



THE BAGPIPE

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Letter from the Editor

May 4, 2020 / Suzannah Guthmann

Happy Reading Day, Scots!

This semester has obviously not gone as planned. From classes online to canceled graduation to missing baseball season, we are all disappointed and grieving what for some of us was our last couple of months on the Mountain. Here at the Bagpipe, we have missed your contributions to our sections, funny professor quotes, and even the ping-ponging opinion articles. We miss on-campus news and paper copies of our publication.

However, we have been so inspired by your resilience in finishing your semester strong. We love our amazing professors even more after seeing them adapt so quickly to online classes so we could still have a bit of normal during this crazy time. We have celebrated alongside our seniors as they finish their senior integration projects on their own. Never have we as a publication been prouder to be part of the Scots community.

In this, our last issue of the semester, we leave you fully confident that we will be reunited, stronger than ever. We look forward to seeing the Scots take the field in the fall and seeing the Class of 2020 graduate in caps and gown! The Bagpipe hopes that as a publication, we have encouraged you in a small way during this bonkers time. We dearly love each of you and it has been an honor to serve you this year.

In Christ,

Suzannah Guthmann

Editor in Chief, The Bagpipe



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Staff Picks: Hidden Gems in TV/Streaming/NP

May 4, 2020 / The Bagpipe Staff

For our final “Staff Picks” of this year, I thought we’d glean some hidden gems from the staff. In my opinion, too many of us get swept up in the appeal of wildly popular TV shows (I’m looking at you, *Stranger Things*), when countless others of far greater quality lie largely untouched and unappreciated by the masses. Of course, there’s something natural and good about some shows remaining on the periphery of society. Not everyone can appreciate these shows (they are not wildly popular for a reason), so those who do appreciate them often feel a sense of pride in and ownership of their beloved show. I think this is a rich environment for personal growth to happen. In light of this, some of our staff have agreed to share their more obscure favorites. You may not have heard of them, but they sure are good.

Show: *Zoey’s Extraordinary Playlist* (2020-)

Platform: Hulu

Staff: Suzannah Guthmann



Rationalization: Random Broadway stars all in a show where an awkward computer engineer can suddenly read people’s deepest desire through song (and occasionally awesome choreography). With classics like how in the world can she afford that apartment by herself and the love triangle, this show is strangely reassuring. Enjoy remixes of “Should I Stay or Should I Go,” and “Jesus Christ Superstar,” in a televised Spotify playlist made by the cast of *Pitch Perfect* and a bunch of theater nerds.

Show: Red Oaks (2014-2017)

Platform: Amazon Prime

Staff: Jacob Kortenhoeven

Rationalization: Set on and around a country club in the 80s, Red Oaks is a coming-of-age comedy dripping with nostalgia (in the best possible way). We follow recent high school graduate David Meyers in his journey to find purpose, true love, and belonging as he spends his summers at the very flawed Red Oaks Country Club. It is tragically brief—just three short seasons—but every episode holds so much longing and hope. I'd especially recommend it to college students or anyone feeling the weight of transition.

Show: Hogan's Heroes (1965-1971)

Platform: YouTube TV (or just find episodes on YouTube)

Staff: Paige Hungar

Rationalization: Do you ever feel torn between choosing a serious war movie and a modern sitcom? If so, Hogan's Heroes is the solution to all your problems. This wildly unrealistic show, set in a German POW camp during WWII, is also wildly hilarious. It was originally aired more than fifty years ago, but can still make you laugh as you follow the adventures of Colonel Hogan and his fellow POWs. You might just find yourself humming along to the theme song after a few episodes, too.



