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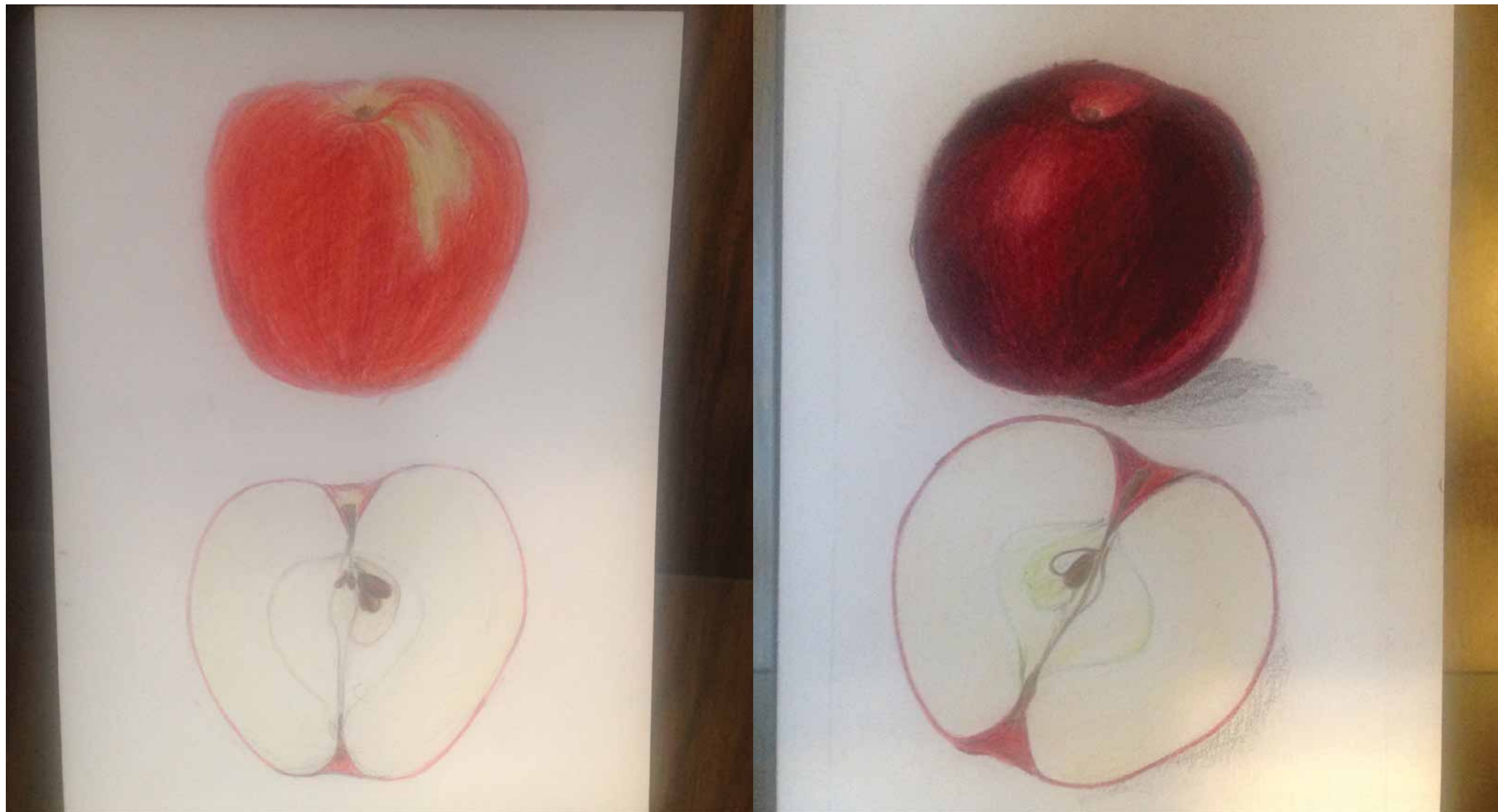
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Isabella Kiedrowski



Isabella Kiedrowski is 13 years old and has been drawing ever since she could hold a pencil. She enjoys music which includes playing the harp, the piano, and singing. An ideal day for her would involve drawing, music, no mathematics whatsoever, and one of her chickens laying an egg.

