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Both the State of Iowa and the United States Government carried out acts of genocide, ethnic cleansing and forced removal as ways to acquire land. Despite centuries of theft and violence, this remains Indigenous land - it will always be Indigenous land.

Native and Indigenous People are not relics of the past. They continue to share their talents and gifts amidst a backdrop of ongoing colonialism. We celebrate you.

#HonorNativeLand

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We have switched our printing process to a more environmentally friendly company using a recycled paper alternative. We also vow to use only secondhand or borrowed clothing for styling in our editorials.

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Dear readers,

Uprising has been a magazine dedicated to documenting, forecasting, and commenting on the current trends and trajectory of fashion and culture. We wanted issue seventeen to be something different. To fully understand where these forms of self expression come from, we must examine the history of fashion more broadly and as a symbol of not only fashion, but of culture and industry.

There is a level of complexity required when describing fashion that goes beyond simply documenting trends. Every year, trends die off and soon enough they eventually return. There are certain timeless looks that seem to never go out of style. It is all about the state of continuing without interruption. These elements of fashion and culture seem to speak of different time periods and self expression. Although these looks are from a certain period in history, they simultaneously fit in with contemporary trends because some things are perennial. They may go away temporarily, or get pushed to the margins, drowned out by whatever new trend is the loudest or most innovative, but they never truly die.

Issue 17 became the issue that celebrates the history of fashion, and more importantly the movements and culture that inspire trends. While looking back at these movements we hope to gain a better understand how these elements of history have influenced our style and culture today. We are ecstatic to share this anthology with you!

Ella Poppen
She/Her
Editor in chief

Patrick Markovich
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Beyond the Apron

Editor’s note:

In exploring the degrading roles imposed on the women of the 1960s, Uprising inverted the stereotypical gender norms by placing men behind the apron. We’d like to shed light on the constricted lifestyle women were forced into and the origins of feminism arising from this subjugation in “Behind the Apron.”
The term ‘pop art’ brings several images to mind. Soup cans, Marilyn Monroe, comic books. Bright, loud colors that serve to emphasize the mundane. Pop artists attempted to show how everything was connected, even things we may not think of as art have beautiful potential. This celebration of commonplace objects allowed pop artists to blur the lines between what had been considered “high” versus “low” culture within the art world. Before Pop Art, painting a soup can or rendering a comic book image would have been considered low value artwork culturally as it didn’t seem to have a purpose. Pop Art brought color and significance to the unnoticed, distorting the perception of “high” versus “low” quality artwork.

**Artist Spotlight: Roy Lichtenstein**

Roy Lichtenstein was a pop artist who focused on cartoon imagery, the likes of which had not been done before. Many people know artworks of Roy Lichtenstein as well as Andy Warhol, as they were both very influential in this time period (Andy Warhol had the aforementioned Campbell’s soup and Marilyn Monroe paintings). The work of these artists led to the end of the era of Abstract Expressionism which had come before Pop Art. Discussing pop culture first emerged in Britain as they were discussing media emerging from the Americas such as science fiction, rock and roll, and Western movies. Even comic books were new pop culture, which became the muse for Roy Lichtenstein’s works. He infused his paintings with this pop culture influence, taking a panel from a comic strip and choosing to paint it on a much larger scale. He took the artistic freedom to do things such as crop the image, or add new text, but he maintained the bright colors, outlines, and dots characteristic of comic books. These dots actually help demonstrate the blurring between “high” and “low” art because comic books were typically considered of lesser caliber because they were mass produced. The dots were typically made by machine, not by the careful handiwork of someone like Roy. His works showed that everything, even items considered frivolous such as a comic book, could be considered art.
In a 1962 interview with Peter Orr (head of the British Council Recorded Sound Department), Sylvia Plath was asked about her writing inspiration, especially in her early career of writing nature poetry. Candidly, Plath responds that she got started writing poetry about the ocean and springtime as a young girl who did not have “any interior experiences to write about.” She goes on to say that she eventually returned to the image of the sea in her adult writing endeavors, explaining that “sometimes it’s just a subconscious sea, a sort of flow of thoughts, and other times it’s the sea itself.”

In her poem “Two Lovers and a Beachcomber by the Real Sea,” published in 1955, a fantastic romance faces reality in a devastating end, and waves rock the beach, startling the beachcomber who is picking through the “fractured venus” of broken shells (Plath, lines 13-17). The crashing waves indicate Plath’s understanding of the violence of nature and threat of overwhelming force as a hindrance to perfection. The sea squanders a world that the characters of the poem had thought wonderful, suffocating them so that the final impression of the poem “And that is that, is that, is that” reflects a universal feeling of stagnancy.

For most of human history, predominant patriarchal powers have acted as a metaphorical sea suffocating the lives of women. Sylvia Plath and other women writers worked to counteract that heavy handed power imbalance with a wave of their own. Second-wave feminism emerged in the mid to late 1960s and lasted into the 1990s, focusing its efforts on achieving sexual and reproductive rights for women, and protection from gender-based discrimination in education and the workforce.

Throughout her lifetime, as well as in the decades to follow, Plath’s work is characterized by a fascination with nature and threat of overwhelming force as a hindrance to perfection. The sea in her adult writing endeavors, explaining that “sometimes it’s just a subconscious sea, a sort of flow of thoughts, and other times it’s the sea itself” (Orr). In In her writing, Plath’s understanding of the power of nature and the violence of the sea as a metaphor, indicates her awareness of the violence of society and the struggle for women’s rights.

The fourth wave of feminism, which emerged in the early 2010s, has received disapproval in recent years, especially, for its focus on the domesticated woman. Similarly, second-wave feminism has received disapproval in recent years, especially, for its exclusion of single, childless women. The novel itself, which is widely regarded as a second-wave feminist text, has received disapproval in recent years, especially, for its focus on the domesticated woman. Similarly, second-wave feminism ostracized women of color, trans women, and other groups that didn’t fit the cis-white-working-class woman mold.

In recent history, namely the last ten years, feminist movements have noticeably shifted to focus on general empowerment of women and intersectionality. Where Sylvia Plath’s poetry and prose was once celebrated as expository of the difficulties of domestic life and the loneliness of womanhood, it is now studied with a more analytic lens to develop claims about womanhood and mental health, and as an example of how far feminism as a blanket term has come in regards to inclusivity. Looking back into the lives of women in the seventies, especially at the legal progression of women’s rights in education and the workforce, it is clear how necessary the influences of Sylvia Plath and her contemporaries (namely Betty Friedan, Gloria Steinem, Jo Freeman, and Susan Brownmiller) were in the progress of attaining women’s rights. In 1966, three years after Sylvia Plath’s suicide and the publication of The Bell Jar, as well as Betty Friedan’s The Feminine Mystique, the surviving author started the National Organization for Women with the mission to “lead societal change, eliminate discrimination, and achieve and protect the equal rights of all women and girls in all aspects of social, political, and economic life” (NOW). Two years earlier saw the introduction of the Civil Rights Act which prohibits workplace/employment discrimination based on race, religion, national origin, and sex, and in 1972, Title IX was signed into law, amending the Civil Rights Act so that it extended to educational institutions as well. One year later, in 1973, one of the most impactful (and controversial) strides for women’s rights occurred with the 7-2 decision by the Supreme Court in the Roe v. Wade case, establishing that women have a legal right to abortion services protected under the Constitution (History). These are just some among many steps forward for women’s rights during the late sixties and early seventies, due in large part to the second-wave feminist movement which put pressure on legislators and judiciaries, as well as the public to consider where equality was lacking for women and make efforts to close the gap.

Mention of the Roe v. Wade decision in the year 2024 may strike a sensitive nerve. Two years ago, in the summer of 2022, the Supreme Court voted to overturn the ruling established in ‘73. This reality, whether you care strongly one way or another about abortion, or have no opinion whatsoever, is a disturbing moment in our history. This Supreme Court decision challenges the bodily autonomy of women across America, proving that the government can and will revoke what should be a right to privacy and choice for people who can become pregnant. Women today also, frustratingly still face a wage gap in many professions, gender-based violence and a general feeling of unsafety, and a lack of representation in local and federal leadership. The silver lining, however, is the reminder that progress comes and goes in waves. In the early 2010s, the fourth wave of the feminist movement ushered in a new generation of activists for women’s rights, and with it a new understanding of what it means to advocate for equity and equality. This year the theme of International Women’s Day was “Count Her In: Invest in Women.” Sylvia Plath and her contemporary authors invested in women’s futures with the power of their words, taming a raging sea of inequality that was suffocating and stifling. Plath wrote of a sea that was terrifying, but just as often of one that was beautiful. As new generations of advocates and activists join the work for women’s rights, let us be reminded that, while power can be dangerous, there is beauty to be found in the power of unity.
You better be careful wearing all that here tonight, butch."

