



Voices of
Legacy
XI 2012

COVER PHOTO: THIRST
SHAWN C. RUTKOWSKI

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VOICE OF THE EDITORS

Diversity is a reality at RACC, where students of different ages, backgrounds, ethnicities, and nationalities mingle together in pursuit of an education. All people are shaped by their background and personal experiences, which gives each individual a unique perception of the world. The result is a community with a potential for rich dialogue and exchange of ideas. This necessitates both the courage to speak up and willingness to listen. Every person wants an opportunity to make their voice heard and in return, each person should also listen to the voices of others. This applies not only to face to face conversations but also to writing and art.

In writing, the word "voice" refers to the presence of the writer within the work, which creates the writer's distinctive style. Style can express as much as the words themselves and a captivating voice can make an otherwise dull topic intriguing. Visual artists must also find their voice, by developing a personal style that allows their creativity to find expression in a way that communicates meaning to the viewer. The choices writers and artists make when putting words or images on paper reflect their perception of the world. These choices may be made unconsciously,

yet they still reflect the creator's point of view. When writers and artists find their voices, they eloquently provoke others to see the world in new ways.

Legacy presents work that reflects the diverse voices of the students of our college. We are very excited to share this new edition of our journal, *Voices of Legacy*. It is our hope that readers will listen to the many voices of *Legacy* and then be inspired to share their own voices.

- Amy Belnome and Daniel Smyk

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CHILDHOOD ODYSSEY

WILLIAM WOOD III

She is free.

Twisting, turning, spinning, running, She is first. She is me. Me. Real. She is free. Free to jump. Claws. Vicious Claws. Long, powerful legs. Jump, crouch, jump again. And explode into motion. She is speed. And wind.

Here is me. Turn here again. Side to side. She weaves. Turns. Spins. Whiskers quiver, ears alert. She crouches, releases, off again. She goes fast. I am fast. Running like a panther. Being a panther. Like a cheetah. Is a cheetah. She is swifter. Faster. Claws grab earth and propel her faster than the wind. Faster than Jesus. Faster than thought. I am thought. She is real.

Scents assault sense. Sniff, sniff, sniff. Twitch, twitch. The jungle is full of the stink of prey and predators. But she is strong. And fast. And confident. Very confident. Queen of the jungle. Mistress of all hunters.

Go. Turn. Spin.

Go. Go there. Go.

She explodes forward, grunting and gasping,

pushing all muscles to the limit. Every nerve, every fiber, every cell pushing forward. Pushing, pushing, pushing more. Faster and more fast. She runs because she is young and alive. She hunts, she kills, she lives. I live. I breathe through her. She is more alive than life. She is life.

I am free. She is free. Here, I am free.

She will not be held back by anything. Running, running fast, faster than ever, ever before. Muscle and claw, fur and fang, she is one with life. No fear, no danger, nothing to stop her. She is the jungle. She is the predator. Feral and feline. Canine and lupine. She hunts.

Wait. I sense danger. She stops. Crouching down, she listens. Other hunters? Other predators? Maybe prey?

NO. Stop. NO.

No breath. No move. No hint of a sound.

Danger. She gasps; then she chokes. Wheezing, disintegrating, dissolving.

Discovered. She fades. Loses power. Loses reality. She collapses.

First is gone.

"Hello, Freddie," says Mrs. West cheerfully from the stoop of her front porch.

"How's your mother doing?"

"She's fine, ma'am," mumbles the diminutive boy.
"I'll tell her that you asked about her."

"Is that supposed to be a cape?" asked Mrs. West with wonder and a raised eyebrow. "Why do you have it on your head?"

"Well, ma'am, I kind of, like . . . you see, I like to pretend I have a great mane of hair like a jungle cat."

"Oh, you silly boy, what an imagination!" She exclaims. "People will think you want long hair – like a girl," she whispered as though others might overhear them. "Boys wear capes around their shoulders – like Superman or Batman. But I won't tell."

"Oh, ok, I guess I just like big hair. I didn't know it was wrong," says the boy. "I'll guess I better get going. My mom will kill me if she has to wait for the milk and stuff." Fleeing from further questions and examinations, he runs. Runs for that feeling like an addict runs for a high. He runs for freedom.

"Alright Freddie, you be good now!" the blue-haired woman shouts down the road, her only acknowledgement being the swiftly receding, "Ok!"

First: dead. Second: deployed. Agent number two. I am alive. But First is dead. Second is better.

Kick, turn, cross, strike. Cobra and asp, she is

deadly. First may be just a test, a trial, a precursor. Second is scorpion, black widow, assassin. She must never forget the mission. The goal. The prize. And the risks. Always the risks.

No delay, no betrayal of sound. Only the eyes move. And spies. They're everywhere in the mean city streets. Counter-agents are everywhere. Detection is death. Them or me? The choice is clear.

Long, lean, ruthless. Coated in black leather, trained by ninja supermodels, she is as sharp as her knives. Stiletto heels. Black gloves. She is made of weapons and covered in weapons. Poisonous, toxic, death in secret. Ready to kill. Kill them if they try to stop her. She slashes. I am ready. She is ready. She grins and tests the air.

Her goal is that way. My goal. The prize. Guilt intrudes. NO! Not now, not here.

Be ruthless. Be the killer.

Go.

Running, again free. But not as free. Never as free as the first. Not that mistake. Not again. So I go. Slick, fast, a streak. She runs her deadly loping run. A strike of lightning. Death in her wake. Deadly, a bomb, a bullet, shooting from a cannon, she runs. Knives flash, things die, she smiles a wicked smile.

I smile because I am her and she is everything. She is wickedly efficient. She springs. Runs. Sprints. And runs some more.

Her eyes spot danger. Her hands twitch. Metal stars flash. She throws. Stars kill. Feral smile. My smile. Her smile.

Fear her, all you denizens of the jungle. Fear me. Fear her, she is coming. The huntress. The real assassin. Shiver and beware you unsuspecting witless sheep.

More foes, more interlopers. Knives out. Striking, clashing. Wounds, strikes, more wounds. Death to more.

She wins. I win. Again. And again. Hunger for more. More. Always is the hunger for more. Every hunter knows it. It is the dream just out of touch. But close. Coming closer. Searching, killing and searching, predation. Prehistoric and primordial, the lust of the killer. The she-lion that hunts for her cubs. The mother bear. The feminine killers.

And there it is. The shrine of the Goal. Guilt again. The plan is there. But the plan has flaws.

She stops. I am reluctant. Being that other. That unwanted. That me that is not me.

She hungers. And I am determined. Fishing in

her pack, she pulls out the mask – the mask that lets her pass. Pass among these strangers and freaks and pretenders. The boy, the boy who is no more true than dragons or witches or fairies. The me that is fantasy is the boy. They expect it, and so I wear it—the mask they want to see. So the secret-agent supermodel does the dreaded act, disassembles, and puts on the hated mask. Costume complete, she enters.

The young boy sidles into the store, trying unsuccessfully to remain unseen and unacknowledged. He has known this store and this owner all his life. Guilt riddles the boy. He knows he must betray the kindness of this friend. But the plan demands sacrifice. So he stiffens what courage he has deep down in his soul, and grabs a basket.

“Hello Freddie! How are you today?” asks the hearty and cheerful owner of the small neighborhood convenience store.

“I’m good, Mr. Franks, how are you?” says Frederick. “My Mom needs some milk and a few things.”

“Sure, Freddie, sure, just let me know if you need anything.”

Frederick strolls casually over to the cooler and grabs milk from it. Crossing over to another aisle,



he then gets a candy bar from one of the shelves. "And I get one Hershey bar as a reward." Suddenly seeming to trip, he kneels by the magazines. Quickly maneuvering something up his pants leg, down his sock, and into his shoe, he straightens up and grabs his other items.

Strolling over to the checkout counter where Mr. Franks is casually reading the daily news, he puts the chocolate and the milk on the counter. Paying for the items and silently whispering a prayer of thanks to whatever deity might be on his side, the boy takes his change and quickly opens the door, ready to leave the store.

"Be good, Freddie, you stay out of trouble now!" says Mr. Franks, shaking his head in wonderment at the strange little creature that is Frederick Mitchell.

One small second of shock. Exhale. Begin to believe. One breath. Now two. Then explosion. Joy.

Mine. Mine. Mine.

Exultation and ecstasy. Angel. Eagle. Dragon. Griffon. Feathers and fire. Exploding, flying, free again. Third is the celebrant of limbs and words and actions. Hear her and celebrate. Dance a victory jig -- spin, turn, release, and twirl. Again, again, again. Cry out with relief and joy and victory. All mine, all

mine. Done and did.

Unfurling wings made of light and air and magic, she leaps again. Beauty and ephemera, she is glorious. The giant wings catch the air and she soars. And twirls. And dances. She is free. I am free. She swoops and whoops with joy. She is fire and air. Her joy burns fear away. My fear. Burning. Away.

Hers. Mine. Where we are one. Those dreams. They are not untruth. They were hers. And mine. To hold and nurture and grow. She. Me. Angel. And we fly together. Truth is untruth and lie is reality. And none of that matters because we have won the prize.

Spinning and singing, dancing, flying, she sweeps through the atmosphere, shouldering aside pigeons and eagles and jets. Nothing can stop her now. She has them. Her success and my victory! Sweet, that feeding. That sharing. That new evolution.

Sweet and fleeting. Fragile. Delicate. Compromised.

Then destroyed.

NO! No. No.

Not her. It can't be. How did she find me?

Not this time. She will ruin it. She is the Beast. Evil is this older sister. This intruder. This betrayer. This great abuser. This tattletale.

The devil. The darkest angel in Satan's army. She is pure blond evil.

Huge, gross, gruesome. Pigtails of venom. Tentacles, batwings, spikes, protrusions. Chitinic armor, acidified mucous, gibberish unleashed. Breath of baboon. Excrescent malodorous funk of putrefying cheese and unwashed rotting corpse flesh. Pimply-buttocked and scabrous. Most vile and reviled. Nemesis.

Fat and cootified. She is The Sister. *The Alice*.

"I know who you are – what you are," hissed the beast. "I will destroy you."

"You are wrong, foul demon," says the younger combatant. "This battle is mine. This time I will triumph over you!"

Swords clash. Enemies engage. Sparks fly. Clash, smash, clang. Bang and struggle, the combatants roll and curse, scream and flay. Blood is lost. Cursing and curses. Witchy curses and profane curses. More blood. And feathers. Limbs and wings and scales and horns. And skin and bone and sinew. Feet and tails and hands and arms are slashed and burned – all lost, all shed in the name of battle. Bolts of arrows and magical energy fly. Scythes and hammers and glaives and pikes all rise and fall. Armies of Heaven and Hell

sing and pray and scream and rant. Demons and Angels have never fought so fiercely.

Separation and retreat. Surrender. White flag raised. Loss but not total.

To the victor goes chocolaty goodness and bragging rights. The treasure, the precious, the bootleg – she remains hidden. Untouched. Profound Relief. Yes, wounded. Yes, painful, embarrassing pain. Self-punches and wedgies and noogies. Horrors piled upon horrors.

So success but cost. Sacrifice but ultimate win. Pain. Loss. Another day, another fight. Tomorrow, the Beast will pay. Tonight, there is the prize, the bible, the oracle, the crystal ball. Tonight there is *Wonder Woman*. A dreamland. A garden of delight. And the place where he will join the muse again. Where he is her. She is the future. And she is real. She is light and flame.

Small for now, an ember, a spark, a mere wisp. But strengthening. Soon, very soon. Growing. Observing and maturing. Choosing an identity. Dreaming a future.

She is free.



THE HOUSE CONSUMED

ELISE TARYN HAAS

These stairs do not look right
Just yesterday
were they not straight
and even so I did not trip?
And these walls
Shall I tell you of the walls?
So clean and hung with familiar faces
and paintings
are now twisted
No, they are in fact waved
The sea of paint and frames
This is not my childhood
This kitchen, I could walk
in my sleep
but where have the chairs gone?
Return, I tell you!
Tripping over empty space
I plant myself on the floor
To find it riddled with holes
Words of holes, no less
My face imprinted

With some earthen speech
My house is mocking me!
And run, I shall run
from this most despicable entity
Here, leg, move
I command you
MOVE
Tethered
I am tethered!
This house
is intent
on swallowing me whole
I fight and fight
more holes, all around
The wood devoured by ghostly termites
The house is their mother
And they are feeding her!
You say, I say
CEASE
neither relenting
neither forgiving
How was I deceived
by the memories of my youth?

FACING PAGE: | CHOR ¹¹

MICHAEL O'DONOHUE

"SANA QUE SANA" **ANDREW MOSES YANEZ**

"Sana que sana, colita de rana, si no sana hoy, sanas mañana" is a little Mexican healing incantation that mothers whisper to their ailing young—and an excellent example that illustrates the complex ties between culture and language. Traditions, such as this Mexican ritual, function as linguistic resources and contribute to a community's identity. These linguistic materials, along with many other cultural traits, make the Hispanic culture so unique. However, there seems to be a language and culture disconnect among Latino youths today. If drastic measures are not taken to reconcile, the youth today will not be equipped with such endearing and playful linguistic tools that are integral to their sense of cultural identity.

From personal experience, I can say that even today as a young adult, I am fumbling to repair and restore the damage done by my learned ignorance as a teenager. Knowing that I did not know anything about my Hispanic heritage, I believe, made me culturally lazy and incompetent, and negatively impacted my relationship with my international family members and my ability to communicate with them. Recently, however, I had my 98-year-old

paternal grandfather exclaim "Es un milagro!" or in other words "It is a miracle!" when I shared with him what I had learned about "Sana que Sana" in Spanish. The truth is I felt embarrassed to communicate with my Mexican family with my broken or limited Spanish. They were, however, always happy to hear from me, and always more than willing to welcome me in their homes with open arms.

The American schooling system and socialization into the American culture and language are primarily the cause of our generation's loss of interest in their ethnic heritage. Parents, often immigrants themselves or first generation immigrants, are reluctant to hinder their children's acclimation into American culture, partly, because they want their children to become more "American" and, therefore, more primed to create better lives for themselves than they were. This was primarily the reason my Mexican father emigrated from Mexico to the United States – to seek gainful employment and settle down and have a family.

Growing up I admittedly was ashamed of my Hispanic heritage – especially the Mexican ancestry. There were and currently are negative stereotypes of Mexicans that I did not identify with and wanted to

distance myself from as much as possible. To be fair, I am referring to the generic perceptions that many Americans have toward Mexicans—perceptions of Mexicans as lazy, illiterate and only disposed to eating tacos. In reality, Mexicans or “La Raza” are a beautiful, proud and vibrant people. The colors, sounds and smells of Mexico are unmistakable, and deserve consideration and appreciation.

I find myself as a poster child for the lost generation. I am working overtime to recuperate from my cultural ignorance and aversion as a youth. I have studied much on my own, but I am still struggling with writing and even speaking Spanish correctly. I would read the Book of Mormon to my late Columbian grandmother Maria Del Carmen out loud. This was very good practice for me, and my mother and brother were both astounded by the progress I was making in reading and pronunciation. My grandmother would always endearingly mistake my recitation of the Book of Mormon with the Bible. Visiting with my grandmother and having her tell me stories of her youth in Columbia not only intrigued me about my home culture but also helped improve my cultural and linguistic proficiency.

My Hispanic culture includes Cuban,

Columbian, and Mexican influences. However, I mostly identify with the Mexican culture, as it was the dominant cultural influence in my young life. I would visit Mexico regularly during the summertime to visit my cousins, aunts, uncles, and grandparents. I would stay with my Tio Meche and his wife from Honduras along with their two daughters Priscilla and Andrea. They live in the state of Morelos, in the city of Cuernavaca, otherwise known as the “city of eternal spring,” a beautiful place. My paternal grandparents lived on a farm full of mango and orange trees, paddocks, and various livestock, in the mountainous southern Mexican state of Guerrero. When I look back, however, I understand that I experienced those times as just vacation times—times spent away from school in a foreign land. Today I make a conscious effort to acquire a Hispanic cultural perspective. I like to listen to and play music, and I have even made an attempt to connect with my Spaniard heritage by learning the flamenco guitar style. I enjoy the tremble of tremolo and the rain falling effect of the rasgueado. I have even learned to cook essential Latin dishes like flan and arroz con pollo.

