

A watercolor illustration of a fountain. On the left, a tall, ornate stone structure with a curved spout pours water into a basin. The water is depicted with light blue and green washes. A small, dark purple bird stands on the edge of the basin. The background is a light blue wash. The title 'MILLE FONTAINES' is written in a stylized, hand-drawn font in the upper right. In the lower left, the text 'ACM-IAU First Edition' is written, and at the bottom center, 'FALL 2022' is written.

MILLE FONTAINES


ACM-IAU
First Edition

FALL 2022

Bienvenue



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le lieu sans interruption

Les arbres sont des petites piques
éteint comme un jeu de dames
derrière, la montagne d'Aix se cache.

Elle est presque une ombre,
un fantôme enduit
de poussière avec un plume de fumée
qui vient d'une maison inconnue
cachée...

Comme un crochet, elle est courbée,
et tous de son visage sont bleu, gris, verte
foncé...

Et le ciel est complètement clair,
bleu sans interruption, hormis
les queues des avions, comme la trace d'un bateau
sur la mer
mais plus calme
sans un bruit

Le ciel disparaît derrière l'horizon,
où le bleu devient crème
Et l'herbe réfléchit le soleil,
mer verte avec une lueur, où les pièces d'or -- les petits pétales -- jonchée
son corps verdoyant.



Elle pose avec le romarin et la lavande, ses petites amies.

sur cela, les squelettes gris
presque brune, qui se révèlent
comme des arbres, sans les feuilles
sans interruption
sous cela, le débris
des fleurs rouge, rose, magenta
couverte par l'ombre des squelettes
qui restent là depuis longtemps
sans interruption

Rose Letsinger





Je voulais créer une œuvre qui montre ma connexion physique et sentimentale avec la Sainte Victoire. J'ai choisi d'utiliser la photographie pour exprimer la connexion d'une manière concrète et un calligramme pour décrire le sentiment. La mosaïque est composée de 200 photos que j'ai prises pendant ma randonnée sur la montagne. Chaque petite photo exprime un vrai moment de mon expérience et la mosaïque montre la beauté de la montagne d'une distance plus loin. Je voulais écrire mon poème dans le forme de la Montagne Sainte Victoire ou chaque phrase représente le niveau correspondant. J'ai trouvé que la montagne a plusieurs strates distinctes et je souhaitais exprimer le sentiment unique dans chaque strate. De cette façon, et comme la mosaïque, il y a dix mini-poèmes de dix endroits différents sur la montagne qui se connectent l'un l'autre pour représenter la montagne entière.

Nick Martinez

Un fermier aplanit son champ sous la charmille
Les escargots blancs montent sur les brindilles

Au milieu des murmures, la forêt est une entrée royale
La mousse avale les arbres et les arbres m'avalent

La pente engloutit le couvert arborescent
Le vent siffle une mélodie sur mon coeur battant

Une escalier, à travers les nuages, vers l'éther,
Moi, un immigrant du ciel, j'émigre de la terre

La vue est divine. Là s'élève une || CROIX || Les pèlerins pieux disent je crois,

Tandis que j'erre sur le granit fragile
Et les falaises blanches, je regarde ma ville

Aix est le paradis, le jardin de Dieu,
Et Sainte Victoire, son trône glorieux

Avec des parapentistes courageux
Je chute comme un moineau joyeux

La terre devient rouge comme le sang de vie
La terre devient rouge comme le vin d'ici

Nick Martinez



you remind me of
soft skies
violet waves
yellow flowers
singing rain
rosé
in a chilled glass held just by the end.
you remind me of
torrential storms
vast forests
screeching thunder
rolling earthquakes
wine
spilled on an ivory carpet
you remind me of
the life I always wanted
- *why my first love changed me*

Apollo Morrison



bell hooks Analysis

Authors include a part of themselves in every piece of literature they publish. Bell hooks is no exception. In bell hooks' novels *Bone Black: Memories of Girlhood* and *Salvation: Black People and Love*, she uses her experiences as a black child to explain how she now understands religion as shared love and blackness as an identity within a racialized system.

Bell hooks views religion through love and her childhood connection with people. Hooks grew up in the country, where her family attended a Baptist church. Yet even before she was allowed to attend masses, "she stay[ed] awake [at] nights talking to god, trying to find this stranger that will understand, that will make everything right" (hooks, *Bone Black* 111).

Hooks found comfort in religion, but more so in a connection with a being who would actually listen to her. She talked to god in her bedroom at night when no one else would hear her out. Less of the author's religious musings from childhood center around the church, rather they focus on her feelings towards her beliefs. Hooks connected with her grandmother's idea that "believing in god has nothing to do with going to church" since people in the congregation are usually more worried about judging others and being judged themselves (hooks, *Bone Black* 53). Hooks' struggles with mental



health and loneliness as a child led her to “come to god and yet remain at the edge of the cliff” (hooks, *Bone Black* 176). Her conversations with god left her feeling unconsolated when she attended masses, since there seemed to be a disjunction between the two. She refers to the idea of god as lowercase in both of the books mentioned, and that purposeful choice conveys not a lack of respect, but a lack of connection with Him/Her. “She wanted to be saved”, and turned to religion to do just that, but she could not be saved by god (hooks, *Bone Black* 71). She ends up finding more solace and more safety in the people she connects with: “The priest I met saw me standing on the edge of a cliff about to jump off and pulled me back. It was not a real cliff, just the one inside myself” (hooks, *Bone Black* 181). Her rocky relationship with her family mixed with her feelings of being a constant outsider left her craving connection through religion and other people. She found god in other people. In the way that they are able to communicate messages towards the congregation, and share the love with everyone listening. She was not able to connect with god in the way that she was expected to by her family, but she was able to find hope in the spirit of other people. She equates the love that people showed her to a sense of religious importance, that love is greater than any other power. She takes the ideas that really resonated with her from The Bible, and bases her own set of beliefs on what she feels is important. At bell hooks’ core is the belief that, “Only love can give us the power to



reconcile, to redeem, the power to renew weary spirits and save lost souls. The transformative power of love is the foundation of all meaningful social change” (hooks, *Salvation* 17). Hooks sees love as the heart of religion and the heart of connection between people. Love is the turning point for change and it is necessary for spiritual growth.

