

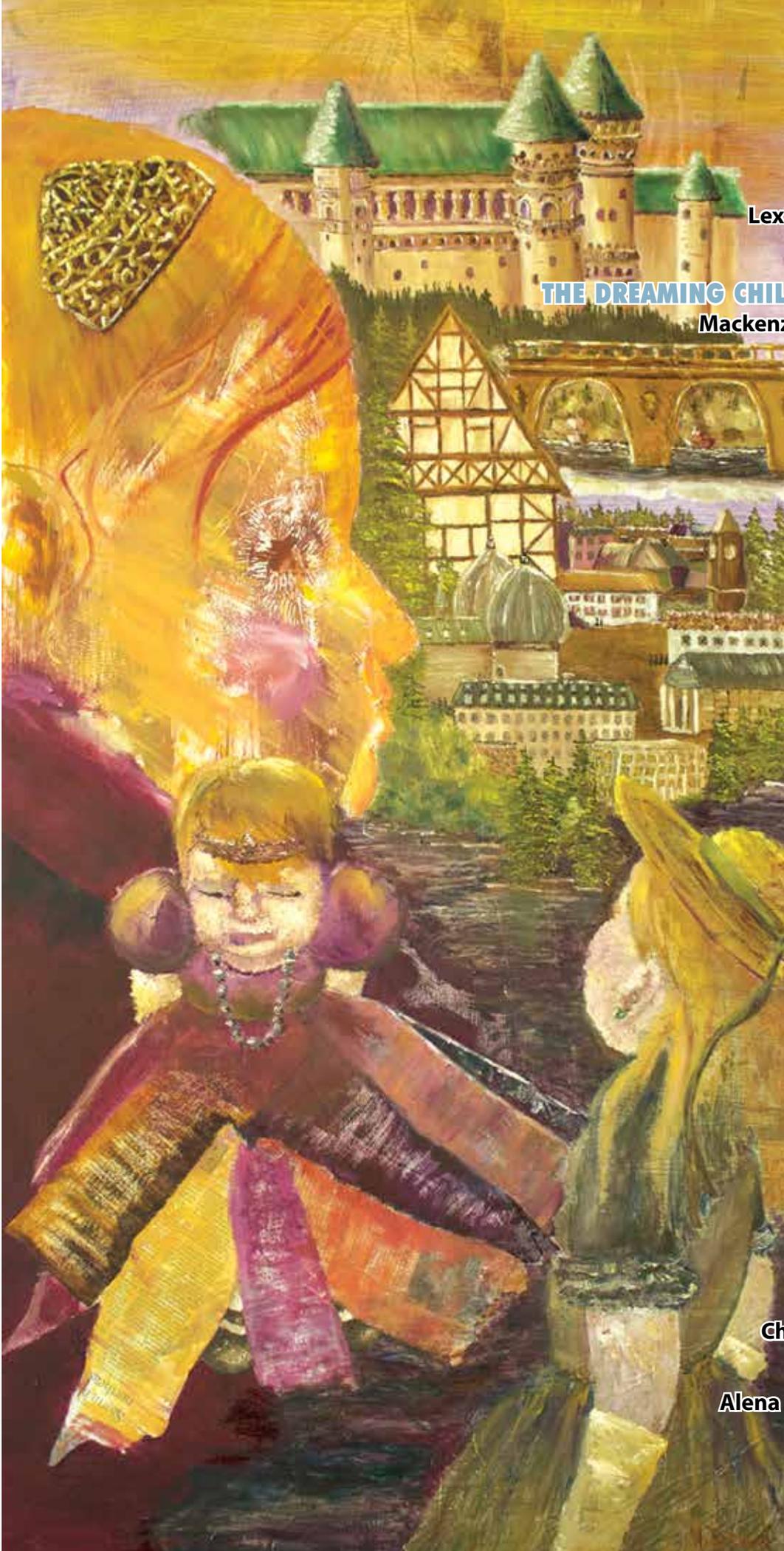
2018
Volume I

uncharted

Literary & Art Magazine



Arkansas State University at Beebe
Division of Arts & Humanities



front cover
SELF-PORTRAIT

Lexi Styles | Digital Art

inside front cover

THE DREAMING CHILD'S PERSPECTIVE

Mackenzie Drozd | Painting

back cover

Chris Jones | Painting

inside back cover

Alena Russell | Digital Art

**“Towering genius disdains a beaten path.
It seeks regions hitherto unexplored.”**

Abraham Lincoln
Lyceum Address, 1838

DEDICATION

This first edition of *Uncharted* is published in honor of Michael Kelly, Assistant Professor of English at Arkansas State University—Beebe, for giving voice to the quiet potential of so many students and colleagues.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The editorial staff of *Uncharted* would like to acknowledge the following for their support in producing the 2018 edition of *Uncharted*: Dean of the Division of Arts & Humanities, Dr. Jason Goodner, for his vision to publish a literary and art magazine; Arts & Humanities faculty who encouraged student submissions; Director of Marketing and Public Relations, Keith Moore, for assisting in the development of the magazine website; and Assistant Professor of English, Suzanne Lindsey, for serving on the start-up committee for the publication. Finally, we are grateful to the administrative staff at Arkansas State University—Beebe for supporting this endeavor.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

This 2018 edition of *Uncharted* marks the first literary and art publication at Arkansas State University—Beebe. The title and scope of the magazine is the product of a series of student focus groups as well as discussions between faculty members and the dean of the Division of Arts & Humanities. The publication contains work developed by ASUB students and alumni in the arts and humanities fields as well as one guest writer.

The purpose of this publication is first to provide a stage for writing and art at ASUB that draws attention to ideas, experiences, and artistry that in some way sets foot on new ground and pushes against mediocrity.

Another purpose for this magazine is to foster a flow of ideas in our readers—typically students, alumni, faculty, and community members—that encourages intellectual discourse. Finally, this literary and art publication provides evidence of the level of quality in the curriculum and instruction at Arkansas State University—Beebe, particularly in the Division of Arts & Humanities.

As we set out to produce the 2018 edition of *Uncharted*, we were not only overwhelmed by the tedium of the task but also by the wide possibilities of it. Outside our walls raged a storm of political and social unrest. Inside our walls the diversity of ideals and experiences mimicked the same storm. When we sent out the call for submissions, we received writing and art as varied as our students—a war veteran’s poem, a shy artist’s screaming sculpture, a 50-something alumnus who writes narratives—and they came together on the same pages to form a harmonious opus.

We hope you enjoy this first edition of *Uncharted* and that it inspires your own ideas, creations, and conversations.

**Jodi Whitehurst, Ed.D. &
Uncharted Staff**

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SKINNING, A SHAKESPEAREAN SONNET

Kelsey McGraw

First take a knife and position it just so,
Athwart the belly of the caught beast strung,
And drag it down fur whitish as snow,
Until the hook bites in and guts are flung.

Then take the organs out from the cavity,
Uplift the lungs all soft and pink and light,
But mind the stomach by some odd decree,
Full of nuts lapped up sometime last night.

Hens dither near meat cut in red slivers,
To the sharp rasp and sawdust light flapping,
Of beaks on pebbles speckled in wet livers,
The same hue as a cock's ruby capping.

Dogs eat the fat and lap juicy dribbling,
Breath hot gun powder death and teeth nibbling.



Jordan Lakin | Photography



Pasha Thompson | Photography

THE AUTHOR STABBED ME

Curtis Short

He stabbed me,
He wanted me dead.
My creator
Wanted his creation dead.

He simply wrote his words:
"He was stabbed from the dark into his stomach."
And here I am on the floor, bleeding out.
While you just sit and look.

Watching me die,
An innocent person.
Stabbed, not by the killer's knife,
But by the typed words.

He died alone,
Questioning
His own creator,
The Author.



Katie Skinner | Photography

HIS HEAD HELD DOWN IN SHAME

Marley Cash

He leaned over his truck,
helplessly watching the flames.
One bay door wide-open,
as if fire was all it had ever contained.
It danced. It waved—taunting the owner.

His livelihood billowed,
into angry black clouds,
on this already overcast day.
His future turned to soft ashes,
souring the wind.

The heat of the blaze was felt,
through the cold winter day,
And a soft, sizzling tear,
Traced a ravine of age,
Salting the gorge of his pressed lips.

DROWNED FOX, A HAIKU

Kelsey McGraw

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



► Emmanuel Motto | Painting

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

Kelsey McGraw

How sad is the person drowning on land?
Sinking into the murky deep with sightless dead,
Unseeing of the misery roiling inside their head,
Like seaglass fogged with foam and salted sand,
Submarine light beams searching the fearfully dark strand.
Down goes the Nautilus! Piercing that consuming dread,
Pill-shaped ribs plunging after smiles in happiness' stead,
Lost to tidal rage and the crushing hand.

Pressure steadily relents as the pill takes hold,
The healthful torpedo casting the blind shades aside,
Sighs and sadness gone in an explosive blast,
Laughter and cheer rising like bubbles so bold,
Boiling the sea's surface both far and wide,
Twenty thousand leagues ascended,
to the very last.