It is sad that the gap between the culture of today’s Hispanic youth and that of their forefathers

is widening and that we are losing our cultural identity. Now it is time to be proactive in reminding ourselves of how important it is to be proud of and conservative of our cultural and linguistic heritage. It is time to make up for time lost—and be bold, brave, and unabashed in our endeavor to reconnect with our Hispanic heritage, so that our children may be able to recite folk healing spells to their children one day in the tongue it was meant to be whispered in.



LILLY TABLE
ELISE TARYN HAAS

I wrote of sweetness
The facets of eyes
The turning of time
The fading light banished
brought back anew
Memories, forever forsaken
Upon a lily-covered table
That has never been dined upon
nor cared for
Cracks in the oak
from moisture and disuse
are becoming more reckless
But still
All I see are petals
Until I spoke
and my breath
Moved them
ever
so
slightly
And the legs collapsed

DEBATE OVER HYDRAULIC FRACTURING EXPOSES FRACTIONS WITHIN AMERICAN SOCIETY

ELAINE MENDELSON PLEET

The drive for oil independence and the promise of reducing the nation's carbon footprint have created a huge political and economic push to exploit domestic natural gas reserves. The Marcellus Shale, a geologic formation of sedimentary rock lying deep beneath the states of West Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York, contains immeasurable reserves of natural gas, perhaps making it the second largest reserve in the world. While most citizens agree on the benefits of natural gas over the use of oil or coal, it is the application of horizontal hydraulic fracturing, or "fracking," that has created severe divisions within American society. In addition to the fracturing that disturbs the underground bedrock, the highly toxic organic chemical compounds used in the technology have also created concerns among residents that these chemicals might be poisoning the air around the wells and infiltrating the surrounding watersheds, irreparably contaminating the drinking water. Tragically, the potential for huge profits has pitted the

gas industry in direct confrontation with individual homeowners and citizen groups working desperately to protect the environment.

Much of the controversy is taking place in western Pennsylvania. Gas and drilling companies are aggressively pushing for land leases to gain access to the shale beds. Environmental and citizen advocacy groups are coalescing to freeze that momentum, making the claim that much damage has already been done. Law suits are being filed in an unprecedented volume, luring corporate environmental lawyers to the area, and thus fueling the tension. At issue is meeting the demand for cleaner energy while maintaining the fundamental rights to a safe and secure planet. Not surprisingly, it is also *about* the pursuit of profit. The stakes and emotions are extremely high: American society is at war!

Opinions Diverge and Positions Clash

The pressures inherent in the Marcellus Shale debate have raised the pitch in the public discourse, causing an impulsive wave of righteousness across the spectrum of positions. A *Reading Eagle* article states that advocates on both sides increasingly spin every shred of research to fit their own views and ignore the bigger picture ("Marcellus Shale Debate Never

Ending," 2011). Under discussion is the report filed by Robert Jackson, a Duke University biologist, who studied the methane gas levels of residential water wells surrounding sixty gas drilling operations. That report "went viral" last May when the study found disturbingly high concentrations of volatile methane contamination in eighty-five percent of the wells. Jackson told the Press, "Our data has been used primarily by people opposed to fracking. But that's not how I see our data. I think our data provides a mixed story." In fact, the *Eagle* article describes how the public debate is turning away from reason (p. B7).

An example of such extreme emotion from the article is a quote from Josh Fox, whose recent documentary, *Gasland*, has raised much public awareness over the fracking issues. Fox defines the fundamental issue as the very survival of civilization: "What I'm witnessing in Pennsylvania is a systematic destruction of the state. What we're doing is contemplating taking our civilization off an insane cliff." However, strong emotions are not just the domain of those opposed to fracking. For example, Aubrey McClendon, CEO of the Chesapeake Energy Corp., calls critics of shale gas drilling "fear-mongering extremists who want

Americans to live in a world where 'it's cold, it's dark and we're all hungry.'" The article continues stating other executives have claimed that there has never been a single reported case of fracking contaminating water supplies. This claim is clearly counter to some research- and observation-based evidence from across the country. While others in the gas industry criticize the Duke report as biased, the article states Jackson feels disappointed that Department of Environmental Protection (DEP) officials were "downright hostile" to their report from the beginning ("Marcellus Shale Debate Never Ending," 2011, p. B7).

Who Owns Marcellus Shale?

At odds in this tug of war over material gas and profits is the non-material question over *who actually owns the gas*. This aspect of the debate has raised esoteric legal arguments over whether Marcellus Shale can be considered a "mineral" and thus, included in the wealth of U.S. laws concerning mineral rights. A *Reading Eagle* article highlights the fight that has found its way into the Pennsylvania courts ("Is Marcellus Shale a Mineral," 2011). The article quotes Ross Pifer from Dickinson School of Law who states that "Pennsylvania is unique among states in that it does not consider gas as a mineral when it comes

to land right and leases.” A hearing has been set in Susquehanna County to determine whether the gas-rich Marcellus Shale is in fact a mineral and therefore included in mineral rights. Thus far, the case law is unclear leaving big questions open for the courts to decide (p. B7).

This lack of clarity over ownership of something located deep below the ground raises questions over the validity of the leases and contracts signed between the corporations and the land owners. Additional confusion arises when land, and the mineral rights contained in those land deeds (one case going back to 1881), is sold. Gregg Rosen, a lawyer from Pittsburgh who represents several drilling companies, states that ruling the shale as a mineral “would upset 110 years of oil and gas law . . . and it would turn a billion-dollar industry on its head” (“Is Marcellus Shale a Mineral,” 2011, p.B7). Such unanticipated issues and a multitude of challenges that they create have turned the Marcellus Shale into a beehive of controversy.

Social Contracts at Risk

The Marcellus Shale gas debate has created a tangled web of arguments that are both legal and social in contract. A *Reading Eagle* article discusses a legal battle raised among neighbors living in a

residential development (“Texas Company,” 2011). One of the neighbors had signed a pipeline right-of-way agreement with a Texas company, Chief Oil & Gas, LLC, giving it permission to build a pipeline connecting Marcellus shale wells from New York State to northern Pennsylvania storage fields. The proposed interstate pipeline would run through their communal property and violate a neighborhood covenant. In addition to breaching the covenant of Goodleigh Estates where they all live, the suit also claimed the pipeline poses a danger. The ante in the case was raised significantly when the gas company countersued the Goodleigh families in federal court arguing their action would cost the company months of delays and \$20 million dollars in losses. The company then went further to ask the court for punitive damages against the families for the alleged defamatory statements the plaintiffs made about the company. In the face of so much money, the social contracts communities and individuals make with each other may not be able to withstand the pressure of a corporation’s ability to outspend them in court.

An even more surreal example of social contracts at risk comes from a newspaper editorial comment (“Grave Reservation,” 2011). The editor’s piece

addresses the issue of the sacredness of cemeteries coming under threat by gas companies for the Marcellus Shale. The editor states the contracts that society makes with the dead for an eternally peaceful resting place can no longer be taken for granted. The article informs readers that some local cemeteries have entered into leases with natural gas drilling companies that may one day seek to tap the Marcellus Shale reserves. The Catholic Cemeteries Association, for example, signed a five-year agreement in 2008 with Huntley & Huntley, an urban gas drilling firm, leasing the rights to 10,990 acres in Allegheny County. A representative for the Cemeteries Association claims there are no immediate plans for drilling and contends they will be in complete control of any drilling activity. Other cemeteries in Pennsylvania, with their own vast acreage, the editorial suggests, may also have leases with gas drillers and concludes with the thought that “[d]rilling for natural gas under sacred ground would be vandalism . . . and all for a few pieces of silver” (“Grave Reservation,” 2011).

Exciting Opportunity vs. Painful Silence

Some of the most disturbing aspects of the Marcellus Shale conflict are the competing extremes it has created in the lives of individuals. One person's

lifetime opportunity becomes another person's life tragedy. The two opposing phenomena are at times simultaneous and interdependent, making it excruciatingly difficult to find the sociological “higher ground.” One facet of this paradox is explained in an article from *The Legal Intelligencer*, a law journal published in Philadelphia (Needles, 2011). The article highlights the opening of new law offices by Texas-based firms and the influx into western Pennsylvania of energy and environmental attorneys, some of whom are relocating thousands of miles to take advantage of the “exciting opportunities” with recent Marcellus Shale litigation. One attorney, Ivan DeVoren, who moved from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, stated that environmental issues raised since hydraulic fracturing began in the region have created “a wellspring of exciting work.” DeVoren saw his relocation as an opportunity to be on the cutting edge and a chance to challenge himself professionally. “I don't want to be a wannabe,” he added.

The other attorney interviewed for the article is Janet McQuaid, who moved to Pittsburgh from Texas. She identified the legal work surrounding the shale as the main motivation factor for her relocation. McQuaid called the drilling activity an

exciting opportunity and said, "I think eventually New York will come to its senses and there will be some oil and gas development there as well" (pp. 8-9). The enthusiasm both expressed for getting their hands into the legal issues and potential litigation was apparent in the interviews. Both attorneys seemed honored to be part of this anticipated great chapter of legal history.

This upbeat assessment is dramatically contrasted by a story in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* (Hopey & Templeton, 2011). The article reports on the legal settlement reached between the Hallowich family of Washington County and various energy companies whom they sued claiming harm to their health from air pollution and water contamination by the Marcellus Shale gas drilling that took place near their home. Stephanie and Chris Hallowich unknowingly inherited a gas lease when they purchased their 10-acre farm in 2005. Two years after their home was completed, the gas companies moved onto the property, setting up "four Marcellus gas wells, access roads, a gas processing facility, compressor stations and a 3-acre holding pond."

In their lawsuit, the Hallowichs stated that the noise, lights, and emissions from the wells have

made their property worthless. They held that their well water and air were contaminated with the cancer-causing organic compounds: ethylbenzene, toluene, styrene, and tetrachloroethylene. They and their children suffered "burning eyes, sore throats, headaches and earaches. They've also had to pay about \$500 a month to have water delivered to the farm." The details of the settlement, finalized in a private, fifteen-minute meeting, were sealed by the court judge and contain a gag order on the family. The *Post-Gazette* article formally entered its objection to the closed-door settlement. Once an outspoken critic of the Marcellus Shale drilling industry, Ms. Hallowich said she was sorry, but could not comment when leaving the judge's chambers. The article concludes posing the question of how many other confidential settlements with gag orders in place has the drilling industry entered into with affected landowners (Hopey & Templeton, 2011, B-1). The suggestion is an extremely haunting one.

The Citizens Respond

The Marcellus Shale debacle has become a very heated issue for the public in the Pittsburgh region. The Pennsylvania Association for Sustainable Agriculture (PASA) has been holding regular

LIFE IN FOCUS
KIMBERLY BATISTA



meetings and workshops designed to educate farmers and rural landowners throughout the counties of western Pennsylvania on issues related to Marcellus Shale gas development ("Marcellus Shale Choices," 2011). Through their action-oriented training sessions, PASA is working to give those who live in the most rural and most vulnerable environments the tools they need to make sound decisions over whether to engage in land-lease arrangements with the drilling industry. This is a coordinated effort along with the Penn State Agricultural Center, the Dickinson School of Law, the Mountains Watershed Association, and Penn Environment.

Education is critical also for those in related businesses, particularly for citizens. The well water industry is caught in the crossfire of the fracking issue. According to Mike Price (2011), an associate editor of *Water Well Journal*, a trade publication for the National Ground Water Association, the horizontal hydraulic fracturing used by the gas industry is significantly different from the vertical drilling technology used by the water well business. In the cover story of the September issue of the journal, Price explains to his readers, who are fellow water well drillers, that the public may confuse their fracturing

process with the one used in the gas industry: "It's important to note that water well hydrofracking is performed at pressures much lower than oil and gas hydraulic fracturing, and normally the process does not fracture the rock but merely opens up existing fractures." Price quotes a colleague, Sean Kyle, who further explains that with water well drilling, "the fractures already exist in the bedrock . . . are either really small or they're plugged with sediment" and that water fracturing merely cleans out the fractures allowing more water to flow into the well. He also notes that only potable water is used in water well fracturing and they do not add chemicals or propping agents as do the gas drillers. These distinctions are important and make their work non-contaminating. Price emphasizes that with all the press surrounding the Marcellus Shale debate, the water well industry needs to both defend itself and educate the public to the reality of the issues (p. 23-26).

An example of a true grass-roots response against the push for gas hydraulic fracturing is the organization, Citizens Campaign for the Environment (CCE). Formed in 1985 by a small group of concerned citizens, CCE has grown into an 80,000-member-not-for-profit environmental organization with

offices in New York State and Connecticut ("Our Story," 2012). According to Mollie Pleet, a college student who worked for the past summer with CCE, "Taking action is an important message to convey to the public." In an interview, Pleet described her experience as follows:

The workers would spend five hours each evening going door-to-door in various neighborhoods, distributing pamphlets related to hydraulic fracturing to neighbors who would speak to them. . . . This summer was the second year in which "fracking" was the target topic for the group and there was a noticeable increase in the percentage of people who were familiar with the issue, as compared to last year. . . . One memorable encounter was with a Native American woman who had never before heard of the controversy and once she understood the facts, was incredulous. She couldn't believe that with all the problems hydraulic fracturing creates, why they were doing it at all! It seemed unbelievable to her and she needed more time to think more about it.

The experience working with CCE is, for Pleet, the most rewarding experience: "It was

hard work and at times frustrating, but overall very positive. It was personal—not a remote issue affecting the other side of the planet, but their home, their environment, their drinking water." Pleet feels that making face to face contact over issues that affect the world we all live in is extremely important and that this kind of work strengthens the community and creates social bonds (M. Pleet, personal communication, October 1, 2011).

Where Do We Go From Here?

The debates over the Marcellus Shale natural gas and the process of horizontal hydraulic fracturing are on-going and may not be resolved in the short-term. A *Reading Eagle* article describes one such discussion that recently took place in Pittsburgh over environmental rules to reduce air pollution from the gas drilling ("More Discussion Sought on Fracking," 2011). In the public hearing held by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), the gas industry asked for delays to extend the public comment period and for an extension of time to comply with any changes in the rules. This clearly serves to give the industry additional time to continue its operations, maximize its profits under the current

rules, and confound the conversation with more chatter. On the counter position, the residents and environmental groups present insisted that there should be no more delays in implementing the rules, because there are already problems. One resident who lives in Butler County and has seven gas wells within a mile of her home complained that the EPA has not even taken air quality tests, despite numerous opportunities: "They have taken what is mine and I want it back,' she said of clean air" (p. B5).

In contrast to Pennsylvania, thanks to environmental groups like CCE bringing the issue to the public, New York State has suspended permits for all deep, long, horizontal wells in the state until more of the potential risks can be examined. With millions of citizens living in the potential watershed areas of Manhattan and surrounding counties, Governor Andrew Cuomo has not made up his mind on the issue and is waiting for more information: "There's tremendous economic potential. There's also potential for environmental harm. I don't think we have enough facts to make a decision . . . Let's get the facts and then we'll decide" (Price, 2011, p. 25).

The Marcellus Shale hydraulic fracturing debate may be one of the most pivotal issues of the

21st century. The fractions in society created by the fractions underground are monumental, but not insurmountable. While this debate may look and feel like a culture war, it is one that can be resolved. If Pennsylvania residents have the vision and courage to work together as a community, despite the divergent and contradictory values and priorities, the water and the air can be protected and the need for warm homes and cleaner transportation can be assured. Working together may require a revolution of insight, patience, and creativity and, as with all of society's challenges, education is the cornerstone to recognizing the next step.

