

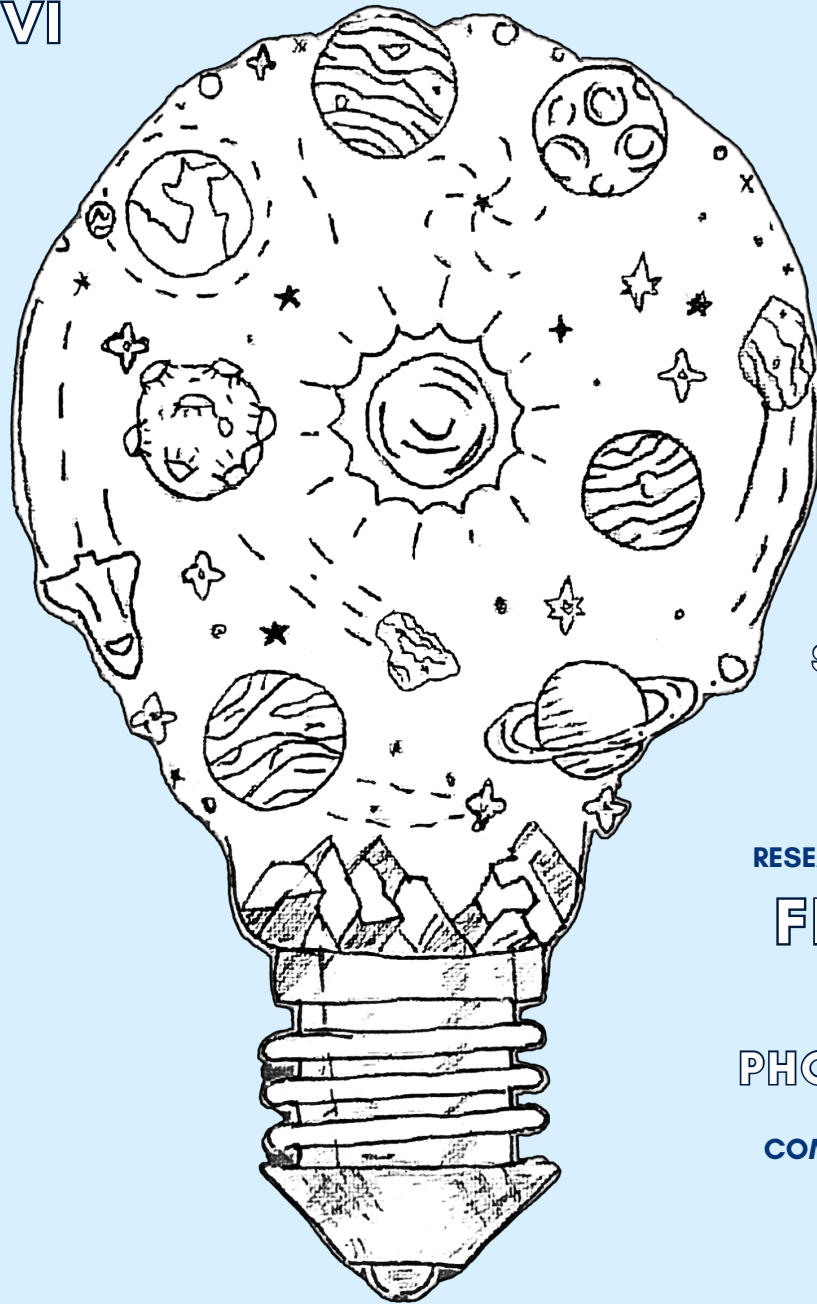
# ASUN LIT PUB

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT LITERARY AND FINE ARTS PUBLICATION

VOLUME VI  
ISSUE I

AY 2024-2025

FEATURED STUDENT ARTIST VICTORIA TREVINO



POETRY

CREATIVE WRITING

SHORT FICTION

NARRATIVE

LITERARY  
ANALYSIS

RESEARCH AND CRITICISM

FINE ARTS

PAINTING  
DRAWING  
ILLUSTRATION

PHOTOGRAPHY

CAMPUS CULTURE  
COMMUNITY OUTREACH

EVENTS

DEDICATION



IN MEMORY OF

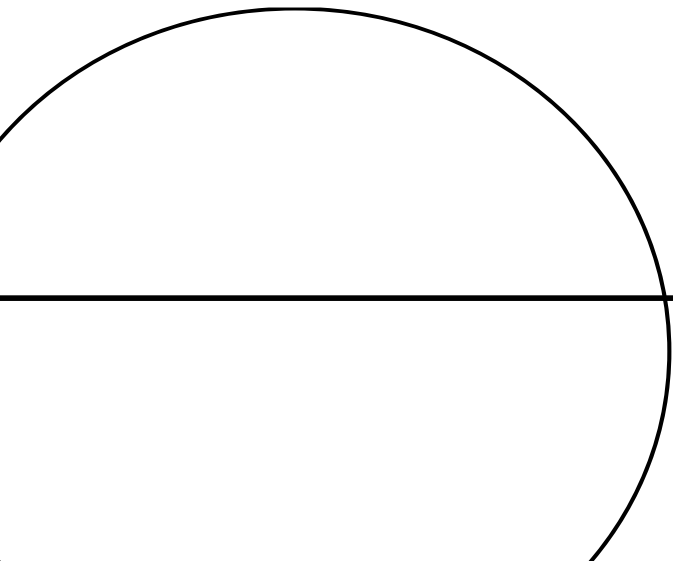
AMANDA MCPHERSON

CONTRIBUTING COMMUNITY PHOTOGRAPHER



# INTRODUCTION

THE LITERARY AND FINE ARTS PUBLICATION OF ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT INCLUDES WORKS OF POETRY, SHORT FICTION, NARRATIVE, LITERARY ANALYSIS, RESEARCH, AND CRITICISM, AS WELL AS PHOTOGRAPHY, VISUAL ARTS, AND CULTURAL EVENTS THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITIES OF NEWPORT, JONESBORO, AND MARKED TREE. THIS ISSUE FEATURES ACADEMIC AND CREATIVE SUBMISSIONS CURATED DURING THE 2024-2025 ACADEMIC YEAR AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT. ASUN LIT PUB SHOWCASES THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF OUTSTANDING STUDENTS ALONGSIDE THE INSPIRING WORK OF FACULTY, STAFF, FRIENDS, FAMILY, AND OTHER TALENTED WRITERS AND ARTISTS IN THE COMMUNITIES OUR CAMPUSES SERVE.



ASUN LIT PUB VOL. VI NO.1



ALEXXIA TODDY  
FEATURED STUDENT ARTIST OF ASU-NEWPORT

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# ASUN LIT PUB



## **EXECUTIVE EDITOR**

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# STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Victoria Trevino is a sophomore at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Applied Science in the Traditional Registered Nursing program. Trevino is a featured student artist whose artwork is displayed on the front and back covers and featured in the fine arts section of this issue. In addition to her featured artwork and original photography, Trevino's research paper titled "Isolation and Reflection: An Analysis of Landscape and Emotion in Robert Frost's 'Desert Places'" is included in the literary analysis, research, and criticism section.



Adrianna Shoebottom is a freshman at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. Shoebottom plays utility positions for the ASUN Aviators Softball team and was part of ASU-Newport's creative writing class in the spring of 2025. Her poems titled "Wired for Wonder" and "The Spaces" are included in this issue.



Nehemiah Reedus is a sophomore at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Applied Science in Criminal Justice. Reedus plays the guard position and serves as captain of the ASUN Aviators Basketball team, and his artwork is included in this issue.



Bre Buford is a sophomore at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. She is a member of the ASU-Newport Honors College, and selected works from her Honors Creative Writing project titled "Dreamscapes in Poetry and Short Fiction" are included in this issue.

# STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Justin Gill is a sophomore at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. He plays the forward position for the ASUN Aviators Basketball team, and after graduation, he has committed to continuing his education and basketball career at Mission University. He was part of ASU-Newport's creative writing class in the spring of 2025, and his poem titled "The Forest" is included in this issue.



Aleksandra Wojnicka is a freshman at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. Her academic essay, "A Study of the Work of Anna Bilinska-Bohdanowicz in Context," is included in the analysis, research, and criticism section.



Macee McGill is a sophomore at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. After graduation, she plans to continue her education at the University of Central Arkansas. McGill plays second base and outfield positions for the ASUN Aviators Softball team and was part of the ASU-Newport creative writing class in the spring of 2025. Her short story, "Secrets of the Old Clock Tower," and poems titled "Woven Together" and "Our Silent Prize" are included in this issue.



Brandi Boatman is a sophomore at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Applied Science in the Traditional Registered Nursing program. She is a member of the ASU-Newport Honors College, and her honors project, "Exploring Medieval Christianity through Symbolism in Dante's *Inferno*," as well as her original photography, are included in this issue.

# STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Alexxia Toddy is a student in Arkansas State University-Newport's Concurrent Education program at Tuckerman High School who plans to earn a Certificate in Culinary Arts and an Associate of Applied Science in Business Management from ASU-Newport. She is one of the featured student artists whose work is included throughout this issue. To learn more about her work and business, see the student artist feature in the fine arts section.



Bentley Armstrong is a freshman at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. Armstrong plays utility positions for the ASUN Aviators Softball team and was part of ASU-Newport's creative writing class in the spring of 2025. Armstrong's poem titled "Alone and Free" is included in poetry section of this issue.



Lyrick Stapleton is a sophomore at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. She plays pitcher and outfield positions for the ASUN Aviators Softball team and was part of ASU-Newport's creative writing class in the spring of 2025. Her poems titled "Echoes" and "The Wanderers" are included in this issue.



Asher Rudick is a freshman at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. He aspires to have a career in graphic design and was part of the ASU-Newport creative writing class in the spring of 2025. His original artwork and poem titled "That Shining Shore" are included in this issue.

# STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Faith Moore is a sophomore at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. She was part of ASU-Newport's creative writing class in the fall of 2024, and her poem titled "Do you see the beauty?" is included in the poetry section of this issue.



Jack Pry is a freshman at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. He was part of ASU-Newport's creative writing class in the spring of 2025, and his poem titled "Sleeping In" is included in this issue.



Gwendolyn Conley is a sophomore at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. Conley aspires to have a career as a children's neuropsychologist. She was part of ASU-Newport's creative writing class in the fall of 2024, and her poem titled "Alive" is included in the poetry section of this issue.



Cydney Taylor is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. She was part of ASU Newport's drawing class in the fall of 2024, and her artwork is included in the poetry and fine arts sections of this issue.

# STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Masen Woodall was a student of Arkansas State University-Newport's Honors College and played the center position for the ASUN Aviators Basketball team in the 2023 and 2024 seasons. His honors literary analysis and research project, "A Critical Analysis and Review of Franz Kafka's *The Metamorphosis*," is featured in the Honors College Spotlight of this issue.



Samara Mason is a freshman at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. Her original artwork is included in the this issue.



Summer Shelley is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport. She earned a Certificate of Proficiency in General Education Studies and plans to continue her education in ASU-Newport's Radiologic Technology program. Shelley was part of ASU-Newport's creative writing class in the spring of 2025, and her poem titled "In Fading Light" is included in this issue.



Eden Riley is a freshman at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Science in Business. Riley's original painting and drawing are included in the poetry and fine arts sections of this issue.

# STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Liberty Loy is a student of the Honors College at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies.

Her Honors Western World Literature project, "The Evolution of Feminist Literature and Its Social Impact from the Seventeenth to Twentieth Century" is included in this issue's Honors College Spotlight.



Terrance Tramble is a freshman at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education, and aspires to have a career in Information Technology Systems. He was part of ASU-Newport's creative writing class in the spring of 2025, and his poem titled "The Peace That Surrounds" is included in this issue.



John Garner is a sophomore at Arkansas State University-Newport. He is pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies and aspires to have a career in aviation. Garner was part of the ASU-Newport creative writing class in the spring of 2025, and his poems titled "The Search" and "Through the Pines" are included in this issue.



Caleb Coffman is a freshman at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Science in Education. His poem titled "Davy Jones's Locker" is included in the poetry section of this issue.

# STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



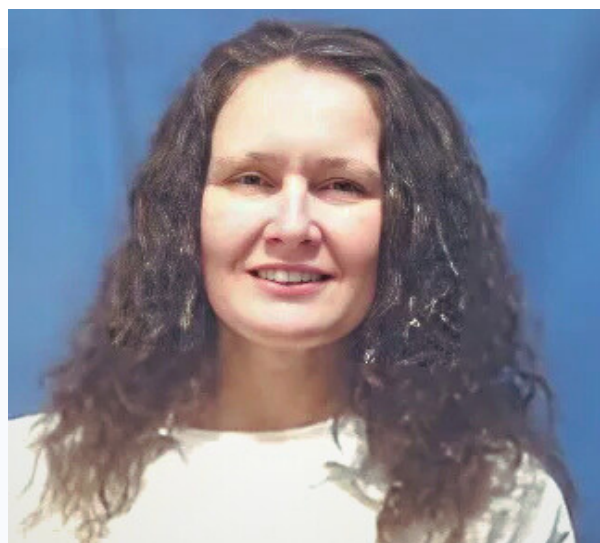
April Budnik is a freshman at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. Budnik aspires to have a career in social work and was part of ASU-Newport's creative writing class in the fall of 2024. Her poem, "Starlit Night," and original short story titled "A Room That Speaks" are included in this issue.



Kailey Bogan is a freshman at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. Bogan is a member of the Jackson County Community Theatre and was part of ASU-Newport's creative writing class in the fall of 2024. Her poem titled "Wishes on Promises" is included in this issue.



Theo Ashley is a freshman at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies, and was part of ASU-Newport's creative writing class in the spring of 2025. Ashley's poem, "Adapt, Overcome, Prevail," is included in the poetry section of this issue.



Christy Dennis is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. She was part of ASU-Newport's drawing class in the fall of 2024, and her artwork is included in the fine arts section of this issue.

# STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS



Michele Lawrence is a student at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. She was part of ASU-Newport's drawing class in the fall of 2024, and her artwork is included in this issue.



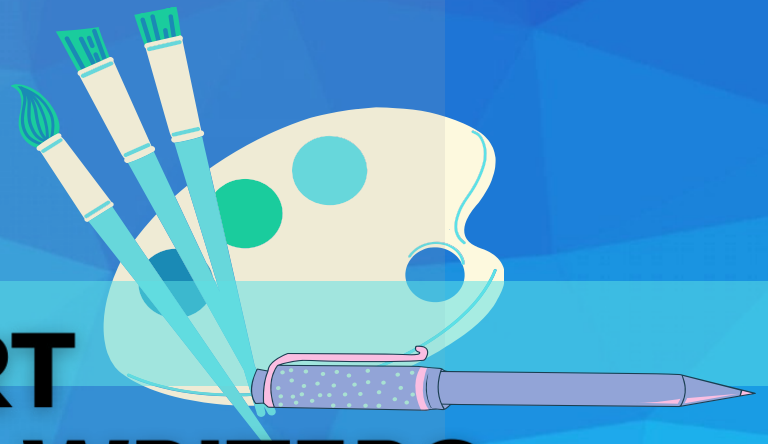
Amy Huezo Lara is a freshman at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing a Technical Certificate for Pre-Health Professions and plans to continue her education in ASU-Newport's Surgical Technology program. She is a contributing student photographer whose photography appears throughout this issue.



Adrian Wheller is a freshman at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Arts in General Education Studies. He enjoys drawing in his free time, and his artwork is included in this issue.



Kaytlin Nowell is a visiting student at Arkansas State University-Newport from the Registered Nursing Bachelor of Science program of Arkansas State University. She aspires to have a career as an ICU nurse and enjoys reading, hiking, and taking photographs in her free time. Her photography is included in this issue.



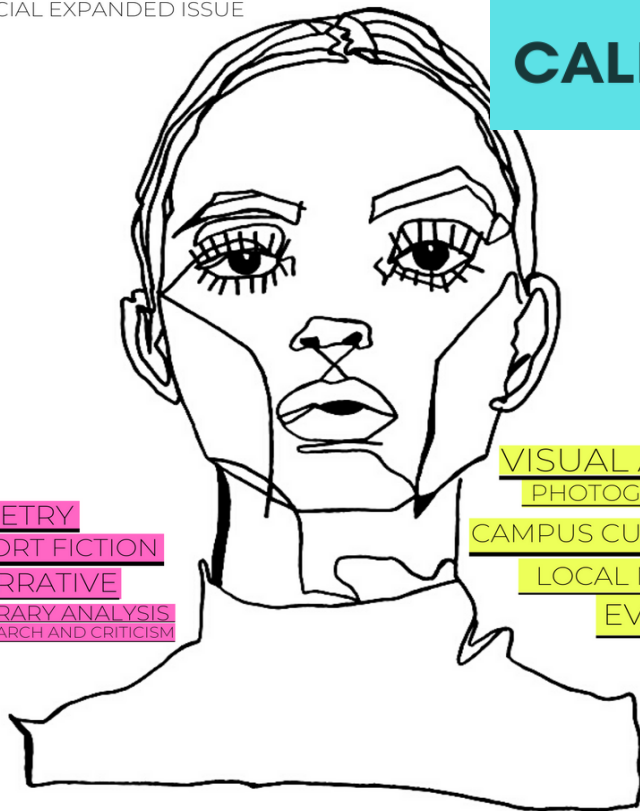
# ASU-NEWPORT ARTISTS AND WRITERS

## ASUN LIT PUB

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT LITERARY AND FINE ARTS PUBLICATION  
SPECIAL EXPANDED ISSUE

### CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

FEATURED COMMUNITY ARTIST: BEAU JONES



POETRY  
SHORT FICTION  
NARRATIVE  
LITERARY ANALYSIS  
RESEARCH AND CRITICISM

VISUAL ARTS  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
CAMPUS CULTURE  
LOCAL MUSIC  
EVENTS

STUDENT TALENT AND COMMUNITY ARTS

### POETRY

CREATIVE WRITING  
ACADEMIC ESSAYS

### PHOTOGRAPHY

### PAINTINGS

### DRAWINGS

### ILLUSTRATIONS

COMICS  
DIGITAL ART  
MUSIC



STUDENTS, FACULTY, STAFF, AND COMMUNITY MEMBERS ARE INVITED TO

SEND SUBMISSIONS TO:

[ASUNLITPUB@ASUN.EDU](mailto:ASUNLITPUB@ASUN.EDU)



NEHEMIAH REEDUS

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY- NEWPORT

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY- NEWPORT

# MISSION

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY- NEWPORT WILL PROVIDE  
ACCESSIBLE, AFFORDABLE, INNOVATIVE LEARNING OPPORTUNITIES  
THAT TRANSFORM LIVES AND STRENGTHEN THE REGIONAL ECONOMY.

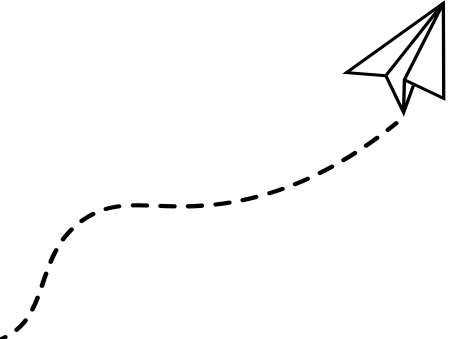


VICTORIA TREVINO

FEATURED STUDENT ARTIST OF ASU-NEWPORT

# *from the editor*

To our community of readers,



With its Newport campus located at the site of the historic military training airbase that once doubled Newport's population and fostered economic growth throughout Jackson County, Arkansas State University-Newport is now said to be a place "where dreams take flight." In 2024, ASUN launched the Achieving the Dream Initiative on each of its three campuses and distance learning locations, reaffirming the college's dedication to institutional excellence and our mission to provide educational opportunities that transform the lives of students and strengthen the regional economy. ASU-Newport's commitment to student success and community engagement is deeply tied to the idea of dreaming-setting goals, overcoming obstacles, and building futures together.

In the 2024-2025 academic year, I began my courses with opening discussions and writing assignments asking students to tell me about their personal, academic, and professional dreams. The talented writers and artists who have contributed to this issue show how dreams influence identity, growth, and transformation. Their literary and fine art works demonstrate that whether they form as ambitions, hopes, or vivid night visions, dreams connect our inner and outer realities, shape how we see ourselves, and help us learn to navigate the world around us. In this issue of *ASUN Lit Pub*, students, faculty, staff, and community contributors offer insights into the many dimensions of dreams- through their poetry, prose, literary analysis, visual art, and photography. In their outstanding creative and academic work, they explore individual and generational dreams, as well as literary and artistic surrealism, as spaces for hope, fear, inspiration, and transcendence.

By bringing together these perspectives, we hope to showcase in this issue the personal and collective world of dreams. As ASU-Newport supports college students and community members in realizing their academic and professional aspirations, this issue celebrates their intellectual and creative expression. Thank you to the inspiring students and contributors who have made the dreams issue possible and to the members of the communities our campuses serve for your continued readership and support.

Best regards,



EXECUTIVE EDITOR  
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

# *Creative Writing*

ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRANDI BOATMAN

## Course Information

Introduction to Creative Writing

Online Course

3.0 Credit Hours

## Course ID

ENG2023 Creative Writing (Online)

Course Description:

Creative writing instruction and practice in poetry, fiction, and screenwriting.

## Registration

This 3.0 credit online course may be counted as an Approved or Directed Elective on the following degree plans:  
Associate of Arts in General Education Studies  
Associate of Science in Liberal Arts and Sciences

## Instructor

Emily Pasmore Doyle

(E Pasmore)

Assistant Professor of English

emily\_pasmore@asun.edu

*For help with registration,  
please contact the instructor or your academic advisor.*

## Advising Services

advising@asun.edu

# POETRY

## FEATURED STUDENT POETS

THEO ASHLEY  
BENTLEY ARMOSTONG  
KAILEY BOGAN  
APRIL BUDNIK  
BRE BUFORD  
CALEB COFFMAN  
GWENDOLYN CONLEY  
JOHN GARNER  
JUSTIN GILL  
MACEE MCGILL  
FAITH MOORE  
JACK PRY  
SUMMER SHELLEY  
ADRIANNA SHOEBOTTOM  
LYRICK STAPLETON  
ASHER RUDICK  
TERRANCE TRAMBLE

## FEATURED FACULTY POET

DR. MONICA MOBLEY  
DEAN OF STEM EDUCATION



ALEXXIA TODDY

FEATURED STUDENT ARTIST OF ASU-NEWPORT

# OUR SILENT PRIZE

MACEE MCGILL

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

We are the children of screens,  
endless finger scrolls, and digital dreams.  
Connected, yet alone, we roam the apps  
in a world that feels like home.

We chase the adds, the likes, the fleeting fame,  
in search of meaning in a name.  
Anxiety is our constant friend  
in a race that never seems to end.

Voices loud, yet unheard cries  
Behind the filters, lies truth.  
We seek for purpose, crave for more,  
in a world that's lost to its core.

But hope still flickers in our eyes.  
Resilience, our silent prize  
We are more than what you see.  
A generation yearns to be free.



KELLI LANGSTON

FINE ARTS FACULTY OF ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY- NEWPORT

# THE SPACES

ADRIANNA SHOEBOTTOM

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

The skin remembers what words cannot say,  
a finger tracing the bend of time softly,  
as if the air conceals secrets  
in spaces left behind.

A handshake, a hug,  
the silent speech of palms touching,  
closer than any thought,  
surer than the trembling air.

It's the touch of the hand  
over the back of your neck,  
the way the sense of touch speaks  
louder than the silence hanging  
between two strangers.

Flesh to flesh,  
one discontinued moment,  
and the weight of the world rests  
in the spaces where skin touches skin.



SAMARA MASON

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY- NEWPORT

# ALONE AND FREE

BENTLEY ARMSTRONG

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Whenever I'm outside,  
alone and free,  
I hear voices calling to me.  
The world is so large, but so small.  
I can't wait to venture to it all,  
build out a van and travel the roads,  
go through valleys and hills,  
meet people from all over,  
and see things most people will never see.  
All I want to be is alone and free.  
I see the unknown.  
The beauty is all around.  
We want to be free!



DONNA NICHOLSON  
CONTRIBUTING COMMUNITY ARTIST

# DO YOU SEE THE BEAUTY?

FAITH MOORE

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Do you see the beauty?  
You are looking, but are you seeing?  
The star-lit sky full of spiritual immortality  
The glistening water that flows  
and brings life to everything it touches  
The rise of the sun and all the unique paintings it shares  
with the people we meet  
The universe and souls were made by the same creator.  
There is little difference between us  
and the oceans and lakes  
we submerge our bodies in  
or the skies we gaze upon.  
The colors we share are imprinted in our eyes.  
We are all intertwined  
by our birthright to live how we please.  
I pray everyone sees the Milky Way  
within everyone they meet.



VICTORIA TREVINO  
FEATURED STUDENT ARTIST OF ASU-NEWPORT

# WIRED FOR WONDER

ADRIANNA SHOEBOTTOM

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Screens and silent cries,  
Fingers tracing dreams that flicker in the skies  
We carry the weight of all the world's fears,  
yet we laugh, distracted, hiding our tears.

We are the ones who scroll through fractured days,  
learning to listen in a thousand ways.  
Voices echo from across the globe,  
a cry for justice, a whisper of hope.

But who am I, in this constant hum,  
a fleeting shadow, or the rising sun?  
I seek myself in memes and hashtags,  
but I wonder, do we even know what we've lost?

Wired for connection, yet we stand apart,  
a million souls, but do we have hearts?



KELLI LANGSTON

FINE ARTS FACULTY OF ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY- NEWPORT

# THE WAIT

BRE BUFORD

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

As I wait in the doctor's office,

sterile air pricks at my skin.  
The dull walls begin to suffocate my lungs.  
The paper crinkles underneath me  
as I shift my lead body,  
and my feet swing,  
never once touching the ground.

Distractions are of no use.  
The words on the page merge into an inky blob.  
The phone screen burns deep into my skull,  
and the world becomes a blur.

Nearing footsteps make me freeze.  
The voices hiss from under the door crack.  
The clock violently explodes each second,  
and my poor ears beg for mercy

as I wait in the doctor's office.



EDEN RILEY

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY- NEWPORT

# THE FOREST

JUSTIN GILL

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

The forest is alive  
I can taste the living cells  
The birds chirp their lives away so freely  
The trees are talking, but no sounds are made  
The sun strikes my skin as the wind cools it down  
and the balance is perfect  
I can feel the earth spinning  
and the blood pumping through my veins  
The day is full of light, but the night is full of fright  
The moon lights the midnight sky  
The night is when most things die  
The bats come out, and the owls do too  
The breeze gets cooler as nightfall comes  
My brain feels different  
I am in a different mode  
Now is the time to find dinner before it gets too cold  
The branches under my feet  
are now one thousand times louder  
The air is crisper and carries the scent of my prey  
The night is where I thrive,  
for this is my life's purpose  
Without it, I have no meaning  
My favorite thing to hear is my prey screaming

# THE WANDERERS

LYRICK STAPLETON

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

I scroll through life,  
a screen my guide  
Fingers tapping, thoughts collide.  
The world is loud, but I'm alone.

