



EXPRESSIONS

1989 • *30th Anniversary* • 2019



ALLEGANY COLLEGE
===== *of* MARYLAND =====

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ALLEGANY COLLEGE of MARYLAND

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ARTWORK FEATURED ON FRONT COVER:

“Evening at the Lake” by Vin Foy



ARTWORK FEATURED ON BACK COVER:

“Snowy Light” by Vin Foy

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STUDENT EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

Firstly, I would like to congratulate everyone who has submitted a piece to this year's edition of *Expressions*. This year's line of art and literary pieces have yet again ceased to amaze not just me, but all those involved in creating this literary, artistic, and award-winning publication. The Faculty Editor and I want to congratulate everyone for the fact that the time and effort in the creation of all of these great pieces of work has paid off.

When I was asked to be the student editor for this year's edition, I was honored by the fact that someone would want me to write about the experience that I had when I read the final draft of the magazine. But I would be lying if I would say that I wasn't scared about writing the editorial letter. Words cannot describe the raw emotions and feelings that those who have contributed put into every single one of these pieces in this publication.

Being an artist, whether in the fine arts or literature, is not an easy task as some people make it out to be. Artists have the task of overcoming the fears of their own imagination and then pouring hard work and dedication into words or images that explore a piece of themselves. Writers and artists show us their perspectives and present the world from a new, fresh set of eyes. These visionaries allow us to explore new ways of thinking

about life, and they share with us a piece of themselves that will live on through their works long after they have moved on.

The point I'm trying to get across is that anyone who reacts to the works of these artists and authors experiences them differently. You as the reader are tasked not with just responding to the pieces but trying to make sense of it all, to try and make meaning of it through yourself. We all explore our minds differently, but everyone has to have that experience to better learn about oneself.

I implore anyone who reads this magazine, whether you're an established writer/artist or have yet to even explore your artistic interests, to delve into this edition with open eyes and let your mind discover what it has to offer. Again I congratulate all of those involved in the making of this edition of *Expressions*. You are all true artists, authors, and future visionaries. Before I leave you to enjoy this magazine, I'll leave you with this quote from the Islamic Scholar, Rumi: "And you? When will you begin that long journey into yourself?"

David Whitaker
Student Editor

UNTITLED

Carol Lusk

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BEAUTY

Essay by Carol Lusk

The closer your arrival, the more nervous I became. I had never even seen a foal up close, and now, because of an unexpected turn of events, I was to be your midwife. I read the recommended book on foaling, trying to remember all the do's and don'ts. The birthing stall had been inspected for jagged nails, or places you could get a leg caught. More wood was added to keep out drafts. The stall looked like an oversized cardboard box where one would place a kitten or duckling. The baby bag was assembled with sterilized bottles, nipples, towels, gloves, colostrum, and all sorts of things that made me queasy to think about. I had no confidence that I could perform my assigned task.

The date came and you did not. I tried to look for signs of coming labor. I wasn't sure what I was looking for. Obviously, the swollen teats of your mother was a sign. But how long would we have to wait? I consulted the vet a couple times because my nerves were beginning to fray. I should have known that on the day your mother stayed away from the other mare, you were close to appearing.

I was in comfortable clothes. No way was I going to get caught in a nightgown to do a delivery. I was ready to turn in for the night, but one

last peek into the stall before bed revealed a tiny hoof coming out. I ran to get the baby bag and the phone, and (who knows why?) I grabbed the book. It's not like I would have time to look anything up. Racing back to the stall, I found your mother had you almost delivered. We cleaned off the membrane around your nose and mouth trying to dry you. The vet was on her way. It was raining and you slid right out the open stall door into the mud. If anyone wants to know what it's like to pick up a limp, wet, two-hundred-pound baby, it isn't an easy task. Yet finally, after a lot of maneuvering and straining, we got you back onto clean straw.

Your mother was already up, maybe too soon. It was hard to know what to do. Something wasn't right. I couldn't seem to put my finger on it. I kept reviewing the book in my mind. You were shaking. The book never said anything about this. I felt that shaking was a sign of shock. I called the vet. Yes, your cord never snapped like it should. I was told to tie it off. I grabbed some twine and did a quick knot. You stopped shaking pretty quickly. The vet soon arrived, taking the stress off me.

She took over putting a better clamp on the cord and making sure the air passages were clear. Cries of joy went up when we saw you were a girl.

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You also had four white legs. You were everything we had prayed for. You could easily grow up to be our foundation mare. Your father was the best stallion we had seen. You had his beautiful looks. Your name would be Beauty. You had spunk. You tried so hard to stand. But minutes turned to hours. The vet didn't want to use the factory produced colostrum. Your breed is not like other horses, so soon she was asking for a tube, and then another.

Finally, we helped you to stand by looping a bath towel under your stomach and heaving you into place. You were so tall. You would need to bend under to reach your mother's nourishment. Having no skill at this new task, you were soon down again. It took us six hours just to get you into proximity of the nipple. Then two more until you latched on. The vet left at dawn. You and I couldn't have done it without her. We were all exhausted, but you were sucking. I never dreamed it would all be so frustrating. It wasn't anything like the movies.

You imprinted on me, and I on you. You were a sweet joy brightening my tedious days. I dreamed of the day you would take your turn in the show ring. You would wear the farm colors with flowers and ribbons plaited into your mane and tail. You would be brushed until the oils of your coat reflected the sun. You favored your father and inherited your mother's

wonderful footing. I knew you would win.

Cruel fate came into both our lives. It crushed my dreams, turning them into nightmares. Still, I believed that one day things would improve and we could pick up where we left off.

But fate, carrying a double-edged sword, dealt the second blow. She took your health. I don't know how long you will live as you are. Twice now I almost lost you, and twice you overcame and willed yourself well again. Now I feel you gazing deep into my soul. I return your gaze with all the love in my heart. I lean hard onto your strong chest and you wrap your massive neck around me. Two girls standing with broken hearts leaning on the other for strength. I know you feel my pain, and I yours.

I have accepted fate, destiny's cruel sister. I am ready to let you go. I don't want you to suffer. I have watched you grow as tall as your mother. Your features are fine. I imagine the beautifully matched team you and your mother would have made. Each day I care for you and try to store away the touch of your roman nose, the feel of your silky neck, the strength you possess, and the deep, deep gaze of your eyes.

WEST AND NORTH

Poem by *Esper White*

I remember standing on white, soft, grainy coastal bliss—searching for direction.

The sun reached out with blazing arms and surrounded the shores.

Ah, the comfort of home;

like that first bite from grandma's fresh, oatmeal raisin cookie in the pit of your stomach.

Baffle me, sweet sirens with melodies flowing from your shade like waves crashing at my feet.

Reveal truths; leave salty grit on my lips.

The dusty body is a battlefield;

friends in legions share their trifling stories of battles lost.

Speak to me, oh goddess of the crystal

Pacific. Let your solemn notes guide me north.

One blind bird with thrice-scarred wing wanders west.

UNTITLED

Conner Tressler



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CHANGE IS PAIN, PAIN IS GROWTH: PUSHING THROUGH A BREAKUP

Essay by Antonio Cummings

Relationships can be painful, especially when they end. We all find disappointment in relationships which end with cheating, lack of trust, insecurities, being disrespected, or feeling unappreciated. We all tend to mourn over a breakup. When the change sinks in, when the mourning starts to happen, that's when pain begins to build. Getting over pain isn't easy, fun, or comfortable. But pain is growth.

Too many times we get caught up in why something happened, instead of asking "what can I learn or how can I grow from this?" We worry too much about why it didn't work out or how could he or she leave me when I invested time, energy, and trust. Whenever we focus too much on the failed relationships, we tend to forget about ourselves, and when we forget about ourselves, we tend to forget about the things we have at hand. Things such as school, jobs, dreams, goals—basically, all the things we should be focusing on to pursue our future. We put ourselves on hold, trying to fix things that can't be fixed or won't be fixed in that moment, instead of fixing ourselves.

Fixing ourselves is a part of accepting change, enduring the pain, and allowing the pain to cause growth. Change can be uncomfortable—but

change is necessary. Without change and the pain it brings, growth can't take place. Don't set yourself back wasting time, trying to fix what's not a priority at the moment. Instead, use your time wisely. Focus on becoming who you are truly meant to be, want to be, and who you are going to become.

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TWO POEMS

Poems by *Jacob Minnick*

Trying to Figure the Movement of the Pieces

One of the most dreadful curses
One can inflict
Is the loss of presence
To wistful pondering
Strangling components
Of urgent experience
Hoping to alter
The physics of portraits

Windows are glossed
With this finish, fading
Like memory,
Such tinted existence.

Player One

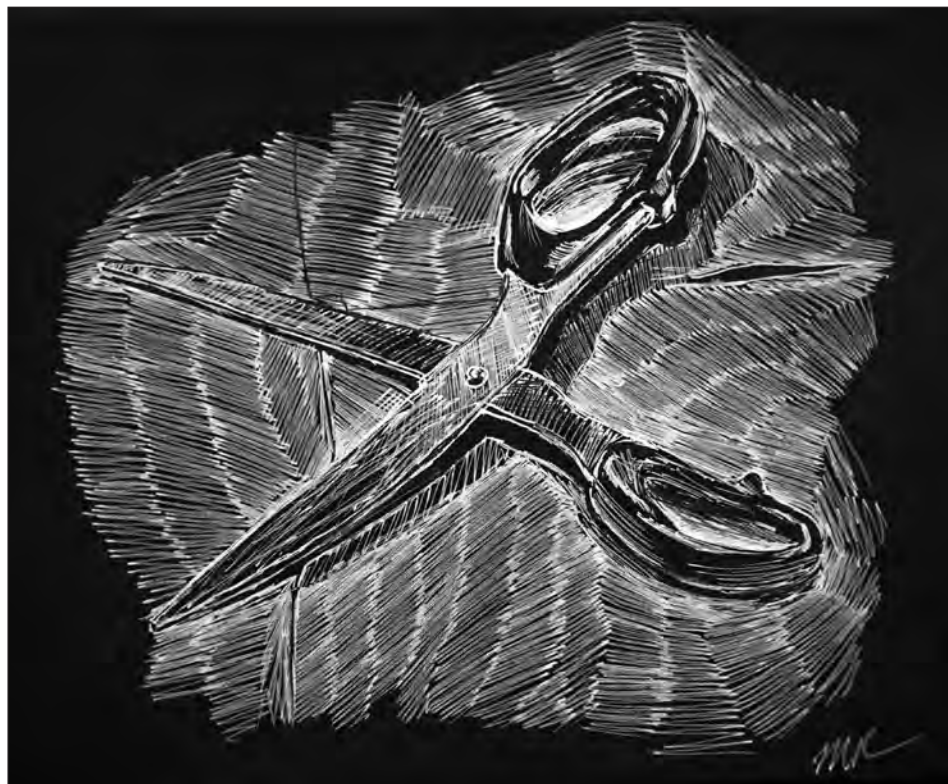
Without direction,
Neurosis spins around the vessel.
Best to wind a path for will to push
Or the flush consumes the wreckage.
Tactics of a sidewinder!
Vision goes blind in the blackness,
Bemused by the taboo
Of feeling through the madness.
Bat-eyed flight,
Slithering through the night:
This dark elixir is abused with ease,
Enticed into plight.
Clawing through the swamp,
A black lung full of habits
Impulsively circles that which equals
Seething scribbling on a tablet.