Show: The Magicians (2015-2020)

Platform: Netflix

Staff: Henri Lowe

Rationalization: I first stumbled on this show a few years ago while browsing Netflix, and it's been one of my favorites ever since. Quentin Coldwater, a geeky soon-to-be graduate student, obsessed with a fantasy book series about a Narnia-like land called Fillory, discovers the existence of magic. The show follows Quentin and his friends at the magical school, Brakebills, as they discover both the existence of Fillory and the threat it poses to the world. The show, though playing into hero-quest tropes, does so extremely consciously and cleverly, and subverts the typical narrative by offering a fictional hero who has always hoped that magic might, indeed, be real. The characters are brilliantly developed throughout the seasons, the dialogue is fabulous and funny, and the story is compelling.



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The Circle's End

May 4, 2020 / Maggie Luke

Whether in fire or ice, Frost wondered how

It all would end. I've often asked the same;

I know the rising morning sun is somewhere

Sinking, that spring must burn and freeze before

It comes again, and so the circle goes.

Some say our end is evidenced each day;

They map their lives declining West, they chart

Their course out for the sunset land, espy

Heaven in clouds of flame; ethereal,

Intangible, it blazes and it fades.

As for me, I must admit I fear the night;

But here, at winter's edge, the earth is waking.

I kneel before the dawn and think here might

Draw near time's rolling end: renewal of

The old, fresh promise of the new, as how

In death, Donne wrote of East and West made one:

A brush of sunset and the dawn inside

His very self; and in search of aged men

Lewis sent sailors East. I remember now

That it was there they found the flat world's end.



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The Jonas Brothers 3D Concert Experience and Nostalgia

May 4, 2020 / Henri Lowe

It's been roughly eleven years since the 'Jonas Brothers 3D Concert Experience' movie came out in theaters. I lived in a little town in Massachusetts at the time, and our primary movie theater was the one in the mall. One night, shortly after the movie was released, when my little sister, probably around five at the time, was in bed, my mom snuck me out of the house to go see the movie with her. As a nine-year-old, secret mall nights (beginning around 7, since staying up until 8 or 9 was a treat) with my mom were some of my most cherished moments—I distinctly remember the night she bought me a root beer float, which spilled, and then bought me another, which also spilled. This night, though, was probably a few months before my family went to my first concert, the Boston leg of the Jonas Brothers World Tour for their 2009 album 'Lines, Vines, and Trying Times.' My parents surprised my sister and me, who were avid fans. I've always been an informed kind of dedicated fan—when I become entrenched in a book series, band, or television show, I like to become an expert. In elementary school, I devoted myself to *Harry Potter*, and reread the series to absurd lengths. I knew every character's middle name, every piece of trivia, and had sections of the books memorized. Musically, in elementary and middle school, it was the Jonas Brothers. I still have the tracklist of all of the Jonas Brothers CDs memorized, a residual trace of my devotion. We listened to their CDs in the car perpetually, beginning with 'A Little Bit Longer,' which I bought at Limited Too in 2008, shortly after I'd begun watching their music videos on YouTube. Flan and I had Jonas Brothers posters on our walls and every song memorized; we watched 'Jonas' and 'Jonas LA' on Disney Channel, and also had all of those songs memorized; and we and our elementary school best friends created our own music videos and dance routines to the songs.

I say all of this because I'm sitting on my bed, a twenty-one-year-old in quarantine who really ought to be studying for exams, and watching the 'Jonas Brothers 3D Concert Experience.' It's such a heavy dose of ecstatic nostalgia—I know every word to these songs that I rarely listen to anymore. I'm grinning as I watch Nick do the onstage cartwheels and aerials he used to be famous for, and shaking my head at Joe's neon shirt and Kevin's heinous vest, and laughing that Nick was wearing a shirt and tie onstage (he was always my favorite). I'm the physical manifestation of the post I saw on Instagram today, that poked fun at girls in quarantine for running to the nostalgic emblems of their childhood.

And I'm quite alright with it. When I looked up the year the movie came out, so as to try to calculate the brothers' ages in 2009, I found it had received a 26% on Rotten Tomatoes, with a New York Times reporter scathingly determining that "Jonas Brothers: The 3D Concert Experience" isn't a movie so much as a devotional object, a kind of secular fetish designed to induce rapture.' Thank goodness we have the New York Times reviews to intellectualize early 2000s Disney stars' concert movies for us.