Jordan Lakin | Photography

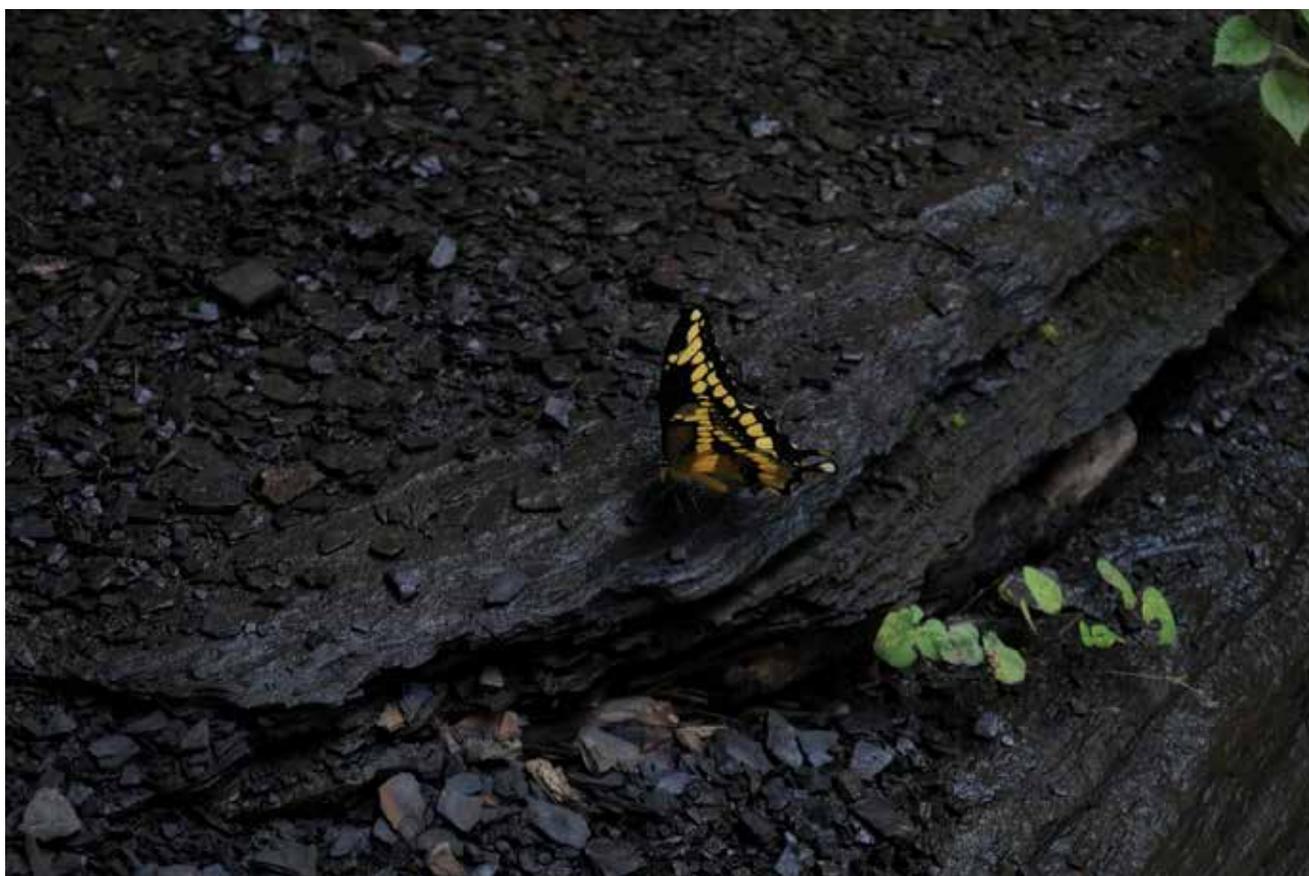


Marley Cash Powell | Photography



▲ Alena Russell | Photography

▼ Jordan Lakin | Photography



THE OXYMORON

Christopher Green

Heart broken,
But open with blood flowing,
Like a tide of love,
No end stopping and holding.

Walking, rolling,
Lost and found, up and down,
Locked up and stolen,
Both feet on the ground.

Hunting and hiding,
Praying and fighting,
Slowly sliding,
Gripping and grinding.

So fast,
The slap that makes the slash,
So hard,
The land that rips and drags.

Afraid of rage,
To stand and fall,
Really, the point is so sharp,
Soft and dull.

Try so hard to see,
But it's dark,
Turn on the light,
Shining from so far.

Cold,
The flame burning so tall,
Numb,
The pain consuming my all.

Lead the way,
I am so lost,
In this hell,
All I feel is frost.



LEAF
Emily Cook | Digital Art

THE PAIN THAT WON'T SUPPRESS

Christopher Green

Images, memory, pain, anger and regrets,
Obsessed on the pains that won't suppress.
Reaches and claws the same as last,
Learning with time but not that fast.

I have earned my place, my family, and my keep,
Things you'd know if you were safe to me.
Hard lessons were taught and learned,
Many times I've helped and been burned.

The time I was impressive has come and gone,
Strength I once had isn't yours anymore.
The faith I once had in myself is nearly gone,
Strangled with all my confidence but not lost.

Images flashes things I will never forget,
Yet the expectation is to forgive said.
Memories cross my mind all the time,
Some good, some bad, and some sublime.

No pain has made me submit yet,
No longer will be I blinded by intent.
My anger is fueled by the endless cycle,
Making my mind afraid, bitter and fragile.

Once again resilience no longer intact,
I am stupid for not seeing the attacks.
The only reason I am feeling regret,
You've always found a way to get in my head.

Soon that imaginary power will fade,
And all I will feel is the Hate you deserve today.



▲ **SELF-PORTRAIT**

Jordan Lakin | Photography

▼ **CAGED HUNTER**

Kirsten Chance | Photography



EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE

Shayna Nelson

I have never been overwhelmingly feminine, and as a child I was classified as a tomboy. I guess not being stereotypical or dressing in pink was something that made me utterly “different.” Never had I been embraced by my teachers or even my family. Throughout my life, I have had to cope with silly pink clothes, bows, and baby dolls that I have never requested to receive. Repeatedly, every Christmas I asked for Nerf guns and G.I. Joes. Repeatedly, I tore open each box in anticipation only to find the disappointing sight of Baby Alive dolls with pink and purple dresses. My family decided to clothe me in frills and pink, all while they were clothing themselves with a prejudice against unique personalities and characteristics. Damage can be done to children who don’t feel loved for who they are in their natural state. I didn’t know what it felt like to be appreciated until later on in my life when I was embraced by a kind gesture of a teacher that in turn impacted my decision toward a lifelong career. My goal is to spend the duration of my life here on earth as a K-6 teacher. I am currently attending Arkansas State University in Beebe in order to earn an Associate of Science in Education in the process toward my goal of a master’s degree. I desire to educate others in the things I have learned through my experience as a student.

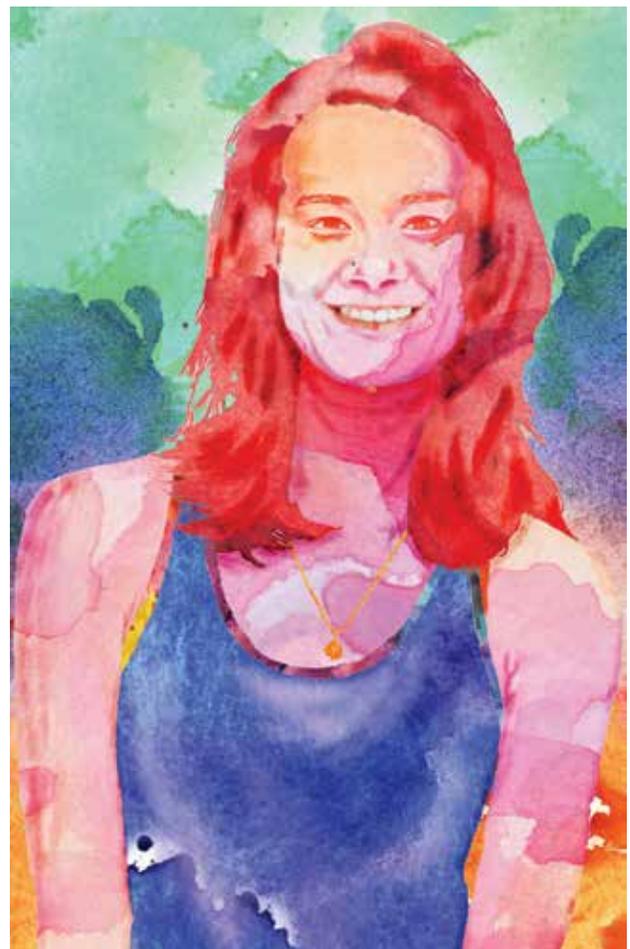
I believe my “diagnosis” of being a “tomboy” was radically incorrect because I simply did not conform to the average child’s interest. Young Shayna had a firm grasp on reality and therefore did not belong in a subgroup that had a quivering grasp of flippancy (a.k.a. stereotypical young girls). Never did I accept the norm simply

because it existed. I always asked questions and came to my own conclusions. Pink is only a color and a pigment cannot be characterized to a certain gender. Frilly dresses don’t work for playing outside, so I stole my brother’s shorts and climbed trees rather than staying inside and playing with dolls. Dolls didn’t make sense because I did not find crying babies to be complex. However, adults have stories, so G.I. Joes interested me. All of these rationales were conclusions which I came to at a very young age, yet no one bothered to ask why I preferred different things. My rationales stayed internalized, and I was classified as a typical tomboy. No one bothered to inquire or even observe me until one day a certain teacher surprised me with a special gift.

Laura Shirley, affectionately called “Lolo” by our class, was my Sunday school teacher for approximately two years. Coincidentally, and to my horror, this class turned out to consist only of girls. One Easter Sunday she brought each of us a gift, and as I watched her hand out pink bags to the girls, I instantly was discouraged. Each bag was frilly and unnecessarily glittered, and they were filled with lip glosses and tiny Polly Pocket dolls with outfits. As she approached me, I prepared myself with a polite “thank you” clenched between my teeth. Before I had a chance to unclench my jaw in agony, she surprised me. Mrs. Shirley handed me a bag, which was unique from the rest. The bag was green and made from a tough canvas material. I opened the bag, and to my amazement, its contents were just as beautiful as its cover. Inside the bag was a pocket knife and a puzzle game. This teacher single-handedly delivered a gift into my hands that could never be lost or broken. The objects

inside the bag are not what I am speaking of, but Laura Shirley gave me the gift of acceptance and individual attention. In that moment, a modeling of the clay inside my mind began, and the clay of my mind has not stopped being shifted and molded since that day.

The concept of individual attention and acceptance that Mrs. Shirley showed me inspired me to go forward and make something of myself. I was inspired and wanted to affect future children in the same way. I have since replaced Mrs. Shirley as the Sunday school teacher for that class, and I am having opportunities to create an environment in which young children can flourish. The young children I work with every week have reaffirmed the passion within me in the form of teaching. I have decided to become a teacher for children in the K-6 range in order to mold the clay in children's minds away from the idea of conformity and loss of individual expression. Young children are this world's future. The things that happen in present time will affect the running of their life's race from this day forward. In the next two years, I will earn an Associate of Science in Education at ASU—Beebe, which will go towards my goal of receiving a Master's in Education. I can spend the rest of my life doing what I love and teaching children the value they hold within themselves. I will teach that lesson, which I was taught many years ago.



▲ **Chris Jones | Digital Art**

▶ **SELFIE WATERCOLOR**
Jordan Lakin | Digital Art



Harmony Brantley



Harmony Brantley



Harmony Brantley



Jennifer Love



Kathleen Wells



Jennifer Love



▲ **BULL**

Chris Jones | Photography

▼ **CONVERGING LINES**

Bryan Jones | Photography





Katie Skinner | Photography

CATTLE

Kelsey McGraw

It was in the middling hours of the evening and cricket-song whined in the air. The ground hadn't seen a drop of rain in weeks; tufts of yellow-green prickled up over the landscape as summertime heaved a sigh from its deathbed. A thoughtful brood of cattle stepped through the dried muck, a haze of manure wavering in the air. Stakes linking strings of barbed wire ran along the edge of the yard and ended at the

tree line, a tangled mass of damp and long-limbed boughs lying beyond.

My father had spent years of his life tending to this land, this perfect steadiness of pasture and woods. It had a mystic, spiritual prominence in my childhood, the forest luminous with dancing foxfire and fairy rings whenever we would venture beneath its shade. There my father would set traps for animals: beavers and otters and muskrats mostly, but



▲ **Katie Skinner | Photography**

▼ **Sophie Clark | Photography**



also the occasional snarling bobcat, a spotted beast that would spit and claw at us even as a shot was sighted right between its eyes.

My mother was promised a fox fur coat to wear in the wintertime. We, the little ones, were promised stuffed bears made from the skins of those beaver carcasses we so loved to pet. In the end, all that came of these outings were skinless, grinning raccoons strung up with rope wrapped fast about their ankles, only the velvet-soft pads of their feet left unscathed by the skinning knife. Extra spending money came of selling their pelts, some of it funneled towards payments on tractors and farm equipment.

