LEGACY

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Scholarly Journal

READING AREA COMMUNITY COLLEGE

Volume Seven

READING AREA COMMUNITY COLLEGE
10 South Second Street
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Editor's Note

Sherri C. Colton

I hadn't thought very much about language or the use of it against any marginalized people until this year. In the past two years, I have heard about the injustices carried out against native and other peoples of America, via language. It wasn't until I understood cultural anthropology that I began to understand the possibility of destroying an entire people by taking away their language. The author of Teaching New Worlds/New Words, bell hooks (Gloria Watkins), states, "Reflecting on Adrienne Rich's words, I know that it is not the English language that hurts me, but what the oppressors do with it, how they shape it to become a territory that limits and defines, how they make it a weapon that can shame, humiliate, colonize." Using language as a weapon is something that was figured out a long time ago and has apparently been used for many millennia by those who would seek to oppress another.

There are many examples from the beginning of recorded history where conquering nations have forced their language on the oppressed and conquered native inhabitants. When this happens, it strips the identity and culture from the peoples and forces them to operate in a new world - the world of the oppressor.

America is certainly a hodge-podge of different nationalities, cultures and diverse ideas. There needs to be some standard by which everyone, including students, can communicate. If not, there is confusion. However, there also needs to be an ability to broaden our perspective by sharing language with other cultures. We must begin to use language to be inclusive rather than exclusive. Instead of being splintered by our cultures, we should embrace others, bonding together the many to become part of the whole. As we begin to see beyond our own perspectives, we can share in the kaleidoscope of diversity that is our community.

Sherri

Acknowledgements

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And finally, we extend our great thanks to all students who contributed essays, art, photography, or poetry for consideration and inclusion.

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Seeing Beyond our own Perspective

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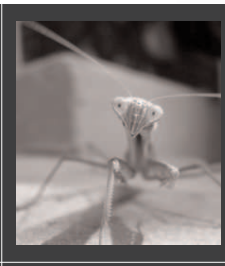

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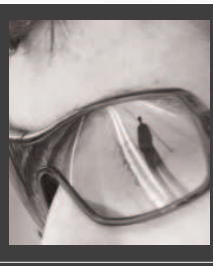

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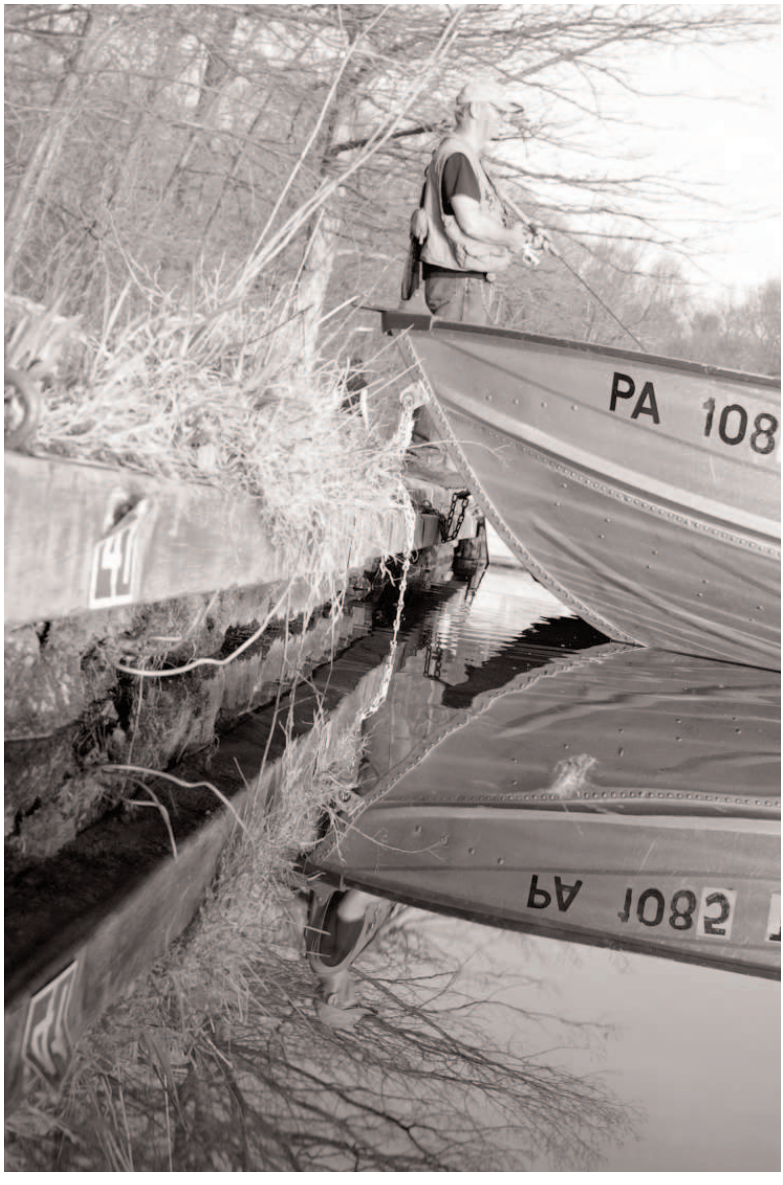

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The Lost *Jane Eyre*

Jennifer Fernandez

Dust motes dance through diffused beams of sunlight shining through tall windows. Unerringly, my feet carry me to the same corner shelf they have traveled to so many times before, the same familiar anticipation running through me. Mother and brother, lingering by the front racks, are quickly forgotten. Closer and closer, I approach the object of my determined step. In the hushed silence, my eyes search the spines as my fingertips twitch. I bite my lip and smile slightly. I know exactly where it is yet still I play the same game, starting at the beginning of the shelf and drifting along it, prolonging the moment and taking the tension to a higher pitch. There, yes, there it is, just a third of the way in, situated at perfect eyelevel-that same green cloth cover roughened by countless hands to individual threads that fray at the corners, with familiar gold letters spelling out only the title, *Jane Eyre*, as if the author's name was superfluous. Tenderly, I ease the book from the shelf, inhaling deeply the fragrance of old paper pages and linen cover. My fingers linger caressingly on the bumpiness of the edges, so different from newer books with their ruler-straight edges. I stand still for a few moments and savor the feeling of success. Now that I have my treasure, I turn my attention to other, less worthy books to borrow from the library.

"I was a student in the Composition and Literature (Honors) class this winter, and was challenged to write essays. "The Lost Jane Eyre" was written to describe myself as a reader based on my favorite book and the warm memories I have as a young reader exploring the library. It also speaks to the loss of a treasured skill that children possess in the ability to lose themselves utterly to the power of a good story." Jennifer Fernandez

Thus ran a ritual through years of my girlhood. Every other week in summertime, and every third Saturday during the school year, my mother, brother, and I visited the Southwest Branch of the Reading Public Library, often accompanied by my grandmother. We pulled into the small parking lot via the gravel road behind it, mom skillfully

maneuvering the old Caddy around the potholes. Often I jumped out before she finished parking just to reach the library doors those few seconds sooner. It always seemed to be sunny at the library, even in winter. Walking in through heavy wooden doors, I would tremble slightly, wondering what wonderful stories waited for me. Nevertheless, it was always Jane Eyre first. Dead center was the librarian's desk and there was old Mrs. Mitchell. She knew us by name and by literary tastes. She would unerringly direct us to new books with an uncanny awareness of precisely what would suit each one best. The high windows seemed to smile down on those books resting in a cathedral silence. All the shelves were wooden and dark in color from years of polish. The wooden benches were curiously shaped, affixed to slanted desktops with a handy ledge at the bottom to prevent resting books from sliding off. I often wondered how many people had sat there over the years. Southwest Branch even smelled as a library should-slightly musty, dry, and with a hint of stamp pad ink. Even now, I can close my eyes and trace the subjects of those old bookshelves. Just to the left of the doors marched the young adult section above the water fountain. Traveling along, the reading age slowly diminished until the picture book section near the back wall. Then came the bathrooms (mom never let us use them), the non-fiction books, and, in a funny U-shaped area, biographies. Passing the card catalog in the back meant entering into the adult section and, for me, heaven, for that is where they kept *Jane Eyre*.

The library's copy of *Jane Eyre* never failed to transport me utterly to the world Jane inhabited. The text was centered on the page with large margins all around, easily two inches wide on the sides and three inches top and bottom. The edges were rough, almost ragged, but uniform and purposely cut in that manner. I remember feeling a thrill when I saw the copyright date of 1911-here I was holding a book that was older than my mother was! Older than my grandmother! Unbelievable! My mother would never let me read *Jane Eyre* in the library because of its spell over me. I would sit immobile and deaf for hours, bewitched until someone forcibly roused me or I regrettably reached the ending. I could never read it while riding home in the car due to a tendency to motion sickness (which my mother said was only fair as I already spent so much time reading the rest of the day and it was nice to see my face instead of the top of my head once in a while).

Upon arriving home, I filled my arms with my stacks of books and tromped off to my room. I never read *Jane Eyre* in the communal parts of our house. No, Jane and I stayed in my room, away from noise and interference. The solitude and loneliness that Jane suffered merited the same commitment from me, so we remained apart from the rest of my family. My mother originally recommended *Jane Eyre* to me, so I think she understood my attachment to Jane and my need for quiet reading. Each time I borrowed the book inevitably resulted in hours in my room, transported to Thornfield and Moor House. Jane always came first; I never read any book before her.

My mother first put *Jane Eyre* in my hands when I was ten years old and suggested I might enjoy the book. I slogged through the first two pages with some difficulty as a few of the words were a bit past my vocabulary level. Then, near the bottom of the second page, I fell in love. I read of the "ceaseless rain sweeping away wildly before a long and lamentable blast." Oh, words to awaken the imagination and thrill to! "A long and lamentable blast." I was utterly entranced. The pages fairly flew under my fingertips. Why, Jane was ten years old, and so was I! I raged with Jane at Mrs. Reed and wept with Jane when Helen died. Mr. Rochester's enigmatical dialogue confused me until I fell in love with him along with Jane-well, as much as a ten-year-old child can fall in love. I remember feeling confused at themes that I sensed were somehow above my understanding-honor, self-respect, duty, and pride in the very best sense of the word. Lack of understanding these morals did not hamper my enjoyment of the story; indeed, those virtues seeped into my unconsciousness, dormant seeds awaiting my dawning awareness.

Adulthood expanded my perceptions and permitted a deeper understanding of the underlying morals of *Jane Eyre*. True happiness comes at a price and should never be cheaply purchased or undervalued; love of self is only worthy when supported by self-respect; silence in conversations speaks louder and clearer than clever words spoken for effect; maintaining high morals provides its own reward in time; and an ugly duckling can be beautiful to another swan. It is no boast to say that I have read Jane Eyre over a hundred times, possibly nearing two hundred readings. I borrowed the book on average four or five times a year for about fifteen years until I bought my own copy. I still read it several times each year. (Do the various film adaptations count as a reading? If so, better push my numbers higher yet!)

Southwest Branch Library is the same old brick building, but how different it seems to me now! These days, Schuylkill Avenue is a rundown, crime-filled area of town with garbage littering the streets and residents who make one feel somewhat apprehensive. The old wooden swinging doors are gone, and Mrs. Mitchell is long passed on. The librarians behind the desk all seem to be young teenage girls barely out of high school who snap gum behind braces. Children race about and shout to each other from only a few feet's distance, slapping books on tables, spinning circular racks recklessly. Those old benches are gone, as are the wooden shelves darkened with years of use. Sharp-edged aluminum bookcase units with adjustable shelves in bright unnatural colors line the walls and form aisles. Books run in regimental lines in metallic, precise rows. Hard plastic chairs sit under cold metal tables that chill the air. The windows are still high and tall, but somehow seem sad and drooping to me now. Sunlight cannot compete with fluorescent bulbs.

My own copy of *Jane Eyre*, published in 1991, includes selections from essays by Virginia Woolf and Kathleen Tillotson. Its cover is a hard, sandy cardboard which is dull to both sight and touch (the paper dust jacket is gone, the unfortunate result of a failure to successfully balance a cup of tea while sneezing). Its ruler-straight edges almost cut my fingertips, and the text seems to run right to the edges of the margins in tight, tiny print. It does not even smell like a book. No love went into this printed edition. Oh, I still enjoy the story, thrilling again to the wide windswept moors and wild emotions of Jane's romance. But . . . somehow there is still part of me here on the sofa, tucked up under an afghan, music softly playing in the background. I cannot lose myself in the story anymore. Have I lost Jane because I do not have that old book, or because I grew up?

How much would I pay to own that dear old book, green cloth cover fraying at the corners, frontspiece of Charlotte Brontë shyly hiding behind tissue paper, pages crackling with each turn! Those old wooden shelves, worn smooth by years of loving hands, were warm and alive to the touch, and each new shelf was baited with the magic lure of the mysterious unknown. That was the *real* Jane Eyre and that was the *real* library. Modern libraries fail to touch that essential, vital essence within me, and crisp new books are cheap imitations, only paper and ink. The real Jane and the real library are lost to me now, wisps of smoke in the wind, and live only in my memory.

poetry

The Innate Need

I need to dance.
to have my body consist solely
of hardened muscle and bone.
to flex tendons
and feel them strain inside my skin.
to twirl on my toes
and feel them strong with balance and precision.
I need to soar.
to have my body be light as air
and thin as the bare.
to bend and twist
and feel muscle flex and contract.
to leap in the air
and feel nothing under my toes.
I need to move.
to have the music move me
the only way I know how.
to count rhythms and scores
and feel them in my heartbeat.
to move freely
and have nothing hold me down.
I need to dance.

Vision

"The theme of this year's journal, which is Vision, holds meaning for me because what I wrote is my vision. I hope that there will come a day when individuals suffering from anorexia will be seen in a new light and that the need for funds towards treatment of this disease will be available for those who desperately need it. My perspective on vision and more specifically the vision for this project, has been changed since I've been attending RACC. The concepts that I learned in my classes up until the point in time when my paper was written, were applied in the writing of the paper. The skills and tools I have been taught here have aided me in my vision."

Chelsea Hostetter, 2008

On Passion in a Darkened Room

the spark of love
like fire,
hot.
burning through my icy veins.
leave this cold in my bones
The chill that ties me to the earth.

leave this rawness that builds
frosting on my breath
baubles of sweat like ice
clinging to my warm skin
steaming from your touch.

oh your touch
the hands that caress,
the lips that travel
down and around my curves
(my beautiful feminine curves)
until nothing else remains,
but that one touch
that one moment
just you
and me
and the satin of the sheets.

Historical Trauma: Alcoholism and Native Americans

Abby McFerrin

"We lived next door to the bootlegger, and were lucky. The bootlegger reigned. We were a stolen people in a stolen land. Oklahoma meant defeat. But the sacred lands have their own plans, seep through fingers of the alcohol spirit. Nothing can be forgotten, only left behind. Last week I saw the river where the hickory stood; this homeland doesn't predict a legacy of malls and hotels. Dreams aren't glass and steel but made from the hearts of the deer, the blazing eye of a circling panther. Translating them was to understand the death count from Alabama, the destruction of grandchildren, famine of stories. I didn't think I could stand it. My father couldn't. He searched out his death with the vengeance of a warrior who has been the hunted. It's in our blood."

Joy Harjo, Autobiography

Alcoholism is an epidemic among Native American people living on federal reservations in the United States today. Alcohol claims many Native American lives; it traps American Indians into an endless cycle of addiction that negatively affects entire communities. However, in order to understand problematic alcohol use among Native Americans and the difficulties their communities face today, we must first understand the impact of the original introduction of alcohol into Native American cultures. We could then begin to understand why this trauma continues to this day and perhaps imagine ways that might help soothe their wounds.

