

The Wake Review

literary magazine and club

Mission Statement: The *Wake Review* is a student-run online creative journal at Wake Technical Community College which seeks to provide a forum for students of all majors, as well as faculty and alumni, to express themselves through literary and artistic means, including poetry, fiction, non-fiction, and visual or audio arts. We strive to encourage the study, composition, and appreciation of literature and art found at Wake Tech Community College and in surrounding communities.

Submission Policy: The *Wake Review* accepts submission of student work, including poetry, short fiction, screenplays, non-fiction (essays, reviews, etc.), art, photography, short films and audio files in the following categories: Poetry, Fiction, Non-fiction, Photography and Multimedia Arts. If you are interested in submitting your work to be published in the 2018 *Wake Review*, please visit our website for Submission Rules and Deadlines at www.tinyurl.com/wakereview.

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THANK YOU

*To our advisors, Mandy, Liz, and Dean
for resurrecting The Wake Review and for their dedication to
ensuring that Wake Tech has a place for its creative voice.*

*For your patience, guidance, and insight
Thank you.*

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Cover image: "Amanda Palmer" by Cristal Ramirez

Honorable Mentions

And Faculty Submissions

Only a small percentage of the quality writing and art submitted by Wake Technical Community College students can be selected for print in the *Wake Review*. The online Chapbook allows us to display the work of students that were not chosen as finalists, but still deserve exposure. We are also proud to showcase the creative work of Wake Tech faculty members. Their work is submitted to our advisor, Mrs. Mandy Kelly directly who then sent their submissions to the *Wake Review* anonymously so that students could not possibly judge works with a bias. Faculty submissions are not eligible for cash prizes but can be found on our website along with our placing winners, honorable mentions, and staff works.

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Blind Date Gurmit K. Rai

After three years of being shut up in the house today I was stepping out; not just for the bare necessities, but for a real date. With a guy who sounded pretty decent, at a nice restaurant. When was the last time I had eaten out? I couldn't even remember. For a while the idea of going out to eat seemed ridiculous, but now... now I was ready to be out in the world. I was twenty-five pounds lighter, waxed, polished and had on a great pair of suede pumps and a stunning new handbag. Nothing could stop me, not even the elevated terror alert.

Jack, my neighbor, stood in my way. I could see him through the crack in the heavy curtains on my front door. He had been sitting outside for hours, beer in hand, watching people walk by. He especially liked to watch women when they were out jogging. He once said he liked his women with some meat on their bones, something a man could hold onto. Luckily I was now thin enough that he wasn't interested. His flirting was only half-hearted, but that didn't make going out any easier.

I hesitated, hand on the doorknob. I could stand there all day or I could peel off my bra and head out into the world. I debated with myself. Was I ready to be out and dating? I missed my ex-boyfriend, though it had been years since that ended. He'd left as soon as the State of Undress Act had passed, claiming it was all a ruse to flush out Muslims. Ghazib had been on the first plane back to Lebanon, unable to believe that the government would do something as stupid as mandating nudity as a way to fight the terrorist threat.

I had tried to leave the country after the first year of the new law. But it was next to impossible. Immigration laws were getting tighter everywhere to stem the flood of Americans leaving the country. My only hope was marrying a citizen from another country, but those men were being snatched up fast. Recently I had

heard about these catalogues popping up that were supposed to be effective, but I wasn't ready to be a mail order bride.

I breathed deeply and finally opened the door, making a beeline toward my car clutching my handbag close to my body hoping to cover my naked breasts. I couldn't of course, since the new handbags were all regulation size. Only big enough for a regulation size wallet and cell phone. I hurried over to my car and fumbled with the keys.

"Hey Nina!" Jack called out from his front yard standing up, unashamedly I might add.

"Hi Jack! Just heading out to do some chores!" I called back, praying he wouldn't come over. No such luck. He started across the yard and I tried to keep my eyes averted from his penis.

"You look nice. Going somewhere special?" Jack asked.

"Just some errands. Shopping, and um... dry cleaning... that sort of thing." I didn't want to answer questions about my date.

"Dry cleaning?"

"Oh... yeah, you know... stuff I wear around the house."

"Well it's a nice evening. Nice and warm out."

I nodded in agreement, and glanced up from the ground just for a second to find Jack's eyes trained on my left breast. This is what I hated about Jack – you were not supposed to stare! I cleared my throat.... "Well, you have a nice evening."

"Oh I will, I will..." He said, still staring as if mesmerized. I gritted my teeth and adjusted my bag. His eyes snapped up to mine and he grinned. "Good thing it's not too cold Nina... you wouldn't want to... pucker."

I wanted to scream but just slid into the car instead and closed the door. I had my name on a waiting list for a new

condominium complex that was going up, just for women. I hoped it would be easier there.

I drove away and instead of feeling relief felt nervousness welling up inside me. All the usual nerves. Nervous about when the car would stop and I would have to get out. Nervous about walking up to the restaurant. Nervous about walking in and sitting down before a stranger. Whether the table would be a glass-top or not. I hoped not. I hoped there would be a big tablecloth and a vase full of flowers that might shelter me a little bit.

The psychologists who had helped form the State of Undress Act had claimed that after a few weeks, a few months at the most, people would revert to the kind of behavior you used to see in nudist colonies. They would lose their sense of shame and clothing would become provocative instead of nudity. This hadn't happened yet, for reasons that no one could figure out. Oddly though, people still managed to shock. I mean, the younger girls today were walking around with their bikini lines waxed to almost nothing and lipstick applied in unusual places. I myself was very conservative with how I waxed. I didn't want to come off as that sort of girl. Of course, the tattoo belied that. But no one was supposed to have ever have seen it. One crazy night in college and here I was, constantly giving explanations about how I had a little too much to drink, and one thing led to the other. I had told my blind date, his name was Richard Pilozo, about it right from the beginning. Pilozo sounded promising.

Maybe he was an immigrant.

The Old Oak Tree Gina Irish

Come to me at the old oak tree,
Where the ravens dawdle and play.
Come to me at the old oak tree,
When the world has gone black and grey.

Remember there, the old oak tree?
As children we played and laughed.
Remember me, at the old oak tree?
The day I died and left.

Forever, you promised at the old oak tree.
"Forever! Beyond!" you would say.
I cry as I wait at the old oak tree,
For the love lost in a day.

Come back to me at the old oak tree;
The world has lost its shine.
You took your life at the old oak tree,
The same as you also took mine.

The Impact of Poisons, Bugs, and Teeth on Criminal Investigations

Jamie Hagwood

The science of forensics entails a great purpose—to gather all evidence from a crime scene, break it down, and analyze it for the facts of what occurred. If one were to imagine popular television programs such as *C.S.I.* or *BONES*, one may be blind to what forensics truly entails. For example, most security cameras are not going to be as precise to capture an exact license plate, and laboratories take longer than a few hours to capture the facts such as DNA matching. Forensic science is a careful process which takes the time and effort of a great many people from many different fields. According to the U.S. Department of Labor’s Occupational Outlook Handbook, “employment of forensic science technicians is projected to grow 27 percent from 2014 to 2024, much faster than the average for all occupations” (“Forensic Science”). Thus, the need for well-trained staff members to fill these fields of forensic science is growing quickly as well. An in-depth look at the fields of toxicology, entomology, and odontology within forensic science proves how essential these fields are in solving crime.