These were good years; my childhood and that of my sisters was not hard or contested by any means. 'Your eyes are so beautiful,' my mother would tell me in the early hours of the morning before school, dabbing makeup across my nose, cheeks, and chin. 'Such long eyelashes! Like cow eyes.'

Both of my parents loved me, looked after me. An unspoken contract passed between us— that when they, too, were helpless and easily broken, I would care of them. I was also expected to bring grandchildren for them, and when that came into question, the unspoken contract from before was applied to my own situation: 'Who do you think will look after you in your old age, then?'

I did not want children then, and I knew that I never would. I did not want children to destroy my body. I did not want to feel shriveled up inside, like an apple with its core hollowed out. I did not want to look like a mother hen, bobbing my head around and herding my chicks this way and that, constantly fretting over the most trivial of things. I did not want to feel honor bound to looking after a screaming, wriggling baby and I most certainly did not

want to hold one for any amount of time.

I did not want children, but the waves of hateful words stalled in my throat at that single question. Surely everyone I knew and cared for would be changed, different by that time, shriveled with age or long dead in the ground. My sisters, my aunts and uncles, those rare friends kept and buffed by the years until they glimmered with a polished shine, treasured amongst all others dug up from the dirt. This sudden awareness curdled all of my arguments into poison on my tongue, the whole world tilted on an upsetting, topsy-turvy axis.

Like the tide I subsided, but knew in my gut that the waters would rise again.

On that afternoon my father and I trundled out into the pasture, the buzz of insects clamoring to be heard and the rumble of the four-wheeler's engine churning my stomach into queasy slop. Down by where the flatland turned into poison oak and swampy ground, the painted sides of the horses fluctuated in a smooth, mechanical bond of muscle and joint. They nudged and bothered the doddering cows and their calves; whinnying and kicking up dust with each stamp of their sharp hooves even as the soft pink of their noses was branded red by the sun.

One horse, an old mare with the dark silhouette of Antarctica splattered onto her side by the hand of some god, looked up at us as we rode past. Her eyes were a blue that made my belly quiver— too pale, too bright for an animal, the pupil seeming like a vacant space between the stars against that piercing blaze of ice.

A stallion, handsomely colored and well-built, stood beside her. His nostrils flared as he watched us. The two troublemakers of the herd were this pair's children, borne even in the mare's old age, rabble-rousers who nipped



▲ Emmanuel Motto | Painting

▼ Earl Coralde | Photography



at ears and hind ends to stir up mass panic among the cattle. Their pinkish snouts flicked in our direction, manes all tangled up with knots tossed carelessly across their wide shoulders. As many parents are in the habit of saying, they would be the death of that old mare, for when she grew heavy with pregnancy that spring the strain of labor killed her.

I had seen a calf lying down by the fence-line without an attentive mother watching beside it, its ears pricking straight up amongst the tall clusters of grass. Sticks and twigs made its bed, and as my father's mud boots clomped towards the calf still it did not stir or shy away in terror, instead merely lolling its head to the side to peer over at us.

Its eyes were large and wet, dark like dewdrops speckled on mahogany furniture. Afterbirth, dried in the sunlight just beginning to dip below the treetops, curled its brown fur and turned the soft curvature of its body copper-red. Its still-feeble muscles and joints struggled to give this reddish body strength to stand as my dad looped one strong arm beneath the calf's belly, lifting it with ease.

I watched all this from my perch on the edge of the four-wheeler's leather seat. The calf seemed gentle, soft with its dewy eyes, and I dearly longed to pet it as one would a dog. I wondered where the calf's mother was, even as my dad pressed the rubber nipple of a formula bottle to its wet snout. A tinge of resentment gripped me then, and I cast my gaze out across the lot of brawny animals and wondered which one was the barbarian, the unfeeling shade, who would leave her babe to waste away from hunger.

As it turned out, my father had his suspicions about which heifer it was. Like a war machine we flew over the slopes and hills

of the pasture, grass slapping against our legs in whip-like strands, the croaking of frogs and cricket chirps rising to fever pitch all around. Cowbirds took flight and were banished from the backs of their steeds, white wings waving like flags of surrender. We sped towards the mother cow, the wheels of our machine weaving round and round, shepherding her towards where her child lay bereft and unloved.

But the shade was not to be coerced into caring for the life she had carried for so many long months. She snorted and twisted away, black eyes rolling in terror as we drove her again and again to the calf's nursery of brambles. Her white sides rolled with the thundering of her legs, the sickness building in my stomach with each toss of her head, every fearful flash of white around the void-black of her eyes.

I felt wrong for being angry with her, knew that she was frightened by the bellows of the engine and the wide gesturing of my father's arms. Tears burned at the corners of my eyes, a hailstorm of gnats whipping against my cheeks as we shredded through the tall blades of grass, the hot coil of the engine searing into my thighs.

This torture did not cease for some time, not until the sun had slipped far below the treetops and swathed the world in a hood of half-darkness. It was with anger that my father stormed off from that field, his tallness and robustly built arms lending a furious quake to his stride. We passed like a thundercloud, simmering with bolts of electricity unshed, the calf still unattended and the mother trapped inside the pasture with it. It was his hope that the mother would have rejoined it by morning.

Sleep, gentle and persistent, came like the departure of a summer breeze.

As the paleness of dawn stretched across the bowl of the sky, I stepped into my slippers and went out. Dew speckled the grass in sweet-smelling droplets. Birds trilled from their lofty perches in the trees, nests full of small, screaming mouths ringing right alongside them. The day was born anew.

Before I knew it, my feet had carried me over to the fence-line, barbed wire tangled with horsehair and bird droppings singing as my hands grazed across it. I looked out towards the trees where the fog thickened into sheets. My stomach ached, for not eating breakfast I imagined.

My gaze dropped towards where the calf had spent the evening of the day before. The ache in my stomach lurched into a sharp twinge. There it lay, the body still and unmoving even as I rattled the fence and cried out to it.

The mother stood only a few feet away; a flood of sickness snaked around my middle when I dared to look upon her. Veiled by her long, dark lashes, her eyes stared back at me, wide open and vacant.



Sophie Clark | Photography



▲ **SILHOUETTE**
Chris Jones | Photography

▼ **Alicia Webb | Photography**



JACKIE AND THE WORM

Marley Cash

I did not enjoy having to be at work at 5:45 every morning; I despised early mornings, but there were eggs to serve and coffees to spill. One morning, I came flying into the gravel parking lot like a bat out of hell. Three or four trucks were already parked in front of the building. I grabbed my apron and Red Bull and moseyed into the restaurant to brew coffee and tea, fill the rag bucket with fresh water and rags, and grab whatever stock from the back room that I noticed was left low after the previous shift.

As I dumped the used coffee filter into the trashcan and grabbed a fresh one to start another pot, a rapping came on the window closest to the front door.

"Sons of beaches!" I grumbled as I slid the filter tray into place and pressed start. Looking at the clock, I saw it was still a few minutes before six o'clock. I huffed around the edge of the bar towards the door, grabbing napkins and silverware along the way.

"And I bet it is Jackie Jackson, too, that sorry sucker! It's bad enough all y'all get here fifteen minutes before opening, then you wanna beat my windows to boot? That's alright, I've got something in store for you!" I thought to myself as I unlocked the door.

I pulled the first two tables in the middle row together, specifically positioning six chairs in their various places, leaving the two extra chairs in the gap between the new big table and the rest of the single tables in the row.

"Good morning, ye Old Codgers!" I grandly

announced, then proceeded to greet them all by name: "Shook," "Jackson," "Woods..." "Hi, Tom," "Plumber," "Mr. Moore..."

"I see you're running late, as usual." Woods said, "probably hung over again."

I glared at him and headed back behind the bar. I pulled down six coffee cups and dropped a spoon in each of them with a clang. While I poured coffees and put creamers into a bowl, the Codgers passed out the stack of napkins and silverware rolls that I had left for them on the table. I smiled at how well I had them trained. I had a major prank planned for one of them, and at the end of the day, they all will have paid me to do it, in a sense.

I stacked the bowl of creamers on top of the five coffee cups in my left hand, using the spoons protruding from them to keep the bowl from sliding off. With my right hand, I put an assortment of jelly packets into a bowl and set it on top of the sixth cup of coffee on the counter. I quickly used my index finger to grab the handle of the cup and my thumb to press the bowl against the spoon, holding it in place.

When I made it back to the table, I sat the sixth cup down, catching the bowl of jellies, sliding them to the center of the table, turning the cup's handle to the right in front of Mr. Moore. I sat the cluster of cups from my left hand on the corner of the table and grabbed the creamer bowl, so the Codgers could start grabbing the cups one at a time to pass around the table. I kept the last cup to go with the bowl of creamers. I liked to hand deliver those two items to Woods each morning, making sure to drop the bowl of creamers just shy of his out-stretched hands. I'd laugh

as he jumped from the clatter and watch as he gathered the packets back into the bowl, sometimes with great effort, as he is old and reaching under a table no longer comes easy to him.

“You sorry heifer!” He would mumble.

That scenario was one of my many daily delights from this bunch of customers, and that day carried on like any other... or so it seemed. I took their orders, which I knew by heart, and filled their coffees, purposely overfull, and cleared their dishes, sometimes before they wanted me to. As the time for them to trickle out one by one grew nearer, my excitement escalated. So, I gathered my supplies: one baby copperhead snake, held overnight in the fridge in a Ziploc bag, one Styrofoam cup, with diet Pepsi inside, but without a lid, and lastly, one roll of clear scotch tape.

Just the previous morning, the Codgers had come to discussing different critters such as spiders, roaches, and snakes.

“I am just mortified of snakes!” Jackie and his hair-lipped speech impediment let slip.

“Jackie!” I squealed, topping his coffee off, just over the edge, “Why would you tell me that? You're just giving me ammo!”

“Yeah, yeah,” he said, taking a bite of his hard-boiled egg and pickle spear.

Call it fate, call it serendipity, call it psychotic magnetism, if you'd like, but... That very evening my boyfriend came in from the yard, having killed a snake the size of an earthworm, and when he told me, a force pulled me so uncontrollably that I do believe he may have seen a little glint of crazy in my eyes. I gathered



Bryan Jones | Photography

the snake and went to sleep trying to figure out exactly how to utilize it.