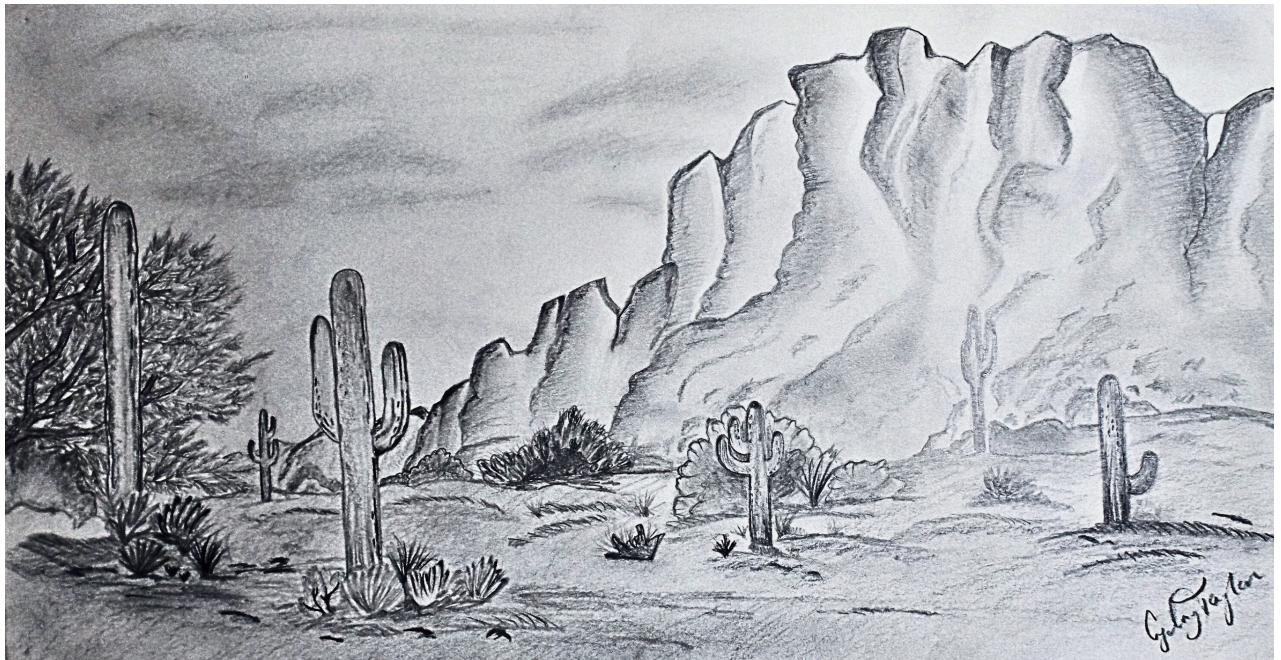
Chasing dreams, but still unknown  
In endless cycles, we seek and fail  
Our voices lost in a digital trail  
We fight for meaning, against the tide  
while searching for somewhere to confide.

We are the wanderers, but not quite lost  
Tethered to the future, at any cost  
Our hopes are heavy, but we still stand  
still seeking to understand.



VICTORIA TREVINO

FEATURED STUDENT ARTIST OF ASU-NEWPORT



CYDNEY TAYLOR

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY- NEWPORT

# THE SEARCH

JOHN GARNER

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

*The Search For Greater Meaning  
Has Been Called Off*

Today, I sat down to watch TV,  
and what else did I see?  
Wars in similar but far-off lands,  
always seeming like blips in reality,  
so far it nearly doesn't seem real.

I ask myself,  
*What have I done to deserve a world such as this?*  
I haven't risked it all on the rolling plains  
in search of wealth and adventure.  
I haven't stormed beaches  
in defense of nations I'll never see again,  
nor have I stood up in the streets  
in league with my fellow man.

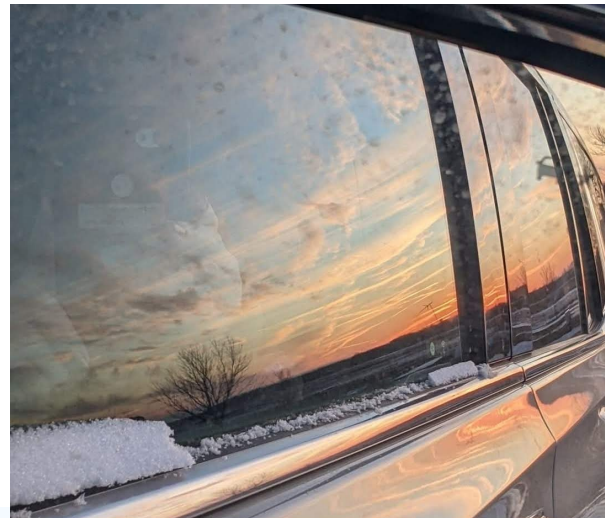
But these are all things that occurred  
not just then, but now,  
and now, more than ever,  
it seems that these events pass us by,  
and when they do, it's like no one seems to notice.  
They'll never notice how similar we are  
to those far-off lands,  
not until it's too late,  
not until the search for greater meaning  
has been called off.

# WISHES ON PROMISES

KAILEY BOGAN

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Looking  
through blacked out windows  
Seeing  
out of clear windows  
I still see the same  
Walking  
on paved ground  
Wondering  
what could change  
The swelling and whooshing  
in my head doesn't volunteer  
A body trembles unfamiliar to mine  
Eyes flow with pain  
that I did not create  
A burden that will plague forever  
When my trip slows down  
Will my head continue  
to swell and whoosh?  
Will my eyes blur to that extent  
Something that I wish could end  
The whispers and smirks  
on the people around me  
Now I'm alone for certain  
Somewhere my mind  
did and didn't place me  
Constant overthinking  
Wishes on promises  
that this would end



PHOTOGRAPH BY MYRA BICE

# ADAPT PREVAIL OVERCOME

THEO ASHLEY

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Shall we walk, you and I,  
through this pixilated world of mine?  
The computer screen ever loading in front of me  
as I wait and dream.

Passion does not pay rent,  
so I must work hard for every cent,  
These four walls are not fancy,  
but they keep the warmth I need  
trapped inside.  
The American Dream is buried  
under student loans,  
with no home to call my own.

Social media has turned the world 'round and 'round,  
even upside down, with no end in sight.  
The world does not stop  
moving like a spinning top,  
moving on and on and on.  
Adapt, Prevail, Overcome, is how I carry on.

From a flip phone to a touch screen,  
change and uncertainty.  
I am the gap between analog and digital,  
searching for a space  
in a time where nothing ever stays the same,  
never a pixel out of place.

# IN FADING LIGHT

SUMMER SHELLEY

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Static hums,  
neon, flickering low,  
a flannel shroud where buried secrets grow  
a whisper in the din,  
where the truth is grainy, and the edges thin  
We watch the screens, manufactured dreams,  
a world remade.  
The irony, a constant, bitter taste,  
in fractured trust and promises misplaced.  
We learn to question every creed,  
in shadowed arcades, planting rebel seed.  
A cynicism born of hollow sound,  
where authenticity is rarely found.  
We build our walls of music, sharp and loud,  
and find our solace in a restless crowd.  
a uniform of doubt,  
a quiet protest,  
screaming softly out.  
We saw the cracks in the gleam  
and built our lives upon a broken dream.  
A constant, steady drone,  
we navigated it and stood alone.  
Forged in fading light,  
searching for truth within the endless night.



# STARLIT NIGHT

APRIL BUDNIK

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Dark and cold winter nights  
cast shadows that hold me tight.  
Tie me to your side,  
Starlit night!

PHOTOGRAPH BY AMY HUEZO LARA

# DAVY JONES'S LOCKER

CALEB COFFMAN

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Poetry is perfect  
for describing your mental state.  
Take words from all around to dive deep into your head,  
an ever expanding ocean of thoughts and worries.

Feelings bubble up from the deep,  
from the mouths of sharks,  
gills of schools of fish,  
windows of drowned ships,  
and from Davy Jones's Locker.

Sharks release feelings of anger.  
These words form violent and terrifying,  
ready to rip and tear at any sanity.  
Your brain is torn apart.  
Vision goes red.  
Your mental health is in tatters.

The gills release feelings of anxiety.  
Words form shaky and scared.  
You want to cry and hide from the world.  
Pulling back your thoughts so not to disturb,  
waves of thoughts turn to tiny bubbles,  
popped before they can reach your hands or mouth.

Bubbles of drowned ships are filled with fear.  
Words formed by fear are hiding,  
shaking behind your teeth,  
constricted by your throat,  
wanting to escape from the spotlight,  
buried deep below your heart.

Davy Jones's Locker releases bubbles of despair.  
Words formed are in turmoil,  
twisted and torn,  
pulled to the limit,  
crushed under expectation,  
destroyed by pain.

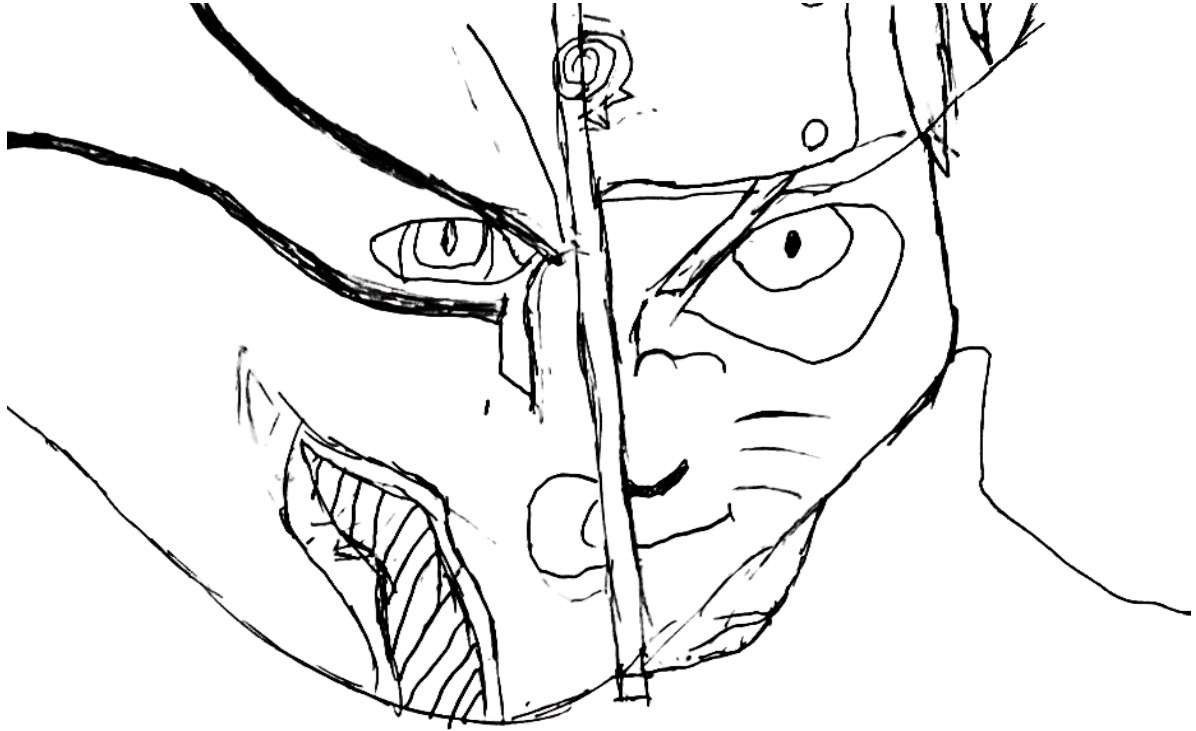
Anger, anxiety, fear, and despair  
Destructive to a growing mind  
Trouble to turn around  
That's when a light shines,  
and dark feelings are greeted  
bathed in the light of positivity.

Anger is replaced by a dolphin's happiness.  
Anxiety replaced by a seagull's curiosity.  
Fear is picked up by an Octopus's Joy.  
Despair is ecstatic, thinking it's alone  
when a warm embrace from a whale's hope covers it.



KAYTLIN NOWELL

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY- NEWPORT



ADRIAN WHELLER

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY- NEWPORT

# THAT SHINING SHORE

ASHER RUDICK

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

I have been given many titles  
under the sun,  
by others' gossip,  
in broad daylight.  
They say, "too soft to fight or wield a gun,  
too slothful to stand for what is right."  
Day after day, I hear their cries,  
the complaints of veterans  
cast from their eyes.  
"We take for granted all our spoils  
that we have gained from all their toils."  
I say, "I challenge thee!"  
I'll fight my own way, unlike those before  
to stick by those who believe in me  
and guide my people to that shining shore.

# LORD GOD BIRD

DR. MONICA MOBLEY

DEAN OF STEM EDUCATION ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

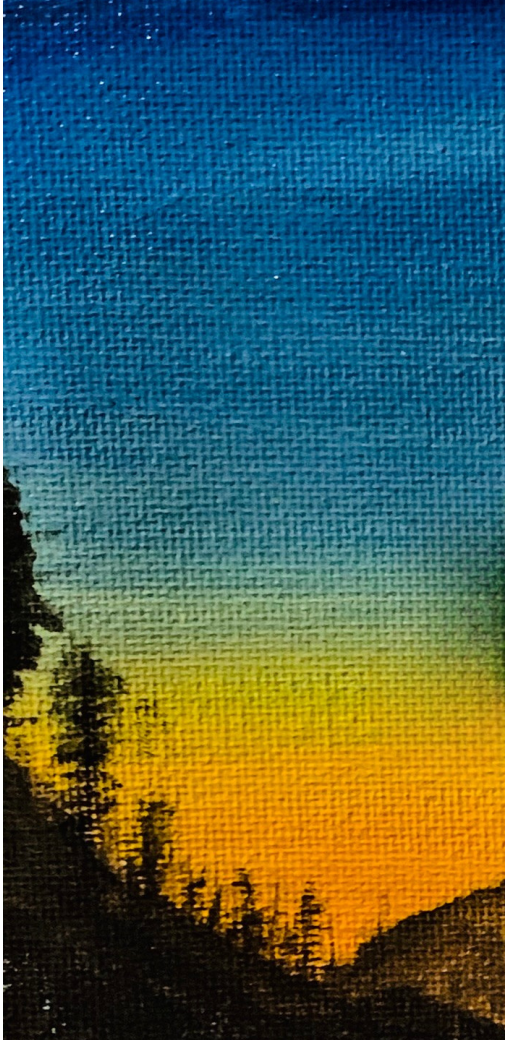
Secluded forest  
High in the trees, hammering.  
Hope that you exist.