A dragon sniffs confusion,
Lounging at the summit,
Exhaling veils of smoke to hide
The places where she plummets.

She's a culture grown sadist;
She devours the mutations,
Hording all the treasured selves
to cram into our faces.
It's a game of identification;
It's King Koopa and an Asian;
its the software and technician;
it's the complacency and the bitching.

SCISSORS

Megan Ruby



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THE MYSTERY OF THE DUCHESS' MURDER

Fiction by Madison Mock

January, 1910

Mr. Peters was sitting at his desk looking over some papers when he heard a knock at his door. "Just a minute!" he called as he stacked the papers onto a neat pile and stood up to answer the door. Mr. Peters was a private investigator who lived in a small town in England. He operated his small business from his home since he didn't make enough money to open an office. He never got much business, but he loved his job, and he was honestly shocked that someone was knocking at his door at almost nine o'clock and on a stormy evening. He looked through the curtains and out the window and saw a young lady, dressed in an expensive looking dress. *If as rich as she looks, I wonder why she would want my services?* he thought as he opened his door.

"Hello. Are you Mr. Charles Peters?" The lady asked in a timid voice as she looked up at him from the snow covered stoop.

"I am, what can I do for you?" he asked her as he opened the door wider and motioned for her to step inside.

"Well, my name is Miss Victoria Davenport, and I have something I want you to investigate for me. No one else seems to be able to solve it, and I am

desperate. Could you please help me?"

Mr. Peters took a seat at his desk and lit another lantern. "Please have a seat and tell me about your problem."

Miss Davenport nodded and took a seat on a velvet chair across from Mr. Peters. "Well, you see, in 1862, there was a young duchess who was brutally murdered in her home. The case was never solved, and everyone just assumed that she was killed by a robber who wanted to steal jewels and money from the home. I can't accept that this is true." She looked down at the floor as a lone tear rolled down her cheek.

Mr. Peters was puzzled by this random outburst of emotions. He cleared his throat. "Was this young Duchess any relation to you, miss?"

Miss Davenport continued to look at the ground before dabbing her eyes with a fine lace kerchief. She slowly nodded, "Yes, she was."

He gave her a weak smile. "I am sorry for your loss, miss."

Miss Davenport lifted her gaze and nodded weakly. "Thank you, sir."

"Do you have any papers or evidence surrounding the case that I could look over?"

Mrs. Davenport nodded and pulled some papers from her bag. "This

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is everything that I have been able to uncover so far. I hope that these can be helpful to your investigation.”

Mr. Peters took the papers and began to look through them. There were several newspaper clippings about the case, some police reports, and other letters about the murder. “This is a great start! I’ll go through everything first thing in the morning. Why don’t you stop in sometime tomorrow afternoon and I can update you on my progress. It will probably take me several weeks to come to a conclusion since this murder happened so long ago, but I will try my best, and I won’t stop searching until I find the answers that you are looking for. But, for now, it is getting quite late and you should get home before this storm gets any worse.”

Mrs. Davenport smiled and stood up. “Thank you for your kindness, I truly appreciate it. I will be back sometime tomorrow afternoon.” Mr. Peters shook her hand before walking her to the door. She smiled one last time before turning and walking briskly down the snow-covered cobblestone street.

Mr. Peters sat back down at his desk. He rubbed his hands through his hair. *How on earth am I going to solve a murder that occurred nearly fifty years ago?* he wondered as he flipped through the papers he was given. He knew that he had bitten off more than he could chew, but he needed the money and assumed that she could pay him a good deal more than

his normal clients. He sat up that night until nearly two in the morning studying the police reports before he turned out his lamp and went to bed. All night long he tossed and turned, unable to sleep.

The next morning at the crack of dawn he was up at his desk with a cup of coffee reading through everything for the third time. Something just wasn’t adding up between the reports and articles he had been given, but he couldn’t put his finger on what it was. The original police report stated that the duchess, a Miss Davenport, was strangled in her home on January 20th of 1862. According to the report, her fiancé Duke William Hector was out of town on business and didn’t hear of the murder until the police were able to contact him the following week. But the date on the clippings was January 29th. Of course, this could have been a printing mistake, or someone could have simply mixed the dates up, but he couldn’t let this new found information go. He decided to go to the local police station to ask around.

Later that day he entered the police station. “Hello, I am a private investigator and I need to look at a file on an unsolved case.”

The man nodded and led Mr. Peters into a dusty old room filled with shelves of categorized papers. “They’re all in alphabetical order. Do you mind me asking what exactly you are after?”

Mr. Peters turned back around to face the man. “A Duchess Davenport was killed in 1862, supposedly in a robbery, but the case was never solved. I was asked by a young lady yesterday if I could try to solve it for her.”

The man’s face lit up. “I know about that case! I have always been intrigued by it, but I have never been able to put the pieces together. If you ask me, there was a cover up between the Duke’s family and the police. The murderer was someone in the family. The Duchess had just recently got engaged to the Duke. You see, The Duchess Davenport came from another royal family, and I heard that the Hector family wasn’t too fond of their royal bloodline being tainted by a Davenport.”

Mr. Peters scrunched his eye brows. “And why didn’t the Hectors like Duchess Davenport?”

“Well, I heard that the Hectors and the Davenports had a feud several years before the Duchess’s murder. I don’t know if any of this was written in stone, but I have always had my suspicions. You know, it’s always the ones you would least expect.”

Mr. Peters nodded. “Well, thank you for your help.”

The man nodded before turning and leaving the room.

Several hours went by and nothing had been helpful. Every report on the case was the same as the one he had been given by Miss Davenport.

Annoyed, he was about to give up when he saw a small box with a lock on it behind one of the shelves. He pulled the small wooden box out from along the wall. It looked very old and was covered in dust. The lock was extremely rusty and old looking. Mr. Peters looked around broke the wooden latch with his pen. He slowly opened the box, once again looking around to make sure no one was watching him. Inside the box were several old papers, all concerning the murder of Duchess Davenport. Just then, Mr. Peters heard footsteps outside. He shoved the papers into his briefcase. He just managed to get the box pushed back along the wall when the door opened.

The man who had taken Mr. Peters into the room walked in. “I just thought that I would check to see how you were doing. You have been in here for a long time.”

Mr. Peters stood up quickly. “Oh, well, thank you for checking in. I haven’t found much of useful. I was just about to leave anyway.”

Mr. Peters walked toward the door.

“I wish I could have been of more help to you!” said the man.

Mr. Peters quickly left the building, almost jogging the whole way back to his house.

As soon as he got home he slammed the door shut, closed the curtains,

and lit some lanterns. He sat down at his desk and started reading. A look of shock went over his face as he read the first paper. The words of the man from the police station went through his head *"It's always the ones you would least expect."*

He was holding the original reports, the *unchanged* reports. Every one of them was dated January 29th, not January 20th. He continued to read. There were also original witness statements from a maid who swore that she had witnessed the murder of Duchess Davenport by the Duchess's fiancé Duke Hector.

It all made sense now. The police reports released to the public had the dates changed to create an alibi for the Duke. According to the reports, the reason given for the discrepancy in dates was that the family didn't want the public to know until the police could have time to investigate. The police thus "withheld" the news of her murder until the 29th. According to the servant's statements, the Duke and Duchess had been fighting all day long and when the maid went to check on the duchess later that evening, she witnessed the Duke walking up to the Duchess and stabbing her multiple times from behind.

Mr. Peters rose from his desk. The realization that he solved the murder of the Duchess Davenport washed over him. He laid the papers down on

his desk and looked out the window. Sure enough, he saw Miss Davenport walking through the snow towards his home. *Just in time*, he thought to himself. He opened the door and met her at the stoop. "Come in, you're just in time. I have some news for you." Miss Davenport entered the house and followed Mr. Peters to his desk. "Please, have a seat."

Mr. Peters motioned toward the chair by his desk.

"So, you said you have news for me. Is it good news, or bad?" said Miss Davenport as she took a seat and looked up at him.

Mr. Peters cleared his throat. Well, I solved the murder. I know who killed your relative, the Duchess Davenport." Miss Davenport gasped and stared. "You. . . You. . . know who killed her?!" Her face went pale. "I have waited for this answer for so many years."

She continued to stare at him as he continued. "I did some digging. I looked into some old papers I found during my investigation earlier. I have to say, the news is quite shocking. I have the papers here if you want to read them for yourself."

"No! Please sir, just go on!"

"Very well. As I was saying, I read over all of the documents, and it seems that there was a cover-up involved in her murder. It looks like the police and witnesses were paid off by Duke Hector's family in exchange

for their silence. But, as much as I hate to say this, the person responsible for Duchess Davenport's death was Duke Hector."

Miss Davenport jumped to her feet. A look of horror came over her face. Her hands were shaking like the leaves in the fall. A lone tear spilled over her eyelid and rolled down her cheek. Mr. Peters reach out and placed a hand on her shoulder to steady her. *She's as cold as ice!* He thought as he helped her sit back down on the chair. She looked up at him with tear-filled eyes. "I always had a feeling deep inside that it was him. . . I just never left myself believe that he could do that. . . I tried and tried to convince myself that it was a servant, or. . . or an outsider, but I have always known the answer in my heart. I can never thank you enough, Mr. Peters. I have something for you." She reached into her bag and handed him a small vintage black and white photo. "This is the Duchess Davenport." She handed him the photo and rose to her feet. He turned around to light a lamp so that he could see the picture better.

As he was getting a match he heard her say this: "The last thing we did was argue. I never saw him come back into my room. I never thought that he would ever harm me. He told me he loved me. He. . . told me. . . he. . . loved me."

Her voice faded as the realization of what she had just said hit him.

He jerked around. *She wasn't there.* The woman who had been standing behind him five seconds ago was not there. All of the blood drained from his face; his mouth hung open. With quivering hands he lifted the picture up to the light. The face that stared back at him in that old photo was the woman who had been in his home, the woman who claimed to be a Miss Victoria Davenport, a relative of the deceased Duchess Davenport. But, all along, she herself had been that very Duchess. She came to him looking for answers, trying to solve her own murder.

The mystery of the Duchess's death had finally been solved. Now, thought Mr. Peters, she could rest in peace.