Bell hooks’ religious beliefs illuminate her blackness through the moments where she felt connected in the black church and disconnected to the less spiritual. Hooks’ blackness was a part of herself that she shared with god. Her religious connection made her blackness an intrinsically special part of who she was. Without her blackness, and with the whiteness of her dress, she was not herself, and she was “ashamed” to meet god this way. When she meets with a campus ministry group that “embraces everyone”, she states: “Here among the faithful I can reveal that I am anguished in spirit... When we sing together, eat, and join hands I feel there is solace, that this is a mercy seat where I can rest” (hooks, *Bone Black* 173). Her belief in a shared love among the faithful leads hooks to embrace her identity and shortcomings in spirit to find a sense of comfort. Her belief in a high power of love defines the way that she thinks about her blackness. Part of her love-centered view of religion leads her to reflect on the beliefs of the black community and the way that they worship. “Like the culture as a whole, masses of black people now look to material success as a sole measure of



value and meaning in life" (hooks. *Salvation* 15). By putting physical or material needs above all else, people are less likely to spend time fulfilling those of the soul or the spirit. Hooks thinks that "no matter what our class, black people who worship money are not interested in a love ethic" (hooks. *Salvation* 12). Hooks believes in the powers that love has, like to heal and comfort, and wants the black community to feel welcome to feel love instead of greed. She believes that "valuing material goods above all else creates spiritual crisis" (hooks. *Salvation* 12). This lack of belief in the love ethic and the crisis of the spirit is common in black communities, and these spiritual shortcomings are highlighted through hooks' religious beliefs.

In *Bone Black: Memories of Girlhood* and *Salvation: Black People and Love*, bell hooks shares her understanding of her identity and religion through her lived experiences. Through her narratives of learning about race in her childhood and the internal struggles she felt in church, Hooks reiterates that love is the most important virtue in an unequal society.

Rachel Gotwald



Starlight in a Daytime Sky

I never tasted,
What gold was meant to taste like,
 Until I kissed you.
Smiles were lost to me,
 Except when you grasp at belt loops,
Cradling my hip bones
 I never knew love,
Until you smiled at me when,
 Tears blistered my face.
Hope filtered into
 Tiny kisses pressed against
Palms and all those scars.
 I never knew value,
But when you loved me brightly,
 It calmed that darkness
Beauty in every,
 Every inch of your body,
Because you're loving me.

Roree Stewart



A Neo-Marxist Analysis on the Value of Music Education

The value of music education has been a well conversed topic. Many schools have been debating whether or not to continue their music programs for more than twenty years. Because of the Covid-19 pandemic, these schools are evaluating music education programs now more than ever, due to the added costs in separate modalities and new safety equipment that allows music classrooms to continue. Many schools switching to online classes had to reevaluate the effectiveness of its teaching and its value to the curriculum. A study conducted by Theano Koutsoupidou from the Metropolitan College & University of Athens highlighted the drawbacks and positives of online learning: "Participants who were involved in theoretical courses (asynchronous learning) expressed themselves enthusiastically about online ODL and they recommended it to prospective students. Tutors of practical sessions (synchronous learning), for example instrumental lessons, were more skeptical since they frequently faced practical technical issues and limitations caused by poorly performing hardware and software. What is important though is that they still supported online lessons as equal to the 'in person' ones in terms of their academic quality." Music education as a whole is being analyzed for its lasting effects on students, its importance to the curriculum, and if the money being put into these programs is worth it.

In order to understand how music classrooms are being affected, I chose to use two opinion pieces written by music educators in early 2021. Andrew Grossman, a music educator at P.S. 87 and P.S. 112 in the Bronx, wrote an opinion article for USA Today about “Why music class is an essential refuge for students amid Covid-19 Pandemic” about the importance of music to his students. Lee Whitmore, a longtime music educator, wrote an opinion piece for The Hechinger Report about the different modalities and strategies schools are taking to continue their music programs while including CDC safety guidelines. These teachers care about their students and the importance and value of the arts as a whole. Studies done by Kenneth Elpus proves that the improvement and continuation of arts education “will likely lead to greater democratized art making, greater support for artists and arts organizations, and greater engagement in the arts by adults” (Elpus). If a pandemic can devalue art so much that it stops being taught because of extra costs, then schools will continue to get rid of their music programs. By analyzing these articles and grounding my analysis in prior research about the value of a music education and the effectiveness of online learning and other modalities, I can create a new context of this site of struggle. With the pandemic only happening within the last two years and still ongoing, my research adds to the current battle between the importance of the arts and the unavailability of music education because of its limitations. I will be



bringing together the ideas of music education in schools, online learning, and the effect that this kind of academia has on students with my research question: How does music education during the pandemic challenge the socially agreed upon forms and values of learning in school communities?