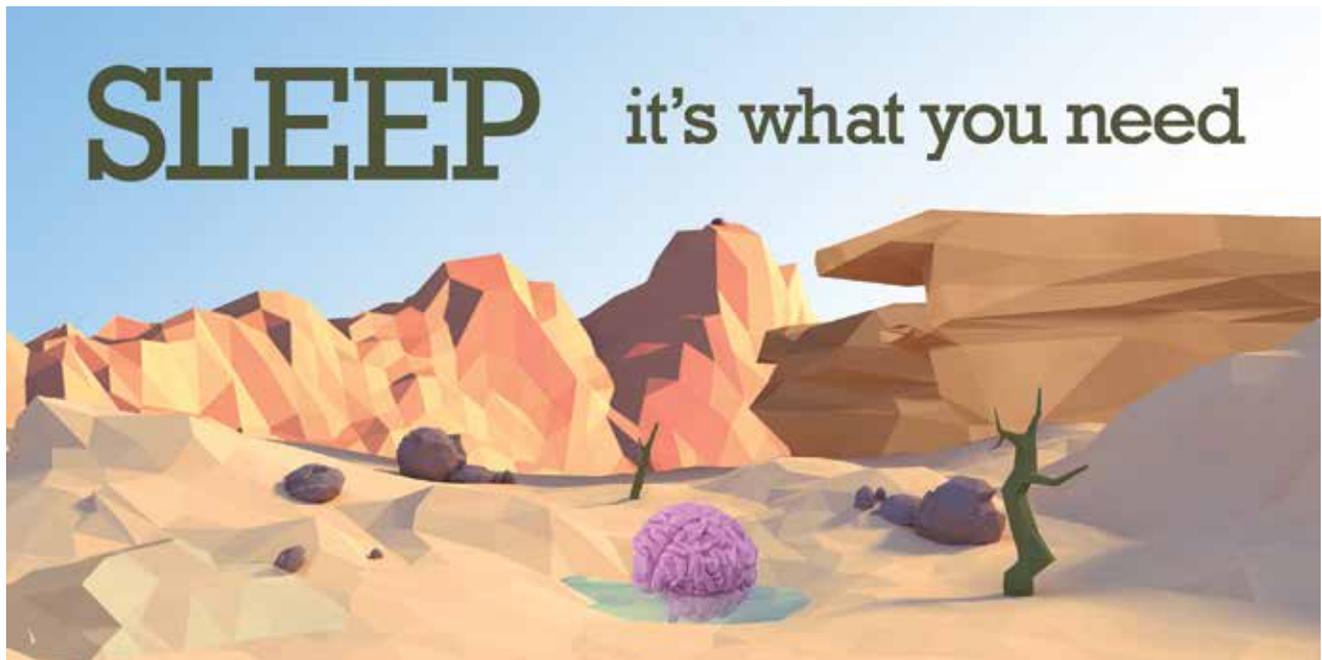
I woke with the most brilliant idea in the morning. You see, Jackie would always drink black coffee with his breakfast, but before he left, he would always ask for a to-go cup of diet Pepsi without a lid. That morning, when I brought it to him, I had taped the snake to the outside of the cup and positioned it opposite of him, out of his view. The Plumber across from him first had a look of confusion, then realization, before he blinked and darted his eyes away, as not to make Jackie notice it prematurely.

When Jackie picked the cup up and his fingers settled atop the snake, he dropped the cup, jumped up and out of his chair, and screeched in horror. He looked like a tall, but rotund in the middle, Russian folk dancer doing the Kozachok, but only managing a repetition of one.

I nearly collapsed in the floor from laughter. I couldn't breathe. Tears were rolling down my face.

"I'm gonna kick your b-but!" He stuttered loudly as he attempted to chase after me. He only made it about five steps before he had to sit back down, winded and shaky from shock.

From then on out, the rest of the Codgers teased him over his fear of earthworms and, therefore, his inability to go fishing with the rest of the gang. That was an unexpected, but beautiful side effect of my prank. I thoroughly enjoyed teasing these men, hearing them tease each other, and, yes, even them teasing me. If I should have been fired over any of my pranks, I assure you it should have been this one that I pulled on this man, especially considering his age and heart condition.



Earl Coralde | Digital Art



LANDSCAPE
Chelle Deaton | Drawing

BASEBALL

Dakota Hilbert

A boy in a red uniform waits to hit the ball, holding the weight of his family and his future on his shoulders. He stands with his knees slightly bent and his arms in a “chicken wing” position, which is what the coaches called your left arm across your chest as your right arm is raised up and contracted. Both hands are holding the bat above his head, ready to hit the ball as hard as he could. He is unmoving like a four-foot five-inch tall rock, staring at his coach, who is standing behind a whirring machine. The coach nods at the boy, who nods in response. Three seconds later, the ball is skidding across the ground between second and third base, as the basemen both scuttle after it. The boy dashes to the first base and makes a hasty decision to run for second, then third. He hesitates and looks around only to see the second baseman running back to his post. This is his chance! He runs as fast as his legs will allow him to and reaches home plate a second before the ball reaches the umpire. He is safe. One side of the crowd claps and hollers as the other side stays solemnly silent. This is the biggest moment of his life, and his smile grows by the second as he breathes heavily.

I am standing in right outfield during this spectacle, staring at the clouds and thinking about my favorite cartoons. The coach has given up on telling me to pay attention. The ball is rarely ever hit to outfield, and if one happens to skid past the first and second basemen to me, then I just pick it up and toss it to the second baseman, immediately switching my mind back to whatever I was thinking of. I generally feel bad for not paying attention to this incredibly important game, but I cannot help it. Throughout this hour and a half game, I

will hold a baseball three times. I look at my dad who is sitting on the edge of his seat watching the game unfold. I wince at the thought of him seeing me uninterested, but I struggle to pay attention for more than a few seconds.

As soon as the other team gets three outs, our team rushes from the field to sit in a cage with a roof that we call the dugout. On the way in, we pass the batting order taped up to the cage on our immediate right. A group of boys on the team crowd around it to see where they are on the list. I don't bother looking at it, instead making a beeline for the last spot on the bench to sit down and think. I haven't moved from the bottom of the list yet, and I don't have high hopes that it will ever change. My teammates go in and out of the cage, striking out, getting runs, sliding into first base to show off. I didn't notice a single moment of it. I'm too busy thinking about what dinner will be tonight and what shows will be coming on later. I look at my dad again, this time making eye contact. He smiles and walks over to the cage.

“How are you doing?” He asks, not having stopped smilingly the entire walk over. “Did you see that one kid on the other team get a home run just by hitting it between second and third base? That was crazy.”

“Oh yeah, that was an awesome hit” I lie. “I can't believe he did that.”

My dad immediately sees through what I say. “Well I bet if you had gotten it then he would've been out right away. I'm proud of you.” He says right before he leaves.

“Thanks.” I say under my breath.

Our team gets two points during this period of batting, and then we receive three outs in a row. Our team stands up and walks out to their positions in the field. The whole process repeats itself. I stand in right outfield and stare at the flowers on the ground as the game proceeds, and then I wait in the dugout for when I can bat. After two repeats of this, I'm startled from my thoughts by my coach saying to me from the doorway, "Dakota, it's your turn to bat. Come on!" I stand up slowly and walk over to my bat leaning against the wall of the cage. I drag it along the ground to home plate.

I step into the chalk marked area and put my feet shoulder width apart. I raise the bat above my head with my left arm across my chest and my right arm jutted outwards to hold the bat properly. I may not expect to hit the ball, but I still have a faint hope that I will. I lock eyes with my coach behind the pitching machine. He nods. I nod back. He puts the ball through the pitching machine, and it shoots through at thirty miles per hour. I swing at what I think to be the appropriate time, but it's no good. First strike. My brow furrows with disappointment, but there's no time to dwell, as the next pitch will be coming soon. A loud, "It's alright Dakota. You can do it!" comes from the bleachers. I look over and see my dad sitting among the other hopeful parents. He smiles at me and gives me a thumbs-up. The words echo in my mind. He's right. I need to do this at least once, and I can. I should do it for him at least.

I lock eyes with my coach again, and the whole motion repeats itself. Nod, nod, ball, machine, thirty miles per hour, miss. I almost use the only curse word that I know, but I catch myself. My arms immediately go back into position when another shout breaks through the air, "I'll get you a Gatorade if you hit it," again from my dad. A glint appears in my eye as my entire body stiffens up. My arms go into the perfect formation, and my legs bend at the

perfect angle. My body becomes an immovable rock. I lock eyes with my coach. He hesitates, as if he sees the sudden glint in my eye. He nods. I nod. He puts the ball into the machine for a third time, and it shoots out. I close my eyes and swing as hard as I can. My eyes open as a new sensation shoots through my hands, the feeling of a baseball hitting a baseball bat. I watch in awe as it flies into outfield for a second before remembering that I need to run. My legs immediately start moving as fast as possible, and faster than I'd ever felt them run before.

Although the distance to first base might be small, it feels enormous if one has never experienced it before. The whole sprint moved in slow motion: watching the baseman worriedly looking for the ball, attempting to control my wild legs, tagging the first base. I had done it. I excitedly looked for my dad to see his reaction, only to be surprised to see him pointing to the second base and yelling, "Go for it!" I didn't dare question his judgement, and my legs fired up again, taking me to second base. The distance seemed almost twice as great this time. Out of the corner of my eye, I see a kid in a red uniform bend over to pick up the baseball. I panic and make a hasty decision to run back to first base. However, my legs have a different plan to continue even faster toward second base. The kid in my peripheral turns around and throws the ball with surprising accuracy to the second baseman, but it's in vain. I hit the base midway through the throw and hear a heavenly sound fill the air, "Safe!"

SPECIAL SERIES WRITER

A WORLD IN STILLNESS SHROUDED

John Smith

■ PART I: SOFT AS THE VOICE OF AN ANGEL

It was a hot, sticky day in late June, 1923. Yes, a hot, sticky day in Beebe, Arkansas, when the murders started, or at least when the victims began to be discovered. Willie “Doc” Wilcott wiped the sweat from the back of his neck as he removed himself from the Model T truck. Slowly, he made his way over to the farmer standing around the pig pen.

“Yep,” said farmer Tate swatting at flies, “he was probably trying to take a shortcut to the tracks. Got tripped up and they got ‘em.”

Willie eyed the corpse suspiciously. Taking a stick, he bent down to inspect the corpse by moving its head. Willie’s head began to spin, a pain hit his stomach as he tried to stifle a scream. The swine had eaten off half the poor soul’s face, leaving the red tinted skull. A half-eaten eye dangled from its socket. Doc Wilcott scurried backwards, falling to the ground in horror.

Farmer Tate moved to help right the doctor, and said, “Yep, pretty grizzly, ain’t it.” Doc Wilcott struggled to breathe. Farmer Tate took the man’s reaction in stride. Hell, Wilcott might have been a surgeon in the Great War, but sometimes life can through you a curve ball just the same.

“Let’s get him into the truck and I’ll run him over to the parlor,” responded Doc dusting himself off. It didn’t take much effort to remove what the hogs hadn’t gorged themselves on.

“Say, Tate, how heavy the hogs in this pen?