STEP OF THE CANTER

Poem by *Isabella Lusk*

Reins in my hand

Guiding

Bit in my mouth

Directing

Wind in my hair

Tousling

Breeze on my body

Cooling

Heels of my boots

Dropping

Hooves in the air

Cantering

Jeans on my thigh

Stretching

Muscles in my chest

Flexing

Back in the Saddle

Flying

Saddle on my back

Wrapping

Beat of his steps

Gliding

Voice of my master

Comforting

Sweat on my neck

Trickling

Head at the lead

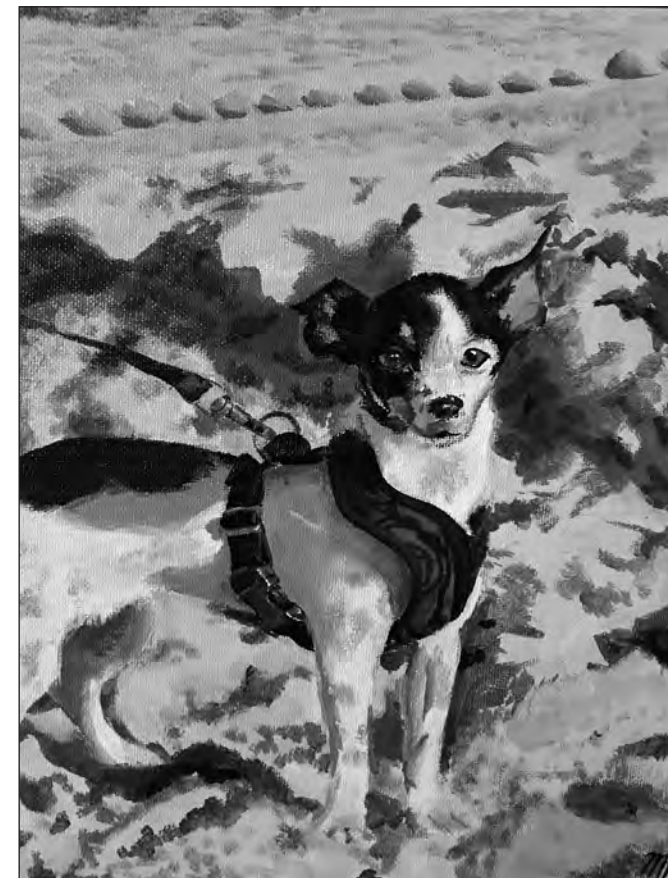
Charging

Ride of our Lives

Unfolding

UNTITLED

Megan Ruby



FLANNERY O'CONNOR'S "GOOD COUNTRY PEOPLE"

Research Essay by Amanda Summy

Flannery O'Connor has a way of reaching through her stories and grabbing her readers' attention, either by shock or awe. O'Connor jars readers into wanting to take a deeper look at her stories as she continually surprises with unpredictable twists. According to an article in *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, O'Connor, born in 1925, was raised with a Catholic background ("Flannery O'Connor"). The article goes on to assert that religion and God were important to O'Connor. Her fiction arose from this background. It may seem strange, considering the religious orientation of its author, that this fiction is known for its brutality and often shocking twists ("Flannery O'Connor"). But as the article explains, violence is a way of stripping away everything until the core of O'Connor's odd characters is exposed. Even if they die, as in "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," or are debased and humiliated, as in "Good Country People," these characters find out who they are and who they will learn to become. O'Connor died at age 39 ("Flannery O'Connor"), but not before leaving a legacy. Her stories still linger, making readers all over the world either think a little harder or wonder if O'Connor was crazy.

I am learning to love O'Connor's stories. They have a way of keeping me riveted for the next unexpected event. Her way of writing makes me

stop to take a deeper look at what she is trying to teach me, as one of her readers. She uses vulnerability and complexity in her characters; her use of trials and pain strip her characters down to what she wants the readers to see. Intelligence, depth, and complexity are all things that fascinate me, and O'Connor writes with these traits infused throughout her works. That is why I am so intrigued. I know there is so much more to discover in what she is trying to say, and I will probably never understand it all. I think she knew that, too. I am not sure that she expected her readers to see everything hidden between the lines.

In O'Connor's "Good Country People," a theme I see emerging is that humanity will always put itself in levels of being better than other people. Humanity must define social status, along with intelligence and breeding. We always see ourselves better than *someone*, and we live to maintain that status. For example, Mrs. Hopewell and Mrs. Freeman seem to be the best of friends, but Mrs. Hopewell treats her with a hint of condescendence at times. Mrs. Hopewell thinks herself to have "no bad qualities of her own" and thinks that she is talented in handling Mrs. Freeman's nosy personality (O'Connor 434). I can nearly hear the disdain disguised in sweet southern

charm as she explains Mrs. Freeman to be "a lady, and that she [is] never ashamed to take her anywhere or introduce her to anybody they might meet" (O'Connor 434). Even though they converse daily and seem to get along, I sense an underlying snootiness in Mrs. Hopewell's attitude.

Mrs. Hopewell also thinks herself to be better than her daughter Joy, while Joy thinks herself much better than her mother. Mrs. Hopewell pities Joy because of her wooden leg and does not allow her to grow up, because it "tore her heart" to realize that her "poor, stout girl" was not living a "normal" life (O'Connor 435). In her eyes, Joy is and will always continue to be a child.

Joy disdains her mother and disdains her name, so much that she changes it to the ugliest name she can find – Hulga. She considers changing her name as a "major triumph," because "her mother had not been able to turn her dust into Joy" (O'Connor 436). Joy loves the fact that she was able to bring bitterness into every aspect of her life, even in her name. This bitterness is rooted in the fact that she cannot win at life. Joy's leg was "shot off in a hunting accident" when she was a child and she was not going to live a long life because of a "weak heart" (O'Connor 435, 436). This affects her outlook on life and the afterlife; she finds her mother to be naïve in her belief of God. Joy thinks that she is the most mature and in control of the fling that was starting between herself and the Bible salesman. She imagines that she

"very easily seduced him" and used her life experience to change him for the better (O'Connor 442).

Mrs. Hopewell thinks herself much more complex and cultured than the Bible salesman, who is part of her "good country people" (O'Connor 438). She says that "it takes all kinds of people to make the world go 'round. . . it's very good we aren't all alike" (O'Connor 441). Speaking of the salesman's simplicity, she claims, "I guess the world would be better off if we were all that simple" (O'Connor 447). Mrs. Hopewell is obsessed with the country people that she thinks are so good; however, her obsession is being a level above them.

In the end, the Bible salesman proves himself more hard-hearted and intelligent than any of them thought him to be. He presents himself as a good Christian, a good country person, and instead ends up being from the dark side. O'Connor uses the Bible salesman to portray light and dark, truth and deceit, and good and evil. She makes one person to be a symbol that embodies the complexity of her stories. Even the best people, when stripped of all the farces, surprise us with their dark capabilities.

In "'I'm No Swan': The Ugly Plot from 'Good Country People' to Eating the Cheshire Cat," Monica Miller sums up O'Connor's plot and theme from "Good Country People" to be another story that embodies O'Connor's view

of women in the south as being ugly. Miller thinks that O'Connor gave women that were unfit for marriage and motherhood unattractive physical characteristics; a good example of this in "Good Country People" is when Joy changes her name to Hulga. Miller says that the women from O'Connor's stories that embrace their unattractive physical traits go against all the social norms of southern beauty and class. I think that Miller brings out a good point. This is another example of O'Connor being unpredictable by going against societal norms in her stories.

After learning more about O'Connor, I find her even more fascinating than before. She caught my attention the first time I read one of her stories, but the more I know about her the more complex she gets. She uses humor in dark ways; there are many unexpected times when she seems to pile troubles on her characters when they are at their lowest. "Good Country People" is not a typical story of boy-meets-girl; it is full of deceit, pride, robbery, and evil. Potential boyfriends do not typically seduce their girls so they can steal their legs. Pure evil is fused into this Bible salesman's soul; he is without conscience or heart. Evil disguised as purity is preying on the least of these, but somehow the image of this salesman fleeing a hayloft with a stolen wooden leg after a romp in the hay makes us laugh.

I think O'Connor used shocking factors to jar people out of their tiny,

predictable minds. Comfortable thinking and safe, good lives get us nowhere; they create dangerous places that become stagnant because they are too safe. When our minds stop being challenged, they cannot grow. O'Connor's stories embody critical thinking; she wants her readers to be shocked into questioning what they believe to be their truth. She figured out that through the most excruciating times of life, when we are stripped of everything we thought we knew, we finally understand who we truly are and what life is about. Knowledge goes so much deeper than living blandly through the easy times; knowledge is forged through fire.

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MARILYN MONROE

Madison Hutter



LITTLE DEMONS

Essay by Sydni Smith

I must admit while writing this paper that I thought “The Use of Force” by William Carlos Williams preferable to “Salvation” by Langston Hughes. This is no doubt because “The Use of Force” reminded me of the experience I will relate below. It’s because of this experience that I found “The Use of Force” a bit comical. The narrator’s “battle” with the sick demonic child made me think back to my days as a life guard at the Cumberland YMCA.

In the period of my life prior the legal working age of fifteen, I spent about six years on the swim team at the YMCA, which led to the life guard job. Though I never treated an injury more serious than a scratched knee, I have my fair share of stories about a select group of demonic children who were much like the little girl from “The Use of Force.”

This was no ordinary group of children: they showed up at the YMCA building once, and, because of their dreadful behavior, *only* once. Most people who visit a public swimming pool are familiar with the stern life guard’s command “don’t run!” This command is issued every time there’s a group of children, to the point that the first thing a life guard will do is yell “Don’t run!” at least once or twice. In normal times, the group will behave until parents have to step in and that’s the end of it. That just wasn’t

the case the day I’m describing. In my three years as a life guard, this was by far the worst group ever to step through the doors into the pool area.

All together there were nine kids. They weren’t a pool party; they were just a group of kids I found out from a staff member were one step away from juvey. And lord, I didn’t need that woman’s word to figure that out. From removing the bright orange cones in order to jump off the diving blocks that were designated for the swim team only (I informed them they could not jump from beforehand, but they decided to do it anyway), to chasing each other around the warm pool on the opposite side of the room, to hanging onto and stretching the lane line dividers that were already a pain to straighten, to going so far as to take the red and blue foam kick boards and use them to hit each other, they proceeded to reduce the previously placid pool to a scene out of a naval battle. For forty-five minutes straight, I tried my best not to run, but also quickly to make my way to the other side of the pool where those urchins were finding new ways to test my patience. At the forty-minute mark, I finally did lose my composure when one boy had the audacity to climb the banner pole directly in front of me. I immediately barked at him to get down and when

he did, he stared at me as if I were the devil himself; it felt good, I’ll admit that gladly. This is the reason I empathize with Dr. Williams’s satisfaction at defeating the little girl in “The Use of Force.”

Looking back, the worst part was that the three adults did absolutely nothing to intervene. The two women on the bleachers stared at their phones the entire time, and the man who got into the warm pool so the kids could also get in (it was YMCA policy that unsupervised children not enter the warm pool without an adult) just sat there and watched two kids beat one another with the kick boards.

After the group left, there was an in-service; one of my co-workers was kind enough to come in early and speak to me. The first thing he did was ask me if I was okay, and then remark that I looked like I was ready to collapse. I then proceeded to describe the exorcism-like scene I had endured with the nine demon-children. He appeared shocked, and in my mentally dead state I thought it was because I was being overdramatic.

The story had a happy ending when the children and the adults who failed to supervise them were officially banned.

Now, being an eighteen-year-old adult, I can look back at my fifteen-year-old self and laugh because of the irony of my intending to be an elementary school teacher. In “The Use of Force,” Dr. Williams

took pleasure in forcing the girl to open her mouth even if it meant causing her pain; I took just as much pleasure in that my tormentors would not, for the foreseeable future, be able to come and swim and have their peculiar kind of fun.

But now that I’m older, and maybe a bit more mature, I understand that some kids are just like that; it doesn’t mean they’re evil. However, bad experiences like this do make for some interesting stories to tell over and over with my friends when we have friendly debates over whose job is worse.