The field of forensic toxicology focuses on how toxins enter the body, their effect on the body, and how to apply findings to a real-world analysis of the crime scene. Toxicology is well known to be the study of physiological effects of toxic substances which enter the body. However, much of society is unaware that poisons are always around them. Poisons, also known as toxic substances, are any substances which cause sickness or death at a sufficient quantity. For example, water in large, excessive amounts can cause death, whereas smaller amounts of substances greatly known for their effects, such as arsenic or cyanide, can be almost harmless when ingested (Poklis 107). According to Dr. Alphonse Poklis, forensic toxicology “is concerned primarily with the detection and estimation of poisons in tissues and body fluids obtained at autopsy,

or, occasionally, in blood, urine, or gastric material obtained from a living person” (107). Once a toxicologist obtains these samples and analyzes them for poisons, one then interprets the results in order to estimate the effect of the poison upon whomever that sample came from. Toxins can explain whether or not someone died from being poisoned or if drugs were the cause of someone’s erratic movements and behavior, which may explain how a crime scene occurred.

Forensic toxicology is a careful process dependent upon several factors: the sample taken, how to treat the sample, and interpreting the findings. Toxicologists may use a variety of different body fluids or tissues to determine if poisons were at play in a particular investigation; however, stomach fluids, urine, and the liver can be the most influential upon a toxicologist’s findings (Poklis 116). Stomach fluids are influential to an investigation in that if a poison is taken by the mouth and swallowed, there may be residual amounts of the poison still available in the fluids. Urine is also very helpful in that the human body uses the urinary system to deliver all toxins directly out of the body. Similarly, the liver acts as a filter for drugs or other poisons, so a higher concentration of such poisons is expected to be located there. Toxicologists must also understand and identify the biotransformation of toxins, or how the body converts toxins to different chemicals completely (117). They then go on to treat different samples with a multitude of different tests. The quickest and easiest of these lab tests is a color test (119). A color test is where a reagent, or a specific substance used for chemical reactions, is mixed with the sample to cause a color change. Another test that may be used is spectroscopy (124). In spectroscopy, toxicologists use a spectrophotometer to measure how much radiant energy a specific compound absorbs. The specificity of such energy absorption is similar to a finger print, specific to different types of compounds as a finger print is specific to each human. Immunoassay is another technique which may be used by toxicologists (126). In immunoassay testing, scientists use antibodies specific to certain drugs. By observing the binding of the antibodies to specific drugs, toxicologists are able to understand what drug exists in the sample. After toxicologists have analyzed samples, they then must interpret their findings. They may be able

to use the findings to determine cause of death or some interpretation of how specific drugs or poisons were administered (127). With insight to such the details of how a human life was taken or the person they were prior to death, a forensic toxicologist proves key in assisting criminal investigations.

Forensic entomology can serve as an insight to the most specific details of a crime, most often to estimate time of death for victims. Entomology is the study of insects, and insects play a large role in the decomposition of organic material. One may recognize the use of forensic entomology from the show *BONES*, in which a nationally acclaimed entomologist uses bugs to discover the details of a crime scene. However, this field of forensics is not as simple as its portrayal in popular culture. The combination of location, weather, and the types of bugs around the scene are just a few of the many factors which contribute to an entomologist's analysis. In their virtual exhibit on forensic entomology, experts from the Simon Fraser University Museum clearly explain, "once a person dies his or her body starts to decompose. The decomposition of a dead body starts with the action of microorganisms such as fungi and bacteria, followed by the action of a series of insects (arthropods)" ("Forensic Entomology"). By applying their knowledge of these waves of insect species and environmental factors, forensic entomologists can evaluate how long a body has been decomposing. This period of time can give investigators a better range of when a murder occurred and have the evidence to catch criminals.

Forensic entomologists must first begin collecting and processing samples from the crime scene prior to developing a conclusion about a possible time of death or location of a murder. The first step in this process of analysis is taking into account environmental factors such as temperature or soil type ("Forensic Entomology"). Entomologists move on to collect and preserve different specimens. Specimens must be specific to the scene, meaning there is a direct link between the insects and the corpse. This typically includes a newly hatched fly, maggots and eggs inside the body, or beetles under the body. Two methods are used to determine an approximate time of death: insect succession and analyzing maggot age and development. Insect succession looks at the different waves of insect that utilize the decomposing material. Specific

species arrive to the scene at specific stages of decomposition. For example, Calliphoridae, or blow flies, may arrive more quickly than Piophilidae, or cheese flies, as cheese flies are attracted to the body at a later stage. On the other hand, an entomologist may observe maggots, or immature flies, develop and become adult flies. The larvae have several stages of molting prior to leaving the corpse and pupating to become an adult fly. Each stage where a blow fly develops is dependent upon a certain amount of time, temperature, and the size of the corpse. Using maggot development, forensic entomologists can determine an estimate of the number of days of decomposition and establish a better range of when death occurred. However, after one generation of blow flies, it is impossible to use this method, as one cannot distinguish between different generations. The methods of insect succession and maggot development may prove tricky, but they are essential in establishing an approximate time of death.

Forensic odontology, more commonly known as dentistry, applies a knowledge of the human dentition to identify the unrecognizable. The average member of society may only experience dentistry by seeing his or her dentist twice a year. While this general dentist has a great deal of knowledge about the human dentition, they are limited in their ability to match bite marks or identify specific people by their jaws and teeth. Forensic dentists are able to perform a variety of tests to accomplish those tasks. One of the most important analyses of a forensic dentist is the identification of the dead. In the twenty-first century, society may have very little fingerprint records, and those records can be difficult to sort through (Bernstein 303). Dental records, on the other hand, are much vaster, although they are dispersed between different offices across the country (304). Teeth are extraordinary in that they are the hardest tissue in the human body. Thus, even if many years have gone by and a missing person is recovered, then their teeth can be the key to liberation of anonymity (299). Even when a deceased person does not match a name in the missing persons database, a forensic dentist has the ability to determine other key factors about the person before death. Forensic dentists can determine age through knowledge of how teeth develop (306). For example, a younger child has layers of enamel and dentin which can

be examined, similar to the rings in a tree. They may be able to look at wisdom teeth and their positioning for teenagers and young adults. Forensic dentists may also determine the gender of the deceased, although this data may not be the most reliable as differences between the subjects are very subtle (308). Another important act of a forensic dentist is analyzing bite marks. A bite mark may be an indentation in the skin or bruising of the skin by teeth. People have unique teeth structures, and as such, dentists may be able to identify unique individuals by their unique bite mark (319). This is helpful in cases of assault, where a forensic dentist can quickly match to a suspect.

Both key pieces of evidence – identification of the deceased and bite mark analysis—that a forensic odontologist provides have unique processes to take evidence and analyze it. In dental identification, some of the first steps are preparing to examine the facial structure and proceeding to perform an oral autopsy (Bernstein 310). In an oral autopsy, a dentist typically photographs and x-rays their findings, taking notes as they process the unique characteristics of the deceased. The condition of the remains is key. For example, Dr. Mark L. Bernstein explains, “charred remains are the most difficult to examine” (313). If the body is burned, then the tissue is very damaged. Although teeth are the most durable part of the human body, heat and fire can cause them to become fragile and shrink. After recording the condition of the body and the uniqueness of the dentition, the dental records of a possible match are needed to connect the body to a name. In bite mark analysis, an odontologist must be quick to collect evidence (328). Indentations and bruising fade within hours or even just a day. Photographs are taken and other members of the forensic team may swab for saliva. Forensic dentists themselves may take close-up photographs to record the size and shape of the mark (329). They may go on to take impressions of the bite mark, rendering it three-dimensional. A dentist may also examine a possible suspect—taking photographs and impressions of that individual to discover the truth. Using a bite mark as evidence is tricky, as bite marks can be distorted and are not always the most reliable (332). Thus, a forensic dentist must be extremely careful when forming a conclusion about their findings. Yet the impact of a dentist’s knowledge about the human dentition

in relevance to body identification proves very useful for criminal investigations.

