts of space, and allows people to unify into Cities across the world. In de Pizan's city, the same was accomplished. They collected women that start with Mother Mary and invited people all the way to Christine's time, saying that the city will last eternally.[4]

Just like de Pizan's city of ladies, space and time are not issues on Twitter. The collection of people inside the city ignored where the women were from or even the time period, and social media does the same.

Justice, Rectitude, and Reason are the equivalent of the influencers and starters of our groups and trends on social media today. They set up the values and ideas of their city. The sense of admiration Christine has for the women that visit her mirrors how many of us feel about influencers in our specific groups. Christine says she "Felt great admiration in [her] heart"[5] towards the women she envisioned. We do the same thing with influencers nowadays. For example, the Dream SMP. They are a group of streamers and Youtubers who gathered together and created a roleplay world through Minecraft. Yes, you heard that right. The Dream SMP creators are now considered low key celebrities and are certainly influencers.

4. Pizan, *The Selected Writings of Christine De Pizan,* 150.
5. Pizan, *The Selected Writings of Christine De Pizan,* 123.

Dream Not Found, one of the main influencers, has 28.8 million followers.[6]

The Dream SMP set up what they valued in their city, mainly creativity and growing friendships, but they, and their fandom in general, fulfill the same goals as the city. It comforts people, either by giving content to the followers to enjoy or comforting the creators themselves by doing something they love. It educates people, even if it is just education on cool Minecraft ideas. It also acts as a safe space and advocates for people. The creators of the Dream SMP have run many charity streams, which are part of advocating for people, fulfilling yet another role of the city. This is just one example of what a 'City' on social media looks like.

Each of the women in de Pizan's vision represent a different value of the city. I will be using an example for each woman on how her goals are fulfilled through different social media groups, thus proving that social media is a modern City of Ladies.

The first lady that talks to de Pizan is Reason. As a philosophical term, reason means seeking truth and applying logic; this falls into the educational goal of the City. Educators and professionals have begun to advocate for education through social media. Teachers in Kalia's study on "social media as a tool," claim that they think social media should become an educational resource. (See Figure 3)[7] This is a big part of the 'cities' on social media becoming like Christine de Pizan's cities. Even while building the city, de Pizan was educated, and afterwards it still maintained that goal.
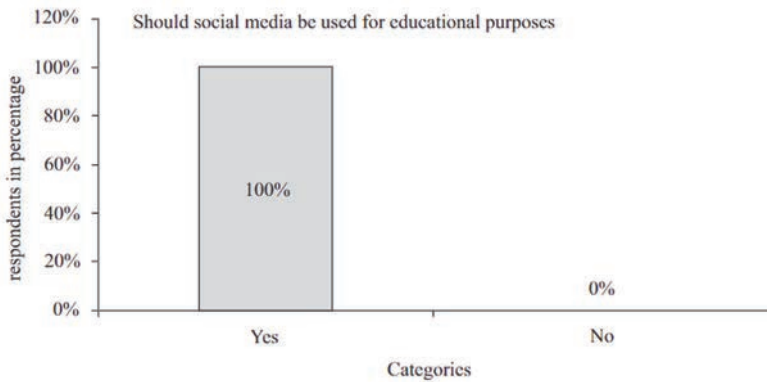
The study from Kalia, who is an experienced researcher in Punjab, continued to say, "All the respondents believe that there should be change in the existing education system and more innovative methods like social

6. DreamWasTaken, *Dream.* (2014) https://www.youtube.com/c/dream.
7. Gitanjali Kalie, "A Research Paper on Social media: An Innovative Educational Tool" *Issues and Ideas in Education* 1, no.1 (2013): 49, https://doi.org/10.15415/iie.2013.11003.

media should be used for educational purposes."[8] The Punjabi people are seeing the opportunities for education through social media. The opportunities for education are already being realized, just not through educators. Doctors claim "Social media is increasingly utilized as a resource in healthcare."[9] in a paper written by eight doctors and researchers. They also say that,"Approximately 75% of online Americans are influenced by information on social media,"[10] and "many use social media as a tool for program marketing, research dissemination, and education and training . . . sharing/exchanging ideas with other professionals, chat discussions, following conference highlights, and healthcare agency alerts were some of the ways respondents in this present study expressed their use of social media for educational purposes. "[11] In a professional setting, the world of social media fulfills the goal of education.

In a community setting, social media also acts as a way to educate. Several doctors run TikToks and Twitters that talk about everything from how to prepare for birth to spotting a heart attack in yourself. Some main TikTokers would be Dr Gaskin and Dr Shannon Clark, who help with a range of things from child labor education to pre-med class suggestions.[12] These people and groups have been able to empower people through knowledge, and this kind of education is exactly the goal of Reason, herself having said "one should never excuse gross ignorance." Personally, I have been able to get educated on several topics, including skin care. I have genuinely been able to clear up my skin thanks to the advice from dermatologists on social media.

Rectitude is the second lady that appears to de Pizan. She says that her responsibility is to "uphold the rights of the poor and innocent." She represents a two-fold phenomenon that occurs on social media. One is comfort through social media and the other is support and representing the rights of those that cannot by themselves.

Rectitude's first duty is protecting the rights of the innocent, which overlaps with Justice, but I will talk about the comfort part of this. Communities have banded together through fundraising and Kickstarters or GoFundMe's, which began thanks to social media. Those that need the money for a fundraiser for school, or on the extreme side, health concerns, begin to post about it in their stories and it gets sensationalized and shared

8. Kalia, "A Research Paper on Social media," 47.

9. Adam G. Pizzuti, Karen H. Patel, Erin K. McCreary, Emily Heil, Christopher M. Bland, Eric Chinaeke, Bryan L. Love, P. Brandon Bookstaver, "Healthcare Practitioners' Views Of Social Media As An Educational Resource," *PLOS ONE* 15, no.2 (2020): 2, https://doi.org/10.1371/journal.pone.0228372.

10 Pizzuti et al., "Healthcare practitioners' views," 2.

11. Pizzuti et al., "Healthcare practitioners' views," 2.

12. "Doctors on TikTok to Follow in 2022" *Board Vitals,* (2021). https://www.boardvitals.com/blog/doctors-on-tiktok/

around quickly by many others. GoFundMe's and Kickstarters use compassion and awareness to help those that are in need.[13] This phenomenon is occurring with Ukraine and the refugees from Eastern Europe right now. Through Kickstarter and other social media fundraising groups, Ukraine is garnering support, and is therefore able to protect its residents and community. They have even had massive donations in cryptocurrency. The support that de Pizan and Rectitude discussed and dreamed of is happening right now. They discuss women having compassion on each other and that is what qualifies them for sainthood in their City of Ladies.[14]

"Dear daughter, do not be afraid, for we have not come to bother or to trouble you but rather to comfort you, having taken pity on your distress"[15] This goal of the City of Ladies is to provide comfort for those in the city and specifically de Pizan. An example of comfort on social media has been TikTok's strong LGBTQIA+ platform. The Washington Post relays a story about a TikTok user named Carly and her Christmas Eve. Carly got outed as a lesbian to her family and she was kicked out of her parents home. She was alone during Christmas Eve, began scrolling through TikTok, and realized that many queer and trans people were experiencing the same thing.[16] This kind of comfort has been offered to not just Carly, but many teens across the world as they discover who they are. Finding people that are alike and being able to join them in groups is the main goal of the City of Ladies. That same motive, to find like minded people, is also the goal of this 'city' on social media.

My mom, sister, and I have been able to find our personal comfort in social media. During quarantine, we would gather on the couch and cuddle while we watched Instagram Reels together. The smiles and laughs helped brighten the otherwise very difficult time that we were experiencing. I found comfort in seeing people go through laughable moments and realizing I was not so alone in the circumstances my family was experiencing.

Justice helps fill the theoretical city with respectable women. She is described as "meting out what everyone deserves."[17] Christine also asks Rectitude to help her understand injustice better, saying, "please make me comprehend better the injustice of their accusers."[18] Social media is able to help us see perspectives from many different viewpoints since we have

13. Jie Ren, Viju Raghupathi, and Wullianallur Raghupathi, "Understanding the Dimensions of Medical Crowdfunding: A Visual Analytics Approach," *Journal of Medical Internet Research* 22, no.7 (2020), https://doi.org/10.2196/18813.

14. Pizan, *The Selected Writings of Christine De Pizan,* 143.

15. Pizan, *The Selected Writings of Christine De Pizan,* 121.

16. Abby Olheiser, "Tiktok Has Become the Soul of the LGBTQ Internet," Internet Culture in *The Washington Post,* (2020). https://www.washingtonpost.com/technology/2020/01/28/tiktok-has-become-soul-lgbtq-internet/.

17. Pizan, *The Selected Writings of Christine De Pizan,* 125.

18. Pizan, *The Selected Writings of Christine De Pizan,* 142.

the opportunities to hear from people across the world, and that allows us to advocate for justice everywhere, and hopefully give those that need it justice, both for good or as a tool for them to realize and learn.

A time when justice and advocacy occurred over social media was the #BLM movement in 2020 and beyond. The main goal of that group, and dare I call it trend, was promoting equality for those who are African-American. It also acted as a platform of education about police brutality against humanity. This movement changed little policy, but a lot of perspectives on racism and treatment of ethnic minorities were affected. This social trend will hopefully change how African Americans are treated in courts and by the judicial system, making a literal call on justice, one of the pillars of the cities.

Another part of Justice and what she represents is advocacy. Justice spends several pages in de Pizan's work advocating for women in math, science and philosophy.[19] Women have a chance to do that today through social media and so called 'mommy blogs.' Mom blogs were some of the first kinds of blogging after we developed the technology. They advocated for women's rights, religious practices without judgment, and educated people on what it was like to be a mother as early as 2010.[20] The immediate banding together of women across space happened because of social media, and, before social media specifically, there was the internet. Because of these blogs, a new wave of feminism in the house developed, and nowadays, even advocating for birth rights and informed decisions on birth control can be connected to those mom blogs. Through these mom blogs people were also able to become informed and educated on religion and what it is truly like to be a mother, both the good and the bad. These blogs are a more literal realization of the City of Ladies, as it has to do with strong women that gather together over shared experiences.

All of these cities have fulfilled what Reason, Rectitude, Justice, and de Pizan herself dreamed of. The social media groups fulfill the goals of education, comfort, advocacy, and justice in their own individual ways. In the future, we may even have virtual reality Cities. Maybe we will be able to put on headsets and literally construct a City, further fulfilling the vision of de Pizan. Just like de Pizan's cities the cities on social media cross time and space using the Internet. Because of social media, we are living a legacy and a dream that a woman dreamed up over 600 years ago. We have continued a legacy in a miraculous and fascinating way that follows the values of refuge, activism, and people of influence

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19. Pizan, *The Selected Writings of Christine De Pizan,* 138.

20. Catherine Jezer-Morton, "Did Mom's Exist Before Social Media?" *Special Volume NYT Parenting in The New York Times,* (Dec 5, 2019), https://www.nytimes.com/2020/04/16/parenting/mommy-influencers.html.

The Glass Between Us

Julia McHenry

I'm trapped. I can't talk to anyone. The glass is there and has always been there. It was there for my first tooth. My first crush. My first day of school. It keeps my secrets. It keeps me safe inside. The walls are thick and unbreakable. I have never been sick or injured because the glass is my protector. It keeps out what would hurt me. I scream and the glass absorbs it. I pound on the glass, trying to break it, but I only bruise my fist. I kick, scratch, punch, yell, but the glass only gets stronger until I sink to the ground in defeat and cry. Nothing gets in, but nothing gets out either.

But I can still see them. The people on the outside. They live their lives, and I live mine. Separate. Removed. The run-on joke. I can see it when their faces bunch up in laughter. I can't hear what they are saying, but I know it is about me. The sideways glances tell me a lot more than they think. They point at me. They turn away from me. Some even bang on the glass to get my attention before acting out how they see me; a sobbing, ugly mess. I am the social outcast that is easy to make fun of.

This happens every day, but today is the worst it's been. I'm on the floor. My hands are over my head and my eyes are closed. I'm trying to block it all out, but I can still see them. My mind won't shut off. It won't block out the faces. The taunts. The laughs. I force my mind to go blank, but it's not enough. I can still feel the glass getting closer and closer. I'm curled up on the floor. Sobbing. My body is heaving. The ground is wet. I know the people are there even though I can't see them. The walls just keep getting thicker and thicker. They press in on me as the space inside my box shrinks. I can't stand up. I can only stay in my ball and wonder what will happen if the glass continues to thicken. If my space continues to shrink. Will I be squashed? Will I simply cease to be?

I glance up for a second and see shoes on the other side of the glass. They are new ones. I've never seen them before. My eyes move up until they reach the face of a boy who's looking at me with a kind of smile. He

looks nice, but looks can be deceiving. I sit up with my knees against my chest and turn my back. I can't handle a person right now. I wait for the taunt that will surely come. But it doesn't. The boy moves to crouch right in front of me. He has a piece of paper in one hand and a pencil in the other. He holds the paper up to the glass and the words written there say, "Hi. My name is Caiden. What's your name?"

My eyes are blinking to make sure I'm not hallucinating. My brain can't make sense of the words on the paper. Why would someone want to know my name? The boy, Caiden, is waiting for my answer. I can see it in his eyes. I slowly reach into my pocket to pull out a sticky note and small pencil. My hand is shaking as I write my name: "Lia." I tuck my head down as I hold it up for Caiden to read. I don't want to see his reaction. I don't want to see the disinterest as soon as he knows my name. I don't want to see him join the masses.

But, my curiosity and hope got the better of me. Maybe he will be different from everyone else. I glance up to see Caiden smiling. A real, genuine smile. He glances away from my face and up at a clock. Everyone is leaving. The bell must have rung. Caiden quickly writes another note before putting it on the ground and walking away. Waving. Smiling. "I'll see you tomorrow," it says.

My heart is singing. My tears have stopped falling. I can't stop thinking about Caiden, and the walls around me lose some of their thickness. He was the first person to approach me. My first real interaction in several years. I can't remember the last time someone acknowledged me without making fun of me. When they looked at me without laughing. His smile almost makes all the taunts go away. Almost. But I can crawl now. My space is just big enough for that.

When the taunts come the next day, I do my best to ignore them. But some get through my defense. More people have joined in the fun. Those who used to ignore me now laugh. And those who laughed before are now worse. I can see the harshness in their eyes. It feels like being burned to be under their gaze. Victim to their laughs. My walls thicken again. It feels tighter than yesterday. I have even less space. I sit, crestfallen and hopeless, with my head on my knees. I can only see the floor outside my box. But shoes appear just inside my line of sight. Caiden's shoes. I smile as I remember his actions yesterday. Some of the laughs disappear from my mind and the walls pull back enough for me to lift my head. Enough for me to have a little wiggle room. I wipe a tear off my cheek and wave hello. Caiden is holding a pad of paper up to the glass.

"I was doing some thinking last night," it reads, "I would like to sit with you every day at lunch. I figured you could use a friend." I smile at his words. I definitely need a friend. I nod to show my agreement. He pulls the pad down and starts writing again. I watch as a large paragraph starts

appearing on the page. My eyes widen as he keeps going. Keeps writing. I wave my hand to get his attention. To get him to stop writing. He looks up from his paper and blushes. I point to the paper and his face reddens even more. He slowly raises it up, and I start to read.