LINE OF BOATS IN THE FOG

Michael (Tony) Ballas



28

TWO POEMS

Poems by Michael Smith

Die Being You

Anchored at an uncomfortable excuse
for a desk, I struggle to find meaning in days
spent trapped. Is it worth effort when not even the ghost
of desire can be found? Under the piercing lights
in this void of a classroom, I wonder:
When do we storm out of the door?
Where will we find the will to defy,
to explore places, people, emotions waiting
for us, our pure devotion, our courage
to chase the life that's worth living?
The sign worth the longing?
Reignition of curious childhood fires?
This isn't rebellion, not damnation:
it's reclamation. Break the locks,
run free through the eternal fields.
Die being you.

Skipping Rocks

Dawn shimmers, breaking the dim lake
fog. The morning eerie,
my eyes encapsulated by September
breeze. Dad finds the perfect rock.
Gazing at how without effort he makes skipping
rocks into art, I'm young, so eager.

Leaves on the trees have danced across the land
and Dad seems quiet. I take his hand
and he squeezes as if he's trying
to mold our hands into one.

We don't skip too many rocks this day.
The blue of his eyes has become liquid,
dropping down his cheeks to mimic the falling
of the leaves.

29

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Mom drives me to the lake today.

Excitement collides with nervousness.

Snow has filled the air like the dust of doves.

Silence screeches through the labyrinth of my head.

Dad does not meet us here; I never skipped rocks again.

I was young, couldn't understand.

HOPE FROM THE SHADOWS

Essay by *Levi Demers*

Shadows cover the walls like tattoos. A cold and bitter home. Bare and nothing to see. With every footstep you hear the echo of the wood go from the front of the house to the back. Vine growing up the side of the house covering all the red brick. The door always swinging wide open. A mother broken and bruised. A mother who hides cigarettes in her night stand and goes out to smoke when the kids are asleep. A mother who lives with the shame of the jobs she has had. Her eyes are heavy from the late nights. Her voice is scratched. She is tormented with the words once spoken over her as she scrubbed the floor. She has a son, yet his face is unfamiliar to her. Veins in her neck lift up every time she speaks to her son.

She has nothing to give to her son but her words.

I read "Mother to Son" by Langston Hughes and immediately recognize the mother this author is portraying with his powerful words. I see her and can almost feel the fabric of clothes she is wearing. I imagine the shoes she glides across her house in. I smell the food that she is cooking in the kitchen. I know the deep connection she has with her son. She knows that he is deeply hurt by poverty and by the knowledge that his father wants nothing to do with him. The mother goes into action in this piece of poetry.

I hear her voice being raised, I see her hand in the air, her son sitting on the bare kitchen floor with no table in sight, immersed in the dim dark colors of the house.

The sentence that shakes me to the core is in line fourteen: "So, boy, don't you turn back." In that line, her pain is mine. I hear the mother saying: don't turn back to hurt, don't turn back to poverty, and don't turn back to abuse. This mother cares deeply for her son. She wants her son to make it. She dreams of opportunities ahead for him. She uses her words to express her emotions in the purest and deepest way.

The mother has nothing, yet in her words and emotions she gives everything. Her words cut to the bone and marrow of her son, leaving his soul, she hopes, drenched in optimism. With these powerful words from his mother the son will develop the confidence to move forward with bravery and courage. I imagine the son becoming a doctor, a lawyer, or an artist. I see the goose bumps raised on his skin as his mother speaks. I imagine how he must feel to be in a hopeless situation while being filled with abundant hope. The son is no longer blind to his future. He has been given freedom to see the great things ahead, all from his mother's words.

The has poem affected me so greatly and I hope one day I can model
the parent this mother was to her son.

BUTTERFLY ON FINGER

Tabi Myers



HYPOCRITES ALL! MICKEY MOUSE, BIG BUSINESS, AND THE POSSE

Research Essay by Derek Jamison

The New York Giants won the 1987 Super Bowl and Phil Simms, the Giants' quarterback, was named the Super Bowl MVP. The very next day a commercial aired and started a tradition that goes on to this day. The commercial (available on YouTube) starts out with Super Bowl highlights. The lyrics "When you wish upon a star, makes no difference who you are. . ." play along. Then, the commercial cuts to a man's voice saying, "Phil Simms! You just won the Super Bowl! What are you doing next?" Phil replies, "I'm gonna go to Disney World."

Going to Disney has been a ritual after the Super Bowl ever since, and after many other professional sports championships as well. It's amusing that enormous macho football players who have one day been slaughtering each other on the field will the next immerse themselves in a childhood "world" of wholesome fantasy and the family values associated with Disney.

But popular culture, we should remind ourselves, is a business. The fact that children are introduced to Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse, Goofy, and the rest of the gang as babies means that, for most of us, we are introduced to business. The fact that toddlers are immersed in Disney movies about

princesses and princes, kings and queens, good and evil, all wholesome family fare, does not change the fact that children are brought up with a steady diet of stories pushed out by one of the biggest businesses in the world. The fact that a Disney movie is a fairy tale where good always wins and there is always a magical "happily ever after" means ultimately one thing, and that is *big business*. Take the money out of Disney, and there is no Disney.

That would perhaps make for a world that is less happy, at least for children and football players. But there is one man who strongly disagrees with everything Disney, and that man is Carl Hiaasen.

Mr. Hiaasen is a journalist based solidly based in South Florida. The biography in his own personal website states: "A graduate of the University of Florida, at age 23 [Hiaasen] joined *The Miami Herald* as a general assignment reporter and went on to work for the newspaper's weekly magazine and prize-winning investigations team. Since 1985 Hiaasen has been writing a regular column, which at one time or another has pissed off just about everybody in South Florida, including his own bosses."

Although Hiaasen has written numerous novels, according to his

website he has also "written two nonfiction books. The first, *Team Rodent*, is a wry but unsparing rant against the Disney empire and its grip on American culture." *Team Rodent* is a book in which Hiaasen does not hold back his feelings for the Disney company. The first sentence of another biography, this one on the back cover of *Team Rodent*, states that "Carl Hiaasen was born and raised in Florida, and his dream is to be banned forever from Disney World." The book contains well-written satirical essays, but the essay "Insane Clown Michael" is the one that most clearly explores the hypocrisy of Disney.

"Insane Clown Michael" is an essay about how Disney produces X-rated entertainment in its own secretive way. The title of the essay is in reference both to the popular 1990's rap group Insane Clown Posse and Disney's chairman, Michael. D. Eisner. Hiaasen points out that Disney profits from almost every American:

The money comes in a torrent, from Walt Disney Pictures, Touchstone, Caravan, Miramax, and Hollywood Pictures; from ABC, ESPN, the Disney Channel, and Lifetime; from Siskel and Ebert, Regis and Kathie Lee, and Monday Night Football; from nine TV stations, eleven AM radio stations, and ten FM radio stations; from home videos, stage plays, music publishing, book publishing, and

seven daily newspapers; from the theme parks in Orlando, Anaheim, Tokyo, and Paris; from computer software, toys, and merchandise; from baseball and hockey franchises; from hotels, real-estate holdings, retail stores, shopping centers, housing developments, and soon even a cruise line. (11)

All the assets mentioned are all very profitable and keep a clean Disney image. But "Insane Clown Michael" exploits the "darker" side of Disney: "When Disney targets adult tastes, it's careful to leave Walt's name off the credits. The same folks who brought you *101 Dalmatians*, a movie featuring adorable puppies, also brought you *Pulp Fiction*, a movie featuring junkies, hit men, and bondage freaks" (11-12).

The Super Bowl winners who "go to Disney" at least have talent. This brings us back to Insane Clown Posse, also known as ICP, which is a rap group popular in the 1990's. Their popularity far exceeded their talent. They were two white men from Detroit who painted their faces as menacing clowns. The Insane Clown Posse rapped about rape, murder, and drugs at the most extreme and foul levels possible. They called themselves "Juggalos" and had a heart-warming obsession with Faygo cola—the cheapest cola possible. Get too close to the stage at an ICP concert and there was a good chance of a Faygo shower.

Despite their questionable talent, Insane Clown Posse had a loyal following of fans. So loyal were they that they too deemed themselves Juggalos, even tattooing the ICP ax-wielding clown onto their bodies. According to the *Huffington Post's* Hunter Stuart, Juggalos were classified as a gang by the FBI in 2011. FBI documents state that the Juggalos have "their own hand signs, slang, an anthem, and a pledge of allegiance to the ICP and their ideas," that "[t]he fan base is known to number in the thousands and they follow the ICP in almost a religious manner," and that "[t]his cult-like following is referred to as 'The Dark Carnival'" (qtd. in Stuart). A quick glance at ICP's immense Wikipedia page will illuminate one cynical outrage after another, all aimed at the age group that has just graduated from fairy tales and wholesome stories.

The larger point is that Insane Clown Posse is "example one" in a long list of Pop Culture "musical" acts that exploit their own lack of talent and musical ability to wring as much money and fame as possible from careers that are often all too brief. "Seize the day" is the idea. Such acts exploit the inane mental state that is known as adolescence and that most of us are through with by our late teens. Such performers shower young teens not merely with cheap soda but with elementary rhymes, stupid lyrics, and the kind of "rebelliousness" that always results in loyalty to a commercial brand.

But there are always adolescents, and always the business people who exploit them. Hence "Insane Clown Michael" Eisner.

The average individual would never believe that the Insane Clown Posse has any association with Disney. But the average individual doesn't know what Carl Hiaasen knows. In his essay, Hiaasen states, "Even so, one must wonder what the Disney brain trust was thinking in the summer of 1997 when, one week after the Southern Baptists denounced the company, its Hollywood Records division released an album [by Insane Clown Posse] called *The Great Milenko*" (14).

The outcry from more culturally conservative elements of the public was so severe that Disney pulled the album off the shelf the same day it was released. Hiaasen writes: "The company said that although the lyrics had been screened (and some songs cut) by its legal department, nobody had shared the material with the company's image-obsessed chairman, Michael D. Eisner" (15). He continues, "Never before had a hundred thousand units of anything been removed so swiftly from the reach of innocent consumers. It was as if Disney, under siege from the religious right, meant to reassure Middle America that it knew exactly where the lines of decency were drawn" (16). This of course raises the intriguing possibility that *The Great Milenko* wasn't a blunder at all, but actually a sly

public relations trick. Suppose Disney was looking for a bone to throw to the fulminating Baptists. What better sacrifice than a tediously offensive rap album that nobody was going to buy anyway?"

Carl Hiaasen's lifelong dream is to be banned from Disney. (One hopes he has succeeded.) His *Team Rodent* is sub-titled "How Disney Devours the World." Throughout the book he writes stories of corruption, power, and secrecy. He quotes Richard Foglesong, Rollins College professor, who compares Disney to the Catholic Church, with the analogy "The Vatican with mouse ears" (26).

Today of course the church is shrinking. But the point remains that Disney is bigger than ever and still so powerful that it influences generations. Like the Catholic Church, it is a belief system. It is still the company that families entrust with the care of their children and their children's minds. Not just kids but millions of adults tune into ABC to watch their favorite sitcoms and to watch ESPN for any and every sporting event. *Monday Night Football* is the biggest event a Monday could ever have. There are going to be champions in the NFL, NBA, and Major League Baseball that can't wait to announce their vacation to Disney World. And finally, there are still generations of families taking their children to Disney World, sometimes on numerous occasions.