I barely look up to the bartender through the smoky haze that permanently takes residence on the barstools, holding assigned seats throughout the booths and tables.

"I know, I know," I say, rolling up my sleeves and adjusting the cuffs. "I'm late, and the uniform isn't tidy, I get it. Leave me alone, man."

The bartender stops running the rag around the rim of his latest mug. "You didn't hear?"

He looks at me with wide eyes that make my stomach drop and my necktie seem to tighten around my neck.

"What?"

"It's dead in here, butch. I'm saying that the light is on all night. No breaks, no blinking. Just on. No one's showing up tonight. We don't need security. Your shift is done and probably so is your job."

I drop down onto one of the gritty squeaky barstools. "What the hell happened?"

The bartender sighed and picked up another glass and continued to scrub. "That bar a couple streets over got raided last night, and it got ugly. Cops are everywhere. I'm surprised you made it here with all of that on you. I heard they are rounding up anybody and everybody they can catch with less than three articles."

He looked me up and down. "You're cutting it close with all that men's clothing, especially tonight."

He was right. I mean, I'd gotten away with it for now, but the starched button down, the men's trousers, the loafers, and the purple checker-patterned necktie, all were another nail in the police report. If the cops got me and asked for proof of my gender, I would have no women's clothing to show in protection, much less three.

"You better head home, man." He said, nodding at me while barely looking up. "Just be safe and lay low for a bit. And god," he ended, "maybe just put on a skirt next time."

I chuckled a bit as I stood and went out the back entrance. He and I both knew damn well that I would rather spend the night in jail.

I let the back door slap shut as I went through to the alley. I shoved both hands into my pockets and tried to move fast without looking like I was already running from the law. I turned the corner and there was the law, right in my face. Four policemen were standing over two people dressed to the nines, but the blood on their faces and bodies marred the outfits. I immediately clocked an off-kilter wig, a mascara mustache and beard, and several other markers that these people were breaking a law that I was in the middle of perpetrating.

I saw the baton swing up in the air and I couldn't let it finish its path. I should have turned the other way. I should have left the house in my sister's skirt. Instead, I yelled and my voice betrayed me. I started to run towards them, and my feet misled me.

My move towards justice was met with my wrists in handcuffs behind me, my shirt torn at the shoulder, my necktie yanked from its orderly knot. The officers may have said I needed to abide by the law and dress as I am, a woman. However, they did not feel the need to abide by the law and treat me as a woman when I had my wrists bound.

By: Nic Trip
Menaces

By: Nic Trip

60’s

“You better be careful wearing all that here tonight, butch.”
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Editor's Note:
Through the modern depiction of Marilyn Monroe's life as the leading woman in Hollywood, Uprising wanted to broadcast Monroe's emotional journey before her untimely departure in the early 1960s. As the famed woman and sought-after sex symbol, Monroe was the "It Girl" of the twentieth century.
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Imagine a world where glamour met vulnerability like an eye catching sight of a flickering flame. Marilyn Monroe had a radiant personality on the screen and an even more luminous personality off-screen. Some of Marilyn’s popularity came from her alluring appeal; others came from her ambitious prospects on how to be a woman in the 50s. Lois Banner, author of Marilyn: The Passion and the Paradox, calls Marilyn the symbol of Populuxe, which is someone who is popular and has luxury. Lois Banner goes on to say that Marilyn is a star whose joyful and glamorous public image “helped the nation cope with its paranoia in the 1950s about the Cold War, the atom bomb, and the totalitarian communist Soviet Union.”

Marilyn Monroe, originally born Norma Jeane Mortensen, was an American actress, model, and singer during the 1950s and early 60s. She embodied the era of sexual revolution and is known for playing “blonde bombshell” characters. Despite her troubled upbringing, Marilyn’s ambition, idealism, femininity, and strive for independence inspired both men and women to be authentic in their everyday lives.
Marilyn became a sex symbol after shooting a commercial for Pabst beer in which some were of her posing topless and others in a bikini. Marilyn embraced her reputation as a new sex symbol and by the end of the year, gossip columnist Florabel Muir named Marilyn the “it girl” of 1952. In 1953, Monroe and her make-up artist Allan “Whitey” Snyder had developed her “trademark” make-up look: dark arched brows, pale skin, glistening red lips and a beauty mark.

Sarah Churchwell studied narratives about Monroe and wrote: “The biggest myth is that she was dumb. The second is that she was fragile. She had to be both to beat the Hollywood studio system in the 1950s. The dumb blonde was a role—she was an actress, for heaven’s sake!” Marilyn Monroe, with her all-American quirks and streamlined sexuality, made her the embodiment of a modern liberated woman whose existence prevails in the public sphere. According to Haskell, due to her sex symbol status, Monroe was less popular with women than with men, as they “couldn’t identify with her and didn’t support her”, although this would change after her death.

After Marilyn’s death, women were beginning to realize that they saw themselves in her and after the #MeToo movement, could relate to her vulnerability and her sexual abuse as well. Women realized that Marilyn existed in a society that made women feel vulnerable. Marilyn herself had always said that she felt like she was a creation made by men. In a society that focuses on the vulnerability of women, Marilyn distinguished herself by embracing her childlike personality and unique beauty.
Marilyn was living in a society where her fame and accomplishments meant nothing in terms of security. She was constantly under pressure to play an artificial version of herself, but Marilyn wanted nothing more than to be seen as someone who deserved to be taken seriously. Because of this, Marilyn felt that she could only have security if she attached herself to a man who represented it.

Marilyn’s image was often seen by women as an unrealistic beauty standard. Today in this society, we promote body positivity and embrace who we are by accepting ourselves and others. Marilyn, like many of us, also struggled with mental health. Marilyn’s mental health was described as something that “haunted” her entire life. Marilyn’s legacy encourages us to prioritize mental health awareness and destigmatize discussions surrounding it. Back then, Marilyn was in an era of Hollywood where her problems were seen as irrational; she had no choice but to immerse herself farther into her mind and fend off her thoughts alone. Today in this society, Marilyn would have been heard and could have had a place where she could tell anyone everything. It leaves you to wonder if maybe we as a society are partly to blame for Marilyn’s tragic death, and maybe we as a society could’ve also saved it.

Marilyn Monroe’s imprint is multifaceted. Marilyn’s iconic white dress that she wore in her most famous film “The Seven Year Itch,” has become widely reproduced and continues to be an inspiration for designers. Her symbol of female empowerment and sexuality redefined the view of beauty and challenged societal norms in popular culture. As a society, we can reflect on Marilyn Monroe’s experiences and emphasize the importance of celebrating achievements and talents rather than the values of appearance.

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In childhood psychology, they have a distinction between the dandelion child and the orchid child. An orchid child is able to grow and thrive with the right environment and love and care. The dandelion child will grow regardless. Regardless of the concrete. Or the yelling. Or the lack of lunches. Some say that the dandelions are resilient and persistent. Is that passion to live worth the pain? How can we praise the child that had to grow through the concrete. I crave to be the orchid.

My mother fed me a diet of little lies. Lies that began with. I’m sorry. And. Next times. Lies that ended with hugs. And my own understanding. That I would one day make the same decisions she made in this life. I was raised in a way that even the lies were honest. The scars unflawed. What did my mother eat in a past life. To create those meals.

Perennial. No matter how choked out I am from the concrete. I keep growing. Learning. Becoming. At what point is this self harm or growth.

I’ve stopped ending my sentences with punctuation and replaced it with apologies. It’s one of those days where my mouth is shut tight. Invisible wires of past memories entangle with each tooth. Wrap around my tongue. Pressing it to the roof of my mouth. Growing pains my mother says to me.

My arms are sore from holding out my heart. They stiffen with each attempt to give another part of myself. To someone who does not want it. Growing pains my mother says.

Pavement grinds into the open wounds of my knees. as I beg for someone to stay again. Pavement in my knees as I plead. If I have to hear one more person attribute their choice to leave because they’re not good enough for me I will- I don’t know if I will be able to try again.
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Glam Rock
Performance Art is an experience, a live performance that only some are able to see. It is incredibly impermanent as much Performance Art, especially during this time period, is focused on the body. They called it “Body Art” in the 70s, and it served to represent the dematerialization of the objects within art. They didn’t need supplies to make art with their bodies. Some saw this as a type of freedom, while others wondered if it was a cry for help in the art world, that artists were running out of resources. Artists would borrow ideas from many aspects of life including dance and sports, even work-like tasks that we typically see as boring.