Forensic science is in no way similar to how the media dramatizes the forensic process. DNA testing is expensive, and many forms of forensic testing take longer than expected; however, the different fields within forensic science have their own unique processes and applications. Forensic toxicology provides insight to a crime scene's development and information about victims and witnesses through the analysis of biological fluids or tissues and detecting poisons. Forensic entomology gives very specific details about a deceased person, including the time and location of death. Forensic odontology has the ability to identify the unknown such as names and ages, as well as identifying a possible attacker through indentation in skin and bruising. These fields of study are not perfect; they each have areas for concern and many possible obstacles, but through the efforts of these scientists and the development of science and technology of the twenty-first century, less crime scene data is left to speculation.

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Correspondence Amber Lee

The tousle-haired boy peered up at her, eyes squinting under the brim of his cap. He lifted his hand, and she saw the envelope he held in it.

"For you. Madame." He gave a stiff, awkward bow.

"Thank you." she said. She slipped him some money, and he was off before her husband came into the room.

"Who was that?" It was hardly a question, blunt as it was. The distance in his eyes burned her like the scent of strong liquor burned her nostrils. He was drinking again this morning.

"A messenger came with a letter for me." she replied, curt.

"Who from."

She watched as he gulped deeply from the bottle. "An old friend, from years ago."

"Ach, the past is past! Why waste your time?" He coughed, spitting foamy beer onto the wooden floor.

She didn't say anything to that. She just watched as he walked out, still drinking. With a sigh, she went to the desk and sat down. The corners of her mouth curved upward as she opened the envelope.

From the moment her eyes glimpsed the letter's salutation, she slipped into a calm state of mind. There was so much excitement in the written words that, as she read them, she could almost see the writer's smiling face. He was on the last measures of his sonata, and already he had made arrangements to have it dropped off at the publisher's on the last day of the week. The piece would be complete by then. To celebrate, he would enjoy a hearty dinner with friends, as long as his stubborn lack-wit of a cook cooperated enough to help him plan a suitable menu.

"You are more than welcome to attend." he said. "More than welcome, the most welcome! If you haven't any obstructing errand upon that night, I sincerely hope that you will be present to eat and partake in the occasion with me. Bring your husband, should he wish to accompany you. Write to me, tell me if you will be able to come! I wait with bated breath for your reply."

With the words *"Your own true friend, Ludwig van Beethoven"* the letter ended.

She laid the letter down, folding it up carefully before she again slipped it into the envelope. Then she put it away for safekeeping. She tapped on the surface of the desk; it was an aimless action that required no thought. She breathed. And breathed again.

A dull ache throbbed in her chest. How she wanted to go, to see Ludwig again and to celebrate with him. Though she knew there was no chance of enjoying herself if her husband were present, she also knew that it was likely the best course of action to attend with him. It would appear odd to Ludwig's other guests if she attended alone. She was still a married woman, no matter how close the day of their separation seemed. Before that time arrived, she supposed she should do everything in her power to appear as a dutiful wife.

Duty. Was that what her life would be until then? Her heart yearned for something more. Her heart yearned for *someone more*. And she knew very well who that someone was.

But no, no! That was impossible, a fool's dream. He didn't have those feelings for her. He'd practically spelled it out for her in his letter, spelled it out in two painful words. She was married, and even if there came a time that she wasn't, she'd still have to marry someone else. It was her class, her birthright. "To push away those honored institutions could send the whole of civilization toppling to the gritty dust", her father had always said. Unfettered love, too, would rip and tear through all of man's greatest achievements. So he'd once said to her as he sat before the fire, gazing with boredom and loathing at his wife's back as she strode past him. Maybe he was right. Maybe her giving way to these feelings would lead to not only her self-destruction, but to the destruction of all that her family had worked for. All those centuries of her ancestors cultivating an image and a reputation would come to naught. The gossip would blaze through Vienna's high society for ages, to say nothing of worse consequences to follow.

That...that honestly was alright. She didn't care. Let the towers crumble, let the trees be shaken off their roots, let the earth crack itself in two. Let her inheritance rot. Her heart wanted, her heart needed, and inside of her there would be a gaping hole until her heart was filled. There was no other way.

She shed a tear of anger, and another of resolve. With the tears still falling she picked up her pen. She began to write the words that she hoped would change everything.

Dear Ludwig,

I would say that I hope this letter finds you well, but I need not. Judging by your last letter, I gather that you are indeed well. I am happy for you. As I have promised, once your sonata is complete, I shall buy a copy straightaway. Your music speaks to me, as it speaks to many others. Since seeing you again, I find myself looking back on the early days of our friendship and wishing that we could still be so carefree. What wonderful days those were, and how fortunate that you remain one of my dearest friends! But Ludwig, I confess

She lifted her quill from the paper. *I confess...what?* Her head ached at the question. Then the words began to flow, words she knew came from her heart. Her breathing grew shallow and shallower still. She could swear she heard someone speaking. It was her own voice, and yet it wasn't. What it said chilled her blood and made her pulse race. *I confess that I wish for something deeper. Something dangerous. I confess that I detest my husband, I am lonely, and I am desperate. I confess that your smile haunts my thoughts always and that I can still feel your arms around me. I confess that I cannot attend your dinner, I cannot smile and nod at you from across the table with others sitting between us, and I cannot think of my husband being in the same room as you without being sick. Ludwig, I love you. Ludwig, I need you.*

Her breathing was so quiet now. The emptiness of the room settled onto her shoulders. Such a suffocating stillness, such an aching heaviness. There was a pressing pain in her forehead.

Ludwig... As if she were in a dream, that name rang out in her ears. *Ludwig.* A man destined for greatness, and a friend like no other. If only he could be more to her. If only there could be a glimmer of happiness in her dismal world.

She would finish writing the letter later, she decided. Later, when her head was clear, her thoughts were focused, and those words echoing in her mind wouldn't spill themselves out onto the paper.

Later, when her soul did not feel so empty.



The Oppression of Edna Pontellier

Virginia Hendrick

Kate Chopin's novel *The Awakening*, first published in 1899, was not initially regarded as a feminist manifesto. Critics in Chopin's time found the story "vulgar" and "unhealthily introspective and morbid in feeling," leading to Chopin being spurned by social clubs and friends ("Kate Chopin" 550-51). In truth, the novel seeks to draw attention to an issue that continues to resound in our society to this day: the marginalization of women. Our oppressive patriarchal society is exemplified when Edna Pontellier is objectified by her father and husband, judged by her closest friend for stepping outside of traditional social roles, and limited at obtaining love due to her womanly station, ultimately resulting in her suicide.

Frequent instances in *The Awakening* indicate that Edna is viewed as *something* to be managed rather than a *someone* who is independent and equal to her male counterparts. Furthermore, it is the male characters, specifically her father and her husband, who attempt to contain Edna, thus setting the framework for her failures as she seeks autonomy. According to Steven T. Ryan, author of "Depression and Chopin's *The Awakening*," readers have paid "too little attention to the making of Edna's personality" (254). Ryan constructs a solid argument that Edna's "heroic struggle against social roles and expectations" is a result of her depression rather than the isolation that ensues after her sensual awakening (258). He states that Edna's sudden emotional awareness "resurrects her frustrated need for intimacy," which he believes was initiated in her childhood after being brought up by her narcissistic father (258). In the novel, Chopin describes Edna's father as a stern man who takes things "very seriously" and as "rigid and unflinching" (614). During a visit to the Pontelliers, the Colonel has Leonce assist him in choosing an outfit and a wedding gift for another of his daughters, as he holds Leonce's opinion "of inestimable value" (614). Meanwhile, Edna busies herself with catering to the whims of her father, which Ryan describes as Edna's need to meet an unfulfilled desire for intimacy (254). Clearly, the Colonel puts stock in the opinions of Leonce, a fellow man, and sees no issue in his daughter rushing to accommodate him. From a feminist standpoint, Edna is torn between two worlds; that is, the society in which she is raised that expects her to be the obedient daughter and wife and her own budding fantasy in which she is free to choose and maintain intimate relationships as she sees fit. The Colonel tells Leonce he is being "too lenient by far" with Edna. He tells him to "put [his] foot down good and hard; the only way to manage a wife," illustrating perfectly how Edna's relationship with the Colonel will never extend beyond traditional social roles (617). Leonce, though he is more soft-hearted than the Colonel, also marginalizes Edna during his visit to Doctor Mandelet. Rather than encouraging Edna, Leonce assumes something is wrong with her due to her sudden interest in self-expression: "She's got some sort of notion in her head concerning the eternal rights of women" (Chopin 612-13). If Edna is in fact depressed as Ryan suggests, it is due to this constant

underlying pressure by the men in her life to sequester her own feelings and beliefs.