By using Neo-Marxist theory, I can start to evaluate the value of music education in the school system. A Neo-Marxist perspective helps identify which conditions and practices shape dominant thinking. This perspective was guided by 19th century German Philosopher Karl Marx and other scholars which was then conceptualized into a larger genre of communication theory called critical rhetoric (Sellnow). Through Neo-Marxist theory, I can focus more on the value of music education, separate to the education itself. By examining texts alongside lived experiences and economic interests I can dive deeper into this issue by looking into the economics of the schools themselves, the music education system’s effect on people’s future careers/salaries, and the value that music has on their lives. The first step in conducting a Neo-Marxist analysis is to select an appropriate text. I have selected my two artifacts, which are opinion-pieces written by music educators. They give an interesting perspective of the instructor in the school system, where they are able to see how their students are impacted by the pandemic, and how much power the school system has over its educators. The next step is to examine the text and



identify subject positions of the players involved in the artifact and the connected communication problem. In the academic sphere, model students get good grades and go on to get high paying jobs in the future. The anti-model in this scenario are students that struggle more with their academics and continue to struggle financially in the future. In a larger sense, those model students follow the model form of teaching that is accepted by academic institutions: in-person, STEM-based schooling. The anti-model to this form of traditional teaching is any other modality, whether it be online, socially distanced, or asynchronous. The established expectations of what qualifies a good student and what qualifies a "normal" classroom are part of the reason that the models are considered the norm. Andrew Grossman's classroom is full of energy, movement, and sound, and continues to share in that model even in online school. He joined a nonprofit called Education Through Music in order to give schools access to music education, since "55% of New York City public schools don't have a music educator on staff" (Grossman). He explains that he had a high achieving student in his class who was always engaged and a leader, but in her other classes, she had poor grades and would act up. He recognized that "As music became more a part of her life, her attendance and attitude improved. The behavior [Grossman] experienced in [his] music class was positively affecting the rest of her education" (Grossman). His anti-model student became a



model student because of a classroom experience that emphasized working together, being creative, and keeping his students mentally healthy. This way of teaching music created a positive impact on his students. Even in uncertain times due to the pandemic, music education has to find a way to continue. This online music phenomenon "isn't the same as making and sharing music synchronously in a room with others. Until communications technology bests the constraint of the speed of light, playing and singing synchronously over the Internet doesn't really work. Yet there has never been a time when music is needed more than today" (Whitmore). Music education continues to connect people through song and more schools are finding ways to continue their education: through pre-recorded performances, added health and safety measures to classees, and a reinvention of how music can be taught (Whitmore). Music educators are focusing on the positive aspects that the pandemic has had on the academic sphere, even though many of them have had devastating cuts to their schools art budgets, including an 11% cut for Arts programs in the New York City schools (Grossman). These music instructors are emphasizing the good that music can do for students, even if situations are uncertain and schools are still not sure what music education will look like in the future. The education system is devaluing music and arts programs because they put more value in STEM subjects. The educators are putting greater value on their students'



experience and well being than they are on their grades. The last part of the Neo-Marxist perspective is evaluating the potential implications of the text. The belief that music education is not important or is not of the same value as other subjects is perpetuated in school pay cuts and the need for educators to fight for their classes to continue. Both Whitmore and Grossman explain the importance of music education and how it is formative and helpful in students' lives, especially during the pandemic. The implications of the opinion pieces show that there are still people supporting and defending the arts, even if schools do not believe it, and that the arts are still important to education.

Music education during the pandemic challenges the socially agreed upon forms and values of learning in school communities by continuing to be an effective and worthwhile subject even when taught online or socially distanced. Learning is not linear and the pandemic has shown that instructors have to consider the way in which they communicate with their students on an individual level inside and outside of the classroom (Ashby-King). By thinking about how education affects the whole individual student, educators put more value in bettering their students. Online learning is still growing and changing, since it only gained relevance around 2000, and it has now opened up more opportunities for students to grow in their music skills both inside and outside of the classroom (Koutsoupidou).

The students that participate in these music programs now will continue to be involved in the arts as adults and continue to expand the art community (Elpus). This research reassures educators and students that music education is possible and valuable even when the world is uncertain, and that different modalities and forms of teaching will not affect academics negatively overall. My positionality as a music student who started my music education in high school and continued it into college has generated a love and passion for music, and a belief that music positively impacts the lives of all students who study it.

Rachel Gotwald

The Lost Kiddares Of Daol Grenn

Compatible with
MORK BORG



AS THE WORLD BEGAN TO GUMBLE, AND **THE** PROPHECIES CAME TO BE KNOWN AS TRUE, A GROUP OF CHAMPIONS CAME TOGETHER AND ASCENDED THE CLIFFS OF BERGEN CRYPT TO DEMAND THAT **THE** SHARE THE PRIMORDIAL SECRETS OF CREATION SO THE END MIGHT BE AVERTED. **THE** REFUSED AND THESE WARRIORS TOOK UP ARMS IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO SLAY **THE** AND SEIZE A VESTIGE OF POWER TO DELAY OR PERHAPS EVEN PREVENT THE DESTRUCTION OF EVERYTHING.

They Failed.

WHISPERS THAT THESE HEROES WILL ONE DAY RETURN TO AVERT THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD HAVE BEEN LABELED HERESY BY THE CHURCH OF THE TWO HEADED BASILISK AND ARE QUICKLY STAMPED OUT. BUT AS REALITY CRUMBLES AND BOTTLES, THESE CRIES ONLY GROW IN NUMBER.

The truth is that these heroes are long dead and never returning.

Where is their final resting place? d10

SP OW FORGOTTEN, AND INFERTED BY THE SCUM AND MUCK OF THIS WORLD, HERE LIES WHAT REMAINS OF THESE ONCE MIGHTY WARRIORS. THEIR DRY AND BRITTLE BONES DEVOID OF ALL LIFE AND COLOR BESIDES A DULL GREY AND SULLEN WHITE. THEY SERVE AS A GRIM REMINDER OF THE DEATH THAT AWAITS ALL.

1. An indistinct crypt in the Valley of the Unfortunate Dead.
2. Worshipped by a defunct cult promising their return.
3. Locked away in the Cathedral of the Two-headed Basilisks.
4. In the lair of a devious necromancer.
5. Hidden in a room behind twenty locked doors in the Palace of the Shadow King.
6. Beneath a starving farmer's empty pig sty.
7. A clearing marked by twelve obelisks in the forest of Sarkash.
8. Lost forever with the southern Empire of Suddlenn.
9. Held by rebels using them to plot the overthrow of King Fatmuh IX.
10. Used as props by a trope of traveling actors and minstrels.

