



ALLEGANY COLLEGE OF MARYLAND

EXPRESSIONS

2014

A L L E G A N Y C O L L E G E O F M A R Y L A N D
EXPERIENCE 2014

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ARTWORK FEATURED ON COVER:

"Freckles" by Chelsea George

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Student Editor's Reflections

Sitting down to write this introduction, I was plagued with the most difficult of possible positions, the one from which all creations begin. That is to say, the beginning. Not only is this my first editorship, making it important for me, but it also happens to be the 25th edition of *Expressions*, making it important for the publication. I wondered what tone I should assume. Should I be reverent, authoritative, or jovial? I wondered from what point I should proceed. I debated writing about the nature of art, the nature of humanity, the nature of society, and the nature of nature, but, in the end, none of these points seemed truly authentic. I was reaching too far and simply trying too hard. In the end, I found that, as usual, someone else said it more saliently than I myself should hope to. Henry David Thoreau said, "This world is but a canvas to our imagination," which I take to mean that we paint upon this world whatsoever we wish to see in it. I like that. And I think it fits. Here at the foot of a divergent path, one which for many begins the journey, I believe it is important to say that we should all strive for the passion, creativity, and honesty that pervades great art; that we should hope to make a mark upon the world that stains the heart of life so indelibly that we cannot be forgotten. If this world is a canvas, then I say we should paint as if there is no other course and let all of our living be art.

So, I proudly present *Expressions 2014*.

– Jonathan Treece



Untitled

James Price

The Avenger

Karly Taylor

Red eyes sank in black abyss;
Darkness ever consumed its host.
Hellish tragedy on a moon-lit night
Stole his soul and brought double-patterned eyes.
Sterling twists wrought fateful sorrow,
And a once-precious comrade slowly faded.
Their sinking bonds finally collided,
Only to find that justice ceased to exist
Until fire clashed and black flame was extinguished.
Now remorseful, a new arson ignited,
And dwellings arose yet again,
Finding consolation in one such as he.

Qur'an

Dora Kamara

Qur'an, you're so smooth, so welcoming. You have many different colors such as blue, gray, and even black that I may choose from, freely. You smell of knowledge so sweet and consuming, and Qur'an you look as if you have been on a long, troublesome, inspirational and patient journey. There's no other way to understand you from the interior, other than to read you. You don't have a taste nor do you have a smell; that I find quite amusing. You came from ancient prophets of Islam who through pain, sweat and suffering survived the cold and dark past times, managed to live a life to be remembered; a life to be learned from and within that life made huge changes to the world. Over the years you have been rewritten in different languages for others to understand your meaning and purpose, which has never changed. You taught me of a way of life, you gave me rules and regulations. You guided me when I was lost and brought me back to the light; yet I run away from you. Every time I run I always end up right back to you, Qur'an, for you are all I've always known. You are my safe place; I know you will never abandon me.

Every time I think of you, Qur'an, I see my father, a dark skinned tall and fit man who lives his life surrounding you and the way of life that you have taught us to live. My father prays five times a day, seven days a week like you asked. He fasts during the month of Ramadan but goes beyond that by fasting multiple times during the week like you asked, Qur'an. You are at the center of my father's life; he uses you for guidance and advice. You are his comfort I know; when he's around you he is truly happy; I can see this in my fathers' eyes, Qur'an. He is intertwined with you and it's almost as if you two are one, you speak the same language, and you see the same things, Qur'an. You feel his pain, you run through his veins, your words flow through his heart. It's quite amazing

when I see both of you together; I see how much he cares for you, how much he really listens to you. You help him fight his battles, his demons, he is never truly alone because you are always with him.

Qur'an, you are only a book in the eyes of the unbelievers and the ignorant that run away from you. But don't we all run away from the truth? Most of us would settle for lies because they're easier to deal with and attract us humanly; then, when the truth approaches us so differently it seems overwhelming to us. You remind me of the mosque, such a beautiful, such an intense but very peaceful place. A place where you walk in, take off your shoes as a sign of respect. You may either choose to talk with anyone you see and they will respond to you with such poise, respect, and knowledge. You may also choose to do "Wudu" right away, which is ritual for us Muslims, who believe in being covered from head to toe as an act of cleansing oneself before praying in Islam. Everyone is so friendly and oh so welcoming and almost always everyone has a smile on their faces, but then again we are all human so we have our days.

Do you recall when Sierra Leone was run through by gangs and thugs in search for diamonds? The greed for diamonds was used to fuel violent conflicts and human rights abuses. My family and I were in Sierra Leone during that time. My father explained to me that we hid in an attic of a mosque that was close to where we had lived. My father would sometime have to leave us kids alone, so he would sneak off in the middle of the night to collect food, water and anything else that he could find at the time useful for survival. Multiple times my father would starve himself so my brother and sisters and I would have enough to eat.

It was the hardest thing all of us had to go through. Readers might imagine being so happy in their homelands and I mean truly happy. Having more than enough to eat and everyone around you is nice and caring and shares with everyone else. If you're locked out of your home anyone would let you into their house, give you food, water, clothing, anything that you may need. We lived by a meaning of life that might be

summarized as “It takes a village to raise one child.” So once again might the reader imagine living where everyone around you loved and treated you as your Father and Mother treats you. Many places are like this, and not everywhere in Sierra Leone is like this, but where I was born and grew up that’s how it was for me.

Imagine: one day your utopia is scattered by gangs and men who lust for diamonds. Their passion for riches is so overwhelming that they take drugs and with big guns and weapons go on a riot. They rape many women; they kill many men who try to stop them or refuse to join them. Imagine us running; we hide, but some people are found and they are killed on sight for no apparent reason. Women, disabled, elder woman, even babies are murdered—absolutely no one safe. It is either you are with them or against them.

My father told me that he made a promise to GOD, using the Qur’an which he carried always and prayed with almost every moment while we were in the attic of the mosque. He asked GOD to keep his family and him safe and provide for us and protect us and allow us to make it through the horror occurring at that time and moment, seeing dead bodies at every turn, blood absolutely everywhere. My father promised that he would forever live to serve and honor GOD, always until it was his time to go.

My father now has three jobs and trust me when I tell you that he is one busy man, but there’s not a day that goes by that he doesn’t pray his five daily prayers. He doesn’t always pray the prayers at the time meant for each, because of work, but he makes sure that each and every prayer—Fajr, Dhuhur, Asr, Maghrib and Ish’a—are completed. No matter how exhausted my father is after a long day at work, he comes home, showers, and prays. After prayer he reads you, Qur’an, even if it’s just a page. He does so every single day. Afterward, he wraps you up and puts you away where he knows for sure you won’t be bothered and where you will be safe from harm’s reach.

My father is a very religious man; he is content, and he is very self-disciplined. He lives as you, Qur’an, asked us to live. I want to become that devoted to you and pray the way he does, but I continue to run away from you. You have all the answers that I ask but

I stay away from them. To become one with you, Qur'an, would mean for me to change. I fight with myself daily because Islam is all I know, and all your rules and regulations are what I grew up understanding. There's no place like home where you are, where I find peace, where I find love, compassion and in my eyes honor as I see my father.

As I write, I decide to write a poem about you, wonderful Qur'an.

Qur'an

You teach us that's there's only one God
 Not to hate others who believe in another
 Take in others' teachings but know what's in our hearts
 You teach us to love one another
 You teach us to be forgiving of one another
 Your teach us not to terrorize one another
 You teach us accept the difference in others
 To accept ourselves as we are
 To honor our mothers and fathers
 To love our neighbors
 I try to live by your rules, but forgive me I'm only human
 You guide me when I'm lost and refuse to go home
 You shine light upon me in the dark even when I can't see
 You surround me with your blessings, even when I'm not blessed
 But we're only human, so we misuse your teachings
 Take it as our own, add, remove, and create parts of a whole
 You don't judge others, even when they judge you
 I just don't understand why others don't love you too
 Thank you so much for just being you.

Thirteen City Blocks

Frank Amato

Walking thirteen city blocks to get rid of my second thoughts
As I passed about four dozen trees, some had birds and some had bees
I asked you to fill my heart of this ocean breeze
But that's before I didn't know that what I saw was truly what I couldn't see
And I thought love was easy till I spilt it out my window sill.
The blood has poured out of my mind and I'm standing with all
The helpless and meaningless souls. I stopped handing
Cards and little pieces of paper with volatile truth
Something that I've only saved for the young and the youth
But even though this present is mine, it's really not, and I'm not fine.
Like borrowed time is a breath away, is that really what has made me sway?
To falter like the leaves in autumn again, it feels like I'm typing out warnings again
Fallen, and tangled, and left on the berm, or collected and dried out and ready to burn.
My thoughts are my lifeguard and sentence the same
Even if someone would call me by name.



Bridges Bring People Together

Johnnie Bailey

The Failure

Linda Sandmon

You and I had never met; we had no prior encounters; we had never knowingly ever seen one another. Yet, my face became the last thing you would ever see on this earth as you died right before my eyes.

I was a somewhat seasoned Intensive Care Unit Nurse with over eight years of experience under my scrubs. I was working the night-duty, twelve hour shift; you had experienced a myocardial infarction (heart attack) three days prior, had progressed well and were due to be transferred out of the ICU the following morning. Ironically, I was not assigned as your nurse the night you died. One patient I worked with included one with a “fresh” heart who had had mitral valve replacement surgery earlier in the day. Don’t be shocked by this, but sometimes there is a chemistry between nurses and their patients which is challenging at best. By four in the morning, my mitral valve patient was quite stable and, forgive my frankness, getting on my very last nerve. There is a certain personality type that accompanies mitral valve disease in female patients that includes a propensity to be whiney, demanding and impossible to please. I was exhausted by this lady and offered to check three of my co-worker Richard’s patients (one of whom was you) if he would give me just a slight break from her...just one hour away. He graciously agreed.

I had completed the required activities on Richard’s other two patients, leaving you for last. As I entered your room, I called your name to avoid startling you from what little uninterrupted sleep one gets while a patient in ICU. We chatted pleasantly as I got your vital signs, listened to your heart and lungs and gave you your prescribed medications. The whole interaction took about fifteen minutes. I left the room briefly to tend to another matter. Upon my return, you looked different to me; your color had changed

and you were diaphoretic (sweaty). I wasn't out of your room for more than two minutes, but in that brief amount of time, there was a significant change in your condition. There is a phenomenon called "feeling of impending doom"; you looked at me and said, "Please call my wife; I'm not gonna make it through this." You recited your home phone number which I jotted on my hand as I did not have any paper with me. I had all the faith in the world that you knew exactly what was happening.

As I tried to check your blood pressure, I watched your heart rate on the monitor as it accelerated from eighty, to one hundred to one fifty to well over two hundred. I could not hear your blood pressure and yelled out, "I need some help in here, NOW!" The monitor changed to a chaotic squiggle which is called ventricular fibrillation and is evidence of a dying heart. I hit the panic button over your bed which activated the emergency response team. As Richard and I started CPR, the team arrived. For the next hour and fifty minutes, we worked frantically to restart your heart, using every cardiac stimulant and rhythm-restoring drug available. We were, however, unable to get your heart restarted, and at 6:20, you were pronounced dead. We, of course, could not know until proven by autopsy that an aneurysm (a ballooning of weak muscle), possibly from your heart attack—or maybe even completely unrelated—had blown, not unlike a tire blowout on your car. No amount of resuscitation would have changed the outcome.

After the "code blue," your room resembled a war zone. Hundreds of feet of EKG paper showing your failure to respond to our treatment cluttered the room. Drug boxes and syringes were scattered everywhere, each representing the futility of our efforts. Those who have experienced near-death say their spirit drifted out of the body and often hovered in a corner of the room waiting to see if it would reenter the body. I have often wondered if you watched us, and most likely, appreciated when the heroics ended and you were freed.

