



Expressions in Urban Education

Reflections on Creative Writing Inside

Abstract

This conversation between teacher and students reflects on their experiences in a class called Creative Writing and Publication, which Allyson Paty has taught for nearly a decade inside the Wallkill Correctional Facility. Throughout the course, students develop their own poetry and prose, workshop the writing of their peers, and work together to design a final publication of their work in an annual print journal. Their discussion includes students' reflections on finding their voice through writing, seeing their work in print and sharing it with others, and the challenges of censorship in the prison. It concludes with selected poetry and prose from six student contributors who have had their work published by New York University's Prison Education Program and Gallatin School of Individualized Study over the past several years.

Keywords

creative writing, poetry, prose, writer's voice, student publication

How to Cite

Paty, A., Cornelius, K. & Fairweather, R., (2025) "Reflections on Creative Writing Inside", *VUE (Voices in Urban Education)* 53(1). doi:

<https://doi.org/10.35240/vue.166>

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Figure 1. Aaron Hughes, Self-determination, 2021 [Inspired by a Third World Liberation Front button and fist designed by Frank

Cieciorka, 1965].

Each summer since 2017, New York University's Prison Education Program (NYU PEP) has offered a creative writing course that culminates in the publication of a print book. A collaboration between NYU PEP and NYU Gallatin School of Individualized Study, the book is edited by the student contributors, designed by a Gallatin student at Washington Square, and distributed to NYU students at Wallkill, friends and family of the contributors, at PEP graduation, and on campus at Washington Square. In March 2024, the "Creative Writing and Publication" instructor, Allyson Paty, spoke with PEP alumni Ramone Fairweather and Karejah Cornelius, both of whom participated in the course in 2022, and whose writing appears in the 2023 volume [Volta](#).

Allyson: What was your experience in the creative writing and publication course? Did you already have a writing practice?

Ramone: Well, I'm a screenwriter, and this class forced me to become a poet and to go deeper inside of myself and express myself in different ways. And I'm very talented, come to find out! Not that bad. So it was cool for me because I don't think I would ever want to do poetry. I think if I didn't take that class, I never would have ever taken that seriously.

Allyson: So you weren't writing poetry before the class?

Karejah: Neither was I. I never would have thought.

Ramone: The exercises you had us do made it kinda easy. At first, I was like, "What is she doing?" We were just putting words down that come to your mind. When you said, "All right, just whatever comes to your mind, write down words," I think it was like 60 seconds or 30 seconds, I really used those words with the sun, the beach, Miami. I just used those words, like, combined them, and made a poem through that.

Karejah: Yeah, I'd definitely say that, too. Especially the exercise where we looked at a picture and wrote, "What do you see?" Then you start coming up with all types of things as you look into the picture and you write. It makes you do a little bit of critical thinking, you know, sometimes not seeing the obvious.

Like I said, I never wrote poetry prior to taking creative writing. So, just to see myself being able to put the words together made me feel good. But I remember this one poem. I don't know if you remember it was about this man and his family and their food.

Allyson: A freezer. You wrote about a freezer. What I remember about that poem is it was like a little window. This mundane household object became a way to show so much about the family—their tastes, their culture, even their finances.

Karejah: Yes, yes, yes. It was something small. But that made me think, “You know, this style of writing is different, but how can I bring a little finesse to it?” That's what guided me to be able to draft out a poem.

Allyson: Could you talk a little bit about the experience of workshop, of students in the class reading drafts to each other and responding?

Karejah: Well, I can say, due to the fact that me and Ramone were in the same quarters, we used to let each other read each other's work. I used to say to myself, “He has some real slick stuff to say right at this time.” I remember that one poem in Miami he was talking about. He made it vivid, like he really painted that picture in the writing, and I could see it. That made me think, “I gotta be a little bit more creative too. I gotta put some real emphasis on my words.” And then after that, he read my work and he was just like, “Yo, this is really good,” and I was like, “Seriously?” He's like, “Yeah, this is good.” So it's just the energy of feeding off each other's work and sometimes not really knowing how good you could be. Because sometimes we doubt ourselves.

Ramone: I remember one of my poems that I got some responses from the class when I read it was about a Big Wheel. Everybody can relate to that because we all had Big Wheels. We all remember how it was to be just in the yard in front of the house was like going on a journey or a mission. So when you can have people have feedback on your work, it definitely gives you a different perspective on your own work as well.