There are no heroes left.

Blackened Jawbone of a Heretic
Half a jawbone charred and flaking black ash. Once every three days, roll D10 Presence. If successful, **THE** suffers a sleepless night, suffer a sleepless night, scaring into the abyss.

The Wuyvern Slayer
A bent zweihänder that carries a **THE** for all things that crawl and slither (do damage 12 damage to scaly creatures, d10 damage if repaired by a blacksmith for d8 + 10 silver).



Wax Sealed Favor
A small and yellowed scroll sealed with wax that displays the sigil of the **THE**. It may be presented to him with the request of a single favor that cannot be refused, consequences be damned.

Brand of Schlewzig
Worked in the fields outside Schlewzig until NICKERDING BOGAN WHISPERED DARK SECRETS TO HER. THAT SAME DAY SHE TOOK A VOW TO ROOT OUT ALL EVIL AND MENTELANCE IN THE WORLD. **THE** is a **THE**.



Steebbelde the Knight

PROTECTOR OF GUFT AND THE DOWNYODDER. WARRIOR FROM THE LAND OVER WHOSE COME TO HER TO RECEIVE HIS GUIDANCE AND TRAINING. SET OUT TO ENSURE A FUTURE FOR THE INNOCENT.



Dented Green helmet

When worn the user is clad in green plate armor. All defense tests become agility d10 and damage is subtracted by d8. If worn for longer than ten minutes **THE** begins to crumble and after fifteen minutes the user is crushed to death. Can be used once per day.



Edvan the Wuyvern Slayer
KNOWN FROM ALLIANCE TO SCHLEWZIG FOR VAUGHANING HIS JUST WUYVERN AT THE AGE OF TEN AFTER HE BUTCHERED HIS VILLAGE. HIS VENGEANCE WAS NEVER NATHATED FOR HE SAVED MANY LIVES ALONG THE WAY. **THE** is a **THE**.



Agitated ghost of a Squire

BORN TO **THE** AND SPENT THEIR LIFE FIGHTING **THE**. SOON HE ROSE TO PROMINENCE AND SOGAMY HEARDING OF THEM. **THE** RETURNED TO HIS PALACE IN TRYLAND. **THE** **THE** **THE**.

What relics about those foolish enough to trespass their graves? d12

1. Rusty arrow trap.
2. Blackened jawbone of a Heretic.
3. Faded apology scrawled in blood.
4. The Wuyvern Slayer.
5. Chest full of Goblin Dung.
6. Dented Green helmet.
7. Scained Bone.
8. Wax Sealed Favor.
9. Agitated ghost of a Squire.
- 10-12. Silver.

The Lost Kiddares of Daol Grenn is an independent production by Gabriel Matreux and is not affiliated with Mork Borg or the Mork Borg Party System.

VIV

When your spine starts to tingle because you can't feel your back,
And your facade put together breaks and in a million cracks.
And the love you have to give cries out because you know,
That as he sees the monster lurking he will choose to go.
The dark stands up and swallows you, but you don't really care,
Because as hard as trying, trying does, he's no longer there.

Roree Stewart

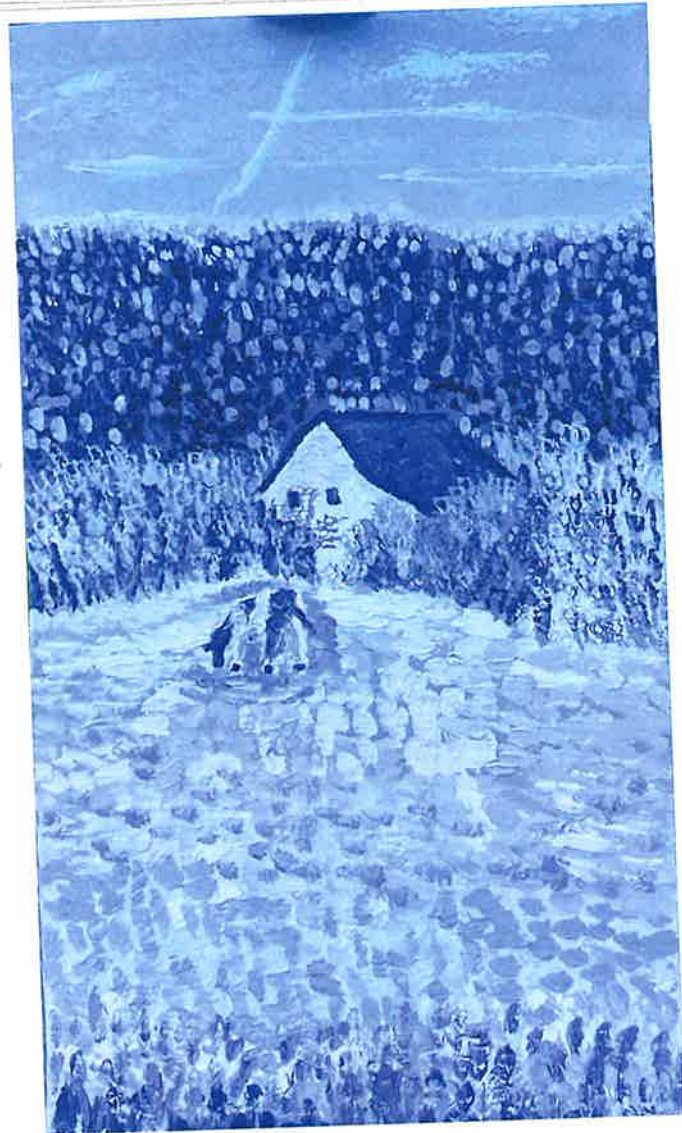


April and You

I'm watching you dig a hole in the garden.
I've noticed that you hop on the shovel with both feet,
and double-knot your boots.
When it's raining
you tilt your head back to catch the drops,
then bump into me
because looking up throws off your balance.
I don't mind, because I like when our shoulders touch.
Honey, if your hands are busy weeding, I'll kneel
to tie your boots for you. I'll stand behind you
to block the burning sun—
my shadow holding your shadow.
I'll kiss your dirt-streaked neck.
I've noticed that you hold my name in your mouth
before you say it. It rises from you like a sigh,
like morning fog off of a pond.
I wonder if you've breathed me in,
I wonder if I feel warm in your chest.
Let's grow cilantro. Let's grow lemongrass.
I want to take care of life with you,
skin warm in the soft spring sunlight.