After some clean-up, I took a brief rest at the nurses' station before starting the tomes of mandatory paperwork that awaited me. Now depleted of all the adrenaline

and other chemicals that keep one going through such a marathon event, I looked down at my hand and, for the first time, focused on the phone number you had given to me. In the rapid change of events that followed your request, I never fulfilled the only thing you had asked of me. I couldn't contain the tears at my personal failure.

Even though more than thirty five years have passed since we met, I think of our encounter often. You were not the first person who ever died in front of me, nor were you the last. You were, however, the one who affected me the deepest. I have always thought that you should know that.

Sibilance

Steve Fairgrieve

Like a corpse
In its coffin
I am laid
Out in the brown
Recliner.
The silence of

I gaze long.
Its fiery red
Glimmer fills
My eyes, burning
With brightness.
They close quickly

The deep night
Entombs me. Coarse
Fabric like
The soft, silk-lined
Cushions of
A new casket

Lest they burn
Incinerated
By it. Death
Sweeps its warm arms
Around me.
I die anew.

Envelope
Me. Set-in stains
Darken its
Skin, scars of wars
Fought against
The careless young.

The hiss of
Igniting gas
Shatters the
Silence, rousing
Me to life.
To the fireplace

Grampa's Knife

Charles W. Yowell

The look on my face that day had to run the gamut from worried, ohmygodwhatdidldo, to expectant; hey, maybe I'll get an allowance. These expressions came along with every emotion that a thirteen-year-old boy is capable of showing on his necessarily implacable face; necessarily implacable for the benefit of his peers. It's not cool to show excitement or curiosity at that age because that's how babies and sissies act.

It's hard to maintain that façade of bravado, though, when your only grandfather asks you to sit at the old wooden kitchen table with him a minute. Right at the table! Where the adults gather to drink coffee among the coffee cup rings and cigarette burn marks—that I treasure today in my own kitchen—to talk about grown up stuff; usually old moldy memories of “the good old days” and how “these kids today don't know how good they have it.” I'd like to take them into my world for a day and see how good they think it is then. Why, they wouldn't last one day in my school.

This is strange, though. I usually don't sit here in the kitchen; especially with Gramp. I wonder what's wrong. Maybe someone's sick, or worse, what if he's dying! Oh my God, what will I do without him around! He didn't seem too concerned or worried though; in fact he was kinda treating me like one of the adults. What's up with this?

Gramp started talking, and I expected to hear a speech like when our dog died, but this was different. He had a strange glaze in his eyes—like they were filled with smoke from one of our old campfires—and his face had a look like I had never seen before, one that was hard to explain. It was like he was happy and sad at the same time. Is this the way I look?

Then Gramp started talking to me, like I was one of his friends, not a kid. He told me “Joe,” (that's my name, Joe), “I want to tell you a little about where you came from.” Then it

hit me. Oh shit! It's the damn old "I used to walk fifty miles to school every day, in the snow, uphill both ways and had to share one shoe with my brother" crap. I've heard that since I started first grade and still had smooth skin and soft hair. He must have seen that on my face 'cause he stopped me and said "No, you're not a little kid anymore so you don't have to hear that stupid one shoe to school story anymore." What a relief, for a second. Then I wondered, "Well, if I'm not going to hear that, what is this all about?"

Gramp continued and said, "Joe, it's important that you know where you came from and who your ancestors were."

"Why do I need to know all that, Gramp?" I replied.

He said, "Because, Joe, you come from a very long line of heroes. Some of your ancestors were great soldiers, statesmen, explorers, and leaders of men and you are descended from them. I'm not going to bore you with this one did this and that one did that or all that begetting like in the Bible. I want to give you something that my father gave me when I was thirteen and his father gave to him." Oh, great! Some stinky old picture or something.

I wasn't at all prepared for what Gramp set on the table in front of me; I wasn't even sure what it was at first. It was old. One look and you could see it had been worn by years of use. It did have a smell, but not stinky, more like...men and steel and, I don't know. Buffalos or something. It was about small enough to fit in my palm and when I hefted it, it felt like it weighed a lot of years. Gramp just sat and watched as I looked it over. The finger grooves worn in the old bone handle; the rusty, oily look of it. It looked like something a Man would use to do Man work with; roping and chasing bulls and fixing old tractors and skinning wild things to eat. I looked at Gramp and saw his eyes gleaming with delight and something else...pride? I asked him, "what is it Gramp?"

Looking at me seriously he told me, "This belonged to my father's father and his before him, Joe, and has been saved and passed to each new man. You are now that man."

"Me? Why not Uncle Jake? He's your son?"

"Well," Gramp explained. "You're also a son to me and that's not the only one in existence. Jake's has its twin. The point is," Gramp continued, "this means that you've become one with me and Jake and my father and his father before him. We've all used this to survive with, at one time or another, and passed it down to the next man. It's now your responsibility to hold it and pass it onto the next new man in the family."

I didn't know whether to cry or laugh or jump around so I just leaned over and hugged my Grandfather, who had just given me a link to my ancestors. It really wasn't all that much, but to me it meant I was no longer a child; I had been accepted as a man by my Grandfather. That meant more to me than all the fancy trucks in the world.

I have what Gramp gave me that day, those happy years ago, in a smooth piece of rawhide leather that Gramp taught me how to tan from a deer skin. I keep it hiding in my special place. Sometimes I take it out and feel it; feel the ages in it and smell the man-steel-buffalo smell of it. I sense my grandfather's father's, father's, father's work, the hardened, age-gnarled hands guiding mine when I open it and rub it with a little oil; just enough to preserve it; not enough to rub any of "them" off of it.

I showed it to one of my friends once, when I was about seventeen; he thought it was kind of dirty and old and not as cool as his new cell phone. I knew it was better; I knew it separated me from him. The new man from that kid. To my friend it was just an old brown, dirty, rusted knife with four blades honed thin and the word "Schrade" inscribed on it. That word to me was "Excalibur!" As is the knife. I look forward to the time that I can sit at that same old, worn oak kitchen table with my son, or grandson, and pass his legacy on to him.

I have done some research on what my Grandfather told me that day, all the heroes and stuff. It's all true. My ancestors helped begin this nation. Fighting off hostile natives to create, and hold farms; spreading across the Mid-Atlantic states, and eventually all the

way to Kentucky, where they were among the first settlers of that wilderness. From there they settled in Illinois, Arizona, Mexico and Texas; a town in Texas bears our family name to this day. They struggled for independence against the British, waged war on Spain and Mexico and again against the British. Then they fought each other in what one side called the "Civil War," and the other brother called "The War Between The States." They were in Europe for a war called "The War to End All Wars"—though it didn't: they had to return a few years later and destroy Hitler and his allies and fight on isolated islands in the Pacific. Then when North Korea decided it wanted the whole country, once again, my forefathers were there.

There were a lot of other battles my ancestors fought; not just in wars. My predecessors have been heroes on the peace front as well, standing up for the rights of oppressed people, no matter their religion or color. The same people whose forefathers fought against slavery one hundred and fifty years before also marched in Selma, Alabama to help end the continued oppression of those that they had helped free. During another time of war, some stood against popular opinion and said "hell, no! We won't go." Others went and one is still there, on a lonely hill called Khe San, his body so shattered by a mortar round hitting his machine gun emplacement that he could not be pieced together to be sent home.

He is not there though. He is here; wrapped in this rawhide, in *my* symbol of Manhood. In my Grampa's time-worn, ageless knife. I still sense the blood and sweat that has soaked into its staghorn handle.

Only the Rain

Lynette Marie Huff

I want the sun to go away.
It is the rain I want today.

The joy of water everywhere,
Cleansing my face and body bare.

Each droplet encasing me whole.
Like a great lover possessing my soul.

Falling on me and all around.
The musical notes of beautiful sound.

The sun itself will not do today.
Only the rain can brighten my day.



After the Rain

Lynette Marie Huff

Fossil

Danny Wade

After reading the story “Miss Brill,” I can now relate to the old people who “people watch” up at the mall. I have always wondered what the old people think while they “people watch” for hours on end at the mall. Now, Miss Brill is a definite extreme but at least she can be said to have one severe case of people watching. It may seem I am being rude about the whole concept of people watching but I actually know one of the old men who “people watch.” Many people have a negative/awkward outlook on the old guys who are up there all day just watching, but really it is just a large hangout for them. The old man I know is actually my friend’s dad (and no my friend is not adopted). His dad is 71 while his mother is somewhere in her 50s. My friend also has a brother that is in his late 20s and married. With him being only 19, many people look at him when he is with his dad and wonder why he’s walking the mall with his grandpa. My friend lives in Winchester, Virginia so when he comes up to visit me and his dad on the weekends (about every two weeks), he and I meet his dad at the mall to take a few “laps” (at his dad’s request) so he can talk to his dad about how he is doing in school and his job. I’m normally with him because he doesn’t really want to waste his whole weekend just taking “laps” around the mall with his dad, so I give him an excuse to leave.

I really do enjoy talking to his dad because of how much knowledge he has about life. Besides having life wisdom, he also keeps up with many current events such as sports which we always have a good conversation about when we’re up there. So when I go to the mall just during the week by myself I still make conversation with his dad if I see him. I don’t do it to just be nice, but more as a friend because I like talking to him and there’s always something new to talk about. Anyways, back to the topic of people

watching, his dad is there to meet his friends that, like him, are also up there to walk the mall and strike up conversation on the benches.

So I think people have the wrong concept about the old men that sit at the mall and “people watch” all day. They aren’t creepy or awkward; the mall is just their hangout spot. That’s where they read the newspaper, make conversation, spark debate, and make new friends. If you really think about it, where else is there to just hang out in Cumberland? That is the problem for all ages in this town ranging from teenagers to retirees. Go up to the mall on a Friday or Saturday night and try to count how many young teenagers you see running around because it is their weekend “hangout” spot. It’s the same concept except the old people just prefer hanging out during the day.

Work Cited

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Rough Times in the Winter

Johnnie Bailey

Issues

Stephanie Suggs

Confused, frustrated, looking for solutions
Too much stress to handle, it's becoming abusive
To my mind, my body, I need a conclusion
Relying on faith and motivation, hope I didn't overuse it
Because time is fading rapidly, I'm trying not to lose it
When your best isn't good enough, what do you do?
When love isn't strong enough, does the heart turn cold too?
Every day I wake up fighting for survival
Haters want to see me down, trying to deprive me
Of my success, but unlike the rest
When put to the test,
I always race to the top
The sky is the limit; I'm too determined to stop
Wanting help but unsure how to receive it
Somehow I know I will succeed, as long as I believe it

You Have Cancer

John Gates

“You have cancer” are three words feared by most people, and a teenager six months away from graduating high school is not an exception. Treatment over one and a half years was very difficult both mentally and physically. When those three words are heard for the first time, instantly the soon-to-be patient’s mind starts racing around a mental track as if a cap gun were fired. As for the first worry, that seems to vary tremendously from person to person. I remember mine: am I going to lose my hair? Ultimately, my time with cancer was the most serene I have ever known. I learned a multitude of lessons, but the ones that meant the most were: to be adaptable and live for the moment by not worrying, a very strong sense of what material items are, and how one can be at peace in even the most trying moments.