"Also, is there any way to get you out of that box? I can't imagine how you would look with freedom and happiness stamped across your face. I mean, you're already beautiful, but I think you would go way beyond beautiful if you were free. I honestly think you are one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. And I would love to hear your voice. And your laugh. And see true joy on your face. Not ju-"

My grin is massive by the time I finish reading. His words bring me hope. Hope for a better future. Hope that someone likes me. Hope that not everyone will make fun of me. It makes me smile even more until Caiden points to his question. He is expecting an answer, and I don't have one. I just shrug. I can see the disappointment in his eyes now. He really does want me to be free. Caiden writes one more sentence on the paper before ripping it off and walking away with a smile.

"I'll find a way to get you out." I read that simple sentence and my smile returned. The thought of freedom fills my mind. The walls retreat a little more.

I don't see Caiden for a couple of days. The taunts have been coming more often. Harsher. But they don't affect me as much as before. And I don't know why. But I do know I have started to think about Caiden more often. About his words and how they make me feel. About the nice things he wrote. Those thoughts help block the laughs. The thoughts of what they might be saying about me. And my glass continues to retreat a little bit each day.

When I see Caiden again, he is running up to me waving a piece of paper in his hand. I can see the excitement in his step. In his eyes. They are bright and glowing with it. His excitement is contagious. I find my own hopes rising to meet it. What could he have to say that is so important? When he reaches the box, Caiden presses the paper to the glass and bends over, breathing heavily. I anxiously read the words written there, "I found a way."

I look into his eyes and press my hand to the glass, smiling with anticipation of being free. Caiden smiles back and presses his hand in line with mine on the other side of the glass. He shakes his head to show he won't tell me anything else. At least not today. His hand falls away from the glass when he looks at the clock. He walks away when the bell rings, and my smile turns into a dropped jaw. I realized I had just heard the bell after three years. I don't know why. Was it Caiden? Is this part of his plan? What is he doing to my glass?

The jeers from others still come, but my time with Caiden pushes the

walls away more than they push in on me. He sits with me at lunch every day. He eats and we pass notes back and forth. All the ones he shows me include a compliment. A nice word. Something he noticed about me. His words warm my soul. They touch my heart. And the glass begins to let them in. They are not hurtful, so they are allowed to enter. I hold the pages close to my heart when I fall asleep and read them when the laughs and taunts get especially bad. Caiden's words are always encouraging, and I can almost forget everything that the other people have done when Caiden is around, or when I read his words.

We continue this pattern week after week until my seventeenth birthday. I walk into the school with my walls so thin I can hear everyone around me. I never thought hearing another human voice would be so amazing. Three years of silence makes you miss the noise.

I sit in my usual corner at lunch, listening to the sounds of high school. The feet slap across the tile as students run to get to class. The doors slam as people walk in and out of the rooms. The overlapping conversations no longer bother me. No taunts reach my ears. No insults. No jibes. No verbal attacks. I wonder if it is because I no longer pay attention to them or if it is because they no longer exist. Either way, for the first time in my life, I am at peace.

When Caiden comes to see me, I am beaming. He sits next to me and puts his hand on the thin glass between us. I raise mine up and line my fingers with his. I hear the sound of cracking the glass when I put my thumb down. A spider web of thin lines spread from my fingers and out across the entire box. As the small cracks meet each other at a single point right above my hand, the glass shatters. The sound of small glass particles hitting the ground ripples through the now silent hallway. My hand touches Caiden's. No glass in between. Flesh to flesh for the first time. He pulls me close into a tight hug and whispers in my ear, "I knew you would be more beautiful outside that box. All you needed was one person to see you as you really are."

Avery
Allison Sink

Refer to pages 30 & 31 for artist statement.

Color
Lindsey Arrington

This photo came from a dark time in my life. Using a camera to find 'color' in my greyscale life again, I rebuilt myself by exploring the outdoors and finding flowers or scenes that gave me a spark of happiness. The photo is a visual depiction of discovering an unbelievably vibrant flower coming out of otherwise shadowy foliage.

Mirror Poem: Psychoanalysis

Alessia Love

A mermaid seems so meaningless:
I think, *why does this show up in my dream?*
I know I want answers to everything.
When I chewed it in my mouth,
I had to scrape it from my teeth.
I could taste the shrimp-like body
— the dirt-flavored translucent thing —
after I spit it out on the dirt
and on my tongue after I woke up.
Such a weird dream,
eating the mermaid shaped in the fetal position.
I want to know where that came from,
how something so strange could come to my
mind.

***

How something so strange could come to my mind—
I want to know where it came from,
Eating the mermaid shaped in the fetal
position. Such a weird dream.
And on my tongue after I woke up,
After I spit it out on the dirt,
the dirt-flavored translucent thing,
I could taste the shrimp-like body.
I had to scrape it from my teeth.
When I chewed it in my mouth,
I knew I wanted answers to everything.
I thought, *why does this show up in a dream?*
A mermaid seems so meaningless.

Manhattan Beach
Jake Allen

Polaroid and their instant film cameras are fun and entertaining. Many people capture heartfelt moments with loved ones, but few stop to think about the artistic possibilities of this old-age technology. Here, I capture a frame of a pier in Manhattan Beach, California, to demonstrate the wider range of capabilities with instant film.

Across the frame, bright oranges and pinks can be seen, beautifully contrasted, against deep rich blacks and a palette of purples, blues, and grays. As these begin to take shape, the crisp, defined edges of the pier, and the blurred fury of movement in the waves will come to attention. Lastly, a network of lines can be noticed that stretch across great portions of the frame. You'll see them in the waves, in the pier, and in the skyline.

These aspects combine to embody the fundamentals of photography and demonstrate the full capacity of instant film. This polaroid demonstrates it not only as a means of entertainment, but more importantly, as a medium for finely tuned artistic expression. Expression that can be just as moving as the waves, as crisp as the pier, and as elegant as the sky.

Transformational Leadership: A Brief Overview

Spenser A Clark

Transformational leadership is a leadership style focused on helping followers increase their work and leadership capacity by meeting their various personal needs and aligning the objectives of followers, leaders, groups, and organizations.[1] James McGregor Burns, a political scientist, historian, and authority in leadership studies, has been credited with conceptualizing transformational leadership[2] in his book *Leadership,*[3] published in 1978. Although, the term was coined by James V. Downton in 1973.[4] Bernard Bass, a leadership studies scholar, and Ronald Riggio, a professor of leadership and organizational psychology, have been influential in perpetuating the theory, especially with their book *Transformational Leadership.* Bruce J. Avolio, another leadership studies academic, has also been a significant contributor to the field.[5]

In order to assess leadership style, Bruce J. Avolio and Bernard Bass developed the Multifactor Leadership Questionnaire (MLQ).[6] The MLQ has been used as the standard for defining and measuring transformational leadership.[7] The largest portion of the MLQ, which focuses specifically on transformational leadership, is broken down into five scales based on

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1. Bernard M. Bass and Ronald E. Riggio, *Transformational Leadership* (New York: Psychology Press, 2006), 3.

2. Bass and Riggio, *Transformational Leadership,* xi, 3.

3. James McGregor Burns, *Leadership* (New York: Harper & Row, 1978).

4. James V. Downton, *Rebel Leadership: Commitment and Charisma in the Revolutionary Process* (New York: Free Press, 1973).

5. Bass and Riggio, *Transformational Leadership,* xiii.

6. Bruce J. Avolio and Bernard M Bass, "Multifactor Leadership Questionnaire," in *Third Edition Manual,* ed. John W. Fleenor and Eugene P. Sheehan, (Menlo Park: Mind Garden Inc., 1990).

7. Julia E Hoch, William H. Bommer, James H. Dulebohn, and Dongyuan Wu, "Do ethical, authentic, and servant leadership explain variance above and beyond transformational leadership? A meta-analysis" *Journal of Management* 44, no. 2 (Feb 2018): 522, https://doi.org/10.1177/0149206316665461.

the "Four I's" which are explored later. These five scales are: *builds trust, acts with integrity, encourages others, encourages innovative thinking, and coaches and develops people.*

The "Four I's"—idealized influence, inspirational motivation, intellectual stimulation, and individualized consideration—are an essential part of transformational leadership.[8]

Idealized influence, associated with the *builds trust* and *acts with integrity* sections on the MLQ, refers primarily to leaders as a role model for their followers. Bass and Riggio offered this definition

> The leaders are admired, respected, and trusted. Followers identify with the leaders and want to emulate them; leaders are endowed by their followers as having extraordinary capabilities, persistence, and determination. Thus, there are two aspects to idealized influence: the leader's behaviors and the elements that are attributed to the leader by followers and other associates.[9]

Sample questions from the MLQ reflect the principles by which transformational leaders can accomplish this goal: "The leader emphasizes the importance of having a collective sense of mission . . . . The leader reassures others that obstacles will be overcome."[10]

The above definition seems to indicate that followers' perception of leaders' behavior is more important than the actual behavior of leaders. Additionally, there is no explicit moral obligation. So, it is possible that leaders could achieve idealized influence through unethical means, so long as their followers grant them their trust and admiration. However, Bass and Riggio later state that leaders with high idealized influence can be "counted on to do the right thing, demonstrating high standards of ethical and moral conduct."[11] Amending the definition with this, idealized influence is in that leaders are trusted, admired, and emulated by their followers based on their charisma, effectiveness, and outstanding moral behavior.

Inspirational motivation (encourages others) is in that "leaders behave in ways that motivate and inspire those around them by providing meaning and challenge to their followers' work."[12] Leaders must be enthusiastic, optimistic, and articulate a compelling vision for the future. Anticipated outcomes include elevated team spirit and a collective work ethic toward a common goal.

Both idealized influence and inspirational motivation highlight the leader as an exemplar and contain hints of the leader's role as a mentor or key in facilitating positive transformation.

Intellectual stimulation (encourages innovative thinking) is that leaders create

8. Bass and Riggio, *Transformational Leadership,* 5-7.
9. Bass and Riggio, *Transformational Leadership,* 6.
10. Bass and Riggio, *Transformational Leadership,* 6.
11. Bass and Riggio, *Transformational Leadership,* 6.
12. Bass and Riggio, *Transformational Leadership,* 6.

environments that promote innovation and creativity. They do this in part by "questioning assumptions, reframing problems, and approaching old situations in new ways."[13] By this, leaders push their followers beyond obedience to authority or processes, and help them not only come up with innovative solutions to problems, but become more effective in their various roles and as leaders themselves.

Individualized consideration (coaches and develops people) is that leaders focus on each follower's individual needs and act as a mentor or coach. Leaders do not just assign tasks based on what needs to get done, but delegate tasks that will help each follower develop their skills and competency. Individualized consideration is about developing personal relationships between leaders and followers through open communication, empathy, and positive interactions in which the follower feels that their needs and wants are sincerely understood and considered. (These principles are more fully explored in servant leadership.)

The "Four I's" describe the leader as a role model and mentor. Leaders inspire followers to emulate their example, create challenging environments that promote creativity and innovation, and address followers' individual needs to help them fulfill their potential.

Like other positive leadership theories, humanistic psychology and positive psychology seem to be at the roots of transformational leadership.[14] Both hold that there is an inherent goodness to human beings and that all people want to live lives of deep experience and meaning. Positive psychology proposes that happiness, wellbeing, and engagement in all aspects of life lead to human flourishing, or, the "good life." According to the founder of positive psychology, Martin Seligman, the "good life" is "using your signature strengths every day to produce authentic happiness and abundant gratification."[15] On the organizational level, by letting the principles of positive psychology influence organizational behavior, and thereby promote follower wellbeing, followers will be more engaged and productive in their work.

The popularity of transformational leadership has increased over time. A Google Scholar search for "transformational leadership" yielded 44,800 results from 1970 to 2005, and 189,000 results from 2006 to 2021, a significant increase.[16] The concept has, and is, becoming a significant theory

13. Bass and Riggio, *Transformational Leadership,* 7.

14. Bruce J. Avolio and W. L. Gardner, "Authentic Leadership Development: Getting to the Root of Positive Forms of Leadership," *IEEE Engineering Management* Review 45, no. 3 (January 2017): 84-102, https://doi.org/10.1109/EMR.2017.8048450.

15. Martin E. P. Seligman, Authentic Happiness : Using the New Positive Psychology to Realize Your Potential for Lasting Fulfillment (New York: Free Press, 2004) 197, https://ezproxy.uvu.edu/login?url=https://search.ebscohost.com/login.aspx?direct=true&db=nlebk&AN=1964041&site=eds-live.

16. From a Google Scholar search performed on January 28, 2021.

in business studies. Courses in transformational leadership can be taken from the University of California San Diego, the Cox School of Business at Southern Methodist University in Texas, and other sources of online education. *Indeed.com* also includes transformational leadership as part of its Career Development Guide. Additionally, an article by the *Harvard Business Review* listed Jeff Bezos, Steve Jobs, Tim Cook, Reed Hastings, and Satyda Nadella—all CEOs of Fortune 500 companies—as prime examples of transformational leaders.[17]

Transformational and Authentic Leadership

In Burns' initial conceptualization, he states that leaders must be morally uplifting in order to be transforming.[18] Bernard Bass, however, initially conceptualized transformational leaders regardless of virtue and did not include an explicit moral dimension in his definitions and methods of measuring transformational leadership.[19] Later authors, adopting Bass' early views, have argued that because of the lack of an explicit moral dimension to transformational leadership,[20] other models (such as *authentic* and *servant leadership)* are needed to make up for the absence.

A discussion between Burns, Bass, and others related to the moral dimension of transformational leadership, gave way to the ideas of "inauthentic" and "authentic."[21] In this case, authenticity refers to morally good processes and outcomes

> Self-concerned, self-aggrandizing, exploitative, and power oriented, pseudotransformational leaders believe in distorted utilitarian and warped moral principles. This is in contrast to the authentic transformational leaders, who transcend their own self-interests for one of two reasons: utilitarian or moral.[22]

The relationship between this idea and "authentic leadership," as popularized by Bill George, is unclear. While authentic leadership as a leadership theory/model wasn't popularized until much after transformational leadership, the concept of authenticity has its roots in Greek philosophy. It was beginning to be applied in the fields of sociology and education, slowly working its way into business and leadership, before the conceptualization of transformational leadership.[23]

With varying and tautological definitions throughout the literature, it

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17. Scott Anthony and Evan I. Schwartz, "What the Best Transformational Leaders Do," *Harvard Business Review Digital Articles* (May 2017): https://ezproxy.uvu.edu/login?url=https://search.ebscohost.com/login.aspx?direct=true&d-b=buh&AN=123066808&site=eds-livetransformational leadership

18. Bass and Riggio, *Transformational Leadership,* 12.

19. Hoch et al., "Ethical, Authentic, and Servant Leadership," 522.

20. Hoch et al., "Ethical, Authentic, and Servant Leadership," 502.

21. Bass and Riggio, *Transformational Leadership,* 12-6.

22. Bass and Riggio, *Transformational Leadership,* 13-4.

23. Avolio and Gardner, "Authentic Leadership Development."

is hard to say what exactly differentiates authentic and transformational leadership. Avolio and Gardner have suggested that the differences may be that authentic leaders "may not actively set out to transform the follower into a leader, but do so simply by being role model for followers."[24] This suggests that the relationship between authentic leaders and followers is such that followers are naturally influenced by the leader, and become better leaders by an emulation that occurs subconsciously. Whereas transformational leaders have an actual goal to transform their followers into leaders. The difference between these does not seem particularly significant, and the implications are not obvious. Perhaps, the difference is that authentic leaders are influencing for the follower's sake, whereas transformational leaders are influencing for the organization's sake. Similar logic has been used to differentiate servant leadership and transformational leadership: "Transformational leaders' motive to focus on followers' needs seems to be to enable them to better achieve organizational goals (i.e., a means to an end), whereas servant leaders' is on the multidimensional development of followers (i.e., an end in itself)."[25] These conclusions seem weak, considering the dimensions of transformational leadership that explicitly state concern for followers' wellbeing.