Karejah: I agree with Ramone 100 percent. You might wanna relay a story a certain way, and then when someone else reads it, it might be perceived in another way, and that might bring a little light to your vision as well. [In workshop], I was able to learn from [my classmates] and learn from myself as

well.

Allyson: That brings up a question for me about audience. Were you thinking about a particular reader or readers for your writing?

Ramone: To be honest, you were my audience. I was basically trying to make sure that I was following the assignment, number one. And the class played a part too. My peers played a part. I don't want to be laughed at or made fun of, either, so it made me wanna put some good effort in and you know, that was my audience.

Karejah: I was writing for myself, but also I was writing for someone to understand where I was coming from as well. I wasn't really looking for a big audience. But I did know, for instance, class participation was a part of the grade, so I knew I had to be able to perform. And I think, like, after the second class my confidence was built up as far as sharing my work in the open. Then, I think after that, it was no longer for me, it was more to make people happy when they hear poetry.

Allyson: One of the reasons I wanted to ask about audience is because whether or not you're thinking about it when you're coming up with ideas and drafting your work, part of the class is to put the writing together in the book and literally give it to an audience: fellow PEP students, maybe others at Wallkill, NYU students, and faculty at Washington Square, and then also family members, like whoever you choose to send the book to. So once the book came out and the copies were shared, what happened? Did that change how you're thinking about your writing?

Ramone: I've got a cool story. After we had the event at the PEP office [celebrating the publication of *Volta*], I had pictures from [the reading] and I got a copy of the book, and when I showed my son, he took it so seriously. It was like I was really a poet. When he saw my name in the contents and he read the poetry, he was really impressed. It made me feel good that he felt like, "Yo, man, you're really somebody, like, my dad's a poet and he's got something in the book." That made it all worth it for me. Everybody else was like, "Yeah, I'm proud of you," but I didn't really care about what they said; my son's excitement, that was very cool for me.

Karejah: I thought the idea [of publication] was cool, but, I'm gonna be honest, I really wasn't expecting to get the feedback that I got from it. I kind of underestimated it. For one, I was able to speak at the [2023 NYU PEP] graduation at Wallkill [and read my poem "In the Wake"]. That was a door open for me. But then it became so popular that a lot of people were trying to get a copy of the book. We only got two copies of the book each, and a lot of my family members heard about it, and my friends heard about it, and they were just like, "Oh, where can we get a copy?" And that's like "Yo, what?" This is cool, seriously. And then, you know, I recently graduated from a job training program at Columbia University, and they actually requested for me to read a poem from *Volta* at the ceremony. So, I've been riding *Volta* for some time now! I'm humbly grateful. I didn't expect it.

Allyson: Now I have kind of a difficult question. I love teaching the course and working on the book every year, but there are always two concerns in the back of my head. One is that in order to publish, the New York State Department of Corrections has to first read everything and approve it. So there's always that threat of censorship. I can't remember if anyone requested that anything in your work be changed or removed, but that has happened in the past.

The other is thinking about the book as it reaches a broader audience. There's always the danger of people reducing the writing to the context it comes from; that is, no matter how rich and specific the writing is, some people might pigeon-hole it in the genre of "prison writing," and could flatten the way that they read, or even become voyeuristic.

Were you thinking about either of those concerns when publishing, and what do you think about them now?

Karejah: For one, about the censorship, the ... educational supervisor at the time I was there [at Wallkill], you know, was supportive of the NYU program. However, if he or when he is replaced, that might not be the same. Not everybody has that political standpoint, and, because of the environment, [the person in that role] changes the realms of everything.

And two, yes being stuck with that genre of where it's coming from was a concern for me: *Would it be taken seriously?* However, the words come out of passion, and that shouldn't have a color, face, religion, or nationality to it; creativity is creativity and it should be respected for what is.

Ramone: So for me, when I was doing my writing, I kinda had the censorship in the back of my mind. I kinda wrote knowing that I can't say certain things or I shouldn't say certain things; it might be taken the wrong way. But then after I wrote it, I didn't have any worries because I already went in there knowing that I had to write a certain way for me, so it really didn't bother me.