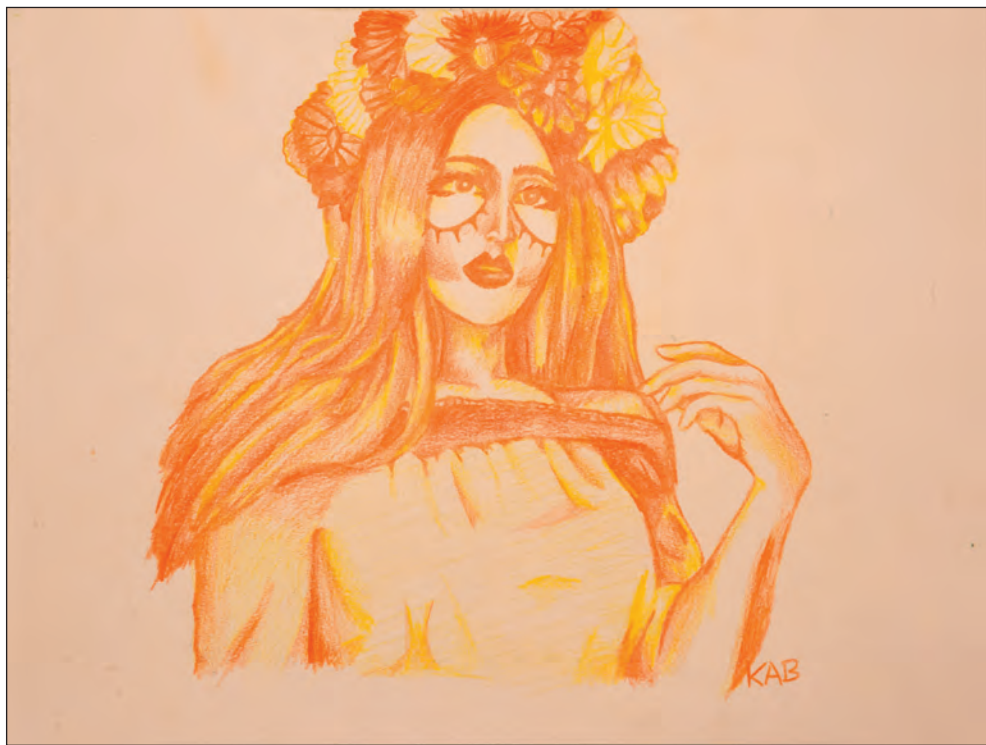
It is also still the company that will continue to produce adult entertainment, reap the profits, and do it all without the Disney name attached to it. Disney is so powerful it will continue to operate in secrecy, and be able to dominate entertainment globally. Most people would read Carl Hiaasen's writings and they wouldn't blink an eye. You know why? They don't care. After all, *The Lion King* remake will be in theaters this year.

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ORANGE WITH ENVY

Kwinn A. Brady



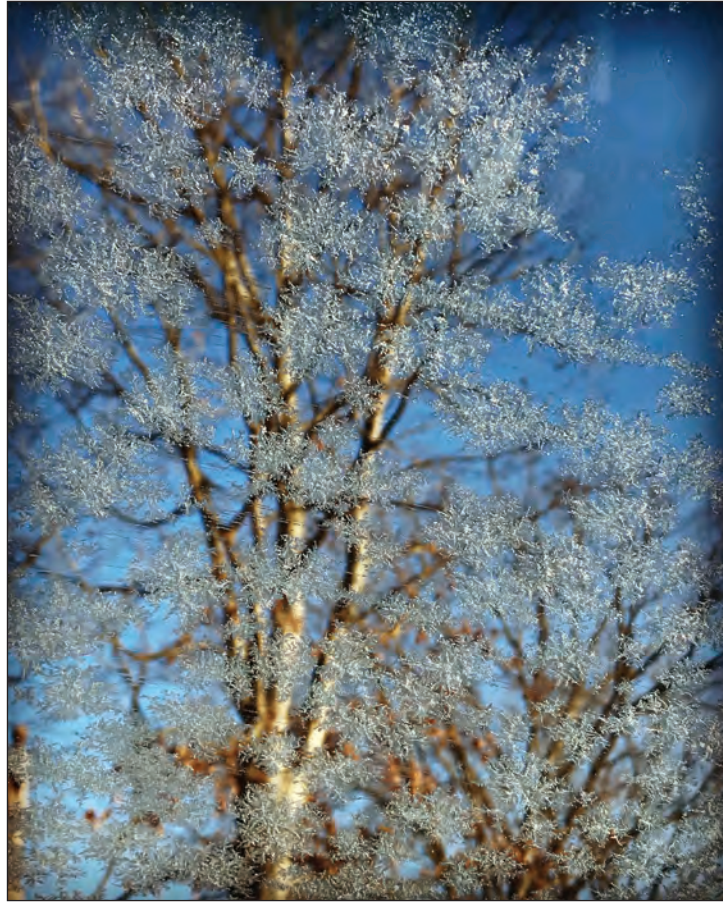
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BLACKWATER RIVER WV

Vin Foy



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TOUCH OF FROST

Kaitlyn T. Elliott

THE TAKING TREE

James (Joe) J. Brawn





STORM OVER LONE TREE

Michael (Tony) Ballas

**RECREATION OF THE LOVERS
BY RENÉ MAGRITTE**

Kwinn A. Brady



CHRISTMAS RAINDROP

Michael (Tony) Ballas



SUNFLOWER

Abria Lantz



44

TRUE BLUE

Madison Hutter



45

THREE HAIKU POEMS

Poems *by Kristina Nolan*

The Flower's Question

Flower asks the Sky,
"Will I ever touch you?" "Not
When you are grounded."

Untitled

darkness fills the sky
temporarily disappear
before the sun comes

Untitled

bringing together
easily said not done
silently running

46

PINK PEPPER SPRAY

Poem *by Zoe Browell*

I reach for the blue backpack.
"No, sweetie, blue is for boys,
You can have the pink."
We played with dolls, dishes—they hoped
We'd keep to the kitchen.
Times are changing, but there's still debate
That a woman can be president.
And I don't dare go out alone or
Without my pink pepper spray
Attached to my wrist
To protect myself from those
Who were taught "boys will be boys"
Rather than respect for the beings
Who created them, because without us,
You would be nothing.

47

A RICH LIFE LIVED ALONE

Essay by Madison Green

Merriam Webster defines depression as, among other things, “feelings of dejection and hopelessness, and sometimes suicidal tendencies.” The disorder affects millions, but it strikes each victim differently and there are so many forms of it that it can be hard to recognize in others. A major literary example is Richard Cory, hero of Edward Arlington Robinson’s 1897 poem “Richard Cory,” who dies alone, his depression unrecognized by all the people in his town.

The poem begins with the poor people’s admiration of Cory, his wealth, his manners, his dress, and his looks. He is absurdly rich but still behaves as a genuine, polite human being. He doesn’t boast of his money, something that might have made the common people of the town feel lesser than him; rather he acts towards them with compassion and kindness. In fact, he is “a gentleman from sole to crown,” who, when he comes downtown, dresses modestly. He is “admirably schooled in every grace.” The townspeople might have become jealous were he merely rich, but his manners on top of his wealth make them feel that Cory is “everything/To make us wish that we were in his place.”

The tragedy of the poem is that, for all their admiration, the townsfolk,

absorbed in their own poverty, their stale bread and lack of meat, have no idea what Cory is up against. It isn’t a physical creature; it is himself, which can truly be the hardest opponent to face. This battle is too much for him and he takes his life, the irony punctuated by the final two shocking lines of the poem:

And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

This poem is raw but important because it shines light on a rather shadowed topic. This is the side of people that you never see; the side that needs to be seen. It’s saddening to think that so many people live alone with their depression. They put on a mask every day and go through the motions just to get through. Cory is like royalty to the poem’s townspeople, but they never step back to actually see him.

As a result, Richard Cory dies rich, well-mannered, good-looking but alone.

One hundred and twenty-one years after from the publishing of this poem, we still cannot see a person’s inner torments; victims of depression

continue to bottle it up. And it boils down to one simple fact: stigma.

People live in fear of admitting that they need help because it might make someone else uncomfortable or cause them to be treated differently. And isn’t that so absurd? Someone drowning in their own mind stays quiet to accommodate those around them and not inconvenience them. Perhaps Cory’s good manners are what keeps him silent; after all, the townspeople, so afflicted by their poverty, owe nothing to the man who has everything.



BUST NUMBER 12

James (Joe) J. Brawn

BLACK COFFEE

Poem by Anna Grace Steele

She is a strong cup of black coffee.
 It takes a special person to love her as she is.
 Others add milk and sugar,
 Trying to tame her,
 Changing her for their liking.
 Others will throw her away all together.
 But, every once in a while,
 She would hear someone order the strongest coffee,
 And take her just as she is,
 No milk and sugar to erase the boldness of her taste.
 What a shame that she keeps waiting,
 Waiting for someone who takes their coffee even remotely
 Black.

YOU'RE NOT YOU WHEN YOU'RE OLD OR FEMALE: AGEISM AND SEXISM IN *SNICKERS'* MOST POPULAR CAMPAIGN

Research Essay by Karissa Pumphrey

The hugely popular Snickers candy bar was created by Mars, Inc. founder Frank C. Mars in 1930. Over 87 years have passed since its conception and Snickers has only grown in fame and fortune to be a globally enjoyed chocolate treat for millions of consumers worldwide. Adding fuel to the ever-growing fire that is Mars, Inc., during the last decade the Snickers candy bar has enjoyed the success of their hugely popular commercial advertising campaign “You’re not you when you’re hungry” starring major celebrities. The campaign has a comical approach throughout their commercials. The central characters are literally not themselves when hungry (e.g., Betty White portrays a young man poorly playing football), making the selling point that Snickers satisfies your hunger and turns you back into your normal self after eating one.

Noting the effectiveness of the campaign, Begley (2014) states that, “its star-studded ad campaign . . . helped sales hit around \$3.5 billion in 2012, outpacing M&Ms, Reeses and Kit Kat.” And as Miller (2016) notes, the campaign has been nominated for awards “at every major creative gathering, including Cannes Lions, The One Show, D&AD and

the Emmys [the “Marilyn” spot was nominated for Outstanding Commercial]. It has also scooped every major effectiveness award, including two Effectiveness Lions, an IPA gold, and global and local Effies and AME Awards.”

In contrast to the accolades received from the advertising field, the immensely popular campaign has also drawn criticism for its sexist strategies. This criticism was perhaps most apparent surrounding the Australian “Hungry Builders” commercial where Snickers attempted to play with sexism by having construction workers catcall women using “pro-female” statements. But apart from moments like this, the campaign became immediately popular, and has sustained this popularity, with the commercials starring celebrities. This study looks at the specific use of celebrities in this now iconic ad campaign.