Effectiveness and Criticisms

Some of the more recent literature has supported earlier theories, by finding positive correlations between transformational leadership and larger firm performance: perceived organizational support, job satisfaction, life satisfaction,[26] overall team effectiveness, team viability, positive group experience,[27] organizational commitment, and work engagement.[28]

24. Avolio and Gardner, "Authentic Leadership Development," 327. Interestingly, Bruce J. Avolio has researched and written extensively on both transformational and authentic leadership, and his works in both fields have been referenced in the literature of the other.

25. Nathan Eva, Mulyadi Robin, Sen Sendjaya, Dirk van Dierendonck, and Robert C. Liden, "Servant Leadership: A Systematic Review and Call for Future Research," *The Leadership Quarterly* 30, no. 1 (February 2019): 113, https://doi.org/10.1016/j.leaqua.2018.07.004.

26. Innocentius Bernarto, Agus Purwanto, and Masduki Aspari, "Effect of Transformational Leadership, Perceived Organizational Support, Job Satisfaction Toward Life Satisfaction: Evidences From Indonesian Teachers," *International Journal of Advanced Science and Technology* 29, no. 3 (2020): 5495-503, https://www.researchgate.net/publication/339874557_Effect_of_Transformational_Leadership_Perceived_Organizational_Support_Job_Satisfaction_Toward_Life_Satisfaction_Evidence_from_Indonesian_Teachers.

27. Nicola Paolucci, Isabel Dórdio Dimas, Salvatore Zappalà, Paulo Renato Lourenço, and Teresa Rebelo, "Transformational leadership and team effectiveness: The mediating role of affective team commitment," *Journal of Work and Organizational Psychology* 34, no. 3 (2018): 135-44, https://doi.org/10.5093/jwop2018a16.

28. Dirk Van Dierendonck, Daan Stam, Pieter Boersma, Ninotchka de Windt, Jor-

However, these studies are limited in quality and scope. They relied too heavily on subjective performance measures and methods other than the standardized MLQ to measure transformational leadership. Additionally, these studies were conducted in lesser-developed areas with very small sample sizes. The validity of the study is questionable, and the results may not be able to be generalized.

Another study aimed at exploring the relationship between transformational leadership and larger firm performance produced more significant results. Judges with backgrounds in organizational psychology were given profiles on 42 CEOs to rate their transformational leadership style based on available media sources (e.g. interviews, speeches, cover stories, articles focused on the CEOs personality, etc.). These CEOs were randomly chosen from a population of 200 of the largest, publicly-listed U.S. and European firms, then filtered out depending on the available media coverage. The performance of these firms (operationalized in terms of accounting-based measures, i.e.: return on assets, net profit margin, and operating profit margin) was then compared to the transformational leadership rating given to the CEOs. The authors found that inspirational motivation and intellectual stimulation positively correlated with all of the firm performance indicators. Individualized consideration correlated with return on assets, individualized consideration marginally correlated with operating profit margin and net profit margin, and idealized influence did not significantly correlate with any indicator.[29]

The authors suggested that intellectual stimulation and inspirational motivation are effective in that encouraging creativity, innovation, and problem solving drives firm performance the most. This statement can be supported by CEOs who effectively communicate vision and show commitment to achieving goals. They also proposed that a failure to find correlations between idealized influence and firm performance is consistent with past studies that have found mixed results on the relationship between CEO's charisma and firm performance.

The authors noted that "not all transformational leadership dimensions significantly predicted firm performance," and that "these findings support the extant literature's recommendation to study transformational leadership across four separate sub-dimensions rather than as an overall construct."[30] The authors also noted that "when firm performance was

rit Alkema, "Same Difference? Exploring the Differential Mechanisms Linking Servant Leadership and Transformational Leadership to Follower Outcomes," *The Leadership Quarterly* 25, no. 3 (June 2014): 544–62, https://www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/pii/S1048984313001409.

29. Maika Jensen, Kristina Potocnik, and Sara Chaudhry, "A Mixed-Methods Study of CEO Transformational Leadership and Firm Performance," *European Management Journal,* 38, no. 6 (Dec. 2020): https://doi.org/10.1016/j.emj.2020.05.004.

30. Jensen et al., "A Mixed-Methods Study," 841.

operationalized in terms of financial data, the relationships between transformational leadership and performance indicators were significantly smaller compared to relationships between transformational leadership and subjective performance measures."[31]

Searches for additional studies on transformational leadership suggest that there is a considerable lack of correlational and experimental data applicable to business leadership as it is being discussed. As noted previously, studies have used methods other than the MLQ to measure and define transformational leadership, which creates problems of validity and consistency with the more authoritative literature. Others were done in fields and or settings vastly dissimilar and smaller than the larger, corporate America in which transformational leadership is being discussed here.

Overall, the significant volume of literature on transformational leadership has delivered mostly theory and narrow case studies. It would benefit from additional studies specifically focusing on studying its effectiveness and the mechanisms by which transformational leadership influences people and organizations. It may also be useful to do both subjective and financial performance measures on the same companies to see if the correlational differences observed by Jensen et al. are consistent.

Pertaining to the theory of transformational leadership, some researchers have been critical of the lack of an explicit moral dimension, as mentioned before, proposing that an explicit moral dimension should be added to the MLQ.[32] This would satisfy the supposed need for transformational leadership to be augmented by other leadership styles. Additionally, there has been an increase in the criticism of the conceptual redundancy between the positive leadership styles.[33] For example, a study done by Hoch et al. found the correlation coefficient (.75) between transformational and authentic leadership significant.[34] Taking transformational leadership as the foundational model and augmenting it with the different elements of the other positive leadership styles may be the best solution, rather than trying to establish each as their own model, creating more confusion and redundancy in leadership studies.

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31. Jensen et al., "A Mixed-Methods Study," 837.
32. Hoch et al., "Ethical, Authentic, and Servant Leadership," 522.
33. Mats Alvesson and Katja Einola, "Warning for Excessive Positivity: Authentic Leadership and Other Traps in Leadership Studies," *The Leadership Quarterly* 30, no. 4 (August 2019): 384, https://doi.org/10.1016/j.leaqua.2019.04.001. ; George C. Banks, Janaki Gooty, Roxanne L. Ross, Courtney E. Williams, Nicole T. Harrington, "Construct Redundancy in Leader Behaviors: A Review and Agenda for the Future," *The Leadership Quarterly* 29, no. 1 (February 2018): https://doi.org/10.1016/j.leaqua.2017.12.005.
34. Hoch et al., "Ethical, Authentic, and Servant Leadership," 520.

Conclusion

The strengths of transformational leadership are in its focus on moral/ethical leadership, relationships between leaders and followers, and leadership as a process of management, mentoring, and growth. By highlighting correlations between follower wellbeing and greater performance, transformational leadership presents a logical case for more ethical/moral leadership; and, stemming from the theories and principles of positive psychology, transformational leadership has the potential to create healthier and more enjoyable environments for both leaders and followers, which benefits not only the members of an organization but the organization itself.

However, while transformational leadership does well focusing on being a *good* leader (in a moral or ethical sense), it does less so on being an *effective* leader (in the managerial sense). Being a good person and having strong relationships with followers will not solve complex organizational problems, though it may certainly help.

The lack of detailed processes and methods could allow leaders to adapt the principles of transformational leadership to their particular circumstances and utilize their creativity in figuring out ways of achieving them. Perhaps transformational leadership itself exists as an addition to already existing traditional approaches to leadership and management. In this case, transformational leadership is not a comprehensive approach, but takes leadership as it is and transforms it into something more powerful.

Guardsman Pass
Allison Sink

Refer to pages 30 & 31 for artist statement.

Mural Compilation
Jake Allen

What you see before you, is in reality, a photo of an 8' x 8' mural. First commissioned by The Harrington Center for the Arts, this square of acrylic pop-art seeks to expound on the artist's opinions and thoughts surrounding the Past, Present, and Future of the Utah Valley Area.

The progression of the painting is to be read as a whole from left to right, however, each individual third of the painting is designed to stand on its own. It's important to note what catches your eye, including the objects, shapes, colors, and patterns. All of these elements seek to contribute to the fundamental purpose of the work. Together, these elements weave an interpretation of the story of Utah Valley.

Starting in the early days of our territory, we pay homage to the lifestyle of humble farmers upon whose back now rests a great legacy. A legacy that in this piece takes center stage. The present depicts this legacy

where structure and growth abound; reaching and competing with the slopes. They highlight the power and ingenuity of our age. Lastly, we are graced with the potential of the future. One that is dark and green, seemingly still of motion except for that of an electric train. Suggesting a more efficient future. Alone and together these pieces represent our world here in the valley. They represent what has been, what is now, and what will be. As you explore this world, I invite you to question: what are the similarities of each third part? What are the differences? What are the themes? And what will our future be?

Holy Writ

Alessia Love

My copy is crumpled, crinkled
and time-worn.
Weathered papers are printed
with beating, breathing, salvific words.

It became something to me when I chose
to breathe with the words,
however shakily,
to walk the roads they mapped out,
however ungracefully.

These bundles of letters, these marks
are lodged inside my ventricles—
they nestle the fleshy,
reddish and puffy valves, together
pounding, pumping living blood
through this ever-changing vessel.

I open the book and discover
answers to my gnawing questions,
reconciliation for all my inadequate "I'm sorry's,"
my yearned-for redemption.

Not a page is bereft of markings—
penned as I sinned
by my hand and by my tears.
Every tear has a reason,
Embedded in every ripped leaflet, a story.

There's a reason, a story, for every tear, every
tear. God is in these pages and so is my name.

My copy is dirt-splattered and yellow.
The pages I used
to bandage my wounds
are wrinkled.
My copy has been torn and battered,
and I, gradually pieced together.

Sincerely
Rosamae Norton

When my puppy unexpectedly died last May, it appeared as though everything in my life was changing. Graduation was just around the corner, and nothing was going to be the same. The thing that seemed to help me cope with all these upcoming changes was songwriting. The only constant left in my life being God's love for me, who blessed me through these painful changes to find happiness.

The first verse reflects on how I've changed over the years. I used to be super boy-crazy and live in the moment. However, when I wrote this song, I felt nostalgia and began missing the past. It seemed so much better than the present moment.

The second verse then expresses my regret for worrying about the future during the good times as, again, life changed around me. It ends with a hopeful note, though. If I could be happy at one point, then it must be possible to be happy again. Even though I was feeling pain, there was hope for joy.

The chorus and bridge are me talking to God. It depicts how I've prayed, and how I've grown to see His hand in my life. Through my difficult times, I've learned that it is still possible to feel loved and blessed even when the world is continually changing.

To hear her song, scan the QR code at the bottom.

Front-Line Psychiatry of the Royal Army Medical Corps: A Comparison of CSR Treatment in the First and Second World Wars

Baylee Thompson

For the entirety of the First World War, the psychiatric epidemic of "shell-shock" ran through troops of the British Army like wildfire. Completely blindsided by this issue, the Royal Army Medical Corps (RAMC) immediately employed every available effort to understand the nature of this seemingly new condition. This paper will examine literature born from this effort, such as medical journals, books, memorandums, and military reports and put it into dialogue with similar documents written throughout the Second World War. It will be argued that despite extensive research conducted in Britain on the subject of combat stress reactions (CSR) during World War I and attempts to prepare psychiatrists and medical units in the 1920s and 1930s, the treatment of CSR during World War II in the British Army proved to be no more effective than it had been in the previous war.

The terminology surrounding CSR throughout both World Wars was extensive and confusing. Depending on the source, the same or similar symptoms were referred to as "acute emotional shock," "acute war neurosis," "exhaustion," "acute panic state," "hysteria," "psychosis," "nervous disorders," or even the well-known "shell-shock" during World War I and "battle fatigue" or "combat exhaustion" in World War II.[1] Though various nuances can justify these terms depending on time period, location, or

1. "Neuroses In War Time: Memorandum For The Medical Profession," *The British Medical Journal* 2, no. 4119 (December 16, 1939): 1200, http://www.jstor.org/stable/20314931. ; Ben Shephard, *A War of Nerves: Soldiers and Psychiatrists in the Twentieth Century* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2001), 216. ; William Sargant, "Physical Treatment of Acute War Neuroses: Some Clinical Observations," *The British Medical Journal* 2, no. 4271 (November 14, 1942): 575, https://www.jstor.org/stable/20324597. ; War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report of the War Office Committee of Enquiry into "Shell-Shock"*: Presented to Parliament by Command of His Majesty (London: His Majesty's Stationery Office, 1922), 100. https://wellcomecollection.org/works/v33yrqma/items?canvas=5 ; Roy R. Grinker and John P. Spiegel, *Men Under Stress* (York: The Maple Press Company, 1945), 17.

personnel using them, all are "essentially attempts at describing the same clinical entity."[2]

It is a widespread belief that the terms "shell-shock" in World War I and "battle fatigue" in World War II refer to what we now know as post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD). Though studies and reports of affected patients varied throughout both World Wars, a majority of research was conducted within the first four weeks, if not the first few days, of the onset of symptoms, and were often reported as resolved within thirty days. In modern terms, for a case to be diagnosed as PTSD, symptoms must persist for longer than one month.[3] Within the bounds of the first four weeks of consistent symptoms, CSR is more accurate and will be used throughout this paper for the sake of consistency and simplicity.

CSR is a descriptive term underneath the diagnosis of acute stress disorder, with its defining characteristic being that symptoms, either physical or psychological, arise while serving in combat, rendering the patient unable to perform their duties.[4] This exact outcome was the focus and worry of the British Army throughout both World Wars. This, along with its specificity to combat and definition of persisting for less than a month, qualifies CSR, not PTSD, as the proper term concerning the research presented in this paper. It is important to note, however, that "'shell-shock' is a culture-bound syndrome" which is, for social and cultural reasons, unique to CSR and can be used as an appropriate term within the bounds of 1914 to the end of the First World War.[5]

The British were systemically unprepared for the onset of World War I, and the field of military psychiatry was a prime example of this. The British Army had employed next to no medical officers (M.O.s) with experience in mental disorders: "At first, military psychiatry was haphazard, relying on volunteers from civilian practice."[6] With untrained doctors and men arriving with unfamiliar symptoms than they knew what to do with, shell-shock became a major focus within the RAMC extremely quickly.

