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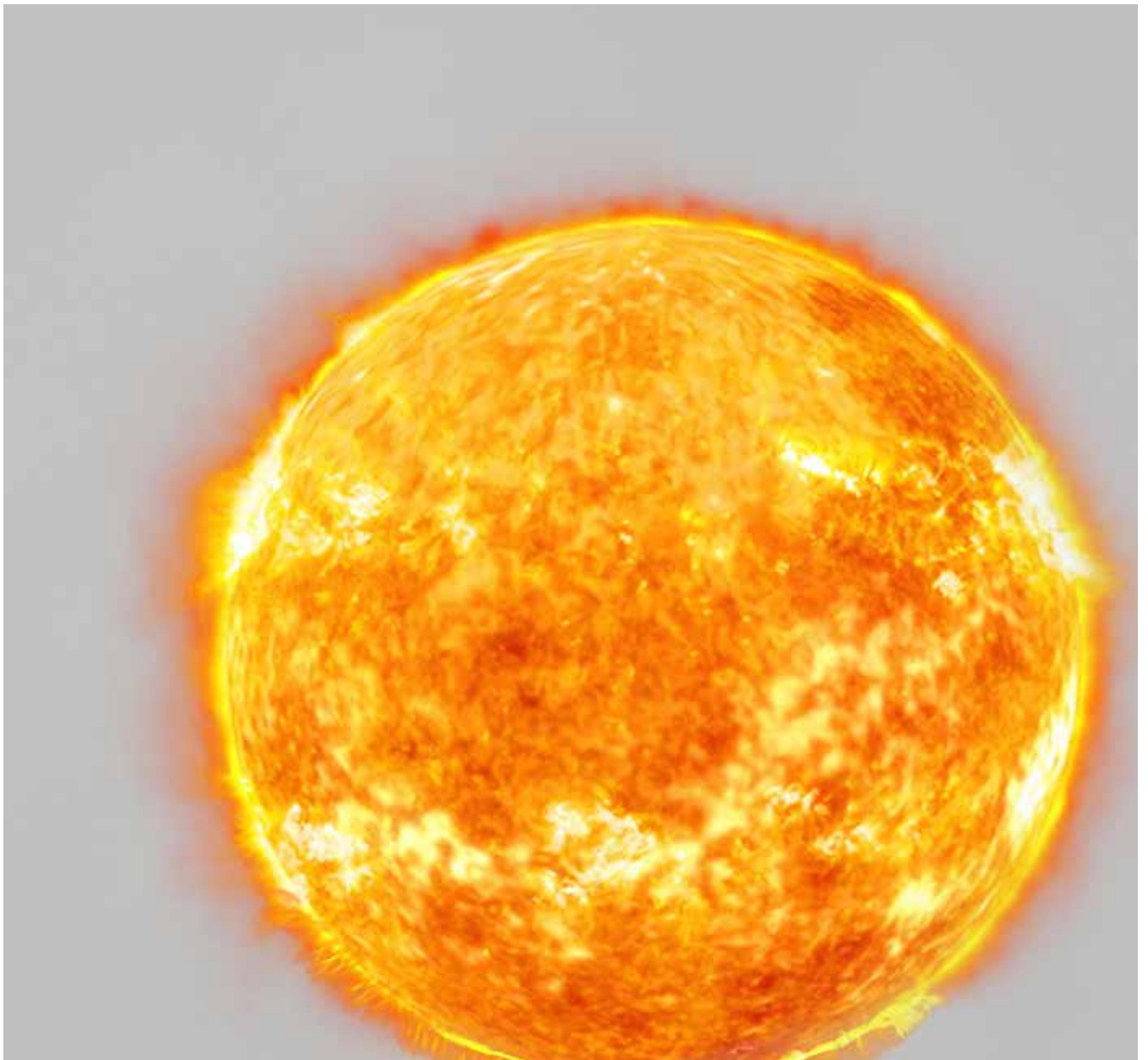
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fall 2020 issue

TEMPO

CIRCLES OF TIME





“Think about what it is that the
music is trying to say. It was something like that.”
– Mary Oliver

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A note to our readers,

It is the time for change. Time to break lines in poetry a little differently. Time to dig into questions, not only answers. Time to give the mind idleness in order to create. Time to document the stories screaming from within. It is time to reinvent, relive, and move onward.

Our lives are disrupted due to COVID-19—this is no understatement. But in times that demand compressed change, flurries of what-could-be and what-once-was, surface and old issues that feel new are brought to the forefront—for example, our awareness of self-identity, politics, public health, civil rights, and more. In the 2019-2020 TEMPO Volume, we worked to blur the line between adolescence and adulthood. This year, with our theme, *Circles of Time*: with a focus on nostalgia, our team works to combine composition and design, institution and innovation, time and tunes, and provide a grouping of pages that ode nostalgia. Mary Oliver, an American poet and author of *Blue Horses*, says “Think about what it is that the music is trying to say. / It was something like that.” She knows how time seems to bend in a sphere when we try to materialize a feeling or memory that lives in another time.

Circles of Time is a collective effort towards nostalgia that revisits aspects of the past and looks towards the future, all through the memories and aspirations of its poets, writers, and designers.

The four categories in TEMPO—interviews, creative writing, research, and poetry—reverberate a spirit of new and old spaces. Thank you, Hillory Summitt, Sarah McGonigle, Avery Bevins, advisors, authors, and artists for your contribution to TEMPO. Let’s dance to the song playing overhead—the one only we can hear for ourselves.

Best Intentions,

Allie Mitchell

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Simple Circles

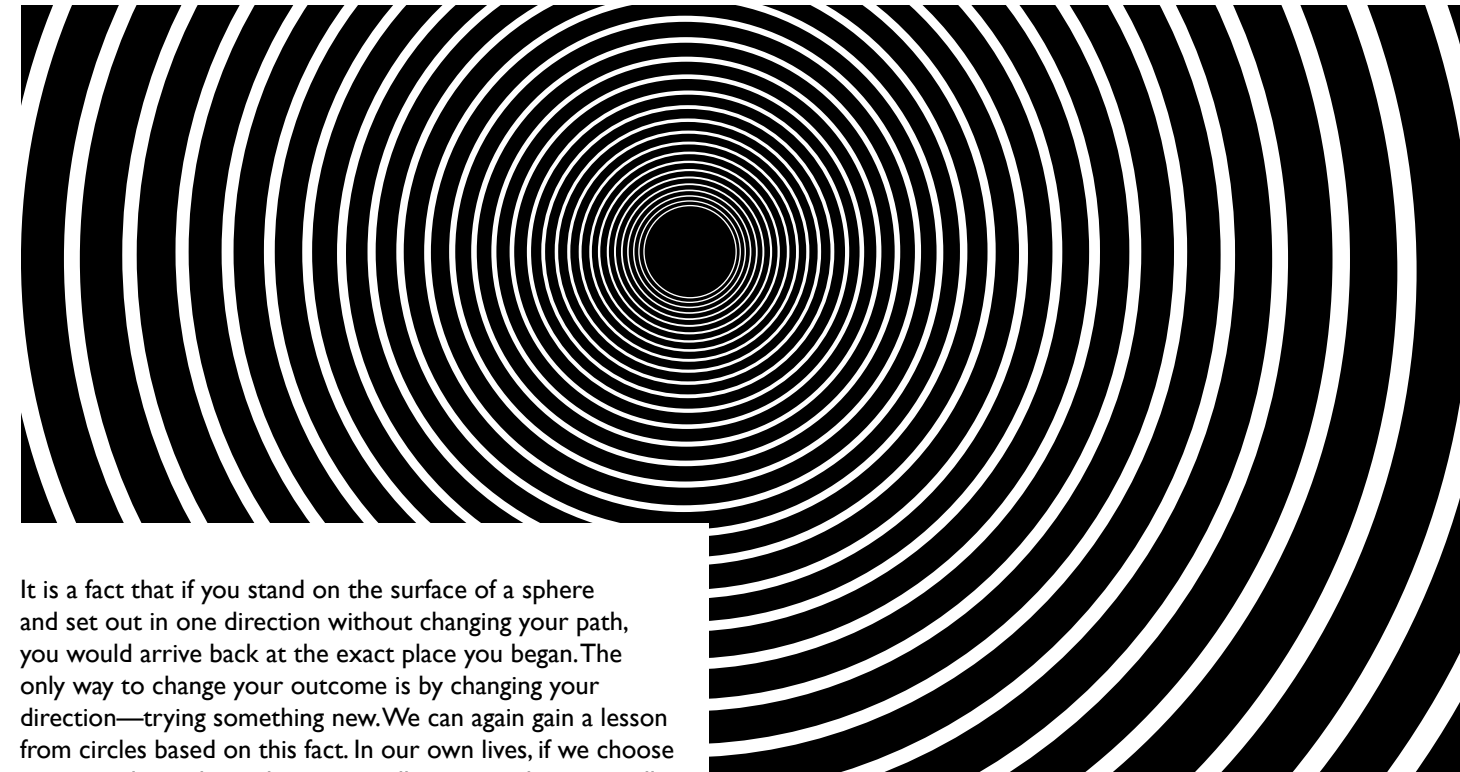
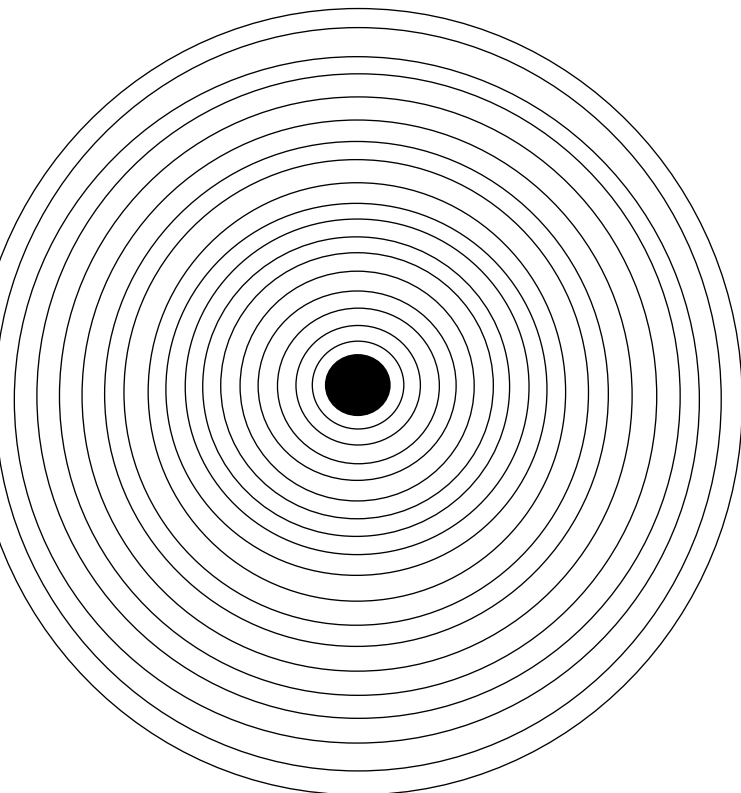
*a research based piece based on
the science of circles*

by Adam Allen and Cage Mitchell

Circles are universally a universally undervalued shape. They carry the ability to illuminate much about the world around us. Their universal nature, physical phenomena, and tendency towards the unknowable highlight the misconception that circles are simple.