Thomas Gallo



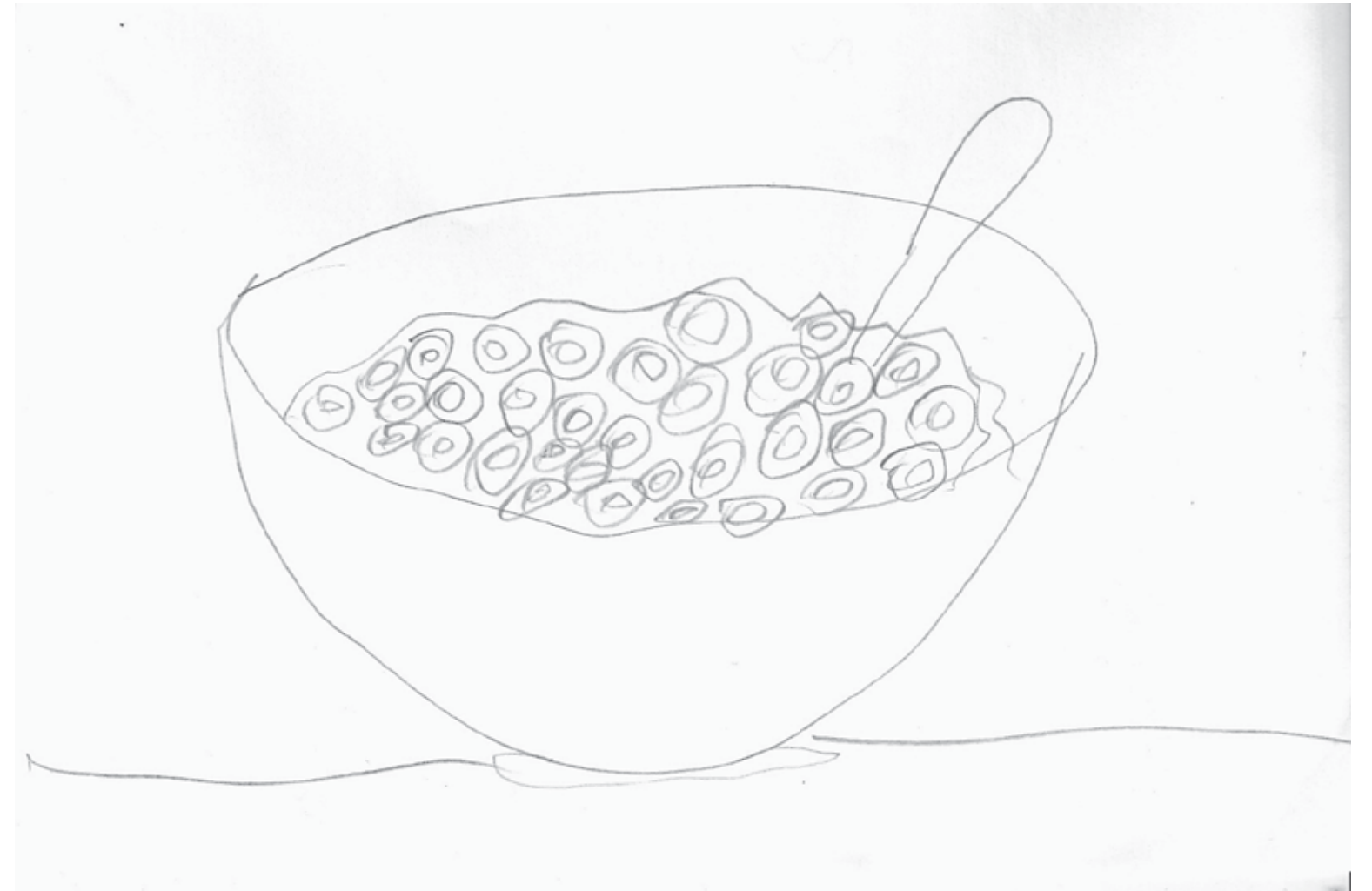
'Beowulf from 'Beowulf' in the style of Michael Foreman,'
pencil, 8.5 x 11 inches



Goblins from 'The Hobbit', ink and coloring pencil,
8x11 inches

Thomas Gallo, 6 years old, lives in Chicago with his parents and 4 siblings. He draws every day and loves to listen to rousing good adventure stories.