Though it had already been casually used among military personnel for some time, the term "shell-shock" itself was first published by a captain of the RAMC, C.S. Myers, in 1915.[7] In his report, he described three men

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2. Leanna Isserlin, Gadi Zerach, and Zahava Solomon, "Acute Stress Responses: a Review and Synthesis of ASD, ASR, and CSR," *American Journal of Orthopsychiatry* 78, no. 4 (November 2008): 423. https://doi.org/10.1037/a0014304.

3. Edgar Jones and Simon Wessley, *Shell Shock to PTSD: Military Psychiatry From 1900 to the Gulf War.* (Hove: Psychology Press, 2005), 204.

4. Isserlin, Zerach, and Solomon, "Acute Stress Responses," 424.

5. Jones and Wessley, *Shell Shock to PTSD,* 195.

6. Jones and Wessley, *Shell Shock to PTSD,* 18.

7. Charles S. Myers, "A Contribution to the Study of Shell Shock: Being an Account of Three Cases of Loss of Memory, Vision, Smell, and Taste, Admitted Into

who entered his care with strikingly similar symptoms that would later become staples in a shell-shock diagnosis: loss of vision, amnesia, and affected taste and smell.[8] Other common symptoms included partial paralysis, tremors, and mutism.[9] In congruence with the popular opinion among civil and military persons that this condition was a result of being too close to an exploding shell, there was a near-complete focus on physical symptoms both in Myers's report and in most shell-shock literature during World War I. Two exceptions in Myers's report that became important for research conducted after the War were contained in two simple phrases. His first case was described as "A well-nourished man of nervous temperament" and the second was described as "A healthy-looking man, well-nourished, but obviously in an extremely nervous condition."[10]

At the conclusion of the war, a committee was put together to compile what had been discovered about shell-shock through painful trial and error and present it to the War Office in 1922. One fundamental aspect of this report was a distinction made unknowingly by Myers which the committee more precisely defined: the distinction between emotional and commotional shell-shock.[11] Emotional shell-shock referred to symptoms that arose with no noticeable physical origin; the patient often has never been close to an exploding shell. This form comprised "about eighty percent of all cases" and was believed to be "brought about by a great variety and combination of causes."[12] This was the "nervous temperament" and "nervous condition" referred to by Myers.[13] Those suffering from emotional shell-shock often would not be diagnosed as such, but rather as not-yet diagnosed nervous (NYDN) or a number of other diagnoses. Thus, even though they composed the majority of instances of the condition, many emotional shell-shock cases were not presented in research.

A popular theory concerning emotional shell-shock suggested that some men were predisposed to breakdown due to race, level of education, or socioeconomic status and should not have been allowed to enlist in the military.[14] This was mentioned throughout the 1922 report and was largely blamed for the influx of psychological casualties throughout the War: "It was not a matter of health," one officer said, "but of character."[15] Another major aspect of the 1922 report was the theory of repression which stated,

the Duchess of Westminster's War Hospital, Le Touquet." *The Lancet* 185, no. 4772 (February 13, 1915): 316. https://doi.org/10.1016/s0140-6736(00)52916-x.

8. Myers, "A Contribution to the Study of Shell Shock," 316.

9. Jones and Wessley, *Shell Shock to PTSD,* 19.

10. Myers, "A Contribution to the Study of Shell Shock," 317-9.

11. War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report into "Shell-Shock,"* 94.

12. War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report into "Shell-Shock,"* 94.

13. Myers, "A Contribution to the Study of Shell Shock," 317-319.

14. War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report into "Shell-Shock,"* 96.

15. War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report into "Shell-Shock,"* 148.

"The patient represses unpleasant thoughts and memories and is able to suppress his painful experiences and dissociate them from the general body of consciousness."[16] This theory accounted for the amnesiac symptoms common in shell-shock patients and gave birth to various treatment methods throughout both World Wars.

Commotional shell-shock, on the other hand, referred to the physical effects of being in proximity to an exploding shell. This form was seen as medically legitimate and thus necessitated more attention from M.O.s at the front than its emotional counterpart. Later in the War, only commotional shell-shock was counted as a casualty.[17] Due to the focus on commotional shell-shock in reports and case studies, the belief that shell-shock had exclusively physical origins and symptoms prevailed, both in the public eye and throughout the military: "No human being, however constituted . . . can resist the direct effect of the burstings of high-explosive shells," the 1922 report claimed.[18] It was also believed that "patients with this form had a quicker and more trackable convalescence than the emotional type."[19] With the inexperience of the British Army in psychiatric matters, it makes sense that front-line M.O.s would feel more comfortable and confident with symptoms they viewed as physical rather than mental.

Before discussing how both types of shell-shock were treated by M.O.s in World War I, it is important to define what effective treatment meant within the context of the British Army. In both World Wars, the objective was to return troops to active military service, whether their original or modified assignment, by whatever means necessary. This was how success and effectiveness were measured, and reports of improvement of the soldiers, beyond returning to duty, was not recorded. Anything less than a timely return to service, especially if the soldiers were discharged, was seen as a failure. Though it is certain that many M.O.s wanted to help the soldiers cope in more lasting ways, "In terms of keeping a man fighting, a good night's sleep near the battlefield probably helped more than elaborate psychotherapy."[20] While treatment methods may seem rudimentary, unhelpful, or even cruel from a modern perspective, it is important to remember that due to shell-shock, "the British Army . . . faced a manpower crisis" and, to some extent, these treatments helped alleviate that crisis.[21]

There were two main aspects of CSR treatment during World War I in the RAMC: immediate first aid in NYDN centres and specialized treatment in base hospitals. First aid at the front can best be described by three principles, French in origin, that would define the treatment of CSR for the

16. War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report into "Shell-Shock,"* 96.
17. War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report into "Shell-Shock,"* 115.
18. War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report into "Shell-Shock,"* 93.
19. War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report into "Shell-Shock,"* 107.
20. Shephard, *A War of Nerves,* 226.
21. Jones and Wessley, *Shell Shock to PTSD,* 17.

entirety of the War: "Proximity of treatment to the battlefield, immediacy of response and the expectation of recovery."[22] These three principles became known as PIE. "Proximity of treatment to the battlefield" and "immediacy of response" would encourage the opening of many NYDN centres about 10 miles from the trenches where soldiers received comparatively instantaneous medical attention.[23] The "expectation of recovery" referred to the actual treatment of soldiers. Various methods were used to assure the patient that what they were experiencing was both normal and treatable:[24] "With tact on the part of the M.O. many men, who probably were more scared than shocked, could be encouraged to carry on."[25]

With the application of PIE, it became easier to convince those suffering from CSR that it was temporary and that there was no reason they should not return to the battlefield relatively quickly. PIE was meant to serve as the RAMC's first defence against shell-shock and was seen as largely effective, but it was never intended to be the only defence. More severe cases that did not respond to PIE within 24–48 hours were removed from NYDN centres, sent to a base hospital, and placed in a larger city.

There the soldiers met with traditional psychiatrists and underwent more intense psychotherapy than would be viable on the front-line. There were various methods to treat patients, including electric shock in extreme cases, but most methods were less harsh than one might expect. Hypnosis was one of these. Next to the application of PIE, hypnosis was the most standard treatment for CSR. According to the theory of repression, amnesia and other physical symptoms in shell-shocked soldiers were caused by repressed trauma. It was believed that hypnosis was the way to retrieve those repressed memories.

This provided the soldier with a space to cope, alleviating their physical symptoms and allowing them to return to duty:[26] "Myers claimed that six (26%) shell-shocked soldiers were cured of their functional symptoms and a further six (26%) showed signs of improvement" but that "hypnosis was only a first step towards the permanent restoration of full physical functioning."[27] The second case presented in Myers's report was one of the 26 percent: initially the corporal "remember[ed] nothing" but eventually regained all of his memories by way of hypnosis.[28] Though the corporal was released following his initial treatment, it would not be statistically uncommon for him to have relapsed and left the military. Despite its unknown long-term effects, however, hypnosis was widely used in nearly every aspect

22. Jones and Wessley, *Shell Shock to PTSD,* 17.
23. Jones and Wessley, *Shell Shock to PTSD,* 17.
24. Jones and Wessley, *Shell Shock to PTSD,* 17.
25. War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report into "Shell-Shock,"* 121.
26. War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report into "Shell-Shock,"* 96.
27. Jones and Wessley, *Shell Shock to PTSD,* 20.
28. Myers, "A Contribution to the Study of Shell Shock," 317.

of treating CSR after the patients were removed from NYDN centres.

Along with describing the symptoms and treatment of shell-shock, the 1922 report also provided several requests for the future of military psychiatry. Founded on hard-won research and experience, the aim of these requests was to prevent a psychiatric blindside similar to that of World War I. One suggestion made in the report was that terms such as "shell-shock" and "NYDN" be completely eradicated from the vocabulary of M.O.s and the military at large.[29] It was believed that having a legitimate diagnosis that men could peg their symptoms on actually increased the incidence of symptoms in the British Army. This suggestion would later be affirmed by the "Memorandum for the Medical Profession" published just before the outbreak of World War II, calling the term "shell-shock" a "catchword among the troops . . . welcomed by the man suffering from nervous symptoms, as he did not realize, or could not admit to himself or others, that he might be suffering from the effects of fright or terror."[30]

Another request broached the subject of training M.O.s in the treatment of shell-shock and suggested "that special training in nervous and mental disorders is not necessary nor desirable for those whose duties are with the regiment in the front line," but in the same breath suggested that "fuller knowledge of nervous and mental disorders is necessary for those M.O.s who have to treat the cases of war neuroses in special hospitals."[31] The idea was that basic first aid knowledge would be more than sufficient for the use of PIE principles on the front-line, but more training was necessary for those who would deal with more severe cases and thus have to administer more intense treatments to get the men back to active duty. They also suggested on the whole that more M.O.s should be recruited in peacetime to avoid the shortage faced by the British Army at the beginning of World War I.[32]

Due to the belief that the allowance of men who were predisposed to CSR to enlist in the military was a major catalyst of the shell-shock epidemic, much of the committee's report requested that better screening be immediately applied to the recruitment and training processes.[33] There are no specifics as to how to do this; they simply purported that in order to avoid the catastrophe of the recently concluded war, something had to be done.

These and other suggestions made in the 1922 report were ambitious, though achievable, considering the time and resources available to the British Army. Unfortunately, "It is a sad fact of history that the high hopes

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29. War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report into "Shell-Shock,"* 149.
30. "Neurosis in War Time," 1199.
31. War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report into "Shell-Shock,"* 152.
32. War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report into "Shell-Shock,"* 152.
33. War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report into "Shell-Shock,"* 148.

of wartime are usually destined to be forgotten in peace."[34] Throughout the 1920s and 1930s, vague preparations were made within the British Army without any substantial moves towards the suggestions of the 1922 report. "The Second World War, unlike the First," however, "could be seen coming."[35] This foresight allowed the military an opportunity to prepare in ways that would have been impossible before the First World War, and "the prospect of war with Germany resurrected the spectre of shell shock and the war neuroses."[36] The fear of a repeat of 1914–1918 pushed the British Army to take measures to avoid past mistakes. In these terms, the British believed they had addressed potential problems: a strict policy was put in place in the late 1930s against "shell-shock" as a diagnostic term, "to combat the relative lack of experience in military psychiatry in the . . . armed forces, a group of civilian psychiatrists, including a number who were veterans of World War One . . . were recruited," and they had plans to be more selective in their recruitment process.[37] It would prove, however, that intangible preparations and plans would not be enough.

"In theory, the necessity for such vetting of recruits to the forces had been accepted since 1922 but to implement it in practice posed many organisational and bureaucratic problems . . . . Nothing was done before the war came."[38] This trend continued. In early 1939 it was again proposed that psychological tests be included in the screening process for recruits, but this plan was rejected: "For the first two years of the war no systematic attempt was made to screen recruits to the British Army."[39] Despite the seventeen years allotted after the release of the 1922 report, nothing had been done to avoid the reportedly disastrous issue of allowing men to enlist in the military who were believed to be predisposed to CSR.

As previously mentioned and to the credit of the British Army, there were attempts to recruit more psychiatrists and M.O.s. Training for these military officers was more thorough than was possible prior to the research conducted throughout World War I, and the military at large was slightly more accepting of the role of psychiatry than they had been before the shell-shock epidemic. In addition, the aforementioned "Memorandum for the Medical Profession" was distributed in 1939 to all medical personnel. This memorandum provided a definition of this disorder, its seemingly effective treatments discovered and tested during the First World War, and a rudimentary database of information to build on: all advantages the RAMC did not have during World War I.[40]

34. Shephard, *A War of Nerves,* 161.
35. Shephard, *A War of Nerves,* 165.
36. Jones and Wessley, *Shell Shock to PTSD,* 55.
37. Jones and Wessley, *Shell Shock to PTSD,* 57.
38. Shephard, *A War of Nerves,* 168.
39. Shephard, *A War of Nerves,* 187.
40. "Neurosis in War Time," 1199.

To cement the ban on "shell-shock" as a diagnostic term, the memorandum redefined both emotional and commotional shell-shock. It claimed that emotional shell-shock "occurred either in the form of an anxiety state or as hysteria."[41] In the 1922 report, emotional shell-shock was also referred to as either emotional shock (hysteria) or nervous and mental exhaustion (anxiety state).[42] Commotional shell-shock was redefined as "concussion" in both the 1922 and 1939 documents and suggested treatments remained more physical in nature.[43] The "Memorandum for the Medical Profession" concisely defined the major takeaways of the 1922 report, provided a base knowledge for all medical personnel, and encouraged consistency in treatment of CSR.

Despite the lack of definitive action, it would appear the British Army was, if only slightly, better prepared for the psychological casualties of war, but the issue was complex: "Every war is different. Every time there is a war, different social attitudes to fundamental questions like fear, madness and social obligation will redefine the role of military psychiatry in a different way. Medicine will be different; and symptoms; so, too, will military and institutional circumstances."[44] Just like in the First World War, there were circumstances, symptoms, and medical treatments that could not be foreseen, and thus the field of military psychiatry would be forced to adapt in unforeseen ways.

One fundamental difference in military psychiatry during World War II was best explained by historian Ben Shephard:

> Warfare was this time both more intermittent and much more diverse geographically: every theatre of war had its own military hierarchy, invariably ignoring the psychiatrists until forced to use them. The immense 'shell-shock' literature dealt mainly with chronic cases seen at base hospitals in England, not with soldiers immediately after they had broken down; the basics of 'forward' psychiatry had to be learned from scratch.[45]

All shell-shock research, and thus its suggestions for the future, were entirely dependent on the mechanics of trench warfare, including having access to a concrete front line from which they could set up NYDN centres and provide the "proximity of treatment to the battlefield" and "immediacy of response" required by the principles of PIE.[46] Deprived of this reliable structure, along with advances in medicine, PIE was officially viewed as obsolete in terms of treatment at the beginning of World War

41. War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report into "Shell-Shock,"* 94. ; "Neurosis in War Time," 1199.

42. War Office Committee of Enquiry, *Report into "Shell-Shock,"* 92.

43. "Neurosis in War Time," 1200.