I'd like to resist that, though. Nostalgia is a poignant, melancholy device, but I don't feel a need to intellectualize it. There's something too visceral about nostalgia, about these songs that encompass a very particular portion of my life. I'd rather experience it than analyze it. So I'm sitting on my bed, listening to the Jonas Brothers, and, somehow, experiencing some portion of what I did in 2009. I'm a lot older now, and I feel like a very different person—but I still know every word, and that's beautifully, marvelously, stunningly nostalgic.



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The Grove Walrus: Part 2

May 4, 2020 / Henri Lowe

We only see a woodland walrus again a couple of weeks later, when we four head to Amsterdam and Belgium for a week's respite from essay writing. It's a moment of peace—the beginning of October, clear skies illuminating the cows loitering in the field outside, sunrise gleaming through the back window of the bus. Jess and Elizabeth are asleep on either side of me, Isabel's leaning into my shoulder, and I've got music playing on my headphones.

"She's missing the view," the French man in front of me says. He's taking pictures of the Belgian cows and sunrise.

I laugh in acknowledgement. "Yes, it's beautiful."

"And amazing how much variety in the woodland life here," he says. "The cows, the old cows?"

I tilt my head.

"Canal cows?"

"Manatees?" I say.

"No, old cows—forest cows?"

"Oh, right, yeah, a lot of different breeds it seems like," I say, gesturing out the window.

He smiles and nods, and I feel certain that something's been lost in translation.

In those next few days, we make it to the little Belgian town, and then back to Belgium, and then back to Amsterdam without much difficulty. One night, though, we're feeling disoriented and a bit stir-crazy.

"We need to get out of Norway!" Jess proclaims.

"We're not in Norway. We're in the Netherlands."

She concedes the point. Instead of getting out of Norway or the Netherlands, we venture to the canals and wander around, linking arms and laughing, weaving through tourists and over the cobblestones. Jess is eyeing the canals, though, in a potentially dangerous manner. "Guys. I see something. I want to climb over the canal railing."

"That, my dear, is not the best idea," Isabel says, laughing. We follow Jess to the railing, where she's protesting she won't fall in, she only wants to climb over, so she's closer to the canal and can see whatever it is.

"But why?" I say. "Jess, this is a poor idea, at best."

"Oh, guys, guys," Elizabeth says, running a few feet up the canal. "I see it now."

Jess rolls her eyes. "Thank you!"

"What?" I say.

There's a head in the water, a familiar-looking head crowned with flowers. Streetlights glint off of the surface of the water, and the woodland walrus's tusks. It's not ours, though, we realize—this one's larger, wearing a garland of pink and blue flowers. And then another emerges from the canal, and another, and another. A plethora of walruses and colors and flowers—lavender and rose and tulip and gardenia and moss. It's a quiet night, admittedly, but no one else is taking any notice of the walruses bobbing in the canal.

"Ah," Isabel says.

"The old cows," I say. "Of course."

We nod at them, they burble a hello, and we politely take our leave.

Isabel poses an answer to the question of the woodland walruses, back home in our little house. “It’s entirely probable that the natural habitat of the woodland walrus has been overtaken by the domestic bovine” she says, which is insightful enough that I copy it down verbatim.

“If that’s the case, then,” I postulate, “we’d probably find evidence in the library.”

“We should check the oldest ones,” Elizabeth says, cradling her teacup. “They’d have something on the top floor of one of the libraries, if anywhere.”

“Cool cool,” Jess says.

We munch our toast in silence, and resolve to visit the libraries the next day.