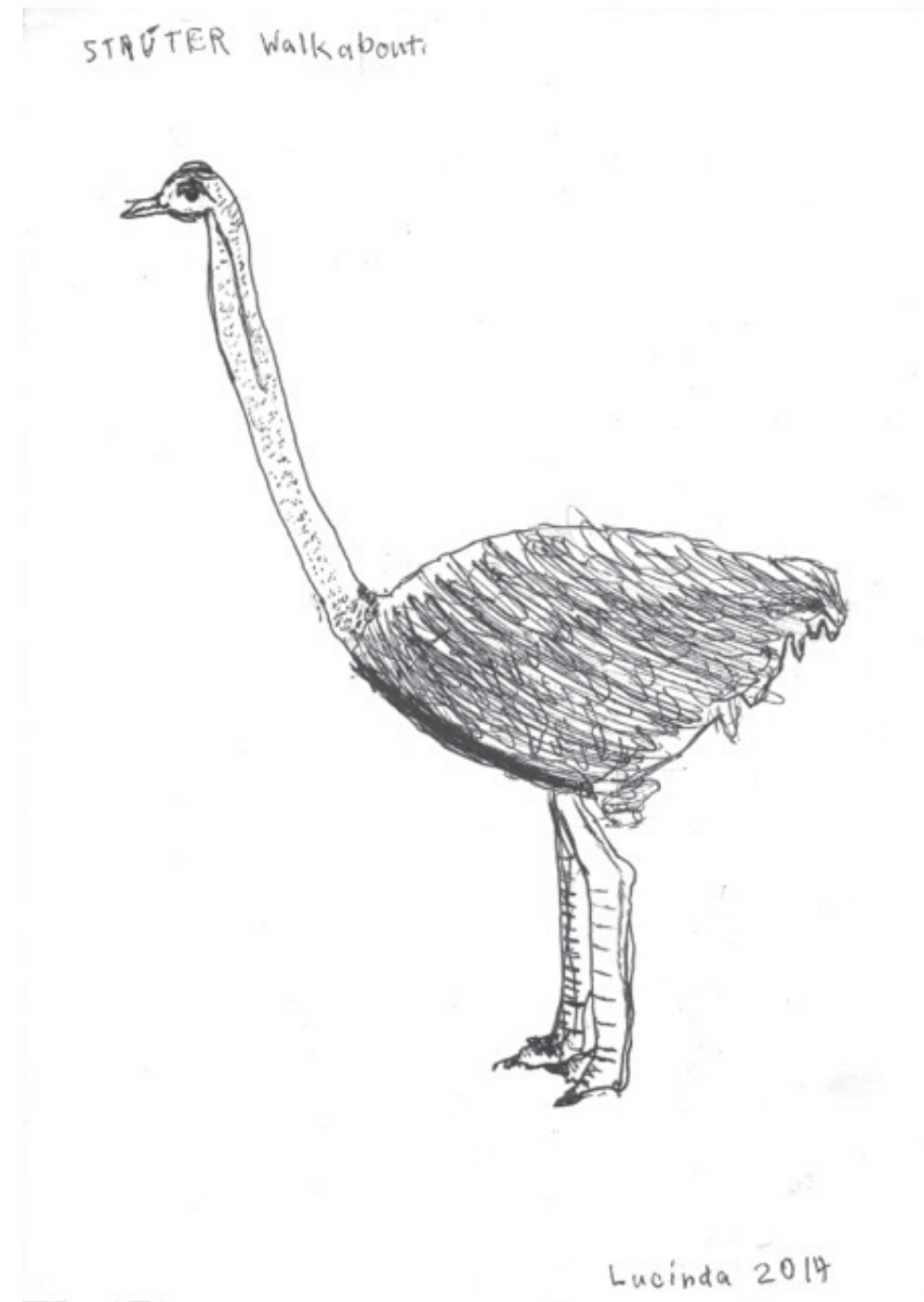
Anna Gallo



'Breakfast', pencil, 8.5 x 11 inches

Anna Gallo, 9 years old, lives in Chicago with her parents and 4 siblings. She loves to sew clothes for her doll and to draw.