National statistics show that Native Americans have alcohol dependence rates three times higher than the national average. According to Indian Health Service, a federally funded health program for Native Americans, 17 to 19 percent of all Indian deaths are alcohol-related, compared with 4.7 percent for the general population (Newhouse, "Bane"). Five of the top ten causes of death among Native Americans are a direct result of or strongly associated with alcohol

use: alcoholism, accidents, suicides, homicides, and cirrhosis (a chronic liver disease.) These causes of death occur among Native Americans at rates of three to four times the national average (Shore). The death rate of Native Americans age 15-24 is nearly 12 times higher than for other Americans, which could be attributed to the higher rate of alcohol-related deaths among the American Indian population. According to the Veterans Administration, 45 percent of Indian veterans are self-professed alcoholics. This number is twice the rate for non-Indian veterans (Newhouse, "Bane"). Alcohol also contributes to an increased

"I am fascinated by the phenomenon of substance addiction and how it is utilized as an escape mechanism by oppressed peoples on the outskirts of American society." Abby McFerrin

risk of hypertension, increased occurrence of anxiety and depression disorders, increased victimization and the increased spread of sexually transmitted diseases among Native Americans (Szlemko, Wood, and Thurman 438). Simply put, alcohol seems to be "culminating in the destruction of Native American populations" (Newhouse, "Bane").

Many theories attempt to explain the cause of widespread alcoholism among Native Americans. Some scientific studies have suggested a genetic predisposition to alcoholism. These experiments reason that Native American people metabolize alcohol more slowly than people who are not of Native American ancestry. This genetic trait would cause Indian drinkers to crave increasing doses of alcohol while experiencing a rapid loss of control of their senses. This theory, dubbed the "firewater myth," is controversial and cannot be relied upon as fact, as overwhelming research shows that Indians process alcohol just as efficiently as non-Indians ("Alcohol Abuse"). The cause of alcoholism in Native Americans is more likely a complicated medley of historical and environmental factors and therefore is difficult for us to understand "without reference to the extraordinary barrage of inducements to drink heavily in the early years after European contact" ("Alcohol Abuse"), or in more general terms, without understanding the origins of alcohol in Native American cultures.

It is the overwhelming consensus of historians that most Native American tribes had no experience with alcohol until it was introduced to them by European visitors as early as the 1500s. Indians living on the East Coast of North America were initially exposed to alcohol via English and French traders. Native Americans of the East were completely naïve to the effects of alcohol and had no "social experience in the norms of drinking and intoxication" that may have regulated their alcohol consumption (Games). Tribal authority figures were unprepared for the ill effects of alcohol because tribes "lacked established protective social rules and contexts for alcohol use" ("Alcohol Abuse"). This inexperience would prove disastrous for Native Americans who began drinking under the influence of Europeans.

Over the next several hundred years, European trading gradually spread westward, bringing alcohol to tribes across North America. With no time-tested wisdom regulating the use of alcohol, Native Americans learned how to consume it by example. This was of major detriment to the Indians, because the white people who brought alcohol to them were frequently irresponsible in their use of alcohol. Those who were most influential in Indians' alcohol consumption were members of "binge drinking cultures: fur traders, soldiers, cowboys and miners . . . antisocial personality types, many with pre-existing addiction problems . . . drawn to life on the frontier precisely because it was beyond the reach of, among other things, government enforcement of alcohol policies" ("Alcohol Abuse"). Many Indians followed the European model for alcohol consumption. These learned behaviors, combined with the stress of a growing cultural crisis, caused many Native Americans to succumb to alcoholism.

Eastern tribes in contact with the English and French quickly integrated alcohol into their native culture. Three major motivations for Indian alcohol consumption were "to regain a sense of the power they felt they had lost, to engage in hospitality and trade, and to celebrate rituals such as mourning a dead chief or toasting the English king" (Games). French priest, Francis Belmont said that Indians drank to "dispel fear and a sense of shame, to gain courage, and to have an excuse for violence; Indians disregarded any violence that occurred under the influence of alcohol because they considered 'the liquor is criminal and not the man'" (Games). Conversely, Indians used alcohol

in attempts to communicate with the spiritual world and to arrive at an altered state of consciousness. According to French missionary reports, Indians believed alcohol could give them the supernatural powers needed to restore balance in their tribes.

The Europeans who encouraged Indian drinking had their own selfish motives: to manipulate natives into unfair trade negotiations. Native Americans were pressured into the market of Colonial trade largely by the British, who profited from "the unequal exchange of furs and pelts for alcohol" (Games). Native Americans were willing to trade their furs for liquor, apparently perceiving the availability of alcohol as a benefit to be gained from the exchanges. Eventually, Indians became conditioned by the use of alcohol as payment, coming to see it as a marker of economic success.

By the year 1700, the exchange of fur for alcohol yielded an average 400 percent profit margin for white traders in New York State. The exorbitant numbers alone suggest that their trading tactics were less than fair. The profit accrued by the European trader "could be doubled and quadrupled if rum were diluted with water or if Indians were offered strong drink during trade negotiations" and at a Quebec trade meeting in 1678, it was reported that French merchants collected 60,000 to 80,000 beaver skins and sold liquor to approximately 20,000 Indians per year (Games). Because of the Indians' fondness for liquor, business boomed for British and French fur traders.

However, the European furs-for-liquor trade routine quickly began to backfire as the negative effects of alcohol wore on Native Americans: "While liquor attracted Indians to trade with the British, drunkenness undermined Native American communities, resulting in a marked reduction of hunting and trapping, which in turn hampered the sought-after fur trade" (Games). Native Americans' growing affection for alcohol impaired their productivity, thus damaging the trade cycle on which both parties had come to depend, and alcohol-related problems such as violent crime and theft became more prevalent among Indian tribes.

Colonial officials recognized the problem, but did little to prevent or control the distribution of alcohol to Native Americans. Their efforts were half-hearted and futile. In fact, they encouraged alcohol consumption in order to disorient the already vulnerable Indians, and the Indians' fondness for liquor ultimately proved advantageous to Colonial expansion interests. To ensure that they got their way, colonists used alcohol "in virtually all treaty parleys and other official negotiations" between members of the Colonial government and Indians ("Alcohol Abuse"), and Native Americans lost their ancestral homeland at the hands of drunken chiefs and morally bankrupt colonists.

Indians began to drink at a time when their culture was in crisis, and their dependence on alcohol only hastened their demise. Many believe that it was the manner in which Native Americans drank that led to alcohol addiction. However, it would be more accurate to say that circumstances caused Native Americans to adopt patterns of drinking that brought about rapid devastation. In response to their desperate situations, "Indians drank deliberately and excessively in order to become inebriated, and consequently their behavior was uncontrollable" (Games). Their lack of control was mainly due to their lack of experience with alcohol and thus the vicious cycle of alcoholism begun: Indians drank to escape the dismal reality of white invasion and colonization, but their drinking impaired their ability to help the situation and deal with the problems their communities faced.

Patterns of Native Americans living on reservations in the U.S. today suggest that the destructive cycle of alcohol has never ended. The American Indians lost almost everything that they treasured as a result of European invasion and colonization: Their land was commandeered by white settlers; their tribal lifestyle, which centered on hunting, was impossible to sustain after Indian tribes were "relocated" to government-allotted reservations; government-funded boarding schools attempted to systematically strip Indian children of their language and customs. A great number of Native Americans died as a result of disease and war: The population of Native Americans in North America, which was estimated to be between 4 and 12 million before the arrival of Columbus, had dwindled to 250,000 by 1900 (Szlemko, Wood, and Thurman 440). The decimation of their culture left Indian survivors deeply scarred. These emotional and psychological

wounds have been passed down through generations and continue to impact Native Americans today.

Many Native Americans feel alienated from both mainstream U.S. culture and traditional Native American culture. A feeling of identity confusion is one that continually pervades Native American life: "As more and more of the native culture and heritage became lost . . . Native Americans found themselves [confused and] caught in limbo between two worlds. The cultural way of life of the past was gone, but the natives were not accepted as equal members of the new white society, either" (Hissong). After settling on reservations, many Indians continued to depend on alcohol to numb the feelings of loss that had become integral to their cultural identities.

Through many generations, alcoholism has continued among Native Americans through a pattern of learned behavior. A child's observation of a parent's actions is as powerful an influence on the child as any genetic programming. When the behavior involves the consumption of alcohol, the parent's abuse of the substance has a destructive effect on the child. Attesting to the negative influence of a parent's alcohol addiction, a Native American man explains: "[My] father drank to get drunk, a behavior he adopted. No one ever taught us to drink in moderation. We had no role models" (Newhouse, "Bane). Thus, the cycle of alcoholism has continued and children of many generations have suffered similar hardships living on reservations. Living conditions on reservations have remained mostly static since the turn of the 20th century, and the societal standing of Native Americans has not improved. Due to Caucasian influence, newer generations of Native Americans seem to have lost virtually all connection to their ancestry. Sadly, alcohol has become one of the only consistent Native American traditions:

> As generation followed generation, and more of the culture and identity of the past was lost, newer generations of the native population eventually found alcohol to be their only salvation. With no strong cultural heritage to lead them, and a continued lack of acceptance out in the world at large, there has been little else left for them. Even if they could go back to the days of hunting buffalo and living off the land, where are the buffalo today, and what's become of the vast land that was once their cherished home? (Hissong)

Today, "with little else left for them," many Native American families live in small, dilapidated homes and under the poverty line. In the early 1980s, "more than a third of all Native American families were living in houses with fewer than three rooms and 63,000 reservation families were without plumbing facilities" (Freeman). Many Native American families rely on meager welfare checks to survive. Government assistance provides vital aid to those who live on reservations, many of which are economically depressed stretches of land in isolated areas of the country. Native Americans living on reservations receive about 42 percent of the nation's adult welfare checks (Newhouse, "Bane"). However, welfare may ultimately be detrimental to reservation communities by enabling alcoholism. "Some people need the welfare system to get a step up, but other people get stuck in it," says a Blackfoot man on a reservation in Montana. "I believe the welfare system has disabled us by enabling people to continue their destructive behaviors" (Newhouse, "Bane"). While government money helps to feed Indians living on reservations where there are few opportunities for employment, just as this reservation dweller points out, people can also become dependant on welfare to support an alcohol addiction.

Speaking about the bleak reality of life on a federal Indian reservation, another Montana Blackfoot man says, "People here have no jobs, no sense of self worth, and they keep losing their sense of hope" (Newhouse, "Booze"). Living with no real sense of purpose and under the stress of poverty, many Native Americans feel doomed to failure. To escape such feelings of gloom, alcohol becomes a cheap and easily attainable (though temporary) remedy. Even if they leave the reservation, it is difficult for Indians to find well-paying jobs in urban areas due to lack of education and job skill training on reservations. Unsuccessful job hunts in the 'outside world' usually send Indians back to the reservation. This continual cycle of urban migration and return, and particularly feeling inadequate in both worlds-on the reservation and in 'outside' urban areas, often becomes a major risk factor for alcoholism.

The loss of spiritual traditions has also intensified the emptiness felt by many Native Americans. Lacking a strong foundation of spiritual awareness, many Indians are vulnerable to defeat by life's

hardships and "powerless before the poverty, illness, premature death and abuse so common in the community" (Newhouse, "Bane"). "At one time, we were a strong, healthy people," says a Montana Blackfoot man. "Now we need a positive environment for our children, so [we] can be healthy again. But we need to be healed spiritually before we can be healed physically" (Newhouse, "Bane"). As this reservation dweller believes, a return to spiritual traditions and a reconstruction of cultural traditions may be the first step in healing Native Americans' addictions.

Evaluating the impact of the original introduction of alcohol into Native American cultures, 18th century writer Alexander Hewatt assessed the staggering losses suffered by Native Americans as a result of the substance. By his estimation, Native Americans lost "their land, a way of life, the food supply, and [for many] their freedom" (qtd. in Games). It was Hewatt's belief that alcohol was the fundamental cause of the obliteration of American Indian culture. Nearly 500 years after the initial introduction of liquor, Native Americans are still plagued by alcohol-related problems (qtd. in Games). Alcohol seems to have done its share of damage, still preventing Native Americans from growing, healing and progressing. The true destructive force, however, lies in those who provided it and used it as a manipulative tool, rather than in the substance itself. The United States government has an ethical obligation to help soothe the wounds that white Colonists inflicted and help Native Americans out of the destructive alcoholic cycle.

Most importantly, Native Americans must discover a way to heal themselves. A significant distance separates living Native Americans from their ancestors, but today's Indians must find inspiration in their ancient traditions to restore the wellbeing of their communities. The survival of their people may depend on it. At the dawn of the 21st century, a Blackfoot man summarized the Native Americans' predicament with an ultimatum: "Are we going to walk into the new millennium with our heads held high, or are we going to stagger in drunk? It's our choice" (Newhouse, "Bane").

Author's Biography

Abby is a full-time RACC student in her sophomore year. She plans to earn her degree in June 2008 and continue on in music business and performance.

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Vision

"Vision, represents to me the objective of having goals in life, having a dream to strive for, and working towards that goal, never allowing the vision of achieving those goals to leave your sight."

Mike Heffner, 2008

"The Sidewalk"
Sheryl Lan

Nemo me Impune Lacessit: The Parable of Aristocratic Descent

Kevin Jennings

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. At length I would be avenged; this was a point definitively settled-but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

In "A Cask of Amontillado," Edgar Allan Poe creates a sense of imbalance and discomfort for the reader by blurring the line between protagonist and antagonist. By weaving both tragic and dramatic irony through visceral imagery, the reader is able to place himself in the mind of both characters simultaneously. The emotional ambiguity culminates in a final murder that represents the dichotomy between the sum fears and darkest fantasies of the proletariat.

To understand the use of irony and symbolic interactions taking place throughout the story we must first analyze and define the imagery. When we are first introduced to Montresor he vows revenge against the iniquitous Fortunato. The extent to which Montresor then boasts his wine connoisseurship suggests a level of vanity that questions the veracity of his malice. The controvertible nature of these motivations influences the reader's perception of Montresor as the protagonist redressing a very real wrong on the part of Fortunato, or as the antagonist overreacting to an imperceptible social faux pas.

Fortunato is a character based on layers of irony. Montresor describes him as "a man to be respected and feared" (Poe 127). This, combined with the thousand injuries Montresor claims to have borne

at his hands, suggests Fortunato is not only wealthy but of significant influence and power. The irony becomes evident when the fortunate one is introduced intoxicated and wearing a fool's costume. Once again the reader's allegiance is split between sorrow at Fortunato's undeserved punishment, and satisfaction at the sight of an otherwise unaccountable aristocrat held responsible for his wrongdoings. As manifestations of the capricious overclass, both characters are morally suspect and ethically compromised.

"I have always been amazed by the subtleties of Poe's psychological impact. Beyond his skills as an author, Poe is a musician of the mind."
Kevin Jennings

The house itself is archetypal opulence of the aristocracy. The mere existence of the underground vaults full of vintage wines and ancestors' tombs set a scene to which the reader cannot relate. There is an innate emotional discord when a wall lined with human remains is compared to the fashion in Paris: "Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris" (Poe 130). This trivialization further galvanizes the reader's impression that the characters' morality shares little in common with their own. A 19th century audience would not only accept that a wealthy person owns such a chamber, but they would expect that a person of such power could use it in the commission or concealment of anything. As the reader's worst fears are realized, a wealthy man is not only capable of carrying out a heinous act, but is able to hide it forever.

As the story unfolds in the cavern, the symbolic imagery begins to take on different forms. In response to Fortunato's allusion to membership in the freemasons, Montresor sarcastically infers that he too is a mason by producing a trowel. This scene further blurs the line between protagonist and antagonist. Freemasons at this time are powerful, influen-

tial, wealthy, and hated by the common people. For Poe to invoke this image is an intentional insertion of cognitive dissonance. It is an obstacle to the establishment of a moral compass for both the characters and the reader.

Montresor describes his family crest as "a huge human foot d'or, in a field of azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel" with the motto: Nemo me impune lacessit (Poe 129). As the footnotes translate, "No one provokes me with impunity" (129). The crest is a microcosm of the story's duality. Is the foot crushing a deadly snake as a last act of revenge for the bite or is the snake biting in a last protest for being crushed? Are both parties killed because of their aggression, their transgression, or in spite of it? Is Montresor the foot or the snake?