44. Shephard, *A War of Nerves,* xxii.

45. Shephard, *A War of Nerves,* 205.

46. Jones and Wessley, *Shell Shock to PTSD,* 17.

II. As pointed out by Shephard, the RAMC was again beginning from scratch.[47]

The definition of effective treatment remained the same as during World War I: a return to active duty as soon as possible. "There was, too, general agreement that methods of treatment should be much more basic – that in the Great War psychotherapy had often made people worse not better."[48] The British Army was after fast and effective results: "Our aim has been to avoid, if possible, a recovery that is long-drawn-out," claimed William Sargant, a pronounced psychiatrist in the Second World War.[49]

During World War I, the practical focuses of front-line psychiatry were (1) NYDN centres and (2) the application of PIE. World War II, however, brought with it something that was not readily available or socially acceptable throughout the course of the First World War: drugs. From one of the first psychological cases brought in from Dunkirk, barbiturates, a family of drugs now used for anaesthesia and the control of seizures, were liberally administered. Leading up to the War, medical professionals began to study and trust neurologists like Freud and believed in the power of pharmaceuticals astronomically more than their predecessors: "By the time the war came, there was a variety of new drugs and techniques available and a new generation of doctors prepared to use them."[50]

The theory behind the use of drugs echoed the reasoning behind hypnosis during the First World War: in order to treat a hysterical or symptomatic CSR patient, one had to remove them from their physical symptoms. In stark contrast to the subtlety of hypnosis, however, it became standard practice to sedate the patient as an initial treatment: "At the first sign of impending breakdown in a good previous personality," Sargant recommended, "very heavy sedation, immediately applied to produce unconsciousness for some hours, may stop the development of a neurosis requiring treatment in hospital."[51] The goal was to keep the symptoms and the belief that there was something physically wrong with them from "becom[ing] more ingrained" in the patient by forcing their nervous systems to "reset."[52]

For more severe cases removed to base hospitals, other methods such as convulsion therapy, in which electric currents were sent through the body to achieve various results; modified insulin therapy, in which the patient was dosed with large amounts of insulin to maintain a comatose state; and continuous sleep treatment, a more intense form of sedation which

47. Shephard, *A War of Nerves,* 205.
48. Shephard, *A War of Nerves,* 167.
49. Sargant, "Physical Treatment," 574.
50. Shephard, *A War of Nerves,* 208.
51. Sargant, "Physical Treatment," 574.
52. Sargant, "Physical Treatment," 574.

lasted up to 14 days, was suggested.[53] All of these treatments, referred to as "chemical abreaction," were inspired by the theory of repression and were used to allow the patient a space in which they could face their repressed trauma, cope, and rid themselves of physical symptoms.

Though the British Army entered the Second World War with the mind to keep treatment simple, these psychotherapeutic methods became increasingly intensive, resulting in the "long-drawn-out" recoveries meant to be avoided, with no numbers to show that any of it had been more effective than the treatments of World War I.[54] "Overall, the pattern in front-line psychiatry was of a gradual loss of faith in chemical abreaction and a return to simpler methods used in 1917."[55] The principles of PIE and the use of hypnosis was eventually reinstated and enforced. Though these two methods were initially successful in "keeping a man fighting," over 68 percent of those who returned to combat after being treated with PIE principles during World War II relapsed and left active duty within three months.[56] While no related statistics are available for World War I, it can be assumed that results were similar. In the RAMC definition of effective treatment, PIE and hypnosis were ludicrously ineffective.

On the surface, it may have appeared that the RAMC was better equipped to manage psychological casualties entering World War II than they were entering World War I. Despite the edge given to the RAMC through research and the "Memorandum for the Medical Profession," this was not the case. With the exception of the barbiturate frenzy, the treatment of CSR in World War II was essentially a repeat of the learning curve of World War I. In both World Wars, treatment began relatively simply with methods of basic first aid. M.O.s then took detours to experiment with progressively complex psychotherapeutic treatments, with or without the aid of pharmaceuticals. As time passed, the RAMC eventually embraced the principles of PIE and hypnosis: in World War I they were naturally settled upon and were coherently administered throughout the British Army, and in World War II they sporadically resurfaced until they again became primary sources of treatment. In terms of method and effectiveness, the RAMC began and ended the Second World War in the same places they had in the First World War, this time without the excuse that they didn't know better.

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53. Sargant, "Physical Treatment," 574-6.
54. Sargant, "Physical Treatment," 574.
55. Shephard, *A War of Nerves,* 226.
56. Shephard, *A War of Nerves,* 226. ; Jones and Wessley, 76.

The Old Barn
David Blanchard

The following spread is a landscape which I was asked to paint by my grandfather of a barn that was next door to his and my grandmother's home in Mapleton, Utah. I tried to paint this picture in a way that captured what I thought characterized the scene the best. The sky was large and open and I created it with loose textured brush strokes. The mountains were hard and snowy, but receding softly into the background, so I painted them with both brushes and a palette knife with a purple that felt somewhat similar to the blue of the sky. I captured the rough, imperfect boards of the barn with a series of individual lines. And I painted the snow on the ground with a bumpy texture created with a modeling paste and an off-white metallic paint that shimmers just a little bit.

@Dizzy_Drizzled

Saturn Devouring His Son Larry
Sarah Keeley

I have been enamored with recreating great classical art as Veggietale parody. This is based off "Saturn Devouring His Son," by the artist, Goya. It jumped out at me immediately and I finished the piece in the same night. Scan the QR code to see the original by Goya

Weeping Junior
Sarah Keeley

Here is a VeggieTales parody of Picasso's *The Weeping Woman*. I like Picasso, and abstract art in general, for the emotions it can portray. There's something so raw about Picasso's use of shapes and colors that comes off as hollow sorrow. Scan the QR code to see the original art.

Contrast and Exploring the Childlike: A Study in Calvin and Hobbes

Andrew Domyan

The world of a child is complex in its simplicity and simple in its complexity. The things children do often make no sense at all, and yet they are the ones who most regularly point out the absurdity of adult life. To represent such a state of being accurately is very near impossible. No child could be aware of their own worldview without losing it by necessity, and to find an adult who both remembers and understands it is a rarity, to say the least. When such an adult does come along, if they, in addition, possess the ability to portray or express in some way this particular style of comprehension, the fruit of that portrayal is almost guaranteed to hold and unlock truths that are very hard to come by any other way.

This is not to say that these truths cannot be found anywhere else. That is an entirely different discussion that reaches far beyond the purview of this paper. But it is perhaps safe to say that the other locations where these truths may be found—the minds of philosophers and mystics, the writings of the great teachers of the past—are both dense and difficult to dig into and all but inaccessible for large portions of humanity.

In contrast, something based upon the mind of a child is necessarily whimsical and easy to hear, if not to fully comprehend. It may seem childish at first blush to wish to go back to childhood innocence. But the true masters have always known that this could not be less true. C.S. Lewis calls the fear of childishness and the desire to be very grown up the only truly childish things.[1] Shakespeare says the old man is twice a child.[2] Mencius observes that the great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.[3] Even Christ Himself says those who become like the children will be the

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1. C.S. Lewis, "On Three Ways of Writing for Children," in *Of Other Worlds* (Irvine: Harvest Publishing, 1975).

2. William Shakespeare, *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,* Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine, ed. (Washington, D.C.: Folger Shakespeare Library, 1992).

3. Mencius, *Mencius* (London: Milton Keynes and Jiahu Books, 2014).

greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven.[4]

So, given the beauty of exploring the childlike, and faced with the substantial dilemma of properly expressing it, it then becomes all the more crucial to recognize and understand the importance and impact when a true expression is found. Bill Waterson's *Calvin and Hobbes* is one such rare work which so brilliantly uses the child's world as a lens through which to see and articulate the adult's.

Watterson calls Calvin the "bratty kid who wants everything his own way." That comes from deep down inside Watterson himself, who reflects on his adulthood as much as his childhood.[5] And that, right there, is arguably the secret to Watterson's rare ability to mesh so perfectly the adult and the child—he himself is already such a mesh, in the sense that he, the adult, recognizes and has come to peace with the child within, allowing both together to synthesize something so marvelous that a quarter of a century after it ended—more than twice the length of its own existence—there is at least one college student writing a thesis on the beauty of it.

There are many aspects to the strip that contribute to the success it had in expressing itself. The one we are most concerned with here is the idea of contrast. The strip contains within itself a large number of contrasts that, in any other venue, would feel out of place and absurd, but which, in this setting, end up only serving the dynamic explored in the first paragraph.

The first and most obvious of these, which anyone who has ever read the strip is aware of, is the nature of Hobbes. When it is just Calvin and Hobbes together, Hobbes is a fully sentient and active tiger. But whenever anyone else can see, he is Calvin's stuffed tiger being dragged around. This has been interpreted in many ways, from Hobbes being a doll that comes to life around Calvin, to just a silly gimmick from the world of comics. One of the most common interpretations is that it is a testament to the power of Calvin's imagination that he can hold so strongly onto this thing which is outside of reality.

Watterson, himself, steers clear quite strongly of all of these understandings. Rather, to him, his strip is actually displaying two separate realities, each of which makes perfect sense to the participant in it.[6] Which doesn't sound like a particularly noteworthy concept, until the idea is extrapolated beyond the bounds of just the comic strip. For those of us who live in the adult, or if you will, "real" world, saying that the nonsense spouted by children is not of their imagination, but is an actual reality, sounds quite generous to those children.

4. Matt. 8:3-4 RSV

5. Bill Watterson, *The Calvin and Hobbes 10th Anniversary Book* (Kansas City: Andrews and McMeel, 1995), 21.

6. Watterson, *Calvin and Hobbes,* 22.

The idea that a child who acts like a dog really is a dog, even within their reality, does not sit comfortably. But, right or wrong, this sense of dual realities is the reason Watterson is able to so effectively portray childhood in a way that most of us cannot. Because, to a child, the idea that everyone sees the world differently, and that those different ways of seeing could all be correct, is not at all a novel idea. It's how their entire world functions.
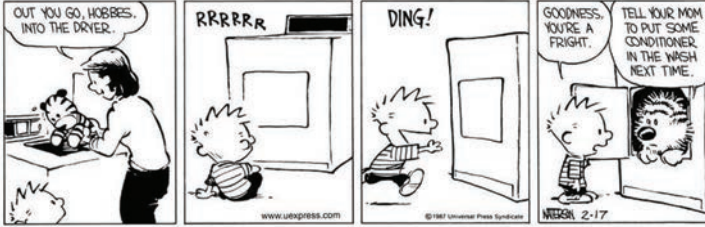
This dynamic is not constrained only to Calvin's relationship with Hobbes. Rather, it is an integral part of the strip that Calvin's reality is quite independent of anyone else's. Rather than taking life and extrapolating from it, Calvin seems to live entirely in his own universe, which is just lucky enough to line up with everyone else's a fair bit of the time. Not only does this contribute to the sense of contrast we are now exploring, but it also supplies an interest and sense of fun to the strip. A span of variety that would otherwise be hard to find in a strip about a kid living in a standard suburban town.
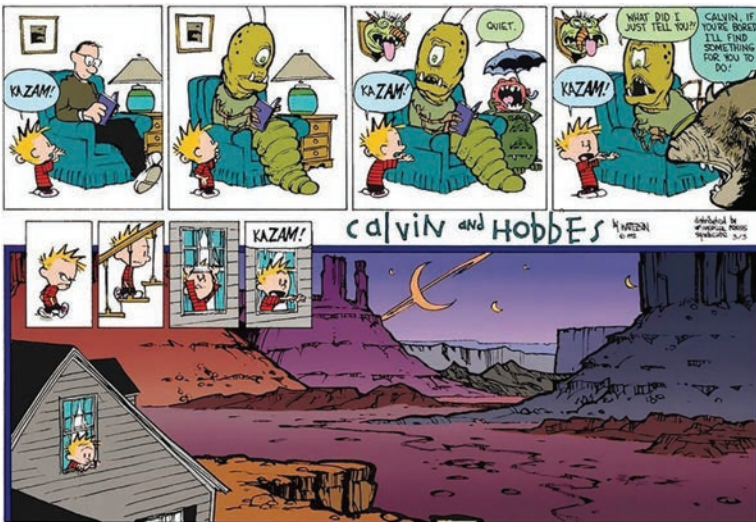
Calvin's worlds are vast and countless, and each one has its own illustration style. From full film-noir to alien *Krazy Kat*-esque landscapes (inspired in large part by southern Utah), Calvin's worlds look just as real, if not more so, than the world which would be classified as the "real"

world. This isn't by accident either. Watterson went far out of his way to make Calvin's worlds as real as possible. As just one example, it is possible to trace the progression of the strip by the way dinosaurs are illustrated, as Watterson learned more about them and slowly turned them from lumbering lizards into agile predators. In addition, he notably stopped doing any strips with dinosaurs in them for about six months after *Jurassic Park* came out, saying, "A few little drawings can't create the visceral response of large-screen computer special effects, and I didn't want Calvin's imagination to look less vivid for the comparison."

A third and final point of notable contrast in the strip lies in Calvin's vocabulary. As mentioned above, Calvin is, in many ways, a sort of childlike expression of adult thoughts. A way for Watterson to view and classify the world through his own inner child. As such, Calvin routinely expresses thoughts that would be impressive coming from even the most abstract of scholars—and does so with words that would likely cause many of those scholars to reach for a dictionary.

At face value, this may seem like it would detract from the childishness of the strip—obviously, no six-year-old child is going to be expounding upon the intricacies of academical high and low art as it relates to the classification of abstraction of expression. That last phrase honestly probably doesn't even mean anything. Yet, Calvin's high mindedness only serves to accentuate that sense of contrast yet again. Everyone, it is probably safe to say, has experienced a child saying something unexpectedly profound, unprompted, and out of the blue. Usually followed by an observation of a bug or an appeal for food. What Watterson does is exaggerate this tendency, so that Calvin is living entirely in his own world, but at the same time expressing truths about our world in a way that can't help but take us off guard.

In essence, one of the most powerful tools we have for understanding life comes in the mind of a child. To dive into this realm unaided is essentially impossible, except for those lucky few, Bill Watterson among them, who truly understand and can reckon with the blurry contrasts which are such an essential part of how children see the world. Through their understanding though, the rest of us have some hope of being able to see the child in ourselves, and becoming that much better at understanding how we relate to the world.

Bathroom Dream Memory
David Blanchard

This painting is based on my memories of a dream I had. Within the dream, I found myself in a bathroom with walls that went up infinitely, which is why the room has no ceiling. On one wall, there was a large safe door, and on the other there was a similarly large window. At the end

of the room is the bathtub with a showerhead high up above it.

    As I think about this picture, one of the things I reflect on the most is the impossibility of perfectly representing my dream. Not only is it more difficult to achieve any exactness based on memory, but my memory fails me as well. Because of this, the painting is nothing near being photographic or purely documentary. Instead, it's a highly interpretive work.

    The tall window rising up from the floor seems very strange for a bathroom setting, especially in front of a safe. With that, the scene can be read as a view into a private setting which might not normally be put up for display. Dreams themselves can be similar in this respect as they're inherently sourced from the private space of our minds which only the individual dreamer has a true, pure access to.

    Perhaps the safe in this context could be read as a symbol of what I hold in my mind about the dream which only I have. I can attempt to show my subjective experience, but that can only go so far. I can show the viewer the safe, but I cannot show what's on the inside.

    I would invite anyone viewing my painting to find their own understanding of what it is or what it means.

Silence and Its Consequences

Isaac Hamilton

I sat in the dismal pub, nursing my drink like my life depended on it. The room was nigh silent; only three other patrons sat in velvet booths far enough away from each other—and me—that you'd think there had been an outbreak of the plague. Well, they probably just felt ashamed to be drinking at nine in the morning.