One of the most overused expressions I hear is “to go with the flow.” I have heard it more times than countable yet never seemed to fully grasp the concept until I became a patient. As a patient you are encouraged to fight. Do it with all of your heart every step of the way. One related idea is not to resist things you can’t control. Again, it is hard to say and have someone believe but welcome the new obstacle as gently as you can. It is hard to go for test after test with the same result but I learned that what is meant to be will happen. Everything is falling in place the way it is because it is supposed to. Just because a hurdle was thrown in front of you doesn’t mean it is a roadblock. Getting by the barrier will teach you patience as well as relaxation, and most importantly that this is a small piece of God’s bigger plan. Perhaps it will teach you something about yourself as it did me. I slowly learned to live with the results as they happened and ultimately I was taught how to overcome by this. Self-realization as I continued treatment seemed to go hand in hand with my healing.

Hodgkin's Lymphoma also gave me a strong sense of difference between material items and spiritual items. That is, what can be replaced and what can't. One of the great memories I have from being sick is being showered with gifts and the things I wanted. For an 18-year-old, what better way is there to create happiness? Ask me that question now and my answer will be simply nothing, and I'll take it in size eight and a half. My happiness before had been tied to manmade items with a price tag attached. It wasn't until my family decided to throw a New Year's party that I realized how poor I had become. It was a party for the ages, one I will surely tell my kids about. Family and friends came from multitudes of places, ranging from Virginia to Connecticut, all traveling to Maryland. We didn't have any extravagant set up that would've cost a pretty penny; we simply moved furniture around and made light preparations. The result taught me that money isn't needed to have a good time; the difference here was everyone was truly happy. The family was together as one, rejoicing and celebrating. Even with a shiny head, I fit in perfect. Nobody there was worried about anything I had on or what I owned; instead we basked in love, the type of love that is priceless. It showed me what truly matters in life is the things that come free. I was surrounded by people that only wanted me to be healed.

The third and maybe most important thing I developed as a result of my diagnosis was to always try and separate myself from the world. Now that I am three and a half years in remission, I find myself stressing over hypothetical situations or placing too much emphasis on something that I need to finish whether being for work, school, or even chores. While I was going through treatment my mentality was "to go with the flow," as I stated earlier. When an issue with school would surface then, I paid attention to it, the difference being that I did not let it dominate my mind or make me feel overwhelmed. There were more important things going on. It is easy to forget this lesson, for now, in remission, I find myself backsliding into old ways and too often get caught up in the moment and convince myself if my work isn't finished there will be

major consequences. During treatment my sole focus was on getting healthy. I didn't give a thought to which material item I could buy. When one goes through something like this it is almost an out-of-body experience because you find yourself engaging and caring for items that were overlooked or taken for granted before there was an illness. For every patient it is most likely different, but the way we all find solace is the same. In a *New York Times* article describing life after cancer, a survivor, Susan Schwalb, states, "We have all been forced to find the joy in the smallest things...I'm sitting here looking at a geranium about to bloom. These things are out there—we just have to be reminded to look at them. And cancer is a big reminder."

For me, I never knew hair could mean so much. When mine first started growing back I grew it out for three years because of the joy it brought to me by not having a bald head. Overall I would say I was more at peace then. It's a hard concept to grasp, that someone with a 75% chance to live could be at peace with himself, but it was a tremendous feeling. I do not miss the effects of being sick, but the methods of how to cope and view things different while having cancer still helps me prevail and return back to the state of serenity I once knew.

Work Cited

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3 Dec 2012. Web. 9 Mar 2014.

Editor's note: Watch John rapping about his experience in a video titled "Livestrong Man: Goddie's Story" at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5HzR7DPnjA4>

Dead Soldiers

Charles W. Yowell

They lay together extinguished, in the defilade
of the ashtray. Brown pants, white shirts. Smoke
yet rising from the latest casualty. Leaderless
their comrades crouch, and await their turn at the trench
of the mouth that, with inhaled breath, will draw forth their
angry smoke, that weapon of mass destruction, to invade
that weakness to suck it deeply in and propel it
to the lungs for the awaiting malignancy
to feed on and to fulfil the role created for them in the fields of Dixie
by the Lords of a dying and killing industry.
Addiction fueled profit.

Enough

Steve Fairgrieve

The stack of faded black-lettered news prints
joins its brethren in the bin.
Amber waves of grain bristle in the wind
where green oaken groves once towered.

Breathe, also, life then into the cut stem
of the decaying white rose.

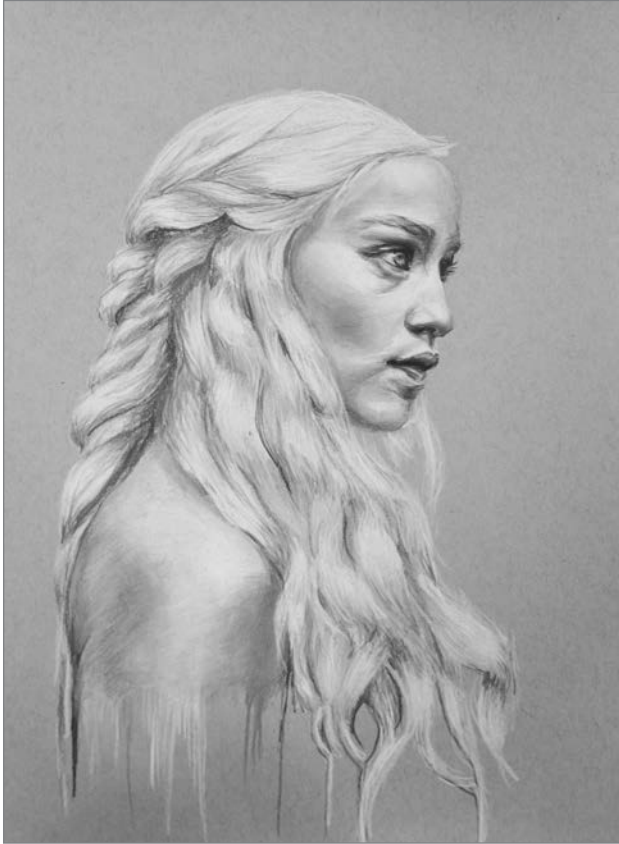
Shivering silver cylinders await
the merchants tare.
Another copper clinks
into the young lad's hand.

A single drop of water is spared.
Sing songs of salvation.
Toxic tea from the cracked battery
swims its way down the stream.

Give, also, sex then a second time
to the male mantis.

Like sheep without a shepherd
Our pasture lays bare
Nature's wolves wait patiently
To cull our herd.

We do not see
masks woven from threads of self-deception
cover our eyes.
Our conscience cleansed
we slumber.
It is enough.



My Favorite Character

Chelsea George



Something So Precious

Sandie Narvaez

Finding Hope in the Noise

Maria Hite

Adjusting my rear view mirror, I glanced at the train that was now making its way parallel to the street. Thoughtlessly my hands caressed the black leather wheel as it soaked in heat from the midday sun. My ears rang in the heavy silence, only to be stabbed with occasional squeals and creaks from the coal-lugging locomotive mere yards away. Going the short way home was no longer an option unless I wanted to sit at the crossroads and listen to my turn signal become a metronome. So far that lifeless Wednesday, my brain was saturated with seemingly useless knowledge; taking notes consisting of mathematical equations and typing word documents meant less to me than the paint chipping off the car idling beside me. My morning felt wasted. Classes began before my eyes fully opened and ended when the last of the caffeine slowly had melted its way through my pasty white, scrawny body. I looked impatiently across the tracks to the congested traffic that lay in wait on the opposite side of the lowering striped bars. Some woman was turned around, seatbelt half choking her while she scolded her mischievous toddler for some unknown and probably benign reason; I imagine something like "Jimmy! Next time you kick my seat I'm taking away the Xbox for a week, I mean it this time!" At this point the child was undoubtedly digging his heels rebelliously into the coffee and cotton candy stained seats of the beige Dodge Caravan with 179,000 miles already on it; don't forget the broken air conditioning. Mom flung back around now fully exasperated and full of rage. Little Jimmy just pressed his chubby face against the window and painted dirty chocolate and soda curse words proudly for all to see.

Behind the mother, who was now making an urgent call to her psychiatrist, was an important-looking business man. The late-twenties jock had donned a crisp suit, gelled

his hair, and drove a one-of-a-kind apple-red convertible with light leather trim. The irony was as painful as it was dull. We all see the overworked mother mere inches away from a relaxed life of luxury, separated only by a few college degrees and a father that knows a guy who knows a guy; I started to feel lightheaded. I looked out the passenger window and saw the cracked pavement, uneven sidewalks, and tall grass stalks growing in the street. Suspicious wife-beating, baggy shorts-wearing young men staggered from the underpass and immediately began yelling profanities through a cell phone that could have paid a month's rent; it was no doubt stolen at gunpoint. Stale cigarette smoke crept from the car with the chipping gray paint and my defective window motor prevented me from winding the window up. The sun had been playing hide and seek with me all week, only revealing its hiding spot when I was stuck indoors and even though no rain had fallen recently the air was damp and humid. Suffocating in the thick air, I unzipped my jacket and tossed it onto others generating a pile in the back seat. I caught a glimpse of a cigar burn in the upholstery that was left from a previous owner and it irritated me. Still, heat clung to my skin like briars on a scarf and I began to sweat uncontrollably. An electronic display board from a nearby bank read 65 degrees; why was I so hot? Old gears and rusty struts screamed like amplified violins in time with my turn signal which by now should have burned out. My clock was lying, my phone was lying, and the display board at the bank was lying. Even the passerby with the Pink Floyd t-shirt and ripped jeans lied about the time. Mere seconds had passed because the train was just now reaching the rails nearest my car, but I had been waiting for hours. My jeans felt unusually tight, my gray canvas shoes rubbed a sore spot into my heel, and my wavy hair braided itself into a noose as rough as a horse's tail. Jimmy's mother was performing some Indian breathing exercise recommended to her by her therapist, who no doubt would charge her double for calling on his lunch hour. Little Jimmy was sticking his tongue out at an elderly man who was walking his dog. Now the important-looking man, probably named Richard or Franklin, had lowered the top on his

convertible. His sickeningly greasy black comb over made me gag as I searched for a deep breath. Not only did I feel a discomforting anger build inside me, the fire building in my skin and bones caused me to jitter back and forth in my seat; the foam stuffing pushed out of the side like a bag of popcorn in a microwave.

Then, when I finally thought the businessman's ego couldn't balloon any higher, he pushed a shiny chrome button on his dashboard (dust- and fast food wrapper-free) and a momentous wave of Journey's "Don't Stop Believing" smacked me dead center in my last nerve. The man head banging, the mother in tears, Jimmy beating the window with his sister's Barbie doll, the chipping paint, the cracked sidewalks, the turn signal metronome, the stale smoke, the lying clocks, time itself, the hole in that building where a brick used to reside, the sunless sky, the heat, the grass in the road, the blasting noise from every direction, the Heat, and a bird safely gliding from one side to another: his freedom was my confinement, and I lost my grip. I tried to back up but there was an unending procession of cars behind mine. Glares from faces behind soot-speckled windshields read "just wait for the train to pass, asshole." Horns yelled at me unforgivingly, forcing me to stop. I was stuck. I didn't want to be here. I was not a blade of grass confined to a street corner, I did not deserve the same treatment as an out of place brick; you can't fit me into the industry standard hole crafted for me by men whose names I'll never hear. Fellow college kids waited in line to get home to their blunts and beers, middle aged women longed for the comfort of their couch and the supportive voice of Oprah Winfrey, and religious fanatics bobbed their heads approvingly to 4/4 time repetitive, foot-stomping, hand-clapping praise noise. There was a neon sign in the window of a jail bond office that was half burnt out along with makeshift plywood boards covering what I assumed to be bullet holes. An overwhelming scent of urine came through my window, presumably from the homeless man that staggered from behind the underpass; why was everyone staring at me? The yappy dog in a Jeep Liberty snarled and bit its ferocious little shards at me while its

orange-skinned, blonde-haired owner filed her freshly manicured nails to definite housewife perfection. It was boiling now and steam was pouring out of my ears like an old timey cartoon only grandparents and hipsters enjoy. I was not one to worry. Punch me in the face, I won't retaliate. Steal my car, just leave my cd's please. Take the clothes off of my back, just do it at night so no one sees me frantically waddling home. I am laid back to the point of total carelessness, but for some reason all of the little details were strangling me. The pestering yapping from the dog, the dents in the stop sign, the tears in the billboards, and the mismatched, faded paneling on every house struck up anger so intense inside of me that Satan himself would have needed a full rubber suit just to kiss my ass.