The nature of objects rotating in a circular motion is one of the most fundamental and under appreciated pillars of modern society. Fountains are one way we encounter the circular phenomenon. The water is forced upward only to cascade back down into itself—creating a comforting sound through the process of circulation. Objects which are rotating maintain constant outward tension from their origin as well as uniformly changing direction. With this continuous state of change on the spherical plain, there is a tremendous resilience to change of direction on the perpendicular plane. This fact provides the basis for gyroscopes, which are universally used to maintain the stability of technological and mechanical objects. Even though the velocity of an object rotating is always tangent to the circle's surface, there is a uniform distance from the center—a desire to stay grounded. Picture the Ferris wheel you might have ridden as a child at a county fair, for example. All of the passengers who sit in dangling bucket seats are equal distance from the center of the sphere.

Bodies are in a circular motion and serve as a valuable analogy for the experiences many of us have encountered in recent months, with tension and change becoming the only constants as we try to navigate a post-virus world. Through this continuous change and tension, we all have worked tirelessly to maintain our own stability. Much like how gyroscopes provide stability to our world through their continual change, we must utilize our current conditions to inspire points of stability in our lives.



It is a fact that if you stand on the surface of a sphere and set out in one direction without changing your path, you would arrive back at the exact place you began. The only way to change your outcome is by changing your direction—trying something new. We can again gain a lesson from circles based on this fact. In our own lives, if we choose to not evaluate the path we are walking on, and occasionally, to change it, we are bound to continuously return to where we started, forever repeating similar mistakes, never truly advancing, and always feeling a forward struggle. Take a lesson from the sphere, evaluate and don't be afraid to change your path, visit new places on your sphere. Heck, visit a new sphere if you can. This is the only way to reach your desired outcomes.

While circles give rational advice, they are inherently irrational. Basic geometry tells us that no matter what the radius, diameter, or circumference we are given to measure, we can never find our exact unknown. We can come wildly close, thanks to Pi, or 3.141519265359, but these dimensions are unknowable, as Pi is unendingly irrational. What if we apply Pi to our lives? Much like the irrationality of Pi, our personal view of the world is often influenced by faults. By acknowledging our own fallacy through the eyes of Pi, we can better understand the fluid and unknowable realities of human problems.

The shape of our world is unknowable. There is a myriad of factors, known and unknown, that consume every decision we make; and, based on these conclusions we make further decisions. What rapidly and inevitably develops is a complex and chaotic environment that is unpredictable and dynamic. Our world is unknowable but the more we pretend to know it, the more we lose sight of it. Is this a lose-lose or a win-win? While working to construct a simple picture of a complex and irrational world, we can acknowledge wrongness and strive for intentional outcomes.

A true circle or sphere is in many ways defined by perfection—by its diameter and radius being equal in endless directions, by the circumference made up of an infinite number of straight lines, by the surface being infinitely smooth, and being defined with perfection. This is the essence of a circle, as soon as any angle, straightness, or inconsistency is introduced, it can no longer be strictly defined as a circle in a mathematical sense. Without perfection, they aren't circles. This reality can extrapolate onto many practical things. We are all defined by our inconsistencies and shortcomings. Just as an ideal circle or sphere exists in a textbook, so does an ideal version of ourselves in our head.

The imperfections of Circles, Planets, Stars, or People in their tangible form, characterize existence. Idealizations are useful as a goal and as a tool for evaluation, but they also produce answers that fall short when implemented in reality. Circles and spheres are the most common way that matter forms. They demonstrate interesting mathematical concepts and challenge the boundaries of human understanding. While performing daily tasks, try thinking of the circle and how its wisdom can assist you. How do you stable yourself when undergoing change and tension? How is a circle incredibly precise and yet, irrational and incorrect? Should you change your path's direction? How does a circle endlessly stride towards its own ideal but always fall short in its practice? When we implement our interpretations of circles into practical scenarios we excel towards a more valuable space.

NIGHT ENERGY

by Megan Neil

Within the subculture of music festivals, night and day contrast drastically. During the day, most people are slowly getting up, relaxing within their campsite, swinging in hammocks, sleeping all day in the shade, sitting on tapestries while listening to an acoustic set, or doing everything humanly possible to not use an exaggerated amount of energy. You can walk around throughout the grounds of the festival and see people completely relaxed in their comfiest clothes, walking around as if they are zombies. Any droplet of shade is bombarded by the bodies of people trying to conserve their energy and stay cool. Movement is slow, and it's almost like watching snails move across an intersection. Thousands of snails, but snails nonetheless.

THROUGH YOUR EYES:

It's nine-thirty on a Wednesday night. June has just bloomed. Summertime is finally here. You are packing up four days worth of camping supplies into a small vehicle; excited for the long road ahead. Your eyes that have grown tired from daylight become illuminated with street lights as you venture into the night; your body forgets it has been up all day.

Excitement causes you to stay up almost the whole night, as you and your friends discuss all the artists, sets, food, and fun you're going to have the next four days—and nights.

After eight extremely fast-felling hours, you arrive in Manchester Tennessee, along with over 100,000 other idle cars waiting to enter the music festival. The energy of Bonnaroo is just beginning. It is the peak of daybreak, but your eyes are glossy with a lack of sleep. Your elated energy has settled in and you hurry to set up camp and get to bed before the artists begin performing later that evening. Yesterday, your day would just be getting started, but today, your day is coming to an end—with a new anticipation for morning.

THROUGH YOUR EYES DURING THE DAY:

The smells of eggs, bacon, coffee, and low murmurs of conversation fill the late morning hours. Sounds of music coming from the main stage are hushed and everything is a mellow standstill. Your sleepy eyes slow the business around you and your head lags. This lull prompts you to stay at your campsite and relax until six in the afternoon, sometimes later. You allow yourself to relax during the day because otherwise, you would miss the lights, energy, and most importantly, music during the darkness. As daylight passes, energy slowly fills your body and allows you to prepare for the night.

The first festival day is an adjustment for the body because it is used to day energy. This is zombified daylight. Then, whenever the nighttime hits, bodies switch into relax mode because their energy levels are down; festivals switch that. Our minds are used to being productive during the sunny hours of the day and regain our energy when the sun goes down, but why?

Usually around six in the afternoon, over 95% of the festival occupants gather in a place called Centeroo. All the favored artists perform on these stages. Centeroo allows you to feel the excitement gravitating throughout the air. The zombified people that were fighting for shade earlier in the day have now transformed into beings full of night energy. The pajamas they walked around in earlier have become traded for brightly colored outfits that seem to say, "let's have fun in this chaos." Their voices raise enormous amounts of volumes; singing, laughing and beaming with joy. The "day" is just getting started.

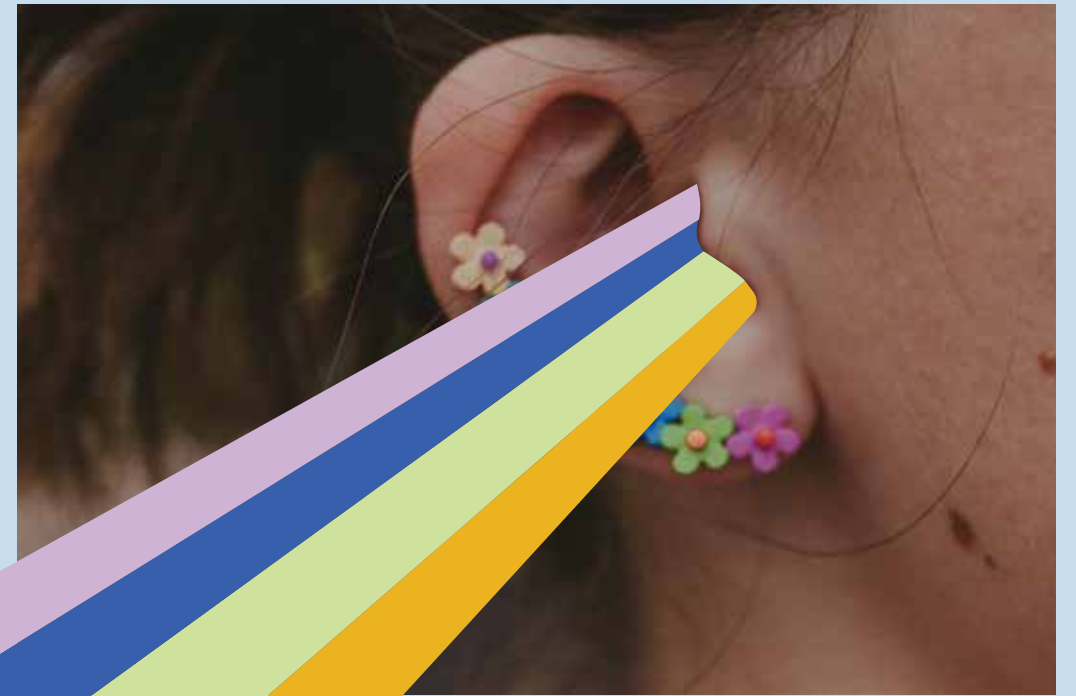


THROUGH MY EYES:

During the daytime, my motivation was low so I take naps in my hammock and relax in my kiddie pool. The daytime has become my “night.” I slowly start getting dressed around noon—the excitement of getting ready for night festivities helps me to wake up a little. As the day progresses and the sun starts to go down, and one of my favorite times of the day has started. The people around me settle for a moment, as if they were preparing before a big-break. The bustling commotions pauses, and I look up into the sky and feel pure bliss as the music cascaded into my ears. The crowd becomes electrified at sunset. The fun is beginning.

When nightfall strikes, I run around like the little child inside me prompts. The atmosphere transforms into a musical playground. The darkness becomes illuminated. Vibrant colors mix in my eyes. The music takes over my heartbeat. My eyes flash to try and focus on the scurrying people. I laugh as they look like cars moving in a busy intersection. I join them happily. My eyes soar, absorbing all the color. My smile radiates past my ears.

Everywhere I turn people are dancing. People are singing. People are alive. My heart skips a beat. I am alive. I move like jelly to join them. The trees I used as shade earlier become places to look up towards and the colors from the stage’s laser beams plaster onto the leaves. The smell of breakfast food morphs into dancing pieces of fruit. Joy pulses through me. The stage pulls me in. The lasers wrap around my body in a warm embrace. My brain is wide open.



THROUGH OUR EYES:

The sun begins to rise and Centeroo becomes less crowded by the minute. The cheers become dulled hums. The night has come to an end. Our feet feel nothing except the pulsing we stamped into them last night. Our bodies feel like low batteries. As we walk back to the tent, familiar breakfast smells and zombified walks remind us of this shifted festival reality. Our chaotic outfits, and somewhat energetic walks, don’t match the newness of the morning. We watch as the mix of night and day blurs in and out of place.

We are in the twilight zone. Until Monday morning slaps us in the face. We pack up as slowly as possible, lingering on the euphoria of the past four days. We are reminded of our true reality when texts from the boss, friends, and family begin to ding on our phones. “Not yet” we mumble. As we exit the grounds, there is a part of us that stays in that tiny campsite square, stringing us along, gently luring us to come back next year. Our brains replay the sounds of Bonnaroo, colors of crazy outfits, cheers of the crowd, and happiness coming from within, the entire way home.

Marsh Music

Where the Crawdad's Sing Book Review

by Sage Short

“Do you hear the Crawdads singing?” Delia Owen asks.