My canoe drifts slowly down the murky  
Hatchie River under a canopy of green.  
Cypress, Red Oak, Persimmon, Hackberry,  
Tulip Poplar, Sweetgum, and Ironwood,  
trees who don't mind standing in water  
grace the shores.  
Insects flutter and dance in the dim light  
filtering through the canopy,  
some landing on the water.  
The air is musty of damp wood and soil  
and is humid and hot - muggy.  
An otter rises in loops,  
repeatedly diving and dipping  
as it is joined by a friend.  
A beaver slaps its tail at the disturbance,  
and the bluejays shriek.  
Suddenly, a large bird,  
black with white stripes and a red head,  
streaks across the river,  
flapping and flashing.  
So much white! So large! Could it be?  
I know how easily your Pileated  
counterpart is mistaken for you.

Magnificent bird,  
Striking in flashy contrast.  
To see you is hope.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRANDI BOATMAN



# THROUGH THE PINES

JOHN GARNER

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

The trail winds through the pines  
footsteps crunch on earth and stone  
The hills call me home  
The trail rises before me,  
weaving through ancient pines  
Each step feels like shedding  
a layer of the world,  
stripping away the noise,  
the weight of expectation.  
The wind hums a quiet tune  
through the branches,  
and I listen—not just to the forest,  
but to something deeper within  
Misty peaks ahead,  
my breath fades into silence.  
I become the trail.

VICTORIA TREVINO

# WOVEN TOGETHER

MACEE MCGILL

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

In the quiet of the morning,  
a whisper of morning dew hits my face.  
Natural and Earthy  
A start to new beginnings

My eyes open to the first peek of sunlight.  
Soft colors  
pinks and golds  
The sun plays hide and seek in the clouds.  
Night rests while the sun is out to play.

My toes touch the damp earth.  
Each blade of grass has life.  
Each weed has life.  
Each breath I take has life.  
I am grounded by my very own existence.

My ears catch the early songbird.  
Notes weave in and out of my ears.  
A symphony that plays over and over  
A perfect melody

The crisp air hits my face.  
Morning air fills my lungs,  
a reminder that I am alive.  
In these little moments,  
I am alive.

Each morning comes alive.  
Each in its own threads  
All woven together with different patterns



**KELLI LANGSTON**

FINE ARTS FACULTY OF ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY- NEWPORT



KAYTLIN NOWELL

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# SLEEPING IN

JACK PRY

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Beneath the vast expanse of night,  
the stars twinkle like distant memories,  
each one a story waiting to be told.  
I lie on the cool grass,  
feeling the earth cradle me  
as I gaze upward,  
lost in their shimmering dance.  
The universe feels both infinite and intimate,  
a reminder of our place in the cosmos,  
where dreams and reality intertwine.

Morning light creeps in,  
Soft whispers of dreams linger,  
Time slows, peace within.

# ALIVE

GWENDOLYN CONLEY

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

I can Smell the fresh cut apples,  
the vanilla, and the cinnamon.  
As the timer finally goes off,  
the fragrance of warm baked apple pie fills the room  
like a candle that has been burning for hours.  
I can smell it all  
because I am Alive.

I can Taste the delicious, red strawberries.  
They are sweet and juicy.  
The juice runs down the side of my mouth.  
I cannot eat just one.  
I eat them with sweet, juicy pineapple  
because I am Alive.

I can Touch the crunchy leaves outside,  
as they begin to fill  
My entire yard.  
I can touch the wet ground as the water hits  
My body and everything outside  
I can touch the slick pavement outside  
My house  
because I Am Alive.

I can Hear the children laughing and playing outside,  
going round and around on the merry-go-round.  
I can hear the dog barking and the birds chirping  
as the new day begins.  
I can hear  
because I am Alive.

I can See the stars, the moon, and even some clouds,  
as darkness starts to fill the sky.  
Oh, how beautiful the transition  
from day to night is.  
The street lights automatically come on  
as the headlights on cars fill the streets.  
I am Alive!



AMY HUEZO LARA

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY- NEWPORT

# THE PEACE THAT SURROUNDS

TERRANCE TRAMBLE

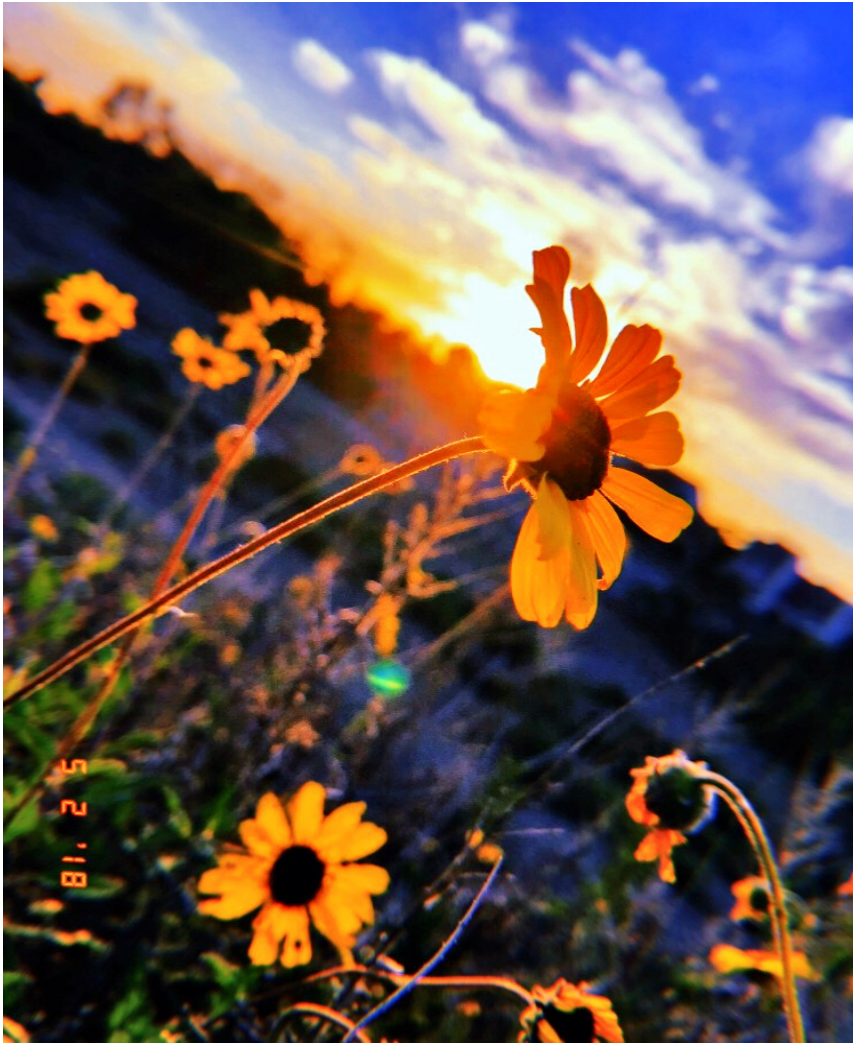
STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

The sun shines  
on the trees  
so bright  
Their shade covers the earth  
When the sun sets  
upon the quiet forest  
I walk  
along the damp grass  
Astonished  
by the peace  
that surrounds me



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AMY HUEZO LARA  
STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY- NEWPORT

# ECHOES

LYRICK STAPLETON

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

The breeze carries whispers,  
Leaving brushes like fingertips,  
Soft and fleeting.  
I close my eyes,  
Feel the sun's warm hand on my skin,  
Hear the pulse of the earth beneath me.  
It is not just touch or sound  
It is something deeper,  
Like the world breathing,  
And I am part of it.

*SHORT  
FICTION  
AND  
NARRATIVE*

FEATURED STUDENT AUTHORS

BRE BUFORD  
APRIL BUDNIK  
MACEE MCGILL

# The Girl Who Played in the Snow

BRE BUFORD

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

Outside the large window, one can only see the white wall of snowflakes carried by the deafening wind. From her spot on the plush couch, Elsie is content to be lounging near the crackling fire. She stares out the window, not quite seeing. She needs to call the repairman tomorrow to fix her heater. Hopefully he can travel to the snowy fortress.

For now, she must be grateful for the delicate pleasures of hot chocolate and soft blankets. Taking a sip of the rich liquid, her eyes catch a small figure amidst the glacial wasteland. Elsie strains to get a better glimpse of the dancing figure. Elsie asks herself, *who would be out in a blizzard like this?*

As the snow shifts, Elsie learns that the figure is but a young girl, probably around eight or nine. The wind creates a bubble-like shield around the girl, protecting her from the harsh elements of the world. Elsie knows the girl should not be outside, but she is frozen in a trance and cannot take her eyes off the girl playing in the snow.

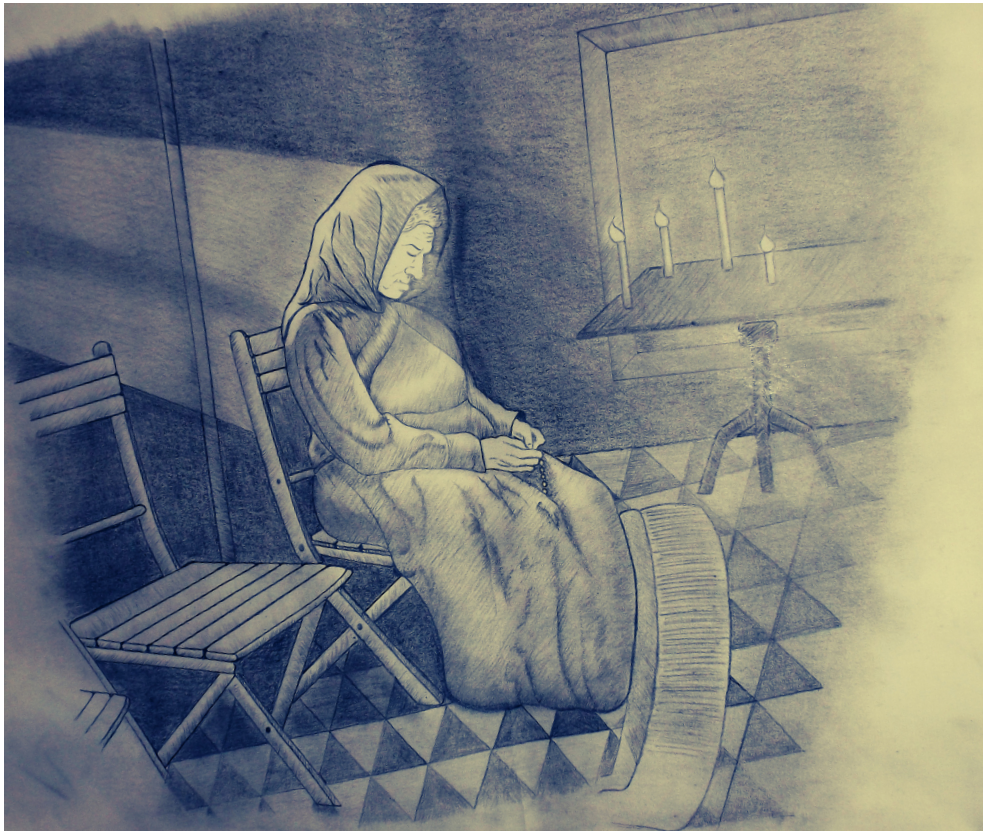
The girl, oblivious to the angry weather surrounding her, decides to build a snowman. It is a tedious task—rolling three large balls of snow. She struggles to place the too-small head onto the large middle, for one does not know the meaning of *proportional* until much later in life. The two sticks she chooses as arms are uneven, the left one much longer and pointier than the right. The carrot nose, too difficult to force in, is discarded on the white blanket below. Standing on her tippy toes, the girl gently places pebbles across the bottom of the head to create a crooked smile.

As the child adds the final pebble, the snowman starts to move! He is alive! Much to Elsie's surprise, the girl does not look frightened. In fact, the girl acts as if this was supposed to happen. She quickly shakes the snowman's hand, introducing a name Elsie cannot hear. Words are exchanged between the two. The girl stomps her feet, and the snowman shakes his head. It seems to be a disagreement of sorts, but what could a snowman and a girl argue about? Then the girl throws herself on the ground and rolls for a bit, her face in tearful agony, before lying on her back.

The girl already looks done with the snowman, but he has a mind of his own. He lies on the ground beside her and slowly starts to move his arms up and down, creating an uneven set of wings. The girl laughs, and he quickly joins her. Her small arms are a blur against the powder. After a while, their arms grow tired and they lie with angelic wings behind them. As if they could see through it, their eyes search through the winter white for a sign of the jolly Santa Claus. The shield around the girl cannot hold forever. As her hope starts to diminish, so does the shield. The snowman quickly vanishes into the storm, leaving the girl by herself. Elsie is no longer focused on the child. Her thoughts are preoccupied with tending the flame and keeping it alive. She does not see the reflection of the girl who played in the snow.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LORI POLSTON



**MICHELE LAWRENCE**

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY- NEWPORT

# *A Room That Speaks*

APRIL BUDNIK

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

I opened my eyes to vibrant yellow wallpaper. The chair I was sitting in was sleek, simple, and gray. Unable to recognize my surroundings, I began to question how I had ended up here. I wondered where I had been before, why I was in this chair, and whose room I was in, but soon I realized that asking these questions was useless—I could not remember anything, not even my name. Doubt filled my mind as I moved my head around to get a better look at the room. *Did someone do this to me, or was this situation of my own making?*

The room seemed odd, with various objects scattered around it. The most eye-catching were a teddy bear, a doll, some drawings, pills, and a small box. Books lined the shelves, and the soft brown teddy bear lay on a tidy bed covered in beautiful white linens embroidered with small yellow daisies. The window had sheer curtains, which, when opened, revealed an empty blue sky with no ground in sight. A door that supposedly led out of the room did not open. The unfamiliar surroundings smelled of lavender, the scent lingering softly in the air, creating a sense of calm despite the eerie environment. Sunlight streamed through the gaps in the curtains, casting playful shadows on the wooden floor. Nothing in the room was familiar. *Or had I forgotten? Should I panic? What good would that do?*

At that moment, something spoke: “Please put me back together.” The words had an air of yearning. Turning away from the curtains, my once calm gaze, now wary, swept the room to find who had spoken. With no place to hide, it was clear that it was not a human who needed help. A careful, scrutinizing sweep of the room revealed its disorderly state. The beautiful linens that covered the bed were, in fact, worn out, with threads missing or hanging from them. The bear on top of the bed was missing hair and had a rip. In the corner, the chair had light stains. The bookcase beside the chair held a box. Opening it, I found it was a music box. Cranking the back did nothing—no music and no twirling of the dancer in the box.