Lucinda Lodder Lindstrom



'Strúter Walkabout', pen and ink, 8.5 x 11 inches

My name is Lucinda. I am 8 years old. I have been drawing all my life, and have always liked the way a pen makes a picture on the paper. I have started to like noticing the little details in real life and including them in my pictures. I also enjoy making origami. I have a cat named Aslan and a turtle named Myrtle. I would rather be set on fire than wear a dress.

Fiona Repp



'Fragile', multimedia, 9 x 12 inches

A teen on Chicago's North Shore, Fiona Repp lives with 4 people, 2 cats, and a dog. She is usually doing some form of arts and crafts, dealing with the inevitable mountains of homework that pile up, reading, or listening to music. She's a fan of the band Imagine Dragons, and takes interest in criminal psychology. She's also a bit of a dystopian book fanatic.

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Kirk Bowman

Wonderland Review

Sampling is a debated topic and will likely continue to be debated for years to come. Wonderland, among other plunderphonics masterpieces like *Since I Left You*, will hopefully be used as an example of the kind of art that can only be achieved with sampling.

Wonderland is a perfect example of timing. In “Unbirthday”, gusty breaths sync perfectly with vocal samples and butter-smooth beats. Almost any other artist using gusts as a fundamental part of the skeleton of a song would find themselves creating a very scary or at least unnatural sounding song, but Pogo does it in a flowing and free fashion. The EP as a whole is also very well-timed; the flow from “Unbirthday” and “Lost” is a little unsettling, but otherwise it all feels natural, from the tired, recently awoken feeling of “Alice” to the final well-placed echo at the conclusion of “Bread And Butterflies.”

The film “Alice In Wonderland” is a classic, but Pogo doesn’t come across as arrogant, attention-seeking, or even foolhardy for using such a revered

source. Rather, he captures the film’s dreamy, unreal, tired feeling perfectly. Vocal samples are arranged in such a fashion that very little quite makes sense, although it feels like you’re almost getting it, just like the rabbit hole. The arrangements feel dazed and lazy but were obviously highly meticulously arranged. Ideas are repeated just enough to feel a vague sense of déjà vu but not enough to feel overly repetitive. This release feels like the soundtrack that should have been, even though it is much more of a main feature than the background sounds soundtracks normally are.

Wonderland could be described as a dream, but this wouldn’t exactly be accurate. Rather, it is the rare moment when you have become aware that you are falling asleep. You notice strange things going through your head at frantic paces, but you don’t really seem to mind too much. You feel funny, but you’re perfectly content with that. Somehow, your mind keeps moving around and around with different thoughts - the opposite of boredom. Nothing actually

is logical but that’s totally alright with you - you definitely want more. So go ahead. Fall asleep. Listen to Wonderland. Jump into the rabbit hole.

I am a homeschooled senior who enjoys music and writing, as well as other forms of art like film and design

Ysobel Gallo

The Hunter: The Hunted

My life is sweet
Too short too hard
To waste on one
Small caribou
The crisp cold air
The endless sky
Run with the pack
Too much to ask

My life is sweet
Too short too good
To end like this
Run down by wolves
The crisp cold air
The endless steppe
Life with the herd
Don't let it end

The winter's been hard
We're hungry thin
No game to catch
Not even a mouse

The winter's been harsh
We're skinny few
I'm small and weak
Left back, too slow

I think of pups
Smaller this year
Starved big-eyed weak

My mother; taken
Two days run back
The herd moves on

Now here's my meal
It runs ahead

They come close in
I can't run long

My life is sweet

My life is gone

Ysobel R. Gallo lives in Chicago Il, with her parents, four siblings, a tank full of fish, and three bantam Silkie chickens. She loves drama, writing and performing anything. She had wanted to write something comparing a predator and a prey animal for a long time. Her mother suggested she try putting it in verse as opposed to a short story. When she sat down to write, the words did not follow the same vein as originally intended, and instead of a poem favoring strictly the wolf's point of view, it became a sort of dialogue between the two characters.

Jackson Dirnberger

Progression of Macbeth in *Macbeth*

In William Shakespeare's classic play *Macbeth* the protagonist Macbeth is shown in three different ways; first he is portrayed as a valiant, brave and loyal hero, second he is characterized as a reluctant murderer, third and finally he is shown as a murderous tyrant. Shakespeare uses Macbeth to show how easily anyone, even the most courageous person, can become evil and cold-hearted. No matter how beneficial doing something wrong or illegal may seem at the time it is always better to do the noble and right thing for the long run. Macbeth is the manifestation of what all humans are capable of, both good and evil.