“I don't hear anything. There are no whispering noises in the night, no crickets screaming in the forest, and no claps from the screen back door” I reply.

During the pandemic-marked year of 2020, physical connection has been minimized and books have assumed a world-wide role as travel-agent. I no longer get lost in a new location but instead, find myself in nature and tangled with pages. Most recently the pages of Delia Owen's *Where the Crawdad's Sing*. Through the experiences of each character's narrative, she gives tangible answers to help with feelings of uncertainty. This mystery-themed composition reflects the importance of human bonds and focuses on Kya, a traumatized woman searching for freedom in the marshlands* of North Carolina. Kya struggles with her life. Name-calling, abandonment, and falling in and out of heartbreaks, all contribute to Kya's loneliness. Her character blossoms as a symbol of strong heroine qualities and she grows captivated by the humble power of nature.

I was born and raised in the south, like Kya. The way Owens exposed the beauty of southern fauna and landscape made me feel connected to the south in ways I never felt. Mother Nature revealed her secrets to Kya. Delia Owens had a career in zoology, which makes my journey with Kya's character and appreciation for the marshlands, more eloquently detailed and immersive. I was a part of Owen's composed symphony. She envelopes poetry into the story, which adds melody and rhythm. This rawness helped ground me in each poem's presence. Many of Kya's life elements throughout the book meet her in vulnerable positions. I tried to make her suffer, childhood loss, and trauma disappear through my sympathy. I couldn't.

Where the Crawdad's Sing is framed between the 1950s and 60s--the time of Chase Andrews' ongoing murder trial. Kya finds herself as the main suspect for his killing and wonders if she is a target because of their turbulent and sometimes abusive relationship. Over 50 years later and we still see similar themes of racism, classism, and misogyny that plagued this fictional North Carolina town. Kya watches racism unfold upon her caregivers-turned-friends, experiences misogyny and classism from the people who were supposed to protect her, and witnesses the unfortunate truth of American existence as a rural southerner.*

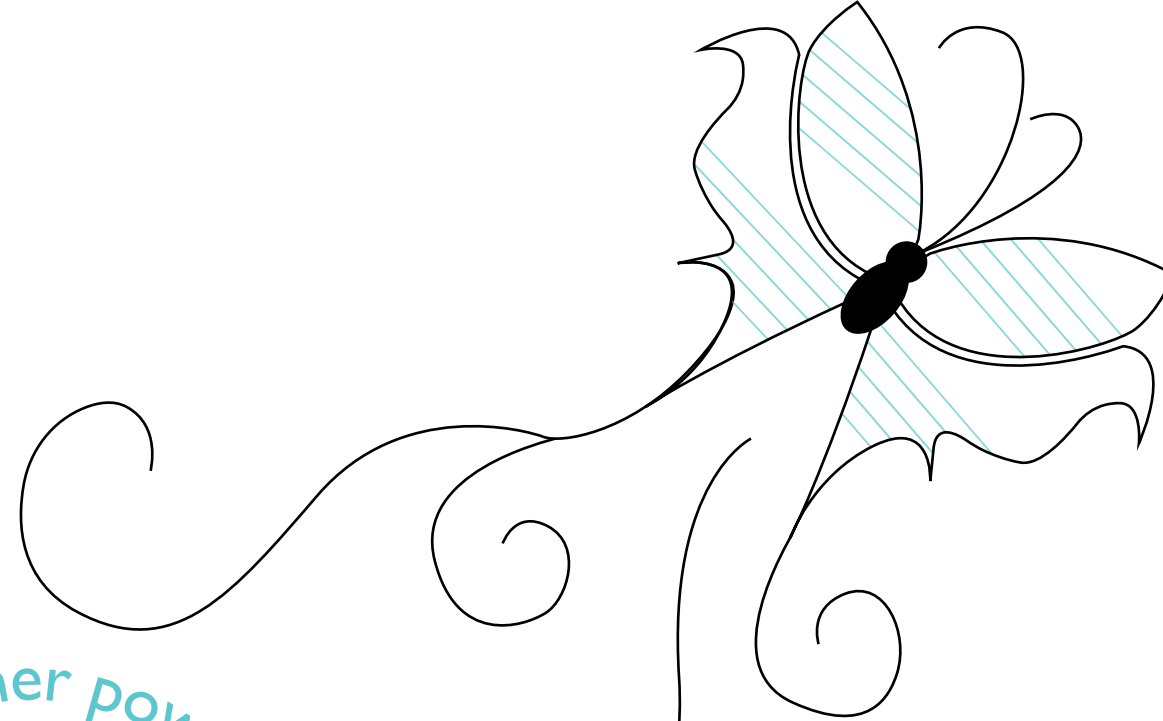
“Do you hear the Crawdads singing?” Delia Owen asks.

“I don't hear anything. There are no whispering noises in the night, no crickets screaming in the forest, and no claps from the screen backdoor” I reply.

How will Kya take back her power?

for the murder trial to be over.

This is a question I ask myself over and over while waiting



Abandoned by most of her family, and then finally by her abusive father, Kya learned self-sufficiency through the workings of the marsh. Her friend and soon to be lover, Tate, helped her read because she never attended school. The wildlife of the marsh became her family and Kya grew to write books about her experiences with this place. When everyone abandoned her, she could always count on the gulls and the lapping water nearby. Mother Nature took Kya's privation and taught her how to see the world through a different lens. A lens with less racism. But this safe place quickly became a disadvantage in the murder trial. She was known as Marsh Girl and everyone in town saw her as a dirty, poor, freaky character.

How will Kya take back her power? This is a question I ask myself over and over while waiting for the murder trial to be over. Kya lives in a town that mocks and teases her and yet she does not relent. Regardless of targeted hardships, Kya maintained composure towards everyone that pictured her as inferior. I cheered for Kya though, especially when she achieved justice and freedom from the people in Barkley Cove who previously gripped her success in misdemeanor. The few people who helped her survive were catalysts in my feeling connected to the plot. I felt like I was among them.

Nature is the most flourishing feature in this novel. It beckons Kya back to herself again and again. Nature is more than an escape, it is her reality. It is her home. She couldn't escape being Marsh Girl even if she wanted to. It was a part of her. The marsh became her mother, the animals became her friends, and the ebb and flow of the water calmed her. Nature grows and changes as she does.

When she learned to read and write, it became a place of expansion. Tate helped her build composition skills. "That's a very good sentence. Not all words hold that much," says Tate to Kya. This sentence reflects what I felt throughout the novel. Kya's entire world holds that much. In every corner of Kya, I found something truthful that held this concept of much-ness. Her relationships with others, herself, and nature, her struggles as an abandoned, traumatized, poor Marsh Girl, and her discovered purpose, all proved one thing. She would share the secret bits and outright power of this marsh with everyone outside. I feel this connection to nature in my own life, especially during the COVID crisis. When the world seems to be falling away, nature is constant and welcoming us to escape into it.

In addition to Kya's life marked by loss, trauma, and love, she gains trust, prejudice, and knowledge of how to respond and listen to nature. Through submerging in Kya's world and reading Owen's composition through a learning lens, the story aches in all the right places. This book helped shift me. Some parts of the story hurt but most of the words lifted my heart.

No Gin

by Sarah Bartholomew

Above the treeline, the sun stalls. I'm momentarily blinded from its glare. My right blinker ticks, ticks as I leisurely pull onto Sunny Jim Drive. If things hadn't changed, there would be a heavy, harvest wreath hanging on the front door and dimpled gourds and overripe pumpkins framing the dried corn stalks near the door jamb. I take my foot off the gas, letting the tires roll as I pass my grandparents' house for the last time.

An arched stained glass window christens the top of the door, casting a puddle of warm, rubies, sapphires, and amethysts onto the hallway floor. Persian runners lead to the staircase framed by a weathered oak banister. Puffed purses and coats are balanced on the banister's edge when guests arrive—scanning the teetering pile is a quick way to take attendance. The stairs curve upward to the bedrooms which once belonged to Aunt Flower, Uncle Brian, Uncle John, and my dad.

Whenever I slept over my grandparents' I slept in Aunt Flower's room.

Reds and blues of a Grateful Dead skull are still observable through some off white paint on the far wall. Strewn about the dresser are necklaces with leather chords and tiny keys to lost locks. Intricately carved wooden trinkets from travels to India sit atop a few of forgotten books.

One summer when I was about nine and my younger brother Robert was six we spent the night in our self-assigned bedrooms.

Sometimes Downy woodpeckers. Sometimes the coffee machine's spurting. This persistent sunlight. A jolt from a too-real dream.

This time, it was water so cold that my face was pins and needles. Pop-pop grinned, holding a sweaty glass pitcher.

He was out of sight. I shuffled downstairs. Robert, also doused, faced Pop-pop in the living room, expectant. Upon my entry, Pop-pop exclaimed, "Exercises! Finger exercises!"

He curled his pointer finger and straightened it, like an inchworm. He flexed his wrists, keeping his fingertips together. "It's a mosquito exercising on a mirror!"

I don't remember either my brother or I feeling annoyed. For as long as my siblings and I were around, Pop-pop had an audience. I always found myself in the front row.

A narrow hall connects the living room to the kitchen. Sleek cabinets and sand-colored countertops, a large bay window overlooking the garden, a birchwood-white table with high-back chairs. One afternoon Pop-pop and I sat across from each other in the kitchen illuminated by dusty rays from the skylight.

I was a sophomore in high school when I found out that Pop-pop had early-onset Alzheimers.

Until that moment, I considered every quirk of his to be him, not a side effect of something else. Everything he did and said was him.

I was spending the afternoon to ensure his safety while Mom-mom ran errands.

Pop-pop held The Central Record inches from his face, the magnifying glass ignored on the table. He muttered to him-

self as he pretended to read. I gazed out the window, watching a doe and fawn size up the rhododendron. Pop-pop wiggled the collar of his striped button down. He pursed his lips and arched his eyebrows, I tried to memorize the moment.

I would be leaving New Jersey soon and would be visiting this house less often. Pop-pop turned over a page of the newspaper with a flourish. His eyes met mine and he squinted as if sensing something amiss. He raised his pointer finger and scraped his chair backward. I nodded and returned my gaze to the garden. My reverie was interrupted by a heavy thud on the table. I turned and blinked.

I blinked again.

A cantaloupe.

Pop-pop plopped a cantaloupe in front of me, and when I looked up with the question in my eyes, he laughed. "Bet you didn't see that one coming."

Bartholomew humor is something I cannot describe. I think I missed my baptism.

In October following high school graduation, I enlisted in the army. Pop-pop's Alzheimers worsened—he no longer recognized his siblings, children, grandchildren, his wife. He may not have remembered who I was, but he was always welcoming.

Before basic training, I shaved my head. Pop-pop assumed I

was a man. From then on, I was "a very good fellow" and "good sir." He would pinch up his face and make a chef's kiss. At what? I don't know. He didn't either. He spoke to me in a knowingly botched French accent. As an esteemed guest I would thank him and bow.