Anna Nguyen





White Liar

CHARACTERS:

MARIANA: Preppy, popular, and intelligent. Cunning with a temper, and has just had a spat with her current boyfriend.

SHELBY: Quiet and reserved. Frequently is perceived as being a grunge groupie, but really just can't afford many clothes. Very intelligent, but makes poor decisions.

REYNIE: Close friends with MARIANA.

VERONIQUE: Close friends with MARIANA.

SCENE:

Crumbling old warehouse. Piles of scrapped concrete and rusting metal lying around. The space is dark except for a flickering candle and a single pendant light. The door on the far right is padlocked shut, and there is a chair in the center. A backpack is hidden in the shadows.

AT RISE:

A woman dressed in dark clothing with a loose jacket, and long hair is pacing just out of the view of the light. The other person in the room is a woman tied to the chair, struggling. Seems to be wearing a skirt and blouse. Her blazer is ripped, and her medium-length hair is coming out of her neatly braided updo.

MARIANA

(frantically strains against ropes that appear to be well-tied)

Who's there?! Why am I tied here?! Hello?!

SHELBY

I figured that you were smarter than this.

(MARIANA stops struggling)

MARIANA

Who the hell are you? Come out here! Why are you doing this to me?

SHELBY

No wonder you're so lonely. You're predictable. Annoyingly so *(sighs)*. I had rather thought this

would be fun.

MARIANA

(MARIANA nearly topples the chair)

I don't know who you are, but let me go! My boyfriend will be looking for me!
LET ME GO!

SHELBY

(SHELBY paces slowly around MARIANA in circles, just outside of the range of the light)

29



Oh, MARIANA. Did you think I don't know?

You have no boyfriend. No one's looking for you.

(MARIANA goes still. Her face is gaunt, a haunted look plastered across it)

SHELBY

You're all alone. With me.

MARIANA

(MARIANA calms down some. SHELBY stops just behind her chair)

What do you want?

SHELBY

I just want to watch you struggle. Watch you squirm. Listen to your insides boil when you think of what you did. I want to watch you burn.

(MARIANA begins to struggle again as the stranger moves closer to the edge of the light, her feet visible)

MARIANA

What are you talking about, you crazy, delusional maniac?!

SHELBY

(SHELBY begins to massage MARIANA's shoulders mockingly. MARIANA strains to look at her)

30



Out partying. Pretty women. Handsome men. Glowing lights. Drink after drink. Martini. Cabernet. Sex on the Beach. You name it, someone bought it for you.

(SHELBY stops massaging and curls a bit of MARIANA's hair around her finger)

The bathroom wasn't long after was it? Can't keep all that liquid in, only makes sense.

MARIANA

(MARIANA begins struggling angrily.)

Is there a point to this?! I've got places to be.

SHELBY

You didn't like what you saw in there, did you?

MARIANA

I don't know what you're talking about.

SHELBY

He was kissing her, wasn't he?

(The SHELBY brushes MARIANA's hair away from one shoulder. MARIANA flails away, rocking the chair)

MARIANA

Yes.

31



SHELBY

That really hurt didn't it? The man of your dreams kissing up on another woman? Especially at a

shitty party, how pathetic.

MARIANA

Let me go! You're a whole psychopath!

(MARIANA struggles and half topples the chair, slamming the legs hard onto the floor to where it appears to knock the wind out of her)

SHELBY

Did you enjoy it, Mari?

MARIANA

(MARIANA is breathing hard)

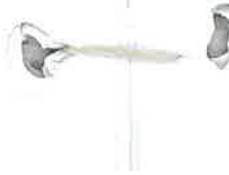
Enjoy what! I swear to God, let me go! Tying people up to ask about their scummy boyfriends?! Who the hell are you?! Why do you care that Michael is a shitty human being?!

SHELBY

Do you remember your 7th birthday party in 1st Grade? *(silence)*

Your Mom promised to bring cupcakes to class. And you told everyone, didn't you?

32



And when the time came, where was she? Passed out drunk. Just where you'd find her when you got home that night.

MARIANA

Please stop talking.

SHELBY

But that wasn't all that made you such a psycho. Your Dad left. Your Uncle tou-

MARIANA

Don't say another damn word you son of a bitch! (*explodes*)

SHELBY

How do you know all this? (*sounds like she's close to crying*)

SHELBY

(*SHELBY escalates to a yell. She steps into the light revealing a beautiful woman*)

I know Mariana Mason, because I've spent my whole life behind every corner waiting for you to notice me. And now, because you're stupid and rash, I've got to find a place to hide dead bodies!

MARIANA

(*MARIANA's mouth hangs open.*)

Shelby?

33



SHELBY

Yeah, Shelby. Shelby who you've said maybe a total of five kind words to. Shelby who is stupid enough to hide bodies for the girl who never noticed her!

(*SHELBY lunges forward and slams her arms on MARIANA's pressing the chair into a lean*)

I covered your ass countless times. Do you think it's fucking easy cleaning up blood? Hiding bodies?!

MARIANA

L...I um....I

SHELBY

Jesus Christ! Cut the princess act already! I cleaned up all of your messes! How in the hell the cops didn't figure it out it was you yet without my help, I couldn't even fathom!