Chris Burden’s Performance Art added an element of danger that had been previously unseen in this realm of art. He had many famous works, but arguably the most famous was his piece entitled Shoot which took place in 1971. This performance involved Burden standing in front of a wall while his friend stood 15 feet away and shot him in the arm with a .22 rifle. There was a small audience to view this work, which would have been shocking and disturbing to see live. Burden had a different friend filming so it is possible to view this performance even today. This piece of art gave Burden credibility as an artist but also introduced so many new questions and perspectives. Why would someone do this? Perhaps he wanted to highlight issues with gun control and his rejection of US imperialism during this time of the Vietnam War. The element of shock in this piece shows he may have wanted to resensitize the audience to human pain since they had become accustomed to it from the war. Maybe it has to do with following orders, how his friend was willing to shoot him just because he asked even though he knew the pain it would inflict. While Performance Art may not be for everyone, it is clear that it can bring up many emotions and questions, a medium made for challenging the ordinary.
Glitter, Guitar Riffs, And Glam Rock, Oh My!

By Victor Robbins

Back in the 1970s, a new subgenre of rock ’n’ roll exploded into the atmosphere, releasing a decadent, over-the-top, and oh-so-scandalous gush of glitter and guitar riffs. The appropriately titled “moral panics” of the previous decades ushered in a whole new realm of youthful vibrancy, self-expression, and stick-it-to-the-man energy that rock ’n’ roll came to be known for. Combining the iconic, futuristic disco style of the 70s with the booming popularity of rock music characterized by the 60s, glam rock had officially entered the scene.

With the introduction of newer materials in the fashion world, such as nylon, acrylic, and other synthetics came the opportunity to create more complex patterns in clothing. These contributed to the vivid and dynamic style we often associate with the 70s today. However, what made glam rock stand out wasn’t just its components, it was the way that they were used. Long, tousled hair, animal-print patterns, colorful and loud makeup—all of these elements became greatly associated with the quintessential glam rock “look.” All designed to stun and bewilder the audience with its extravagance. Most shocking of all, however, was the fact that the prominent wearers of this style were, in fact, men. David Bowie is often credited with the rise of glam rock’s popularity, stemming from his 1972 album “The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust.” Neon red hair, skin-tight clothing, colorful makeup, and equally colorful patterns all combined to create an otherworldly, androgynous appearance that became Bowie’s trademark during the height of his career. This subversion of stereotypically gendered clothing was notably unique, as drag and ballroom culture had not yet reached the mainstream, and was outright banned in a majority of US states. Despite this, bands that adopted glam rock’s counter-culture style soared in popularity among younger audiences in the 70s and 80s.

There is quite a common misconception surrounding this rejection of gendered fashion. We’ve all heard it by now: “Back in my day, men didn’t wear dresses and makeup!” The unfortunate truth of the matter is that, until quite recently, the concept of men donning feminine attire was treated as little more than a humorous skit to tack on at the end of an episode of your favorite sitcom. It had no basis in reality, and was easier to see on a television screen or a New York Dolls album cover. However, glam rock’s legacy lies with how we as a contemporary audience still connect with it. It offers us a chance to reflect on how our perception of gendered fashion has changed, and how it continues to evolve over time. It brings us a new awareness when current artists such as Harry Styles or Billy Porter wear dresses to any number of media events.

Today, the glam rock scene is still alive and well, despite its apparent datedness. Now often referred to as “neo-glam,” many music artists have adopted the gaudy and flamboyant styles as a reclamation of sorts. Popular bands such as Maneskin and The Lemon Twigs retain the campy clothing, bright makeup, and upbeat sound that has since become an iconic part of both the music and fashion world. One thing is for certain: glam rock is here to stay. So wrap yourself in that leopard-print blouse and put on those platform heels, starchild. Just don’t forget the glitter.

Editor’s Note:
Performance, personna, and pose; “Glam Rock” illustrates the fabulous genre of rock music that emerged in the early 1970s. Performers of this decade mastered the ability to not only captivate a crowd with lyrics but with theatrics, flamboyance, and androgyyny.
“HELL NO DON’T GO! HELL NO DON’T GO!”

Hundreds of students roar in the street and I’m booking it down the university library’s steps and out alongside them. I am immediately joining in on the call, yelling and protesting against the draft. The plan was to walk from the middle of campus all the way around the perimeter, walking out of classes and campus jobs.

I’m jostled by the crowd. I didn’t have anyone to come with me, so I went alone. Signs rise high above my head as the crowd surges forward.

Use Your Head Not Your Draft Card
We Won’t Fight Another Rich Man’s War
There is an electricity in the air that I cannot tell if it is charged with anger, passion, and empathy, or that of political gain and adrenaline and excuses for privileged students to be out of classes.

The sounds of the crowd grow louder and louder as more students join. A group of students stop abruptly in front of me and I jam my legs so I don’t run into them.

“Watch it, man!” A man right behind me yells. I turn around and my soft round face betrays my identity and protection the back of my masculine haircut was providing me.

“Oh!” Another one called. “Watch it, dyke!”

Shame spills from my chest and makes its way down to my feet and through to my cheeks. I start to move. I push through the crowd dodging and weaving away from the male students. The boys’ calls are growing fainter.

“Wear the correct uniform, dyke!”

I instinctively grab hold of the purple checkered-patterned bowtie I have on with my borrowed “male student” button down. I should have known not to risk it today. There was already so much going on with the anti-war protest.

I was towards the edge of the crowd, off to the side of the street. I sat down on the curb and pulled off my purple bowtie. It was gifted to me by one of my professors, a role model of mine. I knew one day I wanted to grow up to be them.

But I can’t handle the stares, and the slurs, and the fear.

I balled the tattered and worn piece of fabric in my hands and buried my face in my hands, refusing to cry.

I heard yelling and marching footsteps continue to pass by me. And then some got closer.

“Oh Honey!” A high voice called.

“Hey now!” Another one whistled.

I looked up. A large group of queens and queers were marching up the way, bringing up the rear of this protest.

They were yelling at me.

“Join us queens, butchy!”

A tall woman leaned down and handed me a large sign that read, “GAYS AGAINST THE WAR”

“Get up now, baby” The calls came from a new person each time. They were all beckoning me to join as they continued to march on.

Someone came right up to where I was on the curb, blocking out the sunlight.

Someone who looked like me.

They winked, “Nice tie, kid. Now put it back on.”
Echoes of Change

In “Peace: Echoes of Change”, Uprising decided to represent the 1970’s in a peace-inspired editorial. The ever-expanding LGBTQIA+ rights movement that began to flourish at the beginning of this decade inspired this pride walk around the block.

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"Use Your Head Not Your Draft Card"
"We Won’t Fight Another Rich Man’s War"

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They winked, "Nice tie, kid. Now put it back on."
I open my eyes to the sight of the sun seeping through the cream-colored curtains. The window is propped open and the warm July breeze is blowing the wind chime hung just above. Her scent still lies on my pillows, and I can hear Her humming to “How Deep Is Your Love” by the Bee Gees on vinyl in the kitchen. I smell the scent of eggs and hear the sizzling pops coming from the pan. I round the corner from the hallway into the kitchen and catch Her dancing. I cross my arms and watch in complete awe of the energy She radiates. She spins around, notices me in the corner, and smiles, “Hello, my love.” She kisses me good morning and tucks my hair behind my ear. “You smell of lavender,” She says. I have never understood why She says that. I do not own a lavender shampoo nor a lavender perfume, I rarely wear the color purple and, if anything, “I think I smell more of honey than lavender,” I say. She responds, “You just do. You are like a lavender in a field of roses.”

We decide to spend our Saturday afternoon in Boston Common Park. We choose a good spot to sit down so She can read while I write a paper for my psychology class. The breeze keeps us cool and a woman and her dog pass us. She chirns, “She smells of lavender.”

I respond, “Does everyone smell of lavender to you?” She laughs and says, “No, not everyone, just those who don’t smell of roses.”

I still do not understand what She means. That woman did not smell of lavender; she smelled of sweat, dog, and maybe vanilla. But, I just nodded and continued on with my paper.

In the evening we decide to go to the Colonial Theatre. We heard the Follies will be performing and we love a good Broadway show. The ticket attendant gave us a sideways look as we passed on through to our seats, but of course, She didn’t mind. We sat and waited for the show to start. The seats were completely filled and the energy in the theater was electric. The Follies came onto the stage and in excitement She grabbed my hand and squeezed. I let go and began clapping. I could feel my face get hot and I made sure no one saw. She saw my nervous expression and whispered in my ear, “It’s okay, there is lavender in here.”