“Please,” spoke something like a gentle wind passing by me. It seemed like the words came from the room itself, resonating throughout the space. I asked in a small voice above a whisper, “What needs help?” I feared it would not respond, afraid of looking crazy, or worse, being insane. Minutes passed with no response. A relieved but disappointed sigh escaped me just as I rested my hand on the music box. Something pricked me. Lowering my gaze, I saw thread and a needle. *Were they there before? Had I simply missed them?* Nevertheless, I needed to try something. Taking the needle and thread, I moved towards the bear that was ripped open and slowly sewed it to a less tattered appearance. The soft toy bear startled me as it whined, “I want the bed to have new linens!” I quickly responded, “Were you the one speaking earlier?” My words seemed not to reach the bear as it lay there waiting. I had searched the room, but under the bed might be the bedding I needed. Kneeling down, I noticed a thick layer of dust caking the floor, but more importantly, I found more fitting bedding. I pulled off the dirty linens and replaced them with the new ones.

As I placed the bear on the bed, it squealed with joy, “Thank you! Thank you! I haven’t been left here! I missed being loved by another.” In a serious tone, it said, “You’re here. Do you know why? You’re back now. Can you say my name? You’re back, but do you know your own name?” I wanted to ask what it meant, but I had a feeling I did not want to know. I went back to the chair where bottles of medication were tipped over. The name Elisa was on the prescription. I thought, *yes, I was the one who did this to myself. Yes, I was the one who made this mess.* I heard the door unlock. *Should I leave? What is there for me beyond that door?*

The room that was once so colorful was now plain white. Everything in it was white. *Yes, I should leave.* At the door, the words I heard before the bright light engulfed me were the room itself with a comforting voice saying, “Goodbye. Have a nice trip.”

# *Secrets of the Old Clock Tower*

MACEE MCGILL

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

The old clock tower stood at what was the center of the old city, its hands frozen at midnight, frozen in time, as long as anyone could remember. Legends wisped around its ancient arms, tales of lost times and forgotten promises.

One particular evening, as the sun was setting on the horizon, casting an orange glow over the streets, a girl named Izzy stepped and stepped until she approached the tower. Tucked away in her hand was a brass key. The key was smooth, weathered by generations of use. Izzy had heard the stories about the clock tower, and she was determined to uncover its secrets that had been whispered for years.

In 1872, the clock tower stood over the small town of Sunstone Peak. The clock tower's presence was like an eerie warning. On the early morning of April 1, as a storm swept through the town and lightning split the air, the people spoke of a haunting melody that seemed to go hand in hand with the ancient clock tower that did not move. After the storm, there was nothing more heard from the small town, not even a peep of animals sounded throughout the night. Sunstone Peak was silent, the streets abandoned, and the houses left like nothing had happened. The clock tower stood untouched and unmoved. Its hands stopped at midnight, the grim reminder of the night the entire town vanished, leaving the chilling melody to echo through the untouched town. As the shadows deepened, the atmosphere around the old clock tower was heavy with an unsettling silence surrounding it. The original townsfolk often spoke in hushed tones about the tower, warnings of the strange occurrences around it.

Most of the former townspeople swore to have seen ghostly figures dancing through the fog that often came around sunset. It has been said, the careful listener can still hear the mournful cries that echo through the town. Others spoke of a strange chill that set in at dusk many nights. A few talked about the wind, saying it whispered secrets and brought with it the odor of decay.



PHOTOGRAPH BY AMY HUEZO LARA

The years turned into decay, and so did the town of Sunstone Peak, a mere ghost town. The clock tower is now a crumbling relic that stands in the middle of the empty streets, representing the 1872 townsfolk who vanished. Its stones are cracked and covered in creeping vines. Weeds have sprouted through the cobblestone streets. The air is stale with an unsettling stillness as if the tower were enclosed in its very own snow globe, keeping it perfectly preserved.

The stories Izzy had heard hinted at a curse, a darkness, waiting for someone brave or foolish enough to unlock its secrets. Occasionally, thrill seekers would venture into the abandoned town, drawn by the legends of the clock tower. They all left with a sense of unease, feeling the weight of the old spirits pressing down on them. As the years passed, the tower became a symbol of forgotten people and lost dreams, its secrets buried beneath the layers of dust that lay on the floors inside.

As Izzy set out on foot from a nearby town some called the “new” Sunstone Peak, her heart was racing with a mixture of excitement and apprehension. The sun dipped into the horizon casting shadows across the abandoned land. She followed the overgrown path that wended through the dense woods. The air was stale and thick with a scent of damp earth. Distant sounds of leaves brushing the grass seemed to be like whispers in the wind. Izzy navigated the trail. She looked down at the grass that was dead despite the moisture. The trees opened as she came to the entrance of the old town. There stood the clock tower, looming against the fading sunset. Its decaying structure seemed to be calling Izzy to come closer. With every step, she felt like the clock was watching her, as if it was inviting her, or maybe even daring her, to uncover the secrets within it. The sun went down, and the heavy fog set in, almost as tall as she was. As a panic seized her, there was not a soul in sight, but she could hear voices.

Sweating, Izzy woke up from this terrible nightmare. Panting, she pulled herself together and got herself ready for school. *It's just a normal day, but why does this dream happen every night? Just a normal day, right?* Izzy went to school, and everything was calm until she fell asleep again.

Day turned into night once more. Izzy drifted off to sleep, her mind full of images of the old town of Sunstone Peak and its haunted clock tower. In her dream, she found herself in the familiar cobblestone street. Everything felt so alive and real. Echoes of children laughing hung on the air. All of a sudden, a lantern light was glowing in the middle of the town square. She moved to the vibrant market stalls and was astonished to see the townsfolk there bustling about. As Izzy reached for a blooming flower between the cracks of the cobblestones, a strange sensation of lucidity washed over her. The colors were way too vivid, and she could feel the flower. Izzy blinked and blinked, and even pinched herself. The realization sank in that she was truly in the old town of Sunstone Peak, a place that was lost in time, where the past and present had intertwined.

The clock tower loomed above her, watching her every move. As Izzy stood before it, she felt an immersed connection to its weathered stones and the stories she had heard. The air crackled with energy, and she could sense that she had just awoken something long dormant. With each passing moment, the hands of the clock began to whisper, “Put in the key. Put in the key.” She looked down and opened her hand. In her right hand with sweat beads dripping down, she saw and felt the key, rusted, weathered, and passed down from generation to generation. She did as the clock tower told her. Izzy understood that she was not just an observer. She was a part of the town’s legacy. As the clock chimed, the echoes reverberated through the streets. Apparitions of the townsfolk emerged from the shadows, celebrating their freedom from the curse before disappearing once more, this time, forever. Izzy could not help but feel her dream had intertwined with the spirits of a town that had finally found peace.

# *ANALYSIS RESEARCH AND CRITICISM*

## FEATURED STUDENT AUTHORS

BRE BUFORD

BRANDI BOATMAN

LIBERTY LOY

VICTORIA TREVINO

ALEKSANDRA WOJNICKA

MASEN WOODALL

# ISOLATION AND REFLECTION: AN ANALYSIS OF LANDSCAPE AND EMOTION IN ROBERT FROST'S "DESERT PLACES"

VICTORIA TREVINO

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

In "Desert Places," one of his darkest works, Robert Frost's use of imagery, personification and symbolism conveys themes of loneliness and fear. However, in his symbolic depiction of the winter setting, Frost emphasizes the connection between humanity and nature. The speaker's isolation and reflection reveal an intimately relatable emotional landscape.

The imagery of snow and night falling quickly gives the impression that there is not a lot of time left for daylight, or what could be interpreted as hope before darkness envelops the scene in front of the speaker. The vacant field has few signs of life, given that the animals are all tucked away "in their lairs," staying out of the cold, leaving a seemingly lifeless scene. In lines eight through twelve, Frost uses personification and repetition to emphasize the speaker's loneliness and isolation within the landscape setting. The poet repeats the words "lonely," "loneliness," and "scare," giving the impression that the speaker's sense of internal isolation and loneliness frightens him. Frost also uses imagery to depict smooth snow blanketing a field, yet contrasts the beauty of it with the impression of emptiness.

In "A Study of Frost's 'Desert Places,'" Albert J. Von Frank suggests that "the field may be said to exist negatively." According to Von Frank, the importance of the field's landscape is not defined by what it is but what it lacks: life and warmth. Von Frank later claims that Frost "makes emptiness real for us as readers of the poem," creating a symbolic atmosphere where readers can relate to the loneliness and anxiety of the poem's speaker. The poet's ability to create a vivid picture of internal emptiness through depiction of landscape invites readers to confront the emptiness within themselves. The speaker's introspection leads him to anxiety regarding nature's vastness and indifference, but Frost conveys the impression of isolation in a physical sense that aligns with the speaker's emotional unease. Von Frank points out that "the idea of nothingness, of emptiness or loneliness, is generated from within the mind outward and not placed in the mind from [the] exterior." This brings the reader to ask questions about fear and emptiness. The speaker in the poem finds himself in a state of physical isolation, but he must also grapple with the mental dejection and fear that accompanies his loneliness.

Nature is indifferent to the speaker's sense of anxiety, as the snow keeps falling and the night grows darker. However, the troubled psyche of the speaker and the empty, cold landscape are symbolically linked throughout the poem, enhancing its emotional impact and meaning. Von Frank suggests that "meaning" acts as a tool for individuals to use to communicate and connect, which creates a form of chaos, and the connection between man and nature was not formed by destiny, but rather shaped by human imagination and creativity.

In "Desert Places," Frost invites readers to reflect on the speaker's emotional state as well as their own. His use of symbolism and imagery enhance the poem's themes of loneliness, fear, and the connection between humanity and nature. In his depiction of the snowy field and the night sky in a seemingly empty winter landscape, Frost offers a meditation on the complexities of the human mind.

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# *Self-Portrait with a Palette*

A STUDY OF A WORK BY ANNA BILIŃSKA-BOHDANOWICZ IN CONTEXT

ALEKSANDRA WOJNICKA

STUDENT AT ARKANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY-NEWPORT

*Self-Portrait with a Palette* is the first self-portrait completed by Anna Bilińska-Bohdanowicz, a work that brought her international acclaim. The piece earned her a gold medal at the Paris Salon in 1887 and a silver medal during the 1889 World Expo. Bilińska-Bohdanowicz later donated the painting to the National Museum in Kraków, where it remains on display to this day.

Anna Bilińska-Bohdanowicz's artistic journey was shaped by a series of challenges, many of which were rooted in the gender standards imposed on her by late 19th century society. Her education began in Warsaw, Poland where she was not allowed to participate in the study of nude figure drawing and painting because she was a woman. Women were considered too gentle and innocent to attend those classes. Instead, she was relegated to painting landscapes and portraits.

Her move to Paris marked a turning point as she entered the Académie Julian, a private art school that allowed women to depict nudes in their paintings. It was a privilege that was, however, tainted by an inequity in the quality of teaching. The year 1887 cast a long shadow over Bilińska-Bohdanowicz's life. It was a year of devastating personal loss – her father, her close friend Klementyna Krassowska, and her fiancé Wojciech Grabowski all passed away. Grieving, she retreated to the solitude of Normandy. Though painting became a rarity in the face of such sorrow, she eventually found her way back to Paris and resumed attending classes.

*Self-Portrait with a Palette* is a glimpse into the author's inner world. She depicts herself not as an idealized figure but as she truly was while working – in an apron and with brushes in her hand and a palette behind her. The scene is spare, with no elaborate decor to distract from the subject. A simple cloth serves as her backdrop, and a modest chair supports the structure of the painting. What commands attention is the artist herself, painted with the authority of someone who knows her craft. She is not adorned with finery; her dress is simple and modest. Her hair is unkempt – contrary to the expectations for women at that time.



SELF-PORTRAIT WITH A PALETTE  
BY ANNA BILIŃSKA-BOHDANOWICZ



ANNA BILIŃSKA, AFTER 1887,  
SOCIÉTÉ HISTORIQUE ET LITTÉRAIRE POLONAISE  
BIBLIOTHÈQUE POLONAISE DE PARIS

The painting includes the tools of her profession, and it is the image Bilińska-Bohdanowicz offers to the world – an artist at work, fully in her element. Her gaze speaks volumes. It is bold, assured, and unflinching, conveying a strength of character that emanates from both her posture and expression. In *Self-Portrait with a Palette*, Bilińska-Bohdanowicz does more than paint her likeness – she reveals the essence of a woman wholly confident in her art, unafraid to be seen as the artist she is.

The artist was captivated by the study of color and light, a fascination that manifests in many of her other well-known portraits. In *Self-Portrait with a Palette*, however, the color palette takes on a more somber tone, dominated by browns, beiges, grays, and blacks. These muted, earthy hues seem to whisper rather than shout, enveloping the scene in a quiet melancholy. Soft light spills in from the left, casting delicate shadows across her face and figure. Unlike her other works, where vivid hues and radiant light dance across the canvas, here the muted tones speak to something deeper, more introspective. It is as if the colors mirror her inner world – an expression of the sorrow and isolation she carried in her soul. The restraint in her choice of colors suggests that her emotional state bled into the paint she used, each stroke a reflection of her mourning and solitude. This painting, then, becomes not just a self-portrait, but an image of loss.