The next morning, we’re up early enough that we only run into one person on the way out of the gate and into town (yes, good morning, just headed to the library to research walruses native to the English countryside, have a lovely day!). According to the medieval guide that Isabel found last night, most woodland walrus documents originate somewhere between 1066 and 1600, though the Romans, apparently, had been known to draw fields of blubbery, tusked creatures called the “woodland faeries.” These faeries were, apparently, often conflated with the faeries we know today, to the extent that a mostly-defunct theory had circulated upon the publication of Tolkien’s “On Fairy Stories,” alleging that the fairies in question were, indeed, woodland walruses. (Tolkien, according to the records we skimmed on the way into city center, refused to comment; however, his close confidantes reported that his relationships with the wildlife of English lore were deep, abiding, and inspiring.)

I determine that I need an oatmilk flat white before we venture into the libraries, so we take a detour off the main road, and slurp some caffeine at our favorite little coffee shop. We crowd around a table in the corner, gesticulating wildly, theorizing about the most likely habitat of the modern woodland walrus, and confusing the coffee shop regulars. Snippets of dialogue are as follows:

“But if they’re living in groves, aren’t they grove walruses instead of woodland walruses?”

“We can’t reclassify them that hastily.”

“It could be an entirely different subset.”

“True true.”

“Maybe the woodland walrus just thinks I’m a really compelling person. Like, Tolkien reincarnated, and a female.”

“You’re so wrong. Shut up and drink your coffee.”

We march through the library gate, scanning our cards, and pilfering the dome. Isabel takes the medieval section; Jess takes the modern English section; Elizabeth takes the ancient Near Eastern section; I take the philosophy section. We sit around the tables, occasionally sending each other pictures of relevant passages. At the end of the evening, we regroup in the bathroom, because talking in the libraries is strictly forbidden, and incurs about the same amount of bemused social shaming as might screaming an expletive in a full movie theater.

“So apparently Anselm and Aquinas both referred to woodland walruses, albeit subtly, in their ontological and cosmological arguments for God,” I whisper.

“Brilliant,” Isabel says. “The medievals wrote a ton about them, Marian devotees used to see them on pilgrimages all the time. And music in the medieval period, particularly Gregorian chants, seem to have been explicitly inspired by these animals native to the areas around the more forested monasteries—‘the animals of girth, who wore flowers upon their heads like the pagans, but that so proclaimed the joy of the Lord through chant, joining us in our morning prayers, that we saw them to be angels rather than demons.’”

Jess nods. “And Lewis and Tolkien were rumored to have befriended a small herd of them in the Oxford countryside.”

“Some of the most prominent Biblical scholars of the time began questioning the Vulgate terminology for Old Testament animals around the medieval period,” Elizabeth explains. “Latin translators started translating the Hebrew words to better fit the medieval worldview, a bunch of the Hebrew descriptions of animals were changed to Latin descriptions of ‘plump, floral angels.’”

I’ll admit that the women coming out of the bathroom stalls shot us some odd looks as they passed, but we were content—we knew the background of the woodland walrus. Now, all that remained was for us to properly meet the one living in our grove.

It seemed unsurprising, now, that the woodland walrus had chosen our grove as its habitat—the area was fairly quiet, resembled the countryside, offered shelter from the droves of nearby students, and

we four played a good deal of Gregorian chant on a regular basis.

We were surprised, though, when, before we ventured out to the grove with our offering of tea, toast, and coffee grounds, the woodland walrus knocked on our door. We let her in, fairly shocked, and pour her tea, as she flops over to our dining room table and perches on a couple of the chairs.

She blinks at us a few times, munches on her toast, and, between bites, introduces herself as Heidi the woodland walrus.

“You see,” she says, daintily sipping her tea and shaking crumbs from her floral mustache, “perpetual modernization and industrialization has pushed us woodland walruses to the fringes of the English countryside. Very few people are interested in the frolicking of the woodland walrus anymore. It’s really quite sad.”

She seemed dejected.

“We care! So much!” Jess says, shoving more toast onto her plate.

“We really do,” Isabel says. Elizabeth and I nod, and fetch her more tea.