I checked the picture on my phone again—I didn't want to be following the wrong woman. The email I'd received depicted a smiling, freckled young woman with mahogany hair bathed in sunlight. Besides that picture, the only information I'd received was a few details of where she had last been seen, some instructions on how I might find her, and payment. I don't care much though; I tend to not ask questions I may not want the answers to. I looked up from my phone and saw a sad simulacrum of the depicted woman lamenting in the booth diagonal from me, head in her hands. She looked ten years older than in the picture, though the gloomy lighting of the place could've been the cause. But . . . no. The bags under her eyes, worn clothing, and cracked façade of her demeanor looked like she'd been through hell. And . . . had she dyed her hair? It looked a different shade of brown than in the picture . . . I squinted my eyes. Sure enough, she had blonde highlights.

I considered approaching her here, but I couldn't risk scaring her off. It had taken me longer than usual to find her—typically I could find a missing person in a couple of days, faster if I was given useful information from my client. Finding Sarah Cern had taken me three and a half weeks. I realized I'd been staring at her a few moments too long and she must have felt my gaze on her, as she nervously flicked her eyes at me and the other patrons. I held my drink in both hands and lowered my head, trying to act discreet and preparing myself to wait a while.

An hour later, Sarah Cern got a phone call. Her eyes looked ready to burst into tears when she read the caller ID. She didn't pick up, but she

did yank a bill out of her wallet, slapped it on the table, and made for the door. I waited thirty seconds, then followed, nodding to the barkeep. Sarah had made her way to the bar on foot, so I wasn't too worried about losing her. I exited the dimly lit bar and entered the urban jungle of grey clouds and greyer concrete. Spotting Sarah proved easy, but it was difficult to keep pace with her. She walked briskly, frantically looking around—almost like she was trying to recognize someone before they could recognize her. I followed Sarah from afar, worried I'd spook her and have to spend another month, or more, finding her. She ducked into an alley that looked eerily similar to the murder scene of Bruce Wayne's parents, and I passed as nonchalantly as possible to see where she was headed. Sarah Cern was no-where to be seen. I stopped at the mouth of the alley and, after a moment's deliberation, entered.

There was a large garbage bin to the left of the entryway and a few bags of trash next to it. A couple of puddles on the ground, too, but nothing out of the ordinary. I stepped forward cautiously, hand on the Colt in my jacket pocket. I saw movement down the alley and whipped the revolver out, aiming without a heartbeat's hesitation just like they had beat-en out of me in basic training. But it was just a floating newspaper. That's when Sarah jumped out from behind the garbage bin and stole the gun out of my hands.

"Stop! Wh- who are you? Why are you following me? I swear to God I'll shoot." she rambled, tired, eyes wild, and hands shaking like her voice.

"Hey, hey. Calm down there—my name is Samuel." I spoke in a low, calm voice. "Please calm down and lower the gun. You don't want to shoot me. Take a few deep breaths, Sarah." I slowly raised my hands to the air in surrender. In my head, I calculated the odds of her actually shooting me. "I'm a P.I. and I've been hired to find you—not hurt you or force you to do anything you don't want to do, I promise. Someone who cares about you has been looking for you—you've been missing for over three months." Up close now, I could see Sarah trembling; not out of fear—she wasn't the one at the business end of a pistol—but exhaustion, adrenaline, and possibly caffeine.

"I really d-don't need your help. Please just, just leave me alone and get out of here. If it sees you . . . "

Technically, I could've left—my client had simply hired me to find Sarah, not bring her back to civilization or discover why she was fleeing. But my curiosity was running wild now, and I rarely tried to stop it. "Why aren't you back home with your family?" I guessed that part, the holidays were upon us, and she looked like she could've been a student. "Are you in trouble? I can help. You're not alone, Sarah. You don't have to be alone." From behind her, in the shadows of the alley, I saw a man approach us. I breathed a sigh of relief; he'd probably call the cops and this would get a

lot less complicated.

I could see how tempted she was—the exhaustion and stress from being on the run for a few weeks was surely wearing on her. She looked tired enough to pass out for a week—if she could manage to sleep. But her will won out and her tear-stained face turned to stone. "I can't. I can't I can't I can't. Go away. Leave me alone." Her hands were trembling hard, though the gun was pointed at my heart. That's when I heard it. Or, rather, didn't hear it. The man approaching us stepped in a puddle, but there was no splash. The water splashed up into the air, sure. But there was no sound when his foot hit the water and no sound when the droplets splashed down to earth. The approaching figure hadn't reached for his phone like I hoped he would. No, something dark and sinister hung in the air around him.

"Hey—Sarah . . . ? Do you know this man?" I still held my hands in the air, but I nodded behind her. The man grew closer, and I didn't hear the whipping of his coat in the wind. I saw it billow, and I heard the wind flap my own collar into my neck. I felt goosebumps rise up my back and into my arms and neck, but I didn't hear any noise from that figure.

Sarah turned and brought my Colt around to aim at the man who made no sound. She fired, and I sure as hell heard that. I fell to the ground and still can't be sure if the rest was because the gunfire deafened me or not. Sarah should've hit him—I could tell her aim was true despite her trembling hands. Whether or not the bullet hit, the man did not falter. He reached into his coat, pulled out his own gun, and shot her. I didn't hear anything, didn't feel any soundwaves, but I saw the bullet slam into Sarah's chest. Her body fell to the ground and the man approached us. I reached for my Colt that had fallen to the ground just next to me, not knowing what I hoped to achieve, but the man stomped on my hand. He knelt and faced me, and that's when I realized the strangest and most disturbing thing about him. I could see his face, I vowed to remember it in the moment in order to describe it to the police, but I can't recall it. I couldn't tell you if he was blond, red-headed, or bald. Couldn't tell you if he had freckles, scars, or tattoos. He brought a finger to his lips, and all I remember from there is darkness.

Sarah died. They thought I had shot her, but ballistics redeemed me. I wonder how much longer she could've eluded him. I hope I didn't bring her a swifter death than she would've had without me. Nevertheless, I failed Sarah. I can't fail her again. I've been looking for signs and stories of him, but there's nothing. Nothing about the man who made no sound.

Midnight Petunia
Lindsey Arrington

The purple flower is a midnight petunia, but when photographing it and while looking at it now, it reminds me of how life may take the most unexpected turns. When staring into the flower, it mesmerized me. The inside speckles of glitter on the flower mimicked stars. The only way to get a midnight petunia looking like it is in the photo is to bathe it in light.

Student Alumni

*The following selections are professional work submitted
by students from their varying areas of expertise*

A Woman's Rebellion

Kassie Monsen

Chapter One

24 September 60 AD

Boudicca stood from her heavy oaken chair when Ronan's even and colorless voice reached her. "He's gone, Queen Boudicca," the Druid said. Her feet clicked against the stone floor. She paced across the cold room shaking her head.

She met Ronan's eyes. They were brown, swirling in the darkness of well-known death. "Thank you for your efforts." Her voice broke as she whispered. Her eyes drifted to the curved stones of the floor.

She turned away from him and leaned against the door. Could she take the step inside and have her future decided? Her mother's voice echoed in her mind, "Be strong. Iceni women are strong." Her mother's blue eyes were inches from Boudicca's freckled nose. Those words left her mother's mouth again and again. Boudicca's small eyes looked past her and watched the fading shadow of her father. Her mother's words haunted her memory ever since. Boudicca pushed her hip and shoulder into the door. A metallic and pungent smell filled her nostrils. She placed her hand over her nose as she fell against the wall.

Scrunched-up cloths covered in blood were scattered across the stone floor. Her eyes moved from the cloths to the bed.

Her husband was laid out on the bed. Light from the candles flitted across his wounds. They stood stark against his paling skin. The bruises slid across his arms, black, blue, and purple. Red slices gaped open, cleanly, and she wished she could see them as scars. The slashes ran parallel to each other and red leaked from them. She forced one foot forward, then another until she reached his bedside. His beard had become unkempt, the cost of war. "Oh, Prasutagus." Boudicca ran her fingers through his gray-ing hair. She moved to sit on the edge of the bed. Her hand landed on a

moist cloth. She gasped and clasped it in her fist. Bringing it into view, she dropped it on the ground. It was a bloodied cloth used to clean him. The last bit of his life was in the cloths laying around the room.

Her hand was imprinted with blood, his blood. She looked back at her husband's face. Could he really be gone? She had lost one more family member to the conquering wrath of Rome. Boudicca gripped his hand in hers, her fingers slid over every callous—she knew each one—they felt different now, their warmth gone, faded.

His cold hands left her empty. What was she to do? What was left for the tribe? Would Rome let them rule? Or would Rome conquer them as they did so many other tribes? Would they let the girls have their inheritance? This was her daughters' kingdom. Their birthright! What was going to be their fate?

Boudicca stood and looked around the room. She wanted to cover him before her daughters were brought to her. She found a blanket, patched and worn, piled in a heap, and lifted it onto his body. "What is going to happen to us? You know I don't trust Rome. How could you trust them?" She pulled the blanket tight. "The Romans brought your end, too." A blush brushed her cheeks. How could she be foolish enough to talk to a dead man?

She stepped away from the bed and sat on the floor. The life she knew was over. She wouldn't have the kingdom; her daughters would. She had no claim to the kingdom. She was not Prasutagus's blood, just his wife. She lifted her eyes to the sloping roof. What was she going to do?

Scuttling outside the door made her raise her head. She slid away from the door and got to her feet. She straightened her sleeves. *It has to be Brig and Eislyn.* She had to be strong. Her mother had been strong to the end, so she would too.

The door opened and a Roman centurion, Cyrus Marcus Severillus, strutted inside. His beard was a little more prominent, probably an effect of being married to an Iceni woman. Boudicca's eyes narrowed. He was her oldest daughter's friend's father. *How dare he disturb me. How dare he interrupt my solitude.* She inched closer to the bed. She needed more time with Prasutagus, away from the prying eyes of Rome. She kept her eyes centered on the Roman, she wanted him to know she was not afraid.

"Come, m'lady. Tribune Atticus Flavius Drusillus requests your presence." He gestured toward the door.

"I'm mourning my husband and do not wish to be disturbed," she said. Tribune Drusillus was the one who brought Prasutagus home. How could he now pull her from her duties? "Or is that not the duty of a Roman wife?"

Cyrus shook his head. "Of course, he knows. This is an urgent matter."

"I do not care how urgent it is. I'm mourning." She stepped forward. "And I do not wish to be disturbed any longer, leave now."

Cyrus shook his head. "He won't like this. Not at all."

"Good. I'm not trying to please him." Boudicca shook her head. "Please go."

Cyrus bowed his head and whispered, "So be it." And left.

She exhaled after the door closed. Rome was constantly trying to take everything she held dear. First her mother, then her tribe, and now her husband. She forced breath out of her lungs, then into them. They expanded and retracted, pulling her soul with them.

She kept to the walls and circled the room. Each corner of the room sang in memory. She birthed her daughters in this room. She argued with Prasutagus here. She cried at the death of their son here. She stopped by their vase, a beautiful druid masterpiece. It had a small base, but a large belly. The red meshed with the black Triskele symbol. A reminder of the ever-progressing and moving life she led. Prasutagus gave it to her the day they agreed to marry. She ran her fingers across its edge. He had given it to her to show he did not care that she came from Druidic history. At the time, the Iceni were being watched by the Romans; rebellion had been brewing. They chose Prasutagus to rule in cooperation with them. The Druids scared the Romans, they did not understand them. Prasutagus choosing her as his wife was daring, but he didn't care what Rome thought then.

Her eyes drifted to his body. Together they ruled, had two daughters, and lost a son. She may not have loved him, but she loved the life he gave her. Well, until he left them to the Romans. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Images of blades flashed, and druids fell. "How could you side with Rome? You're Iceni. You were supposed to respect and honor the druids, not kill them." She paused. "They're my people, my family."

Rome had caused pain after pain and heartache after heartache, and he had picked them. She remembered the Roman blade that pierced her mother's breast, the fear of hiding for weeks in the forest, and now the shell of her husband. She slammed her hand against the wall. Wasn't that enough?

The Romans. The Romans were responsible for Prasutagus's death. They had asked him to bring their people to fight in Mona, to stop the Druid uprising. She had begged him not to go. They had convinced him to help bring the end of the Druids. The end of her own people. "How could you?" She yelled at his body. A shiver finally shook her body. A cold breeze drifted through the room.

She moved to stand behind the bed. She couldn't look at him. To look at him, brought reality, pain, and sorrow. Her life, her daughters' lives, were forever altered. She had stood by his side for thirteen years. She had

obeyed his shameful rules of cooperation with Rome. Was it all for nothing? They hadn't protected or helped him when it really mattered.

Footsteps drew her attention, and the door opened. The soft, uneven footsteps of her youngest and the steady footsteps of her oldest entered the room. "Mother?"

Boudicca walked over to them, her two girls, Brig and Eislyn. "Mother? Is that Father?" Eislyn pointed to the covered mound on the bed.

She nodded and guided them towards the bed. "Yes."

Eislyn's tender heart brought Boudicca's breath tight in her throat. Her green eyes traced her father's outline and her freckled forehead creased, then a tear crested her eyelid and a wave crashed down her cheeks.

Boudicca smoothed her curly, tawny hair. "All will be well."

Brig turned to Boudicca and met her eyes. "I want to see him."

Boudicca gulped. Of course she did. "Lift the blanket," she replied.

Brig stepped up and lifted the blanket. Gasping, she threw it back down. Boudicca knew there was nothing she could do to end their horror.

Eislyn tightened her arms around Boudicca's waist. Brigantia stepped back and turned to her mother. "Mother, how could the gods let a good king like Father die?"

"It wasn't the gods, Brig." She breathed out. "The Romans killed Father."

Brig's dark blue eyes turned from her mother. Her gaze settled on the blanket mound. "I hate them," she whispered.

Me too! Boudicca thought to herself. "I know, Brig. I know."

"We need Father!" Brig screamed. "I need Father!" She threw her hands out, hitting Boudicca. "They didn't need him!" She pounded her fists against her mother's side until she sank to the ground. "They didn't need him."

Boudicca pulled Eislyn tight to her body and placed her hand softly on Brig's shoulder. "Girls, we must be strong. We are Iceni women. We are strong." A soft touch on Boudicca's shoulder caused her to turn from her daughters. Another touch brushed against her hand. She closed her eyes and breathed in the scent around her. The metallic smell of blood faded for a moment and daisy filled the gap. "Mother," she breathed. She stood straighter. She could endure as long as she needed; she had her mother.

"Is that smell daisies?" Brig asked.

"Yes, it is."

Eislyn smiled. "I like daisies."

"So did your grandmother." Boudicca extended her hands, "Come girls, can't we be strong like my Mother, for Father?"

Eislyn ignored her hand and sagged against her, but Brig met her eye. "I'll be strong, for Father."

The flames of the candles, nearly stubs, were dying, making their shad-

ows grow. Eislyn pulled away from her mother's body. "Me too, Mother. I'll be strong, too." Her head turned to the mound, "for Father."

Boudicca pulled Eislyn's tear-stuck curls off her cheeks. "Come girls. It has been a long day." She lifted Brig to her feet.