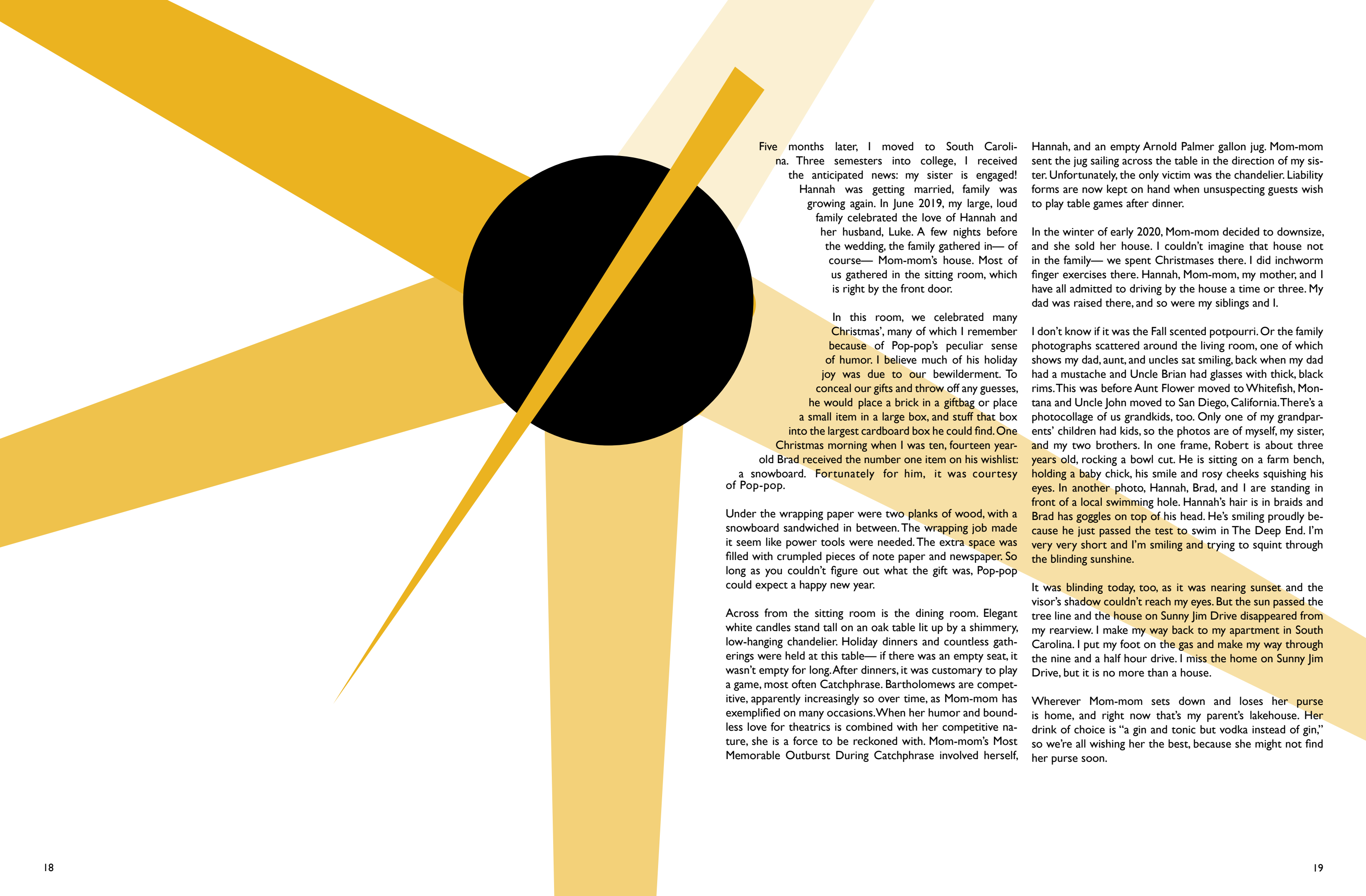
Pop-pop was in a long term nursing facility when I was stationed in Fort Sill, Oklahoma. I imagined Mom-mom living by herself. Replacing the pumpkins with twinkling lights by herself, making pancakes and diagonally-cut sandwiches and chicken parm by herself, for herself.

She has the largest social circle of anyone I know. She has girlfriends from tennis, choir, and her Bible study group as well as the neighborhood and local wineries. She has said many times that it was Pop-pop's time to have constant professional care, that her husband wasn't himself anymore. But her house must have felt so much bigger without him.

My time in the service was up by the end of December 2017. I returned to New Jersey. I visited Pop-pop in his assisted living home, and I met some of his friends. But Pop-pop was worsening still.

Within six months, he passed away.

Mom-mom, Uncle Brian, Uncle John, Aunt Flower, my parents, Brad, Hannah, Robert, and I spread Pop-pop's ashes at sea. Off the jetty on Long Beach Island. Our family was smaller now. I never thought about my family getting smaller. Only larger, louder, and even more loving.



Five months later, I moved to South Carolina. Three semesters into college, I received the anticipated news: my sister is engaged! Hannah was getting married, family was growing again. In June 2019, my large, loud family celebrated the love of Hannah and her husband, Luke. A few nights before the wedding, the family gathered in— of course— Mom-mom’s house. Most of us gathered in the sitting room, which is right by the front door.

In this room, we celebrated many Christmas’, many of which I remember because of Pop-pop’s peculiar sense of humor. I believe much of his holiday joy was due to our bewilderment. To conceal our gifts and throw off any guesses, he would place a brick in a giftbag or place a small item in a large box, and stuff that box into the largest cardboard box he could find. One Christmas morning when I was ten, fourteen year-old Brad received the number one item on his wishlist: a snowboard. Fortunately for him, it was courtesy of Pop-pop.

Under the wrapping paper were two planks of wood, with a snowboard sandwiched in between. The wrapping job made it seem like power tools were needed. The extra space was filled with crumpled pieces of note paper and newspaper. So long as you couldn’t figure out what the gift was, Pop-pop could expect a happy new year.

Across from the sitting room is the dining room. Elegant white candles stand tall on an oak table lit up by a shimmery, low-hanging chandelier. Holiday dinners and countless gatherings were held at this table— if there was an empty seat, it wasn’t empty for long. After dinners, it was customary to play a game, most often Catchphrase. Bartholomews are competitive, apparently increasingly so over time, as Mom-mom has exemplified on many occasions. When her humor and boundless love for theatrics is combined with her competitive nature, she is a force to be reckoned with. Mom-mom’s Most Memorable Outburst During Catchphrase involved herself,

Hannah, and an empty Arnold Palmer gallon jug. Mom-mom sent the jug sailing across the table in the direction of my sister. Unfortunately, the only victim was the chandelier. Liability forms are now kept on hand when unsuspecting guests wish to play table games after dinner.

In the winter of early 2020, Mom-mom decided to downsize, and she sold her house. I couldn’t imagine that house not in the family— we spent Christmases there. I did inchworm finger exercises there. Hannah, Mom-mom, my mother, and I have all admitted to driving by the house a time or three. My dad was raised there, and so were my siblings and I.

I don’t know if it was the Fall scented potpourri. Or the family photographs scattered around the living room, one of which shows my dad, aunt, and uncles sat smiling, back when my dad had a mustache and Uncle Brian had glasses with thick, black rims. This was before Aunt Flower moved to Whitefish, Montana and Uncle John moved to San Diego, California. There’s a photocollage of us grandkids, too. Only one of my grandparents’ children had kids, so the photos are of myself, my sister, and my two brothers. In one frame, Robert is about three years old, rocking a bowl cut. He is sitting on a farm bench, holding a baby chick, his smile and rosy cheeks squishing his eyes. In another photo, Hannah, Brad, and I are standing in front of a local swimming hole. Hannah’s hair is in braids and Brad has goggles on top of his head. He’s smiling proudly because he just passed the test to swim in The Deep End. I’m very very short and I’m smiling and trying to squint through the blinding sunshine.

It was blinding today, too, as it was nearing sunset and the visor’s shadow couldn’t reach my eyes. But the sun passed the tree line and the house on Sunny Jim Drive disappeared from my rearview. I make my way back to my apartment in South Carolina. I put my foot on the gas and make my way through the nine and a half hour drive. I miss the home on Sunny Jim Drive, but it is no more than a house.

Wherever Mom-mom sets down and loses her purse is home, and right now that’s my parent’s lakehouse. Her drink of choice is “a gin and tonic but vodka instead of gin,” so we’re all wishing her the best, because she might not find her purse soon.

AN INTERVIEW with Dr. Kaitlin Sidorsky

*Political Scientist and Professor at
Coastal Carolina University*

Another wave of feminism has begun. In previous years, activists broke the echoing silence and need for female voice with movements such as #metoo, Time's Up, and the Women's March. But now the mission is to protect the prior victories of feminist fighters from former decades and move towards diversifying our political landscape.

Step one: elect more female representatives to government positions. This will secure catalysts for women's rights in office. Dr. Kaitlin Sidorsky, a professor of Political Science at Coastal Carolina University, shares her research perspective on this topic. She performs research on intersection of gender and politics especially through her published work in Political Research Quarterly, her book *All Roads Lead to Power: Appointed and Elected Paths to Public Office for US Women*, and her upcoming research on the unseen work of women on state boards and commissions; all of which has become an extremely relevant topic throughout the 2020 election.



Editor:

In today's political landscape, why does a woman's vote matter?

Editor:

In 2020 we are seeing more women elected to government positions than ever and there are currently record-breaking numbers of women in Congress. Do you anticipate this uptick of women in the office to continue?

Editor:

As America starts to embrace women in government, do you see the U.S. becoming more intersectional?

Editor:

How important are a candidate's stances on gendered issues? In America, is it something we should be more concerned about?

Editor:

As we approach these milestones of firsts for women in government, the intersectionality still seems to lack. What types of specific struggles do women of color face when running?

Editor:

The next step seems to be electing a female president. What do you think needs to happen to make this a reality?

Dr. Sidorsky:

Women's votes matter because women face unique challenges on a daily basis. They face discrimination in the workplace which can include pay disparities or the lack of a formal paid leave policy if they have a child, adopt a child, or have to take care of an elderly or sick relative. Women face challenges to their reproductive rights with the closure of rural hospitals and clinics that provide annual gynecological exams and birth control. This does not even include the additional challenges women of color or trans gender women face and all of which can be affected by local, state, and federal laws that are passed by our elected leaders.

Dr. Sidorsky:

I do anticipate this uptick to continue, in large part due to Hillary Clinton's historic candidacy. So far we are seeing relatively equal numbers of women senate candidates from 2018 but more women house candidates which is a good sign.

Dr. Sidorsky:

It depends if we elect more women of color, or women who are a part of the LGBTQ+ community. It also depends on the political beliefs of the women we elect and if they see the need to address issues that arise when our identities intersect.

Dr. Sidorsky:

If you are asking if candidate's stances on gendered issues matter normatively- yes. We should care about the political rights of half of the population in our country. If you are asking if in reality gendered issues matter then it depends. It depends on the current political environment and what is happening around the country. The pandemic, for example, has really exposed the problematic nature of childcare in this country. Although men are affected by the lack of childcare, or the high cost of childcare, we know that women are disproportionately affected by this. And it is something we should care about in America because it affects women's financial mobility, population growth, and children's development.

Dr. Sidorsky:

Women of color face something called the "double bind" which is the stereotypes they face because of their race and their gender identity. We saw this most acutely with Democratic Vice Presidential nominee Kamala Harris during the debate. She had to walk the tightrope of not falling into stereotypes faced by women of color, whose facial expressions, clothing, and words are disproportionately judged. What an exhausting event something like a live debate must be when a woman of color is under such a powerful microscope- this is struggle that is unfair and sends the wrong message on how we treat candidates for public office.