Allyson: Last question: This book comes out every year. When I look at all the publications together, I think about how each one represents a different class with a different group of students, against the backdrop of a particular set of events happening in the class and outside. For example, in your year, we were still working completely remotely because of the pandemic. How do you think, like, how do you think of the book as representing a particular moment in time, in your life, or in history?

Karejah: I think [my poem] "In The Wake" leaves a stamp. We were in the height of the abortion rights movement at that time. In the moment, I kinda wanted the whole world to hear that one. I'm heavy into the news, trying to stay abreast with current events, and when you understand what's really at stake, it is a lot. So that's something I just wanted to be heard. I'm speaking about policymakers, and these these laws, they come and go; they're constantly being challenged. So for me, personally, the piece is timeless, and the timeframe of the book makes it historical.

"In the Wake"

From *Volta*

By Karejah Cornelius

In the wake,

Life forever gives us blessings,

Blessings of a journey sometimes unforeseeable,

Unforeseeable to the eye but foreseeable to the mind.

In the wake,

What I am seeing must be a mistake

A mistake of some unchangeable pain,

Pain that only our policymakers can make.

In the wake,

I must thank Faith

'Cause even with these unstable grounds,

I will not break!

In the wake,

Am I not the Black Man?

The black man my forefathers chose to run this land.

In the wake,

Everything is at stake

Whether it's the spiritual freedom of my ancestors who never got a break

Or the privilege of my Queens

who these lawmakers feel abortion rights should be up for takes.

In the wake,

Nothing would ever be the same,

Because I'm the same man they said couldn't advance and live grand.

But in the end,

Education always been my plan.

Even the masses know,

I got my Freeeeedom in my hand!

“EVER BEFORE ME . . .”

From A Certain Slant of Light

By M.P. Kelly

Two pictures have never left me

the one in my pocket

wilts and fades—

but glows brighter as I draw closer

to judgment day;

the other hangs in the most hallowed,

sacred room

of my soul . . .

When I cross the veil,

how will the bells toll?

“LIBERTAD”

From *Volta*

By José Colon

I smell it — still far from it

I taste the smoke signal — still lying low

I see light at the end of the earth — still stagger forward

I hear fog blocking my path — still listen, open the path

I touch the end — where hope still dwells

“El Monstruo”

From A Certain Slant of Light

By Arturo Medina

I was born in New York City and carry the thick English of my father, Apolinar, who grew up in the Dominican Republic. Baseball was his religion. He followed all the Dominican players but worshiped the Yankees. A close second to his heart was fishing. He had a Spanish copy of *The Old Man and the Sea* and read it to me nightly as I drifted toward sleep. Protagonist Santiago became the uncle I never met. The book’s cover had strips of tape layered across, up, and down to keep it intact. The pages were tinged yellow and dog-eared.

I fished the local bays, piers, and rivers with my dad. Our bait was harvested from the fridge, and with rudimentary equipment, we cast inviting hooks beyond the froth of saltwater, decay, and bloated carcasses that formed a moat around our pier. Occasionally we would reel in a fish worth celebrating, but it was the ritual and not the reward I came to love.

At age ten, I discovered organized baseball, and my dad discovered the bleachers. I was stronger, threw harder, and hit the ball farther than other kids my age. With our free days devoted to baseball, the fishing excursions waned. Four years would pass until I held a rod and reel in my hands again. Dad got a better job, and we as a family began to enjoy a modicum of middle-class existence. We moved to a nicer neighborhood, safer and cleaner, without the smell I’d been denying my entire life.

Winter had been unusually cruel the year of my fourteenth birthday. In mid-February, Dad showed me plane tickets with “JFK” in bold letters on the top, and

below, in smaller ones, "Santo Domingo." We were going to spend one week in the country I am from but had never been to. When I was a boy, my dad would tell me, "We are Dominicans no matter where we draw our first breath."

We boarded a jumbo jet on a Saturday morning, and during the flight, my dad explained what we were going to do. His friend Ernesto Enrique had invited us to spend one week big-game fishing on his charter boat. Ernesto was called Nussy due to his sightings of and close calls with sea life of mythic proportions.