I began to get frustrated and confused. Why would the smell of lavender make it okay? What if we got caught? I tried to calm myself down and enjoy the show. I looked over at Her and She gave me a reassuring smile. I can’t help but smile back. Her smile is so trusting. I just wish I knew what she meant.

I excused myself to the restroom and as I washed my hands a woman came out of the stall. We locked eyes in the mirror and I flashed a welcoming smile and then it hit me, Lavender. I struggled to speak and asked, “Are-are you wearing lavender?” They responded, “No, only vanilla.” I just nodded politely and exited the restroom. The hallways of the theater were starting to fill as the show ended. It was hitting me left and right. Lavender... rose... rose... rose... Lavender... rose...

I make my way back to Her and say, “I keep smelling lavender.” And She smiled before saying, “You get it now.” “Get what?” I say.

“There has always been lavender among us... There will always be lavender in the masses of roses... Always.”

I have never understood why She says that. I do not own a lavender shampoo nor a lavender perfume, I rarely wear the color purple and, if anything, “I think I smell more of honey than lavender,” I say. She responds, “You just do. You are like a lavender in a field of roses.”

By Bella Markley

The Smell of Lavender in the Morning
At UNI and other co-ed universities, dress codes were enforced up through the 1960s. These dress codes were disproportionately enforced for women, who had to wear items like skirts, nice shoes, and blouses while men more often got away with wearing casual clothing. With the widespread “sexual revolution” and civil rights movements of that period also came protests against dress codes which led to reform. The Inter-residence Council and AWS Social Regulation Board eventually dropped dress codes in 1966, though AWS retained recommendations for appropriate dress. By the 1970s, there erupted clear changes to what “feminine” and “masculine” clothing looked like, especially because women started wearing pants everywhere and men were more comfortable wearing colorful and fitted clothing. Below are excerpts from College Eye/Northern Iowan regarding what students thought about the dress code at UNI.
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**What if UNI had a Dress Code Today?**

By: Jude Beekman

**David N. Kanellis to the editor: “Slack Styles Skirt Regimentation,” published January 13, 1951**

“It seems to me that there are already enough regulations governing the lives of students, without adding one that would dictate what clothing to wear, and where to wear it... If the students at this college are really interested in living the lives suggested by such documents as the Federal Constitution and the Declaration of Independence I would suggest that instead of beginning some restrictions, they would think about getting rid of some of the old ones.”


“We are sure that the committee, considering the code, has the best interest of the campus at heart. We know that they’re doing their best to achieve a more adult atmosphere, and trying to establish higher standards of dress and etiquette. But we feel that the attitude of the students should be such that nobody would even think of appearing in public unless in less-than-presentable attire. This should be unwritten law, respected by everyone, but under which everyone retains his basic right to wear whatever he wants to without fear of punishment, other than social censure.”

**Cathie Alberts to the editor: “Let’s Have a Campus Dress Code for Men,” published October 30, 1964**

“Well-dressed girls present the illusion of being ladies. Because boys like girls to appear feminine, this rule seems like a reasonable rule that both boys and girls would appreciate... There’s only one fault. In return the girls expect the boys to dress and act like gentlemen. What gentleman would come to class in cut-offs, ragged sweatshirt, and dilapidated shoes? His footwear ranges from ragged moccasins, to torn tennis shoes, and to shoes without socks. All three are equally repulsive to a girl who must follow the strict dress code set up by the [AWS Social Regulations] board.”
Difference has always been my shadow  
Locked in concrete walls, kept in the dark  
Striving for the light of the sun  
Unable to see it  

Winter comes, I’m a weed in concrete  
Covered in snow, warmth just a dream  
Pushing past every barrier to survive  
Alone, but resilient  

Seasons shift, the sun peeks through clouds  
My frozen prison begins to melt  
I am beautiful budding lavender  
Thriving alongside roses and thyme  

With every season’s change  
I grow, I adapt, I’m reborn  
I will persist, resilient and beautiful  
I know the recipe of my self-love

Metamorphosis
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Crafting jewelry that reflects your one of a kind love story.

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DELINQUENT LOVE

'87

PHOTOGRAPHY
ELLIE DOVE
DESIGN
MORGAN RYERSON
I come into his room a little while later. His bare chest is so thin that I can see his rib cage barely moving up and down as he takes in shallow breaths. I sit down next to him on the edge of the bed. His breaths still come slowly by consistently. I feel his hand inch towards mine.

"Frankie," he breathes, "it’s okay. I’m ready to go. I’m not scared."

"No," I say forcefully, my breath shaking a bit. "You have so much to do still."

He lightly holds my fingers. "I’ve done what I’ve needed to do. I’ve lived, I’ve loved, that’s enough for me."

"It’s not enough for me." I am angry. Angry at the world for not caring that so many of us are sick, dying. At God for allowing this disease. Angry at myself for being angry while my brother is going to be gone.

"Frankie, I believe that everyone has a purpose. Maybe I’ve completed mine. Maybe I’ve outlived mine. You still have things to do." He slightly pointed towards the nightstand. "I have something to give you."

Next to the lamp on the nightstand is a grungy piece of textured purple fabric. It looks like it used to be the fabric used for a necktie. It seems old and tattered and cut into different pieces.

"We all have our time and purpose," He says. "Take this. Wear it however you can with pride. So many have worn it before you in different ways. Wear it for me, Frankie."
Neo-Expressionism is a wild and raw form of artwork, its mark making style almost savage at times. It had begun to be used in larger scale works in the 80s, the vivid colors and textured brushwork rejected before this era. The brushwork was incredibly expressive and emotional, it had abstracted qualities paired with storytelling that was not previously important. Neo-Expressionism served to help transition from modernist art to postmodernism because of its historical and mythological imagery. Since the 80s were a time of consumerism and wealth, the New York art market grew and sold contemporary artworks for outrageous prices. While in the past Abstract Expressionists had rejected this level of commodification, Neo-Expressionists seemed to embrace it. This may have assisted in the downfall of Neo-Expressionism as well, because people began to believe that their art wasn’t as authentically motivated as it should be.

Artist Spotlight: Jean-Michel Basquiat
Jean-Michel Basquiat was a famous Neo-Expressionist who had a great impact during this movement. He was one of the artists who embraced the commodification of his work and became very wealthy and successful. He incorporated many styles and techniques into his work, but his abstracted style did not take away from the emotion and historical context he wove into his work. He would contrast between opposites within many of his pieces, showing a personal as he was of mixed cultural heritage and the conflict and tension he felt growing up in America. He became well known for his intense brush mark making, splatters of paint, and his child-like art style. He claims this is what he wanted, saying “I want to make paintings that look as if they were made by a child.” However, his content in his art had more intense themes than would be expected of a child. He drew from culture, mythology, erotic imagery and more, all of these incorporated into raw, expressive, yet child-like works. Some people find his rise to fame and tragic death from a drug overdose to emulate the art scene of the 80s, the commercialization of this artwork and its rapid downfall. However, Basquiat’s works had influence in the art world as well as pop culture, he left an incredible impact.

By: Lauren Logue

Editors Notes:
On one end of the 1980s style spectrum, Uprising pictures this duo taking their independent study elsewhere other than the classroom. “Delinquent Love” encapsulates the “grungier” style that juxtaposed the vibrant colors and class that also lived within this decade.

You can find some of the pieces photographed at Mohair Pear, located on College Hill. Discover trending vintage, unique accessories, alternative apparel, and more at Mohair Pear!
Neo-Expressionism

Neo-Expressionism is a wild and raw form of artwork, its mark making style almost savage at times. It had begun to be used in larger scale works in the 80s, the vivid colors and textured brushwork rejected before this era. The brushwork was incredibly expressive and emotional, it had abstracted qualities paired with storytelling that was not previously important. Neo-Expressionism served to help transition from modernist art to postmodernism because of its historical and mythological imagery. Since the 80s were a time of consumerism and wealth, the New York art market grew and sold contemporary artworks for outrageous prices. While in the past Abstract Expressionists had rejected this level of commodification, Neo-Expressionists seemed to embrace it. This may have assisted in the downfall of Neo-Expressionism as well, because people began to believe that their art wasn’t as authentically motivated as it should be.

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We’re going Back To the Future with this one... but we don’t have flying cars or smart homes.

To: The One Who Gets Me

I blew out my 16 Candles just yesterday and suddenly feel like I’m in a mid-life crisis.

I guess I should be thankful though I’m not wasting my pretty pink outfit while stuck in the library all day but I still don’t feel like I’m seizing the day.

You see, I don’t feel like I belong in today’s world. I wish I could have fun and feel free the way it feels when you stick your head out the window and at night going 45mph down the road. Because for a little while you forget your worries.