If the story itself is viewed as a parable, and the characters as portrayals of multiple archetypes simultaneously, the emotional impact can be dissected. The intended audience of this story is a 19th century proto-middle class literate and the characters' real life counterparts would normally be shrouded by their wealth and influence. However, the present day reader has little to no first-hand knowledge of this distant past world and thus the characters with whom the reader would share a natural identity would only be the absentee attendants of the house. Although the reference to these characters as attendants in lieu of servants suggests an employer-employee relationship over master-slave, the reverse psychology used by Montresor to insure an empty household reinforces the suspicion of the upper class' superior intelligence to the lower class. Indeed, the main characters themselves are placed in an executive position over the reader, although the dialogue attempts to reach common familiarity. The discrepancy in frame of reference sets the reader at an informational disadvantage and forces an ambiguous admonition in the end: Who was the bad guy?

The implication of mutually assured destruction could be viewed as the moral of the story. Or, in the absence of a tangible lesson this could be a cautionary tale with the simple epilogue: Absolute

power corrupts absolutely. Ultimately, the interpretation of the story's last paragraph as a guilt-ridden confession or boastful reminiscence exposes the reader's duality of conscience. The emotional inquietude elicited through this work shines a light in the darkest caverns of the mind and is in and of itself the caveat of the story.

> "Fortunato!"
> No answer. I called again:
> "Fortunato!"
>
> No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick--on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labour. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I reërected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. In pace requiescat.
>
> -Edgar Allan Poe, "A Cask of Amontillado"

Author's Biography

Kevin is a full-time student at RACC planning to graduate in 2008. He plans to pursue a career in civil engineering.

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Unfinished Church of St. George Island

Unfinished Church of St. George Island II

Inside the Unfinished Church

Vision

"Vision for me means to look at life from differerent perspectives and to be open to change. I lived much of my life with a set of values and suppositions that through education, both on my own and at RACC, have changed."

Dawn Gieringer, 2008

Psychoanalysis and Gestalt: Therapies with a Common Goal, But Different Attitudes

Michael Heffner

"In the course of centuries [we have] had to submit to two major blows at the hands of science. The first was when [we] learnt our earth was not the center of the universe but only a tiny fragment of a cosmic system of scarcely imaginable vastness. . . . The second blow fell when biological research destroyed man's supposedly privileged place in creation and proved his descent from the animal kingdom and his ineradicable animal nature. . . . But human megalomania will have suffered its third and most wounding blow from the psychological research of the present time which seeks to prove to the ego that it is not even master in its own house, but must content itself with scanty information of what is going on unconsciously in its mind." -Sigmund Freud

Over a half a century separates the research of Sigmund Freud and his thoughts on psychoanalysis and Fritz Perls utilizing Gestalt therapy. Freud was an early pioneer in the field of psychology and his work opened doors leading to other forms of therapy for mental disorders. Perls, a student of the school of Freudian thought, further analyzed the effectiveness of psychoanalytic therapies and develop a new school of thought in Gestalt. Psychoanalysis and Gestalt therapy share common goals and usage; however, the process by which these goals are obtained vary significantly. Both therapies work on repression of memories and events, but through different means. Each of these therapies utilizes 'transference' as a mode of working through problems; it is in the way this transference is manifested that they vary.

Therapy dealing with repressed memories and feelings requires time and effort on the part of the afflicted and the practitioner. The repression of traumatic events and harmful memories is the process

where an individual can take the thought of what has happened and involuntarily store it in the unconscious mind where it is forgotten (Warwick and Bolton 121). Psychoanalysis and Gestalt seek to bring these repressed memories to the conscious mind so that the afflicted individual can heal. However, each of these therapies goes about helping the patient move repressed conflicts to the conscious mind in its own way. Through psychoanalysis, most often the counseling session involves the individual and the therapist only, whereas in Gestalt it can be either one-on-one or in group. Also, the method by which the 'vic-

"The human psyche is an interesting and challenging subject to research."
Michael Heffner

tim' encounters or faces their repressed memories or events varies within each school. Psychoanalysis involves recognizing three internal controlling factors known as the Id, the Ego, and the Superego. The Id is the driving force behind our actions, the Superego is the moralist or ethical thinker, and the Ego is the moderator between the two. When the Id or Superego becomes unbalanced, it can lead to disorders and repression of thoughts (Bromberg 213). Therefore the objective of the psychoanalytic therapist is to help the patient through "free association" or "free thinking," which allows the individual to express himself through discussion of how he feels, what his dreams has been, and what comes to his mind. This has given way to psychodynamic therapy in which the counselor guides the patient through the discussion allowing it to be more focused rather than talking about whatever is the hottest topic on the patient's mind (Warwick and Bolton 195-96).

Gestalt takes a more humanistic approach to aiding in the healing of patients, because the therapist can take the form of one person or a group of people for support. Gestalt is viewed by many therapists as a "resistance to awareness," which is a way of repressing painful memories and feelings (Engle and Hollman 176). It is essential for one to bring those fears or emotions to the surface and face them in some manner. One of the methods used in Gestalt involves acting out of fantasies, conflicts, or emotions as if the patient was in a play allowing the therapist to observe and interpret those repressed feelings. Another

useful tool of Gestalt Therapy is what is known as the "empty chair" technique in which the patient envisions the troubling situation. Sitting in an empty chair, the patient can have an open discussion while the therapist can observe the behavior (Gerrig and Zimbardo 503).

Both therapy styles include the usage of transference in their process of moving repressed issues to the conscious mind for evaluation. However, this is where the similarity stops. In psychoanalysis therapy sessions, the psychoanalyst becomes the subject or object onto which the patient casts what is ailing him. This is explained by the psychoanalyst Theodore Reik in 1948 in referring to himself during the heat of a therapy session:

> During the past hour the patient may have been considering this same man as near to God or close to Satan; he may have seen in him his grandfather or father or a representative of any one of the figures that played an important role in his life. That's a heavy burden to carry, but psychotherapists of all theoretical stripes bear it regularly. (qtd. in Bower para. 2)

As Reik points out, this process of self-understanding-or becoming conscious of unresolved conflicts buried in the unconscious mind-places a strain not only on the patient but the therapist as well, while in Gestalt, the transference is often associated to the empty chair or to the patient's interpretation of the issue involved.

Friendly advice is usually free, but anything involving extensive psychiatric evaluation is not. Each of these methods requires time to be effective and money to keep the office open. Again, that is where the similarity ends. Psychoanalysis can take years of therapy with many sessions per week to get to the root of any mental problem. Gestalt, however, could take as little as one session to have the patient face his fears and overcome those fears (Gerrig and Zimbardo 492). Psychoanalysts demand large sums of money for their experienced assistance, whereas support groups are a more cost effective way to better mental health.

Psychoanalysis and Gestalt therapies help individuals to better associate with society and improve social and familial relationships. They are effective methods of treatment for repressed memories and events and each therapy has developed its own school. Each of these forms of psychological therapy has its own unique way of treating individuals with their problems, whether it is individually through one-on-one sessions or in a support group setting. Transference is one of several common results of both therapies and a way to bring unconscious issues to the consciousness for evaluation to aid improvement of the individual's internal relationships and unify them into a whole being once again.

Author's Biography

Mike will be graduating from RACC in June, earning an Associate of Arts in Anthropology. He will be attending Kutztown University in the Fall of 2008 and plans on a double major in Anthropology and General Psychology.

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Vision

"Vision? To quote Thoreau: "the question is not what you look at, but what you see." That's truthiness."

Sarah Jefferis, 2008

poetry

Onward

Here we go on a round about
The bell of change rings out
When things familiar exit stage
Eagerly turn another page

Cause now the time has come
The moon begins to change
It's the dawning of an age

Here we go on a round about
The bell of change rings out
When things familiar exit stage
Eagerly turn another page

Cause now the time has come
The moon begins to change
It's the dawning of an age

Here we go on a round about
The bell of change rings out
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Cause now the time has come
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It's the dawning of an age

Both Sides of the Story: Dualism and Robert Frost

Jennifer Fernandez

Robert Frost is deservedly termed America's unofficial poet laureate. He won twenty six honorary doctorates and three international honorary degrees at many prestigious colleges, Yale's Bolligen Prize in poetry, the National Institute of Arts Gold Medal, the Congressional Gold Medal, and four Pulitzer Prizes. He was nominated for two Nobel Prizes in Literature. He spoke at a Presidential inauguration. He remains for many people the quintessential New England poet, the public voice of American thought. The religious overtones in Frost's poetry speak directly to the heart of American beliefs.

> *"I was inspired by Ralph Waldo Emerson's use of Nature to explain Man's condition and a personal sense of balance, Frost expressed religious dualism in his themes through language and poetic form."*
> *Jennifer Fernandez*

Despite his accomplishments, many critics who persist in categorizing Frost as a "good" poet deny him the accolade of a "great" poet. Frost's language is that of the commonplace, everyday working farmer of New England and is more conversational in content than poetic (Cox 5). The structure of his work is rigid with tightly controlled stanzas and rhyming meters. It lacks the free-flowing inspiration of modern poetry. Within these self-imposed limits, however, Frost found his calling. Inspired by Ralph Waldo Emerson's use of nature to explain man's condition and a personal sense of balance,

Frost expressed religious dualism in his themes through language and poetic form. He also employed a form of dualism in his poetic style: instead of restricting him, Frost's use of a rigid poetic format freed him to stretch the limits of everyday language through continued experimentation. The employment of colloquialisms permitted the discussion of opposing viewpoints in enigmatical language. Frost also employed his dualistic tendency by creating his public persona of "Frost the Poet" to obscure "Frost the Man," baffling critics' attempts to discern the inner man and his thoughts.

The use of dualism often frustrates critical reviews of Frost's poetry. While seemingly endorsing one view, Frost employs words and phrases that could simultaneously validate the opposite side. His choice of language is deliberate; words may have opposing meanings, and their placement within each line alters their surface interpretation. While critical reviews of Frost have often been devastating, his fame among the populace at large exceeds that of any other American poet. Modern poetry's use of free form, punctuation elimination, and obfuscatative language trained readers to labor for an interpretation. Perhaps Frost's greatest skills as a poet lie in his ability to intuitively circumvent the logical brain and directly penetrate the psyche. We do not need to work to understand Frost; we simply *do*.

Robert Lee Frost came by his sense of dualism in childhood. He was reared in conflicting religious thought by his mother's twin doctrines of mainstream Protestant beliefs and Swedenborgian Christian mysticism and his father's open skepticism of organized religion (Parini 9, 14). During his life, Frost avoided alignment with any particular Christian orthodoxy, possibly stemming from a sense that his mother's mystical beliefs were somewhat out of the norm yet unable to fully discount them. One friend noted that "[t]o the end of his life, Robert believed he could hear voices, real voices. His poems came to him like voices from nowhere. He liked to be alone just to listen, to communicate with the spirit-world" (Parini 15). In his two years at Harvard, he attended lectures on evolutionary theory by Josiah Royce, an American philosopher and Darwin supporter. Indeed, in the latter half of the 19th century, Darwin's theories on evolution had spread from the origin of species into nearly every scientific field. Parini observed that "[i]n the wake of Darwin, it was no longer possible to believe in the literal idea of creation; one had to adopt some

form of evolutionary theory, to find a way of accommodating the needs of spirit . . ." (110-11). For Frost, Darwinism thus supported his father's religious skepticism and served as a rational explanation for the universe's origins.

Darwin's *The Origin of Species,* published in 1859, turned traditional Christian orthodoxy on its ear. Originally concerned solely with natural selection among species, variations of Darwin's theory - now called Darwinism - spread rapidly to other scientific fields including botany, chemistry, astronomy, and physics. In observing the effect of the evolution theory on mainstream religion, Russett wrote, "Darwinism posed a massive challenge. . . . It destroyed the traditional reliance of orthodox religion on the works of nature as evidence of the hand of God. . . . The serene cosmic pattern was replaced by the blind movement of mindless forces eternally shifting and shaping all living things" (3). Darwinism was denounced in many religious circles for the threat it represented to the established order. God was celebrated as creator of life; random chance was feared as disruptor of order. Ralph Waldo Emerson, noted essayist, preacher, and poet of the 19th century, revered nature and not science, commenting that "[a]ll science has one aim, namely, to find a theory of nature. We have theories of races and of funtions, but scarcely yet a remote approach to the idea of creation. . . . Whenever a true theory appears, it will be its own evidence" (Kazin 64). Small but growing factions of Christian intellectuals began to study and later endorse Darwin's theory.

Few Christian leaders chose to publicly support evolution until Minot Judson Savage, a Unitarian minister who preached in three of the most prestigious Unitarian churches in America. He saw evolution as the proof "which makes it possible to find in the entire universe . . . 'the footprints of God'" (Benz 145-46). In this same vein, the Scottish theologian and philosopher James McCosh was able to unite religion and evolution in his 1890 book, "The Religious Aspects of Evolution." He argued that "God expresses himself in nature through evolution, and that . . . evolution can very well be reconciled with the Christian understanding of creation, man, and the universe" (Benz 154-55). In the view of Christian intellectuals, evolution was the natural process through which Man evolved into the perfect being, Jesus

Christ. Though Darwinism continued to suffer rejection from many traditionalists, the groundwork existed to merge these opposing views into a harmonious whole.

This balanced blending of science and religion perfectly suited Frost. His desire for rational explanations could thus be satisfied through the logical arguments put forth by Darwinism, yet enough of mystery remained in the accuracy of the theories to allow room for creationism. During a trip to Israel in his last decade, Frost remarked to a biographer that he maintained personal disbeliefs in Christianity's literal aspects but preferred those to the secular, Darwin-created myths about humanity's origins (Parini 417).

In adulthood, Frost quietly turned away from his mother's religious beliefs, although he never fully rejected them. A friend, Rabbi Victor Reichert, said Frost "was always in search of God" (Parini 442). Often called an atheist or agnostic, Frost never accepted those titles and preferred to keep his personal views of religion private. Robert Pack noted that Frost's poetry teaches that God's ways are obscure to the penitent, a divine mystery that resists penetration. However, we must "live within the circle of doubt and yet . . . try to approach God through prayer" (qtd. in Bloom 17). If doubt is the source of true faith, Frost pursued his faith thoroughly. Poetry and the use of dualism allowed Frost to continually reassess his religious beliefs while still maintaining his privacy. In Parini's assessment, the fashion in which Frost wrote his poetry was "cannily made up to keep the 'wrong' people from understanding exactly what he thought and felt about some important things. . . . Frost explored the theology of doubt with astounding honesty and passion. But his many doubts never added up to a denial of the basic things of the spirit" (443). Frost's innate need for balance allowed him to support both a creationist as well as an evolutionary viewpoint without internal conflict.

Frost held a lifelong fascination with science. His ownership of *Our Place Among Infinities*, a book dealing with cosmology and the evolution of the universe, spanned well over five decades and served as a continual reference source (Parini 25). His acceptance of and belief in the validity of scientific theories kept him from falling too deeply into the sentimentalistic poetry of American Romantiscm, yet the persist-

ence of his mother's early teachings of Christian mysticism exerted a strong counterinfluence. Marian Montogomery observed that while Frost was ready to endorse religious or scientific beliefs which were appealing as well as reasonable, he was equally ready to validate what was appealing without being reasonable, "knowing the fallibility of reason" (qtd. in Cox 142). Exposure to the divergent influences of childhood teachings of creationism and scholastic exposure to evolution enabled Frost the poet to write about contradictory viewpoints with equal facility. His poetry was immediately accessible to and understood by individuals on either side of contrasting perspectives.

Frost aligned himself with the American Romantic movement, although he was born too late to be actively involved in it. Romantics cover broad categorizations but generally are associated with the veneration of nature, the self-reliance of the individual (especially when seeking the Ideal), and the use of mythological/fantasy symbols to represent themes. This self-identification may be regarded as one reason for the critical downplaying of Frost's achievements in poetry. Frost's work echoed the final era of the Romantics yet predated the modern poetic forms which naturally appealed to critics. Critically speaking, he appeared to be rehashing an outdated and passé poetic form. He also diverged from the Romantic style in his lack of sentimentality toward Nature as an aspect of God, focusing instead on Man as an observer, a separate being from Nature. In his poem "Woodnotes II," Emerson the Romantic downplayed the importance of science by stating:

> And thou shalt say to the Most High,
> Godhead! all this astronomy,
> And fate, and practice, and invention,
> Strong art, and beautiful invention,
> This radiant pomp of sun and star,
> Throes that were, and worlds that are,
> Behold! were in vain and in vain"
> (Library, Poems 46, lines 271-77).