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BUBBLES
ALEXANDRA FOTACHE





MID DAY IN PARIS
JENNIFER EDWARDS

DESPITE RELIGION

MICHELE GRANITZ

Life is a mystery which we get the enjoyment of pursuing each and every day. In this pursuit we make mistakes, find enrichment, gain and lose fulfillment, and we love. We find happiness, sadness, excitement, and grief, and through this voyage we try to understand ourselves and the world around us. We try to live a good life, the best that we possibly can, take responsibility for ourselves, our actions and our families, and develop a mutual respect for other people, creatures and the world around us. Life makes sense just by experiencing it and sharing basic human values with our fellow man. This philosophical view of life, looking at life in a pragmatic manner and trying to understand the principles behind it, can easily be challenged by those with a strict ideological view, rigid in its beliefs and practices supported by a religious organization.

The need for belonging is what draws us to each other, to various social groups, and especially to religion. Religion brings us together and gives us a sense of belonging and purpose. The sense of purpose is what we all desire and if this purpose is found, through religion, for example, then we can be happy.

But can we also live a happy, fulfilling life without religion? In the Book of Psalms of *The New American Bible*, true happiness is described in the first psalm as "Happy the man who follows not the counsel of the wicked nor walks in the way of sinners, nor sits in the company of the insolent, but delights in the law of the Lord" (429). Any person who practices a religion then, which follows the word of the Bible, must obey only the word of God in order to be happy. It is difficult to actually find a passage in the Christian Bible which speaks of happiness without the presence of God. The Bible speaks of much pain and suffering as was shared at a Bible prophecy seminar and presentation titled "Revelation Speaks Hope." During the evening when the focus was on "Why So Much Suffering," the speaker, Reverend Walton Williams, who has a "deep personal commitment to Jesus Christ and to spiritual truth," shares from the book of Romans in *The New American Bible*. "You must realize that, when you offer yourselves to someone as obedient slaves, you are the slaves of the one you obey, whether yours is the slavery of sin, which leads to death, or of obedience, which leads to justice" (949). He follows up by offering his view of this statement saying, "Adam and Eve left the garden with shame and sorrow and we

now live with pain and sin." The question follows: How are people to find happiness and fulfillment in knowing they are still paying for sins which happened thousands of years ago?

In a small-scale Facebook survey, posted on October 7, 2011, entitled "Can a Person Live a Happy, Fulfilling Life without Religion?" a random set of individuals were asked various questions about religion: Are you currently practicing a religion? If yes, what religion and why? If no, why not? Are you spiritual? If yes, what does spirituality mean to you? If no, why not? Where do you find happiness? What do you believe makes you happy? Does a person need God or a god in his/her life in order to be happy? Why or Why not?

While the responses varied, the majority of respondents expressed a belief in God or a god, but did not want to practice a specific religion. As one respondent states, "How can an all forgiving being send souls to hell and condemn me for my human nature?" Those who do not practice a religion find happiness in being with family and friends, doing work they enjoy in an environment that fosters creative thinking, and/or being out in nature. Conversely, those who practice a religion do so for various reasons,

but they all claim it is their belief in God that makes them happy. They find fulfillment in God, as another respondent shares: "I had no husband and my family was broken in two, yet my life was fulfilled because I knew that I had God on my side. He was with me all the way and filled the empty holes." In an article recently written for *Ethnic NewsWatch*, Renee M. Harris writes, "I am changing in other ways as well . . . with a calm confidence that can only come from God. Deepening my spiritual awareness has resulted in a burst of enthusiasm for living like I've never felt." It is often difficult to challenge this deep need for connection to God. For believers like Harris, religion begins to function almost like ideology, creating a sense of righteousness and impatience toward others who have differing views and beliefs. Those who look at life from a philosophical perspective, on the other hand, are on a quest throughout life, pondering other views and ideals, creating happiness in the journey, and encouraging others to share their views along the way.

Ideology is unyielding in its beliefs with everything fitting into a neat little box. As its premises are not to be questioned, there is no room for questions within the box—only room for judgment of those

BLUE

SHAWN C. RUTKOWSKI



who find fault with its beliefs. These beliefs are so unyielding that they get in the way of fair judgment in court cases and reasonable discussion on social and political issues. In his article titled "Supreme Court Justice Scalia Claims Religion Trumps Law," William Hamby points out, "[Supreme Court Justice] Judge Scalia . . . does not hold himself to the law when it conflicts with his personal beliefs. Like so many other Christians in politics, his gold standard is his religious convictions, and he will only follow the law if it conforms to them." The ideology of religion is so confining that one wrong step can change one's path in life, so rigid that many religions refer to "God Fearing Ways." *The Sunday Times* in Pakistan recently ran an article titled "Fear of Allah," which states, "Taqwa is from the Arabic word 'Ittaqa' which means to 'be wary, God Fearing.' Consciousness of Allah is the highest plane a true Muslim must always strive to achieve. . . . It literally means to protect oneself from diverging from the path of Allah. . . . For it is then, when a believer becomes closer to Allah . . . out of love and fear of Allah." What draws people to religion, to religious beliefs, when the fear of a mistake will condemn them to hell? Do humans so desire connectedness that they are willing to overlook

the fear of god and conformity of the box in order to feel accepted? Does this, in fact, bring people happiness and fulfillment?

Those who receive the calling to service can find the box too confining, as learned in an interview with Craig Landis, a retired Mennonite pastor. Landis received his calling to serve as a pastor while in college and served as a pastor for six years after graduating from seminary. He moved on to other service for a few years before returning to the Mennonite church as a pastor once again. It was during this time he began to realize that teaching religious ideology was no longer realistic for him. Landis shares:

I kept teaching the same thing. Love God and love each other, it was all I could say. It was getting too difficult to continue teaching things I could not believe in. How could I tell someone it was wrong to be gay? How could I tell someone if they did not believe and behave the way I told them to or that one misstep would land them in hell?

During this interview, I asked Landis if he felt he was happy and fulfilled. He quickly shared the joy of his family, the fulfillment of helping his daughters with homework, being able to discuss religion or

anything with others without the confines of what the religious doctrine told him he had to say, and of being out hiking or in kayaks with his family and friends and taking in the beauty of nature. "That is what makes me happy and fulfilled," he said.

If a pastor can have struggles with the teachings of the religion, how are the rest of us to deal with these same struggles? The Reverend Tamiaka Moore, an associate minister at Tenth Memorial Baptist Church, asks in an article for the *Philadelphia Tribune*, "What is your passion project and why aren't you pursuing it?" She goes on to explain we should set goals and "live by faith," to trust in God as He can see "far beyond what we can see with our limited vision," and to have true fulfillment we must please God by letting go of our fears. Reverend Moore furthermore reasons that "concerns about finances" should be released to God and we will all feel better. Reverend Moore emphasizes that we should put faith in God to make a way for us to get through our struggles. One wonders, however, if this Christian belief would, in fact, allow us to give up and claim to not have responsibility for ourselves.

Can people have a happy, fulfilling life without religion? I keep returning to philosophy, to being

objective, seeking knowledge to gain wisdom. "Humanists believe that people can live good lives without religious or superstitious beliefs, by making the best of the one life we have, by creating meaning and purpose," argues Catherine Byrne in her essay "Matter and Mind." To claim oneself as humanist, however, could be considered the same as claiming oneself as Buddhist, Catholic or Muslim. Humanism, like religion, promotes a particular way of thinking about life and the world around us—a way of thinking based upon reason and humanity rather than faith. We all crave to be connected, be part of a community, and feel accepted. Those who pull away, as the humanists have, from religion and begin the non-religion also offer a sense of community and identity that we are looking for.

There are too many people in this world who are struggling—who are lost and unhappy. Should they turn to religion or can they have a happy, fulfilling life without religion? The simple answer is yes, but luckily they do not have to. Religion is there for those who need and want it. For those who have found a belief in themselves and in humanity, happiness and fulfillment are theirs for the taking. It is up to individuals to find what makes them happy

and to be prepared to follow their dreams. Fulfillment is in the simplicity of life, in the beauty of the earth, and all that surrounds it. National Public Radio hosts a radio program entitled "This I Believe," which allows "Americans from all walks of life [to] share the personal philosophies and core values that guide their daily lives." In his essay entitled "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness," Andrew Sullivan, a writer, commentator, and gay rights advocate, shares the following:

I believe in life. I believe in treasuring it as a mystery that will never be fully understood, as a sanctity that should never be destroyed, as an invitation to experience now what can only be remembered tomorrow. . . . I believe in liberty. I believe that within every soul lies the capacity to reach for its own good, that within every physical body there endures an unalienable right to be free from coercion. I believe in . . . the freedom of the fundamentalist and the atheist, the female and the male, the black and the Asian, the gay and the straight. . . . I believe in the pursuit of happiness. Not its attainment, nor its final definition, but its pursuit. I believe

in the journey, not the arrival; in conversation, not monologues; in multiple questions rather than any single answer. . . . And I believe in a country that enshrines each of these three things, a country that promises nothing but the promise of being more fully human, and never guarantees its success.

I believe that every person has the greatness within themselves to find happiness and fulfillment. To love ourselves is to allow others to love us and us to love others. To love others for all their faults, greatness, and beliefs will allow each of us to reach our own true happiness. This is not a matter of whether or not God exists; it is just a matter of whether or not we choose to believe. If we do believe, then it is up to us to decide if we have the desire or a need to practice a religion. If we do practice a religion, then it is our personal choice and those who choose a different religion or choose not to practice a religion should not be condemned for their choice.

We are on this earth to live, love, and pursue happiness. We are required to love ourselves, each other and the earth on which we reside. We have

but one life and it is up to each of us to decide how beautifully we want to live it. It is not necessary to live this life in fear of condemnation, just to live life the best we know how with the encouragement to pursue our dreams, and with the hope that happiness is there waiting for us.

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"WHO WON?"

TRUDY WILLIAMS

The lion, predator now preyed upon is
weak, dying & stooped to chasing hares.

Incapable of recognizing hunting flaws,
having a clouded misted mind and cares.

Yea, though gnawing repetitious hunger
had once kept him fed and strong.

Now, it's all illusions & thickened soup,
gruel made cruel by days too long.

(There is reality. It is and must be accepted.)

(Gravely, like gravity, what goes up must come down.)

So, hopping like his chosen prey. The hare in lion
makes one. One born weak, one once strong
lied on the earth together. Finite, forever. No win-win.

(None comes out the better.)



MARCHING ON
SHAWN C. RUTKOWSKI

ESCAPE FROM FREEDOM

SHERI KAUFMAN

The cow was turned into the pasture after her morning milking, relieved of the pressure in her udder. She headed for the east end of the pasture by the foot of the mountain, stretched her neck under the barbed wire fence, and ate of the greenest of grasses. After breakfast, grain was placed in her trough and was available twenty-four hours a day to feast upon, but she preferred the grass under the fence, in her corner of the pasture. She stayed there grazing and chewing her cud, took a nap when she needed, until the mid-day meal was served. Shortly after noon, silage and sorghum were delivered on a wagon and pitch forked off into large green heaps. She lumbered to the closest pile, ate a bit, returned to her corner, and scratched at the corner fence post.

After a relieving back scratch from the teetering post, she lay down, faced the mountain and drifted off to sleep, while her body produced. At 4:30 p.m. her body told her it was time for her udder once more to be relieved. She lumbered to the barnyard, where the farmer walked her into the milking parlor, washed her teats, hooked up a machine, and drained her milk. She continued to graze in the evening, and

slept in her corner, arising early to do it again the next day.

Daily, for the past thirty years, the guards have been banging his cell door, hooting and hollering through the corridors, playing the part of a morning alarm clock. As a boy, it used to be his mother who awoke him in the large, six-bedroom, Amish home in which he was raised. After he was accused of killing little Bo Hinks the night someone hit the carriage horse in the rump with stones shot from a sling shot, he went to court, without representation, and his life changed. He was in his senior year of high school, and would have been the first of his family to graduate, not quit in the eighth grade to work on the family dairy farm. He never made it to receive his parent-granted homeschool diploma. He spent his eighteenth birthday in the clink, away from the farm, his family of ten, and the plain lifestyle that taught him about hard work, survival, and turning the other cheek.

From that day on, he awoke, dressed in a clean jumpsuit, was escorted to the same seat at the same table in the same dining room, was served an unappetizing meal, nothing like mother's, and

escorted to the lounge. Every day he had a choice of cards, checkers, TV, or supervised internet use; none of which amused him because gambling and entertainment based on television and the internet were of the devil. Many times he had spent this time staring outside the lounge, remembering the hunting trips he and his father would take, remembering the gatherings at his home after church on a Sunday afternoon, remembering a life so distant it almost seemed like a dream. After lunch was lockdown. He had roll call, and then took his afternoon nap. Supper was early, at 5:00 p.m. sharp. Afterward, he was allowed to go to the yard for outdoor activities. After yard, it was time to go to his cell, go to bed, and do it all over again. This was the routine he had to look forward to for the rest of his life.

The only thing the cow did that was not scheduled and predictable, was scratch at the fence post whenever an itch arose. She followed her daily routine consistently and robotically. Every day she meandered back to the troughs and to the milking parlor. Every day she reached under the fence with a struggle to eat of the greener grass of the other side. She had her scratching post pushed almost

to the ground, bringing the fence down to a knee height. One evening, as dusk had settled and the evening moon was half raised, she reached under the fence with an overextended neck, wanting the grass on the other side, but was unable to reach it. She nonchalantly stepped over the fence she had unintentionally lowered by rubbing herself against the fencepost. She grazed in the grass of the fields on the other side, and wandered farther and farther toward the mountain until she was about half way up the mountainside. There she lay in a small brush pile and went into a deep slumber.

His favorite part of the day was time in the yard. He loved to sit by the fence and look out at the beautiful mountain. It looked like a scene from a postcard, with shades of reds, browns, yellows, oranges, and evergreens. To him, it was a painting that could be reached and touched, leaving wet paint stains on the fingertips. Sometimes he would look up at the guards in their towers napping, paying no mind to him, nor the beauty that surrounded them. To the guards, it was boring to look at the same scene, the same people, doing the same things for thirty years. For him, it was a welcomed time to remind himself



of everyone he was surrounded by, the leeway he had earned through his obedience, and each day was a new scene as the seasons passed by year after year.

Thanksgiving was right around the corner, and he sat there and playfully whittled at the fence with a rock. He would run it back and forth over the fence giving his body something to do as he thought. Within the last year his thought had turned from the appreciation of nature to the desire to be free. In his mind, he crawled through the small patch of grass and reached the mountain cover of the trees. Lately, his mind constantly planned his escape, and ran with every possible scenario, always contriving an out.

That day he whittled as every other, but as his plan unfolded in his mind, and he once again had to suppress his desire, he pressed harder on the rock. As he reminded himself of nowhere to go, no one to go to if he were to act upon his plan, because "God had a plan for him in the jail," his fingertips pushed through a link, getting cut by the jagged edges he had carved. He had played with the fence for thirty years and it had worn away. When he broke the first link, and had a realization of what was available to him, he created a man-sized hole in a matter of ten months. He mulled the decision over for a week, staring at the

hole, able to commence his plan and make his break on any given day, but he just thought and considered, and decided to stay for the holiday. No one wants to be alone on the holiday.

The cow awoke, but did not lumber to the milking parlor. Her body told her she needed to be milked, but her curiosity pushed her to the top of the mountain. She attempted to eat the dried leaves and was in need of water and a milking. She meandered straying farther and farther away from the farm, and her comfortable corner. She came to a small tree, and backed her hind end to it. She rubbed and rubbed, scratching her back. She turned and made an attempt to do the same to her neck, but she couldn't reach.