*Self-Portrait with a Palette* brought Anna Bilińska-Bohdanowicz critical acclaim and marked a historic moment as she became the first woman from Poland to achieve such recognition at the Paris Salon and World Expo. Although many critics praised her artistic technique, ad-hominem detractors accused her of propagating nihilism, feminism, and the bohemian lifestyle. Despite these controversies, Bilińska-Bohdanowicz received numerous accolades, advanced her career, and left behind a legacy as a distinguished painter.

# *HONORS COLLEGE SPOTLIGHT*

## FEATURED HONORS STUDENTS

BRE BUFORD  
BRANDI BOATMAN  
LIBERTY LOY  
MASEN WOODALL



# FRAGILITY OF THE HUMAN MIND AND THE AMERICAN DREAM IN JOHN CHEEVER'S "THE SWIMMER"

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In John Cheever's "The Swimmer," Neddy Merrill takes it upon himself to "swim home" from a friend's house one summer afternoon by visiting each of his neighbors' pools, but Neddy's journey does not go as planned. In this celebrated short story, Cheever explores two aspects of life through Neddy's surreal expedition: the fragility of the human psyche and the impermanence of the American Dream.

At the beginning of the story, Neddy, having drunk too much the night before, decides to "swim across the county" via his neighbors' pools. He calls this imagined stream the "Lucinda River" after his wife. At the start of his journey, he is upbeat and optimistic, comparing himself to "a pilgrim, an explorer, a man with a destiny." He even states that "his life was not confining," but Cheever suggests that Neddy is mistaken.

Neddy visits the first pools without incident, but as the story progresses, a thunderstorm rolls in, marking a pivotal moment of change. This is when Neddy's true condition begins to emerge. He is surprised to find the Welchers' pool drained and the home for sale. He cannot remember when they had moved, and wonders, "Was his memory failing, or had he so disciplined it in the repression of unpleasant facts that he had damaged his sense of truth?" With this moment, Cheever begins to show Neddy's mental decline. It is the first clear sign that something terrible has happened to him. Later, at the Hallorans' pool, Mrs. Halloran expresses sympathy for Neddy and his "misfortunes." Neddy does not recall what she is referring to, but the neighbor's remarks hint that something has happened to his children and their family unit—though Cheever never explains exactly what. "Was he losing his memory, had his gift for concealing painful facts let him forget...?" Cheever implies how far Neddy's denial might have gone and begins to show how the American Dream can fall apart in an instant—or erode slowly, over time.

Neddy's dream seems to deteriorate gradually. Neighbors and bartenders had once treated him with respect. However, at the Biswangers' party, the hostess greets him with hostility, and the bartenders are no longer polite. Cheever notes, "His was a world in which the caterer's men kept the social score, and to be rebuffed by a part-time barkeep meant he had suffered some loss of social esteem." These lines emphasize Neddy's fall from grace—and how fleeting the social aspects of the American Dream can be. At the beginning of the story, Neddy lives in a world of "youth, sport, and clement weather." He never uses ladders to enter or exit pools, suggesting strength and vitality. However, as the story nears its end, and Neddy is leaving the pool of his once devoted mistress who is now keeping the company of a younger man, Cheever writes that Neddy "found the strength in his arms and his shoulders had gone, and he paddled to the ladder and climbed out." His decline from vigor to exhaustion also mirrors the seasonal shift from midsummer to autumn, symbolizing that he has spent his youth—and his life—chasing a shallow version of the American Dream. Eventually, Neddy reaches his own house, dark and seemingly abandoned. He tries to get inside, but the door is locked. His mind has broken from denial, just as the "Lucinda River" is not a real, flowing body of water, but one interrupted by unconnected swimming pools. Cheever uses this symbolism to suggest that Neddy is limited by these pools in the same way he is confined to the consequences of his actions.

As Neddy's mental and physical state deteriorate, so does the dream lifestyle he once lived. He once had everything: the parties, the women, the admiration, but with the storm and surreal seasonal change, he loses it all. In "The Swimmer," John Cheever shows the fragility of life, the mind, and dreams. Dreams offer insight into our desires and values, but Cheever shows how those dreams can gradually unravel. Neddy begins his swim through the "Lucinda River" in midsummer as a still youthful man, socially admired and seemingly confident. By the end, his lifestyle and mental stability have collapsed. He ends his journey as an aging, broken man with nothing. Cheever's surreal symbolism in "The Swimmer" creates a powerful portrayal of the fragility of the human mind and the dreams we build around it.

## EXPLORING CLASSICAL ALLUSION AND MEDIEVAL CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM IN

# DANTE'S *INFERNO*

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Dante's *Inferno* takes readers on a spiritual journey through life as they are tempted to sin and reminded of the hope and redemption that can restore the soul. *Inferno* begins with the lines, "Midway along the journey of our life, I woke to find myself in a dark wood." Terrified and alone, Dante wanders until he comes to a hill beaming with "morning rays of light." He starts to climb the hill, but his path is blocked by a leopard first, then a lion, and finally a she-wolf. Each beast represents one of the three main categories of sin. Leopards hide from their prey, only striking at the right moment. This symbolizes fraud. Lions tend to be ferocious, symbolizing the sins of violence. The she-wolf is "racked with every kind of greediness." This symbolizes incontinence, the inability to control one's desires and appetites.

In Dante's view, incontinence is the least corrupt of the three forms of sin, but it is the hardest weakness to overcome psychologically. Dante is most afraid of the she-wolf because the she-wolf represents the hardest temptations to avoid and the easiest sins to commit. Dante's confrontation with the three beasts forces him back into the dark forest, where Vigil, the classical Roman poet appears. Virgil explains that he cannot save Dante from the she-wolf, and no one can avoid her, for she is on everyone's path, revealing Dante's view that no one can avoid the moral failings of incontinence.

Virgil tells Dante that his beloved Beatrice sent him to guide Dante through hell. Dante agrees to follow him, and the two head toward the entrance of hell. On the gate of hell appears an inscription that reads, *Abandon all hope, ye who enter here*, suggesting that the souls confined here will never leave. In *The Divine Comedy: Tracing God's Art*, Marguerite Mills Chiarenza offers her point-of-view on hell's entrance, stating it "ominously" points to the "eternal pain and suffering" that lies behind it. Chiarenza goes on to explain that hell was made by God, but the punishments of souls within are "of their own making." In the poem's setting, hell is shaped like a funnel to represent a gradual descent to deeper degrees of sin and increasingly severe punishments. The structure of hell contains nine circles dedicated to specific sins and punishments for unrepentant sinners. In an article titled "Frost's 'Fire and Ice' and Dante's *Inferno*," John N. Serio points out that many readers are "puzzled" by Dante's arrangement of hell and explains that Dante's organization was inspired by Aristotle's claim that "sins of reason are worse than sins of passion."

Past the Ante-Inferno, where the souls of the uncommitted reside, are the souls in the first circle, Limbo. Souls trapped in Limbo were not baptized or never knew the teachings of Christ. This circle also includes virtuous pagans, like Dante's esteemed guide, Virgil, who died in 19 BC. Souls in Limbo do not suffer physically but must live without hope of union with God. Circle two is for those who were overcome by lust. Their punishment consists of being violently blown around by wind and storms without rest. It is in this circle where Dante encounters Francesca and Paolo, two adulterous lovers who were brutally murdered by Paolo's brother, Francesca's husband. Dante is so moved by Francesca's description of her love for Paolo that he faints in sympathy for her. Circle three is reserved for sins of gluttony. These souls are stuck in mud and eternally showered with hail and rain. Circle four houses those who were overcome with greed. Hoarders and spenders reside here and are forced to fight by rolling gigantic weights toward each other. Circle five is for the wrathful and sullen. The wrathful fight each other on the swampy waters of the river Styx while the sullen lie deeper in the muck. Circle six is for those who are guilty of heresy. Souls here spend eternity trapped in flaming tombs.



Circle seven is for sins of violence and is divided into three categories. Those who have committed acts of violence against others are submerged in boiling blood. Those who have committed acts of violence against themselves are transformed into trees in the forest of the suicides where their limbs are pecked and torn by harpies. Those who have committed acts of violence against God suffer in burning sand pelted by continuous, fiery rain. Circle eight is for those who have committed fraud and is divided into ten trenches. According to Dante's vision, seducers and panderers, flatterers, simonists, sorcerers, corrupt politicians, hypocrites, thieves, deceivers, schismatics, and falsifiers can all be found here, each punished according to the symbolic principle of *contrapasso*. The most sinful souls are found in circle nine in Dante's vision, frozen in ice.

Satan, Brutus, Cassius, and Judas are all found in circle nine because they are guilty of complex fraud or betrayal. Dante depicted the depths of hell as frozen to symbolize how far from God's love these souls are. Sinners in the ninth circle have committed the ultimate transgression by betraying the ones closest to them and God himself. The freezing temperatures are symbolic of the traitors' cold hearts. Serio makes connections between God and warmth, Satan and cold, and explains how this interpretation aligns with medieval Christian symbolism with which Dante would have been familiar. For example, Psalm 84:11 reads, "The Lord God is like a sun and shield," depicting God as the source of light, warmth, and protection. If God represents the light of truth and the warmth of love, then Satan and the traitors in the ninth circle are furthest from God, truth, and spiritual warmth.

Dante remarks that all souls in hell have lost "the good of intellect." This means they have lost their morals through the ability to reason, letting their desires control their choices. Christian theology defines humans based on the principle that all souls are given the freedom to choose, and the choices one makes in this life determine if one will spend eternity with or without God. Dante agreed with this theology and believed that having the freedom to choose would either lead one closer to or further from God's love. Death and suffering entered the world because of the Fall of Man, according to Christian doctrine, but the Fall of Man led to the suffering and wisdom of humanity, distinguishing between good and evil, shame, guilt, the need to repent, and the hope of salvation. Serio points out that, according to Dante, "reason is God's greatest gift to humankind." This gift guided Dante through hell and should guide one through life as well. Serio goes on to explain that all souls in hell ultimately "suffer the same consequence, which is eternal separation from the presence and love of God."

God's love is what mattered most to Dante. Love is a motivating force throughout *Inferno*. Dante is on this journey because of his love for Beatrice and for God. The souls in hell lack love or let their love go unchecked and their desires take control, therefore spending all eternity apart from God and his love. Dante begins his journey lost, but as he goes through hell, his course is corrected, and he is transformed.

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# CRITICAL ANALYSIS AND REVIEW OF FRANZ KAFKA'S *THE METAMORPHOSIS*

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In Franz Kafka's *The Metamorphosis*, Gregor Samsa fights his inner demons as he comes to terms with his own alienation, dehumanization, and despair. Since his transformation causes him to be unable to go to work, Samsa is thrown out of his monotonous cycle and begins to learn just how alienated he is and has been from the world. Because Gregor Samsa ignored the dangers of alienation and dehumanization, and continued for years working a thankless, unfulfilling job instead of pursuing his own dreams, he is left living a nightmare with the body of a grotesque bug and begins to understand the consequences of his own decisions.

Gregor Samsa's calm and matter-of-fact reaction to his nightmarish transformation serves as a profound reflection of his pre-existing life. His lack of shock suggests a deep sense of resignation and alienation within his existence. Gregor's initial response implies a life of routine and servitude to his family, marked by emotional detachment and a lack of self-expression. Furthermore, his acceptance of his new form hints at a subconscious acknowledgment of his own insignificance within his familial and societal roles. This reaction showcases the profound disconnect between Gregor's inner self and the external expectations imposed upon him, ultimately highlighting themes of despair and the dehumanizing effects of modern life.

In "Kafka's *Metamorphosis*: Rebellion and Punishment," Walter Sokel asserts that Gregor Samsa's transformation into a giant insect symbolizes his rebellion against the oppressive forces of his life, particularly his family and societal expectations. Sokel examines how Gregor's metamorphosis serves as both a physical manifestation and a metaphorical representation of his desire to break free from these constraints and the burdens he imposed upon himself. Sokel argues that Gregor's punishment for his rebellion is not merely physical but also psychological, as he becomes increasingly isolated and dehumanized. Sokel states in the article, "it may be said that the metamorphosis would not have occurred if Gregor had not nurtured hostility towards his work and his boss, or if he had revolted openly and thrown up his job without regard to his parents." Additionally, Gregor's lack of authority in shaping his own life could have contributed to his descent into such a tragic and pitiable condition.

While Gregor demonstrates a strong sense of duty and responsibility to his family, his self-sacrifice and dedication are overshadowed by his lack of agency and personal fulfillment. His transformation into an insect further complicates his character, blurring the lines between sympathy and repulsion. Before his metamorphosis, Gregor's demeanor and circumstances might not have made him a likeable or admirable acquaintance, given his introverted nature and the burdens he carries. However, post-transformation, assuming communication was possible, an encounter with Gregor could offer profound insights into the consequences of isolation, despair, and a closer look into a very fragile human identity. Despite his physical metamorphosis, Gregor's inner struggles and desires remain relatable, inspiring both empathy and discomfort in readers.

In 2020, *The Hudson Review* published an article by Joseph Epstein titled “Is Franz Kafka Overrated?” In this article, Epstein questions whether Kafka's reputation as one of the greatest literary figures of the 20th century is justified. Epstein goes on to state, “The works of Franz Kafka—apart from the Bible and the works of Shakespeare—may be the most relentlessly interpreted, if not overinterpreted in the modern world.” Epstein acknowledges the surreal and thought-provoking nature of *The Metamorphosis* but raises concerns about the story's potential for misinterpretation.