As we walked down the dock to meet him, my windpipe tightened. He was shorter and browner than me, with a round stomach so taut it stayed still as his body convulsed in laughter. His teeth were whiter than a puppy's. He had a Cheech mustache and wore a Jerry Garcia tank top over Bermuda shorts. Around his neck hung a large tooth from a very large predator. Gold and diamonds were inlaid in the bone to form a crucifix. He shook my hand as though he were pulling me from a fire.

My dad said that once upon a time, Nussy used his boat for other things besides fishing. We walked the remaining hundred feet to his boat, which was moored in the last bay. *El Monstruo* was painted in gold across the stern. The first mate, Guapo, was aboard, going through preparations. In Spanish, "guapo" means "handsome," and the name fit him as "tiny" does a four-hundred-pound man, six and a half feet tall. He shook my hand and guided me aboard with the ease and dexterity one would expect a noble.

It was a three-night and four-day venture. Our first day was spent motoring two hundred miles out into the Caribbean until we reached "The Hollows," a renowned giant-marlin fishing spot. We were halfway to Colombia. During the trip, Guapo showed my dad and me all the equipment on *El Monstruo*. There were rods as thick as my wrist and reels wider than my waist. Everything was spotless and looked brand new. The boat was thirty-eight feet long and held five hundred gallons of fuel. It could travel 1,500 miles without stopping. We had sleeping quarters, showers, and even an old Vegas slot machine, which cleansed my pockets of change.

Nussy operated the boat from above, on a raised platform called "the bridge." The bridge was for daytime operation, when you needed to see both danger and fish. It looked thirty feet high but was really only fifteen. I thought Nussy would topple off once the swells got bigger. He came down at nightfall and piloted us to The Hollows by midnight. We ate lobster for dinner, and I was allowed to drink two

beers. Neither my dad nor I got seasick, and we both slept the night through.

They called it “the fighting chair,” and did it look the part. You could do everything on it but use the toilet. Dad and I took turns sitting on the chair while the line was out. The rule was ninety minutes per shift, and whoever hooked a fish must reel it in. Guapo set all the bait, checked the equipment, and watched the ocean. We were using baitfish as long as my arm and hooks the size of baseball gloves. While I was in the chair, I held that rod as if my survival depended on it. The first day, Dad and I each had a strike, but Nussy said that wasn’t the fish he was looking for. He seemed so intuitive and cocksure sitting up on the bridge and scanning the horizon.

At about noon on the third day, I had thirty minutes left on my shift, and I was hungry. My rod began to bend and then bend further. I yelled for Guapo, who was cleaning the bait tray. He looked and said, “Ooly sheet, man,” and began yelling for Nussy to throttle back “ahora!” Guapo quickly drew the strap across me in the chair and set the drag on the reel. Suddenly the reel screeched like a malfunctioning Ferris wheel. The thousand-pound test line began disappearing at a speed which would sever my finger if I put it close enough. For three hours, it was give and take. The fish breached a few times, and I could not believe I was attached to him.

Nussy put the boat in reverse to bring us toward the fish. The line would slacken, and I had to reel three times more quickly to regain tautness. Our fish could spit out the hook with a loose line. My forearms were cramping, and veins that had lain dormant now surfaced. My father stood by me and willed me on, never once suggesting we switch positions. Finally, the fish was fifty yards from the boat, then half that, and five minutes later, half that again. He was so fatigued that only his massive weight was left to offer a fight. Guapo stood portside with a gaff large enough to drag a cow. I worked the rod and got him close. He was half the length of our boat with a bill that added four feet. He shimmered in the water, a vacant eye rolled, staring up at us.

Nussy was shouting orders from the bridge, leaning over and jabbing his finger. My dad had a specially constructed noose which they called a “rear loop.” He stood at the stern waiting for an opportunity to lasso it around the fish’s tail. I was in the chair, holding and pulling up on the rod. Guapo was to my left, leaning over with the gaff raised. Suddenly, in one powerful motion, he brought it down and pulled up right behind the gill. “Got him,” he yelled. Despite his inexperience,

Dad dropped the noose and tightened it around the tail. The fish was ours, pinned to the side of our boat and close to dead from exhaustion. We looked at each other and wondered aloud how to get him aboard.

Nessy went below and handed up hoists, rigging, ropes, and winches. We spent the next two hours securing the fish to our boat. He was mostly out of the water, suspended along the side of the boat. His bill pointed toward the bow, like a compass needle showing us the way home. Six hours had passed from the time I hooked him. We sat in a semicircle and relived the afternoon. My adrenaline slowed to a trickle.