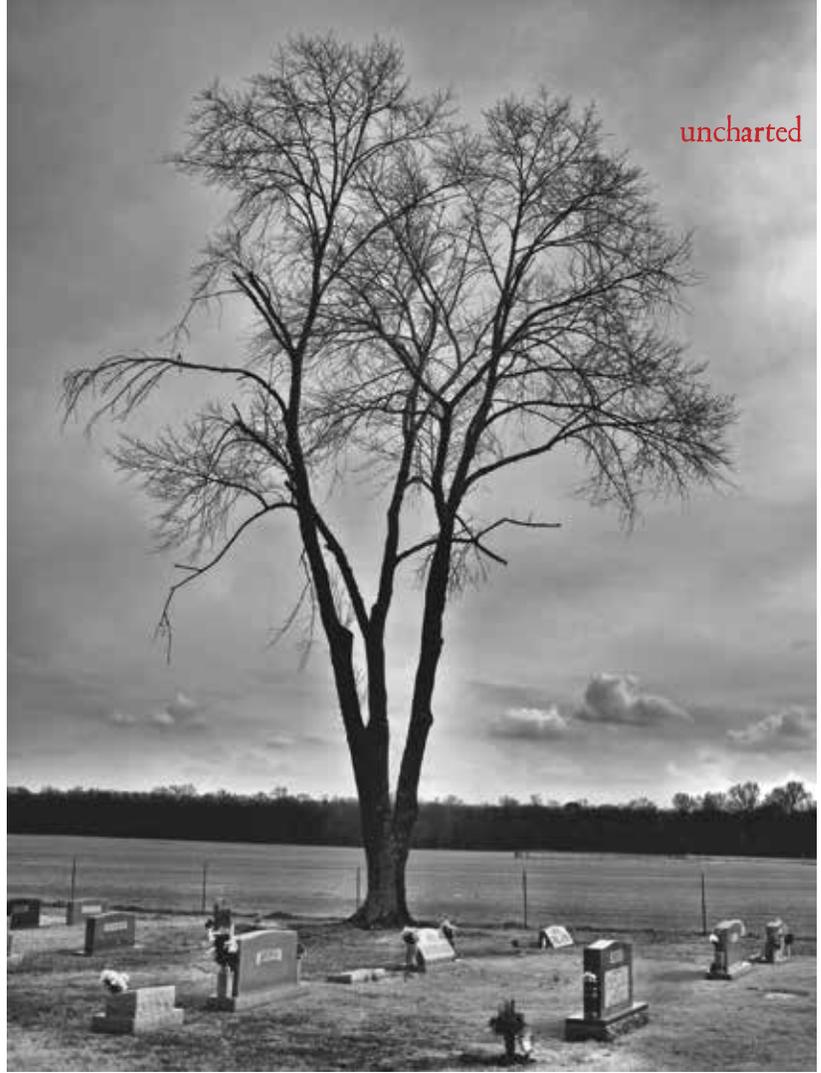
Five hundred pounds, maybe?”

“Gosh, no, this is where I keep the piglets,” responded the farmer without a trace of curiosity. Willie rubbed the grime from his neck before wringing his hands in the handkerchief. The sound of a distant train whistling its passage towards town garnered both men’s attention briefly.

“That’s the ten o’clock. I best get moving. Got patients coming up from Little Rock.” Tate began grinding the starter as Wilcott sat in the cab. Seconds later, Doc was leaving a trail of dust, driving up Cypress Creek road. He stared at the country-side and slowed as he drove past the two-story roadhouse—the Cypress Club.

Guess you need to know about the landscape. See, at that time, if you drove west out of Beebe—say a little over two miles, there was an intersection. If you continued west, you’d run into Conway. The road that crossed ran from a town even smaller, a ‘whistle-stop,’ called Ward in the south. To the north, road twisted and wound its way up through Stoney Point and Rosebud.

Well, if you took to going south to Ward there was that roadhouse for people who got tired of traveling those old dusty trails—with a few extra perks as well—like bootleg. Doc Wilcott was curious. He could understand that the poor sot bouncing in the back of the truck had probably spent the night gambling upstairs at the Cypress Club, lost his money, and was hobo-ing it back to Little Rock. But, he



▶ Kristin Pickett | Photography

▼ Jordan Armijo | Photography



SPECIAL SERIES WRITER

knew damn well that no piglet could break a man's leg, let alone the odds of breaking both legs were slim.

Now, Doc Wilcott, at that time, stood about six-foot, kind of lanky and thin. He had green eyes and a little tussle of light-brown hair. Now mind you, his wife Callie kept him well fed, but he just had one of those bodies that burned through vittles. And, it was those green eyes that stared at the clapboard building on his right as he drove past it.

He pressed the accelerator and steered the vehicle towards Beebe. He drove past the building where he did his medical work and caught a glimpse of the Iron Mountain train heading northeast to Searcy as Center Street turned to run parallel to the tracks. He turned left at the train station and rambled up Main Street, hitting a pothole or two.

DePriests' funeral parlor sat just up from the road to Searcy. Wilcott pulled up alongside the back of the building.

"Chuck!" yelled Doc as he knocked on the back door.

"Quit your banging, I hears ya," drifted from inside to the humid world as the door flung open to reveal a short man with graying beard. Charles DePriests raised an eyebrow when he saw Doc Wilcott.

"Oh, shit, whatcha got for me?"

"I've got some patients coming up from Little Rock, and this no-name, I need you to put up. And, while I'm tending to my patients, I need you to get word to Sheriff Langston. I don't think this was an accident."

"Alright, let's get him in here."

Chuck grabbed a sheet and together, he and Doc, rolled the dead man inside it before lifting the corpse and carrying it into a backroom. Doc always liked the smell of the parlor. It seemed to smell like fresh cut carnations or lilies.

"Now," instructed Doc, "once you get the sheriff here, you point out to him those rub marks around the wrists. And, you show him those shin bones jutting up through the skin. I'll be back as soon as I see the last patient."

"Yes, Sir," agreed Chuck, "will do."

Doc did not wait for the door to close behind him as he stepped back into the sunshine, back into the light of a humid world. Rushed for time, he quickly jerked at the crank on the starter and hurriedly jumped in the cab of the truck, rambling down the dirt road with little dust devils chasing his wheels.

Doc strove to push the corpse out of his mind, tried to forget the horror of the chewed-up face and half-eaten eyeball. Besides, it was not his problem. Minutes later he walked into his office.

"Here's a fresh shirt, now get in there and get cleaned up," ordered Artis, his nurse—a portly woman whose cheeks jiggled when speaking. She pointed a fat finger at the bathroom and scowled at him through half-moon glasses. "We've got three patients waiting. And, one of them is bleedin' like a stuck hog."

To Be Continued
in *Uncharted* Volume 2



Mikayla Short | Photography

RECYCLING IN ARKANSAS

Rachel Patron

Waste has negatively impacted our Earth for many years. Some have attempted to remedy this, but landfills are just becoming too much. Even though the option to recycle has been available for many years, many Arkansans do not do it because they think it is not needed. This is negligent. The state of Arkansas should have mandatory recycling to keep the Natural State natural and to provide an example for other states.



ROAD SYMMETRY

Mikayla Short | Photography

When people think of recycling, they probably think of a new phenomenon that started in recent years (U.S. Congress, Office of Technology Assessment 3). Little do they know, recycling has been around for decades. The first recorded use of recycled paper was in ninth century Japan (American Disposal). America's early settlers recycled as a matter of survival. For example, they turned corn husks into mattresses and old clothes into quilts (U.S. Congress, Office of Technology Assessment).

People do not typically realize the negative effects of trash, so they do not take the responsibility to recycle their waste. Arkansas is the Natural State; it is our home. We should all have the resources available to keep it clean. There are only 18 available recycling factories in the state of Arkansas ("Arkansas Local Recycling Centers"). This should be a real concern for all citizens in our state. There should be more recycling facilities all throughout Arkansas to make recycling a viable option for everyone in order to clean up our environment. Landfills in Arkansas are becoming too much for people to handle, and there is too much trash for the earth to naturally break down. Depending on the composition and the amount of trash, it can ultimately take the earth decades to break it down. Recycling is the only sensible solution. It makes Arkansans more responsible in the way they use and dispose of waste.

Arkansas is the Natural State, but trash is not natural. If people treat our state like a trash can, that does not send a positive message to people who visit the state, and it implies that those who live in Arkansas do not care about the state they live in. If some Arkansans do not care for their state, why are those people living here? Trash is nasty and unpleasant to

look at. It is better to see the beauty of nature in our great state, instead of the forgotten rubbish people leave behind. There are items such as torn mattresses and damaged couches left on roadsides. People just leave their trash on the roadsides because they can get away with it. What Arkansans do not realize is when people throw trash out of their cars or leave items on roadsides, they are basically throwing away money. They will end up paying for tax revenues to clean up the messes they have created (Burch). Engineer Brian Davis stated, "We spend over \$1.6 million a year on pick up, we spend over \$500,000 sweeping" (Burch). Arkansans should consider that if they do not want to spend that kind of money to clean trash up, they should not make it a problem in the first place.

Recycling keeps the state of Arkansas beautiful, and it is better for the environment. Some items that are manmade take a long time to decompose. The Earth cannot naturally dispose of waste fast enough for the Arkansan consumer. Everyone should reduce their consumption of these items; something as simple as that can help (LeBlanc). Recycling can also overcome the negative effects of industrial and greenhouse gases, and this can in turn help mitigate climate change (Imam). Climate change is one of the biggest issues humans face, if not the biggest. If recycling can help with this problem, should not everyone be doing it? Recycling is the next human endeavor for promoting zero waste and development of new technologies, new products, and new services to alleviate the negative impact of waste (Imam). Every Arkansan should be taking some responsibility for our environment. So

much good comes out of it, nothing bad. It is better for Arkansans, and it is better for our environment; so why are people not doing more?

Opponents to recycling often express that recycling is an inconvenience. They find that there is too much that goes into it. For example, they may not have enough room for all the different recycling bins: glass, plastic, paper. Some say that they believe there is no real reason to recycle, and they do not think landfills are overflowing. Although their reasons are understandable, they are more just excuses because people are too lazy to take the time and effort to recycle. They give these reasons so others will say they understand as well. However, if others did speak up, those reasons could possibly be resolved.

The pros of recycling trump the cons. Recycling has a good effect, not just on the environment, but also on everyone who lives on Earth. It is common sense: it helps the earth, the air, and it helps with problems such as climate change. Recycling makes Arkansas, the natural state, look natural and appealing for residents and visitors. Furthermore, if it becomes mandatory in Arkansas, other states may follow our lead. That is a positive example we should provide.

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UNSOCIAL MEDIA

Tyler Fowler

How many times a day do you find yourself clicking through the same social media platforms? About 40 percent of the world's population uses social media and spends an average two hours a day liking, sharing, and updating information on these platforms (Brown). If you add that number up over a year, the average American spends about one month out of their year on social media. Is it possible that these two hours we spend every day are a waste of time?

It sounds quite counterintuitive to call these platforms social media when in fact, they cause

us to be anti-social. For example, have you ever gone to a restaurant and witness young couples completely ignoring each other's presence because they are too busy liking and commenting on Instagram or Facebook? We are surrounded by so much technology that it is hard for us to stay connected with reality, which is negatively affecting our relationships. Without face-to-face communication, it is easier for people to brag about themselves or to gain confidence through social media because they suffer from a low self-esteem in real life. We all know of people who do this, and it is becoming a normality, especially in teens.