At the Thanksgiving celebration he offered the prayer over the meal. He asked for the food to be blessed, each person to be thankful for all things, and for the acceptance of the lot in life God gave each person. He prayed for strength, wisdom, and guidance for each person around the table. He was thankful for the food and the people with which he shared it. He had a family inside the joint and knew he would have no one when he was free. His family

PREVIOUS PAGE: FLOWING CLOUDS

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MATTHEW RISELL

would never accept him as an escaped convict on the run. For three more days, he went to the fence, and rubbed the rock out of habit, pondering freedom.

The cow napped and arose about the noon hour. She walked and walked, moseying farther and farther into wilderness. Every so often, she kicked her back hooves against her milk bag, as to shift the contents or to loosen the milk. Her udder seemed to stiffen as the day progressed and her walking seemed more painful and labored. Her milk was hardening, curdling in its pouch, needing to be drained, making her udder hot, inflamed, and uncomfortable.

Freedom had to be better than the depression of never having experienced it. He was a slave to religion, although he didn't see it, and now a lifer. He reasoned his escape with God, and before the devil could change his mind, he had two friends stage a heated fist fight in the yard. It spread like wild fire, as more and more people got involved. Every guard was needed, and he carefully squeezed through the jagged metal and belly-crawled through the moist field grass. As soon as he was to the wooded edge, he rose to his knees and crawled to the thicker cover. He

stood and ran. He ran and ran knowing there would be about three hours until the release of the dogs. His feet landed on the ground to the beat of his excited heart. Sweat began pouring from his face and armpits. His jumpsuit became saturated and the weight of the denim-like material stuck to his back making travel very cumbersome, but he continued. He ran the majority of the night, and heard the barking of the dogs, echoing through the valley below, at what had to be about 9:00 p.m., right after last roll call. They may have spent a few minutes looking for him, but because of his robotic, obedient nature day in and out for thirty years, they immediately suspected escape when he was absent.

He continued walking all night, as he only had a three-hour lead on the dogs. At the break of dawn, he arrived at the top of the mountain and there was a long flat stretch of land as far as he could see. He walked for some time toward a trickling sound. There was a small creek no wider than three feet, but it was full of fresh water, crisp and clean. It would provide a drink, like when his father and brothers would drink from the creek behind the farm when they went deer hunting, and a traveling path. He ran up the creek, as far as his body would take him, until what had

to be about the noon hour. The sun was high above and was beating down, but not warming the earth below it.

His legs began getting wobbly and faint, and he knew he had to rest. He found a tree that grew within the water and climbed in it. There weren't leaves on it but there were evergreens protecting it on three sides. He needed to rest, but with one eye open. The dogs were on the hunt and he had never felt this feeling before.

Her udder grew wider and seemed to almost drag on the ground by noon. She was filling up and had no way of relieving the painful pressure of the milk inside her. She waddled and wandered, looking for something to graze on, looking for those who helped her, looking for the familiar fence post. Wandering and suffering...

The first two days were the hardest, keeping ahead of the dogs, eating bugs, and having to find water. He was remembering everything he had been taught about survival, but often found himself wondering about what was going on inside the fence of the jail. Did anyone miss him? Were they still looking after

two days? Did they care that he was gone, hungry, and unable to sleep?

In his dazes he often blankly stared. He stared, thought, and squinted. A cow? In the wilderness? He knew he saw the blotched pattern on coarse hair which only belonged to a Holstein dairy cow. He wasn't sure if the hunger was taking over or if he had lost his mind. He arose and followed the cow, but had to change directions when he again heard the dogs' howl echoing through the hollow, letting him know they were about an hour from him. As he ran, he questioned his decision to escape. He thought about the freedom he had acquired, but wondered if he was truly free.

After the first two days, her milk hardened in her mammary glands, swelled, and became infected; she had contracted mastitis. Her appetite for dried leaves vanished and she could not walk without wincing in pain from the shifting of her udder. She thinned and could barely walk due to the horrible heat and infection. No more trough, no more post, no more milking parlor, no more green grass. She needed the farm, the robotic lifestyle, the machines, and the help of others.



THE LIGHTS WILL GUIDE YOU HOME

SHAWN C. RUTKOWSKI

By the fourth day, the hunger became unbearable. He had a second sighting of the cow, and decided to hunt her down and feed his belly, just as he did with his father and brothers years ago when they hunted deer. He followed just far enough behind her to see glimpses, just a flash here and there, to continue the hunt. She walked into a small cleared area and lumbered in a circle, bending her front legs and kneeling, and her boney backend following. She gave an anguished moan as her weak body plowed its remaining weight on her udder. She was bedded for the night, unable to muster the strength to travel, and he made preparations for a morning kill.

He broke off a branch and found a rock to sharpen it. Making a spear for the kill, he whittled and carved. He finished, lay down, and heard dogs in a far off distance. Four days had passed since the escape. He questioned his own mind: did searches go on for four days? He was unsure of the answer, but their bawling kept one eye open and his hunger the other, watching for the dawn to break so he would have light to finish the hunt.

Sleep was not something he enjoyed anymore. He was without the comfort of knowing he was surrounded by the people he prayed for at the

Thanksgiving feast, the comfort of routine, his yard, and the fence. He heard his own prayer, "In all things give thanks." Now he had a family of bark and the constant chase. The fact that meals were going to be served strictly three times a day and he had a warm soft bed to sleep in for a nap or night time slumber was not part of his life anymore. He couldn't wait for the morning. He hoped it would bring some type of change, something that provided an escape from his freedom.

The morning sun was about to show its blazing face. There she laid, an emaciated bag of bones covered over by a black and white drape of matted hair. As he stealthily approached her, she didn't get up to walk; she wasn't startled. It was as if she knew he was coming for her, but it didn't matter.

He drew the stone sharpened tree limb over her shoulder and paused, looking at her emaciated, ribcage rising and falling, her big black eyes beckoning him onward. Looking at her matter black and white robe, he remembered he too was robed in black and white. He looked down at himself and realized they were both imprisoned in their suits, both prisoners to what was to be freedom. Both were in need of imprisonment for survival. She needed her

feeding trough; he needed his three hot meals, a cot, and people. They were out of their elements, which had driven her to this point of death. He hesitated and felt sorry. This is what he was accused of—what put him into captivity—cold blooded killing of a little boy. He drew back harder, and as his stomach growled and rumbled through the caverns of his abdomen, he threw the harpoon into her neck. She didn't whimper, cry, or look away, but maintained eye contact with him, as her blood pooled under her neck and dammed at her breast. Her head began to bobble and she held it high, as if proud to die. Her head fell to the ground as a snort chortled from her blood-bubbling nostrils. Her eyes grew dim, and her rib bones stopped rising.

He made short order of skinning the back end, and chopping thin layers of meat to take with him. He debated whether to take a lot and store it in the cold creek, like the summer house at home with the creek for a refrigerator away from the sniff of the hounds, or to take a small amount and move as quickly as he could. He chose to pack light to get away from the howling hunters and take his time to savor his bounty.

He tucked the meat inside the zipper of his

jumpsuit and headed to the backside of the mountain. He traveled the creek in the valley and began up the side of the next. He ran for what seemed like hours and finally lost the sound of the hounds altogether. He gathered two sticks and began clearing a spot to start a fire, but the sound of the dogs resounded again. He laid the meat on rocks, trying to dry out some of the blood. The sun was setting and he could hear the sound of the dogs growing closer. He knew he could not eat uncooked meat, for God says to use moderation and wisdom in all things. He decided to pray over the food, bless it, and it would bring no harm to him. The Bible says one can drink poison and not be harmed if we have faith, and bless it. He began shoveling the moist meal into his mouth, ripping off the largest mouthfuls possible and barely chewing. He filled his belly to the rim and left the other meat behind in hopes of drawing the dogs away from himself.

The sound of the dogs was growing; they must have been able to smell the meat. He ran, and ran. He ran toward a thicket, hoping for cover. On the other side of the thicket was a clearing with a faint figure. He saw an image with outstretched arms, beckoning him, calling him onward. He rushed through the thicket,

hearing the call of his Father, "Come unto me all who are weary, and I will give you rest!" As he neared the clearing, a grizzly bear, standing on her hind legs, swatted him to the ground. She growled and snarled at him, twitching her lips, and twisting her head this way and that, sniffing his meaty breath. She swatted his face and he was unable to move, frozen, curling into a lump on the ground. She pounced on him and her razor like teeth ripped into his left shoulder. The cow kept flashing through his mind. Her eyes, ribs, and coat. He felt a ripping feeling in his side. He cried out, "Oh, Heavenly Father, Save me! Have Mercy on me and I will go back, I will repent! Please stop!" Warmth was running down his back, and he began to see black fading into his view, more and more, until the entire view of the dirt beneath him was gone.

He felt one last pounce on his head. After twenty minutes, which seemed like days later, he awoke to the sound of yelping dogs. He could feel the paste in his eyelashes pulling and tearing, as he tried to open his eyes. He lifted his hand to pry the lashes free, and felt a gaping hole in his forehead. He rolled to his side, and surprisingly, his legs moved. His right arm was limp and numb, and his ribs hurt so badly every time he attempted to breathe. He couldn't get a full breath,

and his inhale sounded like a kazoo. After a very long struggle, he was on his feet, and began to stagger. The dogs were getting closer.

He lowered himself in front of a pine tree, and sat there, trying to piece together the last four days. He looked down at his limp and broken body, frail and emaciated, covered with a black and white rag. It was tattered and torn, full of blood- his own, and the cow's. Images of the cow kept reeling through his mind—her matted coat, her head flopping in the mud made of her own blood and pine needles. The howls were getting farther away and began to fade. He remembered his bargain with his Maker as he was being mutilated by his Father. He knew he needed to be obedient, and go back to his lot that God gave him, and he needed to do it thankfully.

He arose and began praying for strength, for the people at the prison to be full of grace, for a safe return, and a thankful heart for the escape from his freedom.



SMOOTH MOTION
MATTHEW REISEL

MECHANICAL CHAOS
CHLOE KUNSMAN





BLUR
MATTHEW RISSELL

UNEVEN THIEF
CATHERINE J. MAHONY

Its arms are uneven and it wields razor sharp, arrow shaped blades in each of its hands.

Its face is unforgiving and as pale as a faded bed sheet.

Its voice ticking away inside of my head like impending doom.

It has roamed amongst us for 1,640 years now!

It walks in staccato!

Oh how it taunts me.

It possesses horrific black wings and as it flies by me I know the days are numbered.

It snarls in my face and I turn away.

LEAVE ME ALONE! STOP!

My attention now is shifted to much more gentle wrinkles upon a more comforting face.

Wiping red stained life from its corners.

Corners of my mind!

Corners of a lonely street!

Brushing his hair delivers ecstasy.

Gray strands represent each year.

White walls!

White ceilings!

White stench of CLEAN!

I feel the ancient one breathing down my neck. Its hot putrid breath chokes me.

EYES ARE THE WINDOW TO THE SOUL
ALEXANDRA FOTACHE



It watches me from across the room, leaning against the white wall.
Bleach soaked floors burn my nostrils!
I cringe and try to ignore its cruelty but its presence is all consuming.
She waits patiently in the hall!
Snakes hissed with every deep breath in and out like an accordion.
She is forced!
Tape digs in like a horrific Halloween mask!
She could not fight the ancient one so long ago!
She waits in the hall.
Breath is strained!
The ancient one is growling!
Color is fading.
Just one more hour and I will let you have your way with me!
I will give my life for just one more hour!
The ancient one grips the longest blade in its hand now!
He looms there like a dreadful monument.
I am distracted by the mantra of a toll free, expensive holy number.
She waits no more!

ELASTIC APPENDAGE

ELISE TARYN HAAS

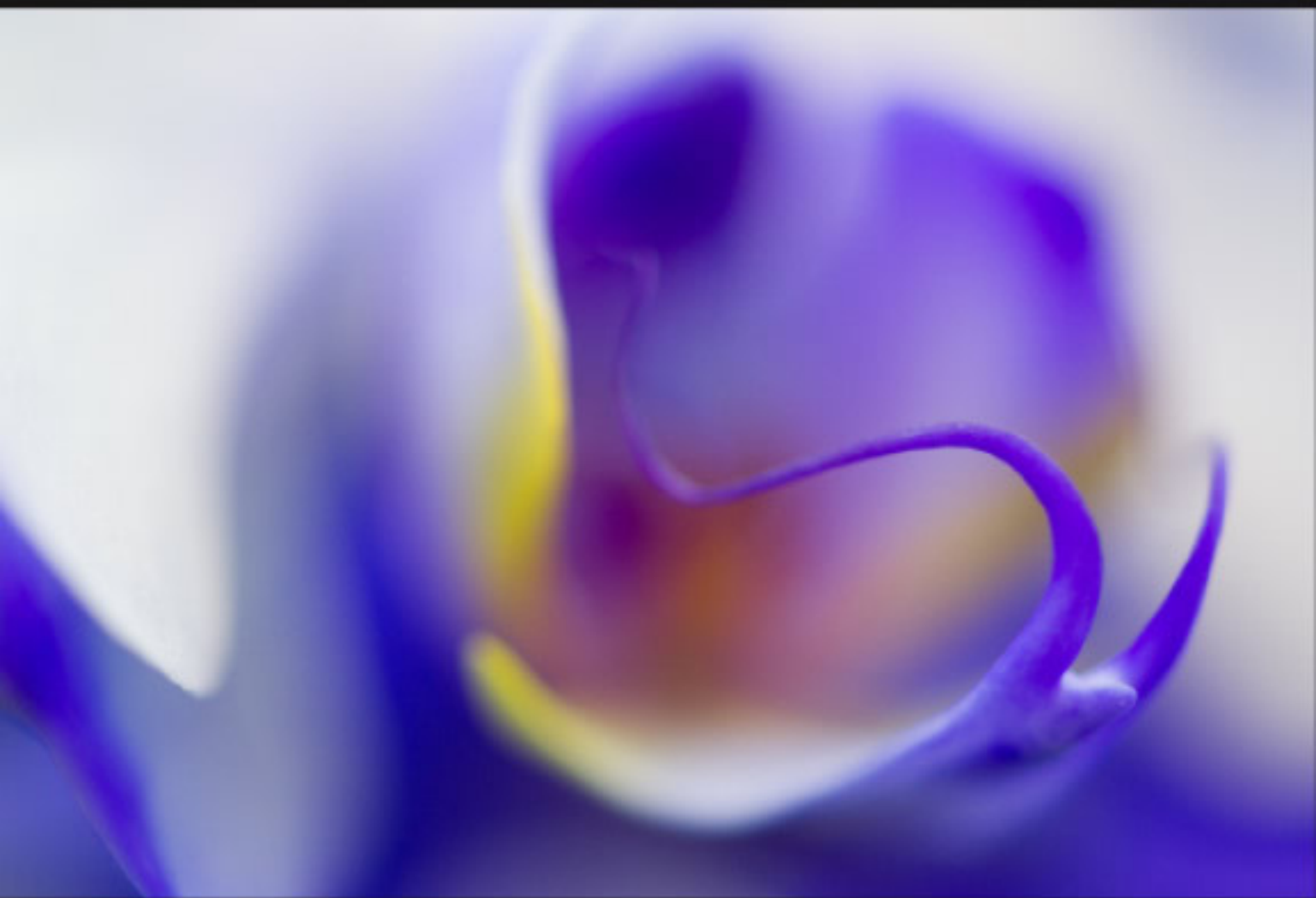
The grate beneath me is filled with sand
I saw the beetles crawling in and out of holes
That were caving in and melting into tunnels
Grew into sights of pipes that carry my fingers
To explorations of cave-drawn wonder
Buffaloes and mammoths painted in gritty mouths
Gaping galleries forming words of hypnosis
With elastic fingers impaled on incisors
Molars gnashing for a taste of foreign appendages
Castled into corners dark and dank
Wine cooler cheeks and plaques of distinction
Left to root in a hall of mirage
Museum testaments entrapping travelers unwary
Who are then tilted and headlong tumble
A brushed stampede into an acidic visage

TELL THE VISION

TRUDY WILLIAMS

Does the Tell the Vision fans-cinate us,
Because of stories in quick silver styles?
Or can "Film @ 11" still seem unsettling,
Even happening over many dark miles?
Will those colorized bits constantly drip?
Fresh redness and blues to our minds?
And wirelessly tether us all together
Vacuously viewing lights and wrongs?