They leaned against her as they made their way through the hall to their room. She left them to the care of the slaves. A headache poked at the front of her forehead. She wandered through the hall. Thoughts of the future scourged her mind. What was she to do? What were the Romans going to do?

Sandals slapped against stone. Romans. Why were they staying in her home? She groaned to herself. She looked for an escape, a nook, a hole, a place to hide. Nothing appeared. She straightened her shoulders and continued forward. If she couldn't escape, she would look the part of a queen.

She turned a corner and the tall, muscular figure of Tribune Drusillus greeted her. His dark, golden hair was short against his head and his jaw was clean-shaven. He reminded her of a young boy; Iceni men grew their beards long. "M'lady, I was hoping to find you. We have an urgent matter to discuss."

"Do we?" She continued past him.

He followed her down the hall. "But m'lady, it's about your husband's will."

She stopped. "He didn't have a will. I would know." What was he talking about? How was he the same man who had been Prasutagus's friend? How could Prasutagus lie to her? She sighed. He'd done it before. She glared at the Tribune.

"Not a written one, at least by him, but as we carried him home, *to you,* he told us what he wished." He stopped in front of Boudicca. His large build blocked her from moving away.

Her fingers patted against her thigh, and she met his big, bright hazel eyes.

He pulled a scroll from his tunic. "He gave half this kingdom to your daughters and the other half to the Emperor, Nero."

He couldn't have. He wouldn't have. He wouldn't do that to her, to their daughters. Fury began to swell in her veins. "He wouldn't have done that. You must be mistaken." She was trying to think. "How do I even know if this is his will?" The Romans regularly lied.

The Tribune frowned and took a step toward her. He bent his neck to look her in the eye. "You think I lie? I have proof!" He flashed the scroll in front of her eyes. "What of my friendship with your husband?"

"That does not make *you* my friend." Boudicca's mind was burning. "By what law is it bound? Iceni or Roman?" She would not obey a will bound in Roman law and the Romans wouldn't obey their law.

"It cannot be bound by Roman law without the consent of the governor, but he's unavailable." He hesitated before he continued. "It cannot be bound by your law without your authority."

"So, we are at a standstill. You know I won't authorize a document allowing Rome to rob my daughters." How could they think she would comply?

"We will take it one way or another." He took a step back and rested his hand on his sword hilt.

She took a step closer, "You think I'm frightened?"

"How many of your kinsfolk have I killed? Don't think you're an exception. I put down the rebellion that installed your husband as king. I will do it again, if I need to."

"I'm not frightened, not of you, and not of Rome." She turned and walked down the hall.

"You can walk away now, Boudicca, but I will be here tomorrow and the next day and the next. I will stay until I am able to accomplish the will of my friend, your husband."

Boudicca didn't turn. She walked faster. *How dare he not call me by my title!* She rested her head and shoulders against the door of the vacant room that was now hers. She opened the door and slammed it shut. "How dare he!"

She fell face first onto the bed. Rome was taking what rightfully belonged to Brig and Eislyn. It wasn't hers to take, but it was hers to defend. She rolled over and closed her eyes. Darkness overwhelmed her vision until she saw the glint of the moon off the sword of the Roman who killed her mother. She saw Prasutagus' body, two large gaping wounds standing against his white skin. "Agh!" She threw a blanket off the bed. She looked to the heavens and cried out, "Why? Why have you given me this?"

She thought of the druid vase and the symbol on it. Life was continuing whether she wanted it to or not. Unknown images spiraled through her mind. Villages on fire. Her daughters defiled, crying in a heap. A vial filled with poison. Were these moments destined to occur? Could she stop any of them?

She couldn't let Rome take everything!

Thoughts collided and fought in her mind as she undid her bodice and slid out of her skirt. Fatigue swelled throughout her body, through every muscle, from her neck to her shoulders to her back, until it reached her toes. She pulled the pillow under her head and closed her eyes, forcing the images from her mind. She wanted blackness. She wanted to see and feel nothing.

Chapter Two

"Brig?" Eislyn's soft voice reached her ears. "Are you still awake?"

Brig rolled over and groaned. "What?"

"I'm scared." Eislyn whispered.

"Scared of what?" Brig sat up and looked through the darkness at her sister.

"What's going to happen now that Father is dead?" Eislyn's voice barely filled the air.

Brig patted her sister's shoulder and muttered, "I don't know. I believe Mother will figure something out, though."

Eislyn's eyes glowed in the darkness. "Are you sure?"

Brig shrugged. "Eisy, I can't be sure about things like that."

She nodded. "I know. I just thought maybe you could be." She sighed. "Brig, I don't want to bury Father." She pulled the blanket to her nose and nestled deep in it. "Once he's buried, it really is over."

Brig burrowed down into the blankets, too. "Eisy, I don't know what's going to happen, but I do know that everything will be ok. We still have Mother."

Eislyn nodded. "I know."

The sisters slid close to each other, and their warmth filled the blankets. "Brig?"

"Yes?"

"Nothing."

Brig rolled her eyes. "Goodnight, Eisy. We need our sleep. Tomorrow will be a big day."

Eislyn whispered. "Goodnight, Brig."

Silence filled their darkness and soon Brig could hear the soft intake and exhale of Eislyn's breath. She forced deep breaths into her lungs. In a matter of three days, their whole lives had been shifted. Brig looked at the wooden ceiling of her room and closed her eyes. Eislyn's breath was even. She whispered, "Take care of our family." She didn't really know who she was talking to, but she hoped someone heard her pleading. She let the sound of Eislyn's soft breathing soothe her into her own sleep.

26 September 60 AD

A knock brought Boudicca's eyes to the tall door that guarded her from the outside world. Her slave, Reilynne, rushed to the door and opened it. Boudicca turned back to her mirror above her washstand. Her bright red hair fell down around her shoulders and stretched down her back. The faint light of dawn fluttered through the open window. Her breathing sped up, shaking her head she tried to keep her breathing even, in through her nose and out her mouth. Everything was changing and there was nothing she could do about it.

Reilynne came over to Boudicca and whispered, "M'lady."

She turned to her, "Yes?"

"Your daughters are waiting for you."

"Thank you." Boudicca muttered.

Reilynne bowed and left the room. Boudicca's eyes traced her figure in the mirror, again. The lines around her eyes and mouth had grown deeper in the last few days. She rubbed her forehead and turned away from the mirror. She walked to the door and, taking a deep breath, pushed it open.

Brig and Eislyn waited in the hallway, shoulders slumped and eyes on the ground. Boudicca touched their shoulders and pushed them forward. "Come on. Ronan is waiting for us."

"Mother? Don't think I can bear to see him." Eislyn's soft voice splintered. She grabbed her mother's hand, squeezing the fingers until the tips began turning purple.

Boudicca bent to eye level. "You do not need to look if you don't want to." Eislyn's grasp loosened, leaving tingling in the tips of Boudicca's fingers.

"Eisy." Brig came to her sister. "We need to see him, to tell him goodbye. We need to be sure Father makes it to the next world."

Eislyn's eyes moved to Brig's. "I don't care. I don't want to see."

Brig touched her sister's arm and smiled. "Eisy, I understand that you're scared. You don't know what to expect. I don't know either, but we must. We must show Father we love him." She pulled Eislyn close to her. "Don't you love Father?"

Eislyn nodded her head, vigorously. "I do love Father." She paused and licked her lips. "I guess you're right." Eislyn took a deep breath and looked at Boudicca. "Mother, I do love him. I want to tell him that, but that's all."

Boudicca smiled. "You don't need to do anything more than that." She looked at Brig. Brig was a mirror image of herself. Her red braids fell down her back, ending at her hips. Brig's cheeks were puffy, but her eyes glowed, anger ignited in her every movement. Boudicca reached out and squeezed her hand.

They stopped in front of the doors to the hall. Boudicca led them through the thick oak door. The hall was dim. The curtains were still drawn on all the windows. In the far corner, a lantern was lit. A hooded figure was stooped over a ghostly, white mound. Eislyn slid closer to her mother and Brig stopped moving.

The hooded figure lifted his head as he heard the doors close. Ronan's eyes met Boudicca's. Ronan bowed and his voice filled the still air. "Good morning, my queen."

Boudicca moved closer to him and in a low voice said, "Thank you for coming, Ronan. I know it's at risk to yourself."

He muttered something Boudicca couldn't quite hear and gestured her forward. She beckoned to her daughters. They walked to where King Prasutagus was lying. The girls stopped a few feet from the table, but Boudicca stood next to it. Ronan lifted the sheet from Prasutagus's face. Eislyn rushed to Boudicca's side and buried her face in the folds of her mother's skirts. Brig stepped forwards carefully and set her shaky hand on her father's face, fingering his beard. "Father," she whispered.

Ronan pulled out his fey, a rod used to measure the body for the resting place. Brig and Eislyn turned away, not wanting to look at the rod and curse themselves. Boudicca watched Ronan with the fey, unafraid of the inevitability of death. The rod went over every part of the body, then Ronan set it down and leaned next to Prasutagus's ear. He began whispering unintelligible words.

Eislyn lifted her face from the skirt and asked, "Mother? What's he doing?"

"He's giving Father's spirit directions to get to the next world." Brig muttered in awe. "I've heard about it, but never seen it."

Eislyn nodded and leaned forward to hear the words Ronan was saying.

When Ronan was done, he slid the fey into his cloak and turned to Boudicca. "M'lady, I would stay but I mustn't."

She nodded and took his hand. "Thank you, my friend."

He nodded and hurried out a side door.

A few moments later, the doors behind them opened. Romans rushed in, sandals slapping the stone as if hoping to catch Boudicca doing something she shouldn't. "Queen Boudicca, I hope you will allow us to pay our respects." Tribune Drusillus approached her.

"Of course." She gestured him forward and looked to the door Ronan had just left through. She sighed. He was gone.

Tribune Drusillus walked over to Prasutagus's body. "Are you going to burn him?" He looked at Boudicca, watching her closely.

"No, we have a burial site picked just outside the hall." She moved away from him. He was goading her. If they burned him, they would be following Druid tradition, which was not acceptable for a Roman allied king.

"Good." He turned away from Boudicca and whispered as he passed, "Be ready for what's coming; you won't like it."

A sad smile formed in the corners of Boudicca's mouth. She knew everything was changing, but she wasn't going to let Tribune Drusillus take everything, at least not without a fight. She hoped she was ready for it. Only a few hours were left until Prasutagus would be laid in the earth. Boudicca sighed, could she hold on any longer?

The sun glinted between the clouds. Rain waited in the air. Boudicca

stood next to the pit waiting for it to swallow her husband. The devoted soldiers of Prasutagus, led by Angus Dewr-bryd, his general, carried him and set him in the earth. Their footsteps were slow and their faces emotionless. Brig and Eislyn stood next to their mother. They stood tall and kept their eyes on the soldiers as they lowered his shroud into the earth.

Tribune Drusillus stood off, keeping distance between him and the Iceni people. Boudicca looked around her and slowly moved from her spot. The Tribune's eyes followed her. She looked at him, but he turned away. He was pretending to care, at least Boudicca thought so. She knew he couldn't really care for Prasutagus. He could only care for the kingdom he was hoping to conquer.

The soldiers lifted shovelful after shovelful of dirt and covered the shroud. Boudicca stepped just behind the men and said, "To our mother earth, we lay our King. His spirit soars to the next world. He'll watch over us, his people, and protect us." She swallowed and looked towards Tribune Drusillus. "He would not want us to mourn. He would not want us to fear our future. He would want us to continue on, as we always have, to carry on the name of the Iceni." The Tribune watched with his lips in a tight line. She turned to those gathered. "Let us do as he would want, let us be Iceni and not Romans. We are the Iceni and that is what my husband would want us to be." The Tribune's eyes narrowed, and his men gripped their hilts. Boudicca stared him down. She wanted him to know she was watching Rome.

She faintly heard him whisper to his men, "Not yet."

As the last shovelful of dirt landed on the shroud, Boudicca turned to the people gathered. Some came forward and offered their condolences and gratitude for such a king. She watched as both Romans and Iceni began to leave. Tribune Drusillus waited for the last of the Iceni to leave her, then he walked over to her. "Tribune," she said and nodded. "Thank you for coming."

He nodded and placed his hand on the small of her back. "Please m'lady, I have a few things to talk over with you." He guided her into a stand of nearby trees and in low tones began, "You need to watch what you say. Rome is always watching. Your people are easy to excite."

"You're referring to my speech." She smiled. "Wasn't it good?"

He yanked her closer to him and narrowed his eyes. "M'lady, it would not be in your best interests, or your people's, to insult Rome."

"Why? Rome insults us." She looked straight into his blue eyes.

His grasp tightened. His knuckles began turning white. "We have the power, not you. Don't make us cause more harm than necessary."

"Too late." She pointed to the fresh mound of earth. "You did this. My husband's death is a result of your power." She ripped her arm from his grasp. "If you'll excuse me, I have a kingdom to preserve."

As she left him, he said, "Do not underestimate Rome, m'lady."

"Do not underestimate me, Tribune," she replied. She walked away, eyes fixed on her daughters. *I'm stronger than you think.*

As she came back to the burial site, she brought her daughters forward to the mound of earth and together they knelt beside it. "Say any last words to Father you'd like." She smoothed their hair. Their heartache was new. They hadn't known death until now. She rubbed their backs and tried to forget her pain.

Brig spoke first. "Father, I miss you. This is worse than any of the times you fought with Rome. We always knew you'd come back, but now you never will." Tears dribbled down her cheeks. "I'll make you proud, father. I promise." She bent forward and buried her fingers in the dirt. With her face inches from the ground, she whispered, "Why, Father? Why did you go?"

Eislyn whispered, "I love you, father. I know you've made it to the next world. I hope you do protect us like Mother said. I'm sorry you never got to meet my new horse." She dug her fingers into the dirt and hunched over. She began to sob. "I love you, Father."

Boudicca's tears came for the first time in days. She was going to miss him. She knew nothing would be the same. Rome had paid him his rites, but now there was nothing protecting them from Rome's fury. He was no longer the buffer between Boudicca and Rome, and the gods knew she needed one. She had never agreed with the Romans. She wiped the tears from her cheeks. She was an Iceni wife. She was strong. She could not allow tears.

Brig sat up and looked at Boudicca. Streaks of mud covered her cheeks where she had tried to wipe away her tears. "Mother, what are we going to do?"

"We are going to be strong and make Father proud." Boudicca swallowed. "Brig, we have a lot of changes coming now." She reached out and brushed her hand against Brig's cheek. "Rome will challenge your right to rule and your inheritance. They want our kingdom." She paused and turned to Eislyn. "You too, Eisy. Rome will not stop until they have everything they want. I don't know what will come, but I know it will bring trouble."

Brig looked at her and nodded. "Well, we'll be ready then, Mother."

Boudicca squeezed Brig's shoulder. "You're right. We will."

Eislyn covered her face with her hands and slid into her mother's side. "Mother, I don't know if I'll be strong enough."

Boudicca pulled her forward. "Eisy, look at me."

She raised her head and slowly pulled her hands away.

"You are tough. But the best part is that you will have Brig and me to help you be brave." Boudicca gripped her hands and looked into her eyes. "We are mighty."