The first way that Macbeth is portrayed in the play is as the great and brave soldier. In the beginning of the play, Macbeth is the savior of his country because he killed the rebel leader and therefore proving his loyalty and bravery to King Duncan

“for brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name) disdaining fortune, with his

brandished steel, which smoked with bloody execution, like valor's minion, carved out his passage till he faced the slave; which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him, till he unseamed him from the nave to th' chops, and fixed his head upon our battlements.” (Act 1, Scene 2, Lines 18-25).

Duncan rewards Macbeth for his bravery by giving him another estate and title. If Macbeth had been content with the two titles and estates that he had the play would have been much different. Everyone is capable of great feats of bravery but few choose to grasp it.

The second way Macbeth is shown is as a tentative and reluctant murderer. King Duncan comes to Macbeth's castle and dines with Macbeth and his wife. In this play, Shakespeare uses Lady Macbeth to symbolize the devil, and she tempts Macbeth to kill the king. Macbeth does not want to kill Duncan but his wife tells him that he will not be a man and she won't love him if he does not kill the King.

“O, never shall sun that morrow see! Your face, my Thane, is a book where men may read strange matters. To beguile the time, look like the time. Bear welcome in your eye, your hand, your tongue. Look like th' innocent flower, but be the serpent under 't. He that's coming must be provided for; and you shall put the night's great business into my dispatch, which shall to all our nights and days to come give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.” (Act 1, Scene 5, Lines 71-82).

Macbeth slips up because he is too weak to resist the temptation of more power and he starts the downward spiral that ends in his death.

The third portrayal of Macbeth is as the murderous dictator. Since Macbeth is originally a soldier, he does not know how else to lead except with force and brutality, therefore making him a tyrant. Macbeth kills anyone who stands in his way and anyone who might one day rival his power

“then live Macduff; what need I fear of thee? But yet I'll make assurance double sure and take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live, that I may tell pale hearted fear it lies, and sleep in spite of thunder” (Act 4, Scene 1, Lines 93-97).

Macbeth even kills Macduff's wife and children because he is worried that they would someday challenge him for the throne.

In conclusion, Macbeth symbolizes the extremes in every person alive and their potential to do both good and evil. The different characters in the play symbolize different things that either lead us to do good or to do evil, King Duncan drives Macbeth to do great feats of valiance and Lady Macbeth leads him to kill the very person that helped Macbeth achieve those feats. Macbeth gives in to temptation and in doing so he lets the devil win.

I was born on May 6 2000 and I have been homeschooled my whole life. I am a freshman in high school and I take classes both online through Landry academy and locally through different co-ops. I have three siblings, two brothers and one sister; their names are Timothy, Katelyn and Mitchell. My parents are Leslee and Tim. My mom teaches for Landry Academy and she teaches my critical thinking for emerging leaders' class. When I get older I want to go to medical school to become a neurosurgeon. Some things that I like doing are; hanging out with my friends, playing sports, video games, playing games and watching movies with my family and eating.

Niccolo Stella

From A Horse's View

I take up heavy hoof in writing this, as my master no longer can. I remember, it was a hot July day back in 1754, and it was in the Boston market place. The clamoring people and the peddlers vociferously calling out their wares, made me wonder if they ever got tired. As I took a long, cool drink from the serene waters of the trough, the man from the horse stall came up with another man, whom I identified as a British grenadier officer by his bright red coat and black riding boots over his white knickers. The groom pointed in my direction with a short, fat finger, and the officer came forward with an ostentatious air that told me a little about his personality. He inspected my white coat with care, gave a few grunts, and with a surprised countenance, which I can not describe, returned to his conversation with the groom. I kept my ears open, for I have always wanted to get away from the stable, when I heard the words "...much...you...him"; I couldn't express my joy. The next thing I heard was "I'll take it". That point in my life has always been a milestone for me. The officer then

placidly inquired about my name. Upon hearing this, the groom responded with my name, which as you might know is Nelson. And so began my adventures.