Watching movies from when my parents were young, makes me ache for something that I won’t be able to experience.

I wish I had a group to call my family, ride or die. Just like Ponyboy or the students at Welton Academy... or should I say Helton?

My point to all this is, that this is a love letter to the 80s. The most iconic time for the teenagers of today to get a glimpse of what life could be like for our parents. For me, it’s the time in which I wish I had grown up. The movies, the music, the fashion. So beautiful and forever iconic. The 80’s, oh you were beautiful, I just wish I wouldn’t have a crush on one of your characters just to find out they are gone. Or, could be friends with one of your characters just for them to not be who I thought they were.

I wish my teenage years could’ve been like an 80s rom-com with a rockin’ cool soundtrack. Your movies play in mind just like a record that keeps spinning round and round. Face-to-face conversations instead of Facetime, landline calls instead of texts, fun hair and make-up instead of slick back and “clean”.

I want the carefree attitude I saw that I thought was real life. Turns out there are more things to worry about than if my crush likes me back. I feel like it is like looking out the window seeing color, seeing what could’ve been, but being in a house a beige. So, I will just have to love you from afar.

From: Your not-so-secret admirer.
Love Letter

To: The One Who Gets Me

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From: Your not-so-secret admirer.

By: Erin Murphy
the handlebars and we went to pick up Heather. She rode on the other side of the creek and back. I went everywhere on my bike because she looked one step away was better 'cause she had higher in the whole town. Jules said hers was better. Ridgeport didn’t even have the 3-speed. So I paid a whole $19.95 for that J38 after my daddy put up $40 for me to get it at the start of the summer. Mom said I couldn’t get the 3-speed Stingray yet because my sister Julie didn’t even have the 3-speed. So we had matching Stingray Cruisers except mine was the new Kool.

I rode past the green signs at the corner of Chalk Street and Monterey. The sun beat down on the blacktop that the city just laid over the old pot-holed pavement. I worried maybe it would melt all over and muddy up my new wheels. Lemon color and Julie still had the old Sky Blue one. Ridgeport was bicycle-city that summer, and me and Julie had the best bikes in the whole town. Jules said hers was better ‘cause she had higher handlebars, but I told her to bite me because she looked one step away from riding a harley with the Martin brothers across the creek the way she held the handlebars at eye-level.

I went everywhere on my bike that summer. All the way to the other side of the creek and back to pick up Heather. She rode on the handlebars and we went to the corner store everyday to buy candy bars from Eric. He was working there for the summer and that made him way cool. Kelly and Melissa were gonna get jobs lifeguarding at the outdoor pool, but the one close enough to walk to shut down that spring and they didn’t have bikes like me and Jules to ride to the other one. Mom and Dad said Julie and I couldn’t get jobs yet, even though I was fifteen and Jules was eighteen. Mom never had a job and she didn’t think Jules and I ought to have ‘em either. Lots of the boys in Julie’s grade had jobs, and some of the girls too, but Eric was the first from my grade to work over the summer. Kelly had the hots for him and always said she would jump his bones in a minute if he wanted, but Eric was pretty taken with me and everybody knew it. We’d gone to the theater to see the new Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory movie last month when it came out, and Eric asked me to go steady, but I told him my parents wouldn’t let me date yet. Which was only sorta true. They woulda let me date Steve Cartwright if I wanted, but I didn’t. Julie told Mom and Dad that Eric gave all his friends free cigarettes from the shop so Daddy said I ought to stay away or I couldn’t have my bike any longer.

I couldn’t get my bike after that for a whole week.

“Mandy, I keep telling your mom that you oughta be wearing knee pads!” Julie shouted from down the road. She popped Josh up onto her hip and hustled over to me. “She ain’t even got a helmet on you, for goodness sake.”

“My mom said she never wore a helmet, and neither did you either.”

Aunt Jules huffed. She likes to say now that I gave her so much lip that summer she’s surprised I’ve got any left. “Baby, she was my little sister before she was your mom, remember that. And that’s because nobody’d thought of it yet, not because we shouldn’t have been wearing ‘em ourselves. Y’know that’s why your mom ain’t got any sense in her head now, she fell off her bicycle so many times.”

The corner of Chalk and Monterey is under construction again, so I have to ride all the way around on Cody Road to get to the bike path on the other side. This way it takes an extra two minutes to get to the corner store. Mr. Eric owns the place now that he moved back to town with his wife after she got let go at her fancy job in Minneapolis. Mr. Eric says he knew Mommy when she was little and that...
she always stole chocolate bars, so he gives 'em to me for free 'cuz I never tried to take one myself. I told Nana once that I wish Mr. Eric was my grandpa and she said he almost was, which is funny. "Good thing he ain't," Papa Steve told me when Nana said that. "Or else your nana woulda never quit smoking and you kids woulda left our house covered in soot like Eric's boy's sons." Nana swatted her hand at him then, and they both were laughing like crazy.

I don't think I'd want Mr. Eric as my grandpa after all, because he said my Papa is a snob, and I think that's bad manners. And Papa Steve added ribbons to my new bike this summer so it looks better than Olivia's. Livvy got the same pink bike as me from Walmart but she got hers two months after me which is copying. I think she better take it back and get the purple one instead, so I told her mom that last time I was over there, but her mom said no and my mom said I shouldn't have asked that, anyway.

My pink tassels are real pretty, though, and Livvy and I can ride together a lot because the bike path reaches to both our houses now. Both of our moms say we can only ride on the path even though Mr. Eric says Nana used to ride on the street over to the corner store everyday before there even was a path. Nana says the city's changing and we better change with it.
Unrecognized in the dictionary
Made up, imagined
As all words are.
A combination of wind and mind
A tree being blown backward by a strong breeze.

It means
The feeling of nostalgia
For a time or place
No one has experienced.
We lose ourselves in
Phones, books, television,
Trying to hold on
To the unknown.

Call it deja vu, call it a past life
I’ve lived through the decades time and time again
In my limited span of less than 100 years.
I’ve been around the world in one place
Missing the experiences I’ve never had.

People my age are dressing
Like our parents did.
Politics cycle through over and again
History repeating itself as a satire.

People lose time
Recalling their past
Too insignificant to truly have one.
We’re all living the same lives
In a different body.
Our choices decided for us
Years and years ago.

Maybe that’s why we yearn
For the past.
To take back our say
Pretend we’re not too late
And act like we’re in control.

Anemoia
By: Lauren Logue

Editors Notes:
On the other end of the 1980s style spectrum, these girls stick to
their books, bows, and boys. Uprising showcases the diversity of this
decade’s style with those bright colors and simple patterns that painted
the world in “School Belles”.

You can find some of the pieces photographed at Mohair Pear,
located on College Hill. Discover trending vintage, unique accessories,
alternative apparel, and more at Mohair Pear!
Graffiti Art was known by many names: Street Art, Independent Public Art, Post-Graffiti, and Guerilla Art. All of these served to explain a form of art that functioned outside of the law, a way for all people to express themselves regardless of who they are. Race, gender, age, economic status, none of it mattered when it came to making Graffiti Art. It was accessible to everyone rather than hidden in a gallery or bought for a private collection. Anyone was free to view or create Graffiti Art, which was the beauty of this artistic era. No one could buy it or own it for themselves, it was a temporary work that people could enjoy as a unique experience. It was likely to be removed or painted over, but its fleeting nature added to the appeal. Artists were able to share their agendas through these works and used many items as a canvas for their art. Sidewalks, buildings, benches, bridges, lampposts, the possibilities were endless. Wherever the people would see the art was where they would go.

**artist spotlight: BANKSY**

By: Lauren Logue

Banksy is a famous graffiti artist that many have heard of but none have seen. His anonymity is a key characteristic of the persona, he could be one person, could be several. People typically refer to Banksy as a man, but there is surprisingly little evidence one way or another. He specializes in stencils to make pop up guerilla style graffiti paintings. This involves preparing a stencil beforehand out of cardboard or paper then spraying over the top to create an image once the stencil is taken away. Banksy has been known for painting rats, which he feels represent himself. He said, "If you feel dirty, insignificant or unloved, then rats are a good role model. They exist without permission, they have no respect for the hierarchy of society, and they have sex 50 times a day." His artwork continues to raise questions between the line of public art and vandalism, as graffiti is illegal, but Banksy is so famous people will still pay good money for his pieces. It seems hypocritical that others will be jailed or fined for doing the same artistic act, while his work is revered and collected. He fights against this by making street art to resist commercialization, but people still continue to find ways to remove and profit from his work.
Graffiti Art was known by many names: Street Art, Independent Public Art, Post-Graffiti, and Guerilla Art. All of these served to explain a form of art that functioned outside of the law, a way for all people to express themselves regardless of who they are. Race, gender, age, economic status, none of it mattered when it came to making Graffiti Art. It was accessible to everyone rather than hidden in a gallery or bought for a private collection. Anyone was free to view or create Graffiti Art, which was the beauty of this artistic era. No one could buy it or own it for themselves; it was a temporary work that people could enjoy as a unique experience. It was likely to be removed or painted over, but its fleeting nature added to the appeal. Artists were able to share their agendas through these works and used many items as a canvas for their art. Sidewalks, buildings, benches, bridges, lampposts, the possibilities were endless. Wherever the people would see the art was where they would go.