Frost's poetry often seemed to offer echoes of Romanticism in "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," "Birches," and "After Apple-Picking," but the New England poet of nature never lost his fascination with science.

Frost most closely identified his poetic style with the American Romantic, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Emerson used a poetic style of correlation between nature and man to explore aspects of humanity, and this comparitive style gave Frost a basis to express his dualistic tendency. However, while Emerson was exposed to the threat of Darwinism, he did not abandon his Christian beliefs. In his essay, "Nature," Emerson doubted the science of astronomy would satisfactorily explain the origin of the universe:

> The astronomers said, 'Give us matter, and a little motion, and we will construct the universe. It is not enough that we should have matter, we must also have a single impulse, one shove to launch the mass, and generate the harmony of the centrifugal and centripetal forces. Once heave the ball from the hand, and we can show how all this mighty order grew.' - 'A very unreasonable postulate,' said the metaphysicians, 'and a plan begging of the question. Could you not prevail to know the genesis of projection, as well as the continuation of it?' Nature, meanwhile had not waited for the discussion, but right or wrong, bestowed the impulse, and the balls rolled. (Library, Essays 548-49)

In Emerson's view, the use of science to explain the origins of the universe was not as important as Nature, i.e. God, who had already performed the miracle. Frost's upbringing prepared him to more readily accept conflicting viewpoints. Concurrent exposure to Christian beliefs and scientific skepticism merged into a willingness to suspend belief in either as new theories and explorations arose. The scientific proofs of the creation of the universe could not be discounted, but neither could the basic tenets of God as creator be denied. Emerson's religious faith remained a solid foundation, "a certain perception of absolute being . . . which must be the God of God. . . . We can never quite doubt, we can never be adrift, we can never be nothing, becase of this Holy of Holies, out of sight of which we cannot go" (Kazin 136). Frost, however, never achieved a wholehearted conviction in either system and thus lacked the passion to speak for his beliefs. He remained in balance between extremes.

The Emersonian style of using correlations became the basis for Frost when contrasting science and theology. Enigmatic language, multiple word meanings, and simple yet rigid poetic forms coalesced into the Frostial ideal. This ideal enabled Frost to explore divergent themes such as creationism and Darwinism without actively endorsing either in particular. His poetry is at once simple yet complex, clear yet ambiguious, fulfilling yet frustrating. Randall Jarrell speaks of Frost's interpretation of his world, describing it as "the great Gestalt that each of us makes from himself and all that isn't himself [that] is very clear, very complicated, very contradictory in the poetry" (qtd. in Cox 103). Once again, while the critical reviewer may struggle to find the meaning behind the meaning, the poetry itself speaks directly to the heart of the reader.

In "Sitting by a Bush in Broad Sunlight," Frost takes the conflicting ideas of creationism and evolution and intertwines them. On a quick superficial read, either view is at once evident and valid. Upon deeper review, the reader finds that either view is still evident and valid. Using a simple tetrameter form and plain, everyday language ("suspire" and "sun-smitten" are the most difficult words), Frost's dualism permits him to remain enigmatic in his personal opinions. His poem reads easily in an AABB rhyme in 20 lines, yet within such a small format Frost reflects on one of the greatest questions of all - where do we come from?

Frost begins his poem with a sense of separation. Whether God or Darwin, we are given the initial feeling of isolation from our origins, of man quite solitary and alone:

> When I spread out my hand here today
> I catch no more than a ray
> To feel of between thumb and fingers;
> No lasting effect of it lingers. (Bloom 152, lines 1-4)

The general season is winter when the sun's rays are at their least effective (no warmth is felt on "thumb and fingers" of the outspread hand), when all the forests and meadows are still and quiet. Animals are hibernating and man alone is active. Ralph Waldo Emerson perceived the stillness and quietness found in nature as an opportunity for reconnecting with God in his essay "Nature":

> [I]f a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds, will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. (Library, Emerson: Essays 9)

Like Emerson, Frost also saw the chance to explore the universe's origins in the solitute and isolation.

Frost then splits his poem into two parts - the discussion of the Darwin universe and the countering argument of creationists. Again, both views are validated in the murkiness of Frost's language. Arguments for either side are clearly evident in the second stanza:

> There was one time and only the one
> When dust really took in the sun;
> And from that one intake of fire
> All creatures still warmly suspire. (Bloom 152, lines 5-8)

Frost's dualism supports either belief system of God creating the sun or the sun evolving scientifically as the universe expanded. However, Emerson's poem "Woodnotes II" argued for a God-centered universe without ambiguity:

> Ever fresh the broad creation,
> A divine improvisation,
> From the heart of God proceeds, . . .
> And God said, 'Throb!' and there was motion . . .
> (Library, Emerson: Collected Poems 47-48, lines 333-39)

Yet, for Frost, that warmth is clearly dwindling as the rays no longer have effect on the outspread hand. The scientific world's entropy is gaining ascendency as heat and life from the sun slowly dies. Even God, who "once declared he was true" and "once spoke to people by name" is distant from man; he "took the veil and withdrew" (Bloom 152, lines 13, 17, 14). The sense of separation, whether from evolution or from God, continues.

Evolutionist theories claim man's origins came from the sea, when our ancestors advanced from fish to amphibians to land-dwelling creatures. Emerson referred to man's origins from a more divine source as "The early genesis of things;/ . . . Of the old flood's subsiding slime,/ . . . Breathed from the everlasting throat" (Library, Emerson: Collected Poems 43, lines 160-78). Frost warned Darwinists to avoid locking their idea of sea-based origins in stone. His third stanza appears to take a cautionary tone:

> And if men have watched a long time
> And never seen sun-smitten slime
> Again come to life and crawl off,
> We must not be too ready to scoff. (Bloom 152, lines 8-12)

Frost never fully discounted his mother's mystical belief system despite his love of science, and maintained an open mind in religious origins of life.

Parini noted that Frost's poetry is "saturated with religious feeling, with questing after God, with evocations of doubt, with meditations on time and eternity" (15). Frost clearly brings God and religion to the forefront in his fourth stanza:

> God once declared he was true
> And then took the veil and withdrew
> And remember how final a hush
> Then descended of old on the bush. (Bloom 152, lines 13-16)

The poetic phrases Frost employed allude to familiar religious concepts. The lines "God once declared he was true/And then took the veil and withdrew" convey a double meaning (Bloom 152, lines 13-14). To "take the veil" hints at a nun entering a convent, isolating herself from the world in her dedication to God and in a life devoted to religion. The reader is also reminded of the veil in the Temple at Jerusalem that was torn from top to bottom at Jesus' crucifiction, as the God-in-flesh who "once spoke to people by name" now ripped "the veil and withdrew." Even the title, "Sitting by a Bush in Broad Sunlight," prompts the reader's memory of Moses and the burning bush. God "declared he was true" and spoke to Moses by name. But

God did this only once, Frost wrote, and reminds to the reader rather coldly "how final a hush/Then descended of old on the bush" when God withdrew into silence (Bloom 152, lines 15-16). Contrasting this is Emerson's assurance that God is still accessible to one who seeks in "Woodnotes II":

> Thou seek'st in globe and galaxy,
> He hides in pure transparency;
> Thou askest in the fountains and in fires,
> He is the essence that inquires.
> He is the axis of the stars . . ."
> (Library, Emerson: Collected Poems 49, lines 384-88)

Here is a stout rejoinder for the faithful. God is not disconnected and believers are not abandoned. All we must do is open our awareness and perceive His presence.

Throughout Frost's poem, "Sitting by a Bush in Broad Sunlight," the reader is confronted with a sense of distant time. Whichever creation story the reader favors, Frost emphasizes the enormity of eternity with the continued use of temporal words and phrases. He uses the word "once" and "one" to denote an instant in the remote past. "God once declared" and "God once spoke" convey the idea that God no longer communicates directly to man in these latter days. "The sun once imparted its flame" long ago in a single moment, only "one time . . ./When dust really took in the sun" (Bloom 152, lines 18, 5-6). Continued use of "one" as a single temporal word convinces the reader that the ". . . one intake of fire," whether our origins were divine or not, was a single moment in eternity that would not be repeated.

Ambiguity and dualistic balance is maintained through the final stanza. Instead of conveniently wrapping up his conclusions, Frost leaves the reader poised between extremes:

> God once spoke to people by name.
> The sun once imparted its flame.
> One impulse persists as our breath;
> The other persists as our faith. (Bloom 152, lines 17-20)

Frost stated clearly that "God once spoke to people by name./The sun once imparted its flame," putting both creationism and evolution side by side for the reader (Bloom 152, lines 17-18). Yet the last two lines are ingeniously worded and allow the reader the choice of belief in a divine power or an evolutionist universe. Is our breath that persists the breath of God, the spirit-wind that God blew into Adam's nostrils as the breath of life? If so, then "the other" that "persists as our faith" must be the faith in Darwinism and the scientific universe (Bloom 152, lines 19-20). A reader with beliefs in creationism may freely interpret a religious slant to the poem. Conversely, if the persisting impulse is the "one intake of fire" from which "all creatures still warmly suspire," the poem then supports evolution; creationism now becomes the other belief which persists as faith. Thus another reader with more agnostic or atheistic views may equally determine the poem's intent as a rebuttal of the God-centered universe, supporting a scientific origin of the universe. Frost delicately walks the line between viewpoints through his innate sense of balance between extremes.

The use of Emerson's style of correspondence is seen in Frost's poem. In Emerson's hands, correspondence is the use of nature to explore the cycles of man by comparing parallel worlds (Parini 200). Frost used correspondence to express his dualistic nature by contrasting theology with science, creationism with evolution. Emerson never abandoned his core beliefs; Frost lived with conflicting beliefs that constantly strove for ascendency. The inability to decide what he truly believed in gave Frost an advantage. He seemingly supported or denounced either side of the creationist/evolutionary fence, never allying himself with a particular stance. Frost further stretched his comparisons in the use of enigmatic meanings, allowing readers to simultaneously draw conclusions that appear to be in conflict. Frost draws unwitting readers into his own dualistic ideology. Instead of reinforcing established ideas, Frost forces readers to ponder the validity of other viewpoints and take their own journey to the core of their faith.

Author's Biography

Jennifer is currently a non-traditional student at RACC, splitting time between work and the classroom. She plans to continue at RACC for her Associate's Degree in Anthropology before continuing on at a university for her Bachelor's Degree.

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Vision

"Through vision or prespective we create our own realities. This is a very natural thing but we must always remember that our vision or prespective is not a sole universal truth. Nature loves diversity in all things. We must be open minded and remember that the best vision or prespective is the one that incorperates all other visions and prespectives."

Rand Williamson, 2008

poetry

Dear You

Dear You,
Who has a name, but those too-
they're all the same.
I find to you I'd like to speak aloud
But I find that verbalizations to me,
do not come rather easy.
So it is to You that I will write because I cannot overcome
my dearly beloved plight.
How cruel to think as I sit
and my tea that I sip,
makes me hope to never want to speak to you again,
face to face in-between our awkward grins.
How once the thought of you no longer made me weep for you,
and now, all I want is for that one thought to be,
true.

I do not wish you ill riddance,
rather, one of the best.
It's just that, I want you gone, to this I will confess.
I do not want to be forgotten, or a feeling of deplore,
I don't want you to think of me, of this there can be no more.
I do not want to be detested, nor wish to be adorned,
all I ask is to be simply, why - simply to be ignored!
Do not take this all too serious,
but neither lightly furthermore.
I'm not asking for forgiveness,
but I'm expecting something more.
Nor gift, nor object, nor word, no lavish-
will do me in,
before I'd accept,
I'd let my self pity win!
As cordially I write, I too will end-

Sincerely,
Friend.

Portfolio

Reuben Wilson

Behind the Lens

Maserati Quattroprte

Big Brother

Noir Courthouse

Twilight at the Goggleworks

Emery at Purple Door

Paulie

The Road Ahead

Trisha

You Are

Bright, sincere smiles, kisses given freely
Understanding, compassion, patience, and loyalty.
A bounty you provide for me and
so little is asked in return.
Truly there must be more for which you yearn?
With certainty my love is true
But it pales in comparison to that given by you.

For you, the ghost of me lingers on still after my stay
Yet I find it far too easy to busy myself with things day to day.
Never did I think I'd be so lucky to see
A woman's true love given solely to me
How brightly it shines, a celestial body in the sky.
And me bound to the earth, but you must know I try,
And despite this shortcoming you must understand
I'd just as soon spite you as cut my own hand.

Stephen Crane's True Impressions of War: *The Red Badge of Courage*

Dawn Gieringer

The American Civil War was a monumental event that proved to be a pivotal and enduring chapter of United States History. The events leading up to the war, the heart wrenching drama of the battles and the subsequent piecing together of states into a united nation have provided inspiration to historians and artists of all disciplines. Amidst this colossal cadre of work stands Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*. This book is representative of the wide variety of literature inspired by the Civil War and remains a work constantly analyzed and

"The beauty of The Red Badge of Courage is that it tells a tale of battle, while exposing the feelings of a soldier and reflecting the world in which the author lived and the attitudes of post-war America." Dawn Gieringer

interpreted. The beauty of *The Red Badge of Courage* is that it not only tells a tale of battle and exposes the thoughts and feelings of a soldier in the midst of attack, but it also reflects the world in which the author lived and the attitudes of post-war American culture.

Immediately following the war there was an outpouring of literature which includes titles such as *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl*, a brilliant slave narrative by Harriett Jacobs, and *Little Women* by Louisa May Alcott, which reflected the home front experience of the war. After this period of profusion, however, literature about war dwindled. Black writers struggled with the way in which to represent freedom and

to understand its ramifications, while whites wanted to forget the atrocities of the war. Civil War historian Bruce Catton explains that the collective feeling of veterans was that they "lost something; if not life itself, then the dreams or illusions of youth which once seemed to give life meaning" (qtd. in Stauffer 237). *Harper's Weekly*, which had published hundreds of Civil War stories during the war, abandoned war as a topic or setting for a decade. The public was simply tired of hearing about the war, and authors needed time to reflect (Stauffer 238).

A gradual resurgence of interest occurred with the younger generation of the eighteen eighties and nineties, a generation that did not have a direct experience with the war but had learned about it through the re-telling of war stories. As a result, many authors wrote books that reflected their feelings about war in spirit if not in fact (Stauffer 238). The Civil War wound was still raw to many, and literature served as both a necessary catharsis to those who lived through it and a stimulating subject to those for whom the war was not experienced directly. Sentimentality and morality, however, were receiving an increasing amount of disdain from writers like Twain, Henry James, William Dean Howells, and Edith Wharton. (Stauffer 238) The time was ripe for writers like these, and Stephen Crane.

The Red Badge of Courage was originally published in 1895, thirty years after the Civil War ended. Crane noticed a collection of work by Ambrose Bierce called *Tales of Soldiers and Civilians*. This book had been difficult for Bierce to get published and sold poorly due to the cynicism of the stories. Crane was an exception; he lauded Bierce's "Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," announcing that "nothing better exists. That story contains everything" (qtd. in Yost 252).

Crane started reading Civil War accounts in *Century Magazine* which included accounts of blistered feet, military strategy, mud and dust, and which Crane found lifeless and dry. He stated to a friend, "I wonder that *some* of those fellows don't tell how they *felt* in those scraps! They spout eternally of what they *did*, but they are emotionless as rocks" (qtd. in Davis 63). In his article "Reflections on Chancellorsville," Professor of History, Peter Carmichael confirms that the sterility of the correspondence and writings of the Civil War soldiers reflect the fact that these men possessed "Victorian sensibili-

ties." Shattered internally by the war, they were unable to express the gruesome reality of the conflict. Letters written by soldiers offer "sanitized versions of combat that almost never delve into the inner struggles of the ordinary soldier" (38). It was after reading these sanitized accounts that Crane decided to write a novel about battle, one which included the psychological aspects of war.