I threw my car out of park as fast as the world's most recognizable plumber would have after obtaining a power up star, drove off the road, and made the most ridiculous U-turn through a disintegrated and brown flowerbed. I was now on a road that ran directly beside the track. Now I was somewhat alone. No distractions besides the screeching from the boxcars barreling through town. I checked every mirror and glanced down every side street I passed; there were no cars in any direction. I was startled when I caught a glimpse of my reddened face, glazed-over stare, and pale eyes. "Calm down. It's just another day, you're used to this," I told myself as the tension in my shoulders subsided and my fingers released their iron grip over the steering wheel. Ahead the road was windy with few stop lights and not many occupants, compared to the city roads I usually take. The rest of the way home followed the train tracks as they lead a path around town and into the next state. As the city limits approached and I neared my home, I slowed down to match pace with the train. The sign read 40 mph but I stayed even with the graffiti and rust at around 15 mph. For once I hanged my arm out of the window and let the breeze cool my sticky-from-sweat skin. It felt rather nice. I allowed the train to pull ahead, slowing to a notch above a crawl just to feel my hair blow back when I caught up to the front again. The overgrown weeds between the road

and the rails fought the opposing currents to stand up, dancing to music that only they could hear; my little engine was merely a backbeat for the much more prominent and distinctive chug that echoed from the metal beast. Occasionally my hands hovered just above the wheel and I let myself drift while feeling fully relaxed. I had forgotten about Richard and his satin boxers. Jimmy was probably in his room playing violent and sexually explicit video games his older brother didn't care about anymore while mom tossed in a microwavable snack just to keep her family satisfied until dinner. Mom had already gulped her prescribed pills plus some for her nerves and cracked a beer for inattentive dad, all the while lusting after good old Richard and his dirty mountain of cash. She kept her eyes tightly closed when she did the dishes.

As I opened my eyes fully and focused back on my driving, I couldn't hold back the most powerful smile I had produced in months. While I was enjoying the swaying dance of nature, a refreshing cool breeze and the rhythmic hum of the smooth whistle, I recalled the red sports car that had jetted past me. I hardly noticed and didn't give the slightest care that his obnoxious driving almost killed me. I had felt like death was looming directly above me, watching me struggle for endless weeks that turned into months. From behind a cluster of bushes revved a police officer who now whirled his lights and blasted his siren. The victorious feeling I received when I glided by Richard overwhelmed me and I began to laugh aloud. Through my mirrors, I could see the cop pulling a baggie of white powder from Richard's glove box and the glimmer of handcuffs as he threw the scumbag to the pavement. "Don't stop believing, Richard."

The road to my house neared and the tracks broke away in another direction. I pulled off on the shoulder of the road to watch the caboose shrink into a freckle in the distance. The sun peeked from behind a cloud for the first time in about a week and beamed down on it. Even though it was rusted, vandalized, coal-stained, and loud, it provided me with hope, more hope than anything else.

Conception

Kathleen S. Rogers

Tamarind's irony on the tongue foretold our secret.

Its branches held lines draped with six-yard silks,

hidden paths within glowing walls dyed saffron,
turmeric, chili, ginger. We played, dancing hall to hall,

son of the master and daughter of the maid,
sharing the fruit's sweet-sour taste

in kisses between the translucent saris,
my mother's fragrant spices wreathing our heads.

As we grew they forbade our games. But he played
tabla under the swaying silk, left me stacks of fruit.

I hid our seeds in a beaded purse as I gathered
tamarind's leaves for the silkworms to eat,

flowers for dye. One day, father saw me sway
to those drums. They sent my love to a far country.

I sanded the heartwood spinning wheel my father carved,
spun cocoons into thread and embroidered worlds

so beautiful, they couldn't marry me away.
When the master died, the son returned.

The tamarind outside our window spreads strong roots,
our seed planted together, one cast joining oceans of desire.



Reflected Trees by Train Tracks

Lynette Marie Huff

A Perpetual Time

Susan August

It was a long, hot smoldering day in July. The air was so thick I could almost swallow it. Sweat trickled off my brow, onto my red flustered cheeks. I lay sprawled out in the back seat of my Mom's car. I was so excited to be going on this vacation to Chincoteague Island! This place sounded like a foreign, distant universe. I remember whipping around my long brown pony tail against my little face. This trip was endless, boring and extremely hot. In the mid-day's summer heat, Mom blurted that we were almost there. My heart jumped! I felt it skip a beat. Excitement ravished me like a hungry bear. As soon as our brown station wagon came to a halt, I flew out like I was on fire. My skipping, running and jumping didn't really get me there any faster. The gigantic ocean of teal and blue greeted me like an ice cream sundae. My mother eventually caught up with me. She looked down at me with her big blue piercing electric eyes. Her hair was short and blonde with curls. She told me to calm down, just a little. I remember I was in a frenzy. A wonderful curiosity was floating in the air. Being eleven was a special time for me, and so was this day.

This is the day that time stood still for me. A day that I wouldn't ever forget. We grabbed our pink beach towels out of the steamy hot car. We lay them on the sun-baked white sand. We were finally on the beach. I remember gazing out at the ocean. Calm, flowing colors of crystal clear and blue, mixed with teal waves, gently but sternly crashing into one another, as if they knew one another. These waves blended effortlessly, melting inside the wave behind it like butter. We gazed into the endless ocean of blue, green and teal as if it went on forever. Mom shared a soft smile with me and then peered back into her paradise. The sand was soft, like powder, white and brown at the same time. It slid through my fingers as I squeezed it. My pink one-piece

bathing suit trapped the sun's rays into my inner core, heating me like a lamp in a dark room. I could hear the sound of the waves. They crashed into the enormous brown jagged rocks. Water sprayed in the air creating a mist. In the distance, I noticed how the rays of the sun were dancing on the ocean blue. It was almost poetic. The waves were dancing over its surface, seducing the waves like it had a mind of its own. My mother nestled her tight blonde curls back on to her comfortable soft towel and she sighed. It was a sigh of relief. She was enjoying the long awaited serenity and peace.

Then there was a silence! Not just any silence, but a beautiful silence. A silence of a mother loving her daughter, and enjoying the tranquil solace and comfort of a moment in time. It was a glowing golden, calm, and reassuring moment without words. This was a photo in time, captured and engraved into my memory. This was a feeling of when time stood still. We had each other to love. It was only the two of us. We were completely and utterly alone on that beach together. We enjoyed the salty spray of the ocean mist on our faces. The warm, gentle breeze flowed through our hair like a silky river. Nature did engage us entirely. We heard the high and low pitches of the seagulls squawking in the blue sky above us. The sun soaked into our beige skin. It was heaven all right, our heaven. Nothing could compare to this.

My mother nudged me and said, "lets go swimming." Her young, lean, youthful, sun-kissed body eagerly sprang into the ocean. She had a radiance that emanated through her existence. She was kind in her tone and character. She was a solid piece of intellectual art. A wise woman who acquired through the years abundant blessings in which she gave thanks to every day. She was my Mother, my creator, and my heart. Part of me gives thanks to her for being a part of me. As for the other part, I am thankful that she was always herself. I will always remember that day. How could I forget it? How could I ever forget her? That day, for me, time stood still. It will be etched in my essence for the rest of my life as the happiest time that ever existed for me.

Stairs

Karly Taylor

Many moons block the Sun;
Watch its shimmering allure
Dying along the line of the stars.
There is no light:
Desolate void.
Gravity fails: a cursing
Requiem of the heavens.
Black holes blanket the horizon
And suck up every floating insect
To bring about a painful demise—
There's no going back.
Darkness consumes
The fading and fallen world,
Final traces of consciousness.
In spite of these happenings,
A brave star glows—
One last glimmer—
Only for it, too, to be silenced.
Feet betray their dying, drifting holders from the ground;
Voices ring out, "Awaken! Awaken!"



Mystical Fantasy

Jennifer Twigg



Classic Beauty

Sandie Narvaez



Hummingbird

Chelsea George



Caesicius

Caitlin Squires



Untitled

Robert A. Weasenforth

Ticking Away

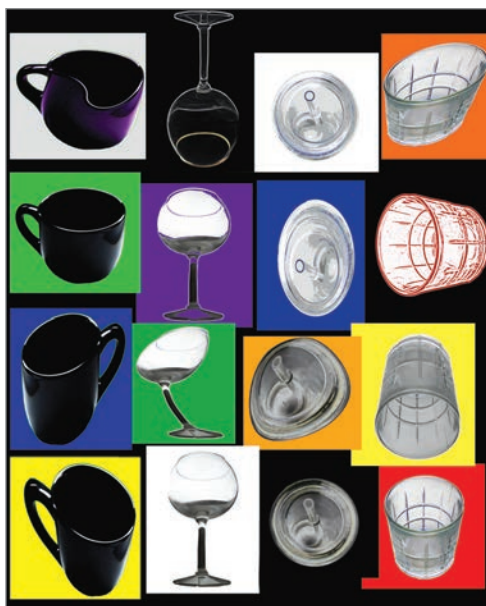
Sandie Narvaez





Shadow DJ

Wendy Knopsnider



Collage o' Cups

Wendy Knopsnider

Tiffany Howe

Untitled





Woman Bird

Chelsea George

The Mind's Inhibition

Justin Stair

"The laugh is here, the laugh is there, eyes darting everywhere." It is here again, the slow rhythmic chant along with that incessant laughter, like a snake slivering through dried leaves in the fall, driving her ever onward into the dark and dismal night. An occasional stop, as if the voice is catching its breath, the only reprieve from the onslaught of pursuant madness. Beneath a bush of thorns, the only vegetation other than a few gnarled trees devoid of leaves and black of bark, she folds into herself. Numb and bleeding, she rocks to and fro causing the thorns to dig deeper as shivers overcome her from the cold. She holds her knees to her chest, wiping away the tears from her eyes lest they freeze before falling. The thorns have cleaved deep into her cheeks and her hand comes away with the blood of torment. The wind howls, like so many needles piercing, going straight through clothing as the curled up form seeks shelter.

"You can't hide, I am ever present, ever watching, patiently waiting," the voice rasps with a chuckle.

Her head whips around as she searches for the source of the voice, but as before, there are only dark clouds that roil with mirth across a sky imbued with only the slightest hint of gray as if mocking the light that wishes to push through the endless darkness. The laughter is back; she tears herself from under the bush, the thorns snag her clothing and rake her face as she finds the strength to race into the night. She loses her footing as the snow falls around her mixing with tears that have already fallen. It is as if all the tears ever cried have mixed with the snow of this desolate land, turning the ground into an endless pool of icy slush. This makes the going hard as she slips and slides her way uphill; the darkness envelopes her and there is the voice. Always there, even if just a whisper, threatening to drive her mad. Disoriented and desperate she

turns to run downhill, but is met by only another hill. Turning in a circle, every way is met by one hill after another, is this even possible?