Aside from her husband and her father, Edna feels the pressure of social constraints from her close friend, Adele Ratignolle. An appreciation of Adele's significance is explained by author Tuire Valkeakari in "A 'Cry of the Dying Century': Kate Chopin, *The Awakening*, and the Women's Cause." She ponders why Edna, "a woman of respected social standing, a woman with no apparent worries, and a woman married to a reasonably wealthy and decent man, considers her life so unbearable that she chooses death over the private status quo" (11-12). Valkeakari states that the novel "attacks" the traditional Southern view on women; that is, they lack diversified opinions on what "constitutes a fulfilling and meaningful life" (12). She goes on to point out that diversity is illustrated by Chopin through the novel's three main female characters: Adele, Edna, and Mademoiselle Reisz. Adele, as she notes, is the personification of the "devoted mother-woman," embraced by her community, whereas Mademoiselle Reisz is a passionate musician who never marries yet is similarly embraced (12). Edna, who is somewhere in the middle and unable to find a social role that suits her, is keenly aware of these traits in Adele. After visiting the couple for dinner one night, Edna describes feeling "depressed," but not full of regret or longing as their "domestic harmony" does not fit her desired lifestyle (Chopin 205). In fact, Edna feels sorry for Adele as she will never taste "life's delirium" (Chopin 605). In contrast to Valkeakari, author Kathleen M. Streater suggests that although Adele appears to conform to her expected duties as mother and wife, Adele's personality is not lost in these roles (410). For instance, Adele visits Edna per her husband's request to express concern over Edna moving out of her husband's home and taking up residence alone. This unease is directly related to the news that Alcée Arobin has been visiting Edna, with his "dreadful reputation" and his attentions that are "enough to ruin a woman's name" (Chopin 637). She scolds Edna for being childish, but as Streater points out, she later tells Edna to disregard what she said about Arobin and about living alone, directly contradicting her husband's wishes (411). Per Streater, "this suggests Adele's respect

for Edna's choices, and it suggests a feminist solidarity that Edna has denied Adele" (411). From an alternative feminist perspective, the fact that it is Edna's reputation on the line while Arobin's name remains intact, regardless of who is doing the accusing, illustrates how Edna is being discounted simply by her gender. When Edna later bears witness to Adele's childbirth, she watches with an "inward agony," imagining excuses she can provide to leave (Chopin 648). Adele reminds Edna to "think of the children," to "remember them!" (Chopin 648). Streater argues that Adele's true meaning here is to remind Edna she can maintain her independence while still raising her children; however, she also acknowledges that Adele's words only cause Edna to "feel her inability to conform to the constraints of her society" (415). Even if Adele is well-intentioned and deserves more merit than simply being known as the "mother-woman," her intentions are missed by Edna and only further her insidious fate.

The significance of Robert Lebrun in *The Awakening* is key as his involvement with Edna, or lack thereof, leads up to what is arguably the biggest disappointment for Edna in the entire novel. Early on, it is revealed that Edna was once a passionate young woman with a propensity to seek the unattainable love. Edna's marriage to Leonce is also unveiled as "purely an accident" (Chopin 575). She is enamored by his devotion to her, feels rebellious because he is of a different faith from her family, and decides that one day she will grow to love him, thus "closing the portals forever behind her upon the realm of romance and dreams" (Chopin 575). Edna is described several times throughout the story as being "childish" or "capricious," and with the knowledge of her whimsical teenage fantasies, it is not surprising that she ends up being drawn to Robert. Chopin provides Robert with a reputation of his own: the "devoted servant" of various women each summer (569). Chopin describes Robert as "living in the sunlight" of one woman in particular, and after her passing, Robert "posed as an inconsolable" and sought sympathy from Adele, giving the impression that Robert, like Edna, is childish and dramatic (569). Robert and Edna grow to share "an advanced stage of intimacy and *camaraderie*," but when Robert suddenly announces his imminent departure to Mexico,

Edna withdraws to her room to sulk. His unanticipated exit causes Edna to “[recognize] anew the symptoms of infatuation” she felt in her earlier years and that she “has been denied that which her impassioned, newly awakened being demanded” (Chopin 597). As Catherine Mainland points out, their time spent apart results in Edna “[outgrowing Robert] while he is in Mexico” (82). Mainland emphasizes these new differences in maturity levels by highlighting the return of Robert to New Orleans, where he and Edna unexpectedly meet up in Mademoiselle Reisz’s apartment. She describes Robert as “twirling on the piano stool like a child” and “[blushing] at Edna’s questions” (83). When Robert begins increasing the distance between himself and Edna, Mainland points out that Edna plays it cool and continues her affair with Arobin instead of becoming desperate (83). When Edna and Robert cross paths again, Robert expresses discomfort with Edna’s questions and accuses her of being overly personal. Mainland identifies here that Edna maintains the “dominant position” by discussing her “unwomanly” habit of self-expression (83). She goes on to say that Robert is “scandalized by Edna’s freedom,” evident by his “blanching” when she exclaims that she is “no longer one of Mr. Pontellier’s possessions” and she will give herself as she chooses (83). When Edna returns from Adele’s childbirth to find only a letter from Robert, her fantasy of their long-awaited union is shattered. Too concerned with being scandalized by involvement with a married woman, Robert flees, leaving Edna feeling more isolated than ever. It is clear at this point that Robert will never meet Edna’s expectations; that he will always regard her as belonging to Mr. Pontellier. Although Edna grows and develops throughout the story, her anticlimactic relationship with Robert illustrates how she is again limited by her roles as “wife” and “woman.”

Throughout *The Awakening*, Edna is constantly diminished by those around her. In the end, she is despondent when she realizes that because she is a woman, she will never truly escape the social constraints imposed on her. All of the weight on Edna’s shoulders from the pressure of her father and husband, her best friend, and the destroyed image of the love that might have been cause irreparable damage. It is a sad yet direct result of this

oppression that Edna pursues suicide, her only means to escape any ensuing scandal and to avoid living in a state of isolation.