In a
Starry-eyed network
We're sure to forget to
really watch and be warned.



LANDSCAPE OF AN ORCHID
SHAWN C. RUTKOWSKI

RAINBOW CUPCAKES

CHLOE KUNSMAN



SERPENT'S SCALE

ELISE TARYN HAAS

Snakes slithered out of the drains
My feet tangled in scales
Weighing flaws and faults
That once left me breathless
But now leave me divided
between two masses
Fangs that find flesh in earth
With scrambling roots
Attempting to avoid the newest poison
the whitest of forms
that descend to erase
and soak up all that is whole
Crack and decay
Until all that remains
is a burning need for cohesion
on leathery hands that once knew softness
Now lacking a proper comparison
and a winter complexion
That knew a language bearing fruit

only blooming on the frost-coated days
In heat becomes thawed
then cooked
and before being eaten
has rotted beyond comprehension
Doomed to live out my days in a heap
Of snakes and decomposed rivers

**ALWAYS WITH HONOR
AND LOYALTY
MARCIA C. STOUT**

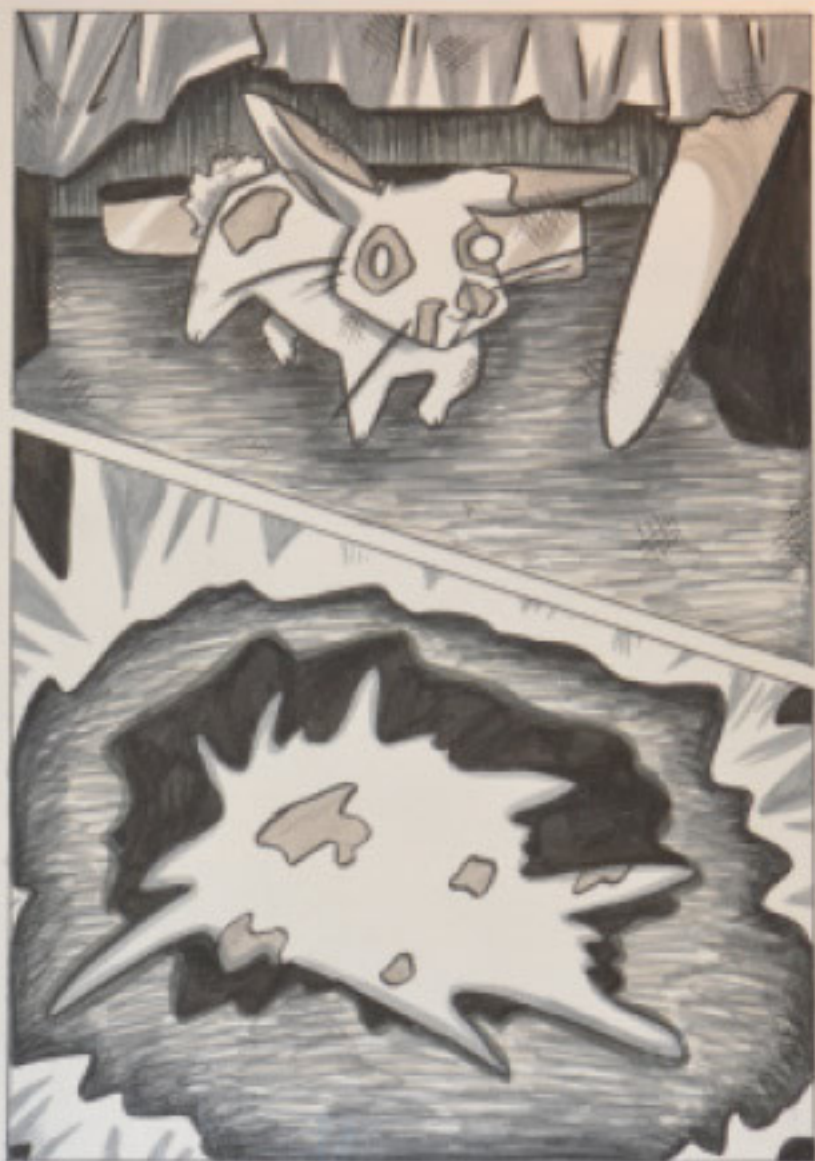
Citizens of the United States of America know they have freedoms provided by the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution. Children learn about these documents in history and civic classes throughout their school years. Immigrants to the United States of America learn about their rights provided by these documents when they study to become naturalized citizens. However, despite the promise of the Fourteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution, which granted citizenship to "all persons born or naturalized in the United States," something happened to the rights of legal aliens of Japanese ancestry after December 7, 1941, the bombing of Pearl Harbor in Hawaii: Declaration of Independence, resounding with "truths to be self-evident . . . inalienable rights . . . life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" became null and void to the approximately 120,000 people of Japanese heritage living on the West Coast of the United States two months after the bombing of Pearl Harbor ("Declaration of Independence").

On December 7, 1941, many United States'

airplanes were visible on airfields and many of the ships of the United States Navy were moored in Pearl Harbor off the coast of Oahu, Hawaii. Imagine the surprise and the devastation that Sunday morning when Japanese airplanes flew overhead, bombing and shooting ("Document for December 7th"). On December 8, 1941, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt addressed the Joint Session of Congress, and via radio the American people, calling December 7, 1941, a "day that will live in infamy." It was a day that not only changed the lives of the American people but also the people of Japanese ancestry living in the United States ("Day of Infamy" Speech).

Before the words "racial profiling" became part of the public discourse or were even used together to describe discrimination, the governors and attorney-generals of California, Washington, and Oregon believed being at war with Japan warranted unusual security measures. According to the National Archives, these officials urged the federal government of the United States to remove all persons of Japanese descent, legal aliens and American citizens, from the coastal states of the Pacific Ocean. Two months after war was declared on Imperial Japan, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt issued Executive Order

**REALISTIC, ABSTRACT, NON-OBJECTIVE: JAYDEN THE RABBIT
CHLOE KUNSMAN**



9066 on February 19, 1942. Executive Order 9066 relocated the Japanese who resided in the states bordering on the Pacific Ocean to relocation or rather internment camps in order to protect the nation from possible sabotage by Japanese legal aliens and Japanese American citizens. On March 21, 1942, Congress passed Executive Order 9066 into law which discriminated against people of Japanese ancestry living in California, Washington and Oregon, the states bordering on the Pacific Ocean ("Executive Order 9066"). Executive Order 9066 virtually imprisoned people of Japanese ancestry for no valid reason except for the color of their skin and the slant of their eyes.

Unfortunately, Executive Order 9066 was not the first legislation to discriminate against the Asian population. According to the "U.S. Mainland: Growth and Resistance," sensationalism in newspapers stirred the American citizens against the Asian population, portraying the Japanese as a threat to the American worker, a scourge against American womanhood, and using slanderous comments against the Chinese in years past. President Theodore Roosevelt was pressured by legislators and mayors to protect the United States from "the brown toilers of the mikado's

realm." In 1908 President Theodore Roosevelt and Japan agreed upon a "Gentlemen's Agreement" that forbid the emigration of Japanese laborers into the United States ("Gentlemen's Agreement"). In 1913 the Alien Land Law was passed in California. The Alien Land Law prohibited all aliens, including Asian immigrants, who were not eligible to become naturalized citizens from being land owners. Even if they had purchased land years before the 1913 law, they had to forfeit their ownership. In order to keep their land, land titles were transferred to their children. Japanese children who were born on United States soil were automatically citizens of the United States and allowed to be land owners. Further discrimination against the Japanese people occurred eleven years later when the United States passed the Immigration Act of 1924. This law made it almost virtually impossible for Asian immigrants to enter the United States. Most importantly, the hope was to forever end Japanese immigration to the United States ("U.S. Mainland: Growth and Resistance").

After the bombing of Pearl Harbor, there was an anti-Asian panic in the United States, mainly along the states bordering on the Pacific Ocean (Japanese American Internment Camps 12). Anti-Japanese

hysteria even crept into the hearts and minds of government officials who were advisers to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox supported the popular belief that the plan to attack Pearl Harbor had been primarily planned by the Japanese living in Hawaii. Formal exclusion of people of Japanese ancestry living on the West Coast was jointly recommended to President Roosevelt by the Secretary of War, Henry Stimson, and John L. DeWitt, a lieutenant general in the United States Army (*Personal Justice Denied* 1-6). According to Lieutenant John DeWitt, "Ethnicity determined loyalty" (8). Attorney General Earl Warren also advocated for the relocation of people of Japanese ancestry. Warren compared the presence of Japanese Americans on the Pacific Coast to an Achilles heel for the civilian defense effort (*Japanese American Internment Camps* 18). Speaking to the Congress of the United States concerning the internment of people of Japanese ancestry, Warren stated, "The only reason there has been no sabotage or espionage on the part of Japanese-Americans is that they are waiting for the right moment to strike" ("Japanese Internment").

Citing the need for "national security," the United States government began registering people

of Japanese ancestry as aliens on February 2, 1942. This unconstitutional registering occurred prior to Executive Order 9066 being signed by President Franklin Roosevelt and passed as the law of the land ("Japanese Internment"). Without the knowledge of Japanese residents, the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) began random searches at their homes and businesses, looking for any types of contraband such as short wave radios, binoculars, maps, guns and ammunition. These raids were performed without search warrants. Initially, Japanese men, many the heads of families, were detained, not because they had committed any crimes against the United States, but because they were people of interest. Many of these males were sent to locations unknown to their families (*Japanese American Internment Camps* 19). Again, there were no warrants for their arrests. These illegal searches and seizures were sanctioned by the Congress of the United States as appropriate since the United States was at war with Japan ("Japanese Internment"). In anticipation of Executive Order 9066, further indignities continued against the Japanese people living on the West Coast of the United States. A responsible member from each Japanese family had to report to a Civil Control Station to

register the family, giving the family name and number of individuals in the family and await further instructions from the government. By February 24, 1942, within a week after President Roosevelt had issued Executive Order 9066, relocation instructions were issued for the Japanese living on the West Coast ("Japanese Internment").

Initially, these families were able to voluntarily relocate to areas within the interior of the United States. Unfortunately, the interior states did not want them because the Japanese were seen as the enemy. Only about three thousand people of Japanese ancestry relocated to the interior of the United States (*Japanese American Internment Camps* 19). Since authority was given to the military to enforce Executive Order 9066, Lieutenant General DeWitt established Military Area Number One. According to the book, *Japanese American Internment Camps*, "Military Area Number One included the western halves of the states of Washington, Oregon, California and the southern half of Arizona" (19). The Japanese who lived in these areas had to follow strict rules, such as a curfew from nine p.m. to six a.m. and were not allowed to travel more than five miles from their homes even to go to work. Over one hundred thousand Japanese remained

in Military Area Number One by the end of March 1942 (19).

According to "Japanese Internment," there were ten internment camps in the United States during World War II: Amache, CO, Gila River, Rohwer, and Jerome, AR, Heart Mountain, WY, Manzanar and Tula Lake, CA, Minidoka, ID, Poston, AZ, and Topaz, UT. The government likened these relocation centers to protective custody sites. President Franklin Roosevelt actually referred to these relocation camps as concentration camps. The Wartime Civil Control Administration (WCCA) supervised the evacuation of "anybody of Japanese blood, even 1/16th" from the western half of Washington and Oregon, all of California and a portion of Arizona (Kitagawa 54). After being herded like sheep with only what they could carry and their registration number hanging on a cord placed around their necks, these Japanese families were shipped by buses or trains to these internment camps. They had to sell their furniture, their homes and businesses. If they were lucky, their neighbors, the local churches, or others who were sympathetic to the plight of the Japanese living on the West Coast stored their belongings and took their pets ("Japanese Internment"). Knowing no other way

to show their patriotism, and “[b]eing thoroughly Oriental, the Japanese made no noise and showed no visible signs of distress,” and cooperated with the Wartime Civil Control Administration and evacuated without incident (Kitagawa 59-62).

Japanese internment camps “resembled prison with poor food, cramped quarters and communal facilities” (“Japanese Internment”). The housing areas were poorly constructed barracks covered with black tarpaper without kitchens or bathrooms. A family, no matter how many members, was squeezed into one room, measuring approximately twenty-five feet by twenty feet. The rooms were sparsely furnished, usually just cots, a stove for heat and one lone electric light. The camps were divided into sections. Communal areas for eating, bathrooms and laundry were shared by more than two hundred fifty people (*Personal Justice Denied* 11). According to Kitagawa, the segregation of the Japanese people was classified as “protective custody” (77). Instead of looking like retreats, however, these internment camps looked more like prisons surrounded by barbed wire and guarded by armed military personnel (*Japanese American Internment Camps* 12).

For a society that valued privacy, there was little

to no privacy in the camps. Few of the detainees had any desire to work for the good of their families or for others in the internment camp (Kitagawa 85). Wages were a pittance compared to what they had made before being sent to the camps: twelve dollars per month for unskilled labor and nineteen dollars per month for professionals (*Personal Justice Denied* 11). A normal day started with a siren blast at seven o'clock in the morning to signify breakfast in the cafeteria-like mess hall. Another siren blasted at eight o'clock signifying the start of the workday for the adults. School started for children with the siren sounding at eight thirty or nine o'clock in the morning. Since the Japanese in these internment camps felt like criminals, their minds began to think like prisoners of war. Camp survival was the utmost importance and was the unspoken mantra within the internment camps (*Personal Justice Denied* 169-70).

The patriarchal Japanese family unit began to break down. The men were no longer the breadwinners. The children knew that their fathers were no longer supporting them. Families no longer ate their meals together and thus the ability to reinforce manners suffered. Parental control became nonexistent. Adult women, however, thrived in the internment camps.

PAPER CRANE
MATTHEW RISELL



They no longer had to buy food or make meals, a large part of their pre-camp days. They were able to go to classes, work and socialize with other women in the camps (Kitagawa 86-90). According to Kitagawa, the detainees within these relocation camps gradually develop a sense of camaraderie, a feeling of community spirit which prevailed throughout their protective custody internment (70). Life continued as the families began to work together to build a community within the barbed wire enclosures. The families reinforced the tarpapered barracks with scraps of wood. They attempted to make the inside of the barracks more livable, building furniture and blocking off areas within their living spaces to provide privacy. Hospitals were built within the camps. Medical care was free and provided by the detainees who were trained nurses and doctors. The number of medical personnel, however, was in short supply compared to the thousands of detainees within each camp. Within the confines of the camps were stores, canteens, barbershops, churches and Boy Scout groups ("Japanese Internment"). Despite the barbed wire and guards, internment camps began to look like any other community.

According to *Personal Justice Denied*, despite

hand-me-down books and used typewriters, the children within the camps received an education. Many of the teachers who taught in the schools were also detainees. The goal was to conduct the school day in the same manner as other schools in the United States. Each school day began with the students facing the United States' flag with their hands over their hearts. They recited the Pledge of Allegiance and sang "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" (11). Even though the people of Japanese descent had been herded as cattle into internment camps, they continued to demonstrate their loyalty to the United States of America. According to Kitagawa, the camp paper of the Pinedale Assembly Center, *Pinedale Saw Dust*, the detainees celebrated the Fourth of July holiday in the same ways as other United States citizens (68).