Followed by the voice again, it is pressing down on her very being, choking and strangling her as if in a cloud of poison. Her mouth opens as if to scream, but not even a breath escapes her lips as she holds her head trying to will the voice to just stop and leave her alone. Turning, she stumbles and falls as she tries to scramble up the hill, anywhere is better than being here. "You can't escape me! I am here, I am there, I am everywhere." The voice hisses behind the dark, foreboding laughter. Righting herself, feet still slipping and sliding every which way, she makes a dash up the hill. If she doesn't stop running, eventually she'll outrun whatever haunts her. Solace is all she seeks out of this impending doom.

It pushes her up the hill, thought of escape foremost in her mind as her feet carry onward without thought. Every step forward seems to move her two steps back as her feet lose traction on the icy mush that makes up the ground. She falls once more, her strength seemingly leaving her. A sigh finally escapes her lips and with renewed vigor, she pushes herself up; if she can only make it a few more feet the end is in sight. The voice seems to have grown quiet as she scrambles up over the hill. Panting, her breath comes out in ragged clouds that swirl around her head like tiny demons. She looks out across a plateau into darkness. The wind swirls the snow around in renewed fury. There is still hope as she stands in the quiet darkness.

Panic sets in and she shoots off into the darkness like an arrow. Her feet kick up puffs of snow as she moves through the swirling snow. It is all around her as if the snow is the laughter. Are there faces in the snow? Tears freeze to her numb face as she rushes through the darkness. Has she reached the limit of her sanity? Will she go mad or has that already happened? As she blindly runs through the night she runs into something solid. It knocks the breath out of her and she lies supine staring at the clouds. They roil and roll in an endless dance as they dump their contents on an already barren landscape.

She erects herself to stare up at the obsidian crags that jet thousands of feet into the air. Staring back at her is an icy wall with edges as sharp as razors but smooth as glass that seems to absorb all light for eternity. As the laughter seems to close in once more she desperately tries to scramble up the crags, cutting her hands on the icy obsidian. She goes nowhere; her strength fails her. In her desperation she falls to her knees and weeps in the cold snow with the wind blowing her hair as if trying to rip it from her scalp. She looks up from her battered and torn hands. Through the swirling snow and whining wind, is that a light ahead? Could there be an escape from the craggy walls of this dark prison?

As sobs rack her body, she once again finds the strength from deep within to push onward. She weaves and wobbles as she stands up and steadies herself. The light is dim, but unwavering. "Is this another trick?" she asks herself. The snarling laughter increases as if in victory. "Do you doubt yourself, little one?" the voice says with mirth. In defiance she pushes onward, unsteady as her limbs are numb and her strength has long since depleted. Her feet carry her through the snow, her eyes locked on the light: no matter how dim, it offers some hope. Time stands still and she moves in slow motion as if locked in a dark mass of gelatin. Around her the wind rages with laughter, tugging at her clothing. Like a moth to a flame, the light beckons her. There is no other option but to keep moving. Through the snow and wind she staggers, wrapping her torn and tattered clothing around her for warmth. It must end. Eyes glued to the ground before her as she forges a trail across the barren landscape, she runs into a wall of solid thorns.

Before her is a dense thicket of thorns, their vines tangled and entwined, seemingly impassible. Just on the other side shines the light. It isn't any brighter, but somehow closer than it had appeared before. New tears form as hope fades from her. "Did you think it was going to be easy, child?" the voice giggles hysterically. In frustration and anger, she rushes into the thorns. They tear her skin and grab her clothing as she struggles to break through. The laughter reaches a fevered pitch as she becomes

ensnared in the thorns and they dig deeper into her flesh. She is almost through; there is still hope. The light is just beyond the thicket, calling to her as a mother's call beckons a child. She breaks through the last of the thorns and runs into the light, knowing it is her last bastion of hope. On the other side it is lighter only a second before the ground seems to open up beneath her.

She dangles from an outcropping of a rock, not even sure how she is holding on as the storm swirls around her. In that split second, all hope is gone. The laughter is there watching and judging, patiently waiting. Another voice breaks through the laughter. It is inviting like a cup of coffee and a soft warm bed on a cold night. "Just let go," it lovingly whispers. "It is over, I have already won!" screeches the other voice. From somewhere deep within she finds the strength to allow a blood curdling scream to escape her lips. Strength gone, she lets go and is jettisoned into a swirling storm of torment as if in the middle of a tornado. Eyes closed, she plummets towards the earth as the laughter circles her as if coming from the funnel cloud. She is in limbo, but she knows the end must be near. Soon she will crash upon the ground, so cold she knows she will shatter into a million pieces. She cries the last of her tears, a miracle there are any left to shed.

A shadow forms in the storm cloud. It appears not to be caught up in the raging funnel. "Why do you weep, dear one?" the new voice asks. Not aware she was speaking she says, "Because I want to live!" in a voice that is barely above a whisper. The shadow solidifies and out of the storm wings a beautiful butterfly, wings flapping serenely and unaffected by the storm, to envelope her with its legs in a protective embrace. Its wing beats are like an old friend's embrace after a period of separation, warm and comforting. The new voice now has a face as the butterfly replies, "Then you have found the secret of life. Life is everywhere and in everything. You must choose to overcome and actually live it!" With a final beat of its wings, her feet plant softly on the ground...her cell phone vibrates off the bench she sits on and crashes to the ground. She looks at it and then at

her hands which are cupped together in her lap. Around her, a boy plays with his sister and their dogs bark excitedly as they race around the park. The sun shines on her and a warm breeze kicks up a small funnel cloud of the first autumn leaves that have fallen. They seem to make music as they skitter across the street in an intimate dance. People go about their day-to-day lives, rushing to and fro in the rat race. Staring at her hands and her phone gyrating across the sidewalk, a man stops and asks, "Are you all right?" She unfolds her hands, seeming not to hear him. Within her hands is a flower that stretches out and seems to come alive as it reaches for the light. A butterfly lazily flutters over to land on it and sip the sweet nectar that it offers. She looks up and smiles from her very being.

There is laughter.

Dead Once

Lynette Marie Huff

I pretended to be dead once
During hide and seek
I opened my eyes not at all
Not even for a peek

I hoped to capture it again
Did so try without the game
The silence that I wanted
Was never quite the same

The children sought to find me
But I was perfectly still
Scrambling feet I did hear
With laughter of their thrill

I am now among the living
Having died once before
Now I wait with patience
To give my final encore

The chance to slow my breathing
In this stillness with no time
Of this moment my euphoria
The feeling was sublime

Captured was a numbness
I often longed to feel
Not going through the motions
This moment was ideal

I thought of nothing and of no one
I only pictured black
But when the children found me
The colors flooded back

I dreaded the awakening
And loathed the seeking lot
For what was interrupted
Was the stillness that I sought



Empty Classroom

Lynette Marie Huff

Power of the Mind

Melanie Hunt

Gazing back into the innocence of my early childhood, I see a child who had everything she could ever want. I lived a life of abundance. I was a happy little girl who had no fear for anything. I lacked nothing, for I felt fulfilled. I was positive and upbeat at all times; people often commented on my outgoing and positive personality. A force was operating in my life that I only later came to know about. Now I know it for what it was and is: the *law of attraction*. Simply defined, the *law of attraction* is the belief that one can create her own life events through the positive and negative thoughts she disburses into the universe. If the reader wishes to do an internet search on this phenomenon, she will find the law described as “new age.” Whatever its description, it’s real.

I first became faintly aware of it one fall evening while living in Heidelberg, Germany. My family was attending a magnificent fair. It was filled with a tremendous amount of fun: rides, games, and music. While taking a break in one of the many festival tents where yodeling performers amazed the audience with their talents, I noticed a young man making rounds selling balloons and bobble head animals. A black, eight-inch-tall, velvet dog, his head bobbling as the salesman passed us, caught my eye. I patted my mom on the arm, pointed, and said how wonderful I thought the black velvet dog was. Without touching it I could feel how soft that velvet would be as I rubbed my hand on him.

Only a few minutes later, an older German woman sitting next to me leaned over and said “what is it from him you would like?” I told her as I pointed at the black velvet dog. She motioned the salesman over and purchased that dog for me. Thanking her with a big smile, I held my new toy in my hand experiencing what I had already felt in my mind. Byrne quotes Prentice Mulford, who once said, “[e]very thought of yours is a real

thing—a force” (4). As I look back on this event, I see that my thoughts of feeling that soft velvet coating the bobbly-headed dog were indeed a real thing. They had real results.

In my young adulthood things didn’t seem to be so easy to acquire as they were in the innocence of my childhood. In fact it often seemed that things I didn’t want came about so much more easily. I was let go from a job that I enjoyed, my mother passed away at young age from cancer (a fact which turned me into a chronic worrier about my own misunderstood health issues) and with her death my family seemed to be collapsing. Two years after getting another job that I wanted, I was dismissed from that position. Feeling that my life was coming apart, I embarked on a journey to find out what I was doing wrong. I became an avid reader of self-help books.

One day I stumbled upon a book as I searched for my next read; it was *The Secret*, by Rhonda Byrne. Part of the introduction reads: “A year ago, my life had collapsed around me. I’d worked myself into exhaustion, my father died suddenly, and my relationships with my work colleagues and loved ones were in turmoil” (ix). Another part says “As you learn *The Secret*, you will come to know how you can have, be, or do anything you want. You will come to know who you really are. You will come to know the true magnificence that awaits you in life” (xii). I remember thinking at that very moment that this is the book I needed to read. Byrne and I had something in common; both of our lives felt as if they were collapsing and we both wanted to know the secret to rebuild them. I picked the phone up and first called the local library to see if it had a copy, but it didn’t. I kept calling from store to store until finally locating a copy. Next I grabbed my keys and headed to Main Street books in Frostburg, where I bought *The Secret*. After arriving back home I immediately indulged myself in this book. I wanted to know what caused the greatness of my innocent childhood to diminish.

In *The Secret*, Byrne interviews some of the great leaders of the world. John Assarf, “entrepreneur and money-making expert,” tells her: “Here’s the problem. Most people are thinking about what they don’t want, and they’re wondering why it shows up over

and over again" (12). Bob Proctor, "philosopher, author, and personal coach," says, "If you see it in your mind, you're going to hold it in your hand" (9).

I began understanding how these things related to my life. For instance, when my family seemed to be falling apart after my mother's death, while I was thinking how much I didn't want this to happen, the vision in my mind was *my family falling apart*. Therefore my family *was falling apart*. In the very same way, I caused myself to lose my jobs, because while thinking about how I didn't want to lose those jobs, I was envisioning what it would be like if I did. Your mind is the great secret of life. Byrne explains:

[W]hen you focus your thoughts on something you want and you hold that focus, you are in the moment summoning what you want with the mightiest power in the universe. The law of attraction doesn't compute 'don't,' 'not' or 'no' or any other word of negation. When one speaks words of negation, this is what the law of attraction is receiving. The law of attraction is the law of creation. Quantum physicists tell us that the entire universe emerged from thought. You create your life through your thoughts and the law of attraction. (14)

This law is quite easy to understand, but on the other hand difficult to follow. You must program yourself to think in a positive way at all times, and I am not sure yet how one masters that.