Many would argue that social media use

Marley Cash Powell | Photography

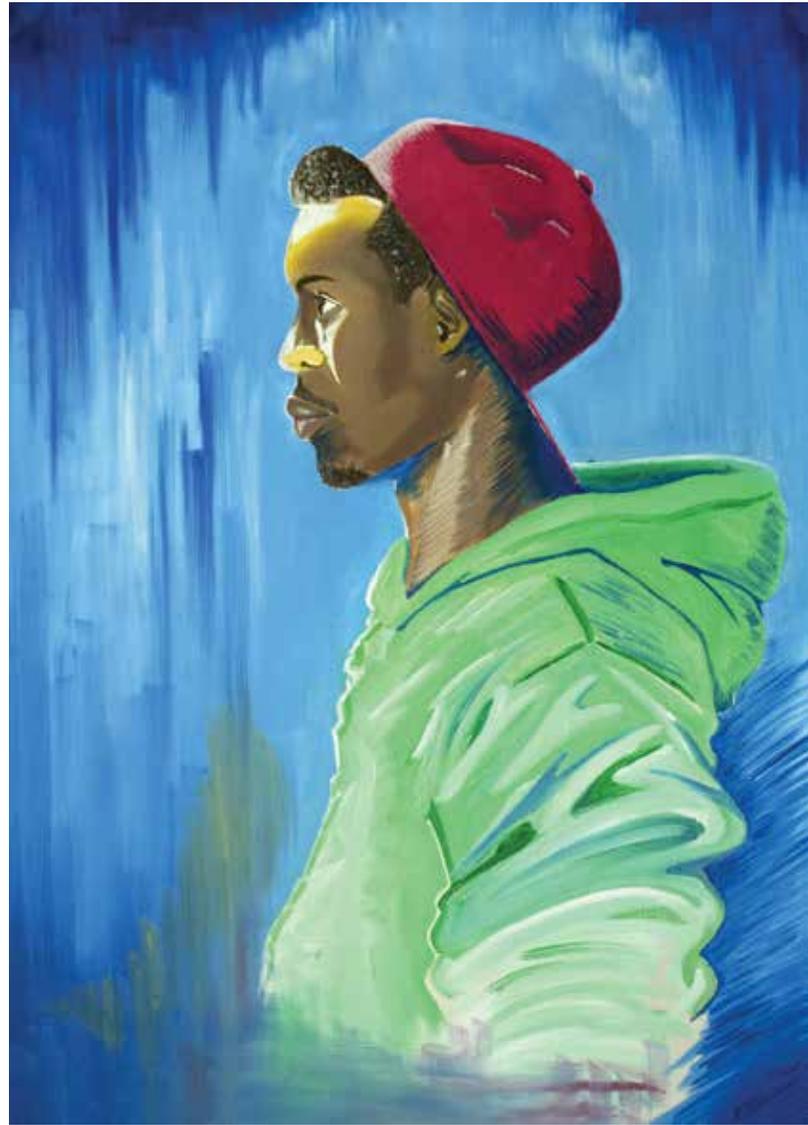


can be addictive and even lead to depression. A recent University of Missouri study found that people who use social media to compare their lives with those of others are more likely to report feelings of depression and loneliness (Liu). When people realize that their lives fall short of how they wanted them to turn out, they find it is easier to portray a fake image through social media rather than accepting reality. Likewise, social media can be a harsh environment at times. When the human element of face-to-face interaction is gone, it requires little courage or effort to write a hateful comment because there are no consequences. Hurtful comments on the internet negatively affect a person's mental health more than you may realize.

Cyberbullying is another social media evil impacting young adults more prominently than any other form of bullying because smartphones have little supervision and are widely available to all. "According to the American College of Pediatricians, over half of adolescents state they have been bullied online and over 25 percent of adolescents state they have been bullied repeatedly through internet or on cell phones," (Liu). The most alarming aspect of this study is that only 1 in 10 teens will tell their parents they have been bullied. With the increase in mental health issues among adolescents, we must limit how often our children are on social media at such young ages.

Social media is the most powerful outlet for today's youth. Personally, I have learned that relationships that are formed over the internet are underdeveloped compared to those formed in person. Directly communicating with people

should be a proficiency that teens acquire at an early age, and social media is hindering their ability to master that skill. Although social media was created to connect people, it seems to have done the opposite.



SELF-PORTRAIT
Emmanuel Motto | Painting

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UNCHARTED GUEST WRITER: DENNIS "BOSE" BIDDLE

Each year the *Uncharted* staff invites a guest writer who in some way has pressed forward through unexplored terrain. Dennis "Bose" Biddle was the youngest player in the historic Negro League in baseball. He played for the Chicago American Giants for two years. Biddle committed to play for the Chicago Cubs but broke his ankle the first day of spring training, which ended his career. Dennis Biddle travels the country telling the story of the Negro League baseball players and promoting the Yesterday's Negro League Baseball Players, an organization he founded to protect the history and the interests of the surviving members the league. For more information on supporting the foundation, send an email to biddledennis@yahoo.com. This is Dennis "Bose" Biddle's uncharted experience.

MY PLIGHT TO THE NEGRO LEAGUE BASEBALL

Dennis "Bose" Biddle

Growing up in a small town in Southern Magnolia, Arkansas gave me the opportunity to see life in a different way than it would have been in a major city. The city population of Magnolia was 9,999, and I made it 10,000. The sports offered in their segregated schools were basketball and football, both in which I excelled.

In 1947, Jackie Robinson opened the door for blacks in baseball, and baseball become my favorite sport. Balls, bats, and gloves came, as did all of our books and school materials, from the white schools. Even though football and basketball was the major sport, I excelled in baseball the most and became a very good baseball player.

The high school I attended in Arkansas began a baseball team and excelled faster than the other segregated

schools in the sport. I got scholarship offers to play football and basketball in college but did not get an offer to play baseball in college. Because of my special gift in baseball, I was scouted by the Chicago American Giants to play in the Negro Baseball League.

Going to a big city at the age of 17 was another challenge for me in life. With the help of my mother,

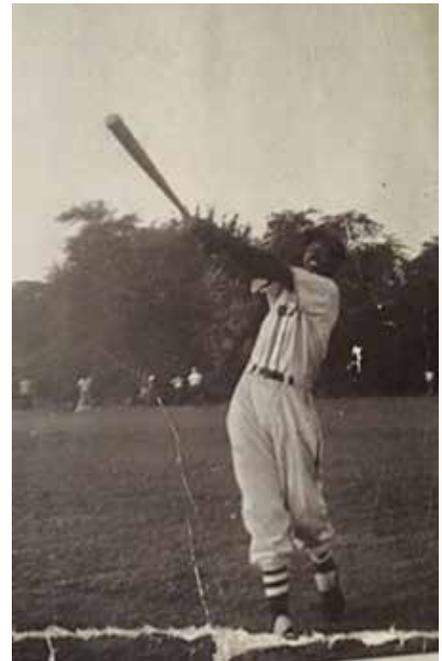


Photo from home archive

I went to Chicago and played pro baseball with the Chicago American Giants. My baseball career was cut short in 1955 when I broke my ankle, which ended my baseball career.

I moved to Milwaukee, attended University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, and became a social worker. I worked 24 years with the state of Wisconsin. Now I am president of Yesterday's

Negro League Baseball Players Foundation. My job now is to teach the younger generations about the true history of the Negro Baseball League.

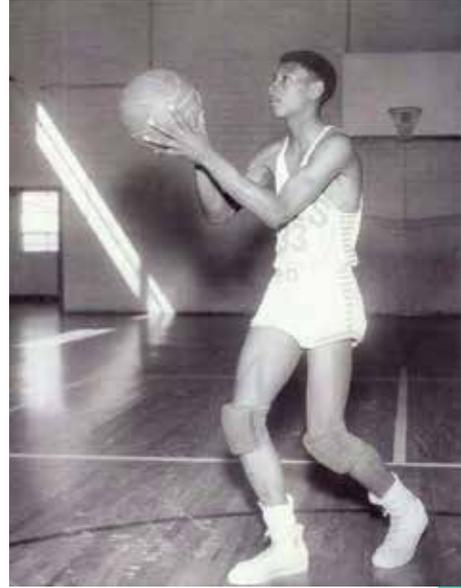
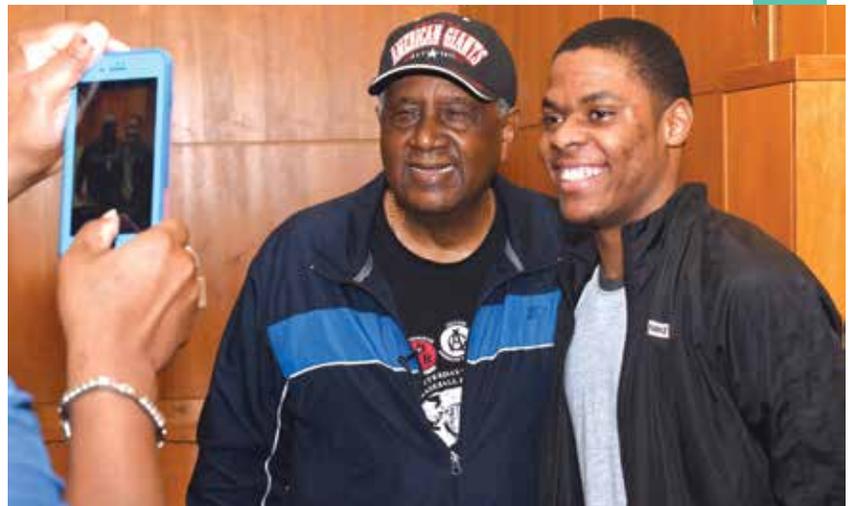


Photo from home archive



▲ Photo from Keith Moore

▶ Photo from Keith Moore



MENTAL ILLNESS AND VIOLENCE

Hannah Raymo

Over the last few years in the United States violent acts, like mass shootings, have been prominent in the news media and have brought up some serious debates on whether there should be stricter gun laws. Just from January 1st to November 5th of 2017, there were 307 mass shootings. To better understand the magnitude of these events, it should be known what classifies as a mass shooting. According to the Gun Violence Archive, a mass shooting is any incident in which a gunman “shoots or kills four or more people in the same general time and location.” With an increase in mass shootings and gun related violence, a stigma has been created that the people, or person, behind violent acts has some mental illness, which leads them to exhibit violent behavior. This stigma has created a negative connotation around the issue of mental health. There are many different causes for violence and even if mental health is one of them, it is many times not the main driving force. A mental health disorder alone does not increase the likelihood of someone to perform a violent act.

BACKGROUND

The phenomenon of mass shootings can be said to have started in 1999 with the Columbine High School Massacre in Columbine, Colorado. The Columbine school shooting sparked the discussion over stricter gun laws and led to the increase of school security. It also precipitated a discussion over bullying and cliques in high school culture. This violent act on April 20, 1999, perpetrated by Eric Harris, 18, and Dylan Klebold, 17, claimed the lives of 15, including the perpetrators, and left 24 injured. There was much speculation about whether mental illness had a profound presence in this heinous act. It also thought that bullying was a major factor mixed with the disturbed minds of the two teens. This idea shows how bullying on top of possible mental health can lead to violence, rather than mental health alone.