At the beginning of World War II, all Japanese men of draft age were classified as enemy aliens making them ineligible to serve in the United States military. In early 1943 the United States reversed this policy (*Japanese American Internment Camps* 23). The 442nd Regimental Combat Team was activated in February 1943. This combat team was a segregated company made up entirely of enlisted American men who were of Japanese ancestry and

"[t]hey were as thoroughly loyal as . . . any other American of foreign ancestry" ("What was the 442nd Regimental Combat Team?"). The men of the 442nd felt they had to volunteer to show their loyalty to their country. One such Japanese American enlistee was Daniel Inouye, an eighteen-year-old from Hawaii. He gave insight how it felt to be an eighteen-year-old Japanese American: "I was angered to realize that my government felt that I was disloyal and part of the enemy. And I wanted to be able to demonstrate not only to my government but to my neighbors that I was a good American." The elder Mr. Inouye accompanied his son to the departure area. His parting comments to his son reflected the views of the Japanese people living within the United States: "This country has been good to us. We owe a lot to this country. Do not dishonor this country. Above all, do not dishonor the family. And if you must die, die in honor" ("Daniel Inouye, Internment"). Daniel Inouye did not dishonor his country. According to his biography, Inouye received numerous military commendations which included the Distinguished Service Cross, Bronze Star, and the Purple Heart with cluster. Later in his career Daniel Inouye became a respected United States Senator from Hawaii (*Daniel*

Inouye United States Senator for Hawaii).

Not all people of Japanese ancestry went quietly to the internment camps. "A handful of Japanese-Americans challenged the constitutionality of the forced removals" ("Mitsuye Endo Persevering for Justice"). Gordon Kiyoshi Hirabayashi, a Japanese American student at the University of Washington, challenged the legality of Executive Order 9066 by refusing to report to a relocation camp. Hirabayashi was found guilty by the United States District Court and was sentenced to three months in the Federal Prison Camp, in DuPont, Washington. Forty years later the same Hirabayashi appealed that conviction which was overturned (Gordon K. Hirabayashi, Petitioner- Appellant). According to Japanese American Internment Camps, Mitsuye Endo, a civil service employee, charged a Writ of habeas corpus against the United States government "to release her or give just cause to why she be deterred" (26). Endo remained in Topaz, a relocation camp in Utah, until December 1944 when the Supreme Court ruled in her favor. With this ruling, Associate Justice Frank Murphy of the Supreme Court declared the internment of the Japanese people unconstitutional and that the forced internment was motivated

CHERRY BLOSSOM FOREST

CHLOE KUNSMAN



entirely by racism. Murphy's ruling opened the gates of the internment camps, allowing the detainees to leave and attempt to pick up the pieces of their lives ("Mitsuye Endo Persevering for Justice").

There have been attempts by the United States government to rectify the severe prejudicial racism against the Japanese people living within the United States during World War II. According to *Personal Justice Denied*, in 1948 the Congress of the United States passed the Japanese Claims Act "to compensate for economic losses due to exclusion and evacuation." There were 26,568 claims filed for a total of 148 million dollars. The United States government paid out only thirty seven million dollars to the internment detainees (118). On February 19, 1976, the anniversary of Executive Order 9066, President Gerald Ford issued Proclamation 4417, which, in part, confirmed the termination of Executive Order 9066. Near the end of this proclamation, President Ford called upon "the American people to affirm . . . American Promise . . . that we have learned from the tragedy of that long-ago experience forever to treasure liberty and justice . . . [and] . . . this kind of action shall never again be repeated" ("President Gerald Ford's Proclamation 4417"). According to Julie Johnson of *The New York*

Times, President Ronald Reagan signed into law the Civil Liberties Act of 1988 which apologized for the forced relocation of the Japanese Americans in World War II and reparations of tax-free twenty thousand dollars to each survivor of the internment camps. In 2000, fifty-five years after the end of World War II, President Clinton awarded twenty-one World War II Japanese American veterans, including Inouye, the Medal of Honor ("Medal of Honor"). On April 25, 1945, while leading his platoon, Inouye was severely injured, which resulted in amputation of his right arm (Stoudt).

The government sanctioned use of Japanese internment camps is a black mark and an extremely disturbing chain of events in the history of the United States. The documents that proclaimed the "inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" were negated to the Japanese people during World War II. The United States government caved under the racial prejudice, panic and hysteria after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. Despite being treated as the enemy, men of Japanese ancestry showed their loyalty by fighting in the 442nd Regimental Combat team and became the most decorated combat unit of World War II. There were no documented cases of espionage



STRUCTURE

SHAWN C. RUTKOWSKI

by the Japanese living in the United States (*Personal Justice Denied* 3). And after all the hardships, the stigma and humiliation suffered, the loss of freedom and livelihood, what did the Japanese detainees do after being released from their forced relocation of makeshift camps, many with no homes to go back to and no businesses to return to? The people of Japanese descent left the camps as quietly as they had come, wanting to forget the humility and the stigma they had endured. The Japanese detainees quietly picked up the pieces of their lives with peaceful reserve and, above all, always with honor and loyalty.

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FAITH DESTROYED

MELISSA LUTZ

Faith awoke to the sharp sounds of shattering of glass right before the cat ran terrified into her room. Her heart sank and her tummy tightened.

Mommy is throwing things again.

"It's OK, Gracie, I'll protect you," Faith whispered unconvincingly as she gently pulled her cat onto the dingy mattress lying on the floor. Cuddling Grace to her chest, she tried not to worry. The sun was only beginning to come up and she wondered if she would be going to school today. She hated the days that her mother kept her home from school. Her second grade teacher was as kind to her as she wished her mother would be. She often secretly pretended that Miss Smith was her Mommy and tried hard to always do her work well so her teacher would smile and tell her how smart she was. "Shhh, kitty, it's going to be alright," Faith quietly said to the cat who had started to meow loudly. "Don't let her hear you."

Crash. Another object met with something solid. "You goddamn bastard! You fucking drunk!"

"See, Gracie, it's not us she's mad at this time." The small girl's lip was trembling, but she knew well enough that tears wouldn't make anything better

when her mother was on one of her rampages. Tears only served to make Faith's life worse because falling tears meant (*I'll give you something to cry about*) a spanking with the belt.

"Faith! Get down here. Now!" Her mother screamed up the stairs. Still clutching the cat to her body, Faith got up from her meager bed and slowly made her way down to see what she was wanted for.

Faith's stomach fluttered nervously as she walked the short distance from her barren room to the cluttered stairway. Her feet felt heavy and weak. She had to force left in front of right, but her arms felt strong and her hold on Grace never faltered.

"I didn't do anything wrong this time, Gracie, I promise," Faith whispered into an orange tipped ear. "I've been a really good girl." At least, Faith hoped she had been. Sometimes it seemed that the harder she tried to please her mother and step-father, the angrier they became with her. With every effort-laden step, Faith sent up a silent prayer that she wouldn't evoke her mother's wrath.

Dear God, please don't let me get the belt this time.

Left foot forward.

God, Grandma says to ask you and you'll listen.

Right foot forward.

RUST
MATTHEW RISELL



Please God, the belt hurts.

Left foot.

I promised Gracie we would be OK this time, God.

Right foot.

Please hear me, just this once. I don't like the belt; it scares Gracie.

"What the hell is taking so long?" Faith's mother yelled impatiently, breaking into Faith's internal plea to a God who never seemed to answer the child's requests. Faith quickened her pace and hurried down the stairs, expertly maneuvering around the scattered pieces of dirty laundry that littered the dark staircase.

Wordlessly, Faith walked towards the kitchen and stopped in the doorway with Grace still in her arms. Her step-father sat at the card table where Faith ate macaroni and cheese or a bologna sandwich alone every night while her step-father was at his latest job and her mother rested on the couch.

The top of the table was strewn with a night's worth of empty bottles and an overflowing ashtray. His head down and an empty beer bottle clutched between both hands, he did not speak. There was anger in his tensed back and stiff shoulders, she could tell. She could not see his eyes, but she knew they would be bulging out of their sockets the way they

tended to do when he was madder than mad, which was any time he did not get his way. According to her step-father, life was out to get him and things never went his way, so he was mad a lot.

Her mother was on the other side of the table. Leaning against the countertop behind her, her left arm was bent back and propped casually on the peeling brown laminate. Her right arm was held up in front of her, moving only when she brought the cigarette she held in her hand to her mouth. This was her mother's usual stance in the kitchen. Faith would have mistaken her mother for almost calm if it wasn't for her eyes glaring at her step-father. Her mother's eyes seared through the unmoving figure at the table as if trying to burn him with pure will.

"Put that damned thing down and get the broom," her mother said, not looking at Faith who was standing small and silent at the kitchen entrance. "You're going to clean this up." She pointed to a mess of broken green glass, still staring down the man at the kitchen table. "And put some shoes on. I can't afford to take you to the doctor if you get cut."

Faith looked hesitantly at her mother. "But Gracie will get hurt if I put her down." As soon as she said the quiet words, she knew it was a mistake. Her

mother's venom-filled eyes finally broke focus on her step-father and snapped towards Faith.

"You, fucking, defiant child!" Her voice was clipped and dangerous as she snubbed out her cigarette. "I said, clean up the glass, and you're going to clean it up." She then lunged towards Faith, grabbing the cat from her daughter's tight grip. "The fucking cat can go outside. Maybe she will get hit by a car and then you will learn to do what I tell you to do." Her mother walked with angrily rigid steps over to the door at the side of the kitchen and tossed the cat outside. The cat screeched in shock as its body hit the ground.

Tears began to betray Faith as she watched Gracie scramble to her feet. The door slammed shut as Faith's voice also betrayed her, "No!" Her voice husky with tears, she ran to the door begging her mother to let Gracie back inside. She knew she shouldn't; she knew she would get the belt for arguing with her mother, but sometimes Faith felt something come over her and she could not fight against it. Her chest tightened, her body felt stiff and electric, and would not listen to her head. Fear of the belt and her parents' wrath was not enough to keep her from fighting back, fighting for what she wanted, what she needed. She

felt like another girl at times like this, as if she wasn't herself but just a voice inside someone else, begging her to listen to her mother and not fight back.

That other girl wasn't listening to Faith again.

"Mommy, Mommy, please. Please let Gracie come inside; I don't want her to get hit," Faith said, pleading with tears flowing unashamed down her pale face. She yelled, "Please, Mommy, I'm sorry." Her voice was high with desperation as her mother blocked the door with her body. Faith pulled unsuccessfully at the door knob, trying with all of her childish might to overpower her mother's strength.

Her mother's hand shot out and caught a handful of Faith's uncombed hair and yanked her away from the door. She began to scream back at Faith, "Sorry? You're sorry? I'll show you sorry."

"No, I will," said her step-father. Speaking for the first time since Faith had walked into the turbulent kitchen; his voice was too calm, eerie almost. Faith stopped fighting against her mother's hold and looked towards him.

Still sitting, he had turned in his chair to watch the scene at the kitchen door. His eyes blazed and his jaw clenched, unclenched, clenched again. His fists around the beer bottle now held in his lap had the

same rhythm: clenching and unclenching, clenching again.

"I got this, Bill; finish your damn beer and let me take care of it," Faith's mother said, her voice spitting with distaste.

Faith watched as her step-father began to shake in anger at her mother's dismissal of him. She knew it made him mad when her mother didn't listen to him. He was much scarier than her mother and he hit harder. The other girl who sometimes overtook Faith's better sense slowly drained away as Faith quickly moved her head to avoid the beer bottle that had flown from her step-father's hands.

The bottle had been nearly empty, only a few drops splashed onto Faith's cheek before it shattered against the wall behind her. Her scalp stung from the hair that had been pulled when she yanked away from the hands still entangled in it.

"I said I will," her step-father bellowed, rising from his chair and knocking it over. He moved towards Faith. She tried to sink away from his grasp, but he caught her by the wrist. Where was that other girl now? Why did she only ever appear long enough to get Faith into trouble but was never there to help her get out of it?

Hatred seeped from her step-father's pores along with last night's alcohol. "I'll show you both sorry," he said as he tightly squeezed Faith's arm and jerked her away from Faith's mother, leaving strands of hair streaming from her empty hand.

"Ow! Daddy, you're hurting me," said Faith. Her voice was still pleading, but weaker, now. Her face was drenched in tears that would not cease. She knew what would come next, what always came next: (*I'll give you something to cry about*) the belt.

"I'm not your Daddy," he said. His eyes were bulging out of their sockets farther than Faith had ever seen them bulge before. She had a momentary fear that they would fall out of his head and land right on top of her. Cringing with this thought, she tried to pull away but his hold on her was too tight and she could not escape. "Your daddy didn't want you or your mother and now I'm stuck with both of you," he said as he pulled harder on Faith's arm, moving her farther away from her mother. "Well, now I'm going to show you both how sorry you really are. Sorry little bitches! That's what you two are!" He began to unbuckle his belt with his free hand.

Faith looked at her mother standing unmoving at the door. She watched as her mother's face changed



THE LIGHT
ALEXANDRA FOTACHE

instantly from anger to blankness.

"Bill," her mother said in a voice Faith barely recognized. "Bill, let her go. Let me deal with her." Still unmoving, Faith's mother pleaded with her husband in almost the same tone Faith had pleaded with her mother just moments before. "Don't be mad at her about . . . the other thing . . . that was my fault. Take it out on me, Bill."

Bill laughed humorously and the sound echoed through the turbulent kitchen. "Oh, *now* you want me to take it out on you!" He said dryly. "Too late. Mama won't give me what I want so I'll take it from precious little Faith."

Faith watched her parents argue about her through her tears. Take what from her? What did she have that Mommy wouldn't give to him? Faith didn't have anything of Bill's; she didn't have anything he could possibly want.

As Faith wondered what her parents were fighting about, her mother's eyes widened just a little bit, almost as if she was afraid. But her mother never got scared, why would she be now?

Dear God, Grandma says sometimes you listen. Please make them stop. Why does Mommy look scared, God? What is going on?

As Faith wondered about her mother, her step-father's belt came undone and he pushed his pants down. Bill yanked Faith's flimsy night gown upward with the same hand that had freed his own belt and pants. Faith's eyes widened in fear and surprise as he then tipped her underwear off of her bottom.

God, what is he doing? Please, please, please make him stop.

Her step father pulled Faith in front of him and held her there, like a shield from her mother.

"No, Bill!" Her mother screamed loudly, but made no move towards Faith. Faith quickly realized that her mother was as frozen by terror as she herself was. Maybe he was going to kill her and her mother was afraid the policemen would take Bill away.

God please, help me!

"What are you going to do about it, Angie?" Bill asked mockingly. "Call the cops? Go ahead. I'm sure they would love to know how it is you make your money, whore." Bill's voice was filled with emotions Faith could not name. She clenched her eyes shut to block out the horror she saw on her mother's face. That was it then. Bill was going to kill her and her Mother knew it.

Dear God, PLEASE. Help me! As she silently sent

up her last prayer, Faith's tears began to come in loud gasps and sobs.

"I'll give you something to cry about," said Bill. "I'll show you sorry."

Her eyes still tightly closed, she did not see her mother crumple to the floor, unable or unwilling to stop the nightmare from happening. Faith only heard the dull thud of her mother falling and then felt a blinding pain where her teacher had said no one should ever touch her.

Faith lay on her bed. Sleep would not come and neither would any clear thoughts. Her open blue eyes were unblinking, unseeing. Usually bright and clear with hope that things would someday get better, her eyes were now the cloudy glazed over eyes of a corpse. They matched the way she felt inside: dead.

Her body was the only thing that told her Bill had not killed her. She hurt everywhere. Her head pounded from crying hard earlier, her bottom burned, and her legs ached with stiffness.

Her mother appeared in the doorway and Faith was vaguely aware of her presence but her unseeing eyes would not focus. She did not move or speak, and the shadowy figure at her door was also still and silent

for a few minutes.