Byrne gives a further example in her book that shows the power of the mind:

The Secret and law of attraction in action is this: You may know of people who acquired massive wealth, lost it all, and within in a short time acquired massive wealth again. What happened in these cases,

whether they know it or not, is that dominant thoughts were on wealth; that is how they acquired it in the first instance, and then they allowed fearful thoughts of losing it to enter their minds, until those became dominant. They tipped the scales of thinking thoughts of wealth to thoughts of loss. Once they lost it all they tipped the scales back with dominant thoughts of wealth. And wealth returned. (6-7)

I have another example, one from my own experience. In August of 2011 I had an interview for a job; I knew it was important for me to be selected for this position in order to help support my family. After my interview that day, I visited a friend; upon leaving I said to her "I must go home to get some things done over the next few days since I have to be at work on Monday."

Her response was, "Oh you got the job?"

I said to her, "Yes I did. I am just waiting on the call for them to notify me of it."

My friend just giggled a little, like I was being silly. But when I returned home and checked my phone messages, little to my surprise there it was. The job was mine and I was to report on Monday.

The Law of Attraction is a powerful tool that many great people have used for years, but would not share with others. Byrne tells us that people like Plato, Shakespeare, Newton, Hugo, Beethoven, Lincoln, Emerson, Edison, and Einstein all knew this Great Secret of Life and used it to achieve greatness. Byrne informs us: "recorded throughout the ages in all its forms, the law can be found in ancient writings through all the centuries. It was recorded in stone in 3000BC" (4-5). You too now have had a glimpse into how powerful the mind is and how using the law of attraction can make a difference in your life.

I have not yet perfected the use of the law in my life, and to be honest I am not sure that I ever will. I do know this, that if you apply the law, it does work. I have proven it to

myself time after time. I have even used it in the smallest ways such as getting the parking place I want. Instead of thinking how I don't want to walk a mile to get into the store, I think about and envision the parking spot toward the front of the a lot that I am pulling my car into. When I do this, I always seem to find a great spot to park in.

I strive to apply The Secret to my life by using the law of attraction, and I encourage others to do the same. After reading and learning this secret, I even try to instill this way of life into my child's mind, while it is still easy to program. Though it is not easy to reprogram your mind in removing all negative thoughts, it is one journey worth embarking upon. It will bring positive life changes.

Work Cited

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Pass Away

Vince Gambino

Il etait midi, et il faisait éphémère

Dans mon couer, il passe comme le soleil

Quoi la lumière est, il doit etre aussi faire

Et comme l'ombre, il laisse sans se soucier

Translation by the author:

It was noon, and it is fleeting,

In my heart it passes, like the sun

What the light is, it must also be

And like a shadow, it passes without a care



Finzel House

Susan Coughenour-Silbaugh

Where I Come From: Growing up on the Potomac

Melanie Abe

Even though I lived in town, I grew up on the river. It had such an impact on my life and has helped define who I am today. No matter what the weather, between early May and late October the river is where I could be found. Everything about the river drew me in and made me fall in love. The sights, the sounds, the smells, and even the tastes were unique and could only be found there.

When I was about three years old my Aunt Donna and Uncle Tom moved from New Hampshire to Fort Ashby, West Virginia. The river flowed right through their back yard, and it was that summer I learned to swim. I remember one time my parents asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up. I told them I wanted to be a mermaid because I never wanted to leave the water. I loved the feel of it on my skin. The first time I jumped into the water on a hot day and felt the coolness of it on my skin was entrancing and I couldn't get enough of it. When night time would fall and I was finally out of my wet bathing suit and in my warm clothes, it was time to build the fire. Some nights we would have built the fire so high its flames were touching the tops of the trees. The bonfire was definitely one of my favorite things about being on the river. I loved everything about it. I loved the heat against my legs, the smell of the burning wood, and the crackling of the hot embers. I enjoyed making s'mores, and roasting marshmallows and hotdogs.

When I was twelve, my family bought our own place on the river, a camp just a few miles up the road on the south branch of the Potomac River. I remember the first time we went. I wanted to leave as soon as we got there, because it was on a farmer's land. He had several large fields full of corn he had fertilized with the waste from chickens. When I think of the summers of my youth, the smell of fertilizer is still vivid in my memory. Eventually I got used to the smell and it didn't bother me at all.

Our days were filled with swimming and floating the river. It was more fun to go on floats because the current didn't let you stay in one place very long. When we went on floats, somebody would take us up to the end of the camp road and drop us off. We would sit on our floats and steadily drift back down the river to camp. If we went straight through, it only took about twenty minutes. About half way through there was a cliff we always liked to stop at and climb so we could jump off into the water. Thankfully, the cliff happened to be at the calmest, deepest part of the float. I loved everything about cliff jumping. I loved the feel of the rocks digging into my hands as I scaled up the small cliff. Most of all I loved that moment of free falling as you leapt from the cliff. That moment when you're holding your breath as your body falls through the air and you hit the water. It was a moment that takes less than 2 seconds but feels like an eternity. Usually after about an hour or so we would all climb back onto our rafts and lazily float back to camp.

Our days were filled with floating, but our nights were filled with fun and fishing. During the holidays we usually bought several hundred dollars worth of fire-works and set them off. Everyone on the road did this so we would stand in the middle of the water and watch the displays all up and down banks of the river. Occasionally throughout the summer we would have a band and people from other camps would come and drink and dance. No matter what was going on that weekend I always found time for night fishing. I remember the biggest fish I ever caught. It was a Fourth of July weekend around 10:00 p.m. I had been sitting there for a while and was about to call it a night because I hadn't had any bites yet. As I was reeling in my line I remember feeling a hard jerk on my pole. After fighting with it for about five minutes I finally got my prize. I had hooked a mud cat. The next day we took it to the fish and game station to have it measured and weighed. The mud cat weighed 28 pounds and was 32 ½ inches long. The attendant at the station told me it was two pounds off the West Virginia state record.

In my opinion, the best time for rest and relaxation was early in the morning before people were up and moving around. When the morning air was still very cold and crisp,

you could still smell last night's fire and the fog had not yet lifted off the water. Some mornings I would sit and watch the deer on the other side of the river come down and drink. It was early in the morning when the blue herring would come and catch his food. This was the only time of the day we had ever seen the herring. I loved to sit and watch the Bald Eagles fly near the tops of the mountains. For me it didn't get any better than that.

The main ingredient of spending summers on the river was family. It was there I learned the best part of life is being surrounded by your friends and family. Every year during Labor Day weekend, to mark the end of summer, the whole family would come together and we would have a pig roast. My Uncle Gerald would bring in a large smoker and fill it with hot coals. Then he and my dad placed the pig inside the smoker and let it slowly cook over the course of the weekend. The heavenly smell of pork hung in the air for four days. Throughout the weekend we would see people from everywhere. Some were family we hadn't seen in a while like my sister and her kids from upstate New York. Others were friends from various camps along the river, and complete strangers who had just showed up for good food and cold beer. No matter where they came from or who they were, everyone was welcome.

Although we don't have our camp anymore I still try to go to the river as frequently as I can. I often think about those summers and how they define me. I've learned to respect the river because it is unpredictable and it can change without a moment's notice. I also learned that it is majestic and tranquil and as long as you are good to the river, it will be good to you. It will fill your life with fond memories just as it has mine.



Skulls

Susan Coughenour-Silbaugh

When the Puppy Dies from Snakebite

Kathleen S. Rogers

I wonder if it's blasphemy
to pray for resurrection.
A scriptural precedent:

Elijah throws his cloak
over a dead lamb—
it wobbles to stand,
then follows him into the chariot.

No—that is a lie—
flesh is grass
and there's no brass serpent
to gaze at and be whole.

This is how creatures depart:
they slide through thick air
releasing weight
until only mass is left.

The universe is closed:
dog to soil to oak to deer to me.
Mortified,
I will eat his life.

A Dust-Off Kind of Day

Charles W. Yowell

April 1972 was a particularly bloody month in the big green weenie, aka U.S. Army Vietnam, Republic of. Ho Chi Minh's NVA had begun what some called "The Easter Offensive" and the brass named "The Spring Incursion." Dust-Off crews just called it "Hell"; we were closer to right than the brass.

Hell, what did the brass know of hell? They were either cloistered in H.Q. Saigon or toasting each other's bravery while pinning medals on fellow Generals at fancy Pentagon dinner and cocktail parties in DC. Old men playing war with plastic toys on maps of a country continents and oceans away, killing a generation of young Americans with each move of their miniature action figures.

We were Dust-Off, the military precursor to emergency air-ambulance medevac back in the world. Our job wasn't to fight and kill (although we did both when we had to); our job started after the maiming and killing had already begun. Our duty was to recover the wounded, begin treating their wounds, and get them back to a field hospital as quickly as possible.

During the spring of '72 that job was non-stop; it didn't end after an eight hour shift. The day wasn't over after delivering a load of bloody, crying little boys missing arms and legs, their intestines bulging from gaping abdomens, to the weeping nurses at the field hospital, their tears carving rivulets through the brownish-red, coagulated blood and gore coating their young/old faces, the rims of their haunted eyes beginning to match the color of the red splatters on their uniforms. No one clocked out and went home when the bird was hit and the pilot nursed it that last mile to the hospital pad so he could auto-rotate it down to a controlled crash landing. Unload, find another bird, take one from maintenance if necessary, and go back for more.

There were rest breaks. They were called “re-fueling” and lasted long enough for the exhausted pilots to peel themselves from the seats they had been plastered to for the last eternity and piss off of one of the skids. The medic grabbed supplies to re-stock his aide bag and the crew chief re-filled the turbo-jet engine with avgas and tried to wash some of the blood and bits of destroyed bodies off of the helicopter’s deck with five gallon buckets of thick brownish gray rainwater collected in metal barrels during the seasonal monsoons. The water ran red and pulpy out of the opposite door.

On the limbs of the bleak, denuded trees at the edge of the field were flocks of raucous black and white Magpies, cawing and jostling each other impatiently as they waited to pluck up the bits of crimson flesh that had been flushed out the door. Huge fearless black rats, some as large as groundhogs, battled viciously over and quickly devoured any left-over pieces of meat that once were whole men. When nothing solid was left, the rats would hunker around the puddles of congealing body fluids and greasy recycled rain used to rinse the deck and lap up the bloody water, the way Hyenas clean the blood-soaked grass after a grisly kill. They, at least, got breakfast.

The Call usually came before our pissers were tucked back into our flight suits from finally being able to release the pressure from our bloated bladders. Breakfast, and usually lunch, would have to wait until later; most times, much later. Often the crew had to leap for the bird as the pilot took off in answer to The Call: “Dust-Off 39, Dust-Off 39—this is 2-7 actual. We have nine more WIA and three KIA at the same LZ. ETA?”

“2-7 Actual; this is Dust-Off 39. ETA one-five mikes.” Fifteen minutes to prep for nine more wounded boys. The KIA would have to wait. They weren’t in a hurry; they weren’t going anywhere. For them, the war was over. While we were taking off, another ship would be landing with more of the same kind of carnage.

We flew nap of the earth. Flying at 90 miles per hour at tree top level to pop up at the last moment and slam down into an L2 that had been hurriedly hacked out of the thick jungle, hardly big enough for the rotors. That way we might be able to get in,

loaded and out before the NVA mortars and 13-40 rockets found us. We hoped.

The UH-1H Bell "Huey" helicopter dropped like a fly into the web of crisscrossing red (ours) and green (theirs) tracers lighting the small clearing. The crew, any atheistic doubts cast aside, prayed that neither color found us. The knowledge that between each of those little green or red lights were four more steel-jacketed lead slugs seeking a target, any target, offered little assurance that our prayers would be answered. The only assurance was the big Red Cross painted on the sides of the chopper, and it made a handy target for any NVA soldier and his AK-47 rifle seeking a kill. Acrid smoke from gunpowder, mingled with the odor of broken foliage and torn humans, filled our noses and the cabin; obscuring our vision of any of those pop-up attackers.