I was below when I heard the boom. It was louder than anything, except maybe the Fourth of July's I'd experienced in New York City. I ran up to the deck where Guapo and Dad were standing. I looked at what they saw: A Colombian naval ship three times our size bearing down on us. They had fired off a water cannon for effect. It worked. Nessy took the throttle down to an idle. We dropped anchor and waited to be boarded.

Capitan Federico Aponte and three subordinates hopped from his go-fast boat onto ours. The captain's hair and mustache were immaculate, as were the creases on his well-adorned uniform. He and Nessy began an escalating dialogue. Captain Federico demanded paperwork allowing us to fish in Colombian waters. Nessy claimed we were not in his waters. Capitan Federico then proved different. He and his subordinates searched the boat and found only a flare gun. He then declared the fish Colombian property that had to be confiscated. The large ship sidled up to us and fed out a cable to the fish. A crane-like device began grinding its wheels and drew the fish away from us. Of course, all our ropes and rigging had been released. When the fish got near enough to the ship, the crane went vertical and pulled him clean out of the ocean. He was magnificent. In the air, he appeared way bigger than he had in the water. Capitan Federico snapped a salute at Nessy and formed his lips into a micro-smirk. He hopped like a cat onto his go-fast boat and disappeared. It was a long trip back to port, and we all wished Federico a slow and painful death. Nessy told us it was not his first run-in with him. We had a world-record marlin, and I would have been in the books for landing him. It surely was the big one that got away, a true *monstruo*.

“WHO IS SHE?”

From *Volta*

By Ramone Fairweather

Like a leaf blowing in the wind

I go where she takes me

Like a stream of water going down the street to the drain

I go where she takes me

In a dark room, lightning flashes

She helps me see what I couldn't

As I sleep peacefully

Thunder erupts

She awakens me

In a snowstorm

I make snow angels

She has the power to give me joy

I can't see her

But I know she is there

Who is she

“Family Reunion”

From VOICE

By Quintin Murray

Dedicated to my dear mother and little sister

I love you.

“Wake up, Son. Breakfast is almost ready.”

“Ughhhhhh, come on, Ma, five more minutes,” was all I could muster up. Why must she ruin this precious moment of me snuggled tight within the warmth of my comforter? I briskly pulled my blanket over my head, a delightful whiff of the intoxicating smell of Gain detergent rapidly traveling into my nostrils. The smell of Gain always reminds me of my precious mother. That day was a special day for our family. It was our first breakfast in our new apartment. Finally, after the family court battles between my mother and father, my mother got her kids back.

Involuntarily, I'd finally gotten up, all discombobulated. My feet glided effortlessly across the freezing linoleum tiles, soaking up gritted sand, which reminded me of my bare feet. In my pursuit of the bathroom, I heard the clanging of pots and pans, and I got stuck in my tracks. I became mesmerized by the aroma of sweet hotcakes, fried bacon, and fresh hot cinnamon rolls. I stood there paralyzed, pondering upon how many pancakes, all soaked in that sweet maple syrup, I was going to foolishly devour. Breakfast for my mother meant an all-out buffet. My stomach kicked violently through my ribs, breaking me out of my trance, reminding me of my mission.

On my way to the bathroom, I cast a look into the kitchen, and I couldn't believe my eyes. I witnessed my mother getting her groove on to the sounds of Marvin Gaye. “Sexual Healing” was piercing through the speakers of my mother's boom box. That poor out-of-shape hanger leaning to one side served its purpose in attracting clear reception gracefully. My mother was in her zone, working that kitchen as a one-woman show. She had food assembled everywhere, her apron stained with dirty handprints while she continued to do her thing. I loved seeing my mother in those liberating moments, all happy and full of tranquility. Somehow, even that scar across my mother's forehead looked perfect, like it was supposed to be there. I'm sure we'd never forget that horrific night when she'd gotten that beauty mark; another reason for our celebration: her emancipation from my oppressive and abusive father. We were safe now.