The purpose of this study was to analyze the specific Snickers campaign “You’re not you when you’re hungry” through commercials used by the Mars company when advertising their popular candy bar. This analysis of 12 commercials comprises all known commercial uses of famous

actors/actresses or celebrities. The sample was gathered using *YouTube* and the commercials ran an average of one minute each. The time frame used for the analysis dated back to the campaign’s conception through present day, meaning circa 2010 up until 2018, and the Results coverage is chronological with the celebrity’s age at the time noted in parentheses. Despite entering its tenth year, the campaign continues to be popular, with an average of one new “You’re not you when you’re hungry” commercial featuring major stars debuting annually.

The very first commercial examined was the commercial that launched the “You’re Not You When You’re Hungry,” which began in 2010 during the NFL Super Bowl. Snickers created a 30 second commercial starring well-known actress Betty White (88), famous to many for her role in the 1980’s sitcom *The Golden Girls* and whose participation in this Snickers ad introduced her to a new generation of fans. In the commercial a group of young men are playing a friendly yet rather hands-on and hard-hitting game of football. White is portraying one of the players that is sluggish, slow moving and not playing up to par with the other men on the field his age. Wearing a powder blue sweater and slacks, she gets brutally tackled into the mud and then chastised by her team mates for her poor playing ability, which includes the exchange, “You’re playing like Betty

White out there” to which White responds, “That’s not what your girlfriend says.” A girl from the bleachers runs over and hands her a Snickers to eat, which transforms her back into the normal twenty-something man she is supposed to be. Just as the slogan “you’re not you when you’re hungry” appears on screen and he’s back to his old self once again. Actor Abe Vigoda (89, known to many as ‘Fish’ in *Barney Miller*) makes an appearance as another easily tackled player not “himself” without a Snickers.

The following 2010 commercial on the list stars legendary singer Aretha Franklin (68) in a car portraying buddies in a car on a roadtrip. Aretha Franklin is complaining in the back seat next to some guy that “she’s dying back there” and can the A/C be turned up? As one man in the front seat announces that it is on, and “can’t you feel it?” she smacks him in the head and asks if he can feel that? The man next to her in the back seat pulls out a Snickers and tells her to eat it, as she asks why. He informs her that every time she gets hungry she turns into a ‘diva,’ and to just eat it so that they can all coexist. The entire car agrees and instantly Aretha turns back into a twenty-something year old man that is back to his old self again. As he is stating he is better, the man in the front seat that was previously smacked in the head turns into famous singer Liza Minnelli (64), with a nasty attitude demanding that the man behind her get his knees out of

the back of her seat. He's taken back and gives out a "whoa", just as the slogan "you're not you when you're hungry" comes across the screen.

In the next 2011 commercial examined, the scene opens to a logging site full of young men in hardhats working, freshly cut logs piled up everywhere, and a picturesque image of mountains in the background. One worker comes on screen yelling at another "to pick it up" as he wants the whole row finished. The slacking worker is portrayed as actor/funnymen Richard Lewis (64), shown holding a chainsaw expressing that he's "just not feeling the whole wood cutting thing today. . . what is the rush here? is there like a worldwide shortage of gazebos?" Another worker comes over and hands Lewis a Snickers and tells him to eat it because he gets a little bit whiny when he's hungry. Instantly he takes a bite and reverts back into his normal construction-working self. Just then comedian and actress Roseanne Barr (59) appears on screen holding a chainsaw and yelling out "my back hurts," just as a huge log that is being craned by blows into her, knocking her forcefully to the ground. She then exclaims "now my front hurts" as the slogan "you're not you when you're hungry" appears on screen.

The 2011 commercial sampled features actor Joe Pesci (68) at a house party with a supposed longtime friend talking to two young ladies. He

is portraying a young man who begins getting agitated and snarky with the two young ladies, asking what they are looking at and feeling as if he and his friend are being judged and not good enough for the ladies. Pesci insults them with "What are you big super models? [bowing to them in mock reverence] What do you model—gloves?" The women try to explain nothing is wrong and kind of seem like deer in the headlights as they don't understand his negative attitude and tone toward them. After a few insults from Pesci, his friend pulls him into the kitchen and tells him to eat the Snickers he hands him, explaining he gets a little angry when he's hungry and he's not being himself. Instantly after the first bite, Joe Pesci transforms back into the calm young man he was normally and re-approaches the two young ladies (who appear to have been waiting for their return), although one of the women is now portrayed by insult comedian Don Rickles (85), who returns the man's "so ladies. . ." with "so, losers. . ."

In the 2012 commercial on the list, famous 1980s *Dynasty* actress Joan Collins (79) in a fancy blue dress and diamonds is having an angry outburst in a male locker room, accusing someone of stealing her deodorant. After slinging multiple insults at the other men, another man walks up to her and hands her a Snickers and tells her to eat it. She of course asks "why" in a condescending tone, only to be told that the man she is portraying

acts like a downright diva when he's hungry. Instantly after the first bite, he returns to his normal self and feels better, as the slogan once again appears across the screen, just as actress Stephanie Beacham (65), who portrayed Collins' nemesis in *Dynasty*, appears in a platinum dress with diamonds, angry and slamming her locker door in response to her Collins teammate being favored.

Next on the list, the 2013 commercial has a group of football players on 4th down run over to their coach in a huge stadium to ask what to do mid-game. The famous comic actor and comedian Robin Williams (62) is portraying their coach and spitting out nonsense—telling the football players to locate all of the "0's" and kill them with kindness, for one player to make balloon animals, another to make tea cozies and just sounding ridiculous. As he continues giving bad advice in different accents and impersonations (John Wayne, Nikita Khrushchev), a man runs up to him and tells him to eat the Snickers he's handing him. The man assures the coach that he is not himself when he's hungry and once the coach takes a bite he is asked if he's better now. Robin Williams instantly turns back into a big black man, amped to coach his team to victory. Comedian Bobcat Goldthwait (51) also makes an appearance at the very end, as a cheerleader who falls from atop a pyramid formation (the cheerleader

not being "herself" without a Snickers).

Three commercials were released in 2014, one of which opens with Rowan Atkinson (59), in his Mr. Bean persona, stumbling across rooftops of an ancient Asian cityscape alongside a group of stealthy warriors. After landing through a roof into the den of the enemy, a fellow warrior throws him a Snickers. . . turning him into a young, competent warrior who immediately takes control of the situation.

The other two commercials of 2014 break the pattern of a star literally reverting into the average person. The first commercial is set on a beach with a group of young guys, among them a modestly-sized Godzilla (60, calculated from his 1954 debut); the men are praising Godzilla on his ways with the ladies, as an attractive young woman had just passed by smiling and waving at Godzilla. The next few scenes show the friends having a great time, with Godzilla doing jumps on an ATV, dominating ping pong, the group playing practical jokes on each other. While attending a house party, Godzilla is dancing it up with the ladies as a man is stating "how Godzilla is "actually pretty cool" to one of his friends. The friend agrees but adds "except when he's hungry" and a clip of Godzilla in a ravaged urban scape, breathing flames out his mouth to torch a car is shown, just as one of his friends throws a Snickers into his mouth.

Instantly Godzilla is back to his cool self and is seen water skiing on a lake, as his friends watch and cheer him on.

In the other 2014 commercial, college football superstar Johnny Manziel (22), is poorly teaching an aerobic class full of middle-aged women, and has no idea of the terminology for the exercises and is just “winging it.” At one point motivating them with, “Who has a pelvis?” A football player wearing a Browns jersey comes in with a surprised look and tells Johnny to eat a Snickers. Johnny asks why as he takes a bite, and the other player tells him because he’s Johnny Football”, and instantly Johnny is in a Browns jersey back to his old self again. As they walk out of the class together, Johnny asked the other guy who all of those ladies were, apparently having no idea what had gone on previously. The man assures Johnny not to just not even worry about it, as the slogan “you’re not you when you’re hungry” appears across the screen.”

The 2015 commercial opens to an image of the iconic “Brady Bunch” house as the theme music plays in the background. Inside Carol and Mike Brady (actors Florence Henderson and Robert Reed) are seated on their couch asking their daughter Marsha (portrayed by Latino bad boy actor Danny Trejo (71) dressed in biker clothes and wielding an axe) what has happened? Danny explains that “Peter hit me on the nose

with a football”, and she angrily explains that she “can’t go to the dance looking like this!” As Carol assures her it must have been an accident, Danny exclaims “an eye for an eye, that’s what dad always says!” Mike Brady quickly notes that “he’s never said that, honey”, just as Danny yells “Shut up”, swings the axe and hits it onto the table where it sticks, and utters “Time to teach Peter a lesson!” Carol speaks up saying “ Marsha, eat a snickers, because you get a little hostile when you’re hungry.” After one bite, Danny Trejo turns back into sweet Marsha Brady (Maureen McCormick), and is now better. The camera pans to the stairs as actor Steve Buscemi (58) utters the iconic whine “Marsha, Marsha Marsha!” He is portraying younger sister Jan Brady and mom Carol quickly speaks up and says “Jan, this isn’t about you.” Offended and overly dramatic, Buscemi yells out “It never is” spins as he storms away off screen. As the slogan “you’re not you when you’re hungry” comes on screen as the Brady Bunch theme song plays in the background.

In the 2016 commercial, Actor Williem Dafoe (61) is portraying acclaimed actress Marilyn Monroe during her infamous subway vent photo shoot, in which her white dress gets blown up by air and she catches it before revealing too much of herself underneath. A stoic look is on Dafoe’s face as the producer tells him “sweetheart, don’t look at me like that, it’s

going to be amazing” and a burst of air blows up Dafoe’s dress. Instantly Dafoe is angry and fighting to control the dress and keep his composure, as he yells out “This is a disaster, who’s the genius who puts a girl in heels on a subway grate?” Just then a soft spoken man comes over and asks, “Miss Monroe, eat a Snickers. . . you get a little cranky when you’re hungry.” Instantly after the first bite, the crass and stern Dafoe turns into the soft spoken iconic sex symbol that is Marilyn Monroe, posing happily and willingly as the air blows up her dress.

In the 2017 commercial that debuted during the Super Bowl, Adam Driver (34) portrays himself (like Johnny Manziel earlier) filming a western, but he stumbles and creates a chain reaction of slapstick that “ruins” the commercial, due to his hunger.

The final and most recent commercial (2018) begins with the camera moving into an urban home with primarily young adult men and women in a rap battle, with Elton John (71) in red suit entering singing “Don’t go breaking my heart.” After a friend interrupts with “you always lose your edge when you’re hungry,” the pop star turns into the rapper Boogie, who immediately raps competently.

The Snickers “You’re not you when you’re hungry” campaign may at first seem to positively cross generations. The more popular have ads

have reintroduced aging celebrities to a new generation of viewers, and the celebrities tend to be shown in more youthful activities (sports, road trips, parties) portraying young people not acting “themselves.” However, Snickers played up the older famous stars as “decrepit” which helped solidify that who they were portraying weren’t being their normal (and younger) selves. Not one person that was portrayed by a star would be considered old, middle-aged or anything but young. Often the restored individual responds with a relieved “Better,” and for Snickers it appears that ‘better’ is synonymous with ‘younger.’ Yet, due to the comedic timing and satire involved, this use of ageism was just overlooked and accepted by the masses as nothing more than funny.