Plink, plink, plink: the sound of rounds hitting the chopper's skin indicated that Uncle Ho's diminutive, determined fighters had sighted in on the cross and were using it as an aiming point. The thin green aluminum skin of the bird didn't do much to slow the 7.62 caliber rounds searching for us.

"Taking fire! Taking fire!" From the crew chief's mike. "Get 'em on, get em on, dammit!" the pilot yelled into his own microphone, while holding the bird at a steady hover one foot off the ground. The rotor wash churned the air into a wind-storm of blood mist, red clay dust and debris from the floor of the clearing and the jungle lurking around us.

"All on?"

"Yes—no, one more, wait!"

"Go get 'em dammit and let's get the hell out of here." One more: the last for this load. "All on, Mr. Warren! Go-go-go!" The medic had to scream in his microphone to be heard over the roar of the rotors and staccato surround sound of gunfire. He didn't have to repeat it.

A quick pull up on the cyclic between the pilots' seats and the bird leapt fifty feet straight up into the oppressively hot, lead-filled air. Push the stick forward, press on the

aileron pedal and the ship leaned forward and into a sharp right turn over the whipping fronds of the jungle palms, skids tearing through the tree tops, and out of LZ Hell, leaving the combatants behind to carry on their battle for the meaningless clearing in endless jungle. The crew chief checked for damage while the medic began working to stop bleeding, patching sucking chest wounds, stabilizing abdomens gaping open, tying off stumps that were, thirty minutes prior, arms and legs of the now dying boys, crying for their mommies.

“Lost the chest wound, gonna lose these two amputees if we don’t get to the surg in ten minutes!” yelled the medic, calmly urgent. Eight minutes later the chopper was settling down right in front of the canvas field hospital tent. Crying nurses, orderlies and medics, faces and uniforms streaked red and brown from the body fluids of previous passenger/patients, waited there to rush the latest casualties of the old men’s war to the blood splattered, exhausted doctors. The doctors would work until they dropped to save the lives of these broken bodies that, until recently, were American and ARVN (South Vietnamese) and even NVA soldiers. Dust-off mercy knew no boundaries; if they were injured and near us, they flew. Let God and Military Intelligence sort them out.

For Dust-Off, it was back to the fueling point. Re-fuel, piss, slam down a soda, maybe a sandwich that one of the nurses, with her haunted eyes staring bleakly from the depths of her face, brought to us; and then answer “The Call” once again. Repeat. Endlessly. Eternally. For the rest of our lives and maybe beyond. We were young boys in December of 1971; by April of ’72 we were very old eighteen, nineteen and twenty-year-old men.



Friend's Driveway

Susan Coughenour-Silbaugh

Biker Babes:

An Exploration of the History of Female Imagery in Harley Davidson Advertising

Maggie Mae Wallace

Abstract

The history of and the images associated with the American biker have been studied extensively, but much of this has been centered around men and male images. This paper takes into account 5 images spanning from 1925 to 2013 in an attempt to discover if the shift in female motorcycle ownership and ridership in general has affected the portrayal of women in advertisements. These images are analyzed and are found to shift toward less objectifying and more empowering images of women.

Keywords: women, advertising, motorcycles, biker, Harley Davidson

Introduction

Motorcycles have been a part of the American culture, or in some cases counterculture, since they were conceived in the early 1900s. Jones noted that motorcycles were first a means of adventure for the upper classes (as cited in Austin, Gagne, & Orend, 2010, p. 944-945). Later, in the late 1940s and early 1950s the image of the “stereotypical outlaw biker” began to emerge and has persisted in one form or another since (Austin, Gagne, & Orend, 2010, p. 945). For quite a while the motorcycle industry attempted to separate itself from this outlaw image before embracing it and beginning to mold their advertising to sell their motorcycles as a means of rebellion (Austin, Gagne, & Orend, 2010).

Much has been said about the image of the American biker, but much of this research has centered around male images. The purpose of this paper is to look into the

use of female images in motorcycle culture and how that has changed over the years. One can assume that the images used in motorcycle advertising would be shifting away from objectifying women because female ridership has increased sharply in the last few years. In fact according to the Motorcycle Industries Council's 2008 survey:

Female ownership of motorcycles crossed the 10-percent mark, increasing from 9.6 percent in 2003 up to 12.3 percent in 2008. Younger generations have even more female riders. Some 15 percent of Gen X motorcycle owners are women, and for Gen Y, it's 14 percent. Among Gen Xers, women more than doubled their presence since 1998. Maybe most impressive, women accounted for 23 percent, or 5.7 million, of the 25 million Americans who rode a motorcycle last year. It's not just a guy thing anymore, and greater acceptance among women means greater acceptance among key influencers of household spending decisions. (p. 2)

Methods

Five images spanning from 1925 until 2013 were selected. These images needed to be from an American Harley Davidson advertising campaign. Keeping with Harley Davidson's advertising was an intentional attempt to isolate the American perspective by avoiding images centered around foreign made motorcycles. The only other requirement was that these images had to include a depiction of a woman. The images from 1925 and 1950 were found using Google Image Search with the keywords "Vintage Harley Ads." The 1984 image was scanned from a brochure for parts and accessories that was released by Harley Davidson. The 2006 image was found using Google Image Search with the keywords, "Harley Davidson Ads." The 2013 image was taken from the Harley Davidson website on April 18, 2013.

Once collected, these images were analyzed to ascertain the intended market for the product being advertised as well as the intended purpose of the woman in the advertisement. The road-worthiness of the depicted women's clothing was also analyzed. A conscious effort was made to take into account the norms of the era for which advertising was meant.

Results

The advertisement from 1925 depicts a man riding a then-new Harley Davidson with a female passenger in a sidecar. The largest text in the ad reads, "Follow us, if you can!" The woman in the ad is dressed in a way that is not atypical or risqué for the era of the advertisement, if anything her clothing may suggest that she is well-to-do. As a sidecar passenger, what she is wearing does not seem to impede her ability to ride safely. She is smiling, literally hanging onto her hat, and seems to have an air of fearlessness that would seem typical of post-World War I motorcyclists. Given the economics of the time, along with the wording of the smaller text in the ad ("sportsmen"), the ad was most likely meant to target males. The woman appears to be included in the imagery of the advertisement to reinforce the claims of a "more comfortable" ride as well as adding to the claims of being the "classiest".

By the time that the advertisement for the 1951 Hydra-Glide appeared in November 1950 there was a shift in the way that the female image was used. In this ad, the woman appears in a light colored t-shirt, shorts, sandals, and a scarf in her hair. This would have passed for modest swimwear in the day, but was risqué in comparison to the below-the-knee length skirts of the time. This swimwear look, as well as the sailboat depicted on the shirt of the male who stands behind her on the other side of the motorcycle, may well be an intentional play on the name of the "Hydra-Glide" model. She is posed leaning back against the seat of the motorcycle, one knee bent slightly, one hand on the back of the seat, and one resting against the speedometer bezel on the gas tank. She is smiling, though not at the viewer, but rather over her shoulder at the man who seems, by the placement of his hand on the handlebar, to be the owner of the motorcycle. He, in turn, is looking not at the viewer or the motorcycle, but at the woman who is leaning on his motorcycle. The largest text in the advertisement proclaims, "What a Honey!" The woman's clothing, while perhaps more practical for riding than a long skirt would have been, was not meant for safe riding. Her appearance in the ad seems to be to ad sex appeal to the motorcycle in a way that was decent for the times. This is supported by

the usage of some of the wording in the smaller text of the ad including “sleek, smooth and beautiful” as a description of the motorcycle and “Snuggles to the road” as a description of handling. The ad also claims “Every trip brings new adventures and new companionships,” which one could interpret as an allusion to male promiscuity.

In the 1984 catalog ad, the use of sex appeal as a marketing strategy is much more overt. A thin woman with classic 1980’s ‘big hair’ reclines provocatively on a Harley Davidson in this advertisement for parts and accessories beneath the words “Dress for Less.” She is wearing dark eye makeup, a tank top, slim-fitting jeans, and high heels. The woman is obviously bra-less. The use of sex appeal lends to the conclusion that this ad is actually intended for a male audience. Her heels are not indicative of safe riding garb and her hairstyle would not fair well under a helmet. Also, though it would not be uncommon to see a woman riding as a passenger in such an outfit, riding bra-less for an extended amount of time could cause severe discomfort.

The 2006 advertisement shows a woman crouched down beside a motorcycle, using the air cleaner cover as a mirror to apply her mascara. She is apparently unaware of the viewer. She is wearing a bandana to keep her somewhat messy long blond hair out of her face, a dark tank top with embellishment on the front, and what appears to be either leather pants or chaps. She also wears a ring, but it is somewhat tellingly, on her right hand. She is presented as being feminine with her long wavy hair, makeup, and minimal jewelry, though perhaps not overtly sexy. The text, which is largely positioned over the woman’s forearm reads, “Do this. Do that. Don’t do this. Don’t do that. Blah, blah, blah.” Smaller text, which covers her lower leg alludes to “...your own H-D motorcycle. Hair dancing in the wind. The roar of the engine drowning out the opinions of the world.” These two sections of text, along with the way that the woman in the ad is presented in road-worthy attire and the fact that there is only one helmet resting on the seat of the motorcycle in front of her, leads to the conclusion that the motorcycle is hers and therefore the ad is directed at a female consumer.

The 2013 advertisement takes this trend one step further. In this image shows three motorcyclists, two male who appear behind and further back in the image than the one female rider who is 'riding point'. She is wearing a helmet, goggles, a leather jacket, leather gloves, dark jeans, and tall leather harness boots. She is fully outfitted for safe riding, but with the slim silhouette of her outfit and her dark hair in the wind from beneath her helmet she still appears feminine. The image also portrays her as being strong, riding the same model of motorcycle, though with a different trim package, as her male counterparts in the picture. Also, with both the men in the picture astride darker, primarily black, motorcycles, it may be telling that the one she is riding is solid red, a color which is often associated with passion, beauty, and even danger.

The advertisement from 1925 was overall very in line with the culture of the day, when motorcycling was an adventure sports of the wealthy. The woman portrayed in the ad, dressed in current fashions and appearing to be enjoying herself, served to underline the role of motorcycling at the time and to support Harley Davidson's claims of a comfortable ride. The women in the advertisements from 1950 and 1984, both in attire that was less-than-ideal for riding and posed in what would have most likely been interpreted as a provocative manner at the time, served to ad sex appeal to the product being sold. More recently, the advertisements from 2006 and 2013, while still keeping a slight air of sex appeal, portray women who appear strong, empowered, and perhaps indifferent. These newest advertisements are clearly directed at the female consumer.

Discussion

The progression of women in Harley Davidson's advertising, from serving to reinforce statements about the product in the 1920s, through the providing sex appeal in the images of the 1950s and 1980s, to the 2000s and today as being marketed to instead of *with*, is very much in line with what was expected given the emerging trends of women as primary consumers in the motorcycle marketplace.

This study has been limited by the images available online. If it were possible to access a long-standing dealerships archives a more complete analysis could be completed. Also, as all these images were meant for the American market, different depictions would be found if advertising for other markets was taken into account.

References

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Appendix

140 POPULAR MECHANICS ADVERTISING SECTION



"Follow us, if you can!"

THEY all take your dust when you open the throttle of the new "Stream-Line" Harley-Davidson!

Everywhere, sportsmen are talking about this 1925 model of the world's greatest motorcycle. Its rakish, stream-line design makes it the classiest mount on the road. It has more speed—more power. It is more comfortable (better springs and bigger tires). *Yet the price is reduced!*

Treat yourself to the thrill of a trial ride on the new "Stream-Line" Harley-Davidson. Test the speed, power, and vibrationless comfort of this marvelous motorcycle. But look out for "speed cops"—most of them have Harley-Davidsons too!