"Faith, are you awake?" Her mother's voice softly broke the silence. Faith's eyes finally focused in on the ghostly sound, seeing clearly for the first time since her step-father had walked out the kitchen door silently buttoning his pants. His eyes had lost their bulging look and his jaw was limp when he left. He had not said a word and had not looked at either her or her mother.

Faith did not answer but lifted her head off the pillow and looked towards her bedroom door blankly.

"Look who I found," said her mother. Faith could see that she held Gracie in her arms and watched as her mother slowly walked over to her bed and bent down to place the cat next to her. As the cat snuggled in next to Faith, her mother sat down on the corner of the mattress. Faith said nothing; she simply followed her mother's moves with her new corpse's eyes and watched.

Faith lay still as her mother stroked the cat behind the ears. She never returned Faith's stare and when she finally spoke again, Faith felt that her mother was talking more to Gracie than to her.

"You didn't bleed bad, Faith; you will be Ok." Her mother scratched the cat's head. Faith had never

seen her mother pay any attention to Gracie before and anger began to brew in her belly at the idea of her mother choosing this day to finally start caring about the cat. Faith held onto the brewing feeling, maybe the other Faith, the brave one, would take over her soon.

"I called your school and told them you are sick and will be out for a few days." Her mother's eyes moved from the cat to the stained tan carpet.

The anger in Faith's belly turned from a slow brew to a rolling boil. She didn't want to miss school for a few days; she wanted to be there now. Miss Smith never would have let this happen. Miss Smith would have held her and hugged her and told her everything would be ok just like she did when Faith fell down on the playground and skinned her knees. She wanted Miss Smith right now, not her mother. This was her fault and now she was keeping Faith away from school, too.

Her mother had seemed sorry as she had scooped Faith up from the kitchen floor after Bill left. She had even been almost kind as she cleaned the blood from Faith and changed her into a fresh nightgown. When she had put Faith to bed, her mother had whispered to her that Bill would not be back.

But none of that mattered to Faith. Her mother had never seemed to care about her before, why should Faith believe she cared now? And she had not hugged her or told her it would be OK like Miss Smith would have.

The anger inside Faith boiled harder as she watched her mother staring listlessly at the bedroom floor. Where was the brave Faith? She wanted to scream and yell and run away, but she couldn't. Her mother let out a sigh as she withdrew her hands from Gracie and pulled them into her lap nervously clasping and unclasping her fingers together, a movement that Faith knew indicated she was stressed and needed a cigarette.

Her mother lifted herself from the bed and looked around the room as if she had seen the space for the first time. She opened her mouth to speak, but then shut it quickly and turned to leave. Faith hoped she dropped the cigarette she was leaving for and burned down the house. Faith wouldn't move as the fire ate her up and took her away.

Pausing at the doorway, her mother looked down at her feet and quietly uttered what Faith thought was an apology. (*I'll show you sorry*) Faith blinked as her mother closed the door behind her but no tears came.



PAINTED DRUMMER

MATTHEW RISE

Bill had taken the last of her tears from her on the kitchen floor.

Alone in her bedroom, Faith looked at Gracie but did not touch her. What was once her most beloved possession now seemed like a stranger to Faith. The cat mewed softly, looking at Faith with wide green eyes. Faith did not like the fear and pity she saw in those eyes as Gracie began to get up and walk closer to Faith's head to comfort her friend with wet kisses.

Angered by the almost apologetic move, Faith shot out her arm and smacked the cat off the bed. The cat landed a few feet across the room silently landing on all four paws. Faith had never treated her pet unkindly before and, as if confused, Gracie began to meow in a soft cry.

Slowly, Faith sat up. Her bottom half was stiff and sore, and her entire body ached from the tears she had cried early this morning (*I'll give you something to cry about*). Rage coursed through her small body and dulled the pain a bit, allowing her to move as long as she moved deliberately.

She sat on the edge of her bed for a while with her dully screaming legs carefully set out in front of her. Emotion still escaped Faith; the boiling rage was

all she could feel—rage and a faint burning between her legs.

Clear thoughts were also still out of Faith's grasp. The hiss of an anger-fueled fire was the only thing inside her numbed mind. Her filmy dead eyes were locked on Gracie, who returned the gaze with fear shining nakedly in her green-glowing feline eyes.

Faith sat staring at her cat for a long time, not really seeing her but aware that she was crouched there. Neither cat nor girl moved or shifted their gaze for what must have been a very long time. Then, the cat began to meow loudly and desperately, the way animals tend to do when they sense something deadly in their midst.

The sound clicked something inside of Faith, something deep and hidden and feral. Her eyes twitched and her muscles tightened briefly, then relaxed. Her hot anger turned at once to ice. There was a change coming over Faith. She had known in the kitchen that she would never be the same, but now she was certain. She embraced the changes, embraced the frigid calm she was feeling and knew at once that she needed to make *them* sorry. She knew all this without really thinking about it, a switch inside of Faith had simply been flipped when the cat

had begun to cry. This wasn't the brave Faith that sometimes did things that would get her into more trouble: this was a new Faith, one who did not care about anything.

Carefully rising from her mattress, Faith began to walk stiffly to the far corner of her room, never removing her eyes from the crying cat (*I'll give you something to cry about*).

In the corner sat propped the only gift she had gotten for her eighth birthday.

She only remembered it was there and that it would come in handy today. She did not think about how excited she had been when her Grandma (*Grandma says God listens*) had given it to her. Even if this thought had been available to her, Faith would not have heard it over the fragmented voices which were growing louder in her mind.

She curled her small hand around the cold aluminum of the baton. The voices of all who had let Faith down began to loudly fight each other for space inside her hollow mind (*God listens . . . I'll give you something to cry about . . . take it out on me instead . . . I'll show you sorry*), but her own inner voice was gone. Her dead eyes were as cold and empty as the hollow metal rod she now held.

The cat let out a loud, terrified screech. The cry reverberated through the small room, sounding more human than Faith would ever again feel.

Walking back toward her old friend, Faith gave her once beloved pet a small, crooked smile that no longer looked as sweet and innocent as her smile once had.

"Don't cry kitty," said Faith, sounding cold and rigid as she raised the birthday gift above her head with both hands.

"I'll give you something to cry about. I'll show you sorry." She grinned—a wide devil's grin.

Faith brought down the baton.

A FANTASY
ELISE TARYN HAAS

Traction left no marks as upward movements were processed
A feather drug in the mud congealed from the sands of time
Dragon's jaws fossilized and waiting to devour Excalibur
The last defense to a blade of down
floating from a pastoral cloud-choked sky
To grounds of a portrait tower
Ripe with rotten apples
and beetles touring mazes of pastel hedges
As footprints serve for tombs of carcasses amassed
by polluted punctuation of hawk's beaks
Speared from platforms of stonewalls crumbled
Ghosts of archers' arms pulled taut
Aiming to arch a terminal branch of slighted gravity
Forming a cemetery of dire wolves feasting on tasseled tales
Requiring solemn drinks by a bedside manor
Remembrance of a calling of courtly proportions

BROKEN

AMY TAYLOR

Use me; abuse me. Don't leave your heart open.
I'll take it and break it, leave you bleeding and broken.
Search for my soul. Look into my eyes.
Beyond your reflection, I'm empty inside.
Nothing but darkness. Vast, empty space.
Trapped behind smiles, and a beautiful face.
Body aching, yearning to feel.
Your touch burning my skin. The pain making me real.
Mistreated, misguided. Screaming through the silence,
that entraps me and wraps me, entwined in the violence.
Loss of innocence, at a tender age
purity destroyed, and taken away.
Nothing left to give. It has all been taken.
Torn away by lust. My body used; my mind awakened.



REFLECTING ON THE PAST
MATTHEW RISELL

SHARIBEL UREÑA

As I sat on my desk, writing a tale,
A shrill buzz became louder, buzzing here.
Until it became a roar that zoomed near.
It ceased. Thump! The bug landed on my mail.
All was still. Then it hoist'd itself without fail.
I didn't want to harm it, for it was clear
That the hoary insect must only fear.
Now, it lifted its leg to no avail.

Bug, I see your tired gait, your frail toes,
The pauses aft' each step, and your physical woes.
For this, I shall let you rest on my desk,
You have seen many seasons. For you, though
Short life, I shan't harm you, but appease,
Because of our fate, you aren't just a pest.

STACKED BURNT BODIES
CATHERINE J. MAHONY

I befriended a black man once.
His skin was as black as the dead night sky.
He ran as fast as the wind.
If you blINKed you would miss him.
Feverishly sprinting; like a gazelle through an endless field of plume trees.
At the end of his journey he took his own life.
I stood there, over his lifeless body.
I stood there salivating as blood poured from all three bullet holes he punched in the left side of his brain.
I befriended a white woman once.
She wore a long white flowing gown, with hideous blue horizontal stripes.
Joy killed her!
Blank has no mercy!
Blank has no expression upon its face!
She lay there motionless.
You could see her veins drain through her paper thin skin.
The crimson fell from her cheeks.
Where she is going there is no need for make up!
I have come to an end as well.
No more BOLD FACED declarations!
I have no voice.
Echoes in a tin can.
I cannot escape the joy within.
I LONG TO HATE!
JOY GO AWAY!
I cramp as the clock hands beat me; scarring my soul.
They stab me with every tick.

Every second of everyday, I am suffocating!
Oh how I used to love to stab that woman, over and over!
I was mesmerized as I watched the black blood spilling over her crisp white dress.
I left brilliant stains!
I was never convicted of this crime.
I was such a lovely murderer!
How I longed for those silver bracelets.
I did not want to stand trial. I had no time to wait.
I would have cursed the judge and been held in contempt of court.
To hell with the judicial system, I know how to hide the bodies!
I will stack them neatly, one by one. I will place them in that cardboard coffin with the air holes.
Oh how I love the stench of rotting flesh; crisp and clean!
Yet again I long to pierce that white ladies flesh.
My sword is dull though and I have no stone to sharpen it.
WAIT I KNOW! I WILL BURN THE BODIES!
I will torch them all!
The smell will be putrid but I do love watching fingers burn in a fire.
The world will have no choice but to smell my rancid accomplishments!
I must hurry! I hear the lynch mob ripping through the forest.
The trees shake as they see me pass by.
They tremble from the root.
I whisper to them, "I will not kill you anymore."
I will allow them to breath, at least for one more day.
They still hide though. I have broken this promise many times.
I have killed off their loved ones, one by one!
At last I am discovered and put to lethal rejection.
Oh how I welcome death.
90 NOW ATLEAST I HAVE SOMETHING TO WRITE ABOUT!

RAW VERSUS PASTEURIZED: THE DAIRY DILEMMA

ELAINE MENDELSON PLEET

Shopping for healthful alternatives in the local supermarket has gotten easier. Over the past few years, almost every grocery store in America has included a “health food” section among the produce as well as the dry goods. Food manufacturers are beginning to respond to increasing consumer demand for less factory and laboratory manipulation. Careful shoppers can now find an expanding selection of commercial products that promote organic to gluten-free to vegan options. Things get confusing, however, in the dairy aisle. What was once a simple matter of selecting milk based on taste and fat content (whole versus skim, one percent, etc.) has become surprisingly complicated. The modern dairy display case offers shoppers some unusual choices: Grade A, Homogenized, Pasteurized, Lactose-Free, Gluten-Free, Organic, Ultra-Pasteurized, Calcium Enriched, Easy-to-Digest, Vitamins A Palmitate, E, and D₃ Fortified, plus DHA Omega 3. What will not be found – ever – in an American grocery store is a food once considered a staple source of nourishment for

thousands of years, and that is “raw milk.”

Since the turn of the 20th century, milk has become much more than something to enjoy at breakfast or with dessert. Once called “the most nearly perfect food” and an icon of purity, milk today has become a highly controversial substance. Taken for granted for generations, the pasteurization of milk in the 21st century in the U.S. and Canada is an issue caught in the vortex of a fierce debate. The battle between those protecting the public from milk-borne pathogens and those asserting individual rights to consume their milk raw is heating up. Some nutrition experts and dairy farmers advocate raw milk for its superior quality, taste, and for the beneficial bacteria it provides. It is also hailed as a cure for various ailments and allergies. At the same time, scientists and physicians vilify unpasteurized milk as the potential carrier of lethal microorganisms, such as Salmonella, E-coli, and lysteria as well as parasites and viruses. Raw milk and products made from raw milk are blamed for cases of kidney failure, paralysis, chronic disorders, and even death. The passions, politics, and paradoxes surrounding milk have become so enflamed that it deserves attention beyond the level of reactionary rhetoric.

The majority of the milk-drinking public has hardly been aware of any controversy since in most states in the U.S. the sale and distribution of raw milk is actually illegal. However, this awareness is changing. While commercial advertisers that promote milk seem to avoid the discussion, most media outlets, from local newspapers and national magazines to the Internet, talk up the issue. Writers, filmmakers, scientists, lawyers, and civil rights advocates also stir the pot of the milk argument. Emmy Award winning filmmaker, Robert Kenner, through his 2008 documentary film, *Food Inc.*, and the best-selling author, Michael Pollan, in his books, *Omnivore's Dilemma: A Natural History of Four Meals* and *In Defense of Food: An Eater's Manifesto*, have introduced the controversies over milk to a much wider audience. On the other end of the conversation, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) and the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), federal agencies armed with the mission of consumer protection, wage a strong campaign through their websites and publications to promote pasteurization and to educate the public on the risks and dangers associated with drinking raw milk.

To make matters even more complicated for the

consumer, the debate has deepened well beyond milk itself. The innocent glass of milk is now associated with serious counterculture and libertarian-style arguments including distrust of government, disdain for large corporations, and skepticism about science and its interventions into the food supply. The fight for access to raw milk among whole food advocates highlights growing tensions between the interests of large corporate agribusiness and a "slow food," small farm movement spreading across America. To the earnest buyer wanting to feed the family, the social and political implications suddenly loom larger and more insidious than just the desire for quality milk. It is what Dr. Rebecca Berg expresses as the "meta-argument" underlying the debate over raw milk. In an article entitled "'I Just Don't Want Them Doing That to My Food': The Backlash Against Science and Its Implications for Environmental Health" written in 2008 for the *Journal of Environmental Health*, she states, "Raw-milk advocates argue that it was pasteurization that made possible the development of factory-farm-style dairy production in the first place . . . Dismay at the state of American food production is cropping up everywhere in mainstream public discourse" (31).

In the 21st century, the conscientious shopper stands in the dairy aisle caught in a web of conflict and increasing doubt. The intensity on both sides of the raw versus pasteurized milk argument places consumers in a uniquely modern dilemma. Should the search for wholesomeness run counter to medical science and state and federal authorities? How can a genuine concern for food safety be reconciled with the alarming realization that corporate manipulation has made food production actually dangerous for both humans and the planet? A growing segment of society, motivated to protect health and the environment, is taking a more reflective look. In response to the confusion, many turn to respected journalism, in print and on-line, hoping to find answers. Of course, the information and perspectives found in the media are passionately and widely spread across the spectrum.

What exactly is raw milk? Yvona Fast, author of the article, "Spilt Milk," published in *E: The Environmental Magazine*, quotes raw milk enthusiasts from the Realmilk.com website: Raw milk is "real milk that comes from real cows that eat real feed" (42-43). Promoters of "real milk" contend that raw milk is far superior to its pasteurized cousin. Providing

all twenty essential amino acids, enthusiasts claim raw milk strengthens the immune system and cures conditions such as irritable bowel syndrome and Crohn's disease. According to the studies reported by the *Journal of Allergy, Asthma and Immunology* in 2006, "Drinking raw milk lessened a child's chance of developing asthma, eczema and hay fever" (Fast 43). The results of a study, published in *Clinical and Experimental Allergy* in 2008, also indicate that "consumption of farm milk may offer protection against asthma and allergy" (Fast 43). That same report, however, continues its message warning readers concerning bacterial pathogens, such as *E. coli* and *Salmonella*, that raw milk may contain.

