

# I'm sorry, Knox



Sofia Tagkaloglou '18

On Wednesday, I participated in the anti-Trump rally on the Gizmo Patio and the subsequent march. After a campaign

with such explicit racism and misogyny, Donald Trump's success in the election was demoralizing for many, including myself. I appreciated the opportunity to hear students share their grievances, and I was comforted by the idea of uniting with my fellow students in a time where so much hate is celebrated.

At the rally, I was pleased to hear positive messages celebrating a new commitment to political involvement and standing up for our values of equality and justice. Unfortunately, I struggled to truly find unity. While I empathize with the angry feelings that were shared, I was disheartened to see my fellow students actively antagonizing Trump's supporters.

I saw our fellow conservative students standing on the sidelines, and I felt their isolation. When we began the march, I heard my fellow students actively shouting derogatory terms toward some of our conservative students. How is it that we were calling for peace while simultaneously firing shots of hate?

On the march, our movement vocalized how black, brown and all lives mattered. Subsequently, we shouted "F\*\*\* Trump" and "F\*\*\* his supporters." Did all lives matter to us then? We demanded that our democracy be protected, but are we not being hypocritical by refusing to accept Trump's electoral success? We called for unity, but did we not just perpetuate the divide in our very own community? We shouted that love doesn't discriminate, but didn't our actions actively marginalize our fellow conservative students? I think it's interesting we go to such great lengths to ridicule Trump's idea to build a wall when it seems that we stacked the bricks pretty high on our very own campus today.

I'm sorry, Knox College. I'm sorry, Galesburg. I'm sorry, United States. I can't speak for anybody else, but I know I let you down today. While I kept silent when I didn't agree with the words being shouted, I was complacent in an effort that isolated those who I must embrace most. I admit I am hurt by the election results, but I am not angry at Trump. If I cannot understand the movement that built his success, then I am not equipped to truly solve any of the problems I'm far too quick to identify. It is easy to be tolerant in my echo-chamber of liberalism at Knox, but my humanity is only realized when I accept the differences of others.

President **Teresa Amott** always says that we learn the most from those least like us, but the only way we can do that is if we open our ears and hearts to them. Now is not the time to grip our egos and be divisive. Now is the time to pull out a chair for those we disagree with, join them around the table, and truly start to craft holistic solutions together.

## Working toward the next four years

Lillie Chamberlin '19  
Discourse Editor

How can we fight back? How can we become the nation that we have always hoped we could become? How do we keep our dignity and our safety close to us during these next four years? I don't have the answers. All I know is that we, as college students, must stand up together. We can't wither away — we have the opportunity that not all young adults in our nation have. We have our education.

An educated nation is what Trump fears the most. To generalize things immensely, he fed off the less educated in order to get to where he is now: in office. He has gone back and forth in almost all of the topics that were the backbone of his candidacy, so what should we expect from him?

Things that Trump has stayed stagnant on are his hateful opinions on the LGBTQ+ community, the black community, Muslim community, Latinx communities and the entire female population. I fall into two categories and am struggling to wrap my mind around what my life will look like for the next four years. Then again, I also identify as a

white, cis-gendered, upper middle-class person — my privilege rings out. I can't know the worst of what the next presidential term holds.

I know that I have my education. I know that I am fortunate enough to be enrolled in an institution that is made up of brilliant minds of our generation, and those minds have rallied together for the safety and well-being of everyone. We are all grieving. We are all healing. We happen to be doing so while pursuing our education.

Self-care is important. Don't dismiss it — we all have our own ways of dealing with what has happened to our country. But, as we start to pick ourselves back up, don't dismiss our educational opportunities here, either. I've heard snippets of conversation throughout campus along the lines of, "I want to drop out of school. It doesn't matter." "I don't want my college experience to be under Trump's presidency," and "I just can't go to class today." Continuing on with our education is our strongest weapon. A well-educated, young generation is what Trump fears the most. We are his biggest group of prosecutors.

Our education has the ability to bridge the gap between opposing sides on our campus. As we come together to work toward something greater than ourselves, we have the power to learn from each other. Learn from our country's mistakes. Help mend them together.

## Editor's Note: Standing Rock

Julia Mondschean '18  
Digital Editor

During the 24 hours we spent in North Dakota last week, I

filmed a sacred fire in ceremony,

not realizing what it was, even though that was exactly what I wasn't supposed to do. My camera was not confiscated. I was not escorted off the camp. I think the man who stopped me saw the shock on my face when I understood what I'd done.

I filmed children, before being told that they could be taken from their families if the footage reached the Internet. Later, I covered my lens as a toddler ran across the gymnasium floor straight through my long shot depicting hundreds of clergy gathered for a single cause.

You cannot be unbiased in media.

I thought about turning my camera off, but even though I was uncomfortable, terrified of messing up and offending people, I knew I was there to spread, not exploit, the story.

Many people cried on camera. Others turned me away. Some thanked me for listening. I thanked them for taking the time to explain, again, what their people have been explaining for hundreds of years.

There is no such thing as unbiased coverage.

No matter the camera

size or the distance from the subject, if someone cries in response to a question I have asked them, I will feel it.

That is a necessary function of being human, and of being a journalist. Empathy, the ability to push when necessary and to carefully ask the questions that dig deep, makes for good interviews.

Journalism is not unbiased. While I am not unbiased, I am also not fully in the moment. The days in Standing Rock are a blur for me due to lack of sleep and the juggling act of simultaneously occupying the roles of student among peers and journalist embedded among subjects. Serving as navigator for our van from the passenger seat while also diving for the record button when we approached unexpected police checkpoints. Wondering if my camera and microphone would get us pulled over, but still holding it steady above the dashboard as we drew closer to the flashing red and blue lights.

The whole time I am asking myself what I'm doing: should I put the camera down? Am I here for the right reasons?

I did not leave Standing Rock with a clearer picture of the situation. Misinformation abounds among groups of this size and when the mainstream media takes photos of the "action" and mace and rubber bullets, they miss the peaceful, lawful protest. The nation will not see what we did, the moments of trust between the Standing Rock Elders and law enforcement, standing on a bridge that a week ago was a

war zone lit aflame. Now, the burned out shells of trucks stand as a barricade between them.

There is so much documentation, information, misinformation flying around Facebook and the web. Here, we offer you what a group of Knox students saw when they abandoned days of classes because they decided to answer the call of something they believed was greater. This is our tiny angle on history, printed here and on display in a virtual timeline on our website.

See it, or don't, but hundreds are living at the Oceti Sakowin camp as you turn through these pages, scroll through your feed. The Sioux tribe at Standing rock has no running water. They're paying thousands a day to provide protesters with portable toilets. A woman is roaming camp, inviting others to join her tent for dinner. She's made cabbage soup, and has plenty to share.

There are no meal swipes here, and very little cell coverage except for the location of the media tent dubbed "Facebook Hill." Thirteen hours from us, people are traveling across the country, the world, to join Standing Rock. Here at TKS, we can show you what the Knox students who joined them saw. Since this group has returned, more have left, and more will continue to go.

Tune in. Take five minutes and learn how what it means to be an American is so different from our understanding only 13 hours from here.

## THE KNOX STUDENT

Vol. CXXIV, No. 9 of the student news source of Knox College  
visit [www.theknoxstudent.com](http://www.theknoxstudent.com)

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