It is speculated that Crane chose the battle of Chancellorsville about which to write because it presents a rich opportunity for dramatization of battle. Carmichael explains that "the Stonewall Brigade's actions reveal a great deal about a typical frontal assault during the war and the brutal fighting . . . framed within a proper context, [the battle] can provide a deeper and more realistic account of the experience in combat" (39). Carmichael quotes the reminiscence of Ted Barclay, a soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia, in which many parallels of the real and the imaginary battle may be drawn:

> The Union dead lay thick over the ground. Some seemed as though they had died without a struggle . . . others could hardly be recognized as human bodies . . . these showed how awful had been their suffering, with teeth clenched and hands deeply buried in the earth, they seemed to have suffered agonies before death released them. (40)

A similar circumstance is described in the pages of *Red Badge of Courage:* "The regiment bled extravagantly. Grunting bundles of blue began to drop . . . Others fell down about the feet of their companions. Some of the wounded crawled out and away, but many lay still, their bodies twisted into impossible shapes" (203).

Crane wrote his novel in the style for which he is known by literature critics, that of the Naturalist and the Impressionist. Crane himself said, "Impressionism is truth, and no man could be great who was not an impressionist, for greatness consists in knowing truth" (qtd. in Davis 74-75). Impressionism was originally a painting technique which evolved during the later half of the nineteenth century, in which juxtaposed spots of color allow the eye of the viewer and the perceptions

of the individual to produce a unique image (Lynch 505). It is the essence, rather than the reality of the subject that is conveyed. The use of impressionism in painting and literature is similar. In the words of literary critic James Nagel, the goal is "to convey to the reader the basic impressions of life that a single human consciousness could receive in a given place during a restricted duration of time" (qtd. in Lynch 505). *The Red Badge of Courage* utilized color to vividly illustrate setting and emotion: "Each distant thicket seemed a strange porcupine with quills of flame. A cloud of dark smoke, as from smoldering ruins, went up toward the sun now bright and gay in the blue, enameled sky" (Crane 176). The colors red, black, white, purple, yellow, blue and gray are used extensively to evoke the feeling of the moment: "He had been where there was red of blood and black of passion, and he was escaped . . . those performances which had been witnessed by his fellows marched now in wide purple and gold, having various deflections" (210). The protagonist Henry Fleming's feelings are poignantly illustrated to the reader by use of color.

Crane's work is also consistent with the literary impressionistic aesthetic which focuses on "the sensory nature of life, the immediacy of perception, and the subjective interpretation of reality" (Lynch 506). *The Red Badge of Courage* protagonist Henry Fleming fits the schema of the typical impressionistic protagonist: "They are often in flux, seeking understanding about their lives or their situations but not always achieving a clear vision of such . . . their perceptions change as their experiences influence them" (Lynch 506). This technique was an apt one for Crane to employ, with his Civil War protagonist in constant bombardment physically and emotionally. The reader understands the confusion and the overwhelming attributes of battle on a soldier through color and imagery. Joseph Conrad, a good friend of Crane and one of history's most influential writers, insisted that Crane was "the foremost impressionist of his time" (qtd. in Lynch 506). It seems that Crane inherently chose to write about subject matters that especially lent themselves to impressionistic conveyance.

Crane is also known as a leading American "naturalist" author. Donald Pizer, a literary critic who has written extensively about naturalism as a literary genre, describes the naturalistic novel as one that "not only depicts the actual conditions of life but does so, for the first time in history, armed with a full and truthful - that is, scientific -

explanation of these conditions" (749). Thirty years after the Civil War ended there was a gradual loosening of those "Victorian sensibilities" which now enabled naturalists to write within the claim made by naturalist writer Theodore Dreiser that "the extent of all reality is in the realm of the author's pen, and a true picture of life, honestly and reverentially set down, is both moral and artistic whether it offends the conventions or not" (qtd. in Pizer 749). It is the naturalistic philosophy employed by Crane that gives the reader a poignant moment in the life of Henry Fleming:

> Within him, as he hurled himself forward, was born a love, a despairing fondness for his flag which was near him. It was a creation of beauty and invulnerability. It was a goddess, radiant, that bended its form with an imperious gesture to him. It was a woman, red and white, hating and loving, that called him with the voice of his hopes. (Crane 186)

Crane's naturalistic technique also expresses the agony and grotesque attributes of war:

> The orderly sergeant of the youth's company was shot through the cheeks. Its supports being injured, his jaw hung afar down, disclosing in the wide cavern of his mouth a pulsing mass of blood and teeth. And with it all he made attempts to cry out, in his endeavor there was a dreadful earnestness, as if he conceived that one great shriek would make him well. (202)

The reader is consistently confronted with Henry Fleming's perceptions of the beauty of the day and the poignancy of the loyalty he feels, contrasted with the brutality and shock of the physical toll taken by war.

The Red Badge of Courage takes an ironic place in the genre of war prose and poetry. Historically, literature and poetry about war evoke stories of great heroism. Homer's epic The Iliad constructs the hero Achilles, upon which all other heroes have been measured. Literary critics argue about Crane's intention for the youth, the "hero"

of *Red Badge of Courage*. Was he truly a hero, or was Crane's intention that the reader takes his protagonist's heroic assessment of himself ironically (Schaefer 104)? Throughout the story, Henry Fleming behaves sporadically and in response to his intense experiences. In many cases, Henry operates out of vanity, "judging himself only on the basis of what others can see rather than his own moral sense" (Schaefer 105). This type of heroism, however, is typical of that found in battle. It is the conclusion of those that have observed the behavior of soldiers in combat that courage is born out of a desire to "show the other men that you have it" and that the soldier's greatest fear "was the fear of blushing. Men killed, and died, because they were embarrassed not to" (Schaefer 106). This is a common thread in reality and in Crane's novel.

In a correspondence from Crane to a friend, he expresses that he feels compassion to be the critical component to be found in true heroism: "The final wall of the wise man's thought is Human Kindness of course. If the road of disappointment, grief, pessimism, is followed far enough, it will arrive there . . . the cynical mind is an uneducated thing" (qtd. in Schaefer 107). When Crane's protagonist is faced with the death of his good friend, he exclaims, "I'll take care of yeh! I swear t' Gawd I will!" (134). Henry Fleming is a flawed, yet human and compassionate hero.

Stephen Crane's canon of work proves that he was a champion in the fight for the working man. As a novelist, stories such as "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets," and his journalism through which he exposes the travails of the poor and the wretched of the city show that Crane probably used the Civil War battle of *The Red Badge of Courage* as a parallel to the battle fought between "the emerging corporate-capitalist order and the industrial workers and small producers" (Lawson 54). Analogies can be made between war and industrial crisis, and that Crane "is drawn towards an identification, not with screeching generals, but with the tattered men of the industrial army" (Lawson 54). Crane was writing his book during the year of the great collapse of the New York Stock Exchange and the bankruptcy of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. Banks called in loans which closed sixteen thousand businesses, leaving twenty thousand people homeless and vagrant (Lawson 54). Industrial "armies" began to march in protest with intended symbolism: a troop of mounted men, wearing "coats of Union blue and pants of Confederate gray" marched demanding a federal works program for the relief of the unemployed (Lawson 54). The chaotic war the novel depicts directly reflects the political and financial turmoil of the period in which it was written and published.

Author's Biography

Dawn will be moving on to earn a degree in Comparative Literature and possibly Classical Studies. She says, "I have no career goal other than to continue to learn and to see where that leads me!"

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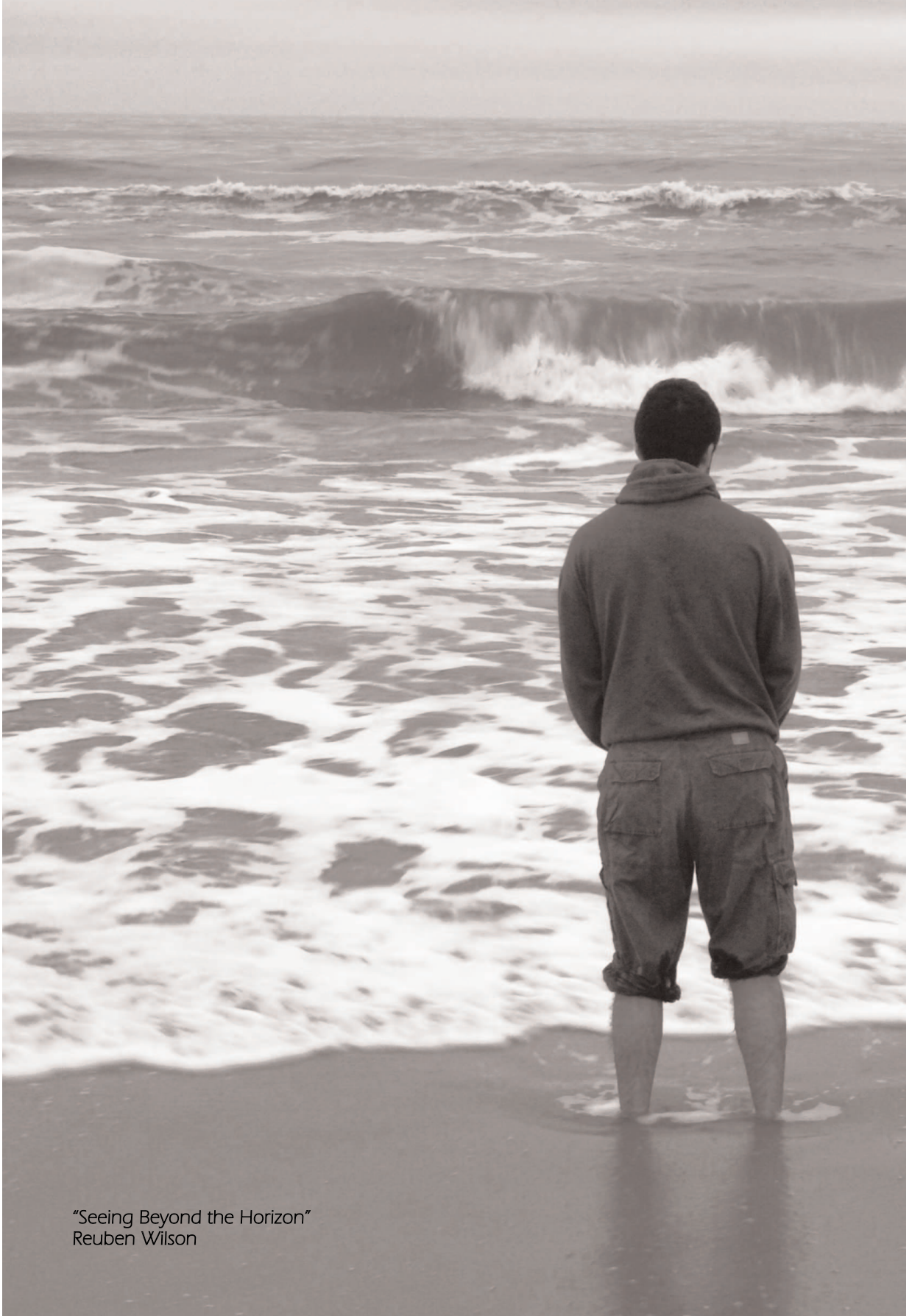
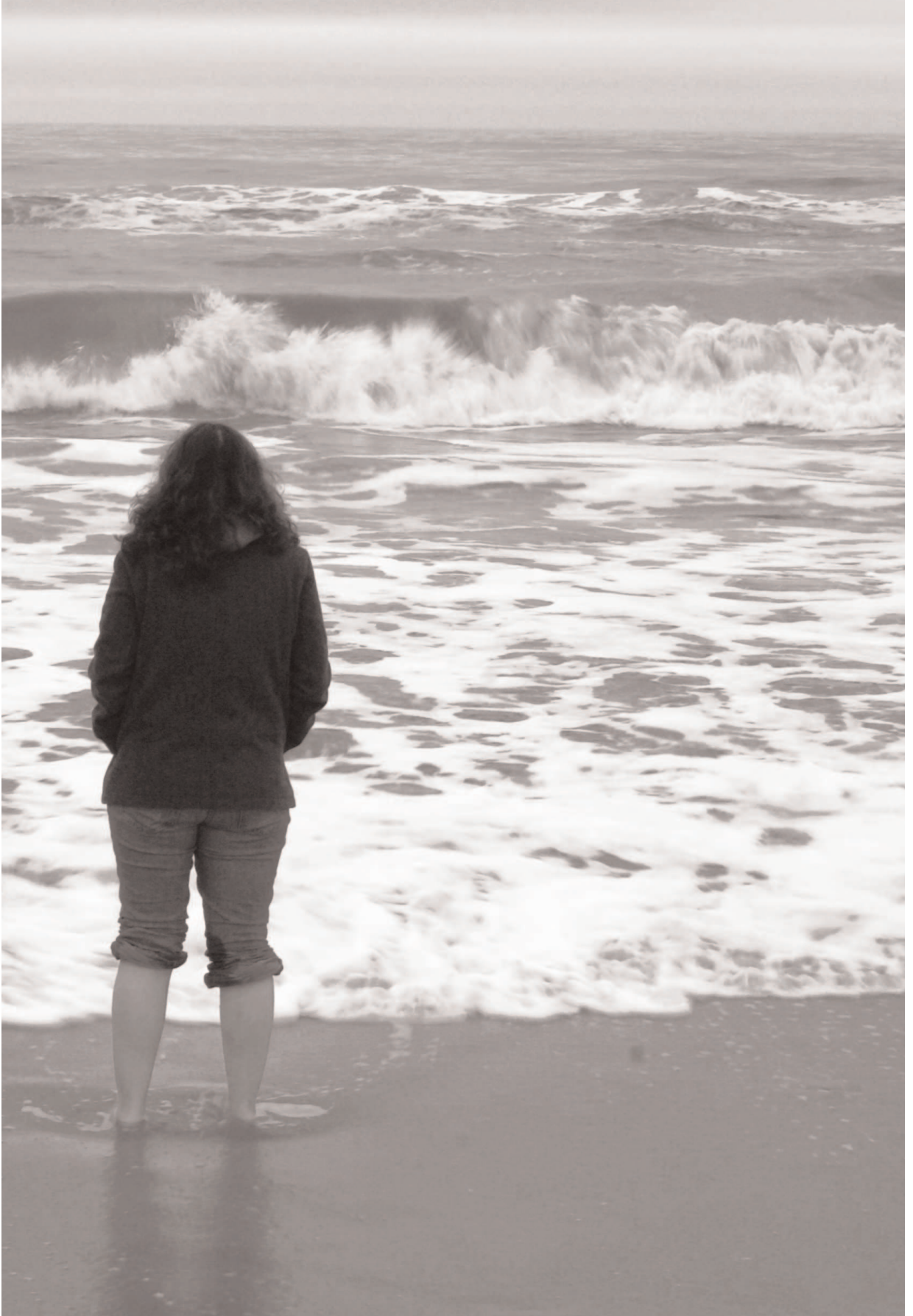
Preparation Iraq



"Seeing Beyond the Horizon"
Reuben Wilson

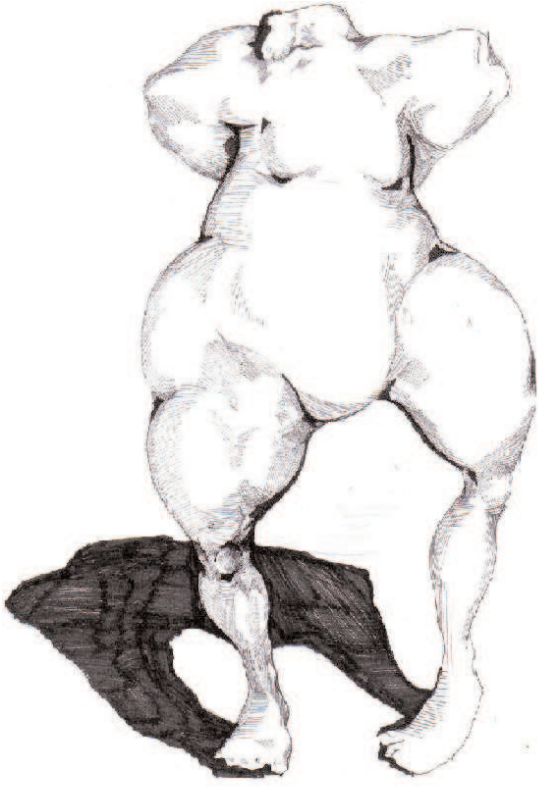


Portfolio

Adam Holder

squid-hand

fungal-face



fatmamma

freud

Fenzweig

constrained

Voices in Wartime

The Tail Gunner

Chad Moyer

"My God, we're going down!" It was this thought that would play havoc in the mind of the 25-year-old Tail Gunner as he sat in his rear turret high above the Japanese mainland. He knew the plane was hit; he felt it. The silver behemoth, known as the B-29 Superfortress, was struck by Japanese anti-aircraft flak. He tried the radio to contact the other crewmembers, but discovered that the communication system was out, damaged by the flak hit. As anxiety clouded reason, the Tail Gunner believed he had but one choice to make it out of this flying metal coffin alive-bail out. Thinking back to his aircrew training days, he hastily made all preparations to parachute out. Just as he prepared to propel himself into the Pacific air, a hand reached into his compartment, grabbing him from behind. They were hit, he was told, but they were not going down. Although damaged, their mission would continue. Staff Sergeant William J. Moyer would live to fight another day.[1]

"My Grandfather was the subject of this essay on the B-29 campaigns over Japan during WWII. I felt it was an important story to tell of how ordinary men can live through extraordinary experiences." Chad Moyer

William J. Moyer was my grandfather. The above account is my recollection of one of the stories he told me during my childhood. He

was a quiet and modest man and did not talk a great deal about his experience during World War II. I can remember only a few stories-stories that did not seem as significant at the time. I have only myself to blame, in a way, for not having the foresight of the historical importance of these stories. But then again, the time I spent with my grandfather, I focused more on play time rather than story time. Besides, if I had listened to his stories more closely, would I have been able to comprehend the magnitude of his service at such a young age? That this man, the one who would sit with me on countless afternoons and teach me to draw cars and trucks, stared down Japanese fighters from behind twin mounted .50 caliber machine guns? That the same man who taught me how to fix my Radio-controlled cars, flew 28 combat missions that helped bring the Empire of Japan to its knees?[2] In essence, this essay is the overdue story of an ordinary American who passed through something horrible and yet extraordinary at the same time.