Dr. Sidorsky:

To make this a reality we need more women in public office more broadly. Although we are making gains, we are far from gender parity at the federal level and even further behind in many states, including South Carolina. We also need better treatment of women vice presidential and presidential candidates by the media- which can perpetuate sexist or racist treatment of these women. I think more women at the head of executive branch cabinets is also important. When presidents surround themselves with diversity that sends a signal to the public that diversity is wanted and needed in government. It also teaches young children that people who look like them belong in government- this is an important message to send.



Dr. Sidorsky offers solace in confirming that, while there is work to be done in diversifying female representation in politics, we are striding towards gender parity in government sectors. Action is steadily needed and the most straightforward move we can make to advance feminism into the 22nd century. One vote, one voice. This will be the difference in the quality of life for thousands.

Why

Not

You?

a letter by Ryver Morrow

The words you told me
When the sun was rising
The phase you made
To pave my way

Why not you?
These words you taught me
So that I would always believe
Such a simple inquire
That made me inspire

You made me who I am
Three words made me a man
They never let me doubt
And made sure I never tapped out

Why not you?
When I see a father
That loves his daughters
Or a man that stays,
To show his sons the way

Why not you?
Why couldn't you be there?
Why can't you make her smile?
Why are three words
All I can thank you for?

Along the Housatonic

by Carissa Soakup



“I haven’t seen you in so long!”

A distant cousin was ambling* towards us, and when he leaned in for a squeeze, I smelled beer. One of his hands was tilted above my head, still clutching his Bud Light, and I wondered why it smelled so much stronger on him than it did on my Grandpa, who would always offer me one at the beach house. When Papa hugged me, I liked the smell of beer on him, a gentler perfume than what was soaked into this toothy man. His grin was like the mouth of the can he was crushing, too wide and misshapen and a little bit funny.

The family reunion was held annually at a park deep in the Connecticut woods. The celebration was towards the back. It felt like we were going somewhere forbidden—crowded by trees and dirt hiking trails. The grass under my thin summer sandals was hot and scratchy, and we dug our heels in, pushing through soupy air to make the rounds. The first woman we greeted said she had left pizzelles* out under foil, and I found a waxy juice box to chase them, mixed in a watery bucket of ice alongside glass bottles and aluminum cans.

I watched my aunt smoke feverishly, leaning against the car window she left cracked for her toddler. She was snoring inside and still buckled into her booster seat. I’d heard Mom discuss her behavior before, a quiet concern she only shared with Dad; she was making progress and was down to three cigarettes a day. She was not sure if it was because of Auntie’s new boyfriend, or something else.

Sitting on a flattened, mossy rock, I dug my nails down, scraping patterns like the smoky ones she was puffing out through her lips. She caught me staring, but her expression did not change, and I clutched my knees to hold back my embarrassment.

She snuck me extra fondant twice at Sammy’s birthday party but then she would rush from the living room and out the back door, watching us through the window, jetting thick smoke past her thin grimace. I remembered a time when I said something funny. I had been standing too close to her teeth and caught a glimpse of filthy calcium, brown bone where white should have been.

That year, they tried to trick Dad into drinking. He and my mother had never had a locked cabinet of wine, or a secret pile of cans in the icy pit of the basement freezer. I wondered, listening to them attempt to convince him it was just seltzer, why they tried so hard to get him to want something he didn’t. He was angry on the drive home, and for him, I was too. But it’s okay, we won’t see any of them for a long time.



hometown

a poem by Sage Short

Feet tumble into sand, shells, and their
ghosts drape rusted gray jewelry
over oaks, pour ashy sunsets.

Sunburnt skin stinging at slight
sights of the wind, call it fire. Spraying
salt in my face as a form of mockery.

Ballerinas cannot pointe admits tides*
gulls cannot fly against wind
unbeknownst to the obstacle such freedom could give.

The redness of my eyes dared not
look into hers. What would I say,
anyway? That I'd been drowning with
a smile on my face? That no amount of
heat wave cooled by ocean baptism, in an
effort to move on, could soothe me?

It sizzled and boiled like shark teeth on
pruney fingers and tastes of melted
pecan ice cream, sour strawberries,* and pennies.
Like concrete over constellations or an emerald*
whisper at midnight, I vowed to never call a place
swallowed in a shipwreck, my home.



Eclipsing Backwards

a poem by Kyle Blandford

Winter

White popcorn pieces in the sky
I remember watching childhood pass by.
As clumps of ice and snow
shower down on streets below
carolers sing, moments before
the end of day rings.

Summer

Salty ice cream sitting in a cone. I watch
my life recede like seafoam. Wash away
on hot beach shores, vanilla ice cream dripping
on the floor. I realize I look back too much, weathered
memories of seasons elapsed. I'm running out
of years to get back on track.

Spring

Melted-snow teardrops fall with April showers.
Flowers bloom and bees start to sting, I ponder
my teenage happenings. Yellow pollen fills my lungs as green
grows faster and faster, only to slowly pass
the lingering of winter.

Fall

Rust-toned sunsets color like a pumpkin patch,
remind me of old memories-- like an itch without
a scratch. I cannot say I live a life of pride
overthinking seasons, putting myself in overdrive.
Live not a life reflecting on stale treats, but watch
the candle flames dance with snow on the streets.



Talisman and the Moon

a poem by Kele Bullock

The Talisman of his time,
weaving veils and magic rhymes
Coiled in flames and talking snakes
He walks the tightrope till it breaks

The wondering moon of Serendip
Collects blood and tears along her trip
Shoots them deep into her vein
Dancing lightning wild and rain

Paralyzed in the space between
The times left undone
Sinking in an everflow of
Songs still left unsung

Standing still...
I'm Standing still for a change, and trying to
rearrange The ticking clocks...
A Golden Phoenix, by design
Both, unique and inclined
to Fly

You and I
Spinning theory of the skies,
longing for a rest
Box him up on a shelf;
label it, The Test
I might lose if I go
to join the troupe of his show 'cause...

One will drift and one will seek Closing doors and
losing keys... Just a minute in his shelter
from her raging, summer storm, left unraveled in
the wake
resolved to share a crown of thorn

Can an ocean drown in fire,
will the sun lift the dew?
Some thousand sunsets later Who am I and
who are You?

So, what are you gonna do?

a poem by Yasmine Lynn

Lord lay me down to sleep
I pray the lord my soul to keep,
if i die before I wake,
I pray the lord my soul to take.

Closing her eyes for the last time,
snuggled with her boyfriend, after a day
of saving lives. Working side by side
with the ones who took her life.

The men who talk all day
but her name, they won't say.
Paid administrative leave,
while her family has to grieve.

This event struck a nerve.
Waiting on justice* to be served
I don't get to die,
or pretend it's not real
because you have a government issued
license to kill

What am I supposed to do?
Shut up and lie still?
Floyd tried that, but him
you still killed.

Your blue life matters,
but my black is a disgrace.
Last time I checked,
we're all the human race.

Land of the free
and home of the brave,
but Breonna is dead
and their jobs are saved.

Yea, you have hard days.
That much is true.
Your uniform is blue,
but my black is through and through.
Try unbuttoning my melanin or
taking off my badge of black.
That's right, I can't do that.
Cut the slack.

I'm tired of waiting
to see my brother's face.
It's 10 past midnight.
He's 10 minutes late.



"Kyle and Conner are just late"
Karen says, "Just wait"
My heart is racing.
Jamal might not have the same fate.

Boys will be boys,
unless they have black skin.
To the law we're born grown.
Will we ever win?

Slavery, Jim Crow*,
Trayvon and now her,
I want to live, nothing less,
I need more.

Live like my neighbor ,
with skin white as snow,
will her killer be in jail?
The answer, we all know.

No I won't stand for this.
No I won't sit for this.
You must be out of
your gosh dang mind
if you think I won't fight for this.

A riot is not the language of the unheard.
A riot is the language of those ignored.
My life matters, and yes so do you,
but my black life is an endangered* species.
So what will you do?



The Streets of D.C.

a poem by Jessica Perry

I once spent October time
with my uncle,
at a coffee shop
in Washington.

We spoke in a plethora:*
life, travel, old dreams,
and how we hope it is never
Too late to accomplish them.

We talked about how some people
are afraid to experience expansion,
so they settle for lesser
and never mount full potential.*

We ate cake, looked at books,
and walked the streets of D.C.
They lit up in the restaurant glow
and filled with sounds of distant chatter.
Teens walked ahead of us
wearing poorly made Halloween costumes.

When we stepped away from the coffee shop,
the restaurants, and the chatter; I was enclosed
in an overwhelming feeling.
It was going to be okay.
It was possible.
I was where I needed to be.

Thank you, Uncle Jim.
You are the epitome of everything
I have ever wanted to be.



What we are Still Wearing

by Olivia Stringfield

When I think about the intersection of fashion trends and circles, it reminds me of polka-dots, hoop earrings, Gandhi glasses, and buttons. There is a circle that shows up in our wardrobes far more than these examples though...it is fashion's cyclical knack for creating modern variations of previously circled trends. Past decades often come back to life through what we wear today, and how we wear it. Whether I throw on a pair of high waisted mom jeans, tie a silk scarf in my hair, or stomp around in platform sneakers, my modern wardrobe is nostalgic for, and representative of, past decades.

The 1950s, post World War II, made leather jackets a fashion staple. The 60s gave us bell-bottoms, Doc Martens, bohemian influence, and tie-dye. The 70s brought peasant

blouses, crop tops, and white booties (hello disco vibes!). The hip hop era of the 80s introduced chain jewelry, chunky sneakers, and marked the golden age by wearing oversized clothing. Each of these decades defining trends have found their way right back into the scope of what we deem fashionable today.

Have you ever wondered why it suddenly seems fashionable to wear your dad's comfy XL Carhartt t-shirt in public? Thank the 80s. The 90s laid the foundation for grunge apparel, featuring flannels, band tees, plaid skirts, and of course – chokers. Such intermittent trends are a direct product of nostalgic designer's attempts to replicate previous fads, as many usually obtain their inspiration from the clothing that defined past decades.