Franz Kafka's choice of a third-person narrative in *The Metamorphosis* serves several purposes. Firstly, it allows the reader to gain insights into multiple characters' thoughts and emotions, enhancing the reader's understanding of the dynamics within the Samsa family. Additionally, the third-person perspective creates a sense of detachment, mirroring the alienation experienced by Gregor Samsa both before and after his transformation. While the narrator possesses some level of omniscience, there are limitations to the reader's perspective. The narrator primarily focuses on Gregor's experiences and inner turmoil, but this comes at the expense of fully exploring the thoughts and motivations of other characters, such as Gregor's family members. Thus, while the narrator offers a comprehensive view of Gregor's world, the perspective remains limited by the boundaries of his consciousness, leaving gaps in the understanding of secondary characters and their reactions to the unfolding events.

At the ending, the reader is left with a profound sense of hopelessness and resignation. Gregor Samsa's death, rather than offering resolution, further accentuates the bleakness of his existence. Gregor's demise symbolizes the ultimate failure to reconcile his humanity with the demands imposed upon him by his family and society. Despite his initial transformation sparking a glimmer of potential liberation, this hope is ultimately extinguished. Then, Gregor's family, relieved of the burden of his care, quickly move on with their lives. The final scene, where the family take a hopeful outlook toward their prospects, stands in contrast to Gregor's tragic end, highlighting the indifference of the world to his suffering. While there may be a faint trace of hope in the family's newfound freedom, it is overshadowed by the hopelessness spread across Gregor's narrative, leaving the reader with a demoralizing realization of life's potential cruelty and absurdity.

Kafka's personal tendencies toward self-isolation and anxiety led to the creation of Gregor Samsa. Gregor has failed to take control of his life, so it takes control of him instead. As Gregor becomes more comfortable with his transformation, he begins to realize the alienation of his monotonous life. Since Gregor was not pro-active in keeping genuine relationships and friendships, and making his own self-love and respect a priority, he suffered the consequences until his own death. The internal and societal conflicts Gregor endures have persisted in the postmodern world, often described by scholars as “Kafkaesque.” Contemporary readers relate to Gregor Samsa's suffering more than ever as we strive to find our “why.”

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# THE EVOLUTION OF FEMINIST LITERATURE AND ITS SOCIAL IMPACT FROM THE SEVENTEENTH TO TWENTIETH CENTURY

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Feminist literature has undergone a significant evolution over the years, with notable authors challenging the societal and cultural conventions of the times and asserting the importance of women's political and social autonomy. As feminist literature has evolved, authors have not only critiqued the oppression of women but also explored the complexities surrounding the ideas of individuality, personal voice, and creativity, urging women to seek independence from traditional roles and societal expectations.

One of the earliest figures in this tradition, Aphra Behn, was a playwright of the late seventeenth century. Literary scholar Robert Markley analyzes Behn's success and subversive style in his essay, "The City Heiress," arguing that her comedies are more than mere satirical escapism. Markley writes, "Her comedies present a sophisticated and sympathetic understanding of the ideological complexities of women's existence in a misogynistic society." He explains that Behn challenges the idea that women must be passive or chaste, instead legitimizing female desire and even parodying the masculinity of her male characters. "She can then legitimate female desire by inverting the gender politics of her spectators' gaze and turn her libertine heroes into self-parodying objectification[s] of masculine desirability."

Nearly a century later, Mary Wollstonecraft, in *Maria: or, The Wrongs of Woman*, critiques gender inequality and the oppression of women. Throughout the novel, Wollstonecraft uses the character Maria to expose how society had purposely made women feel inferior to their male counterparts and to bring awareness to the rights women desperately needed and deserved. She uses Maria as a way to represent how many women felt during that era while they were trapped within the walls of marriage with a man. "Not live with him! How will you live then?"—"I will work," she cried, "do anything rather than be a slave." Wollstonecraft also argues that women should not be identified solely by their relationships with men or emotional attachments but instead should be allowed to have emotional and romantic autonomy.

She explores this idea through Maria's deep emotional bond with a woman named Jemima, who serves as both caretaker and confidante during Maria's imprisonment in a madhouse. Though the relationship is not explicitly romantic, some critics argue that the intensity of the connection between the two women invites readings that go beyond friendship. Wollstonecraft shows that Maria's greatest support system comes not from a male savior but from another woman who also knows suffering firsthand. Later in the novel, Wollstonecraft highlights the societal double standard placed on separated women. She explains how little power a woman has if she ever gets separated from her husband:

"The situation of a woman separated from her husband is undoubtedly very different from that of a man who has left his wife. He, with lordly dignity, has shaken off a clog—A woman, on the contrary, resigning what is termed her natural protector (though he never was so, but in name) is despised and shunned, for asserting the independence of mind distinctive of a rational being, and spurning at slavery."



PHOTOGRAPH BY AMY HUEZO LARA

Around the same time, in 1791, Olympe de Gouges offers a bold political argument for gender equality. In *The Declaration of the Rights of Woman*, de Gouges demands that women be granted the same rights and opportunities as men, including the right to vote, hold office, and receive equal legal treatment. She writes, “The purpose of all political association is the preservation of the natural and imprescriptible rights of woman and man. These rights are liberty, property, security, and especially resistance to oppression.” De Gouges not only critiques the exclusion of women from revolutionary ideals but also insists that women be recognized as active participants in public and political life. She even calls for an end to the prejudices surrounding women who have children outside of marriage, stating, “Every citizeness may therefore say freely, I am the mother of your child; a barbarous prejudice... should not force her to hide the truth.”

Moving into the 19th century, Harriet Taylor Mill builds on these earlier calls for equality by focusing on women’s political rights and economic independence. In his entry on Taylor Mill in *The Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy*, Dale E. Miller highlights her influential role in feminist philosophy. In the essay, “Enfranchisement of Women,” Taylor Mill argues that denying political rights to women restricts their interests to private matters and weakens men’s sense of civic duty. Dale E. Miller explains that Taylor Mill “maintains that the denial of political rights to women tends to restrict their interests to matters that directly impact the family... and competition for jobs will prevent most of the problems that admitting women into the workforce would putatively cause from materializing.” Miller also notes that Taylor Mill challenged the idea that all married women wanted to remain dependent on their husbands. He writes, “Even under the present laws respecting the property of women, a woman who contributes materially to the support of the family cannot be treated in the same contemptuously tyrannical manner as one who is a dependent on the man for subsistence.”

Margaret Fuller continues the conversation around individuality and gender by focusing on philosophical ideals in her 1843 essay, “The Great Lawsuit.” Fuller argues that ideal manhood and womanhood are not opposites, but rather fluid, shared qualities. *The Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy* entry notes that Fuller said, “There is no wholly masculine man; no purely feminine woman.” According to the *SEP* entry, Fuller believed that men had greater access to self-development and that this imbalance needed to be corrected to allow women to realize their full potential. In her “Conversations,” discussion circles in Boston, she invited small groups of women to explore feminist ideals and effect social change. She later expanded her ideas in *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*, a text that helped shape American feminist thought.

As feminist writing moved into the late 19th and early 20th centuries, the idea of “The New Woman” emerged as a cultural turning point. Literary critics Sally Ledger and Roger Luckhurst explain this term in *The Fin de Siècle*, tracing its origins to a pair of articles by Sarah Grand. Ledger and Luckhurst describe “The New Woman” as “an intelligent, sensitive, and sexually healthy woman, who often had ambitions beyond motherhood.” This movement took many feminist writers and their female readers by storm and made them realize that they had the ability to call out and critique the different ways society tried to normalize women being nothing but pieces of property whose only purpose in life was to find husbands, get married, serve their husbands, birth children for said husbands, and take care of their children. This idea was, of course, criticized by male writers and some women who held tightly to their traditional values. William Dixon, for example, wrote that “women, nowadays, are disposed, from selfish reasons, to shirk the high privileges and duties of maternity and domestic life... and to have so far unsexed themselves as to have lost the primordial instinct for conjugal life altogether.” However, Dixon also presents the argument of those supporting “The New Woman,” stating, “the reason why women are ceasing to marry must rather be attributed to a shifting feminine point-of-view, to a more critical attitude towards their masculine contemporaries.”

In the early 20th century, Virginia Woolf brought the conversation into the realm of creativity and artistic identity. In *A Room of One's Own*, Woolf explores the intersection of gender, creativity, and social structure, advocating for women's intellectual and artistic freedom. She critiques the exclusion from education and public life that women had faced for centuries, imagining what might have happened if Shakespeare had an equally gifted sister. “Imagine that Shakespeare had a sister—let her be as adventurous, imaginative, and passionate as her brother—but she was not allowed to develop her talents, and so she perished, her potential lost forever.” Woolf also points out how the literary world had been dominated by male authors and how women's voices had been silenced within it. She asks, “Why did men drink wine and women water? Why was one sex so prosperous and the other so poor? What effect has poverty had on fiction?” Woolf brings to light the importance of allowing women of all ages to explore their creative sides and figure out exactly who they are outside of marriage and motherhood.

Feminist literature has greatly evolved over these centuries, reflecting the shifting social, political, and cultural standpoints of the moments in history in which these works were written. From the earliest works of Aphra Behn and Mary Wollstonecraft, who took the first steps in calling out and critiquing the unfair treatment of women in patriarchal societies, to the more recent contributions of Margaret Fuller and Virginia Woolf, whose writing has brought to light the intersections of class, sexuality, and identity, feminist literature has been a dynamic force in both modern societal critiques and women's empowerment movements. For centuries, feminist authors have challenged the insulting stereotypes society has placed on women, reshaped the roles women could play in society, and offered women of all ages new ways to understand power and resistance.

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ALEXXIA TODDY  
FEATURED STUDENT ARTIST OF ASU-NEWPORT



ALEXXIA TODDY

FEATURED STUDENT ARTIST OF ASU-NEWPORT

# FINE ARTS

## FEATURED STUDENT ARTISTS

VICTORIA TREVINO  
ALEXXIA TODDY

## CONTRIBUTING STUDENT ARTISTS

CHRISTY DENNIS  
MICHELE LAWRENCE  
SAMARA MASON  
NEHEMIAH REEDUS  
EDEN RILEY  
ASHER RUDICK  
CYDNEY TAYLOR  
ADRIAN WHELLER

## CONTRIBUTING FACULTY ARTIST

KELLI LANGSTON

## CONTRIBUTING COMMUNITY ARTIST

DONNA NICHOLSON

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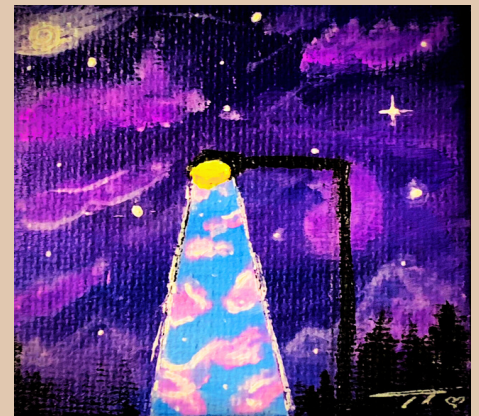
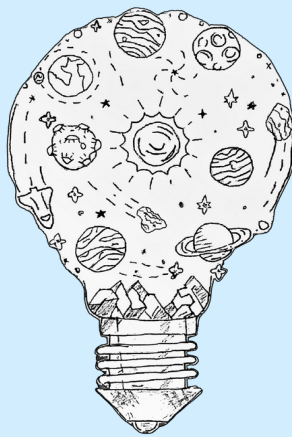




# Featured Student Artist

**VICTORIA TREVINO**

ASUN Lit Pub's featured student artist, Victoria Trevino, is a sophomore at Arkansas State University-Newport, pursuing an Associate of Applied Science in the Traditional Registered Nursing program. She aspires to work in the health care field and continue her education to earn a degree in psychology. Trevino resides in Newark, Arkansas where she graduated from Cedar Ridge High School before enrolling at ASU-Newport. She enjoys drawing in graphite and pen on paper and painting in acrylics on canvas. Trevino specializes in graphite portraits and multi-scene surrealist landscapes in acrylic. Trevino's artwork is displayed on the front and back covers and featured throughout this issue. Trevino is one of ASUN Lit Pub's top student contributors. In addition to her featured artwork, her photography and academic writing also are included in this issue.





ALEXXIA TODDY

FEATURED STUDENT ARTIST OF ASU-NEWPORT



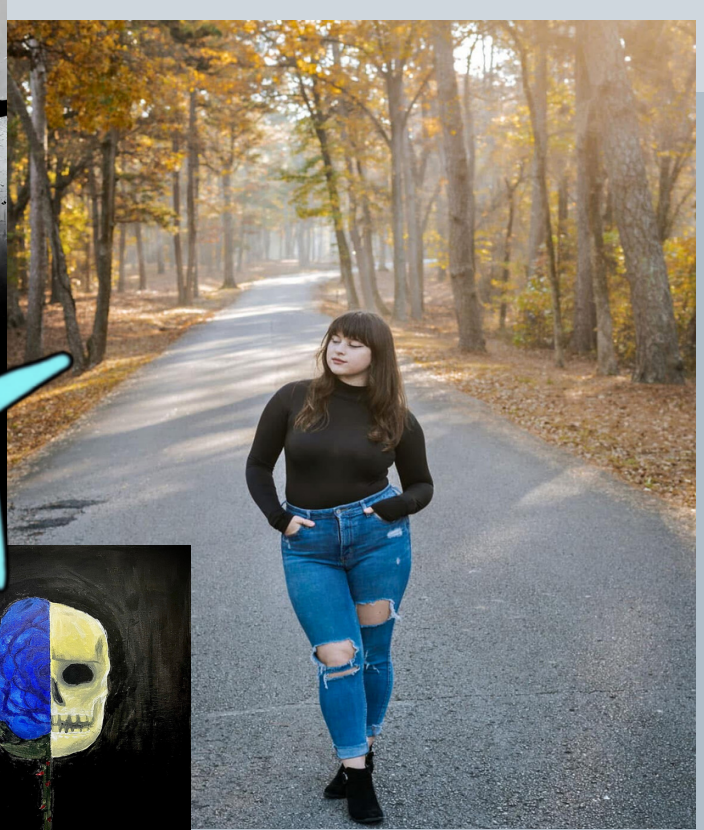
# Featured Student Artist

## ALEXXIA TODDY

ASUN Lit Pub's featured student artist, Alexxia Toddy, is a student of Arkansas State University–Newport enrolled in the Concurrent Education program at Tuckerman High School. Toddy's educational goals are to earn a Certificate in Culinary Arts and an Associate of Business Management from ASU–Newport. Upon completion of her studies, she aspires to open her own restaurant. Her other interests include cooking, singing, tennis, and studying world languages. Alexxia Toddy has been practicing art for approximately five years and enjoys working in digital painting, drawing, and design, lead and graphite drawing, oil painting, and acrylic painting. Her digital art pieces and graphite drawings, as well as acrylic and oil paintings are included throughout this issue. In addition to her academic pursuits, Toddy operates her own custom artwork and apparel businesses, **Dawn & Dusk Designs** and **Alexxia Creations**.