There are two younger stars, but although football star Johnny Manziel seems to first break the pattern in using older celebrities, he is in fact used very differently. He may not be acting like “himself,” but Manziel is actually playing himself. In biting into a Snickers, only his behavior changes—he remains a young man of 22, rescued by a fellow NFL player from an environment filled with middle-aged women, an environment that does not match his age (or gender). The only other young star is Adam Driver (aged 34), but even here Driver is playing himself—a hungry actor who stumbles and ruins the very Snickers commercial he’s filming. The only

other celebrity that doesn't "revert" into someone else is Godzilla, and here the commercial's plot is also reversed—the King of all Monsters is first shown "himself" (one of the boys), then is shown rampaging when hungry. These three commercials show how dramatically the entire plot of a "You're not you when you're hungry" commercial changes when the established old woman/old man is not used.

Setting aside Johnny Manziel and Adam Driver (and Godzilla) as those who were playing themselves, the ages range from Bobcat Goldthwait as the "youngest" at 51 to Abe Vigoda at age 89. Without the Manziel and Driver (and Godzilla), the average age is 68; with them included, the average age is still 64. Of the 20 starring celebrities, 17 (85%) are aged 58 or over at the time of the commercial's release.

This Snickers campaign seems to be biased in my opinion, and in addition to being biased toward a younger consumer, it is clearly targeted toward men. The ratio of women to men is 13/20, with no female stars since 2012. A possible exception that actually emphasizes the disparity is the 2016 commercial where a 61 year-old Williem Dafoe transforms back into a 29 year-old Marilyn Monroe (her age at the time of the iconic scene). Had Monroe been living, she would have been 90—the oldest of the stars used—and would have found herself cast accordingly ("not

herself") for a Snickers commercial. But beyond these numbers and the Monroe exception, not one female star in any of the commercials wasn't being made fun of for being weaker, whiny, or a diva. And every female star was eventually revealed to be portraying a male. Not one of them, once they bit into a Snickers, transformed back into a woman. Women here are being situated as the weaker sex, and looked at as less than, even when Snickers is banking on their stardom.

After completing this analysis, I can't help but also realize the lack of ethnic diversity and the lack of people of color in contrast to the vastly larger number of Caucasian stars that were featured. For the commercials sampled, only one had an African American female as the star and lead actress (Aretha Franklin), only one had an African American male (Boogie, although he was the person Elton John reverted into), and only one had a Latino (Danny Trejo). Astounding, but typical. Even in a Snickers campaign, where's the love for minorities? Why aren't more non-white celebrities selected for the Snickers ads? Why couldn't Aretha Franklin have turned into an African American female when she bit the Snickers bar? Or at least an African American male? Or a woman of any color, of any age? They turned into twenty-something white guys.

Snickers is a globally loved, chocolate powerhouse, but the ads in this

specific campaign disproportionately portray older individuals as jokes and strong women as whiny divas. Although the campaign may appear to be appealing to an audience of everyone, this brand still caters to the dominant male figures of the world, who apparently don't eat enough Snickers. The blatant use of ageism, sexism, and lack of diversity primarily geared and focused more toward the male gender is simply accepted and deemed relevant (including by the advertising award industry) due to the insulating comical effect and superficially subversive nature of the advertisements.

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REFLECTIONS

Kaitlyn T. Elliott



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TWO POEMS

Poems by Jonas Rock

Outcasts

There are more now.
An eye whirls in wet socket,
another feline form dashing past
through a soft blanket
of air strewn earth
encompassing
every means of egress.
Errant thoughts pummel
as clutching urgency swells
to choking immensity.
Finally vision halts—

the next breath.
Stillness falls, the shape
hunches, massive
in its shadowy roots at the
culmination of this dark vein;

the cold steel of a blade stretches
across the soft flesh of throat
held in space by firm finger grip.
Darkness deepens
over hot dampened cheek.
Lulled by softened sound
the throng of thought
fades into the humid twilight.
A dull cascade of
paired stars glow
streaming, the sparkling threads
slowly thinning
receding,
fading.

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G for Gratuitousness

There stands the great goat, can you feel the humble glow?
Green as I am, I know his glorified grade.
Forgive my grinding gaze, let's get to it then.
That is the glorified galactic general,
His gracious gun gripped in gnarled hand gleaming.
The government's most garish garrison,
Given grotesque goals in the name of greed.
Gallant good deeds decorate his garment's skin.
His gaudy gargantuan galleon there,
Genesis glints in the double suns.
That glowering ship's sown far more gore than good.
God save those with the gall to stand up to her.
His glaringly gay golem's gate shakes ground.
I have grown to gibbering! You heard nothing.
Be gone gossip generators! I've gin drunk.
Gentle golden geese garnish glorious days!

A NEW ERA (TRUMP'S INAUGURATION)

Cameron Mack Crouse



Fiction by *Cameron M. Crouse*

It is hot out. Where I am right now, I cannot tell what time it is, though from the context of the events that have just transpired I can venture to guess that it is sometime between 3:00 and 5:00 in the afternoon. I know this because over the past few weeks I have paid meticulous attention to the daily habits of my current owner.

That is correct. My owner. I am a gun. An 1873 Colt Single Action Revolver to be more precise. I have a chamber made for 6 shells and a wielder that has made me his weapon for justice. As of now, I am a sheriff's gun. I do not know the sheriff's name because I do not care to learn the names of my owners anymore. They usually don't last long, considering the pattern unknowingly created by my first owner, a sheriff named T. Gillard Charleston. He was a fine and righteous man who would never back down from any roving bands of ruffians who would dare defile his sultry little town of Cherryville, Oklahoma. He had taken me straight out of the box that I came delivered in, looked me up and down, inspected my barrel and confidently said, "Now that is one fine gun." And he was a very fine man.

While I was in his possession, I killed many criminals. I was always

aimed straight and true with no hesitation. With the grip and the ideals of a true lawman, I became an instrument of destruction to all those who opposed the righteous laws of Gillard's land. Murderers, thieves, and other violent sorts had grown to fear the name of Gillard and the barrel of his almighty gun. All of them except for one: a man named Jordan Tate.

A leader of a merciless gang of thieves, rapists, and murderers that had set their eyes on Cherryville and its banks and aimed to claim them as their own.

The night they raided, I was asleep on Gillard's desk. He had spent the entire day working on various forms. He didn't see any action all day and the sheer lack of excitement and stimulus had caused him to grow too tired to even retire to his home. But soon enough, that grogginess left him with a loud bang from the outside followed by the screaming of three townsfolk.

With little thought, he grabbed me, checked my cartridge (I was fully loaded) and headed out the door to face whatever was there. No sooner than he took his first step out the door did I hear another loud bang. It wasn't me though, as I didn't feel Gillard's finger pull the trigger, and I had

not seen the face of any enemy. I could only see the wooden porch that I had seen so many times before, and within a few seconds, I felt that porch for the first time. Gillard's grip on me had been released; I fell into the air for a few moments and landed sideways on the wooden porch looking directly at my wielder who now wore a gaping red gunshot wound on his forehead.

At first, I could not believe my eyes. He didn't even get a chance to fight. I didn't even get a chance to fight. But no sooner did I collect myself than I felt a pair of strange fingers touch my handle. I didn't know who it was at the time, but after hearing his superficial bragging among his "friends" at the local bar, I learned that my new owner was Jordan Tate, or, as he referred to himself, "The New Sheriff in town."

I hated that man, and I hated every abhorrent act he made me do. I was never made to be an instrument for which wicked men may have their way with the world. I was made to keep the peace, but as a mere object with no way to move or defend myself, I cannot maintain that ideal.

I can only maintain the ideals of he who wields me. I was not made for destruction, but I exist for whatever reason a pair of hands says I exist. And from that day onward, I existed for senselessness. At least, I did until William Richards, another lawman, killed Tate in a skirmish. For having

made the killing shot, he awarded himself the gun of the man he killed.

I think Richards was sheriff, but I wasn't sure, as our relationship didn't last long enough to find out. About a day after he had claimed me, another gun claimed his life, and I was given a few more of what I like to call "dark times" under the hands of a new man whose name I decided to ignore.

Then there were good times. That man died, and someone else took me. He was good. Then a war came, and another man took his life out of necessity. Then there was peace, and for a time I was unused until the man that kept me was killed and I was yet again taken by a wicked man. I have long lost track of my owners, only caring to remember the names of those who spiraled me out onto this never-ending game.

And now the cycle would continue. I am in a sheriff's hands yet again. He is facing an outlaw in a rare one-on-one showdown, obviously to decide the fate of the people that surround them, watching them, to see what will happen. But unknowingly they are playing for my ownership.

The sheriff takes three paces toward the outlaw and the outlaw does likewise, and then they both fire upon each other. I saw the man that my owner was aiming at. I looked right at his eyes, which must mean that he is dead. Whenever my eyes meet with a man and I hear my body rattle, I have learned that the man I saw will be dead.

Suddenly, I find myself falling. Falling like I did those many years ago the night of Gillard's death, falling like I did many times before with so many other wicked and righteous men. I land in the sand. There is no sound left in the area. No cries of victory or defeat, just silence. I cannot see the faces of either men, though I'm sure they both must be dead to have not uttered any sound. My barrel points toward a small home, with a woman, a man, and a child looking horrified at the two men that lay in the sand, paying no mind to the gun between the two of them.

If only I could utter a word or move, I would tell them to claim me, to pick me up before I fell into the clutches of another man with a cause. A righteous cause or an unrighteous cause didn't matter anymore. All I want now is no cause. I want to be the gun in the safe of a man or a woman who keeps me for safety, or to be the prized memento of a veteran, or an antique in a little pawn shop.

The family turns into their home, away from the bloody scene. They close the door and pull the blinds down on the windows. All over the town I can hear the shuffling feet of the many townsfolk returning to their homes. Leaving the two dead men with their dead causes in the middle of town, with me lying silently between them.

I hope the sand will cover me up and I can sleep.
I don't ever want to be between anything ever again.

HANGING AROUND

Kaitlyn T. Elliott



TWO POEMS

Poems by *David Tuggle*

Difficult Decisions

The flight of the sphere

Turning toward its solemn spot

Final victory

15th Attempt—I Think

Many paramours

Not all sane and comforting

Waited twenty years

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A STEP BACK IN TIME

Essay by *Abby Wood*

When I walk into the warm and good smelling house, it usually is not the same unless the TV is ridiculously loud. Being greeted with a warm smile and big hug is something that should happen more often in this world. “Don’t ya want some peas, honey?” my Grandma asks, and I reluctantly say yes; they are healthy, but I mostly say yes because Grandma already scooped them on my plate, yum! (Not.) Grandma is always claiming I do not eat enough or that I need to eat double the amount. The motherly or grandmotherly instinct is there to always worry and make sure you are fed, no matter what. Some kids do not have the resources to be fed one helping, not just in this county but everywhere. Some things haven’t changed. Sitting down with me as I eat my huge helping of peas, Grandma begins to talk about how things once were.