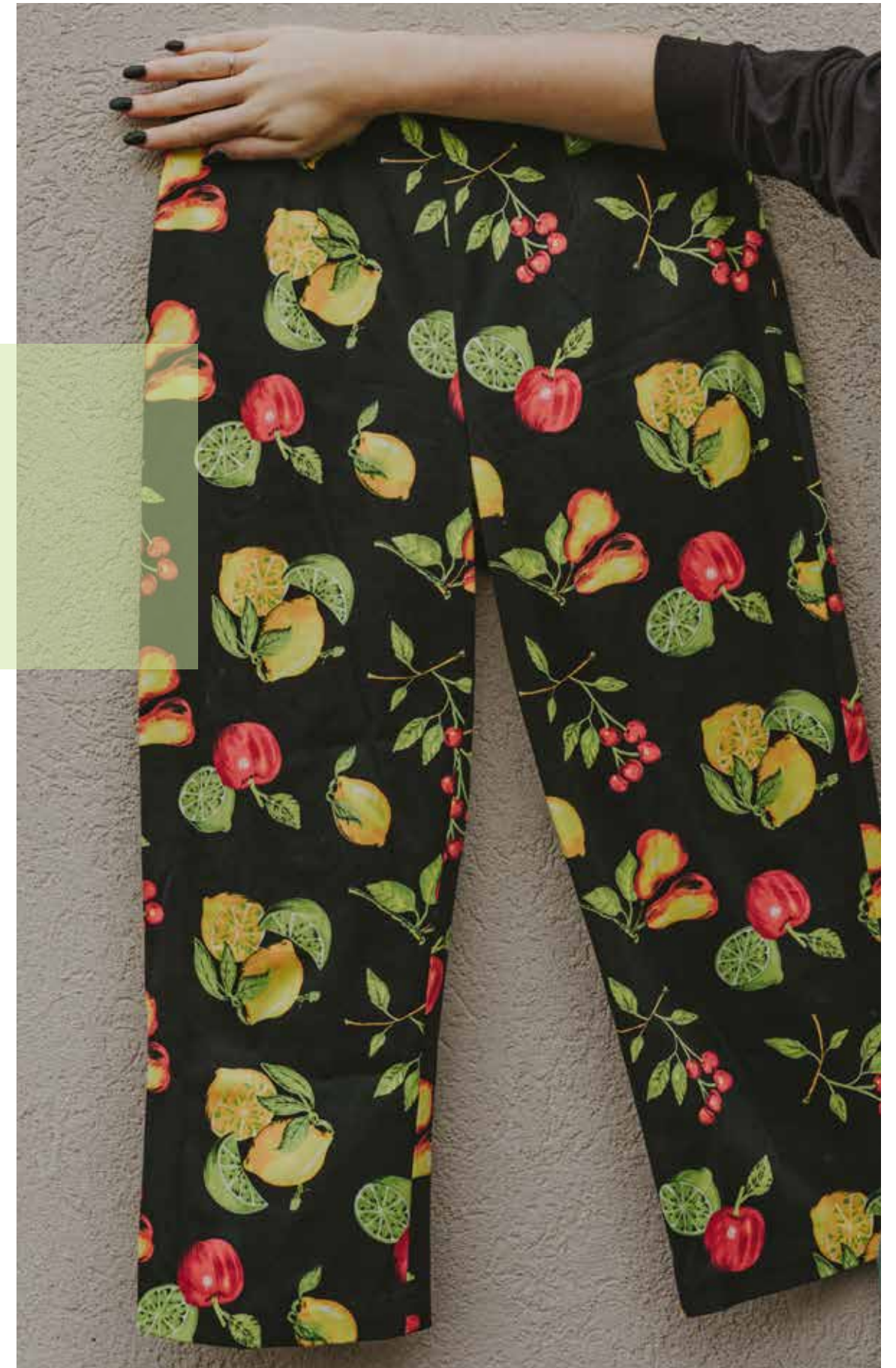


21st-century designers return to fashion house trendsetters such as Christian Dior, Cristobal Balenciaga, Coco Chanel, and Pierre Balmain's for inspiring aesthetics, original identity cues, and nostalgia for the heart of these fashion giants. However, this reminiscence does not act alone. We will continue to see a resurgence of circular trends in the years to come.

There is a certain cognitive science woven into fashion that makes our clothing choices acceptable in today's society. Our clothing selections meet specific social demands. For example, when women were pushing to receive the right to vote in 1920, their clothing mirrored less femininity, as they were trying to appear equivalent to the men of the era. Their long straight skirts and short bob-haircuts were often described as boyish—as if that was a bad thing. After the Nineteenth Amendment granted women the right to vote, their clothing selections reflected the sense of empowerment that surged through the decade. Thus, the flapper dress was born. These tremendous economic and sexual freedoms

were considered unconventional, therefore women began to wear embellished dresses. The 1930s are often referred to as the "Golden Age of Glamour" because this decade was largely characterized by extravagance, immediately following the Great Depression. Elegant chiffon and silk evening gowns provided a sense of escapism from the bleak economy that defined the time period.

The 1940s were largely characterized by boiler suits and clean, military-like apparel as a result of the start of World War II. Cotton and nylon became the popular traditional womenswear material, like wool, satin, and leather were needed to clothe the male soldiers. However, the 1950s deliberately re-feminized women's clothing to provide a semblance of past security in a post-war world. This baby boomer generation led to fashion's domestic refinement makeover. Pearls became so essential that women would wear them even on the simplest of occasions.





With disco culture at its peak in the late 60s and early 70s, bell-bottom jeans and platform heels were introduced. This trend lasted until the disco culture gave way to the rise of metal. Leather became an essential garment to the early 80s aesthetics. Once MTV and music videos were introduced, clothing became unmistakably vibrant and catered to the media. Neon colors were often paired with big hair and even bigger personalities.


Fashion reflects not only the social demands but the technological advancements of a decade as well. For example, when imperialism and colonization came to a halt, cheap textiles and human labor were no longer easily accessible. Thus, synthetics were developed alongside polymers to satisfy the perceived need for mass production, at a time when postcolonial capitalism was at its peak. Fashion is a reflective mirror of the time period. If history repeats itself, it makes sense that our need for distinctive trends repeats alongside it. The swing of each decade is a product of the societal, economical, and technological demands of that era.

Circulating fashion fads remind me of the empathetic quote, “walk in someone else’s shoes” to better understand the situation and identify where help is needed. The circular nature of fashion allows us to understand and appreciate former generations by literally walking in their shoes. Clothing tells stories and often deduce how the wearer feels. Modern pop-fashion hints at past decades and pulls from a variety of time periods and designers to create a vastly nostalgic, yet unique, 21st-century closet.

Senior Year:

A Cyclone of "What the Hell Am I Doing?"





Graduates of the years 2020 and 2021 are experiencing a not-so typical final year of college. I would go further to say it may be the strangest, most stressful time to be moving into true adulthood. To gain some insight into how our future leaders are taking this, I asked them a simple question:

“What the hell are you doing when you graduate?”

Madison Sargent

Graphic Design:

“I would be lying if I acted like I had the slightest idea of what I’m going to do.”

Conor Brennan

Philosophy:

“I spent 80 grand to become a high school baseball coach.”

Paxton Granger

Graphic Design and Art Studio:

“Honestly, I have no clue what I’m doing when I graduate. Hopefully, get a job in my field and move to a big city, but honestly I don’t know. Lol.”

Quentin Clark

Art History:

“Given everything that’s been going on in the world this past year, I think it’s 100% up to the universe at this point. But in all seriousness, I plan to go to grad school and *hopefully* get a job doing some sort of art history research or museum work some day.”

Miranda Altman

Exercise Sports Science:

“Moving the hell out of Dirty Myrtle!”

Jensen Smith

Multimedia Journalism:

“I’m signing up for a one-way ticket out of the U.S.”

Amber Kuck

Marine Science:

“I honestly have no idea. “Rona” ruined all of my plans to get experience hands-on sooo I’ll probably end up serving and doing nothing with my career for a while until I can either pay to go to grad school or hopefully find a job. Theoretically, I hope to end up in Florida working with sea lions or dolphins, butttt will that happen right after graduation? Probably not.”

Shelby Warrelmann

Marine Science:

“Honestly, I’m going to grad school, I have no clue which school I am going to yet (but somewhere they don’t make me pay tuition). Other than that I have no clue.”

Michael Cormier

English:

“I have been wondering that question for four years... I even switched majors to allow for an extension, to give me just a little more time. I suppose I’ll have to be an adult and pursue a job in my field? Make use of some of these connections I’ve been cultivating. Then sadly I cry myself to sleep as I realize in the back of my mind that in order to write a novel, I never needed an English degree, I need only to apply myself and write.”

Hailey Smith

Biology:

“I plan on becoming a medical esthetician! My passion has always been skincare and helping others, so by becoming a medical esthetician I can do both!”

Angelica Pizza

Communications:

In my little fantasy world, which plays on a loop before I go to sleep, I become a writer for one of my favorite magazines. Cosmopolitan, Vanity Fair, Elle, or Harper’s Bazaar. I move to a big city and live out my Carrie Bradshaw dreams. I write what people want to read, and my articles go viral, restoring people’s faith in the media. In reality, your dream job doesn’t fall into your lap, especially not in a pandemic. I guess this is my long way of saying, I have absolutely no idea what I am going to do when I graduate, so I’m begging everyone to please, stop asking me.

Dominique Young

Information Technology:

“After graduation I am going to FINALLY get some sleep, marry the love of my life, and get the HELL out of South Carolina ! Hopefully, I find a job where I need this degree, but honestly any job will do at this point.”

Lily Bryant

English:

“After graduation, I plan on advocating for social change and writing to uplift others. I’m just not sure how yet.”

Lauren Andrychowski

Marine Science:

“Honestly, who knows where I’ll be and what I’ll do after I graduate. I plan to go home and spend time with my family and loved ones. I will also apply for my dream jobs. I hope somewhere down the road within the next five years I will be a DNR Officer or a Fish and Game Warden. I just hope that what I do everyday is something I love.”

Mayleigh

Marketing:

“This is the ultimate question every senior is asked. I have a plan and high hopes that it can be executed, if we continue to work together to get rid of COVID. This plan consists of being brought on full-time at my current internship with Whet Travel. I would be working closely with marketing operations. Whet means “to excite” and the company does just that. The main focus of this travel company is producing incredible music-themed cruises. My passion lying in event management and with music, I could not have prayed for a better opportunity. If COVID continues to spread and the enter-

tainment industry continues to hurt, my path may look different right after graduation. I have high hopes that we can keep working together to bring back the travel and entertainment industry!”

Michael Olshefski

RSM:

I don’t really know, I have my goal, and a couple of backup plans but I just have to wait and see. I’m not one to worry about the future so I’ll just see what options I have when the time comes and go with it.”

Ariana Monroe

International Business Management:

“After I graduate I have no idea what I’m doing yet :) However, I do know I will most likely be living in Charlotte, NC. The hope is to find a job in the supply chain industry. Other than working, I’ll be joining a washed-up adult league to continue my soccer “career”. I hope to stay active maybe even take up a new sport. Most importantly, I look forward to learning how to cook more intricate recipes!”

Brian Crawford

Finance:

“Finally move out of my parents house because you know what your parents say when you’re out of college? They politely kick you out and your mom checks on you everyday to see if you ate.”

Dustin Kuczynski

Information Technology:

“Salt Lake City or Bust. The plan was always to have no plan and let the universe take me where it wants me.”