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Along the Edges Claire Highsmith

She is a jack-o-lantern halfway through November,
Plastic flamingos flock to her yard in droves
For the neighbor's cat to scream love songs to.
Our noses are neon bright signs in the cold,
unwrapped ceramic Santa figurines at our feet, antiques
Rich with the smell of a century's worth of attic dust.
As her voice bubbled over in joy, I thought of our first kiss,
And the taste of the tomato soup she had for lunch.
Her smile has the crunch of a sidewalk in fall
Even though Betty Andrews in middle school made fun of her teeth.
Two ugly people met in Port Orchard,
Except they weren't ugly, or only a little bit.
I never wanted to be an astronaut
Too awake to be President, hiding aliens in the telephone lines,
Making triangles with our hands
Why else would gas have gone up 50 cents in a day?
"If you assume everything will be terrible, you're always in for a nice
surprise"
On the broken highway of foggy heads and restless nights
We drunk like royalty from paper cups
And sold her gnomes at the pawn shop for a slightly used tux.
Lil' Emmy ran away and found herself a new home,
Tuesday we'll leave this shattered, noisy town
For the silent city in its captured light, things will be different;
We'll find eternity at the end of the ticker tape parade.
"Aller Anfang ist schwer!" the neighbor's cat sung
But we know endings are harder still.
The wind doesn't cover its mouth when it sneezes
And the trees whisper insults about our shoes,
On a nearby stoop with silent, knowing joy
A jack-o-lantern grins as we walk by

On the Road Kyle Lambert



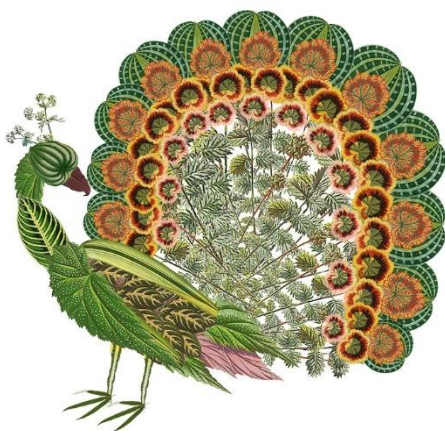
Beute Cristal Ramirez



Guitar Case vs. Briefcase Amanda El Jaouhari



Peacock Jennifer McCoy



Time Travel Hadiqa Haasan



Wir Fliegen Weg Cristal Ramirez



Stupid Little F#@ks Clayton Walker

I can still remember the day when I had to admit to myself that Justin really did have a problem. It was Hamster's birthday. He must have been turning 19, or maybe it was 23. I can't remember, it's not like age even matters, especially when you go to Marsh Creek every day: Raleigh's sole skate park. There were at least ten of us; basically everyone from Marsh was there, all cramped inside Hamster's tiny 9x12 foot living room. Let's call it his cage, just for fun. We were watching Sabotage 4 for the 100th time. My favorite part was when Dylan Sourbeer does the back-tail backside flip out on the marble 2-step ledges. I don't know why DGK hasn't put his name on a board yet. The couch wasn't big enough for all ten of us, so most of us were stuck on the floor, myself included. When I would come over earlier in the year I never had a problem with sitting on the floor, but Hamster's dog recently had puppies. Not only did this mean that the carpet was literally encrusted with shit, but every time I raised my 40oz to my lips six of the dogs would take that as an invitation to play and all jump into my lap at once, causing me to spill beer everywhere. I figured that my best bet was to just lie perfectly still for a while so that the dogs watching me would get bored and fall asleep, allowing me to drink my 40 in peace.

For a while my plan was actually working, until one of the dogs decided to walk up onto my chest like he owned the place and lift one leg up in the air. "Fuck!" I yelled, throwing the dog across the room and waking up every other dog that I had so patiently put to sleep in the process. My shirt was soaking wet, and everyone thought that it was hilarious. "Haaaaaaa!" Cody screamed, pointing his finger at me. "He just marked you as his territory! He just made you his bitch!" I wanted to pin him onto the ground and scrub that disgusting, piss-soaked shirt in his face. But I didn't. I couldn't..... Not as long as we'd both see each other at Marsh every day. We all know what happened with Jordan. Besides, Cody just thinks that he's better than me because he has a face tattoo and a seat on the

couch. Hamster could see exactly what was racing through my mind. "Clay", he said, "Go upstairs into my room, and pick a new shirt for yourself out of the closet. I don't care which one." Half-way up the stairs I turned around to look at Cody, and he blew me a kiss. Fuck that guy.

I couldn't remember exactly which room was Hamster's, but something told me that I try the second door on the left. The door was already shut, and when I reached my hand out to open it a light from the inside of the room turned on. I could see it shining into the hall from underneath the crack in the door. I didn't know what to do. There was somebody in there. I stood there frozen in the hall for a couple minutes with my hand just hovering over the door handle, like some type of idiot. I probably would have stood there longer, but I didn't want for whoever was inside to open the door and see me breathing there like a total creep. In that thought it didn't even occur to me that I should knock, and I barged straight into the room like I was the D.E.A. or some shit.

Immediately I regretted it. Of all the people that I could have walked in on it was Melissa, and on top of that she was completely naked; just leaning against the bookshelf reading a magazine and smoking a cigarette. "Aaaah! I'm sorry!" I wailed as I looked down at the ground and started backing up towards the door. "Its fine", she said as she got up and closed the door behind me, "besides, you don't even have to leave the room." "Fuck!", I thought to myself, "What if Justin walks in right now? How am I going to explain this to him?"

The truth is that I knew that this day was coming. I've seen the way that she looks at me at Marsh, I've heard the way that the pitch in her voice rises when she says my name, and it didn't help out that she was whispering into my ear about how she had been waiting for me to come upstairs. While I was looking down at the ground I noticed all of the polaroids strewn out all over the carpet. This was definitely Hamster's room, which meant that this is exactly where I was supposed to be. Fuck.

It's not that I hated Melissa, it's just that I've never wanted anything to do with her. Her energy doesn't click with mine, like it screams bad news. I don't know, it's the way that she is always flirting with everyone, even when we all know that she's with Justin;

I guess it just grosses me out. On top of that, I just hate flirting to begin with: listening to people do it, and doing it myself. It's basically the nice way of saying, "I wanna fuck you" to somebody, however whenever I flirt that's not the point that I want to convey. I just want the person to know that I truly think they are beautiful and want to spend time with them, but since I don't want to come off as one of the dogs in Hamster's living room, I usually end up saying some really stupid shit, like, "Uh, your hair really brings out your skin-tone" like a fucking creep. Like I said, flirting usually ends up making me feel real stupid, so I'll just end up giving whatever girl gifts instead as a token of my affection. My very first girlfriend I gave a weed brownie to, my second girlfriend I gave a bottle of vodka, and my third I gave half of my mom's klonopin prescription to. Each of those girls ended up breaking up with me days if not minutes after those gifts were received, for various reasons. Recently I went to my dad for advice on all of that, and he told me that girls like diamonds as gifts, not drugs. I'll have to take a mental note of that.

Anyways, Melissa got me to raise my eyes off of the ground and was tracing her finger across my chest. I could feel myself starting to fill-out. In the midst of it all, Cody's voice tore the room apart from downstairs, "Since when does it take twenty minutes to change a fucking shirt?!" Instantly she took a step back from me and looked offended as hell. "You didn't come upstairs to see me?!", she screamed, "You came in here to get a shirt!?" "Uhhhh, yeah," I replied. "Well fuck you!" she barked. For once I was actually glad that Cody was a character in this weird journal that I keep calling my life. He was able to save me from a situation that I wasn't strong enough to get out of on my own. I'll have to buy him a 40oz next time we walk up to Trawick for rillos; you know, as a token of my gratitude.

With Melissa out of the way I slid the closet door open to pick out a shirt. I was about to put this purple Jimi Hendrix one on when she chirps, "Ughhh, you can't even pick out a fucking shirt that matches your own skin-tone." I couldn't help but laugh. I guess that my flirting 'technique' isn't as creepy as I thought it was after all. "Here.", she said as she thrust a blue long-sleeve shirt into my hands, "Now this will really bring out your eyes. Just make sure to

take that stupid white hat you always wear off when you put this on. They won't go good together." Now that I had the whole shirt fiasco squared away I had no reason to stay in there with her, but I didn't really want to go back downstairs either.

"Have you seen Justin?" I asked her. "Ughh, fuck him." she replied, "He's worse than you." 'So is that a yes or a no?' "He's in the back room."