“At least there’s rain,” Heidi says. “We love rain. It’s good for the blubber. And for flower crowns—I made it myself, actually.”

“It’s lovely,” I say.

“It really is,” my friends echo.

Heidi blushes.

Heidi invites us outside that night, after toast and tea, for what she says is one of her favorite activities. It’s raining—the trees are dripping, and the gravel’s gleaming with rain. She leads us out to the garden; we stand, our clothes slowly soaking through, as Heidi begins to dance and frolic on the grass. We join her, jumping and running around the garden, laughing and whooping and rolling in the grass.

“I call it floral frolicking,” Heidi says.

“That’s apt,” we say.

We lay there, holding hands, heads angled so the raindrops don't hit our eyes.

"It's nice to be noticed," the woodland walrus says. "It's been a long time."

The next morning, there are flower crowns on our porch. We wear them all day, confusing the residents of the house next door.

"They're from our friend Heidi," Elizabeth finally says.

"She lives in the grove outside of our house," Jess says.

"She's a sort of mythological creature," Isabel says.

"She's fond of tea and coffee grounds," I say.

Most people looked confused—but sometimes words really aren't sufficient. Woodland walruses are the sort of creatures who have to be experienced.

This account is a purely truthful and historical account of recent sightings of the mythical woodland walrus. All names have been changed, except Heidi's. She's still watching over the grove. If ever you're in the English countryside, do drop in on her—she loves tea, coffee grounds, and good company.



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NBA 2K and the Olden Days

May 4, 2020 / Kyle Kraus

I, similar, I'm sure to many of you, spend two hours each Sunday night glued to the television. In a time where much of what we view can be paused and fast-forwarded, the thrill of bolting up from the couch to go to the bathroom or get a nice pan of nachos cooking has, for the most part, been lost. But I simply cannot miss a moment of "The Last Dance." Michael Jordan's jeans, Scottie Pippen's voice, Phil Jackson's shoulders, or Dennis Rodman's explanation of how one learns to rebound a basketball. Sure, due to advances in technology, I could pause if my break is a bit longer than the commercial break, but then I would not be watching in real time and the tweets rolling hot off the presses would whoosh right over my head.

But this is not an article about "The Last Dance." That would be low hanging fruit. Articles on "The Last Dance" are a dime a dozen, with talk of it dominating the sports news world. No, this is an article about what "The Last Dance" has made me realize about basketball as a whole, and more specifically, NBA 2K.

I've always been a huge fan of the throwback teams part of NBA 2K, allowing me to play as teams that I was, for the most part, not able to watch live because I was not alive. Nothing beats shooting a terribly inefficient game with Allen Iverson, as he is wont to do, and maybe sometimes winning. Or coming to the pleasant realization that yeah, Clyde Drexler is super good. Or lamenting the absence of Reggie Miller and Charles Barkley between each game.

"The Last Dance" has brought about a certain sense of nostalgia—or an equivalent word that can be used on something that I actually never experienced—regarding the last 60 years of basketball. And while this has, in turn, increased my use of NBA 2K historic teams, it has also reignited my disdain for NBA 2K20.

NBA 2K20 is a trash game with impossible post-play and stupid moves. And that, combined with my roommate owning our copy and taking it home with him during Coronavirus—but mostly because it

sucks—has got me playing 2K19, a far superior game with manageable post-play and more fluid moves.

Typically the new 2K comes out, and I never look back. But this step back into 2K19 has got me wanting more from the 2Ks of years past. Maybe the celebrities of NBA 2K13, such as Brian Baumgartner, the man behind Kevin Malone of “The Office.” Or maybe a Career mode with much less story. But mostly, and I would take this over anything else in a heartbeat—bring back the historic team courts. Let us play as historic teams on their original courts, no three-point lines, with the camera all grainy-like.

It’d be a blast. So, ride the high of “The Last Dance” and all the classic highlights myself and so many other basketball fans are watching right now, and 2K, go all in on historic teams and make a game that doesn’t suck.