William Moyer, "Bill" or "Billy" to his friends and family, grew up in the small-town borough of Northampton, Northampton County, Pennsylvania, where he lived at 2150 Northampton Ave. with his wife Edith. Like many area men, he had been employed since 1943 at the Bethlehem Steel Company, where he worked as a layout man in a machine shop. Prior to this, he was employed at the Roller Smith Co. in Allentown.[3] William's small-town life was soon to be interrupted, however, as the machine of war trudged on into the last months of 1943.

On October 20, 1943, Uncle Sam decided it was William's time to go. He was drafted into the Army Air Force entering active service on November 10, 1943.[4] He was now designated Government Issue number 33 833 583. Sixteen weeks of aircrew training waited at Presbyterian College, Clinton, South Carolina. Once completed, he attended Air Force Aerial Gunnery School for six weeks at Ft. Myers, Florida, where he would hone his skills on the .50 caliber machine guns that would keep him alive in the near future.[5]

One afternoon on the Ft. Myers firing range, William was just about to prepare to begin a timed qualification. Unfortunately, an absent-minded instructor, while checking William's weapon, caught his

sleeve on the front sight, bending it from the original position. Not having time to adjust, nor wanting to cause a scene, he shot his qualification round at the targets, which were mounted on a railcar-like system.

After the first round, a range instructor approached. Different color training ammunition had been assigned to each airman so that his score could be marked. He was assigned blue for this round. The instructor asked who was firing blue. William hesitantly raised his hand, fearing the worst. The instructor informed him that if he shot as well the second round as he did the first, he would hold a new range record. He always maintained that he wished he had never been told this for, even after correcting his sight, he did not score anywhere close to his first round score.[6]

With his twenty two weeks of training complete, Sgt. Moyer entered the war in the Pacific Theater as a Tail Gunner on the Army Air Force's new long-range bomber, the B-29 Superfortress. Built by Boeing, these were the largest bombers the United States had produced, with the first models rolling off the assembly line in 1944. With a gross weight of 105,000 lbs., 99 feet long, and a span of 104 feet, this was indeed a huge plane. The bomber was armed with 10-12 .50 caliber machine guns and could carry 20,000 lbs. of bombs. The top speed was 357 mph with a range of 3750 miles when carrying a full payload. The pilot, co-pilot, flight engineer, bombardier, navigator, radio operator, side gunners, top gunner, and tail gunner, made up the standard 10-man crew.[7]

On March 7, 1945, Sgt. Moyer would arrive at his new home and duty station, a small island in the Central Pacific called Tinian, a part of the Marianas island chain.[8] The Tinian Air Base, North Field, was home to the 313th Bomb Wing, 504th Bomb Group, and part of the newly created XXI Bomber Command of 20th Army Air Force. Within the command structure of the 504th, Sgt. Moyer belonged to the 398th Bomb Squadron. The bombers 504th could be distinguished by the tail symbol, a large "E" within a circle, thus called "Circle E".[9]

Sgt. Moyer was assigned to B-29 #44-839-44, also known as "Silver Lady" by its custom nose art.[10] Along with Sgt. Moyer were

nine other airmen who would make up the ten man crew of Silver Lady: First Lieutenant Earl Kinter, Aircraft Commander, Second Lieutenant Robert Meredith, Pilot, Second Lieutenant Ronald Thomas, Navigator, Second Lieutenant Alfred Treiber Jr., Bombardier, Technical Sergeant Ellis Lawson, Flight Engineer, Staff Sergeant Robert Van De Velde, Central Fire Control Gunner, Sergeant Ralph McCarthy, Left Blister Gunner, Sergeant Paul Deane, Radio Operator, and Sergeant Jeremiah Callaghan, Radar Gunner.[11]

The crew of Silver Lady, along with the entire 504th Bomb Group, was part of a fundamental shift in tactics against Japan in 1944-1945. Army Air Force Commander Lieutenant General Henry H. "Hap" Arnold's strategy against the Japanese Empire was influenced by the success of American B-17 and B-24 bombers in Europe against German targets earlier in the war. Arnold subscribed to the war doctrine of defeating an enemy by destroying its means to wage war. Thus the new B-29 bombers, able to carry twice the payload of the smaller B-17's, were to strike at the heart of mainland Japan, striking strategic war resources in the major cities. During campaigns in 1944, Marine and Naval operations cleared the islands of Guam, Saipan, Tinian, and the entire Marianas area of hostile forces, thus opening the islands for tactical air bases to conduct bombing raids against Japan.[12] Major General Curtis LeMay, the successful commander of the 8th Air Force operations in Europe, was chosen by Arnold to command the bombing missions of the 20th Air Force on January 20, 1945.[13] LeMay replaced previous commander, Brigadier General Haywood Hansel. In Arnold's opinion of raids conducted under Hansell late in 1944, he displayed a reluctance to carry out the mission and a flat out refusal of tactics.[14]

The problem for Hansell seemed to be the moral and ethical tactics of bombing raids on highly populated cities. While it was well accepted that the Japanese dispersed their war making resources throughout the civilian population of the large cities in addition to the factories of war, there remained ethical considerations of civilian casualties for Hansell.[15] Arnold was not pleased with the ineffective results of the high altitude precision bombing conducted thus far by Hansell. Although these had the least effect upon the civilian population, at these altitudes 130 mph jet stream winds threw the bombers around and reduced the accuracy of their deliveries. Arnold wanted low altitude raids using M-69 incendiary bombs. These consisted of a

thick gel/gasoline mixture, commonly referred to as napalm due to the components of naphthenic and palmitic acids. This ordinance would have the devastating effect of burning entire swaths of cities and populace, did not rely on precise accuracy, and at 6.2 lbs, they were clustered and thus a large payload could be delivered.[16] Thus, Hansell stuck to conducting high altitude bombings only, not low altitude raids as outlined by Arnold that would wreak havoc upon the inhabitants of the target cities.

However, LeMay, who replaced Hansell, was well aware of the stakes at hand. The entire reason for the massive bombing operations was to avoid having to conduct a general invasion of the Japanese mainland. The theory behind the campaign was that the bombers would reduce the effectiveness, means, and will of the Japanese people to continue the war. The U.S. government believed that an invasion would be too costly. All reasonable estimates of losses that would be incurred were between 500,000 and up to 1 million casualties. This was unacceptable to the U.S.[17]

Just two days after Sgt. Moyer arrived on Tinian, LeMay put the tactics to the test. During the nights of March 9-10, 334 B-29 bombers of the XXI, each carrying 12,000 lbs. of firebombs, struck Tokyo with devastating results. Flying at 5000 feet, they could not miss, igniting fires that would burn at 1800 degrees. 25% of the city was destroyed, 83,000 inhabitants were killed with another 40,000 injured. These casualty totals were larger than the initial deaths at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Bodies were reduced to ash and many civilians drowned trying to escape the firestorm by wading into the Sumida River.[18]

Yoshiko Hashimoto was a young mother in Tokyo at the time. She remembered the sight of the bombers vividly, recalling, "These B-29's looked gigantic, looming very close and dispersing their bombs . . . like a heavy evening shower coming down."[19] She remembered the utter chaos as her family tried to flee the burning city, all heading toward the river. Her youngest sister was separated from them, caught up in the mass of people, and never seen again. As Yoshiko carried her baby on her back, she could see and smell people being burnt alive,

when, suddenly, she recalled, "I heard a very sharp scream on my back--it was my baby! And I turned around and he was crying with his mouth open so that little powdery pieces of fire got into his mouth".[20] Before the fire burned out, Yoshiko would lose her mother and father to the hellish firestorm.[21]

The Tokyo raid showed what the B-29's could do and proved their effectiveness. The crew of the Silver Lady would take part in 28 of these types of missions over mainland Japan.[22] The main targets for the 313th Bomb Wing were five of the largest industrial centers of Japan: Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagoya, Kobe, and Yawata. During the campaign from March through July 1945, the B-29's destroyed 35% of the Japanese labor force, 40% of its electrical stations, and 20% of its citizens. [23]

The crew of the Silver Lady surely knew what living hell they produced with every payload dropped on their 28 missions. None of the crewmembers left an account, but another bomber's crewman, Robert Montgomery, provided insight into the attitude toward the civilian-killing missions:

> I didn't have any feelings at the time. I guess the reason I didn't was that I wanted to get the war over. I was insensitive to the bombing of cities. I really was wanting to get the war over and I wanted to get home. And if they told me to go bomb cities, I went and bombed cities.[24]

Montgomery also explained the important mental disconnect that a crewmember must possess to forego compassion for those on the distant ground:

> It's not like I was going out and sticking a bayonet in someone's belly. Okay? You still kill them but you kill them from a distance, and it doesn't have the demoralizing effect upon you that it did if I went up and stuck a bayonet in someone's stomach in the course of combat. It's just different. [25]

Coming to terms with the cruelty of combat is an exercise in futility. War is death; war is destruction; war, in the famous words of General William Tecumseh Sherman, "is all hell."

Despite the serious work of conducting regular bombing missions, the crewmembers were still human and possessed a sense of humor that probably helped keep their sanity. An example of this is an account provided by Silver Lady Pilot Lt. Meredith in an exchange with Sgt. Moyer and other crewmembers over Tokyo:

> Silver Lady was out of commission for one of our Tokyo raids. We were assigned another aircraft. I failed to note the difference in aisle switches in our assigned B-29[.] The raid plan was for each airplane to attack singly at night, one minute and 100 feet apart. While over the target and hoping that we could avoid being observed by the Japanese defenses, my tail gunner [Sgt. Moyer] reported that the B-29 behind us was too close and was overtaking us. I elected to warn him off by flashing my navigation lights. I reached over and flicked the last switch in the row. Our landing lights came on instead of the navigation light. Almost instantly[,] one of our crew came on the intercom and shouted, "LOOOOO-TENANT [sic] ARE YOU PLANNING TO LAND IN TOKYO?"[26]

The month of May proved to be memorable but deadly month for the 504th and the crew of the Silver Lady. During raids on May 25-26, the XXI Bomber Command lost 26 aircraft over Tokyo, the single highest loss for a single mission.[27] On May 29, 1945, the Silver Lady took part in Mission 186 along with 453 other B-29's and an escort of 101 P-51 fighters for an incendiary raid on Yokohama. Heavy anti-aircraft flak and attacks by 150 Japanese fighters took a toll on the formation resulting in 8 B-29's and 3 P-51's lost.[28] For the crew of the Silver Lady, this came close to being their last mission. Documentation recorded in the section XXIII of the 504th's History for August 1945 provides the following account:

> Two other bombers were shot down within sight and their aircraft received two damaging flak hits which shattered the nose, perforated the radome and disrupted the interphone

> system. In addition, two enemy fighters made aggressive attacks immediately after bombs away, but they were driven off and this crew aided materially in the destruction of more than thirty-four percent of the built-up portion of the Yokohama area.

For their "extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight," Sgt. Moyer and the crew of the Silver Lady were each awarded one of the highest honors for the Army Air Force, the Distinguished Flying Cross.[29] May also marked a noteworthy addition to the 313th wing of the XXIII Bomber Command, with the arrival of the 509th Composite group arriving on North Field Tinian. This group contained a number of bombers, and one of them, the "Enola Gay,"[30] would change history in the coming months.

The bombing raids would continue through the month of July. Silver Lady's crew would again assail the Empire of Japan and aid in the strategic mining of the waters off the mainland, severely reducing the importation of raw materials for the Japanese and destroying its merchant fleet.[31] July would also see Sgt. Moyer promoted to his highest service rank, Staff Sergeant.[32]

On August 6, 1945, the B-29 Enola Gay took off from North Tinian Airfield with its atomic payload. At 0815 hrs, the Enola Gay dropped the first atomic bomb on the Japanese city of Hiroshima. Two days later, another 313th bomber from the 509th, "Bocs Car," dropped a second atomic bomb on the city of Nagasaki, thus destroying the will of the Japanese leaders. Peace between the U.S. and Japan was realized aboard the deck of the U.S.S. Missouri on September 2, 1945, when the official Japanese surrender was presented. Lieutenant General James Doolittle, who remarked that although the Navy, Army, and Marines, made the invasion of Japan possible, "the B-29's made it unnecessary," noted the success of the B-29.[33]

SSgt. Moyer and the crew of the Silver Lady survived the war. They were lucky. In all, a total of 371 XXI Bomber Command B-29's were lost in combat.[34] On September 27, 1945, SSgt Moyer arrived back in the U.S. with $248.77 of separation pay in his pocket. He served six moths and 26 days in the Pacific Theater of combat. For his service, he was awarded the following medals and citations: the

Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal (x3), Asiatic-Pacific Ribbon (x3), Good Conduct Medal, American Theater Ribbon, and WWII Victory Ribbon.[35]

Many ordinary American citizens passed through the crucible or war between 1941 and 1945. William J. Moyer was but one who was lucky enough to pass on this extraordinary tale of his place in the annals of World War II history. He also passed on a legacy as a father, husband, grandfather, and hero-this man who was once known simply as Tail Gunner.

Author's Biography

Chad plans to continue part-time as a sophomore at RACC and hopes to complete his degree by 2009-2010. He then plans to transfer Cedar Crest College to complete a B.A. in History and then a Master's Degree.

Notes

1 William J. Moyer, interpretation of a personal account related to author during childhood, 1980-1990 approximate.

2 Army of the United States, *Separation Qualification Record for S/Sgt William J. Moyer 1945*, Photocopy, (National Personnel Records Center, St. Louis, MO), 1-2.

3 Ibid., 2.

4 United States Army Air Force, Enlisted Record and Report of Separation: Honorable *Discharge for S/Sgt William J Moyer 1945,* Photocopy, (National Personnel Records Center, St. Louis, MO).

5 Army of the United States, Separation, 1-2.

6 Moyer, personal account.

7 *Boeing B-29 Superfortress*, http://www.nationalmuseum.af.mil/factsheets/factsheet.asp?id=2527 (accessed March 5, 2008).