This time I remembered to knock, except I didn't get a response from the inside of the room. I knew that I wasn't going to walk in on anything weird like my best friend's girl without any clothes on, so I took my chances and opened the door. At first glance it looked like the room was empty, but then I noticed someone moving around from behind the easel. "Yo" I called out, but I didn't get an answer back. I could see that Justin was painting, so I walked further into the room and tapped him on the shoulder, "Yo, what's good?" I asked, but I still didn't get a response. It was weird. It wasn't like he was ignoring me, but more like he couldn't even hear me, and it's not like he even had any headphones in or anything. It was like I wasn't even in the room there with him.

I set my 40oz down at the feet of the chair he was sitting in as a gift, sat on the floor besides him, and just soaked in the canvas that he was working on. It was beautiful, in a more fucked-up sense of the word. He was painting this bird's nest in a tree, except instead of there being chicks or eggs in the nest there was a little fetal human. I couldn't help but wonder if this meant that Melissa was pregnant. Since I saw her completely naked earlier I definitely would have noticed a bulge, but then again I was staring at the floor for 90% of the time that I was in there. I wanted to say something to him about her and Hamster, but then again there was no way that he didn't already know. Everyone knows. I mean, she stays in his room all day with the door closed naked for fucks sake. God, I wonder how the hell he lives with it.

Suddenly his voice broke the air, "God, do I fucking hate red paint!" he screamed as he kicked his easel over. "I mean, there's just no emotion in it. Besides, what's it even made out of, linseed oil and some synthetic pigment mixed in a factory? Where's the emotion in that?" "Yo", I said as I picked the canvas that he had been working on back up off of the ground, "If you don't like this,

then cover it up with gesso and get around to painting that bookshelf in a bathtub that I've been talking about. I'll trade you one of my paintings for it, how about that nude self-portrait that I did from a while back?" "Maaaaan", he said, "Why the hell would I want a naked portrait, of you?" "Because!", I replied, "It's fucking art! Just wait, when I make it you'll be able to sell it for millions of dollars." "Ha!" he exclaimed, "That's exactly why you want one of my paintings in the first place! So when I make it you can sell it for millions."

After Justin said that he just started laughing to himself, killed the 40oz by his feet, and smashed it against the wall. He didn't throw it like he was mad or anything, but like he was trying to show me something. "Millions" he said as he pointed to the mess, "Just like that glass. You know," he continued as he started to stand up, "there are these monks, in China or some shit, that walk across burning hot coals." He started to take his shoes off. "Barefoot. Now Clay, do you know why they do that?" "Nah," I replied. "Me neither."

As those words left his mouth he took his first step. I could hear the glass crunching under his feet against the hardwood floor. If it was me doing that, or anyone else, we would be screaming in pain at the top of our lungs, but he was completely calm; like it was something that he does on a daily basis, like brushing his teeth, or cracking a rillo. When he stepped down off of the glass he picked up his paintbrush, ran it through the blood leaking out of his foot, and quietly got back to 'painting' that bird's nest; like I wasn't even in the room anymore, like none of that really just happened. About two months after Justin's demonstration on how to paint with 'emotion' Lynne found him hanging in the woods behind Marsh, with a giant M carved into his chest for Melissa. He must have been hanging up there for a couple of weeks because she told us that his neck was all stretched out. When I first heard about it I couldn't help but think that that was his 'final masterpiece' that he was always talking about; the piece that would gain the attention of millions.....the millions of maggots and flies that Lynne said were swarming around his body. Fuck. Fuck! If only he had waited a couple more years, waited until he had gained the attention of several galleries. Not only going out like that, but his work alone would have made both Rothko and Gogh look like stupid little fucks.

Untitled (aka Figure no. 9) James B. Harr III



The Rape Culture Epidemic in America

Sarah Panico

Over the past year and a half, the nation has seen many issues discussed by political leaders as well as those vying for the office of the President. Hillary Clinton, a champion for women's rights, talked about her interest in closing the wage gap. Donald Trump, who shockingly won the presidency, expressed his views on immigration. There is one issue that neither candidate has directly commented on, and that issue is rape culture in America. According

to RAINN, the Rape, Abuse, & Incest National Network, someone in America is sexually assaulted every 98 seconds, and it seems that the population often forgets that (RAINN.org). Rape victims are often treated with skepticism when they report what happened to them, told that it was their fault that they were raped, and then shamed. While the nation as a whole has shown much improvement since the 1970's when the term "rape culture" was coined by the second wave of feminists in America, it still has a very long way to go (wavaw.ca). Rape culture still exists as an everyday component in the lives of Americans and is perpetuated through small things such as jokes about rape right up to the big things, such as the 10,000 untested rape kits sitting on shelves around the country. In the following pages, I will examine how America allows rape culture to continue in our society through the trivialization of rape and the severity of victim blaming.

Rape has become a term that is heard on a weekly if not daily basis. It is seen in movies, on television, in books, and is the butt end of many tasteless jokes. Rape seems to be completely normal to most Americans when it should be something that shocks and upsets them. Instead, it gets lost in the flow of issues the nation is facing, and when it is finally brought up, it is scrutinized under a microscope by those with invalid opinions. In her book, Jody Raphael cites an explanation given by Todd Akin, representative of Missouri at the time, on abortion and rape, who said "...women's bodies block unwanted pregnancy when 'legitimate rape' occurred" (Raphael 2). He goes on to say that if a woman wanted an abortion because she was raped, that she is lying about being raped (Raphael 2). In all this, he fails to define what "legitimate rape" is. The point Raphael is trying to make in her book is that he may be implying that "legitimate rape" cannot involve someone that the victim knows, which is the focus of her work. Todd Akin, who clearly does not know how rape or even a woman's reproductive system works, felt the need to voice his opinion in order to defend his stance on abortion, and in the process made a mockery out of those who were raped by individuals they may have known. He essentially writes them off as not actually being raped and makes them out to be liars, when in reality, the definition of rape is "penetration, no matter how slight, of the vagina or anus with any part of the body, or oral

penetration by a sex organ of another person, without consent of the victim” (RAINN.org). Nowhere in this definition are there any references to how the victim knows the attacker, if at all. In reality, acquaintance rape is far more common than most people know. In fact, RAINN reports that 7 out of 10 rape perpetrators knew their victim as an acquaintance (RAINN.org).

A prime example of rape trivialization comes from Robin Thicke, who faced backlash after releasing the song “Blurred Lines” in 2013. It rose quickly in popularity but was criticized for promoting an overall non-consensual feel. It features lyrics such as “...the way you grab me/must wanna get nasty” and “do it like it hurt,” as well as the line “I know you want it” repeated throughout the entire song that some said sounded like it was being whispered in a woman’s ear (AZlyrics.com). Thicke, whose video was eventually pulled from YouTube, took an event that many women fear on a daily basis and turned it into a source of revenue. Perhaps the more unsettling realization is how fast the song gained popularity. It peaked at number one on the Billboard Hot 100 list in July 2013 and can still be heard being played three years later (Billboard.com). I can vividly remember the song being played at my senior prom in May 2015. There was also the online t-shirt store who sold t-shirts that not only promoted rape but domestic violence as well. Solid Gold Bomb was forced to shut down after it produced shirts that read “Keep Calm and Rape A Lot” as well as “Keep Calm and Hit Her” (McVeigh). We have to look at the example that this sets for the following generation as well as the adults in the current one. It shows that singing songs about violating a woman and making an inappropriate video will bring in millions of dollars. It shows that there are no consequences for this behavior. It is this mentality that leads to domestic violence, abuse, and the ridiculous idea that rape is somehow acceptable. Need a better example? Audio emerged of a high-profile celebrity having a conversation about a failed sexual encounter, saying, “Grab them by the p---y. You can do anything” (Fahrenheit). That man is now the 45th president of the United States.