I remember the blistering sun, as it penetrated its way through our makeshift curtains. The heat from the steam in the kitchen and the sweltering sun had my body feeling all sticky and mushy. The sun had showered our kitchen with its light, heat, and energy. Those sharp but subtle rays, vertically beamed through our kitchen, made it seem as if our kitchen was split in half by a laser. The

sunrays rested upon our kitchen table, advertising the pleasantries of my mother's hard work. It looked like a picture in a food magazine, with the exception of our dangling curtains. However, that immaculate table would've made you forget about those damn curtains.

Oh, silly me, how did I allow myself to become so stagnated that I'd lost focus of what I was supposed to have been doing? I remember trying so hard to pull myself away from that scene, but my desires got the best of me. Right whenever I'd thought I had the strength to leave, it was the steam from the grits pot that did it. It was amazing watching the steam make those funny animal shapes before evaporating into thin air. Next, it was those blueberry banana hotcakes sitting in the middle of the table calling for me. Those pancakes were stacked high, with creamy syrup flowing from the top, as if it was a waterfall, and landing at the base of the plate. Butter was coasting at the top of the pancakes, like a raft drowning in syrup. Oh man, resting right beside those cakes was a bowl of fruit salad, looking like a giant bowl of Now and Later's. Food has a way of bringing people together, and after all those years of being separated, that's what we needed, reunification.

Our new apartment wasn't much, but we were a family inside of our new home, and that's all that mattered. It was ours, from our worn-out doormat to the water-stained and pregnant ceiling that looked like ripples of an ocean. We were proud of our mother for providing a home for us. I remember sitting cross-legged on the floor, thinking about how exotic and beautiful our two-toned beige walls looked. I also remember those walls looking like giant, dingy tie-dye T-shirts. Nothing mattered to us about the condition of our home, because our mother came back for us. I remember sitting in the center of the floor with my bowl feeling secure and happy. My sister and I innocently playing footsie without a care in the world.

I can recollect being captivated at that precise moment by all of those vivid images and feelings. Something unexplainable and most profound was taking place in our kitchen that morning within my family. Now that I look back, I can fully grasp what was going on. The wisdom behind those experiences is the saying "Life is not about being dealt a good hand; it's about playing a poor hand well." That's what my family and I were celebrating: our defeat against the odds of being separated. That was the beginning of our victory reunion.

There we were, all three of us gathered at our kitchen table, ready for breakfast. Our table was glamorous, dressed with my mother's fancy tablecloth. This

tablecloth could've brought life to any dull situation. It had blossomy patterns spilled across the center, while Barcelona orange flowers rested in each of its corners, flirting with the ground.

The table was set. I looked around from my left to my right. I was startled by the paradise I'd witnessed within the eyes of the most important woman in all of my young life. I saw the young beauty nestled behind the wrinkles at the crack of my mother's eyes. Her slicked-back baby hairs edging the shape of her oval head made her look like an angelic teenager. Decorating her ears were those half-moon earrings my sister and I gave her several years before on Mother's Day. To the left of me was my big-head sister. I didn't understand why my mother had allowed my sister to fix her own hair that day. I was tired of seeing those two goofy-ass ponytails with blue and white beads hanging at the bottom. I couldn't believe she had the nerve to smile ear-to-ear, as if she wasn't missing her front teeth. It cracked me up how whenever my sister talked, food would fly out of her mouth where her front teeth were supposed to be. She would nonchalantly pick it back up and continue to eat, which was just what she was doing at that precise moment. She had her favorite ruffled-collar shirt all ruined with cake mix and syrup. Somehow, she'd managed to keep her paper towel in position, protecting her ruffles.

I couldn't help but notice my mother in deep thought, as tears flowed effortlessly down her face. She just broke down and started crying out of nowhere. My sister was patting her on her back with one hand, whispering, "Momma, don't cry," while balancing a forkful of pancakes in the other. I just got up and started preparing her plate and gently rubbed her arms. I'd asked her what was wrong, and she conveyed to us how bad she felt leaving my sister and me for all those years. She promised to never leave us again.

What really set the tone that day was how Bill Withers's song "Lean on Me" came on at that perfect moment. My mother motioned for me to sit down, and I did. She reached for the hands of my sister and me and said, "Let's pray."

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Issue

Volume 53 • Issue 1 • 2025 • Education Across Prison Walls

Dates

Accepted	2024-07-30
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Published	2025-09-03
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Identifiers

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.35240/vue.166>

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