8 United States Army Air Force, Enlisted Record.

9 Michael Reimer, *20th Army Air Force, HQ Marianas,* http://www.michael-reimer.com/CFS2/CFS2_Profiles/PTO_Allies_20_USAAF.html (accessed March 3, 2008).

10 Photograph of B-29 *"Silver Lady" From Author's Family Collection. 1945; 1944 USAAF Serial Numbers* (44-83886 to 44-92098), http://home.att.net/~jbaugher/1944_6.html (accessed March 3, 2008).

11 United States Army Air Force, History 504th Bomb Group-VH for the Month of Aug 1945, (National Archives, College Park MD), Section XXIII, 11, Record Group 18, WW II - MR Boxes 2221-2222.

12 Edward Jablonski, *America in the Air War*, 4th ed. (Alexandria, VA: Time-Life Books, 1982), 163-64.

13Ibid., 165.

13 Richard B Frank, *Downfall: The End of the Imperial Japanese Empire* (New York: Penguin Books, 1999), 56.

14 Ibid., 67.
15 Ibid., 54-55.
16 Jablonski, America, 165.
17 Ibid., 167.
18 Laurence Rees, *Horror* in the East Japan and the Atrocities of World War II, 1st Da Capo Press Ed. (Cambridge, MA: Da Capo P, 2002),115.
19 Ibid., 115-16.
20 Ibid.
21 United States Army Air Force, Enlisted Record.
22 Frank, Downfall, 52.
23 Rees, *Horror*, 118.
24 Ibid., 118-19.
25 *Stories*, http://www.geocities.com/Pentagon/Quarters/3109/stories.html (accessed March 4, 2008).
26 Frank, *Downfall*, 74.
27 Sallyann Wagoner, ed., *Pacific War Chronology: B-29 Superfortress Then and Now.* http://home.att.net/~sallyann6/b29/56years-4505b.html (accessed March 2, 2008).
28 United States Army Air Force, History 504th Bomb Group-VH for the Month of Aug 1945, (National Archives, College Park, MD), Section XXIII, 11.
29 Wagoner, Pacific War Chronology.
30 Frank, Downfall,79; Jablonski, America,169.
31 United States Army Air Force, History 504th Bomb Group-VH for the Month of Jul 1945, (National Archives, College Park, MD), 40, Record Group 18, WW II - MR Boxes 2221-2222.
32 Jablonski, America, 170.
33 Army Air Forces Statistical Digest. http://www.usaaf.net/digest/t101.htm (accessed March 3, 2008).
34 United States Army Air Force, Enlisted Record.

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Untitled *Colored Penciil on Paper*

The War was over and They were "Lost"

Sheryl Lan

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
-T. S. Eliot, "The Hollow Men"

The earlier half of the twentieth century saw the flourishing of a new cultural movement which responded to and reflected on an era of disillusionment in which the traditional ideals passed down from previous generations became irrelevant to the post-war culture. This new era, or modernism, produced literary works that took a noticeably self-conscious split from and boldly challenged the previous works of romantic and realist literature, and reflect the bitter disillusionment that followed the Great War.

Modernist literature concentrated on the mind's response to the external world and "strove to find a new way of organizing itself relying less on the formal methods of the previous century and instead seeking a coherence derived from an internal, subjective creativity . . . [with a focus on] myth and the workings of the mind" (Lee-Browne 44). Much of modernist literature was influenced by early psychological works, which delved into the unknown and repressed conflicts of the unconscious mind, such as works of Sigmund Freud and those of William James, particularly his stream-of-consciousness technique-"the haphazard progress of reflection, with all its paradoxes, irrelevances and abrupt shifts of interest" (Kreis).

"The first time I read "Babylon Revisited" the ending left me unfulfilled and even a little angry. It wasn't until I did my research for this paper that I truly understood Fitzgerald's intentions." Sheryl Lan

Stylistically, "modernist literature is marked by a break with the sequential, developmental, cause-and-effect presentation of the 'reality' of realist fiction, toward a presentation of experience as layered, allusive, discontinuous" (Lye, "Some Attributes"). Rather than portraying thoughts in full, complete sentences, modernist writers characteristically depicted mental thoughts and the human experience as fragmented and scattered. Modernist literature asks for more participation from the reader than earlier literary forms, compelling the reader to "identify meaning or coherence in a form that was fragmentary [and thus] require[s] greater effort and a degree of creativity" (Lee-Browne 56). The omniscient speaker, characteristic of romanticism and realism, is replaced in modernism by narrators located within the happenings of the text. As a result, meaning becomes highly subjective and is uncovered in the narrator's journey through the text. Time also has a more prominent role in modernist literature relocated from the external, physical world to the internal environment gauged from the narrator's personal experience or measured symbolically. This allows for a pendulum-like movement swinging back and forth through time and for the use of retrospection enabling the experience of events at different times aiding in the narrator's quest for meaning (Lye, "Some Attributes").

While psychological and philosophical works inspired a reassessment of the self and the mind, modernist works were mostly shaped by the historical and cultural events of a timeline spanning from the late eighteenth century until its convergence into the post-modernist movement in the 1940s. World War I lasted four grueling years

leaving a profound, lasting impression on the young generation. A deterioration of society followed after the war. Many, especially those who witnessed horrific atrocities first-hand from the trenches of World War I, shared a feeling of disillusionment. Having lost faith in pre-war traditions and values, such as the government and religion, an embittered younger generation rejected what had been passed down to them. After all, it was those practices of the "old world" that had gotten them into the war in the first place. In "The Waste Land," a classic and much anthologized poem that exemplifies the modernist genre, T. S. Eliot provides an honest assessment of the social world around him and illustrates fragmentary narrative with abrupt and unexpected shifts in speakers and chronological time throughout the poem. Eliot's dry, barren wasteland is that of a dying society on the verge of a breakdown. Mixing contemporary life with references from literary and religious texts, the poem "urges a rediscovery of the roots of culture and civilization in order to repair the damage done to society as a result of over-sophistication and loss of belief" (Lee-Browne 44).

The years following the Great War saw the rise of the Jazz Age, during which jazz played as the soundtrack of a younger generation who associated it with more than music. "Jazz," Malcolm Cowley explains, "carried with it a constant message of change, excitement, violent escape, and an undertone of sadness, but with a promise of enjoyment somewhere around the corner of next week . . . [and] young men heard the message and followed it anywhere, through any door" (Bloom 56). In The Jazz Age, a compilation of autobiographical essays, F. Scott Fitzgerald also defines the word "jazz" as having meant more than music: "first sex, then dancing, then music" (6). The Jazz Age "had no interest in politics," said Fitzgerald. "It was an age of art, it was an age of excess . . . and it was an age of satire" (qtd. in Minter 108). The young people of the Jazz Age were seen by the elders as being wild, journeying through life with reckless abandonment. The younger generation, on the other hand, believed "[t]he elders were straitlaced or stuffy, and besides they had made a mess of the world; they were discredited in younger eyes not only by the war and what followed it . . . but also by the political scandals occurring in Washington at the time" (Bloom 54). The younger generation was embittered; they had no desire to follow in the traditions of their elders, whom they deemed as unable to pass down any useful old world values that did not clash with their post-war world.

Money joins jazz music as a characteristic of the roaring twenties. It was a prosperous time in which money was frequently spent and "made by playing the market on margin: that is, paying as little as 10 percent of the purchase price for stocks and borrowing the rest with the stocks as collateral" (Baughman and Bruccoli 88). The twenties denoted an era of wealth and privilege during which the dramatically soaring stock market sparked the corruption and decline of moral values. Prohibition also altered alcohol consumption in the United States with bootlegging and the establishment of speakeasies, which became the bustling night-time town centers for society (Baughman and Bruccoli 89). This dizzying whirl of excess and luxury, however, came to a crashing halt with the stock-market crash in October of 1929, marking the beginning of the Great Depression whose effects were felt by millions of people around the world:

> The crash was not the only or even the main cause for the Depression, but millions of Americans who were not speculators or investors suffered. Factories closed; workers were dismissed; wages were cut; banks failed; farms were foreclosed; Hoovervilles-shack clusters sarcastically named for the President-appeared in cities; the dispossessed and unemployed took to the roads. (Baughman and Bruccoli 90)

With the arrival of the 1930s, the charm of the twenties abruptly ended and the seemingly endless amounts of money to be had and consequently spent vanished.

In the literary world, the post-war era created a new term, "Lost Generation," which refers to a group of expatriate American writers who immigrated to Europe during the 1920s joining enclaves with friends and fellow modernist artists. Generally, the lost generation applies to a distinguished group of modernist authors and poets during a time period following World War I to the onset of the Great Depression: F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, T. S. Eliot, and Ezra Pound, whose works helped epitomize the sentiments and attitudes of modernist literature. Gertrude Stein is credited to coining the term the "Lost Generation" in a conversation with Ernest Hemingway, referring to the young people who had survived the Great War. Hemingway in turn uses the phrase in his novel *The Sun Also Rises* as

well as his posthumously published memoir *A Moveable Feast*, which describes his expatriate days in Paris among fellow artists (Minter 109). The writers of the Lost Generation are characterized as modernists not only because of their experimentations with themes and forms in their works but also because their attitudes reflected a time in which past events bred their current outlooks of cynical disenchantment. The war, the Jazz Age, and the Depression led to a shared view that the world was essentially ruined; society and culture were emotionally and morally bankrupt. The generation was lost searching for hope and meaning in an abyss, and "the post-war theme . . . [was] similar: abandon tradition, experiment with the unknown, change the rules, dare to be different, innovate, and above all, expose the sham of western civilization, a civilization whose entire system of values was now perceived as one without justification" (Kreis).

F. Scott Fitzgerald, a modernist author and member of the Lost Generation, demonstrated a majority of these sentiments in his works. Americans living abroad in Paris is an element featured in several of Fitzgerald's works. The novel *Tender is the Night* and the stories "Babylon Revisited" and "One Trip Abroad" depict American protagonists who "undergo a process of deterioration in Europe . . . [They] are spoiled by their own idleness and their choice of Europe as a place where money buys more than it does in America" (Baughman and Bruccoli 178). In another work, *The Great Gatsby*, Fitzgerald depicts the Buchanan's as lackadaisical and aimless: "They had spent a year in France, for no particular reason, and then drifted here and there unrestfully wherever people played water polo and were rich together" (qtd. in Baughman and Bruccoli 57).

"While most of the lost and troubled generation found newness in their unconsciousness" and twisted "the rules of 'rational' art," and tried what had not been tried, "there was also something real and vital": their experience (Kreis), and their works act as social commentaries indicative of those experiences and views of the post-war world and give insight into the social context of the time. For example, in "My Generation" Fitzgerald defines the mindset of his generation and how that feeling was shaped:

> Americans passed away somewhere between 1910 and 1920; and the fact gives my generation its uniqueness-we are at once prewar and postwar. We were well-grown in the tense Spring of 1917, but for the most part not married and settled. . . . [W]e inherited two worlds-the one of hope to which we had been bred; the one of disillusion which we had discovered early for ourselves. (qtd. in Baughman and Bruccoli 86)

In what he calls his greatest short story, "Babylon Revisited," Fitzgerald presents the story of Charlie Wales, a man who represents the "two worlds [his generation] inherited," a man who returns to Paris-after losing it all in the stock market crash, dealing with the death of his wife, relinquishing custody of his daughter, and battling his alcoholism. Charlie embodies Fitzgerald's retrospection of The Jazz Age in the aftermath of the sudden stock market crash. Charlie's new perspective allows him to see the superficiality of wealth. He regretfully recalls his frivolous spending realizing, "[it] had been given, even the most wildly squandered sum, as an offering to destiny that he might not remember the things worth remembering, the things that now he would always remember-his child taken from his control, his wife escaped to a grave in Vermont" (448).

Fitzgerald's first novel *This Side of Paradise*, published in 1920, is perhaps one of the most significant post-war works as it provides an invaluable insight into his generation's collective response to the traumatic experiences of World War I:

> Here was a new generation, shouting the old cries, learning the old creeds, through a revelry of long days and nights; destined finally to go out into that dirty gray turmoil to follow love and pride; a new generation dedicated more than the last to the fear of poverty and the worship of success; grown up to find all Gods dead, all wars fought, all faiths in man shaken. (316)

Fitzgerald's words reflect both the sense of "loss" that his generation experienced and their dedication to success "as though possessing money might somehow help to stave off disillusionment and keep alive a sense of beauty" (Minter 109). For Hemingway, however, "who had seen some of the killing and dying, the term 'Lost Generation' carried special authority because it conveyed a sense of how indelibly the Great War had marked the young who survived it" (109).

The carnage of World War I, the materialism and debauchery of the Jazz Age, and the desolation of the Depression affected the post-war generation tremendously. The high cost of human life in the war and the burdensome tolls of having and suddenly losing money culminated in a shared rejection of traditional values, morals, and faith that had been passed down from previous generations. Many members of the Lost Generation recognized traditional values held no current relevance to the post-war society void of hope and meaning, having "led only to a horrid war, industrial squalor, the breakdown of traditional rural society, exploitation of other cultures and races, and a society built on power and greed" (Lye, "Some Cultural"). Those who came of age during and after the war were a collection of lost individuals, embittered with society, politics, and religion, searching for meaning among the ruins; they were truly a lost generation.

Author's Biography

Sheryl is a full-time student at RACC planning to earn her degree and graduate in 2009. She then plans to continue her education at a four-year college or university.

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Vision

"I think the theme of vision is quite appropriate for the students at RACC because we are ultimately all in search of greater vision. It reminds me of the theme in my honors composition class; Power. In one form or another we (at RACC) are unified by a concept of power. We are all here because we were powerless to change our lives, and are empowered by the furthering of our education."

Kevin Jennings, 2008

The Internet and Politics: Where Pop Culture and the Vote Collide

Jacki York

Hand-lettered signs cropping up along the side of the road read, "Paul 2008." A little known candidate for the 2008 presidential race, Ron Paul was igniting a disenfranchised base of supporters through savvy internet marketing. He had become an internet darling, outpacing mainstream Republican candidates in the fundraising race for the 2008 presidential nomination. According to Paul, "It [the internet] sort of feeds on itself . . . I'm both pleased and surprised" (qtd. in Eichel). Originally, politicians viewed the internet as a secondary way to disseminate information and solicit small campaign donations. Today, political campaign managers recognize that the internet is the primary way to have "issues . . . articulated and elaborated upon" (Convy). However, the darker side of internet politicking is the rise of viral videos and political blogs which threaten to undermine the legitimacy of carefully orchestrated campaigns. The internet has radically redefined how politicians run a campaign and, more importantly, how politicians view the internet, as both a friend and a foe.

"The internet has radically redefined how politicians run a campaign and, more importantly, how politicians view the internet, as both a friend and a foe." Jacki York

According to the Democratic National Committee chairperson Howard Dean, political campaigns realize that "the internet is the most important tool for redemocratizing the world since Gutenberg invented the printing press" (qtd. in "Politics 2.0"). In 1996, most of the

websites for presidential nominees were simple "brochureware" models that outlined a candidate's position on a handful of issues, had limited discussion forums, and encouraged only limited feedback to the candidates themselves (Chadwick). According to the Pew Research Center, internet usage for primary political information gathering in 1996 was a negligible 2% of all media available. This increased to 9% for the 2000 election (Pew Research Center for the People & the Press). The latest Pew Report states that "nearly a quarter of Americans (24%) say they regularly learn something about the campaign from the internet, almost double the percentage [13%] from a comparable point in the 2004 campaign (Pew Internet & American Life Project).

One of the most telling examples of how the internet is changing politics is how technology-savvy campaign managers are merging online communities with real-world communities. In the 2004 presidential campaign, Howard Dean campaign manager, Joe Trippi, advocated that the campaign utilize Meetup.com, a social networking site that gathered people with like interests together online to create meetings in offline settings (Chadwick 162-163). The Dean campaign utilized Meetup.com to bring together like-minded voters for political discussions and political rallies. In the 2008 campaign, Barack Obama's staff has taken this idea one step further by using the candidate's website for soliciting volunteers. On Obama's website, a supporter can choose to organize an event or attend one, make telephone solicitations, create blog postings, or raise funds for the candidate (Obama'08). Obama's campaign has used these online resources to rally support before critical primary elections, including organizing 6,000 precincts in California (Garcia).