Ask your dealer for a free demonstration ride and his Pay-as-You-Ride plan. Send us the coupon (below) today.

Harley-Davidson
The Motorcycle

For a Wonderful Christmas!
A handsome, streamlined Harley-Davidson "Stream-Line" for Christmas—most men will be convinced from the year's opening!

Motor, including accessories, \$1,200.00. In the U.S.A. only. See your dealer.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO., Dept. P. Milwaukee, Wis.

Send me free literature showing new "Stream-Line" Harley-Davidson in actual colors.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____



Ad as published in 1925. Found via Google Image Search. Keyword: Vintage Harley Ads <http://blog.modernmechanix.com/stream-line-harley-davidson/>

What a Honey!



**THE NEW 1951
HARLEY-DAVIDSON HYDRA-GLIDE®**

SLEEK, smooth and beautiful. And what a performer. Takes off like a scared rabbit. Snuggles to the road like a clinging vine. Breezes over hills like a bird. Whisks you over rough spots with cloud-like ease... brings you thrill after thrill as you take in exciting race meets, hillclimbs, gypsy tours, sightseeing runs and other exclusive motorcycling fun events. You've never really been places and seen things until you've ridden *this* dazzler! Every moment in the saddle is fascinating. Every trip brings new adventures and new companionships. See your dealer today. Mail the coupon now.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO., Dept. M1, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

Send free copy of **ENTHUSIAST** Magazine filled with motorcycle action pictures and stories; also literature on new models.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

OPPORTUNITY: Valuable franchises available for full line of Big Twins and 125 Model. Write Today.

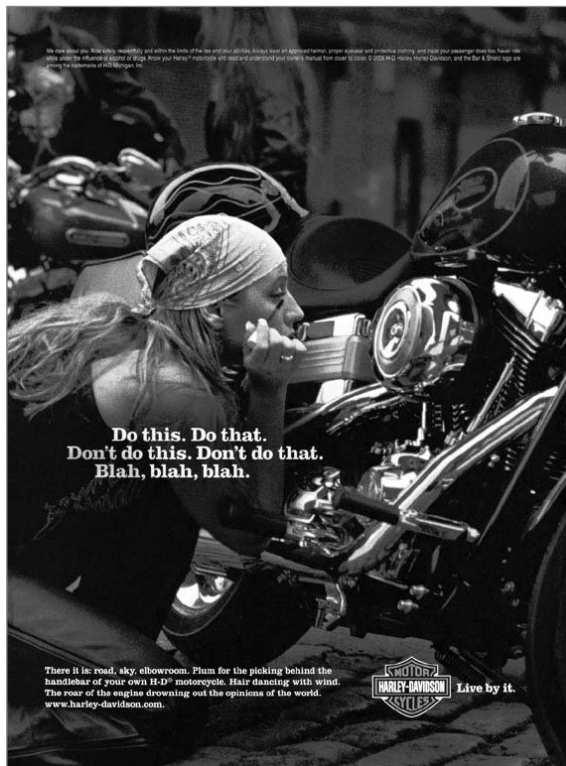
Ad as published November 1950. Found via Google Image Search. Keyword: vintage Harley ads
http://www.adbranch.com/harley-davidson-magazine-ads-from-1950s/harley-davidson_what_a_honey_1951/



1984. Scanned from a Harley Davidson Catalog.

Title: 1984 Fashions & Accessories

Pg: no page number, this is actually an insert. Between pp. 11 & 12
Originally obtained from Winchester Harley-Davidson, Inc.



2006 Found via Google Image Search. Keyword: Harley Davidson Ads
http://www.adbranch.com/advertising-campaign-live-by-it-2006/harley-davidson_do_this_do_that_2006/



Taken from the product images of the Softail Slim on Harley Davidson's website. 4/16/2012
http://www.harley-davidson.com/en_US/Motorcycles/softail-slim.html#!gallery

It's Just that Simple

Karly Taylor

There is nothing inside, yet it's just enough to drown out everything other than the nothing, for the nothing is actually something, and everything else is merely an illusion of stuff we feel is there, though it really was not, ever. The something is nothing, and the nothing is everything, for when a person is asked, "What's wrong?" he doesn't respond truthfully, but plainly states, "Nothing," thus implicitly screaming, "Everything."

Henceforth, when everything appears to be okay, one can imagine that deep within the recesses of the heart and well into the subconscious, what was thought to be nothing is actually something—something dreadful enough to lock away behind a bitter mask of remorse, to hide the nothing as it engulfs everything into the nothingness of something that is beyond comprehension. So, for the nothing to be everything, it can't be just anything; it must be something valuable to everything—otherwise, something will creep along and demean the nothing into anything other than everything it once was, and so strip the original meaning from the nothing and make it something, instead of everything.

Inspirations



Susan August

A Perpetual Time

Dedicated in loving memory to Beth Reiff.

Johnnie Bailey

Bridges Bring People Together

What inspired me to take this shot was this couple was just hanging out at Georgetown Creek in Washington D.C. Behind them was a fascinating bridge that gave the image life.

Rough Times in the Winter

What inspired me to take this picture was that nobody took the time to give the lady some money. It was like she was invisible to the eyes of humans, but not me. I acknowledged that she was there and took the shot.

Lynette Marie Huff

After the Rain

One of my favorite sights is water droplets on flower petals. There's a simplistic beauty that's intensified when viewed in black and white.



Lynette Marie Huff (*continued*)

Dead Once

“Dead Once” came from a moment when I was in bed alone with the covers pulled completely over my head. This triggered the memory of childhood games, particularly hide-and-seek. Speaking as a person who has suffered from depression most of her life, that innocent game of hide and seek became a little darker for me and the poem is the result.

Empty Classroom

As the fall semester came to an end in 2013, I happened to walk by this room. I stood at the threshold and imagined when it was full of students and sounds. It appeared almost abandoned and lonely. I walked in to take the picture of a room that, although full of furniture, still felt very empty.

Only the Rain

I love the rain. There is so much of life in it. The sky, the clouds, the sounds—it all fascinates me. The poem was inspired not from a rainy day, but from a very sunny morning.

Reflected Trees by Train Tracks

I took a photo of these trees because I watched them one morning as they gently swayed with a wind that would rise and fall. I found myself hypnotized by the movement.

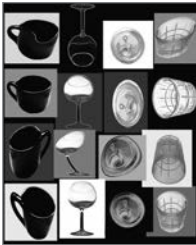
Serenity

This is a photo I took on the Cumberland campus while hiking on the trails. The moment was so peaceful with only the sound of the running water that all I could think of was how serene the scene appeared to me.

Dora Kamara

Qur'an

"Qur'an" is an essay written to show readers where I come from and what I believe to be true and what I hold close to my heart.



Wendy Knopsnider

Collage o' Cups

'Collage o' Cups' was inspired through my dislike of doing dishes. Some glasses and cups were sitting on the counter waiting to be washed. Every time I noticed them, it seemed like there were more of them, which brought to my mind an image of cartoon-like, warped glasses taunting me. I tried to capture that in this collage by photographing the cups at unusual angles, then using Photoshop to warp and color the multiple images of the four cups.

Shadow DJ

'Shadow DJ' is from an assignment to take a photo with a shadow as the subject. The weather was not cooperating to make natural shadows, so I used an old projector hooked up to a laptop, and a screen to create my own.

Sandie Narvaez

Classic Beauty

In the summer time my fiancé and I take a lot of photos during the local car shows. For Christmas, I decided to recreate one of the photos he took as a painting!



Sandie Narvaez (*continued*)

Something So Precious

I always love a good black and white photo, so during a family portrait session I was doing, I decided to try to do something like a silhouette and this is what came out.

Ticking Away

For an assignment my photo professor gave me, he wanted us to take a photo of a clock. I wanted it to be different and have almost a Wonderland feel to it. I grabbed my pocket watch, some flowers, and made some paper hearts and voila!

Susan Coughenour-Silbaugh

Finzel House

Old houses have always been a fascination of mine. They seem to have character and style that reflects on how people have lived. This old structure in Finzel has always been an interest of mine. It reflects how I feel about myself sometimes. Getting older, slowly deteriorating, yet strong and not quite willing to fall yet. Possibly just too stubborn to fall because our foundation is strong and we aren't ready to give up just yet.

These old structures are part of our past. Records and proof of families and how they lived. They are full of mystery, and food for the imagination.

Friend's Driveway

This driveway has significant importance to me about the area in which I live. I got to know Mr. Friend through mutual friends. I learned from him

Susan Coughenour-Silbaugh*Friend's Driveway (continued)*

that he started his life with his wife on the property, was involved in the community, and watched his family grow. He passed at the age of 105, having lived a full life.

This driveway is beautiful no matter what time of the year you drive past. It makes me think of growth, beauty and what we may encounter when we reach the end of the lane. While making the journey, we need to take time to soak in all of the beauty around us.

It is also symbolic of the long life he lived, the changes that happen through life and the strength that comes from having deep roots planted.

I LOVE THIS PLACE!

Skulls

These skulls I hand-made back in the early 1990s when I worked in ceramics. Through the years they have been packed and unpacked without much thought. As my son grew and became more involved in the decorating, I began to see things differently. As we took the skulls out to use this year, I had a sudden idea that they would make for an interesting photo.

I took a black background I had, an inexpensive strobe and a flashlight and the picture was born. I loved the look it gave and the contrast that was in the photo once it was printed. It was eerie yet beautiful.

These are one of those whimsical things my son instigates that keeps us close. I get an idea, he adds with his thoughts and our bond as mother and son grows stronger.



Justin Stair

The Mind's Inhibition

A friend and co-worker of mine was having trouble in one of the college classes that we attended together. I offered to help her study and do whatever I could so that she might get a good grade in the class. After a few study sessions, I realized that she knew everything I was trying to teach her and it wasn't the subject that had her oppressed, but her own mind.

I then thought about others who had similar problems and when she asked me to write something for her, I obliged. Previously I had gotten an encouraging card and wrote some lines in it to help her along. So, I wrote this story to try to put the point across that she was very intelligent and perfectly capable, but she wasn't allowing herself to exhibit these capabilities. Her own mind was inhibiting her from achieving her goals. Often in life, we look for something to blame for our own misgivings. I am not saying that people haven't had it rough or that every circumstance is one that we create ourselves, but many of us inhibit our ability to grow by creating a dark void in our minds that block our path.

I hope that, after reading "The Mind's Inhibition," others realize that they too can overcome the darkness in their own minds. The only way that this can be overcome is for a person to realize that the power to be happy or successful must come from within.

We may hold the darkness at bay, if we kindle the flame of achievement.

Danny Wade*Fossil*

This essay is a comparison of the literary work “Miss Brill” by Katherine Mansfield to real life interactions of the old people that inhabit the mall.

Maggie Mae Wallace*Biker Babes: An Exploration of the History of Female Imagery in Harley Davidson Advertising*

I felt that the role of women in Harley Davidson’s advertising and how it has changed during the history of the company would be an interesting topic for image analysis. This interested me not only as a woman, but also as someone who was relatively new to the “biker culture.”

**Robert A. Weasenforth***Untitled*

I was inspired to make a figure of a western cowboy, because I am a huge fan of Clint Eastwood’s western movies. Also it will fit in with my western motif I have going on in my apartment.

A L L E G A N Y C O L L E G E O F M A R Y L A N D
EXPRESSIONS 2014



Serenity

Lynette Marie Huff

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