MARIANA

How did you find out I killed them?

SHELBY

I watched you do it. You know, on the most coincidentally worst fucking day of my life, I showed up at your house on the day you killed Chelsea. Yeah, flowers and everything.

34



(SHELBY paces and talks with her hands, pausing for dramatic effect)

Then, like the complete dumbass you are, you buried her under your fence! No lime, no forensic countermeasures! Complete and utter idiocy!

MARIANA

You were the shadowy figure in my backyard!

(SHELBY gestures like "Well, duh!")

How....how many have you hidden?

SHELBY

All of them. You kind of suck at cleaning up your own messes.

MARIANA

Why do you do it? You don't even know me! Hiding bodies! You're crazy!

SHELBY

(SHELBY pulls a knife off her belt)

Well, I told you. I've been in love with you since we were kids. And besides, I do the same for my mom.

MARIANA

You're a creep.

SHELBY

35



(SHELBY leans forward and cuts MARIANA's bonds)

Maybe. But you're a serial killer. And you'll do it again.

(SHELBY clips her knife back to her belt)

MARIANA

(MARIANA rubs her wrists but remains in the chair)

You're letting me go?

SHELBY

I needed to keep you here until the cops finished searching your residence. And long enough that you could say you were kidnapped during the period that Alex was found missing. Keep you out of their suspect pool. They won't find his body, but you're free to go.

MARIANA

(MARIANA hesitantly gets up from the chair. She takes a step after SHELBY.)

You've been hiding my bodies for me?

SHELBY

(SHELBY turns to look at MARIANA)

You're stupid. But I guess whatever form of puppy dog love I've got running through my veins means that I clean up after the women in my life for all their psychopathic aims. Not your fault. Do a better job next time.

36



(SHELBY picks up a backpack and slings it onto her shoulders.)

I guess I'll see you on Monday.

(SHELBY exits through the door STAGE RIGHT)

MARIANA

(MARIANA gives a feeble wave)

Bye....

SCENE TWO

SCENE:

The School hallway after class. It's busy with groups of other classmates. Four doors flank the hallway, and MARIANA and her group of friends exit the farthest one and begin walking down the hall from STAGE RIGHT. SHELBY is observing them with a smug look on her face from across the hallway.

MARIANA: I am fine you guys! I don't even know who my kidnapper was! I am just worried about Michael.

REYNIE: I can't even imagine being kidnapped! I'd be terrified!

VERONIQUE: You're so brave Mari!

(the group continues to walk down the hall)

SHELBY: Oh yes, how brave, Mariana, do tell us how you managed to escape.

VERONIQUE: Ew! Its Smellby!

SHELBY: Real original, Veronique.

37



REYNIE: Why are you even talking to us?

SHELBY: I just wanted the scoop on her kidnapping like everybody else.

VERONIQUE: We don't really talk to disgusting goth losers like you, and besides everyone knows that

Mariana escaped because she's so amazing.

(MARIANA flinches visibly)

SHELBY: Oh really? Do tell, Marianna? What was the kidnapper like? And where's Michael? I haven't seen him around lately.

MARIANA: I didn-

VERONIQUE: Are you stupid Smellby?! She just said she didn't see her captor! The police even searched the area!

REYNIE: Yeah! And you haven't heard? Michael is missing! Why would you bring that up? Are dumb and trying to upset Marianna?

MARIANA: Guys, stop.

(SHELBY pushes off the locker and starts walking in the opposite direction)

SHELBY: Don't bother, Mari. (smugly singsonging) I'll see you later.

(MARIANA freezes)

REYNIE: Did she just call you Mari?