The most important asset to the campaigns has been the increase in funding through the internet. Online donations are a more economical method for candidates to raise funds; only about "3 percent of Internet donations is lost in administrative costs," in contrast with telephone or direct mail donations which "cost around 15 percent to collect" (Chadwick 167). In 1996, several of the candidates' websites solicited for campaign funds but none of the websites allowed for online payment. Most "seldom got beyond providing addresses for campaign offices or a printable form that could be returned with a check" (Chadwick 153). The 1996 Clinton campaign raised only about $10,000 over the entire campaign period via internet donations (153).

In the 2000 presidential campaign, online donations jumped into the millions with Al Gore raising approximately $10 million and John McCain raising approximately $6 million (154). In 2004, John Kerry was the clear winner in online donations, garnering $82 million of his total $185 million in campaign funds through his campaign website. In contrast, the Bush campaign raised only $9 million through online donations (167). Although the 2008 presidential campaign is far from over, the fundraising numbers are impressive. Ron Paul, who raised a scanty $2 million for a presidential bid in 1988, was able to raise $6.6 million from 50,000 donors on December 16, 2007 online, more than any other candidate, Republican or Democrat (Romano). In January 2008, Barack Obama raised $32 million, $28 million through his website. More specifically, "ninety percent of the online donations were $100 or less; forty percent were $25 or less" and "more than 10,000 people gave between $5 and $10 on the Internet" (Vargas). Both the Paul and Obama campaigns have successfully leveraged the internet for fundraising by encouraging small donations from large groups of interested citizens.

For all the of the top-down control that politicians have been able to exert over internet campaigning, the 2004 and 2008 presidential campaigns have illustrated how the nominees can be at the mercy of negative viral videos and political blogging. When internet campaigning was in its infancy, no one could have predicted the force with which homemade videos and the opinions of an average citizen could disastrously affect the outcome of the elections. The use of web videos can benefit a campaign but the more memorable videos tend to be the videos that campaigns wish had never seen the light of day. One of the primary reasons the videos are so prevalent is because, "the low-barrier-to-entry into the field of Web videos allows for anyone with a digital camera and laptop computer to potentially become a videographer" (Zusman). In 2004, after losing the Iowa caucus, Howard Dean's presidential campaign came to a complete halt after Dean rallied supporters with an over-enthusiastic scream. The "Dean Scream" "was widely and repeatedly televised and, ironically, encoded as an MPEG video file before being distributed to hundreds of thousands of people across the Internet in a matter of hours" (Chadwick 165). The 2008 primary race is illustrating that there can be positive viral videos, such as Ben Relies's "I've Got a Crush on Obama" (Girl), which to date has had over six million views. In an interview about the success of "Obama Girl," Relies noted that, "campaigns are very

focused on controlling their message, and these types of videos can put out other messages" (Zusman). Most of the videos, however, are negative, showing candidates, such as Hillary Clinton, flip-flopping on issues (BLUETIB) and John McCain making inappropriate comments (heyitsjoe). Joe Rospars, who runs Obama's internet operation, is fearful about having "no control on what's already out there and what will get out there" (Baldwin). These fears are not unfounded because the internet is the "wild west" of political campaigning, "a place where student hackers, sociopaths, and saboteurs lie in wait" (Baldwin). For example, over the course of several weeks in late 2007, "someone going by the name of General Bigjegs uploaded a photo of naked black men on Obama's Wikipedia article, while unfounded smears suggesting he is a secret Muslim plant, a 'Manchurian candidate,' continue to slide across cyberspace" (Baldwin). Negative viral videos, however, are only one source of harmful online content.

The powerful tool of blogging has also created a problem for the presidential campaigns. The blog's lure is the amount of information and its timeliness. Twenty-eight million Americans received primary information from political blogs in the last few months leading up to the 2004 presidential election (Burstein 5). This "rivaled traffic to the three 24/7 online cable news networks" in the same period (5). The majority of the mainstream blogs, www.thedailykos.com, www.instapundit.com and www.drudgereport.com, are unabashedly biased. The power of the political blog lies in the fact that Americans no longer look to traditional media sources for accuracy. Kline and Burnstein argue that "a substantial number of Americans, perhaps even a majority, believe that the media is either biased or incompetent or both" (Burstein 6). Bloggers have been responsible for bringing to light many stories that the mainsteam media originally refused to cover. For example, the Instapundit blog was one of the blogs to publish the speech "Senator Trent Lott gave at former Senator Strom Thurmond's one hundredth birthday party on December 5, 2002, praising his segregationist views," causing Lott to step down from his Senate Majority Leader position (Burstein 11). In the 2008 presidential primary election, the blogs change almost hourly with new "scandals" and new information about political candidates. On February 22, 2008, on both www.thedailykos.com and www.talkingpointsmemo.com , the number one story was about John McCain's Arizona campaign co-chair, Rick Renzi, and his recent fraud indictment. On www.cnn.com, the story was posted but with no mention of Renzi's name in the headline

or his relationship to John McCain. For better or worse, no political campaign can completely control what content is added to the web, nor can they respond to negative content in the same way that they could to limited-run negative television or print ads. All of the campaigns are mindful of this, and according to Mindy Finn, former online manager for Mitt Romney, "the pool of negativity is much bigger, the web can be hateful" (Baldwin).

Politicians are just beginning to learn the power of the internet. Most politicians have wholeheartedly embraced the candidate website with softly lit photographs and carefully worded stances on hot-button political issues. They have maximized the internet's potential for fundraising, activating an enormous voter demographic that is comfortable donating in small increments. All the campaigns, however, have yet to learn how to "spin" the negative videos and commentary online to their benefit. How a campaign responds to a viral attack might just make or break a candidate's run for office. With the general election still eight months away, it is impossible to tell who our choices will be in the ballot box. One of the frontrunners may be a viral video away from disgrace, or an underdog may receive an upsurge of new online donors. Whatever happens, the politicians have learned that the time has come to redefine campaigning or risk being left behind in the political race.

Author's Biography

Jacki is a second-year, part-time student who hopes to go on to become an accountant after graduation.

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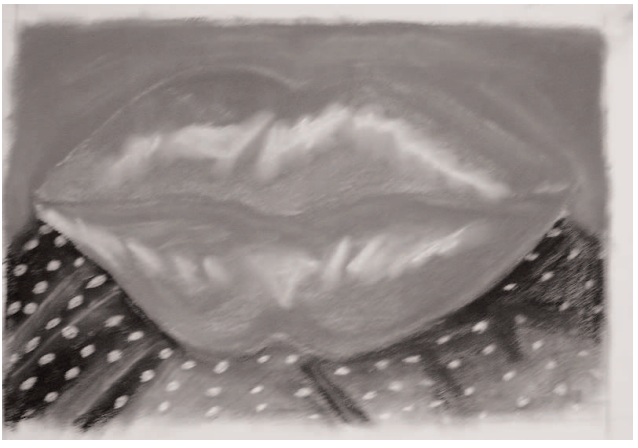
"Double Take"
Sarah Jefferis



Untitled *Pastel*

Untitled Charcoal on Paper

Starving for Treatment: Insurance Coverage for Anorexia

Chelsea Hostetter

Anorexia takes many lives. Its treatment is excessively costly, yet most states leave this disease to be covered optionally under insurance policies, leaving it up to insurance companies who are often unwilling to allow coverage and thus further anorexia's negative statistics. Despite insurance companies' will to deny coverage for treatment, there are substantial reasons why anorexia should be covered. Insurance companies should further assess the components of the disease before leaving many anorexic individuals untreated and thus easily susceptible to death.

"Despite insurance companies will to deny coverage for treatment, there are substantial reasons why anorexia should be covered. There are biological, genetic, and hereditary factors which may contribute."
Chelsea Hostetter

Anorexia is perceived to be a disorder derived from the media's negative influence. Researchers have found that, as early as the age of five, girls begin to worry about their weight due to society's portrayal of beauty, which leads to the conclusion that anorexia is a learned behavior (Michel & Willard, 2002, p. 35). If girls are taught that to be thin is to be beautiful, then they will go to great lengths to achieve these standards. The common assumption is that girls that cannot

meet these hard-to-achieve standards will most likely end up having low self esteem-the leading cause of anorexia. That is, individuals who have a poor outlook on their image, whether it be their body or their circumstances, could develop anorexia as a way to regain control and boost their self esteem (p. 37). Anorexia then becomes a choice rather than a disease having a biological explanation.

However, a study conducted by Professor Tomas Hokfelt, at Karolinska Institute, shows that individuals with anorexia have a higher level of certain antibodies affecting their chemical messengers. The messengers in an anorexic's body that are affected by the disease control the individual's appetite. Hokfelt found that the messenger molecules being affected had similar traits to bacteria such as Influenza A virus, E coli, and Helicobacter pylori. Thus, when an infection occurs, the infection is fought off by antibodies; however, when the antibodies used to attack Influenza A virus, E coli, and Helicobacter pylori take action, they accidentally attack the molecules that control one's appetite instead. Susan Ringwood, who is involved in the Eating Disorders Association, carefully reviewed this study. She concluded that very often anorexia follows an infection, which would support the reasoning for this conclusive study (Leake, 2005).

A recent study conducted by Dr. Walter H. Kaye also shows an interesting correlation between twins and anorexia: Certain genetic make-up between twins often resulted in anorexia. This correlation has challenged the once-thought notion that anorexia is self-inflicted or rather outside force-induced. Kaye states that outside forces may trigger the pre-existing genes that make up anorexia within an individual. However, while the majority of the population may diet, many do not develop anorexia. According to Kaye, some individuals must have something others do not, which makes them more likely to develop the disease. This may be a reason why genes play an important part in anorexia's development (as cited in "Anorexia biological," 2007). It would then be reasonable to conclude that anorexia is not only a psychological disease but significant signs also show that it is genetic. Therefore, as it is not just self-induced but can be genetically-triggered, anorexia needs to be treated under insurance coverage.

There are other studies supporting the conclusion that there may be a genetic link to anorexia and that anorexia may be hereditary

and therefore an individual who has relatives with anorexia is more likely to be exposed to the disease than someone with no such link. According to these studies, there is not one gene that causes anorexia, but rather there are many genes that may expose one to anorexia working together as a whole (DeAnglis, 2002). A study took DNA samples from 192 family groupings. Of these 192 families, at least one relative had to have been diagnosed with anorexia and other family members had to have traits of any food-related disorder. The researchers then narrowed the study down to 37 families who had more than 2 relatives with an eating disorder and found a connection between the genes of individuals inflicted with anorexia and their family members inflicted with anorexia genes. Today, anorexia is being compared to autism and schizophrenia, both of which were also thought to be caused due to external factors. However, scientists have proven that autism and schizophrenia are, in fact, in an individual's genetic make-up (Taylor, 2005, para.1).

Treatment for recovery from anorexia is costly. When insurance companies are not covering the costs, an individual can pay more than one-hundred thousand dollars for treatment (South Carolina Department of Mental Health, 2006). A one-hour counseling session can cost anywhere from seventy-five dollars to one-hundred fifty dollars ("What does treatment cost," 2008). If an individual has a severe case of anorexia and is an inpatient, on average they will pay thirty-thousand dollars monthly (South Carolina Department of Mental Health, 2006). Dawn Baye, the mother of an anorexic fifteen year old, will soon be two-hundred thousand dollars in debt due to her daughter's treatment finances and out of those two-hundred thousand dollars, not one cent will be paid by an insurance company (Henry, 2006). Though some may qualify for insurance, as soon as they are no longer a "medical necessity," they are no longer able to receive insurance funds to pay for their treatment. The insurance companies seem to think that if they deny individuals despite their need for treatment, they are saving money, when, in reality, they are not saving money at all. Not only are the insurance companies not benefiting from denying claims, the patients are also not able to benefit from the treatments they need. The more time the insurance companies stall while assessing the anorexic individual, the disease goes longer without treatment; thus, the anorexia has more leverage in claiming another life (Martin, 2006).

There is another sad fact: the federal government does not force states to require insurance coverage for anorexia. Since there is no federal endorsement, states are able to leave it up to the insurance companies whether they should allow coverage or not (Manning, 2007). Insurance companies refuse to cover anorexia on the basis that anorexia is self-induced. Though self infliction due to an outside force seems to be the leading cause in anorexia, it is only an illusion the disease uses to mask its real identity. Biological factors can be proven, which has gained the upper hand over the self infliction theory. Self infliction alone cannot be scientifically proven to be the main cause of anorexia ("Anorexia Biological," 2007). In fact, in the 1930's, two doctors in Toronto made note that the majority of their patients were willful, intelligent, and introspective individuals (Taylor, 2005). Also, many anorexic individuals tend to be well educated (Michel & Willard, 2002, p. 25). The evidence provided by doctors specializing in anorexia treatment counteracts the assumptions of the opposing side. Conclusive studies being conducted over the years are decisively stating that anorexia is more than self infliction and that it is, rather, genetically triggered.

With this conclusion, it is clear to see that anorexia is no different from any other disease. Just the same, anorexia should be covered under insurance policies in order for afflicted individuals to receive the treatment they need to cure their disease. While eighty percent of individuals who participated in GMI Incorporation's poll stated that they believe that the elected state and federal officials should make insurance companies provide care for anorexia, clearly, it is not having an effect (National Eating Disorders Association, 2002). Insurance companies refuse to recognize that anorexia is a disease and that it should qualify for insurance coverage due to its biological factors. Treatment is possible, and insurance companies need to make that option available for all those afflicted with anorexia.

Author's Biography

Chelsea will be attending Reading Area Community College until next fall when she hopes to finish the transfer program in psychology. She hopes to graduate after the spring term in 2009 and then transfer to a four-year college pursuing a career in aiding individuals in their challenges with eating disorders.ls in their defeat against eating disorders.

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Because of You

Because of you I see better days

Because of you I feel so many better ways

Because of you I cry no more

Because of you my heart can soar

Because of you I feel no more

Because of you times have changed

Because of letting go of you my life I can now arrange . . .

Vision

"True vision is the knowledge that a person is never done contributing to oneself and others; vision can always be expanded to include all that one has missed out on knowing and feeling. True vision touches the world in a very special way, in a way that leaves a positive legacy."

Melissa McIlroy, 2008

The Walkway / St. George, Bermuda

Vision

"To me, vision is marrying a dream with the fortitude to follow your dream, even when times get tough!."

Jacki York, 2008

A Vision

When you came close and we meet eyes I can see many things.
I see the lightest white, vivid green, and darkest black
and within that sits a peculiar young man very dear to me-
the center of my universe.
I smile and he smiles back
the night's sky reflected in a drop of morning dew.
I look into his eyes and he leads me to ponder, to see how I'm you
and you are me.
Somewhere deep down inside where one rarely looks.
Through that door out into vast hidden realms within an infinity -
encompassed-
where you and I are one with mountains and brown paper bags.
The root of the root,
the end of the sky.
Inside your eye, for me to spy.

Portfolio

Sheryl Lan

Gondola

Masquerade

Bluest Car

Upward

Italy

Pigeons

Chaos Space Marine

poetry

Wraith

I am the wraith, I am the walking night
Wrapped in mystery, wreathed in fog.
I am the shadow you swore you saw,
Intangible and old, skeletal, ethereal.

Flesh is hollow, but the heart is rock.
All is silent save the Reaper's knock,
Bony digits rap upon your door,
I am the shadow you swore you saw . . .

I am the wraith, I am the rising dusk,
Clothed in fright, veiled by dark.
I am the words you fear to speak about
Ominous and old, foreboding, horrible

Man is dying, but love lives on,
All is silent save my forbidden words.
Bony digits wrapped around your throat,
I am the words you fear to speak about.

I am the wraith, I am the living shadow,
Encircled with smoke, embedded in marrow.
I am the words of the terrible truth,
Hide your head or I'll haunt you . . .

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-Philosophy-

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-Colophon-

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