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I’m pretty sure lesbianism runs through my family. I would talk more about the theory of the “gay gene” but lord knows that opens up an entire conversation of eugenics, so I’m going to keep that theory on the down low. I’ll continue the convoluted argument that being gay isn’t a choice, but at the same time it’s not something that you contract through genetics or life experiences.

My aunt used to always wear this grungy old patch that I know they made themself given the crappy homemade look that it has to the shaky stitching. It’s a square piece of purple checkered-patterned fabric that is tough and scratchy. My aunt always told me that it used to be their brother’s, and before that it was a bowtie for someone else he knew, and even before that a necktie for someone else they knew. And now it’s a patch that was shipped to me in an old envelope by my aunt in response to me coming out as a lesbian to my family and consequently being kicked out at sixteen. I know they were trying to show solidarity but god at that time I could have used twenty bucks or something instead.

The small bell rings as the door to the corner coffee shop downtown opens. My other butch friend walks in and heads over to sit with me. “Hey man.” She sits, opening her backpack. “You hear about the protests at the capitol today?”

“On whose side?” I asked.

“Surprisingly, ours,” she responds. “I was just at the library, checking it out on the new computer. Had to wait in line forever, but I also checked out the chat rooms. Everyone is talking about it. Lines of people in the military, gays and lesbians were there standing in solidarity and support of the new policy.”

“Wait, you mean the policy that says queers can’t be queers if they are in the military? This “Don’t Ask Don’t Tell” bullshit is framed as if it’s progressive, but it’s a step back, man.”

“It’s a step forward. Now people like us aren’t investigated or discharged solely for an assumption. If we stay quiet we can keep living.”

I shook my head. “And that’s a good thing?”

“For now, yes.”

I looked at her. “Is that what your chat rooms said too?” She laughed. “Yes. Dude, you’ve got to get into current times. You should try out the goddamn internet for once.”

I pulled out my aunt’s patch and started to mindlessly rub it in between my finger and thumb. “Nah, I’ll just keep getting my politics from you. It’s much simpler that way.”

“What’s that?”

I showed her the patch, with the badly embroidered two “women” symbols and the word butch underneath. I explained about my aunt and how it made its way to me. “That’s rad, man.”

Maybe I shouldn’t let it be simple. The ones who held this before me didn’t let it be simple. God, I gotta shape up and get my shit together.
I make the journey up the mountain
I am here to plead to the gods
Right?
I remember doing this
I had to
Right?
I get to the top
And I fall on my knees
Crying out to any god that may listen
Jesus
Aphrodite
Death
And one of them had to have answered
Right?
Because you’re here
And I’m here
And when I move closer to you
You move closer to me
And I had to have been blessed by the gods above
Because you are a miracle
You are a deity
That came to earth
To bless a mortal
I am my ancestors
I begged for a deity
And you appeared
I am a ghost
But you hold me in place
With divine intervention
We are lying side by side
Arms entangled
Chests rising and falling together
But the calm and quiet
Is shattered
With tremors
Shaking shoulders
There is a hand gripping at my throat
Gripping at my chest
That I cannot grip back

A ghostly hand
Strangling another ghost
There’s nothing I can do
I am a ghost
And I do what ghosts do
I run
I leave my body
At its weakest
And I go off to haunt
But then there’s that divine intervention
I am running out of breath
I am running
But you take my hand
And I can’t leave my body
I yank and I pull but
Your touch keeps me here
You hold me
And my ghost can’t escape myself
Only the gods could have brought you to me
You are a miracle
And I can’t remember what I did to deserve you
I must have pleaded with the gods
Right?
I had to have sacrificed something
Right?
Because a ghost is not graced by the presence of a god
Right?
Editors notes:

Keeping it chic and casual, Uprising wants to take you on a walk around town with our 1990s day-to-night itinerary in “The 411”. The sweet yet sexy style dressed the streets in denim, animal print, platforms, and purses to answer the question, “what’s the 411?”

You can find some of the footwear photographed at Journeys, located in Viking Plaza Shopping Center. Shop the newest and staple shoes and apparel styles today at Journeys!!
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what's the 411?
“Time is a thief.”

“Time is a social construct.”

“Time is an illusion.”

Time is temporary.

Evolving to understand our moments on this Earth are temporary is the epitome of bittersweet. Every day we are tasked with either racing time or trying to slow it down. Everyone feels this cycle. We cannot stop it. Effortlessly, we feel time in the most beautifully torturous ways. Embodying temporariness is like ecstasy for the soul.

Maybe time is how we know we are human. It allows us to feel at all stages of our lives, and morbidly, time is a saint. Time is our savior from permanence. Making time our friend is something we all seek, and yet we all claim it is a foe. So which is it?

People claim both. ‘Tis a friend and a foe. Maybe that is what being temporary is all about. Placing feelings and opinions onto things to make us feel more organized or comfortable. Preposterous as it may seem, we value organization and comfort. It is what keeps us sane and pleased.

Over the years we might not notice small changes, and one might think that is a beautiful feature for temporariness. Others could argue the opposite. That time is the devil. They crave permanence. Realistically, we should value the temporary features of our lives. Reflecting on the memories we make and why they are beautiful and raw. Rejuvenating those parts of our souls and minds that make us feel human. There is also a large attraction to the human experience. As we age and evolve within our time frame we allude to permanent memories, but yet again, they are all temporary. Rarely do we see the beauty in this life of ours. We may catch beautiful moments but for reasons unknown we just cannot quantify the serene perfectness of the time we have. Realizing that time is temporary and craving those sweet and somber moments raises the expectations for how you want to live your everyday life. Year by year we must learn to appreciate the temporariness, and yield from the grasp of permanence.
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I’ve been looking for crocheted clothes online, and here’s what I’ve found:
- a sleeve shrug from Amazon that normally goes for $24.97, but today it’s on sale for $16.23
- a green American Eagle bandana with daisies on the edges (or a plain white one to fit a nude palette) for $11.65
- a Target triangle bikini top for $16.80
- a beige flower infant romper at Zara for $32.90 (which, for Zara, is on the low end of average)

Why I’ve been looking for crocheted clothes online:
- because crochet is too intricate to be made by a machine, too sacred to be made by anything other than human hands
- and if crochet can only be done by hand, someone’s hands must have made every piece of crocheted clothing on Amazon and American Eagle and Target and Zara
- and if department stores take a cut of $16.23 and freight shipping takes a cut and marketing takes a cut and sales reps take a cut and the supply chain producer takes a cut and every other person along the way takes a cut, soon there are only pennies left for the aching hands that spent hours hooking yarn together faster than crochet was ever intended to be made

What a blessing it is to live in an era where crochet is appreciated, and what a nightmare that this is what it looks like.
The first time I saw the middle-aged ladies grouped around a table crocheting at the library, I told my mom I was going to join them. I’m not sure they had exactly established an open invitation for their group, but when I asked, they didn’t hesitate to teach me their art. They taught me how to make a chain, the most basic crochet stitch, and then proceeded to fill sand castle buckets with chains because that was literally all I knew how to make. Later they taught me more, and I made clothes for my precious stuffed cows; they were freehanded, of course, because I also didn’t know how to read a pattern. I didn’t fully realize in that moment, sliding a little crocheted tanktop over the head of my Mooey to see if the straps were long enough, that I was an artist.

Crochet, for the women who came before me and the women who will come after me, is an expression of femininity: beauty as a result of being denied access to the public sphere, or perhaps the spiteful product of being told creativity is not a real skill. I know woman after woman hiding deep in my lineage feel their still hands begin to warm when I wrap my fingers around a crochet hook. I’d like to think they’re proud of me. I’d like to think they’re proud of themselves too, the world finally giving their art the admiration it had been missing for so long.

Today, crochet is being seen in a way it hasn’t been seen in a while. Crocheted clothes and accessories are seeing perhaps their highest market demand since the rage of their onset in the 60s. This is magnificent, this is good. However, what exists now that didn’t exist in the 1960s is the fast fashion industry, and the fast fashion industry has a habit of taking what’s good about fashion and self-expression and art and textiles and gutting it from the inside out.