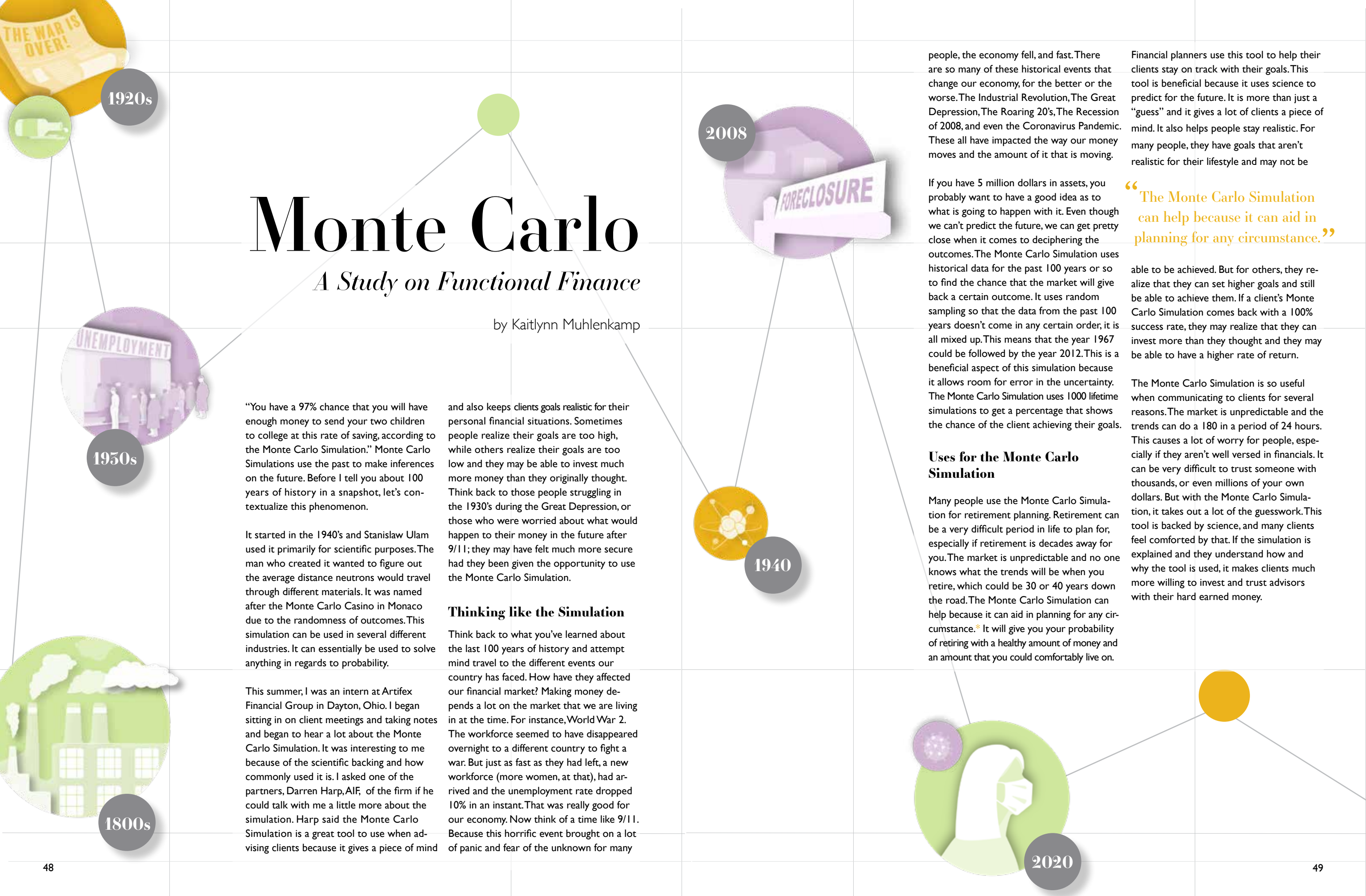
COVID has left many graduates around the world grappling for answers. Their future remains cradled in the unexpected action. However, if they can survive a 2020 Senior Year, there is no doubt they can handle whatever grown-up Gordian Knot that’s to come.



Monte Carlo

A Study on Functional Finance

by Kaitlynn Muhlenkamp



1920s

people, the economy fell, and fast. There are so many of these historical events that change our economy, for the better or the worse. The Industrial Revolution, The Great Depression, The Roaring 20's, The Recession of 2008, and even the Coronavirus Pandemic. These all have impacted the way our money moves and the amount of it that is moving.

Financial planners use this tool to help their clients stay on track with their goals. This tool is beneficial because it uses science to predict for the future. It is more than just a "guess" and it gives a lot of clients a piece of mind. It also helps people stay realistic. For many people, they have goals that aren't realistic for their lifestyle and may not be

If you have 5 million dollars in assets, you probably want to have a good idea as to what is going to happen with it. Even though we can't predict the future, we can get pretty close when it comes to deciphering the outcomes. The Monte Carlo Simulation uses historical data for the past 100 years or so to find the chance that the market will give back a certain outcome. It uses random sampling so that the data from the past 100 years doesn't come in any certain order; it is all mixed up. This means that the year 1967 could be followed by the year 2012. This is a beneficial aspect of this simulation because it allows room for error in the uncertainty. The Monte Carlo Simulation uses 1000 lifetime simulations to get a percentage that shows the chance of the client achieving their goals.

“The Monte Carlo Simulation can help because it can aid in planning for any circumstance.”

able to be achieved. But for others, they realize that they can set higher goals and still be able to achieve them. If a client's Monte Carlo Simulation comes back with a 100% success rate, they may realize that they can invest more than they thought and they may be able to have a higher rate of return.

The Monte Carlo Simulation is so useful when communicating to clients for several reasons. The market is unpredictable and the trends can do a 180 in a period of 24 hours. This causes a lot of worry for people, especially if they aren't well versed in financials. It can be very difficult to trust someone with thousands, or even millions of your own dollars. But with the Monte Carlo Simulation, it takes out a lot of the guesswork. This tool is backed by science, and many clients feel comforted by that. If the simulation is explained and they understand how and why the tool is used, it makes clients much more willing to invest and trust advisors with their hard earned money.

Uses for the Monte Carlo Simulation

Many people use the Monte Carlo Simulation for retirement planning. Retirement can be a very difficult period in life to plan for, especially if retirement is decades away for you. The market is unpredictable and no one knows what the trends will be when you retire, which could be 30 or 40 years down the road. The Monte Carlo Simulation can help because it can aid in planning for any circumstance.* It will give you your probability of retiring with a healthy amount of money and an amount that you could comfortably live on.

2008

1940

and also keeps clients goals realistic for their personal financial situations. Sometimes people realize their goals are too high, while others realize their goals are too low and they may be able to invest much more money than they originally thought. Think back to those people struggling in the 1930's during the Great Depression, or those who were worried about what would happen to their money in the future after 9/11; they may have felt much more secure had they been given the opportunity to use the Monte Carlo Simulation.

Thinking like the Simulation

Think back to what you've learned about the last 100 years of history and attempt mind travel to the different events our country has faced. How have they affected our financial market? Making money depends a lot on the market that we are living in at the time. For instance, World War 2. The workforce seemed to have disappeared overnight to a different country to fight a war. But just as fast as they had left, a new workforce (more women, at that), had arrived and the unemployment rate dropped 10% in an instant. That was really good for our economy. Now think of a time like 9/11. Because this horrific event brought on a lot of panic and fear of the unknown for many

“You have a 97% chance that you will have enough money to send your two children to college at this rate of saving, according to the Monte Carlo Simulation.” Monte Carlo Simulations use the past to make inferences on the future. Before I tell you about 100 years of history in a snapshot, let's contextualize this phenomenon.

It started in the 1940's and Stanislaw Ulam used it primarily for scientific purposes. The man who created it wanted to figure out the average distance neutrons would travel through different materials. It was named after the Monte Carlo Casino in Monaco due to the randomness of outcomes. This simulation can be used in several different industries. It can essentially be used to solve anything in regards to probability.

This summer, I was an intern at Artifex Financial Group in Dayton, Ohio. I began sitting in on client meetings and taking notes and began to hear a lot about the Monte Carlo Simulation. It was interesting to me because of the scientific backing and how commonly used it is. I asked one of the partners, Darren Harp, AIF, of the firm if he could talk with me a little more about the simulation. Harp said the Monte Carlo Simulation is a great tool to use when advising clients because it gives a piece of mind

1950s

1800s

2020



PRESSING PAUSE

by Angelica Pizza

It might be time to face it, Kevin Parker, the face of my favorite artist Tame Impala, tells me through my headphones as I blast “It Might Be Time” from the album “The Slow Rush.” You ain’t as young as you used to be. He has a point, doesn’t he?

As I approach my senior year as an undergraduate student, I am becoming hyper-aware of the fact that I am most definitely not as young as I used to be. Just yesterday, I was climbing up a slide, panting as I escaped from the boys with cooties. Now, I’m a woman, concluding my time as a student, and beginning a new adventure in the world of adulting. It feels like I’ve watched the past twenty-one years of my life go by from the inside of a train car—the years passing on the outside as I remain the same on the inside.

In an attempt to slow down the passing of time, I experimented with pressing pause at the beginning of every hour. By definition, the word pause means “to temporarily stop,” so I paused throughout the day to reflect on the abstractions circling time. I journaled at the eleventh minute of every hour for twelve hours.

I started and ended my day at 11:11 because that specific time represents angelic energy. The study of numerology explores the relationship between numbers and life’s occurrences and dates back to ancient Greece. Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher and mathematician is closely associated with mathematics and the Pythagorean theorem, and he is considered the creator of Western numerology. He believed numbers correspond to energy, thus all numbers represent more than an object’s amount.

In modern numerology, which was coined by Dr. Julian Stenton in the early 20th century, the number one is traditionally associated with fresh starts and positivity. Supposedly, seeing 11:11 on the clock is a message from your guardian angels, and they are telling you to embrace life with an open mind. Similarly, Pythagoras labeled the number 11 as a master number, representing intuition and instinct, but the number can contrastingly also signify fears and anxieties.

Your first experience with manifesting greatness started when you were young as you, looked at the clock and said, “it’s 11:11, make a wish”? Let’s dive into my polka-dotted journal, shall we?

11:11 a.m.

Good morning to me. I may be an avid journaler, but as I begin this project, I find myself wondering what to write about. The morning has been pretty mundane, and as I sit here now, 12 hours seems so far away.

12:11 p.m.

The hourly timer set on my phone startled me, and I've decided to change the ringtone from the default 'Radar' sound to a sound titled 'Twinkle' because it reminds me of Mariah Carey's All I Want For Christmas Is You. I miss the holiday season.

1:11 p.m.

I spent the last hour looking at the clock every few minutes, waiting for my timer to go off. It wasn't the best way to spend time and I felt like it made the hour go by way slower than it normally would.

2:11 p.m.

I easily get burned out, especially after spending my entire life in school. Yet, as I sat for an hour with my phone lying face-down on do not disturb, I had a burst of motivation to get things done for a summer class. I've only dented my assignment list that is due this week.

3:11 p.m.

Over the past hour, I completed more homework, and now I feel like I've wasted my day sitting at my desk. My lower back hurts. I feel productive, but at what cost? I need to get out of the house. The angel number 311 symbolizes growth and change. On a smaller scale, I need a change of scenery. On a larger scale, there might be something within myself that needs changing.