For commissions or to learn more about Alexxia Toddy's work, visit her business pages: [@dawn.n.dusk.designs](#) and [@AlexxiaCreations](#)

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VICTORIA TREVINO

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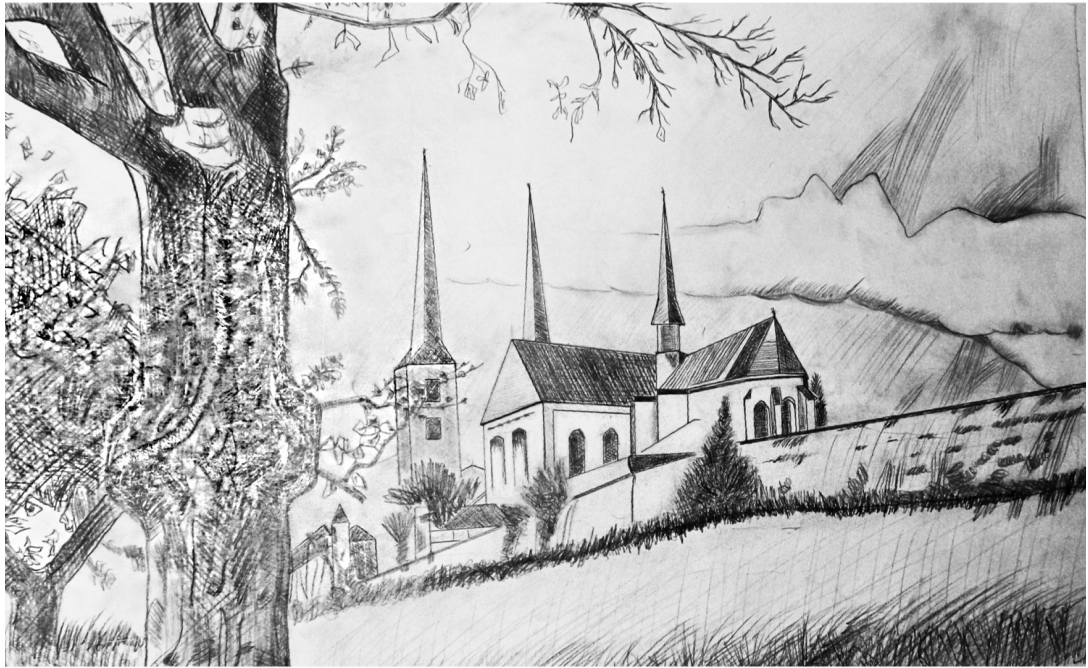
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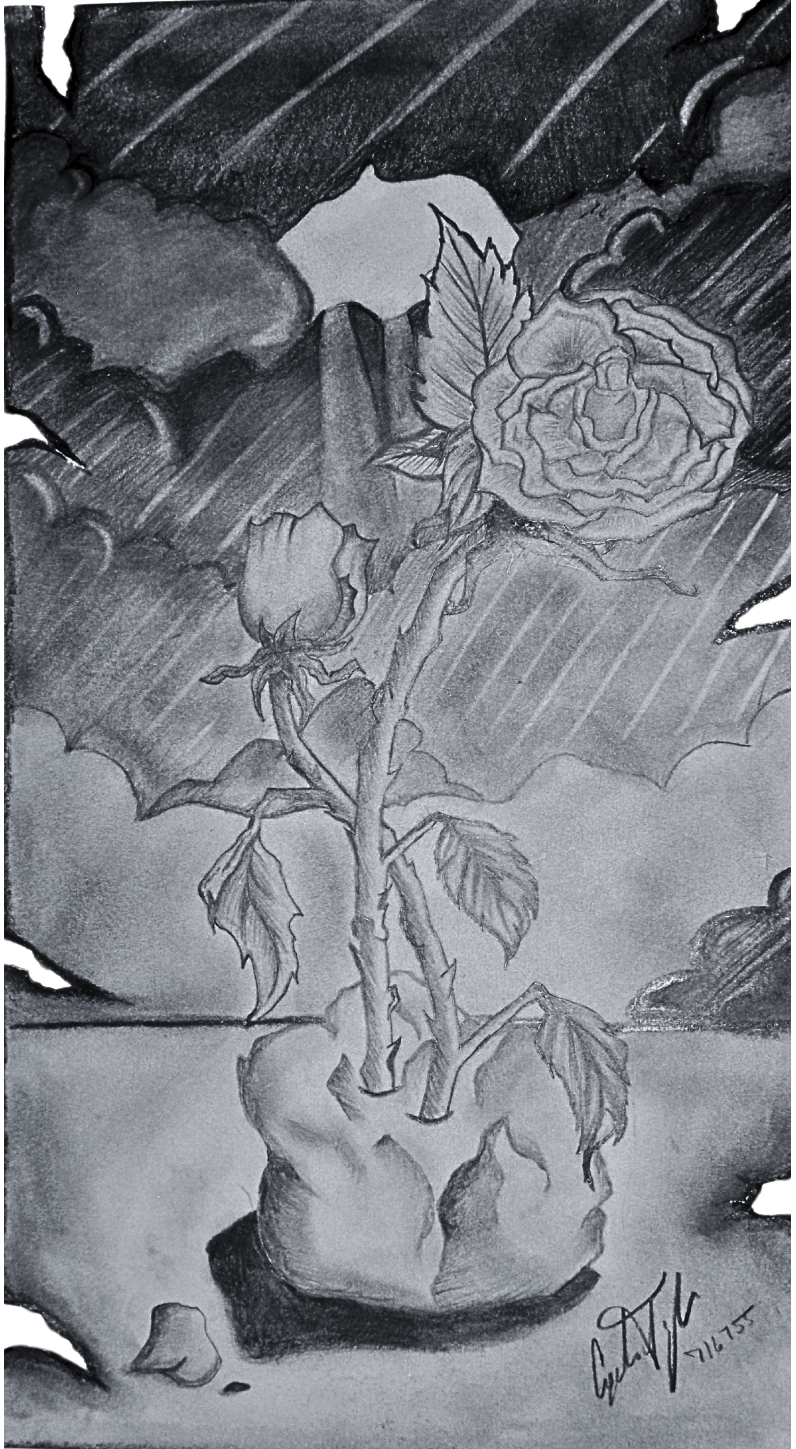
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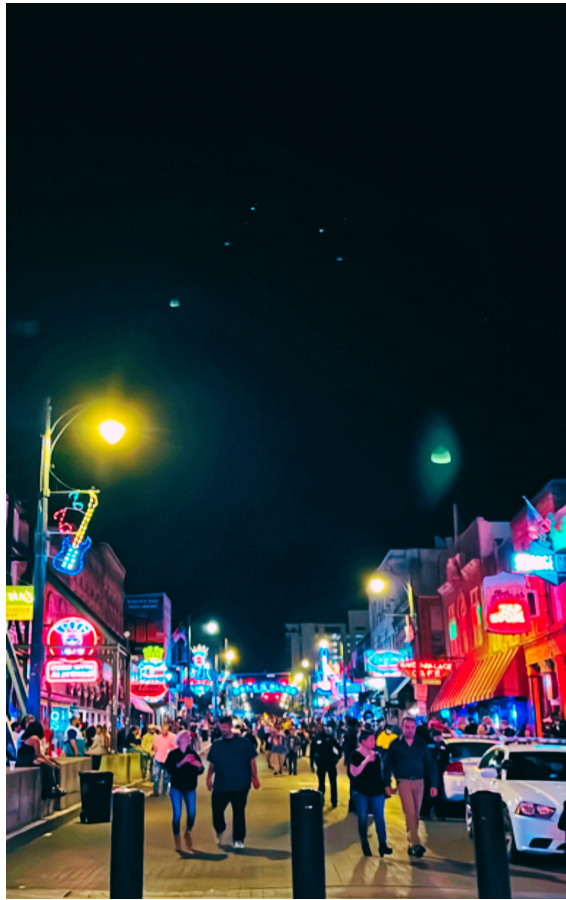
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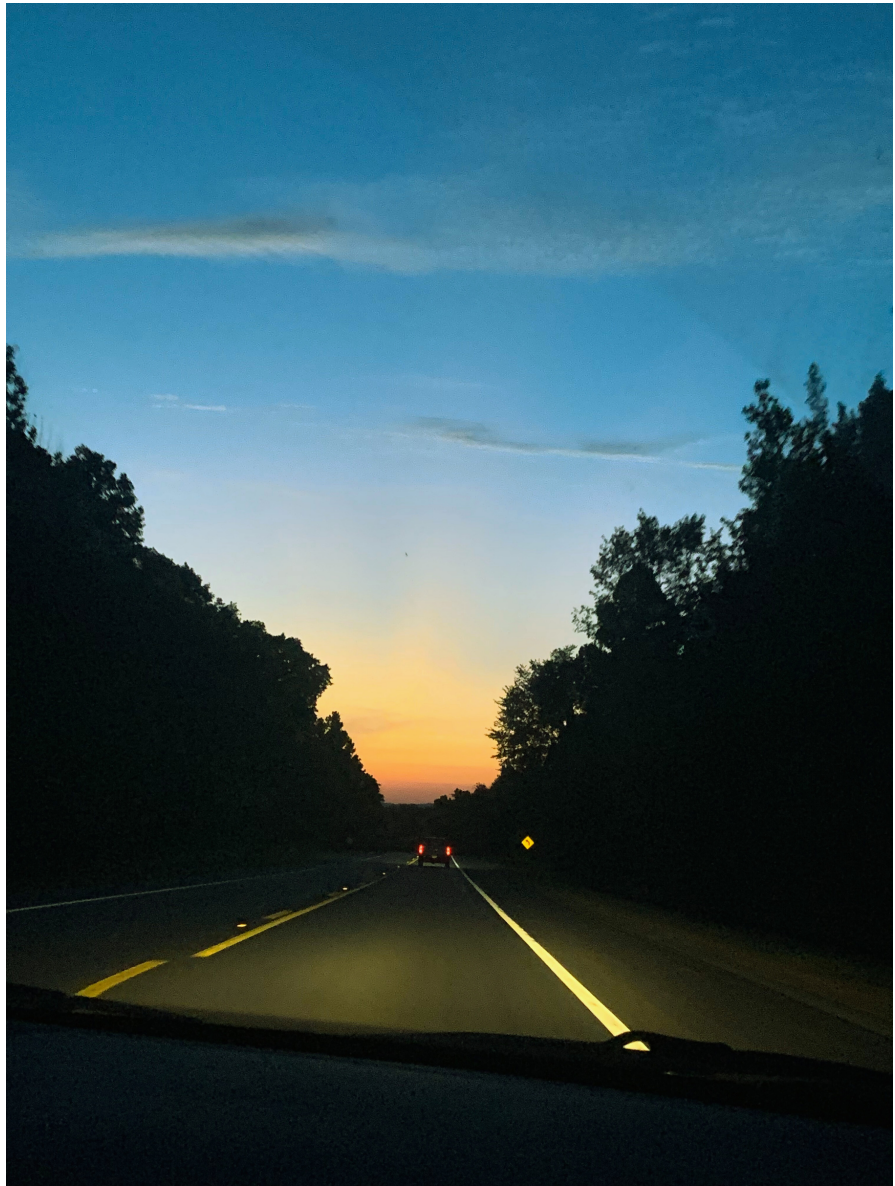
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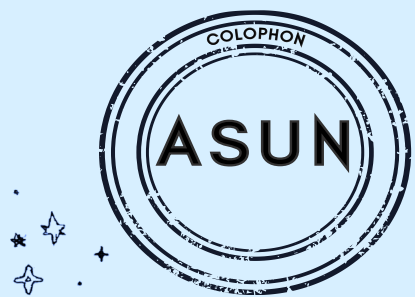
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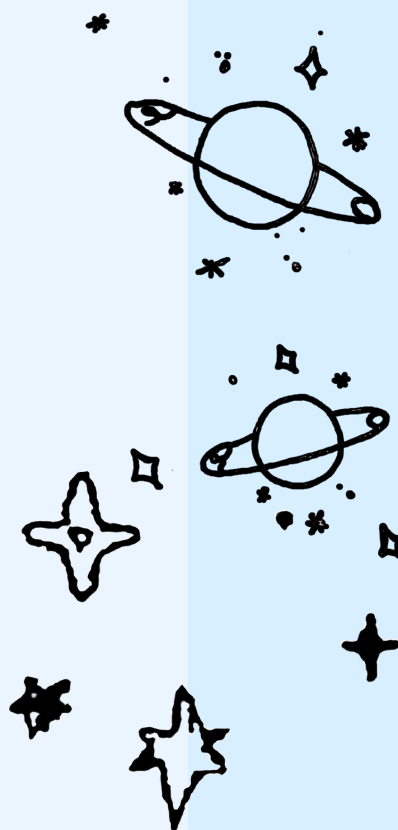
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