With the Parkland shooting on February 14, 2018, “three of the 10 deadliest mass shootings in modern United States history

have come in the last five months” (Turkewitz, Mazzei, & Burch, 2018). The shooting at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School in Parkland, Florida by Nikolas Cruz, 19, is the most recent wide spread mass shooting that has taken place in 2018. This shooting claimed the lives of 17 people and left 15 injured. This shooting has again brought up the debate over stricter gun laws in the United States just like Columbine did 18 years ago, as well as the topic of mental health. This shooting has also sparked the March for Our Lives movement led by high school students who are bringing awareness about gun control to stop mass shootings from happening in the United States. One factor that has been discussed regarding Nikolas Cruz is his home life. His adoptive mother had passed away in November 2017, and he had shown symptoms of depression afterwards, which is normal in cases of losing a close family member. The issue of Cruz’s mental health in this case is still ongoing, and there has not been conclusive evidence yet released.



▲ **DUCK**

Kristin Pickett | Photography

▼ Sophie Clark | Photography



THE PUBLIC'S VIEW ON MENTAL HEALTH

Mental health and violence are often seen linked together, which creates a stigma on the mentally ill. This stigma can create a sense of isolation from society for those with mental illness. Mentally ill people can exhibit violent behavior just like any other human being, but it is often thought that they are more likely to be violent than others. "A 2006 national survey found that 60% of Americans thought that people with schizophrenia were likely to act violently toward someone else, while 32% thought that people with major depression were likely to do so" (Harvard Health Publishing, 2011). Research, however, has found that the public perception seen in this survey does not reflect reality. Mental illness alone is not a defining factor behind violent acts, like mass shootings. "Although some mass shooters are found to have a history of psychiatric illness, no reliable research has suggested that a majority of perpetrators are primarily influenced by serious mental illness as opposed to, for example, psychological turmoil flowing from other sources" (Annas & Knolls, 2016). "Mental illness may increase the likelihood of committing violence in some individuals, but only a small part of the violence in society can be ascribed to mental health patients" (Rueve & Welton, 2008).

OTHER FACTORS THAT RELATE TO VIOLENCE

Mental illness alone is not a defining factor on the likelihood of people to commit violent acts. If the mentally ill do commit a violent act, it is usually not from a place of hate but rather an act of defense or a reaction to a symptom related to their disorder. The patient could encounter a barrier to their treatments or be affected by paranoia, which can lead them to trespass or breaking and entering. In most cases of violence performed by mentally

ill people, the victim or victims are usually someone close to the patient, while people with no psychiatric illness may or may not target strangers. "Mass shootings by people with serious mental illness represent less than 1% of all yearly-gun related homicides," and only 3% of violent crimes are committed by people with serious mental illness (Annas & Knoll, 2016). The MacArthur Violence Risk Assessment Study found that "31% of people who had both a substance abuse disorder and a psychiatric disorder committed at least one act of violence in a year, compared with 18% of people with a psychiatric disorder alone" (Harvard Health Publishing, 2011). These statistics show how substance abuse on top of a mental illness creates a dangerous combination that increases the risk of someone to commit a violent crime, unlike the decreased risk with only mental illness as a factor.

Another study concerning mental illness and violence examined an area in Pittsburgh and they "found no significant difference in the rates of violence among people with mental illness and other people living in the same neighborhood" (Harvard Health Publishing, 2011). The MacArthur study and a study by investigators from the University of Oxford both "suggest that violence by people with mental illness stems from multiple overlapping factors interacting in complex ways. These include family history, personal stressors, and socioeconomic factors" (Harvard Health Publishing, 2011). Substance abuse is also another that can be included in these overlapping factors. There are many theories about how substance abuse can trigger violent behavior. One theory is that alcohol and drug abuse can "trigger violent behavior in people with or without psychiatric disorders because these substances simultaneously impair judgement, change a person's emotional equilibrium, and remove cognitive inhibitions" (Harvard Health Publishing, 2011). Substance

abuse in psychiatric patients can worsen symptoms of paranoia and can negatively affect the likelihood of a patient to seek treatment, which can lead to worsening psychiatric symptoms. Age and gender are also major factors affecting the likelihood of violent behavior. “Young people are more likely than older adults to act violently. In addition, men are more likely than women to act violently” (Harvard Health Publishing, 2011). If mental illness and substance abuse are properly treated, it can help reduce violent tendencies and the likelihood of someone to hurt themselves or others.

The other side of this argument states that people with mental illness are a danger to society and that they have a higher tendency to become violent compared to the public. People who favor this point of view would most likely say that the paranoia associated with many mental health disorders is a driving force behind violence in the mentally ill, but they don't see the other factors that can influence the tendency of someone to commit a violent act. Mental health can be a factor in people who commit violent acts, but it is not the factor. It is also important to remember the other overlapping factors that can affect someone's actions.

With violent acts, such as mass shootings becoming more prevalent in our world, the issue of mental health and gun control is at an all-time high. The stigma surrounding mental health and violence creates a negative connotation for the mentally ill who feel

isolated from society because they are seen as a danger to themselves and others. There are many different causes for violence, and even if mental health is one of them, it is many times not the main driving force. Mental health alone does not increase the likelihood of someone to commit a violent act.

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ENDANGERED

Kirsten Chance | Photography

THEME ANALYSIS FOR "THE BIRTHMARK"

Sarah Redd

"In order to go on living, one must try to escape the death involved in perfectionism." (H. Arendt) In the short story authored by Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Birthmark," a recently married man is consumed with a passion for science and finds himself profoundly distressed by his wife's single imperfection: a faint birthmark on her left cheek. He develops an unwavering commitment in removing the flaw. Throughout the story, perfection and love manifest as the primary themes that drive the plot. Aylmer's obsession with perfecting his wife overpowers his love for her, meanwhile, Georgiana finds herself to be absolutely devastated by her husband's unforeseen rejection. The three predominant indicators of these themes are the author's choice of words, the story's tone, and the dialogue.

The author's choice of vocabulary strongly signifies perfection throughout the story. Aylmer's perspective offers quite an array of various critical adjectives, in reference to Georgianna. One of the first instances appears when the story states that Aylmer "rendered her countenance even hideous." The other various words used in reference to his wife includes "defect" (Hawthorne 4), "intolerable" (6), "frightful" (7), and "horror" (8). He mentions how his wife's birthmark represents her "liability to sin, sorrow, decay, and death" (7). Perfection is suggested through the scrutinizing phraseology offered by Aylmer's perspective. Interestingly, the word choice gradually softens as the story progresses, as if Aylmer's success

in convincing his wife to pursue a removal of the mark allowed his flaw-fearing mind to ease a bit, yet his newly founded easiness seems to have only further detached him emotionally. His detachment represents the theme of love in the sense that his love for her remains existent, but ends up overshadowed by his science-consumed mind.

In addition to the phraseology, the tone of the story further signifies love and perfection. Aylmer's tone seems to convey a rather scrutinizing tone, yet a particular fondness simply cannot be ignored. His scrutiny, again, represents perfection, and his fondness, represents love. Of course, as the story progresses, a form of melancholiness develops, foreshadowing and contextually supporting the eventual demise of Georgianna. Despite the death of Aylmer's wife, he appears to be quite fine, which suggests that even in the end, his respect for science and crave for perfection outweighed his love for his wife. He remained consumed by the idealities promised by the pursuance of science.

Furthermore, the dialogue proves to be the most profound representation of perfection and love. Georgiana's dialogue remains the primary source of her emotional conveyance, and from her stems the overpowering impact of love on her. One of the most fervent quotes from Georgianna reads as so: "Let the attempt be made at whatever risk. Danger is nothing to me; for life, while this hateful mark makes me the object of your horror and disgust,— life is a burden which I would fling down with joy. Either remove this dreadful hand,



ANGELUS THEORY
Alena Russell | Digital Art

or take my wretched life!" (Hawthorne 7). The quote highlights her adoration for Aylmer, as her pain from his unacceptance has clearly devoured her self-esteem and even her desire to live. Bearing that concept in mind, their overall actual interactions are mostly shown through dialogue as well, and, thus, overall, their words are the most impactful aspect of the text. To conclude, the author's chosen vocabulary, the writing's tone, and the dialogue between the couple are the main indicators of perfection and love in the

"Birthmark." Georgiana and Aylmer each fell victim to the misfortunes of the pursuance of perfection and the perils of love.

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LANDSCAPE

Jessica Rochelle | Photography

ANALYZING “IDENTITY”

Sarah Redd

Written and directed by K.J. Adames and published in May 2012, the short film “Identity” addresses the lack of self-identity present in today’s youth and delves into a concept of the “masks” we wear as a society. The film’s intended purpose specifically targets students. However, facades remain a primary feature of all social interactions, and thus, “Identity” may contain relevance for any social institution we encounter. The following essay will provide a thorough analysis of the visual aspects present throughout the short film.

The film commences as a black screen, and an uncanny mood develops as a choice of rather unsettling music plays in the background, which constructs an air of anticipation for the audience. The title of the short appears in the bottom right corner of the screen in a white, cracked font, symbolizing the eventual broken mask of the girl who appears as the main character. Exposing one self’s authentic nature may be an uncomfortable idea for most, as society, overall, typically demands individuals to be actors on a day-to-day basis. Above the music, we hear the girl speak: “Today, I found the truth.”

The dark screen transitions to the first scene, where a female student is partially smiling at her reflection in the mirror of a high school restroom, conveying her joy at seeing herself as she truly is. In this instance, staring at her reflection symbolizes introspection, and her happiness indicates her satisfaction in recognizing and accepting herself. Suddenly, yet unobtrusively, the video rewinds, displaying the girl’s previous actions in a somewhat hastened manner. Speeding the reversing

film provides disorientation, not only for the girl, but for the audience, suggesting that her faltering facade left her flummoxed. Her hand raises to her face to reveal a white, however embellished, mask, of which the bottom left portion appears to be broken away. White represents not only purity and innocence, but brilliance, illumination, understanding, and sincerity, which correlates with the girl’s characterization in the film. The elegant, symmetrical streaks of colors on her mask represent the qualities she permits those around her to view, hiding her true self behind those qualities. Her disorientation as she stumbled led to her mask breaking, revealing part of her hidden self, at which point she realizes how fragile and pointless wearing the mask is.

After the film rewinds so far, the audience discovers she apparently stumbled and fell after narrowly avoiding a collision with a group of girls exiting the restrooms, leading to her mask falling to the floor and breaking. The rewinding ceases once the girl finds herself sitting alone at a table in the cafeteria with a pencil in her hand and an opened sketchbook placed in front of her. A drawing is visible, but the camera’s angle prevents the audience from determining the sketch’s semblance. The cafeteria is filled with other students, of whom are also wearing masks, mostly plain and blandly colored, unlike the main character’s mask. Her mask drastically contrasts from the other students’, which emphasizes her disassociation from her peers.