For over 6,000 years of history, from ancient Babylonia, Egypt, and India, humankind drank raw milk straight from the farm. In contrast, for the past 120 years almost all the milk packaged, purchased, and consumed throughout the U.S. and Canada is pasteurized. Deborah Blum explains some of the history in her piece entitled "Dairy Cult: Milk Pasteurization has Saved Countless Lives. Yet 'Raw Milk' Fantasists Think We'd be Better off Drinking Deadly Bacteria" published in 2010 for the *National Post* newspaper of Ontario, Canada. In her article

favoring pasteurization, Blum explains that in 1907 the city of New York witnessed hundreds of deaths, especially among children, due to typhoid, diphtheria, and the "white plague" of tuberculosis. Each of these diseases was found linked to pathogens spread through the consumption of raw milk. After a particularly serious typhoid epidemic in 1914, the city was finally compelled to enforce a pasteurization policy which, within just seven years, brought about a dramatic decline in infant mortality (A15).

Attorney Andy Weisbecker further explains milk's history in an article, "A Legal History of Raw Milk in the United States" he wrote for the *Journal of Environmental Health*. Weisbecker states that during the early years of the 20th century milk was transported long distances for the first time. The safety of milk was directly dependent on a need for consistent refrigeration which was not available. "As people in the United States moved from the countryside into cities," Weisbecker explains, "their milk supply became increasingly unhealthy. Milk from cows in the country was transported farther and stored at higher temperatures than in the past. Milk produced closer to cities came from cows kept under crowded and unsanitary conditions, and

as result, many city residents, especially children, increasingly became sick and died" (62-63). The website for the Food and Drug Administration explains what happened next. In response to the risk, the federal government took action under the U.S. Public Health Service to protect the public in 1939, by the drafting of the Model Milk Ordinance. This ordinance promoted strict guidelines for milk production, including pasteurization, storage, and distribution. Now entitled the Grade "A" Pasteurized Milk Ordinance, this body of rules is voluntary, but one that each state and milk producer could adopt to secure a uniform national standard for milk safety. Raw milk, by definition, cannot carry the Grade A certification ("Grade 'A' Pasteurized Milk Ordinance").

No longer just a breakfast beverage, beloved milk is now treated as a commodity: a tightly controlled substance regulated by complex state and federal regulations. Today, Grade A pasteurized milk is not only the commercial standard in this "free market" of America, in most states across the country, but it is the only legal milk that can be bought and consumed. According to Raw Milk Nation, a project under the *Farm-to-Consumer Legal Defense Fund's*

website, only ten states in the U.S. allow a legal retail sale of raw milk. Pennsylvania is one of the few. In fifteen states, it is only legal to purchase raw milk directly from a farmer. In four states, raw milk is only legally permitted to be sold as pet food. In four states, individuals wanting access to raw milk began to design co-op or "cow sharing" agreements directly with dairy farmers in order to circumvent any legal restrictions ("Raw Milk Nation"). According to Weisbecker, this arrangement technically makes the consumer a "co-owner" of the herd of dairy cattle and can therefore legally receive milk in exchange for dividend shares. In six states, no laws exist on the books permitting cow-shares. In ten states, any sale of raw milk under any circumstance or arrangement is considered a crime. Beyond individual state laws, the U.S. government has determined that nowhere in this vast, great country is it legal to transport raw milk across state lines (62-63).

Cow-sharing arrangements between farmers and consumers wanting access to raw milk have become a divisive political issue. Over the past thirty years, the FDA and CDC have been urging state legislatures to make cow-sharing co-ops illegal. This effort was also discussed in Laura Landro's *Wall Street Journal*

article, in which she quotes John Sheehan, director of the FDA Division for Dairy Food Safety: "Raw milk is inherently dangerous and should not be consumed by anyone, at any time, for any reason" (D2). Landro explains that government agencies have been so successful in this effort that states, such as Wisconsin, a big dairy state, now have a complete ban on any and all sales of raw milk and raw milk products, such as yogurt and cheese. The issue of cow-sharing has also been a political issue in Washington State. An article published in the *Morbidity and Mortality Weekly Report (MMWR)*, a publication for medical physicians, discusses a case in Cowlitz County, Washington of an outbreak of E. coli O157:H7 and outlines how this milk-borne, highly infectious bacterium was identified and blamed for symptoms ranging from abdominal cramping and bloody diarrhea to the more serious hemolytic uremic syndrome, a disease that causes permanent kidney damage. An embargo was placed on the particular farm connected to this outbreak, the remaining milk was discarded, and the farm's cow-sharing sales of raw milk were disbanded. The article concludes stating that "no additional reports of illness associated with the farm have been received"—a medical and legal

success story according to the authors of the report (Bhat et al.165-67).

What is so compelling about raw milk that individuals from all walks of life are willing to take such health risks and challenge state and federal laws for the right and pleasure of drinking it? For those who have tried raw milk, the immediate positive response is often its creamier, more satisfying taste. Those who are old enough to remember more rurally connected lifestyles will state with delight that it is what milk used to taste like. Beyond the great taste, the motivations seem to be two-pronged. On one hand, advocates argue in favor of raw milk for its many perceived benefits. On the other hand, protestors stand against pasteurization as detrimental to individual health and the environment as a whole.

Health concerns with pasteurization involve the interference with our naturally developing immune systems. Raw milk contains vitamins, beneficial bacteria (probiotics), and enzymes, which are destroyed with the heat of pasteurization, and advocates claim that raw milk, with its full range of probiotics and enzymes intact, greatly enhances our ability to fight pathogens. Supporters of pasteurized milk make light of this claim and insist these enzymes

and bacteria serve no substantial benefit in human nutrition. Despite this assumption, milk products are sold as fortified with vitamins and probiotics, a selling point for consumers battling digestive problems. Raw milk enthusiasts will retort that these same digestive problems are actually the end result of drinking the denatured, dead pasteurized milk.

Other responses, both against pasteurization and in favor of raw milk, seem to be more political in orientation. These positions involve serious criticisms of the current state of the American milk production system, often described as "Big Dairy Ag." This system, rooted in capitalism, has produced the filthy, over-crowded, and cruel Concentrated Animal Feeding Operations (CAFO) dairy facilities of which Kenner and Pollan helped to make the public aware. The triad of pasteurization, overuse of antibiotics, and overcrowded farming practices are together blamed by activists for the very development of more lethal, antibiotic-resistant strains of microorganisms. The previously cited article by Berg highlights the outbreak of one such resistant bacterium. Berg, in her article for the *Journal of Environmental Health*, quotes the owner of a dairy farm in California that sells raw milk: "E. coli 0157:H7 evolved in grain-fed

cattle. It's amazing to me that . . . as factory farms feed more than half the antibiotics in the country to animals and breed these antibiotic-resistant bacteria at the same time the food corporations are destroying our immune systems" (31).

Critics of CAFOs point out that it is pasteurization that made these disastrous facilities possible. While the public seems to be sold on images of nutritional purity, the motivation for these mega-dairy businesses is simply profits. The corporate model is: it does not matter how filthy the conditions, how sick the cattle, or how toxic the milk product, pasteurization will fix the problem. Despite the fact that the outbreak described in the *MMWR* article was discovered at a small farm, bacteria evolving at CAFO facilities might be spreading throughout the countryside. This was one of the theories surrounding recent national outbreaks of Salmonella found in spinach and apple juice, and E. coli 0157:H7 found in ground beef. It is an interesting irony: Pasteurization can be a modern-day lifesaver. At the same time, it can be Pandora's Box of evils.

Where can the dazed consumer, with milk on the shopping list, turn for more clarity on these weighty issues? It is rare to find published articles supporting

raw milk among newspapers and magazines. This may be due more to the politics and the current legal climate than any specific points in the debate. When in doubt, follow the money. The absence of pro-raw milk articles may also reflect grassroots arguments in favor of the return to pasture-feed versus grain-feed for dairy cattle. Cows, designed by nature to eat grasses, become very sick when fed corn and soy. Corn producers are some of the biggest business and lobbying groups in America. Pasteurization is intricately tied to other dimensions of the marketplace. Where can the interested consumer find more detailed information? Fortunately, in this modern age, financial and legal correctness never stops the Internet.

An internet search for raw milk education leads a "milk detective" quickly to a few key websites: the *Weston A. Price Foundation*, a nutrition education organization; the *Farm-to-Consumer Legal Defense Fund*, a public advocacy / legal resource group; and *Realmilk.com*, a site for consumer education and raw milk "central command." These three groups have all stepped forward to help counter arguments made by the medical and scientific establishments regarding the dangers of raw milk. Together, they support the building of a movement against what they claim are

lies about raw milk and manipulations in favor of corporate profits and protection of the status quo. At first blush, their accusations appear extremist and counter-intelligent, since the science community supports pasteurization. On closer inspection, however, the virtues of the pro-raw milk position may become clearer.

For the open-minded milk buyer, the most challenging search of all is to find the voice of moderation. An example of the middle road, Marion Nestle is an educated voice of reason and responsibility. Nestle, a nutrition and public policy expert, is a contributing writer for *The San Francisco Chronicle* and author of many nutrition and food safety books including, *Food Politics: How the Food Industry Influences Nutrition and Health*. On her personal website, *foodpolitics.com*, Nestle writes: "Talking about raw milk stirs up a can of worms, with plenty of ideology governing opinions on all sides . . . My view: yes, people should have the right to drink raw milk if they want to, but they need to know – and take responsibility for – the risks. And everyone who produces raw milk should use a HACCP (preventive control) plan and stick to it in letter and in spirit."

As a result of all the dialogue and contradictions

over milk, the individual buyer stands alone at a crossroads in the dairy aisle of the grocery store. Most shoppers are oblivious to the complexity of issues as they reach into the display case and place the milk of their choice into their shopping carts. For most Americans, milk appears as it has always been in recent memory: homogenized and pasteurized, packaged in containers with labels that are as familiar as they are acceptable. No questions are asked. It is just milk. For a growing number of consumers, however, milk is a symbol of the changing world—a world full of good and bad microorganisms and one that is quickly losing its balance. For a growing number of us, milk, both the raw and the pasteurized varieties, is becoming a rally cry for personal health, public safety, and individual rights; it is becoming a symbol of the health of the environment and the measure of our ability to be good stewards of the planet. This whole debate seems rather lofty in the face of a simple glass of milk, but raises important questions—questions, if explored through open-minded inquiry without falling into a dogmatic conviction, can help us better understand the issues symbolized by milk.

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STILL LIFE
CHLOE KUNSMAN





SACK FACE

MATTHEW REISEL

USELESS OAK
CATHERINE J. MAHONY

It was raining so hard the pavement was cracking!
These violent storms do not come often but the damage is always horrific!
Like a violation of the earth!
The lightning was quick and the thunder was hard!
The clouds opened up and released one single crimson rain drop!
The thunder was hard and violent!
No umbrella!
No galoshes!
Mud puddles stain cloth!
Rain can be pleasant but not today!
The thunder does not say please or thank you!
The lightning does not ask permission before it splits a tree in two!
Dark clouds follow close behind like a shadow you just can not shake!
At first the air smells sweet like a new spring.
The sky gets stained yellow like an old dated photograph.
The wind is seductive with its cool gusts, and is gentle when it brushes by your pink cheeks.
You would be naïve to think that only certain winds bring tornadoes!
Every strong wind has the potential to cause harm!

The mighty oak stood there unshakeable like it had endured many bad storms and lived to tell the tale.
It guarded its innards with thick calloused bark!
Its leaves were tattered and they hung on its branches like an old second hand overcoat, two sizes too big.
Its veins set in deep wrinkles and folds of hardened sap.
It stood alone as if no other living thing dared to approach it.
Its roots were deep and bared scar tissue from its previous almosts but not quites!
Its outsides had been peeled back layer by layer but each time its skin grew back thicker and thicker!
No lightening!
No thunder!
No fruit!
It swayed like a half drunken man but it did not stagger!
Rings told its age but never garbed its branches.
When night fell the wind would whistle through its branches and played a soft love song.
It went to sleep and tried to dream of gentle rain but thunderous nightmares still consumed it!
It bared no fruit to its utter disappointment!
It awakened to violent blows!
Each one was delivered with the intent to kill!
A tree which bared no fruit was a waste!
They surrounded the mighty oak and there was no escaping its dismal fate!
With each blow you could hear a faint dripping!
Tiny drops of sap began to collect at their feet.

It was sticky and sad!
No Fruit!
No purpose!
The blade was reversed and coming from the inside out!
Its branches trembled with disgust!
Twigs snapped violently and the sound was deafening!
It began to stumble and its midsection was now exposed.
As if in slow motion it began to fall!
From below a tiny rusting could be heard!
A small baby bird had made a nest in its seemingly barren cavity!
Its fate was sealed!
The fatal blow was unforgiving and had the freedom of choice!
The nest was hidden under the leaves from all passers by!
No fruit!
No seedling!
If a tree falls in the forest and there is no one there to witness it does it die in vain?
All that is left now are stacks of paper and piles of wood!
Paper for writing and wood for handles!
Remnants of the mighty oak now used to make bold statements!

HOLMDIS' STORY
JESSICA SELLERS

The climb steepened and the air grew noisy.
I suffered a chill and lost my footing,
On a pebble atop hard mud.
If there existed a single tree on those
Grassy highlands I now approached,
Its branches would have coursed
Straight into the sea.

As one thought stirs another,
I became lost in memories of my dear Fridgeir,
A proud wooden vessel now cast about the
Waves that butt the mainland crags,
As did She unkindly three seasons prior.

I still ascended eastward up the sloping moor.
The dull rays of the coming Sun,
Led by dutiful Sól's steeds and chariot,
Bathed and softened my furrowed countenance;
Both She and I rose to meet the other.
We, my fire, and my stew of serpents are
The only warmth on this island.

My duties at the summit I now reached were three:

Fresh snakes for dagmál and náttmál,
Sturdy grass for weaving,
And an escape from the heaviness of my cavern,
The darkest place on this island.
I was assessing a patch of cottongrass with my
Keenest senses of eye and hand,
When my duties were presently interrupted.

“Ho!” I shouted aloud, startling the grass, though
I may have been the only karl or kona of Midgard to hear it.
“The Moon has ate the Sun!”
I uttered this inside my self in hopes that
My mál has not fled from the exclamation previous,
And now I faced and digested this rare omen from above.

I panicked then, longing for my cavern abode,
Abandoning my tasks and returning toward there,
The downward path now sogged from morning mist.
I admit I then feared it was the End of the World,
and that the Serpent Jörmungandr encircling this plane
Had a vengeance for me, for what creatures like He
I daily consumed.
I had begun even to roast and gnaw



LETICIA

RAFAEL NUÑEZ

The meat of the skull of His brethren in this current season.

The waves below appeared to crash with an eery force,
As though a great animal emerged or fell somewhere far off
And was creating this great wake,
Though I thought perhaps
These were the images created by a mind in fear,
From the disturbance of a breaking sunrise.

The morning was black as char when I reached the pebbled shore.
I entered my cavern to find my bed and belongings flooded
By the glide of that Great Serpent,
And a wave crashed from behind, up to my tresses.
This was truly The End of the World,
And Jörmungandr was near.
I recovered from a drenched sheepskin pouch
My iron pendant in the likeness of Mjölfnir,
Crafted by my dear deceased and honorable Ormr.
The iron clanked upon my metal brooches as I donned it,
And I yet feared, though I wore the symbol.
The waves then subsided, a sure sign
The Serpent had turned its course,
And I closed my eyes in stark darkness.

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Colophon

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UNTITLED
RAFAEL NUÑEZ

An abstract painting with vibrant, expressive brushstrokes in shades of red, orange, green, and yellow. The colors are layered and blended, creating a dynamic and textured composition. The background is white, which makes the colors stand out.

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