Growing up in Berkeley Springs, West Virginia in the 1940’s as a kid was described as, “rough but good times.” Every kid had to go through something, just as kids do today. Families lived far from town or in the “hollow.” You knew which cars would go by and the exact time; usually the same two cars, and then you would wave and know to see them at the same time tomorrow. Kids had to walk to and from school because

their parents did not own a car or there was a family car but was rarely used. Dad would work as a farmer in the fields all day and Mom would stay home to fix meals and make sure the garden was tended, ready for Dad to plant more seeds or harvest for winter. Jobs were not open to women like they are now; if a woman did actually have a job, it was in a factory, but having a factory job was rare. Kids did not get to experience being on a team or enjoy extracurricular activities as much as kids do these days. If a ride was not available, they could not participate. The upperclassmen did not want anything to do with the underclassmen, which seems to apply today, too.

Grandma said, “I really had a crush on that Kerns boy.” My Grandma’s companion, Dennis, who had come in to sit with us, said “Oh my lands! Kerns, I forgot about those boys.” Grandma claimed how handsome he was as she was laughing. Stores back in the day were family owned and everyone would shop there after the monthly check came in the mail. Grandma loved when her family’s monthly check came in, because her mom would let the kids order a “big orange” (orange soda) and a donut to all share together. Dennis and his brother would collect glass coke

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bottles from along the road; each bottle was worth two cents. When they collected enough they could trade it in for an actual bottle of coke for seven cents.

Going to school back then had a family feel you could say; if you did not like the school lunch, you just walked up the hill to the neighbor's mom and she had two bologna sandwiches for 20 cents. Grandma was not able to afford her meals as a kid, so she stayed after lunch and washed dishes in return for a school lunch. Grandma said, "We had to learn to work early in life." Dennis, agreeing, thinks that is why he works so much now (just used to the routine). First jobs, such as working in the fields picking fruit for your neighbors or friends of your parents, were definitely a way to make some extra cash. The pay was not much, but enough to keep saving up. When kids were older, after-school activities became more of an option because other kids were interested and then they would ride home all together or walk together. The girls had the choice to be in the FHA, "Future Homemakers of America." Grandma was never in that group because she could not afford to be. Dennis was in the FFA, "Future Farmers of America." He could not afford the official jacket so he wore his uncle's. If you finished your job or had a Friday night free with nothing to do, there seemed to always be something to get into with your friends and have fun.

Everyone would meet up in someone's car, and then they would pile in to go to Hancock at the drive-in movie theater. One car load would only cost \$1, and you could stay and watch more than one movie with your friends and enjoy the night. Dennis took some of his dates to the drive-in because it was the popular date-night place. "The Pines Tavern" was another popular place to go; it was sort of like a pub but not too fancy. Both of the "popular" date places do not even exist today in Hancock or Berkeley.

Growing up in Berkeley Springs in the 1940's was different than today. But while the places and activities have changed, the poverty has not. But there are more options for kids who do not get meals. The Backpack Program is available to bag meals for kids on the weekends or during holiday breaks. Kid's lunches are free in Morgan County so they do not have to stay after to do dishes or anything like that. Parents are not always fortunate enough to have a decent paying job, so they apply for welfare, WIC, or disability and use the benefits to provide for their families. Groceries are expensive for a family, let alone for a family that does not have the funds to provide. I do think there are more opportunities for kids to do extracurricular activities without cost being a prime issue. This town is always working and willing to make something possible for a child. The choices are out there and if you just look for them, you might be surprised.

Kids who grew up in the 1940's do have a different mentality and work ethic than kids today. They were used to having to work so hard and save every penny for anything they ever wanted to do because the opportunities were not there for them. I do not doubt Grandma or Dennis would have wanted to grow up any other way. I happened to look at my plate with some food left, realizing I had lost track of time and my peas were cold, but that was totally okay with me. I was so content with listening to their stories and taking a step back in time.

SIMPLICITY

Darius R. Latson



72

TO NOTHING

Poem by Benjamin Bush

As the sands of time pass by
In the breeze, but ever so smoothly,
How shall we bottle the grains?
Not one shall be seen again,
Save for the traces of its presence:
The imprint it left on those it touched
And the deafening sound of its absence.
Yet the Desert of Time still stretches
With unlimited grains of sand,
But not to replace those we lost. But rather
To remind those touched by the Breeze,
carried away to nothing.

73

STOIC CLASSISM

Essay by Claire Sullivan

In his *Meditations*, Marcus Aurelius says, “Things themselves touch not the soul, not in the slightest degree.” I feel that statements like this are meant to imply “money cannot buy happiness.” I find it pretentious and tone deaf. The idea that material objects hold no value to the soul is just another example of a philosopher saying, “Your emotions and problems are stupid, and I know you better than you know you.” Money cannot buy a Roman emperor such as Marcus Aurelius happiness, but it could make the day for someone with far less advantage. Objects cannot touch the soul but a shirt with no holes could change some child’s whole week. Anti-materialistic philosophies like Marcus Aurelius’s Stoicism need to be called out on the fact that they’re just a method for the rich and privileged to ignore their wealth and privilege.

When “things” and “stuff” are said not to be correlated with happiness, what is ignored is the experience of those many people who have nothing to take for granted. Every act of kindness amazes; every gift is cherished. Not only can money buy happiness, it’s almost required. Materialism is not the only motivation behind a need for objects. I need money if I want to accomplish my dream of earning a place in a university. I need money to

afford gas to put into the car that put me into debt to transport me to this university that will also put me in debt. Clearly, the only thing negatively affecting my “soul” is lack of money. Does my desire for admission to a good school and working car make me someone who drowns my unhappiness in objects? No, it makes me a struggling working-class college student. I’d love to have money one day. I will be proud of my money. Maybe money can only deliver happiness and touch the souls of those who have to work for it, something that Roman emperors don’t have to do. To be born with any of the rewards that life has to offer the wealthy is to never accomplish anything.

All this being said, I understand that the more money one has the farther away one is from satisfaction, especially where “things” are concerned. In a capitalist society focused on what is new, there is no way to be fully happy with oneself. This is because the focal point of life is always “What comes next?” I’ve also witnessed friends with some fortune to their names struggle with friendships. It’s hard to determine genuine friendships when one has so much to give. To never know who one’s real friends are can be maddening. When one’s things stop one from touching the souls of

their friends, they are once again empty, no satisfaction possible.

“Things” fail to “touch the souls” only of those born into a world of things. The smallest thing could bring someone with nothing to tears. A six-year-old in poverty is not ignorant or blind to what *really* matters because she wants a Christmas present. People of color are not “overshooting” by earning as many scholarships as possible; they know they are playing an unfair game. Don’t tell people what money can or cannot buy if your card has never been declined for a single pack of Ramen. “Things” are numbing and cause stress only for those who are handed them.

LA MARIÉE

Poem by *Shawna Layton*

A beautiful bride wears an alluring dress red as blood moon
in late January. Leaving the church, for it is the big day,
the groom has the biggest smile; he cannot wait to love
forever. The after party is wild with the goat playing
the violin, the man playing the flute, and the fish
ringing the bells. The married are young, their love without dimension.
Love has no patience; it takes no work.

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UNTITLED

Alex Hay



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INSIDE THE MIND OF A BOWHUNTER

Essay by *Miranda Eckenrode*

We wait all year for it. We prepare for it all summer. We spend a large chunk of our hard-earned paychecks on new equipment and devote time inspecting our favorite gear that we wouldn't go near the woods without. Bowhunting is an important part of many people's lives including my family's. Since this is my first year in college and I need to focus on school work, I haven't been in the woods as much as I normally would be. I have spent some hours practicing, shooting my bow, and I've hung one trail camera this summer. Compared to my dad and stepbrother and how much I normally participate, I've done the minimum. It makes me feel like I'm missing something because I haven't gone bowhunting as much this season. All the hunters who truly have a love for bowhunting know that "missing out" feeling you get when you're not sitting fifteen feet up your favorite oak tree, waiting for that deer to walk by. It's something you just can't wait to do. Most hunters have trail cameras set up all summer to find out which paths the deer are traveling and at what time of the day. Not to mention we also love doing research on those beautiful whitetail bucks running around.

I was inspired to bow hunt because of my dad. We are similar in

many ways and having a love for that up-close and personal feeling for bowhunting is one of them. My dad has been hunting since he was young kid, and I'm not sure I know of anyone who has more of a passion for it. It comes so naturally to him. Most people spend hours shooting their bow, preparing, scouting, and planning. My dad sends one arrow straight to the bullseye and he's ready to go. Every time he comes home with a deer he is just genuinely excited and can't wait to tell us the story behind it, as I can't wait to hear it. He had been taking me into the woods with him since I was only a year old but took me to hunt my first deer when I was about fifteen. To start, he took me rifle hunting for many years to see if I liked to go hunting in general. After I got some practice with shooting my first couple of deer throughout the years, it became something I would look forward to every fall. To me, hunting is more than just finding a wild animal and shooting it dead. It's the conservation of the population, the experiences and memories made during your time in the woods, the gratefulness I feel for the deer themselves, and the family tradition behind it. Nowadays it seems that families are more spread apart for holidays, birthdays, etc., but I feel that nothing brings them together again like hunting season.

To be a well-thought-out bowhunter, you must have at least two things: patience and respect. Hunting with a bow is nothing like hunting with a rifle. You can have a picture perfect 10 point only ten yards away, but if he's quartering toward you, you can't shoot. You'd end up hitting the sternum or the top of the shoulder blade. You technically could shoot, but the penetration effects of an arrow and a bullet are totally different. A bullet would hit the sternum and destroy everything it fires through, including bone all the way through the organs. An arrow shot into the sternum will hit very hard and stay lodged in the bone, never entering the chest cavity to hit vitals, unnecessarily leaving a wounded deer walking around the woods. That is putting the deer through pain and suffering. It's crucial to be patient enough to wait for the right shot or be respectful enough of the animal to let it walk away. Shot placement is vital and differs so much between an arrow and a bullet. Texas Monthly columnist and hunter Emily McCullar (2018) notes some essential differences: The truth is, shooting a deer with a scoped rifle from a blind at a corn feeder is not, in itself, terribly difficult. You're hidden, you're seated, and you have a window ledge on which to rest your heavy gun. You've lured the animal to you in the easiest way imaginable. If you're any good at playing Big Buck Hunter in a bar, you're probably not half bad at the real thing (p. 161).

Also, you must wait for the deer to come within forty yards to shoot if you're hunting with a bow. With the right rifle you can shoot one at 800 yards if you're steady enough. As you can see, there are many differences between bowhunting and rifle hunting. They both take time, but one requires more skill than the other.

I think it's interesting to know the way our ancestors and people thousands of years ago did this. They didn't have the new up-to-date equipment we have now. Plus, their lives depended on killing wild game for food. It wasn't like today's world where if we don't get a deer, we still have dinner to go home to. Our ancestors had to be confident in their handmade equipment and patient enough to wait for the right opportunity. Their lives and their families' lives depended on it.

Just think, our ancestors had to *make* their bows, bowstrings, arrows, arrowheads, and much more. I would love to come across an authentic arrowhead in the field someday. Besides trapping, bowhunting is one of the earliest methods of hunting. After some reading, I found that bowhunting can be dated back approximately 70,000 years. There were no rifles then, so a bow was the most lethal weapon of choice.

When I'm in my tree stand with my only five-year-old bow, I sometimes think of the people who once solely relied on these forms

of weaponry for their next meal, which for them could have meant life or death. I'm grateful to still have this ancient method of hunting available. I can't wait to be able to pass it down to the future generation, like my dad did for me.

Reference

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