A couple of days later, I was treading back to camp with the same officer who had bought me. When I arrived at camp I got a nice surprise. I was to be a young colonel's horse. Although the officer had trusted to be good company, I was glad to be with someone new. The officer, with an obsequious glance towards the general's tent, handed over the reins. The young colonel then headed towards the tent where he had emerged while coaxing me along. At the tent, he veered left and turned into a stall, where I made myself at home. He then went into the tent where an audible clamor had arisen. In the morning I heard footsteps.

They were coming from the tent and I soon saw the colonel. He fed and watered me, as any good horseman would do. He didn't really show much personality. He did seem to have a knack for animals.

He sometimes talked to me while he fed me, which showed that I had come to the right place. In the mornings we had our own little routine, he would: say good morning, place new straw on my bed (Wednesdays only), feed and water me, and go on the morning ride. During our morning ride we would take two laps around the camp and ride into the woods a little. It went on like that for a few months, without anything interesting happening. It all changed when my young friend saddled me up early in the morning, before he had even fed me. That part didn't bother me too much, for I had had a large dinner and could wait till lunch for food, but he acted a little differently. It seemed like he was eager, yet he acted nervous. I didn't realize what was happening until I heard the camp's vexatious bugle call signal that we were going to get up and move on a march that could be long and perilous. While marching along a great deal of acquiescence was felt, but there seemed to be something else in the air.

We trudged along for a while and then took a short break. My master drank a little water before we moved along. All

in all the break seemed to be leisurely, despite the tense atmosphere. It was starting to feel like we were being watched, though it stayed serene with the only audible sounds being that of the tramping feet and forest. In a brisk moment we were felled upon like wood by an ax. A tribe of enemy Indians and French soldiers ambushed us. Our ranks had broken, and it became a man on man battle. I must say, my master did ever so good to keep a cool head. The fight continued throughout the afternoon and into the evening with my master proving his leadership and bravery as he fought on. Then as if planned, the French and Indians evanesced into the trees where they came from. One of our generals had been killed in the midst of the chaos, and my master proving his competence to be at the head of things had taken charge. Our casualties were not reassuring either. Following the events of that day my master had been rewarded with a couple of new positions. He was to be commander in chief of all of the armies raised to protect His Majesty's Colony's. How he fulfilled all of his posts, I still wonder to this day.

Four years after the Indian attack, my master and I volunteered for the Forbe's Expedition. Along with a few other batteries we were to try and recapture Fort Duquesne. We arrived and assailed upon the fort. In doing so we killed the commander and nine soldiers. The rest were taken prisoners. We marched back to camp feeling quite full of ourselves, which gave us a false sense of security. As we woke we got quite a scare, in the night French and Indian reinforcements had crept up and besieged us. We held out for as long as we could, but in the end had to surrender. We were however released and sent back to Williamsburg on the promise that we wouldn't build another fort on the Ohio River. Though a little embarrassed, my master was grateful to receive thanks from the House of Burgesses and see his name mentioned in the London gazettes. Following this turn of events we were to patrol and protect nearly 400 miles of border with some 700 ill-disciplined colonial troops, and a Virginia colonial legislature unwilling to support us. It was a frustrating assignment, but none the less promised to be adventurous. Sadly, my masters health failed in the closing months of 1757 and we were sent home. In 1758 we returned to duty on another expedition to capture Fort Duquesne. A friendly fire incident took place killing 14 and wounding 26 of our men. However, we were able to score a major victory, capturing Fort Duquesne and putting

ourselves in control of the Ohio valley. My master and I had a discussion and decided that in the end our decision was the best, my master was retiring from the Virginia regiment, as the war experience was quite vexing. We also asked for a commission, but were dolefully turned down. By December we decided it was hopeless, resigned our commission, and returned to Mount Vernon disillusioned.

To Be Continued...

Nicolo Stella is twelve years old and currently living in Germany for a year attending a Waldorf School. Prior to this he enjoyed homeschooling in the Chicago area. He has devoured anything written for a long time, but biographies and historical fiction have always been amongst his favorites. So, he decided to try his hand at writing his own historical fiction. The first installment has already been published in the last edition of HU.ART. Since he is going to school currently and doing a fair amount of research before writing, the process is quite slow, but he did manage to add two more sections for this edition. He is very thankful to Richard Medina for providing this audience.

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Thomas Gallo

Anna Gallo

Lucinda Lodder Lindstrom

Fiona Repp

Kirk Bowman

Ysobel Gallo

Jackson Dirnberger

Nicolo Stella