Crochet can not be made by machine. Crochet can not be speeded up, and even the fastest crocheters can only produce so quickly before the overuse of their fine motor skills causes permanent damage to their hands. Crochet is not an art that can be mass-produced, and yet, because the fast fashion industry demands it and consumers don’t know better, it is. (This is perhaps an appropriate time to mention that knitting can be made with a machine, and knitting machines can produce clothes that resemble crochet. But granny squares—the blocks that start as a circle in the middle and end as a square on the outside (see the fruit bag as an example)—are the most glaring red flag that a garment has been made by hand but sold like it’s not.) Respecting the beauty of crochet by buying it for $20 at a big-box store is no respect at all. Crochet clothes should be expensive. If you think “what a great deal!” when you’re looking at the price tag of a crocheted sweater or hat or bag, you’re about to buy the product of exploitation.

The women who came before me would be so pleased that the tradition they helped create is being celebrated as the beauty it is. The little girls who were told that crocheting is only the useless creation of bored grandmas are starting to realize just how wrong that is. This is such a good thing.

But there’s a woman in a third-world country living in poverty, and her job is to crochet until she can feel the bones of her wrist grind as they whittle each other away, and then she is told to crochet even more. She does not see the countless people who walk by and ooh and ahh over the garments she’s made in the department stores she will never set foot in. Her hands pulse with the pain of an abuse that is never advertised in Amazon ads. She has been denied the right to see crochet as art, denied the right to call herself an artist because she is only ever treated like a machine. She does not have the same liberties women like me have, and she may likely die before she gets them.

I’d like to think it would put a smile on her face to know the crochet soaked in her tears is sitting unsold on a shelf in Target, not a single additional cent going to a company that has already made millions of dollars today.

Crochet pieces made by: Riley and Megan McCall
As a graduate English student, I’ve read a lot of bad and a fair amount of good poetry in my life, and in my experience, contemporary poetry has always landed as a bit hollow for me. Maybe my lack of connection with contemporary poetry is because of an oversaturation of art in the market, poetry can be easily produced and self-published on TikTok, Instagram, and any number of blogs, or more likely my dissatisfaction with modern poetry comes from a lack of experimentation within the genre. New poets fail to recognize the fact that many of the techniques and topics their poems cover have been done to death within the medium, almost always by recognized poets who have spent years honing their craft.

My point in bringing this up is because of my strong belief in a new form of poetry created by contemporary rap artists. Hip-hop has always been a deeply under-credited and dismissed medium of poetry. Contemporary rappers like Earl Sweatshirt, MIKE, Billy Woods, and JPEGMAFIA have all made genuine contributions to a new artistic movement within underground hip-hop. Still, these artists, despite their experimentation, are working within a longer tradition of rappers as poets. Groups like NWA and A Tribe Called Quest, formed in the late 80s, tackled new problems such as masculinity, sexuality, and gender expression.

These interpretations of these artists allow JPEGMAFIA lyrics to criticize various structures within popular American culture, however, they also tackle new problems such as masculinity, sexuality, and gender expression. Wiki and MIKE on their album Faith is A Rock call out the superstructure of NYC in the song Mayors A Cop. “The mayor’s a cop, the blues quadrupled up/The block is hot, shit, this how they chose to use the guap/With this amount of human laws, could’ve been for schools or parks/Coats in the winter and the summer, something to cool ‘em off/People want me heat to keep their
Poetry

Contemporary

Hip Hop as American media. This new generation of Underground as being offensive and vulgar by the mainstream "explicit" lyrics used by rappers were often criticized political issues these groups discussed include police problems within their communities. Some of the tradition of rappers as poets. Groups like NWA and their experimentation, are working within a longer within underground hip-hop. Still, these artists, despite genuine contributions to a new artistic movement poetry. Contemporary rappers like Earl Sweatshirt, contemporary rap artists. Hip-hop has always been strong belief in a new form of poetry created by My point in bringing this up is because of my craft.

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Finally, I’ll talk about my favorite modern poet Earl Sweatshirt who has been making exceptionally poetic rap music since his first studio album Doris. Earl Sweatshirt is a unique case because his work has been constantly evolving since his days of making collaborative rap music with the group Odd Future created by Tyler the Creator. Other notable alumni from the group started in 2007 include Frank Ocean and Domo Genesis. The music Odd Future produced was juvenile and often times offensive, but the artists the group produced shifted after the group broke apart. Frank Ocean would end up creating two era-defining R&B albums, Channel Orange and Blonde that explored relationships, love, loss, and queer identity. Similarly, Tyler the Creator would have an extremely successful solo career exploring his own queer identity oftentimes using lyrics that referenced the homophobic songs Tyler the Creator and Earl Sweatshirt worked on in the early 2000s. Earl Sweatshirt would go on to create six albums exploring themes of loss after his grandmother and father’s death. Earl’s music over the years has evolved his 2015 album I Don’t like shit, I Don’t Go Outside explored the deep depression Thebe Kgositsile, the man behind the persona Earl Sweatshirt, dealt with for years. His next album Some Rap Songs was both a confessional about his addiction in the wake of his father’s death, a man who he hardly knew since he left when Thebe was a child. The lyrics reckon with the fact that despite his resentment towards his father he has been shaped by his legacy as a political activist and poet. Some Rap Songs concludes with a coming of age and an affirmation of adult life in the wake of a battle with depression, addiction, and the ghosts of the past. Earl Sweatshirt’s career post Some Rap Songs took a more explicitly political tilt focusing on issues of colonialism, class warfare, and the “sickness” of capitalism in America.

In my opinion, tracing the career of Earl Sweatshirt models the arc of alternative hip-hop as a whole. The genre started off in a space filled with lyrics meant to offend and provoke, it was an expression of a reactionary culture that identified a problem with modern American society, but also it was an ideology that had no meaningful criticism of these issues. Alternative hip-hop has shifted, allowing space for a meaningful critique of American capitalism, global colonialism, and institutionalized racism without the need for harming marginalized groups in the process, but where does that leave hip-hop? That’s the thing, hip-hop is the perfect lamentation of American culture; it’s messy, sometimes offensive, it’s wrong and it’s right and it’s inherently paradoxically, that’s the beauty of it.
Choose Your Couture

Editor’s note: Get lost in Uprising’s closest picking some of the 1990s staple looks. Dressing yourself is a unique experience for each individual and this decade proved that you can make any look become your own in “Choose Your Couture”.

You can find some of the pieces photographed at Square One Vintage, located in Historic Downtown Cedar Falls. Shop Square One’s racks for handpicked vintage from the 1980s to the early 2000s!
MEET

TIMOTHY KLINGHAMMER
CEO and creator of We Eatin On’Em. Sustainable fashion with a luxury touch.

Thou must starve to feel fed, hunger must be shot through the veins, love must be shot through the heart, pain is unbearable, but tolerable, survive those rainy days and sacrifice for the greater good, how far will you go, to feast on what you want...

- We Eatin On’Em

Website: www.weeatinonem.com
Address: 621 sycamore street
New Media Art

New Media Art is connected with digital art as well as contemporary art, with some considering it a combination of the two. This art style involves a wide array of new mediums including things such as computer animation, virtual reality, 3D printing, robotics, and video games. It refers to all contemporary art made, edited, or broadcast by new media technologies. There are four main pillars of New Media Art: digital technologies, multimedia, interactivity, and digital culture. Digital technology refers to technology such as computer graphics or virtual reality, the root of New Media Art. Multimedia shows the blending of different forms of media in one art piece. Interactivity takes place when the audience can engage with the artwork itself. Digital culture explains how New Media Art changes how we interact online as we are constantly engaging in the digital world. New Media Art continues to evolve as technology changes and we change along with it.

Artist Spotlight: Hito Steyerl

Hito Steyerl is classified as a New Media Artist, but she is also considered a filmmaker, visual artist, and writer. She has created the Serpentine Gallery in London, England, which serves to give the audience an artistic experience through technology that they can interact with. When visiting the Serpentine, visitors are to download an app that incorporates augmented reality to show Actual RealityOS, a concept created by Steyerl. Actual RealityOS combines augmented reality, data collecting, and immersive audio to create an experience that the viewer can connect with. It allows the audience to see information that was unseen before, to point their camera at a certain place and learn something new that would not have otherwise been revealed to them without the help of Actual RealityOS. The app takes statistical information and condenses it in a way that is more easily understood to humans. They use this tool to expose inequality data about wealth, income, social housing, domestic hospitality workers’ rights, and economic policies. This gives individuals a way to receive information that would be otherwise unknown to them in a creative, interactive way thanks to the work of Hito Steyerl and her team.
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chop me open. let your fingertips splinter at the touch of my grain. i am everlasting, evergreen. adorned with rings, not gold nor silver, but furnished with jewels of age, wisdom, virtue. try to make embers out of me, but i am everlasting. my frame carries generations, lifetimes, durations. cut me down, dwell over my years—a ring for each one. my split bark, hollows embellished among my skeleton, yet i am everlasting. you linger on my age, not my growth. you overlook my roots, my eternal existence. i am evergreen.
The slide behind me reads, "What's the difference between a butch lesbian and a transgender man?"