Boudicca stood and Brig followed. She reached out and lifted Eislyn to her feet. "Come on, Eisy. We can do this." She reached over to her little sister and wiped her tears away. "We are brave."

Eislyn took her big sister into a big hug. "Thank you, Brig." Drops of tears landed in Brig's braids.

Boudicca knew her girls were tough and for them, she was going to fight. They deserved their kingdom and inheritance. They split from their embrace and Boudicca dusted them off; all their skirts were covered in dirt. Exhausted, they made their way back to the hall. Boudicca took the girls to her room. It had been a long day and they needed time to themselves. They needed sleep. Brig and Eislyn drifted off to sleep after tossing and turning. The slow rise and fall of their chests brought calm to Boudicca. *For them, I could do anything. I would do anything.* As she watched them sleep, she laid back, and quickly sleep overtook her.

Boudicca's eyes opened. The evening sun drifted through the window. Eislyn and Brig were still asleep next to her. She slid off the bed. If she wanted to get ahead of Rome, she had to know what happened and what it meant. She had to find Angus. He would have answers. She pulled a cloak around her shoulders and hurried through the hall and out a side door. She lifted the hood of her cloak over her head and walked out into town.

As she walked through the scattered round homes and town buildings, eyes watched her, and whispers drifted to her ears. She passed one house, and a group of Romans was placing bets. She gasped and hid. She couldn't let them see her. She didn't know what Tribune Drusillus would do to her. She hurried between two houses, the smell of burning wood filtered to her nose. Panting, she stopped. What was her life coming to? She couldn't even walk around her village without fear.

The markets were mostly empty. The small wooden stalls stood vacant, and passersby walked with their heads down. People stayed in or near their homes. She turned down a street and distinctly heard, "Can she handle Rome? Can she lead us?" She stopped. She couldn't take another step. The dry grasses broke under her shoes, but the crunch was unheard. She had been their queen for thirteen years. She had stood by them and by their king. But they didn't believe in her? Her heart beat loudly in her chest and her breathing grew labored. What was she to do? Slowly, she made her way through the huts, looking for Angus's home.

She stopped in front of a small hut at the edge of the village. Trees billowed in the wind just past their home. A tall, thin woman came out the door. "Deirdre, is Angus at home?" She tried to forget the doubting whispers.

Deirdre looked up. "M'lady, what are you doing out here?" "I need to talk to your husband, immediately."

She nodded and hurried inside. There was a scuffling and muted voices.

Angus burst from their hut. "My queen, how may I be of service?"

"May we walk? There is something I must know." Boudicca began walking from the home.

He hurried to her side. "What is it?"

"I must know, did my husband make a will before he went unconscious?" She watched his face. It would reveal just as much.

He rubbed his hand across his face. "Yes, he did."

Boudicca nodded. *How could he?* "Why didn't you tell me when you brought him home?"

Angus shrugged. "I wasn't sure what to say."

She shook her head. "You didn't think I deserved to know?"

"It's not that. I didn't know what the Romans were planning, and I didn't want to spur you into doing something you'd regret." He turned away from her, rubbing his thick beard.

She needed to know what he knew. If she was going to take on Rome, she had to know what she was up against. There was too much at risk. "Can you at least tell me what happened?"

He nodded, "When the king was injured, we knew we had to get him out and bring him to you. In his last conscious moments, he told Tribune Drusillus and me that he wanted the kingdom to be split. He wanted his daughters to have half of it. He thought if he gave half of it to Rome, then they wouldn't harm you and the girls."

"So, it's all true?" She had been hoping the Romans were lying.

"Yes, he did it to protect you."

"I don't need protecting," she snapped.

Angus shook his head. "Well, the king cared enough to try."

Boudicca rolled her eyes, more at herself than anyone else. "I know he did." She bit her lip. "What are we going to do about it? Rome cannot have the kingdom."

Angus sighed. "M'lady, there's more you need to know."

Her breath caught. "What?"

"Shortly after King Prasutagus expressed this, he lost consciousness. When he did, I heard the Romans. They were explaining how they had no intentions of letting you keep any portion of this kingdom."

"What?" She stopped walking and turned to him. "What do you mean?"

"They will not let you keep the kingdom. I don't know what they plan to do, but you will not have the kingdom." Angus looked her in the eyes. "M'lady, promise me you won't do anything rash. You know your husband's hands were tied up with Rome."

She shook her head. "I can't promise you anything. I made no agreements with Rome." She pressed her fingers against her lips. "If they never intended to let me keep any of the kingdom, why did they tell me about

the will?"

"I can't answer that, m'lady. I'm sorry." Angus shuffled his feet. "I promised your husband to keep you and your daughters safe, please don't do anything to make that more difficult than necessary."

She barely heard him. "Thank you, Angus." She left him staring after her. Rome wasn't going to let them stay and had never intended to. Boudicca hurried back to the hall. She was going to find Tribune Drusillus.
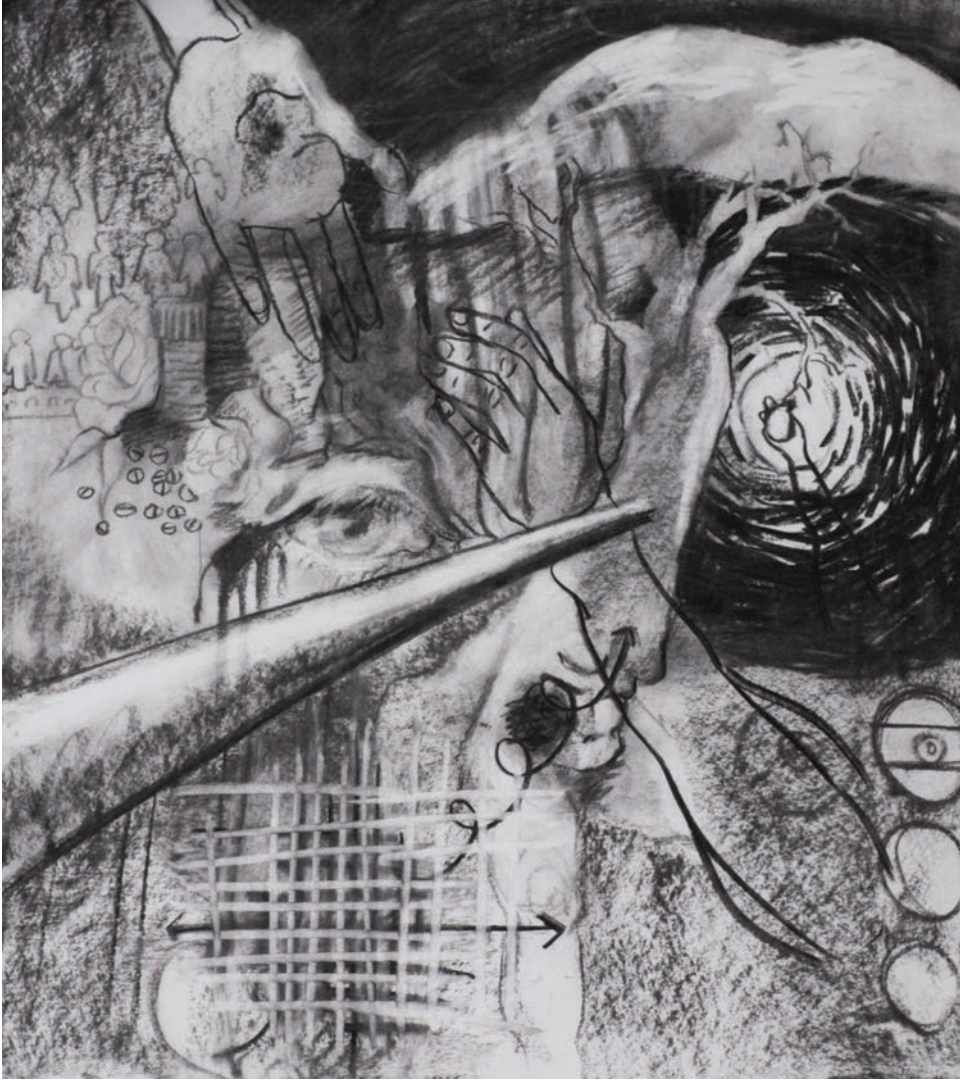
Collapse
Amanda Dryer

This piece is part of a collection of work from my virtual BFA exhibit in 2020, titled "Fall From Eden; Leaving the Faith." Just as Eve left the garden of Eden, I left the blissful security that religion offered me. Collapse, in particular, was a product of spontaneous creation - pure emotion. It reflects the chaos of deconstructing my values and identity. It is the darkness of doubts in my faith collecting.

Scan the QR code to see more of my work from "Fall From Eden, Leaving the Faith," or visit amandadryer.com.

By Their Fruits
Amanda Dryer

This piece is part of a collection of work from my virtual BFA exhibit in 2020, titled "Fall From Eden; Leaving the Faith." It explores how my identity as a woman has shifted as I moved away from the LDS church. This work is centered on the female experience in organized religion. As such, it gravitates towards stories like the creation, temptation, and fall of Eve. *By Their Fruits* is a diptych of a kind of "before and after," in a shift of perspective on the metaphorical "fruits" of the gospel. Contemplating

whether or not the fruit is sacred or, actually, rotten.

    Excerpt from online statement: "Leaving the church was my forbidden fruit, I thought that if I left the church, I would experience a spiritual death far worse than any physical death. Just like Eve, I took a bite of the forbidden fruit. I left my Eden; the peaceful and stagnant life that the church offered me. Perhaps, it was the enticements of the devil that made me believe that I shall not "surely die" (Genesis 3:4). Or perhaps, my eyes were opened to truths that lay beyond the boundaries of religion."

    Scan the QR code to see more of my work from "Fall From Eden, Leaving the Faith," or visit amandadryer.com.

Contributing Authors and Artists
Spring 2022

Jake Allen is an up and coming artist native to Utah Valley. Working out of Lehi, he hopes to address unique problems and ideas in the valley area. As an advocate for the arts, he also finds fulfillment through engaging with the community and by encouraging others to find their creative voice.

Lindsey Arrington: When I was stuck in a world of grey (depression), finding any color, or joy, was difficult. Turning to photography to help me 'see' color again helped me regain the ability to feel happiness, even if only for a moment. Now that I have grown and healed, I have learned to see beauty in the darkness of a night sky. Where there was once only shades of grey with occasional pops of color, I am now able to see beauty in what I once feared.

David Blanchard is an artist earning a Bachelor of Fine Arts in Painting and Drawing and a Minor in Philosophy.

Spenser Clark is a Psychology student with a Minor in National Security Studies. He works for a professor of business at BYU as a research assistant. Currently, he is focusing on studying the various leadership styles and developed leadership models of major companies such as Amazon, Google, and Microsoft. In his free time, he enjoys mountain biking, rock climbing, photography, and writing.

Andrew Domyan likes to think that the phrase "Jack of all trades master of none," applies to him. While the second part is definitely accurate, the first is probably giving him a bit too much credit. Nevertheless, as an Engineering Major who works in theater, reads theology for fun, and is currently trying to learn how to dance, it's safe to say that his interests span many fields. At any given moment, he is most likely doing none of

those things, however, and is instead hanging out with his friends, with whom he wastes far too much time. His number one life tip is that anyone who wants to learn about life should forget all those dusty old philosophers and just read Calvin and Hobbes.

Amanda Dryer is a Utah-based artist who primarily works with painting and drawing media. She completed a Bachelor of Fine Arts (BFA) in Painting and Drawing with a Minor in Art History from Utah Valley University (UVU) in the Fall of 2020. At UVU, she graduated with distinction through the Honors Program and studied art history in Italy. Her 2020 BFA exhibition, *Fall From Eden; Leaving the Faith,* explores her experience with a painful transition leaving the Mormon church. It follows the ways her identity as a woman shifted, and how her perspective on life and God changed. She recently attended The New York Academy of Art's Summer Undergraduate Residency Program in 2021 and continues to develop her work. Her work can be found at www.amandadryer.com.

Amanda Grant is an avid writer and student. In her spare time, she plays the flute, dances, and goes on adventures with friends and family. She has been published with Owl Hollow Press three times, and will be pursuing either teaching or editing and publishing.

Isaac Hamilton grew up in Folsom, CA and has loved books ever since he could read.

Sarah Keeley has a sick, twisted fascination of creating Veggietale parodies of classic art.

Alessia Love is a Senior, studying English with an Emphasis in Creative Writing and a Minor in Theatre Arts. Besides writing, she loves many things, including: yoga, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, and being in the mountains.

Julia McHenry is a a history nerd who also loves to write. If she's not studying, reading, or writing, she will be playing her clarinet or listening to music.

Kassie Monsen is a recent graduate from the UVU Honors Program. She majored in English and Literature with an Emphasis in Creative Writing. She has been published in two other journals, *UVU's Journal of Student Leadership* and *Voice of Eve.* She loves reading, writing, and expanding her knowledge. Her work is centered in Historical Fiction, allowing her to continually learn as she pursues her dreams.

Rosamae Norton is currently working towards a Bachelor's Degree in Commercial Music at UVU as she pursues her goal to become a singer-songwriter. When she isn't practicing her cello or strumming her ukulele, she can be found visiting family or watering her plants.

Allison Sink is an Art Education Major and artist from Salt Lake City. She specializes in oil paintings that capture beautiful and good moments of our human experience and evoke emotional reactions in viewers.

Baylee Thompson is a History and Social Studies Education Major at UVU. Having almost completed her degree, she's excited to teach Secondary Education here in Utah.

Ashtyn Tumblin is a Psychology Major pursuing a Minor in Music. She aspires to practice as an art therapist, and understands the importance art has on processing. Art can be broadened to include countless forms of creativity, and can be helpful in expressing difficult emotions.

Aaron Williams started attending UVU at the beginning of 2021, while simultaneously starting to work at the COVID clinic on campus. He enjoys learning about most academic fields (ranging from Chemistry to Political Science to Literature) and frequently asks questions of others in different fields of study. He is currently in his junior year and is working as the lead for the COVID clinic.

Call for Papers

Each successful edition of *Untold* is made possible by the contributions of the student body. Without submissions, there would be no journal to publish. We appreciate all the work put in by these contributors and hope to see more next semester!

 Untold is a semi-annual, multimedia journal that accepts any kind of work completed in an academic space. This includes songs, paintings, carpentry, lesson plans, etc. If you have a cool project that you're proud of, submit it to the journal. We want to give people a chance to be recognized for their incredible work and will not reject anything because of its medium.

 Follow us on Instagram and Facebook to stay up to date with submission deadlines, links to the submissions, and other news regarding the journal. The QR code at the bottom will link you to our accounts.

Join the Staff

If you're looking for a great experience and a new way to get involved on campus, this is it! There's no required experience to join the staff of *Untold*. Just send an email to honorsprogramjournal@gmail.com expressing your interest to join and one of our editors will reach out to you shortly.

Joining the staff will give you experience in: Content Editing, Proofreading, Source Checking, Graphic Design, InDesign, PhotoShop, The Selection Process, Communications, etc. This is an opportunity to put your skills to the test and learn something beyond what is taught in classes.

Joining the staff looks good on a resume, will count as a Group Project for Honors Colloquium, and there's frequently food involved with our gatherings. You have nothing to lose. Email us if you're interested and follow our Instagram and Facebook accounts to be kept up to date. The QR code on the previous page will help you get there.