38

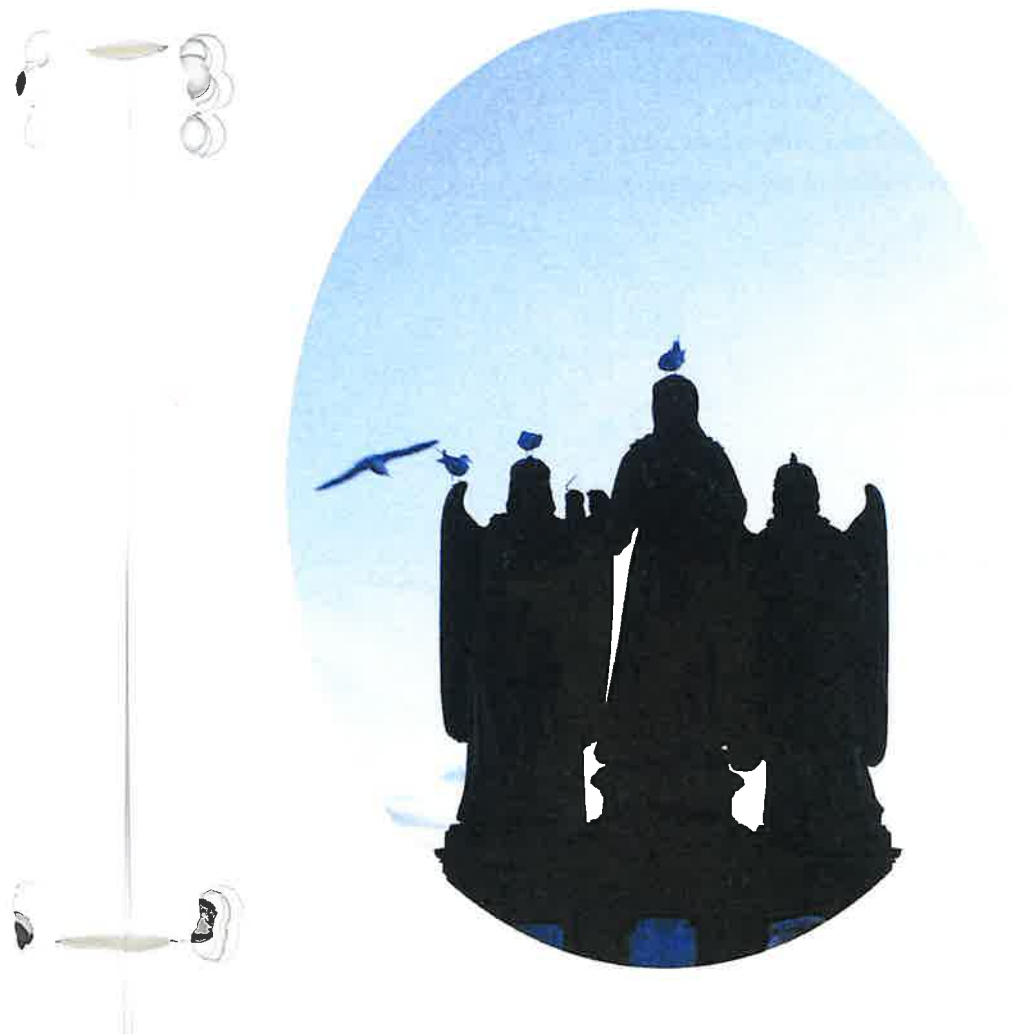


VERONIQUE: I'm gonna make sure she gets a good pounding later. I've got Joey on Snapchat. *(begins typing rapidly on her cellphone)*

MARIANA: Don't bother, Veronique. I'll handle it on my own.

CLOSE CURTAIN.

Roree Stewart



Secondhand Scars

Disillusioned loneliness, a perjured concept of love.

Bruises on my brain where you touched,

Scabs picked bloody by your breath.

A misconstrued love soured like rotting milk.

Trust which you read to me like a script from your palm, smeared and full of
lies.

Lies.

Lies.

Liar.

Lying, damnit.

You lied.

I...

I still blister at the thought of you doing that.

I can't look.

I won't look.

The chasm between my healing and my hurt too far to bridge.

But you still have fingers dug into flesh,

Pain dug into what should have been pleasure.

I can't look at it without seeing that image,

Seeing what you forced on me.



The rips you left because you didn't care about what or who or how I needed,

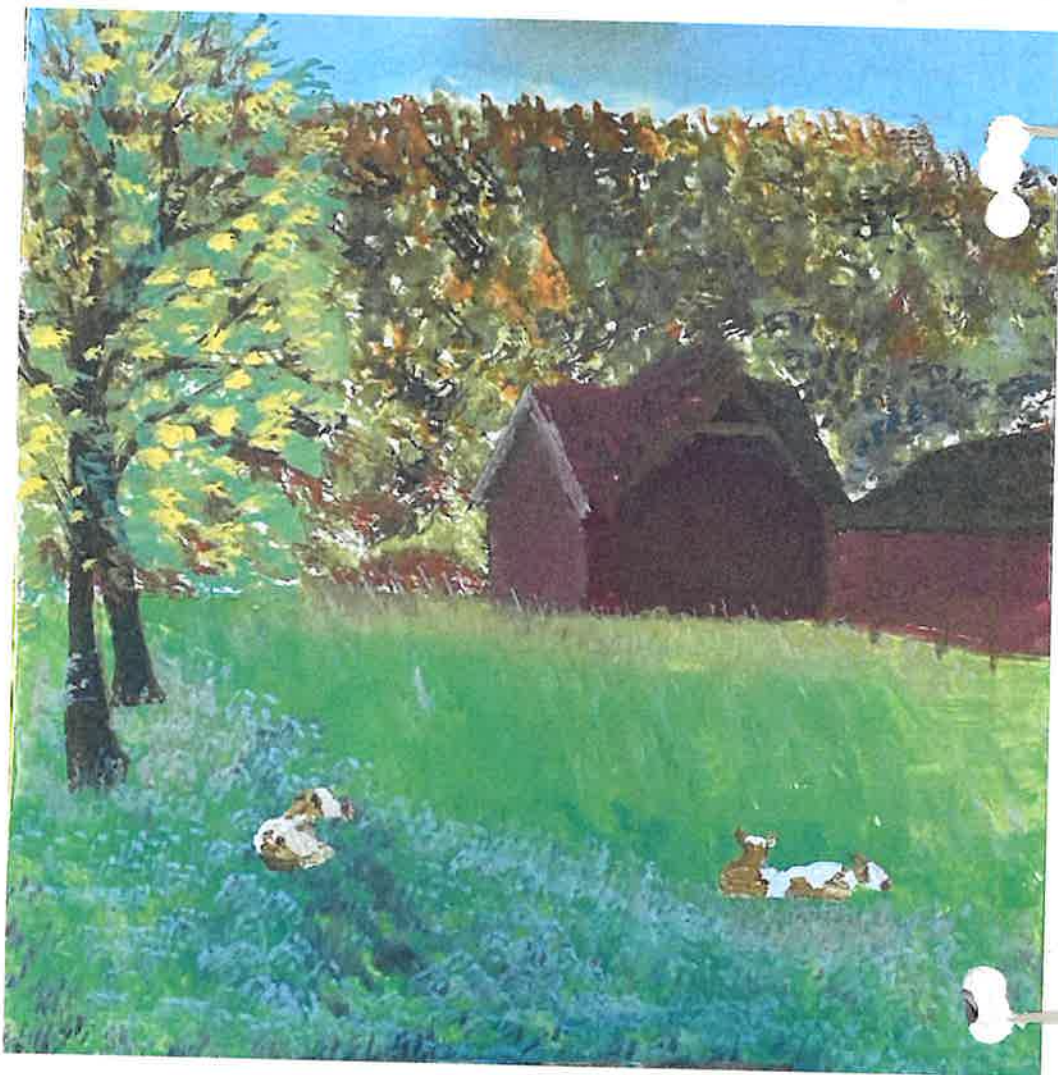
But that I was useful and hurting, and easy to use.