A huge problem rape victims see in America is the act of victim blaming. The first question one asks someone after being told they were raped should not under any circumstances be “Were you

drinking?” or “What were you wearing?” and questions of similar nature. One of the most shocking cases of this came in 2014 when a now federal judge asked a rape victim, “why didn’t you keep your knees closed?” (Willingham & Hassan). The victim had said that she had been raped at a house party over a bathroom sink, and the judge then proceeded to ask why she had not shifted her body or pushed herself into the sink to avoid penetration (Willingham & Hassan). He followed that up with “young wom[e]n want to have sex, particularly if they’re drunk” (Willingham & Hassan). The cherry on top of this controversial mess was the advice that Judge Robin Camp offered to the rapist before acquitting him: “I want you to tell your friends, your male friends, that they have to be far more gentle with women. They have to be far more patient. And they have to be very careful. To protect themselves, they have to be very careful” (Willingham & Hassan,). Imagine the embarrassment, anger, and despair the victim must have felt knowing that the one place where justice is supposed to be served, the courtroom, failed her. Thankfully, the case was appealed and will go to trial again, as well as a possible removal of Robin Camp from the bench, but why did it take two years for this to catch the public’s attention? The original trial took place in 2014 and appeared in the news in 2016. Imagine the embarrassment, anger, and despair the victim must have felt knowing that the one place where justice is supposed to be served, the courtroom, failed her.

In Raphael’s book, she references a somewhat similar case from 2007. A nineteen-year-old member of the US Airforce reported being gang-raped by three fellow airmen but eventually dropped the charges, citing “enormous stress” as a main reason (Raphael 3). As an added slap in the face, she was then taken to trial for underage drinking and “indecent acts” with other members of the Airforce (Raphael 3). As Raphael puts it, “She was charged with her own rape” (Raphael 3). It is hard to believe that it is 2017 and the nation is still blaming women for the actions of another. Could it be that women are simply doomed to face this judgment and shaming for the rest of time? Take, for example, a man shooting another man in the middle of the street. Society doesn’t ask what the victim was wearing or if he was drinking or if he was acting promiscuously. They definitely won’t say that he should have kept his legs closed

because doing so would have kept him from being shot. So why then are we so quick to think that it is a woman's fault that she is raped? Jody Raphael explains this as "the inevitable consequence of women's sexual risk taking" (4). I don't entirely agree with this statement, as rape can come from simply walking down the street to being overpowered by a spouse. There may not be any "sexual risk taking" involved unless spending time with a lover or waiting at a bus stop qualifies as sexual. However, Raphael is stating what the other side's argument is and this may not be her personal view.

Something else to consider is the effect that this harsh victim blaming has on the victims themselves. Tomas Ståhl discusses in his research that rape victims often suffer from "secondary victimization," meaning they blame themselves for what happened to them as well as experiencing blame from those around them (240). He attributes this to the reason why so few rapes and sexual assaults go reported (Ståhl et al, 240). In an online article about the effects of victim blaming, Beverly Engle, a marriage and family therapist, says that victim blaming makes it far less likely for victims to seek help for issues such as depression and post-traumatic stress disorder (Schroeder). RAINN's statistics show that not only did 94% of women experience symptoms of PTSD two weeks after their rape, but 30% still had those symptoms up to 9 months after the rape occurred (RAINN.org). In addition, they reported that women who were raped are more likely to abuse drugs after the event, being 3.4 times more likely to use marijuana, 6 times more likely to use cocaine, and 10 times more likely to abuse other major drugs (RAINN.org). Too often people forget that rape victims are going through a myriad of emotions in the midst of their recovery and that they are already blaming themselves for what has happened. What they don't need is a group of people saying that they should have dressed more modestly or kept their legs closed.

Rape culture absolutely exists in America, no matter how badly the opposition would like to deny it. It is something that we need to address not only for our sake, but for the sake of our children and the generations to come. We need to teach society that making jokes about rape and trivializing it is wrong, as well as blaming victims for what has happened to them. Just as we tackle

the issues of immigration and wage inequality, we must take on rape culture.

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I Came Here To Buy 2% Milk

R. W. Lesmeister

The dog I love,
the form to follow chaos,
the nine-to-five job.
Out to lunch is an
understatement.
Empty spaces
behind empty faces
it's a delayed time
in the mind of another.
I came here to buy
two percent milk,
left with two percent of her mind.
I never met a Pop Tart I didn't like,
yet I'm sober enough to know I'm drunk.
Even then, this place is as good as
new for the moment and some after.
There is always somewhere for words,
self checkout is not the place.
Stirred up and shut down
wrecked and tangled
heavy on the heart
keeping myself in check
all the way back home.

Springtime Elizabeth Welch



Fog On Mountains Kyle Lambert



“Adam,” a poem by Yevgeny Vinokurov
translated from the Russian by Dean Furbish

Адам

Ленивым взглядом обозрев округу,
Он в самый первый день траву примял,
И лег в тени смоковницы,
и, руку
Заведши за голову,
задремал.

Он сладко спал. Он спал невозмутимо
Под тишиной эдемской синевы.
... Во сне он видел печи Освенцима
И трупами наполненные рвы.

Своих детей он видел!..
В неге рая
Была улыбка на лице светла.
Дремал он, ничего не понимая,
Не знающий еще добра и зла.
-Евгений Винокуров

Adam

Day one he glanced around him lazily,
From trampled grass he made himself a bed,
And lay beneath the shade of a fig tree
And slept, his arm a cushion for his head.

And imperturbably he slept—out under
Azure skies he slept so sweet, serene.
... And in his dreams he saw the Auschwitz ovens
And the corpses filling the ravines.

He saw his children! Cast in Eden's many
Luxuries, a shining smile beset
His face. He dreamed, not comprehending any-
Thing, not knowing good and evil yet.

To Spark A Trend

David Kirstein

“Ouch!” yelled Martin. A viscous stinging sensation swamped his left hand. He stumbled back into the dewy field and began rubbing his palms against one another, but his discomfort persisted. “Alright, your turn Pete.”

“Ouch!” mimicked Peter, who began flailing his hand in anguish. “Holy spirit! Damian, have you tried this yet?”

“I already told you guys. Mallory showed me this last —” His speech cut off as he clenched his teeth. The pain seemed to wipe his train of thought clear off its tracks. “It’s intense, isn’t it? Now, let’s do it together on the count of three. It’ll be cool. One... Two... Three!” The shock sent the boys reeling backwards while the fence clapped loudly in amusement. Their convoy tripped onto a wet patch of moss where it laid watching the graying sky for a long time. The friends later agreed that they might have laid there forever had Martin’s voice not broken the silence.

“You were right, Damian. The shock from an electric fence *does* have a euphoric afterglow to it. It sure does hurt something fierce though! Are you sure it’s safe?” Neither Damian nor Peter produced a reply. He hadn’t really expected one. After all, they would never let a little thing like danger get in the way of their excitement. He took a deep breath before making a recommendation. “Let’s go again.”

Talk of more electricity must have greased their gears, because everyone was on their feet before Martin had finished speaking. To the surprise of the other two boys, Damian agreed that they should touch the fence at their own pace rather than connecting simultaneously. “Let your intuition be your guide and you will know the spirit,” he instructed. “Just don’t hold on too long. Mallory says she’s seen current turn a live body into a corpse and then into a marionette before anyone could do anything to stop it.” Martin and Jeremiah shuttered at the sheer possibility of electric puppetry, but fear has no voice of its own.

The boys’ hands quickly darted in and out of the electric field, like coy minnows mingling in a sea of reeds. For almost half an hour, shrieks and sighs rang through the once serene countryside,

blisters bubbled atop fingertips, and the stench of burnt flesh permeated the crisp autumn breeze. The farmer could even hear the fence's echoing laughter from his porch, but he told Mrs. Johnson that he was too tired to interrupt Darwin's morning lecture. It appeared that the posse finally had the absolute solitude it had been craving.