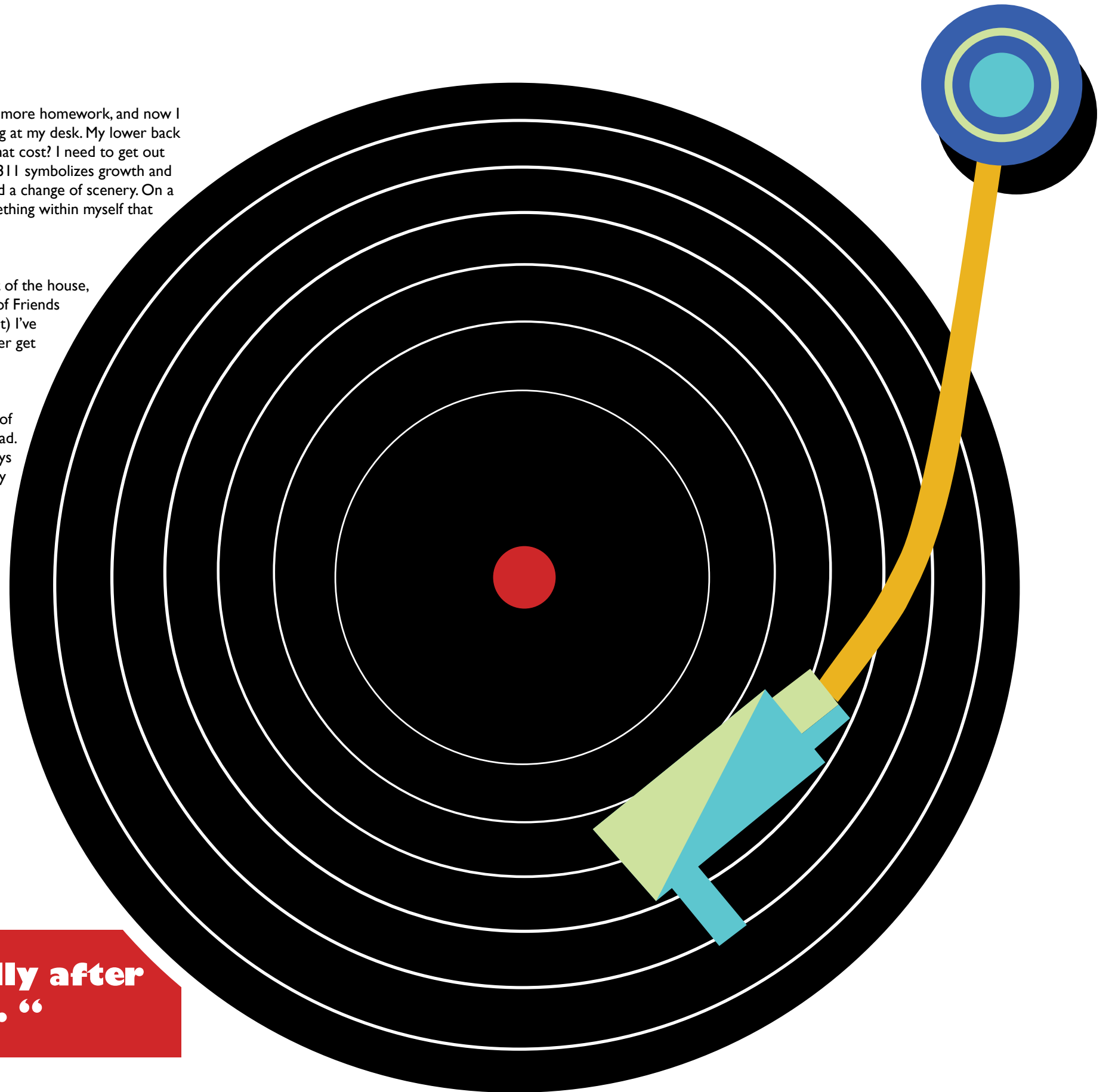
4:11 p.m.

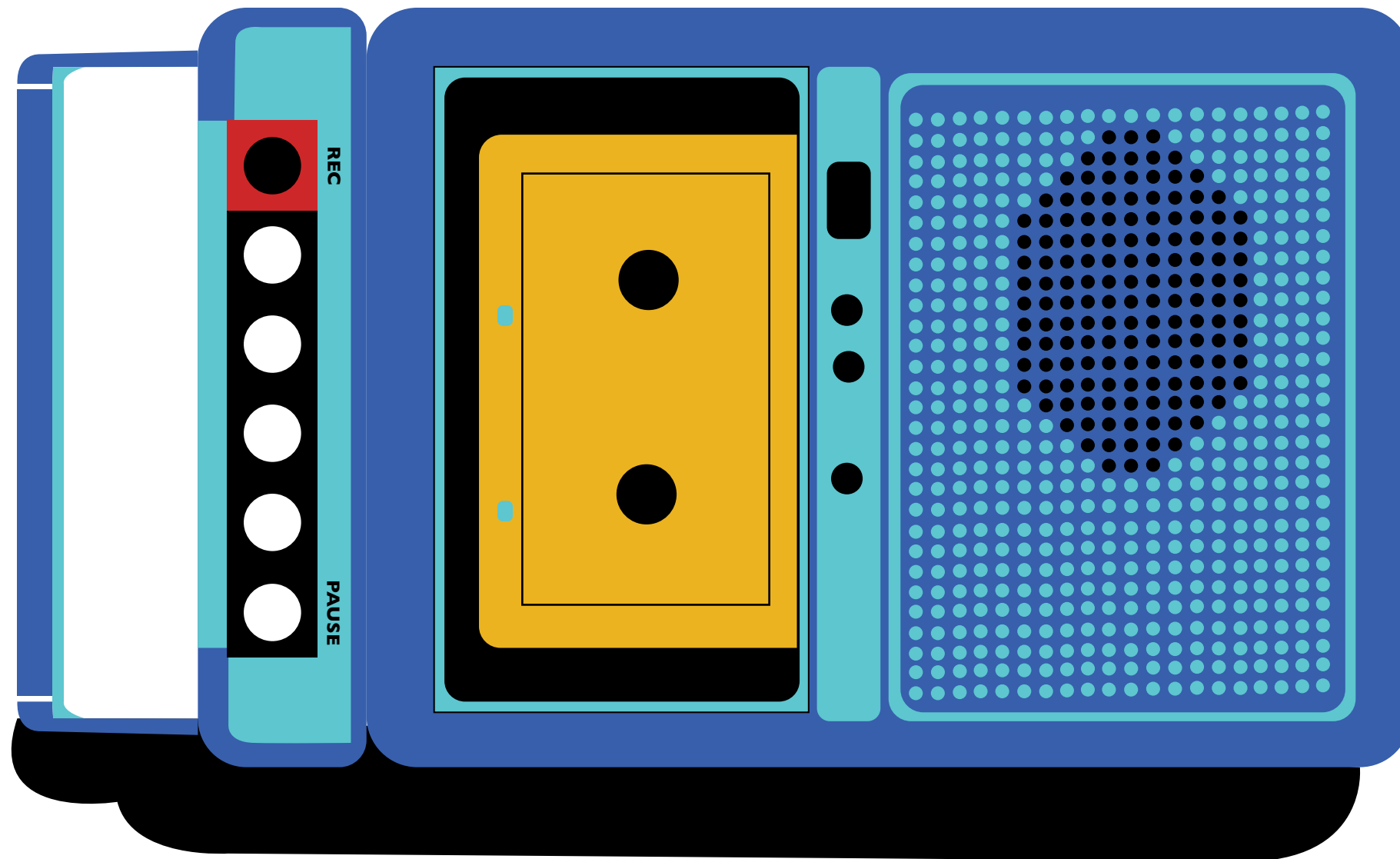
I know I said I needed to get out of the house, but I ended up watching reruns of Friends on TBS even though (spoiler alert) I've already seen Monica and Chandler get married at least 20 times.

5:11 p.m.

My timer went off in the middle of Sunday dinner. Sorry, mom and dad. We are eating pasta like we always do on Sundays, and I think Sunday dinners are what I miss most when away from home.

“I easily get burned out, especially after spending my entire life in school.”





“ I was starting to enjoy taking short breaks throughout my day to reflect. ”

6:11 p.m.

I am on my usual evening walk, and I'm standing in front of the gate to my old elementary school. I wandered here expecting to swing on the swing set but to my dismay, someone had removed it. So much for feeling nostalgic.

7:11 p.m.

I think it's starting to hit me...today has gone by so fast, and I've essentially done nothing exciting. I keep wondering what else there is to do, but all I come up with is homework. No thanks. I discovered that the meaning behind number 711 is twofold. The seven represents a personal evolution and enlightenment, and when it's connected to the ones, it signifies moving forward. My day may have been boring, but maybe this means tomorrow will be more thrilling.

8:11 p.m.

Watching the sunset is my favorite part of most days—especially when the sky turns pink and hints of orange appear around the clouds. Sunsets start slow, and then all of a sudden, they are gone.

9:11 p.m.

For as long as I can remember, I always look at the clock at 9:11, so this time, I did not need my timer. A quick Google search about the meaning of the time told me I see this number because I'm at a transition in my life. Google told me to ask myself: what do you need to move away from?

10:11 p.m.

I wonder if hearing my timer at every hour has conditioned me like Pavlov's dogs. Will I be compelled to write in my journal every time I see the number 11 or every time I hear the 'Twinkle' ringtone?

11:11 p.m.

My day has come to an end, and yet, for some reason, I don't want it to end. I was starting to enjoy taking short breaks throughout my day to reflect. However, I don't think I will miss the sound of my timer going off. Goodnight.

GLOSSARY

Ambling: Strolling at a slow, relaxed pace

Angelic: Relating to angels; Especially beautiful, innocent, and pure.

Bleak: Dreary and lacking vegetation.

Circumstance: One's financial or material situation

Emerald: A gemstone and a variety of the mineral beryl colored green by trace amounts of chromium and sometimes vanadium.

Endangered: To be exposed to the threat of extinction

Endlessly stride: To continue making progress towards an intended destination.

Epitome: A person or thing that is a perfect example of a particular quality or type.

Gyroscopes: A spinning wheel or disc that measures the orientation and angular velocity (radians/seconds) of an object in 3D space

Illuminate: Helping to clarify or explain by shining light onto something; Light up.

Justice: Proper and fair treatment to those who deserve it
Jim Crow -Referring to the Jim Crow (1877-1964) laws that enforced racial segregation in America

Marshlands: A typically low-lying, waterlogged, often flooded area where aquatic and land ecosystems meet

Monte Carlo: Using randomness to solve problems; A commune in Monaco bordering on France and the Mediterranean Sea.

Onset: The beginning of something that is customarily unpleasant

Phase: Each of the aspects of the moon or a planet, according to the amount of its illumination, especially the new moon, the first quarter, the full moon, and the last quarter.

Pizzelles: A traditional Italian waffle cookie made from flour, eggs, sugar, butter, and flavoring. These sweet treats vary in chewiness, crispness, and shape.

Plethora: The opposite of lacking; a superabundance

Pop-fashion: Clothing pieces that have a good rhythm, a catchy pattern, and are easy to remember and relate to.

Pride: Consciousness of owning one's identity; A collective of lions

Pythagoras: Greek philosopher and creator of the Pythagorean theorem and Western numerology

Rearing: When an animal hoists itself upright on its hind legs

REM: A phase of sleep characterized by random rapid eye movement that is accompanied by low muscle tone throughout the body. Dreams in this state are more vivid.

Rising: To slope upward

Serendip: Relating to discovery and an unplanned realization. It is a common occurrence throughout the history of product invention and scientific discovery.

Sour strawberries: Sweet fruit having acidic notes of citrus.

Southerner: A native or inhabitant of the south, especially of the southern US.

Stars: An astronomical object consisting of a luminous spheroid of plasma held together by its own gravity. The nearest star to Earth is the Sun.

Troupe: An ensemble of entertainers

Tumulus: A mound of earth and stones raised over a grave or graves.

Veil: A piece of fabric (could be metaphorical) that serves to cover, conceal, or disguise.

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