Scars you burnt, clawed, and drew on me because I wouldn't, couldn't say no.

Scars that I bear written on my brain, my spine, my heart.

Roree Stewart





Ligne A à Saint Mitre

1

Le bus a l'odeur de la sueur,
Épaule contre épaule, nous chancelons,
Comme une vague de corps,
Nous nous fondons dans l'air chaud,
Mes frontières charnues se désintègrent,
Je sens les pulsations de mes voisins,
Et il me semble qu'elles sont les miennes.

2

Le bus me parle en énonçant ses mots,
Prochain arrêt. Vasarely.
Je traverse l'allée d'un pas traînant,
Je me tourne vers le flanc droit du bus,
Et elle est là, encadré par la fenêtre,
La Sainte-Victoire, se dessine

Devant le soleil,
Inondée d'ombres bleues et violettes.

3

Le bus cahote comme un taureau farouche,
Même aux feux rouges,
Il avance par saccades,
Un petit gamin me regarde fixement.

Son visage rond me rappelle la lune,
Je trébuche. Il me sourit.
Je lui lire la langue. Il glousse.
La vie pourrait être si simple.

4

Le bus a le goût de la chaleur,
Étouffant, comme le soupir d'un chien.
Je suis debout à côté d'une vieille femme,
Dans cette proximité.

Je vois sur sa lèvre supérieure,
Ses poils fins chatoyants dans la lumière,
Comme un champ de blé couvert de rosée.

5

Le bus ressemble à un scarabée orange,
Une mouche bourdonne autour de ma tête,
Elle passe à travers la foule,
En esquivant des coups.
Je me demande si cette mouche comprend
La distance,

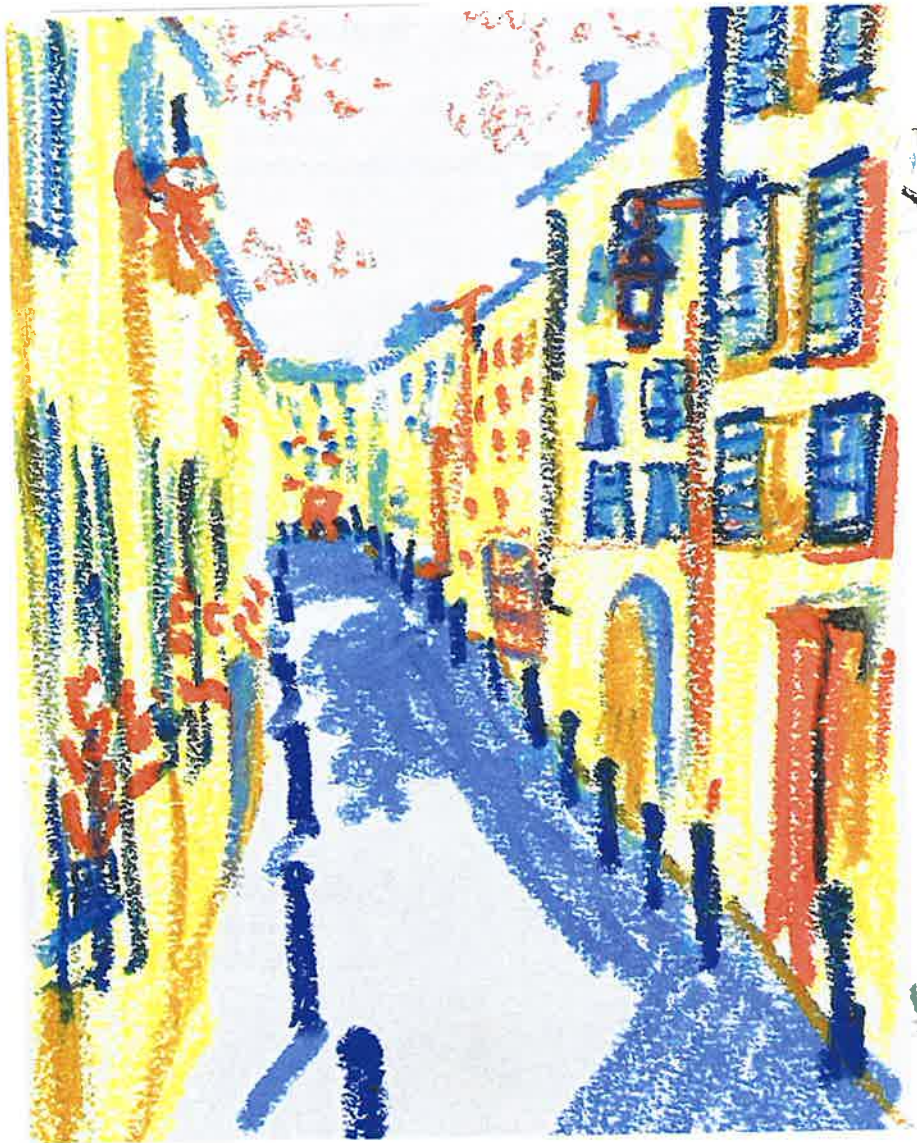
Je me demande comment cette
Mouche perçoit l'espace,
Est-ce qu'elle comprend que quand



Les portes s'ouvriront,
Elle ne reconnaîtra rien ?
Est-ce qu'une mouche sent le chagrin ?
Je regarde la mouche lorsqu'elle approche Un homme chauve.

Il l'écrase. On arrive à Thermidor.
Je descends du bus.

Anna Nguyen



Fin

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The image features a textured, watercolor-style background in shades of light blue and teal. The word "MERCI!" is written in the center in a simple, hand-drawn, black-outlined font. The background has a mottled, organic appearance with varying intensities of blue and some white highlights, suggesting a watercolor wash on paper.

MERCI!

Cover art by Laura Silverman