I look out across the room full of undergrads. I knew going into this that this presentation was going to be a bust. Most of these students were heterosexual and could maybe recount a time they saw a drag queen. There were a few queers that I could pick out in the back, or maybe they were just "alternative". You can't tell these days.

I, on the other hand, you can tell. God you can tell.

I am always surprised that I've gotten this far, to be standing on a university campus giving lectures instead of holding protest signs and organizing campus rallies. My short cropped hair and baggy sweaters often gave away the chest I was trying to hide. I don't have the luxury of being mistaken as anything other than queer.

I should have stuck with the LGBTQ basics, Queer 101, and been happy just trying to explain the difference between gender and sexuality. Me and my stupid ego.

The silence from the audience is choking me out and I start to seriously think of a back out plan. I glance across the room of glazed over eyes and I catch ones that reflect my own colors. Ones that show the same pain and shame and hope. They wear a retro jean jacket with pins and buttons galore, each one showcasing a political and personal passion. One stands out to me. I know I've never seen it before but somehow I know it. An old purple patch with the word "butch" under two of the "woman" symbols. I was mistaken. I have family in the audience.

...as well as the life of this student in the audience. I hold those memories and more begin flooding in. I am who has lived in my community. I am the ones who survived.

I am who I am meant to be and who the butches before me have been.

I am not the only one doing this work. I have done this work as long as I have been alive and in so many other lives by simply existing. I feel as if I have lived this life again and again and I will continue to do this legacy.
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Menac

Menac

Can I leave a legacy for the past life that I have already lived?

I feel as if I have lived my own life, already lived the life of my future, as well as the life of this student in the audience. I hold those memories and more begin flooding in. I am who has lived in my community. I am the ones who survived.

I am who I am meant to be and who the butches before me have been.

I am not the only one doing this work.

I have done this work as long as I have been alive and in so many other lives by simply existing. I feel as if I have lived this life again and again and I will continue to do this legacy.
I went on Shein’s website before I started writing this essay. I wanted to remind myself why I was so mad at them, wanted to ignite the part of my soul that fights for people who can’t fight for themselves. I wanted to become the perfect spokesperson for everything anti-Shein, wanted to write the perfect essay about fast fashion that would stop overconsumption and exploitation the second it was published. I went on Shein’s website, a passion bubbling inside of me, and it only took me thirty seconds to find something I thought I wanted and forget what I was doing there. Well, shoot, I thought. This complicates things.

I don’t remember the first time I heard about Shein, and I don’t remember the first time I realized the only possible way for them to exist is to exploit the people at the bottom. I do, however, remember seeing the love in other people’s eyes when they discovered Shein, seeing the warmth of its paradise seep into their bodies as they realized they were temporarily safe from inflation. I remember the TikToks of Shein hauls, of influencers who have turned buying any clothes they can get their hands on into a profitable business move, of bursting wardrobes that whisper, You never have to wear a piece of clothes twice if you don’t want to. I remember the first time I ever sewed my own clothes, the way the fabric felt moving underneath my fingertips, the amount of time it took to get every seam just right, the satisfaction in knowing that the fabric I had cared for so deeply could now hug my body. And I remember once again how unfathomably low Shein’s prices are, and their mirage lies shattered on the floor. 

There’s a woman working in a sweatshop in China who has been sewing for nine hours, and she will not be done with her shift until several more have gone by. The company she works for is worth 100 billion dollars, but she will get only a handful of coins for her work. The company she works for is only an idea without her and the people she works with, and yet, she will be paid next to nothing for being the foundation on which it rests. She is valued only for her ability to work, and when she makes a mistake, she will be penalized without mercy. She does not get to wonder if she is happy, only gets to wonder if sewing hundreds of pieces of clothes a day will earn her enough money to pay her cost of living. She does not need to see a detailed exposé and researched statistics to know she exists.

Imagine a landfill. In it is, of course, the trash you would expect. But lately, there has been a new kind of garbage hidden between piles of rotting scraps and single-use plastic. They are the brightest things that have been in the trash in a while, and it’s almost like a little game, swimming through piles of spilled garbage bags until you find something that actually glimmers. The color of the fabric is always heavenly, and the clothes are always defective. The ones that haven’t torn at the seams or become worn sheer are covered by unmentionable liquids and sludges by now. They still shine though, their colors so vivid even as they sit in their destined forever home. It’s the result of Shein and so many others feeding the desire for overconsumption like it’s a starving child, and it’s beautiful if you don’t think about it at all.

I cannot take down one of the biggest fashion retail stores in the world with an essay. Shein does not care that I’m writing this piece, and they will never know this exists. I am not writing this because I have a blind belief that 700 of my words are more influential than the promise of billions of dollars. Instead, I am writing this because I cannot stand by silent when I know so much injustice is being so easily concealed by glitter and fabric dye and tulle. This is my attempt to say I love you to a woman I’ve never met, a woman who gives up her health and her body in a sweatshop so girls halfway across the world can buy a cheap sweater. She will never hear this, but I pray that she knows she is not unseen.
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Dear Inner Child,

Last night I had a dream. A little girl was standing outside in the rain, waiting for someone to come pick her up. I knew that I was supposed to get her to take her home. I knew that she was waiting for me, and I was late. I was busy running errands, worrying about getting everything done. Finally, I ran outside and found her standing there, looking lost. As I got closer, I realized how familiar she looked. She had my eyes. Her hair held the same curls mine once held before I ruined it with straighteners and bleach. I rushed to the little girl and scooped her into my arms. I hadn't realized how badly she — I, needed that hug.

I'm so sorry that I've forgotten about you. I allowed myself to get swept up in the chaos and excitement of growing up and I left you behind. I couldn't wait to get away from you, and that wasn't fair to either of us.

You've been so brave and so strong. You've gone through so much. I know it's been scary: the surgeries, the appointments, the testing. I'm so proud of you for all that you've overcome. No seven-year-old is prepared to be told that she is going to fall asleep on the hospital table and might not wake up. That the doctors are going to stop her heart and cut into her chest. Did you even understand what that meant? Through the hardships, you somehow managed to stay positive. The doctors marveled at how you smiled and laughed a day after surgery. You've always been good at that.

I've since lost that spark of positivity that you held so effortlessly. The stresses and insecurities have piled so high I can't even find it anymore. I realize now that you are that spark. You are the light and the love within me. I've never given you enough credit for that. Life wasn't easy for you either, but you managed to shine regardless.

I love you, and I finally recognize that I need you. You've watched me make mistakes, and you've watched me grow from them. Thank you for reminding me to authentically be myself, and to remember that every single person is worthy of love, even myself. Thank you for the lessons I've learned from the mistakes we made. Thank you for checking in on me, even though I've forgotten to check in on you.

You are the timeless love in my life. I will forever try to make you proud of the woman you grow up to be.

By Cassie Williams

EDITORS NOTE:

Why 2K? The so prevalent styles of the early 2000s have bled through into mainstream fashion today. These looks introduced elevated casualness and decorative independence of personality and interest through apparel and accessories. Let Uprising help you understand “Y2K”.

You can find some of the pieces photographed from We Eatin On ‘Em, a brand from one of UNI’s own Textile and Apparel students, Timothy Klinghammer! You can shop the newest collection at weeatinonem.square.site
All Things Pass

By Ellise Feldman

The leaves are changing again,
rusting gold and yellow,
burning orange and red,
descending from their heights, piling
at the base of an old tree trunk.

I am changing.
My hair darkening,
my eyes narrowing,
my skin stretching.

The world is changing.
Her forests burning,
her waters rising,
her people bleeding.

I read a poem once,
it said, “all thing pass,”
and for a moment it struck me;
the truth of it.
But I remember you.

Winter passes and comes again,
your laugh remains shrill and innocent.
My hair grows long and I cut it short,
yours stays close to your head like your father’s.

The world tears itself to shreds and rebuilds,
you are still 11 years old.
You don’t pass,
your memory hangs in the air unaltered.

You were older than me then,
now I am twice your age.
You are still a moment,
memories that should have been made,
and memories that will never leave.
The leaves are changing again.
All Things Pass

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