At some point, the film transitions to another scene, displaying the same girl sitting in a filled classroom. The students remain still, faced forward, hands clasped on their desks, and their heads slightly lowered, while the

teacher lectures on Plato's Allegory of the Cave. Only the girl strays from their conforming manner, as she flips through a sketchbook of drawings, presumably hers, and at some point, actually peers up at the teacher. One of the drawings displays a girl sitting by herself on a flight of stairs, while another displays a faceless man walking away, a briefcase in hand, from a woman and child holding hands. Both drawings signify her feeling of isolation among her peers. The teacher lectures his students as so: "In Plato's allegory of the cave, he talks about human beings living in a cave, all their lives, from their childhood. They've been chained up in such a way that they cannot move their bodies, and all they can see in front of them is a dark wall. Because they have never been outside of this cave, all they know about life is this dark wall. However, one day, a slave is released, and he discovers a whole new world outside of the cave, and because he is now the enlightened one, his job is to come and free those that are still trapped in the cave." The inclusion of Plato's Allegory suggests a parallel between the individuals in the cave and today's youth within the modern educational system, as well as any other social institutions.

The scene once again transitions to the girl walking down a crowded hallway, at which point the camera zooms in to a poster on the wall of a girl wearing a yellow mask which reads: "This is what beautiful is." The poster reflects the media influence that impacts society's perception of beauty, and often degrades the self-esteem of individuals, especially those within the youth population. The view of the camera lowers and zooms out to unveil a group of students crowded beneath the poster. The girls are all wearing similar yellow masks to that of the poster and seem to radiate a sense of superiority. The group of students represent conformity, and the comfort yielded from shielding the world from one's flaws and insecurities. Yellow often symbolizes

happiness and optimism, but cowardice and deceit as well, which indicates their fear to reveal their insecurities. Their pretenses may convince their peers of happiness and confidence, but their inner struggles may prove to be no less severe than anyone else's.

The white masked girl peers at the group in a manner of longing and possibly even skepticism through her own mask, as she walks by, indicating her desire to be popular and confident, but her gradually inclining acknowledgement of a potentially deeper truth as well. Shortly after passing the group, another girl, wearing a light purple mask, enters the frame, and we watch as she approaches a trio of students wearing dark violet masks, and removes the mask swiftly to reveal an identical one to theirs as well. Her mask switch strongly symbolizes society's tendency to transform into a severely different person, solely depending on who happens to be present.

Another scene transition is introduced by the same teacher from earlier in the film, and the first visual on screen exhibits an up close view of a game of chess on the desks of all the students in another classroom, with the desks rearranged. Once again, the students lack movement and simply stare at the chessboards, while the white-masked girl picks up one of the pawns and examines the object curiously, once again demonstrating her diversity.

The final scene reverts to the cafeteria, showing the girl continuing to draw in her sketchbook, as well as switching to view various groups of students interacting at their lunch tables. The film now continues from where it originated, playing forward rather than backward. Once again, she is viewed peering at her broken mask, slowly removing the disguise, and smiling at her maskless face. "Today, the truth found me." She runs out of the restrooms, leaving the mask on the ground. Upon freeing

herself, all the masked students stare at her incredulously for removing her mask.

Overall, "Identity" certainly manages a successful attempt in highlighting major emotional and mental implications that occur when we put up social fronts and demonstrating the importance of, as well as the freedom associated with, individuality, creativity, and self-acceptance, especially within the youth population. The implications include the

evident low self-esteem and loneliness the girl struggles with throughout the short film. Masks simply extend a curtain between an individual and those around them and sever the vital interconnections of society.

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SELF-PORTRAIT

Jessica Rochelle | Drawing

STAFF

Jodi Whitehurst, Ed. D. (Editor) is an Assistant Professor of English Composition at Arkansas State University—Beebe. She has contributed to scholarship and pedagogy within her field through national and local conference presentations and publications. Her latest publication is *Creative Composition*, a textbook for first-year college writers, which she co-authored with Dr. Kae Chatman and Dr. Dennis Humphrey. Jodi's research interests focus on the composing processes of developing writers. Her areas of service include sitting on the advisory board for the Wade Knox Children's Advocacy Center, volunteering for the CALL, and serving in her local church. Jodi currently lives in central Arkansas with her husband, Shane, and their three children—O'Neal, Olivia, and Oakleigh.

Thomas Fernandez, MFA (Art Director) is an Instructor of Art at ASU-Beebe. As an artist his interest is drawing people. His art has been on display in Japan, Europe, and across the United States. He designed and painted the Beebe Veteran's Mural with the help of some volunteers. Currently he is working on a series of portraits of his family and writing a text to replace the Fine Arts: Visual textbook. When able, he volunteers as a Watch Dog Dad. He lives in Beebe with his wife, Irina, their daughters Anna and Viktoria, his mother, Deborah, and his Great-Aunt, Betty. When not drawing or teaching he enjoys grilling shashlik for his family.

Irina Fernandez, Sp.Ed. (Layout Artist) is a freelance illustrator and graphic designer. Her work has been published regionally in the state of Mari El, Russia as well as through the Russian Federation. She has been recognized for her illustrations in *Кече-Солнышко* (Sun), a multi-lingual children's magazine. When able she volunteers at the Beebe Public Schools. She lives with her husband, Thomas, daughters Anna and Viktoria, and her in-laws in Beebe. In her spare time she enjoys painting landscapes and drinking tea.

CONTRIBUTORS

Jordan Rae Armijo is a former Vet Tech and Graphic Design major of ASU-Beebe. She is a currently continuing her education to acquire a Bachelors Degree in Graphic Design from the University of Arkansas at Little Rock. Other than artwork Jordan likes to cosplay, and attend metal shows in her spare time.

Harmony Brantley is a former art major specializing in ceramics. She hopes to continue her studies all the way to an MFA. She hopes to teach in the future and continue making art.

Marley Cash-Powell graduated with honors from ASU-Beebe in Spring of 2017, obtaining an Associate of Science in Liberal Arts and Sciences. She is a non-traditional student currently in the undergraduate program for Creative Writing at UCA. She enjoys photography, ceramics, and creative writing. Her goals for the future are simple: to hone her crafts and seek out opportunities to express her creativity.

Kirsten Chance is a student at Arkansas State University—Beebe pursuing an Associate of Science in Liberal Arts and Sciences.

Sophie Clark was a Graphic Design major during the 16-17 year with hopes of transferring to ASU in Jonesboro. She hopes to be a professional artist.

Emily Cook is a visiting student at Arkansas State University—Beebe. Currently she is studying graphic design and hopes to work freelance.

Earl Coralde studied Graphic Design at ASU-Beebe from 2015-2017. He has transferred to study animation and game design.

Chelle Deaton is currently studying art and music and has recently performed with the ASU Beebe Symphonic Band this past spring.

Mackenzie Drozd is currently pursuing an Associate of Fine Arts at Arkansas State University—Beebe.

Tyler Fowler is studying liberal arts at Arkansas State University—Beebe. He hopes to become a non-fiction writer or journalist one day because he enjoys conducting research and relaying a message through writing. Other than writing, he enjoys reading, cooking, or spending time with his girlfriend.

Christopher Green served eight years in the U.S. Army. He is currently a student at Arkansas State University—Beebe seeking a degree in the engineering field.

Dakota Hilbert is working toward an Associate's Degree in Liberal Arts and Sciences at

Arkansas State University—Beebe. He hopes to be as happy as possible in whatever he chooses to do in life. Other than going to school, Dakota enjoys discovering new music, watching YouTube, and playing video games.

Bryan Jones graduated from Arkansas State University—Beebe in 2017 with an associate degree in graphic design. He currently works as a graphic designer in Benton, as well as doing freelance design. When he's not working on projects, he enjoys playing guitar, as well as hiking and photographing the outdoors.

Chris Jones graduated from ASU-Beebe in the Fall of 2017 with a degree in Graphic Design. He hopes to open a design business with his brother, Bryan. Chris has most recently worked on designs for a California-based clothing brand.

Jordan Lakin is a Graphic Design graduate currently attending ASU-Beebe for a second degree in business.

Jennifer Love is a student at Arkansas State University in Beebe. She enjoys art, especially ceramics.

Kelsey McGraw is a recent graduate of Arkansas State University—Beebe. She is currently studying at the University of Central Arkansas and is pursuing a Bachelor's degree in Writing Studies. Her favorite pastimes include writing short stories and feeding her flock of ducks.

Emmanuel Motto has had multiple majors at ASU-Beebe and is currently studying business. He enjoys painting and making art.

Shayna Nelson is studying education at Arkansas State University—Beebe. She hopes to teach children in grades K—6.

Rachel Patrom is studying Graphic Design at Arkansas State University at Beebe. She plans to either teach at the high school level or work in the graphic design field. Rachel also enjoys volunteering in her high school theater department and being with her family and friends.

Kirstin Pickett is a student at Arkansas State University—Beebe pursuing an Associate of Applied Science in Emergency Medical Services.

Hannah Raymo is a freshman at Arkansas State University—Beebe. She is majoring in criminal justice and plans on becoming a criminal lawyer after undergraduate school.

Sarah Redd is studying Social Work at Arkansas State University—Beebe, in hopes to become a Victims' Advocate. She is passionate about helping others. In her free time, she enjoys reading, writing, and drawing, as well as hiking and playing basketball.

Jessica Rochelle attended ASU-Beebe as a Graphic Design major and has transferred to UCA to continue her studies in art. She hopes to be a professional artist.

Alena Russell is a Graphic Design graduate of Arkansas State University—Beebe. She's currently into trying new media and ideas, with sculpting being the most recent. She also enjoys cooking, working on comics, helping new artists learn and hearing people groan at her awful puns.

Curtis Short is studying Computer Science at Arkansas State University—Beebe. He hopes to become a video game developer in Central Arkansas. Other than programming, Curtis also enjoys writing poetry, and playing the clarinet in the ASU Beebe band.

Mikayla Short began her studies in Heber Springs and then transferred to ASU-Beebe. Her major is General Studies and has a great interest in art.

Katie Skinner, after earning her Associate's of Science in Business degree from Arkansas State University—Beebe, is now studying to earn her Bachelor's in Business Administration at Arkansas State University. She hopes to join the business world and find ways to incorporate her love of photography. In addition to taking photos, Katie also enjoys being outside in nature, spending time with her family, and serving on the Beebe Nazarene church's worship team.

John Smith (Series Contributor) is a 1990 graduate from ASU-Beebe. He has written several novels and is currently interested in writing plays. He hopes to develop a community of playwrights in central Arkansas.

Lexi Styles, after earning her Associate of Fine Arts in Graphic Design is now studying to earn her Bachelor's in Fine Arts from the University of Central Arkansas.

Pasha Thompson is a student at Arkansas State University—Beebe currently working toward an Associate of Science in Liberal Arts and Sciences.

Alecia Webb has studied Education and Fine Arts at Arkansas State University in Beebe. She enjoys photography.

Kathleen Wells is a student at Arkansas State University in Beebe. She enjoys ceramics.



Emmanuel Motto | Painting

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

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

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

COLOPHON

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