"What are you doing here?" asked a big voice. No one answered because their backs were turned, but the boys knew Mr. Johnson's voice well enough to know that he was not their secret inquirer. "I've been watching you idiots, and I know what you are doing. You're electro-shooting."

"And!?" demanded Damian crossly.

"And with blisters like those, I'd imagine that you must be ready to call it quits."

"I love the way this makes me feel. We all do." Each lie pierced Damian's lips like another frozen arrow. "Besides, what's your name anyways?"

"It doesn't matter what my name is. You shouldn't lie to anyone, especially strangers, and you shouldn't be here." The tall man's once entertained tone now sounded bitter and short. He turned to Martin and Peter and fearfully probed, "You two don't actually like this, do you?"

The boys looked at one another. Peter's eyes locked in on Martin's fingers which looked twice as bad as his own ragged appendages. "No," said Peter. "We don't." Martin did not correct him.

"Well then why are you out here with this manipulative, masochistic lunatic?" Offended by this valid attack on Damian, Martin stepped in on defense.

"Because he is our friend," he stated bluntly.

"Oh, is that so? A friend? Why would a friend introduce you to a bittersweet pleasure such as this? Nourishing friendships should involve sanctity, not endless risks." He twisted his neck to include Damian in his address. "Have any of you fools even experienced true friendship? Of course you haven't!" By this point, the stranger's voice had grown deep and wrathful. The boys huddled together as he thundered over them, but the man's glare

became affixed with Damien's. "And what's worse is that I know *you* never will!"

"ME!?" barked Damian. "I have known – I will know that friendship one day!"

"Don't get your hopes up, kid. That can be dangerous around these parts." Without any warning at all, the man reached out and gripped Damian's left bicep. As Martin and Peter watched in awe, he thrust Damian's chubby forearm through a gap in the wires and swiftly bent it back through another. At first Martin tried to beat the man into letting Damian go, but Peter peeled him away when he saw how trivial his childish efforts were. "He brought this upon himself," the killer reminded them. "And you kids shouldn't have let him bring you here in the first place. You wouldn't have to bear this secret together, but you do. Now, go tell Mr. Johnson to call the police. Tell them that your friend has gotten himself in a terrible accident."

By now Damian's lifeless heels had begun carving into the soft dirt. As the boys witnessed the scene, their faces flooded with disappointment. The minor muscle movements were nothing compared to the spectacular spasms he had promised earlier that same morning. No longer fascinated by Damian, the friends turned around to notice that the man had vanished amidst their fascination.

Without another moment's notice, Peter and Martin bolted up the sweating meadow towards the farmhouse. The steep incline alone was breath-taking but when coupled with the ensnaring grass and the sun's blinding gaze, the ascent became stuff of legend. The two later decided that run was far more spiritual than anything Damian had ever offered them.

Enchanting Howl

Hadiqa Hassan



The Decline in Newspapers: A Closer Look

Phasin Ahrens

It is not a surprise that newspapers have been failing in the past few decades. The birth of the internet manifested several different ways companies, groups, and individuals could reach out to others. News outlets saw the internet as a new opportunity. Media outlets grew profits by giving out news through online articles via the internet because it was the cheapest and quickest way to make a buck. As a result, newspaper sales declined dramatically. Nobody seemed interested in reading paper printed news anymore; it seemed tedious and a waste of money. In a single household, copies of print newspaper would stack and pile up in the corner of a room each and every day. The daily task would be to pile paper up once more in the recycling bin to pave way for newer papers. With the use of the internet, however, all of that has changed. Readers can now read an article with a click on a mouse or a tap on a screen without having to waste countless pieces of paper and risking paper cuts. There are more reasons for the decline in newspapers, though, for good reasons and bad. In recent years, the

decline has dazed many journalists as readers do not seem too interested in reading papers. The reason is that internet access, advertising, corporate ownership, and social media are playing as huge contributors to the decline in newspaper production.

The invention of the internet meant losses in revenue in print newspaper. According to Michael Barthel's "Newspaper: Fact Sheet" in his research on newspaper sales at the *Pew Research Center*, weekday and Sunday newspaper circulation fell approximately 7% and 4% respectively in 2015, the biggest decline since 11% and 8% in 2010. Although a rise in 2013 displays a make up for a portion of the losses, the decline resumed afterwards, and circulation went down much more rapidly in 2014 and 2015 compared to the losses from 2004 to 2010. In short, newspaper circulation has been declining for the whole decade. In an interview with William Welch, a retired journalist from *USA Today*, he mentions that as the internet grows, advertisers will want to change their tactics on where and how they want to advertise to gain further profit. Digitally communicating information is cheap and fast, so appeals to advertisers. Given a reason why newspaper circulation is declining, he says, "The lower cost and data available from digital advertising has been attractive to businesses who once advertised regularly in newspapers. That decline in advertising has meant a decline in revenue." Advertisers become unwilling to sell their ads in print newspapers due to the popularity of digital media. It is new, it is fast, and it is trending. Any business not willing to take advantage of such a scenario would simply not succeed.

Advertisers are the real customers for newspapers as advertising accounts for most of their income. Companies rely heavily on the income coming from advertisers because readers tend to not have the incentive to pay for information that can be easily found free elsewhere, despite the possibility of consuming faulty information. Some companies like *The New York Times* have been successful in having consumers pay for subscriptions to its news, but many other companies have failed. *Craigslist*, a free commercial site for small businesses and individuals, started advertising for free and outcompeted newspapers. Those who would normally have to pay a price to receive a section of a newspaper would instead be able to do it for free on *Craigslist*.

Naturally, advertisers would capitalize on a free advertising website. Welch mentions that “newspapers failed to respond to *Craigslist* until it was too late. Now no one would think of buying a classified newspaper ad to sell an item, or hire a worker, or seek customers for their business.” As a result, print newspaper revenue has met with consistent declines. In addition, people receive their many news stories from extremely popular social media platforms like *YouTube*, *Twitter*, and *Facebook*. Aggregator sites like *The Huffington Post*, *BuzzFeed* and many others run their businesses by creating summaries and stories using reports of other news sites. These aggregators have risen sharply in popularity and through advertising, make millions of dollars. Without newspapers, corporations will also receive losses since newspapers had earned them large profits in the past. Now corporations that own newspapers are forced to look for other sources for profit. To milk out as many dollars as they can to support their business, regular news websites have come up with ways that tend to discourage readers from their sites. Things like auto-play videos, pop-up ads, and articles with multiple pages give more power to the click from consumers to make further profit, but it only helps so much.

Corporate ownership within the industry incapacitates the ability to provide the community with the information and journalism essential to supporting a democracy. In Frank Blethen’s article “The Consequences of Corporate Ownership,” he talks about the “disinvestment and lack of community connection that ownership concentration has brought us” by essentially arguing that because financial investors and owners must maximize profits and keep stock prices high, true journalism and community service lose their value. He explains that for his employer, *The Seattle Times*, profit is necessary for financial stability in order to keep the business alive. For other companies, profit is to be maximized for personal wealth and stock price boosts. Publishers and editors for journalism do not get rewarded for their services, and newspaper CEO’s and other leaders are being hired while lacking a background in news. Another factor goes into the question of what readers want: whether to read about a tedious topic or an exciting heart-wrenching story. Blethen accentuates, “‘If it bleeds, it leads’ is more true today than ever.” A variety of opinions and voices are required

to contribute to a democracy for it to function well. An independent press will need a staff that is decentralized from the corporation they work in. If they merely speak out what they are only allowed to in order to make sales, then only a narrow range of opinions will be said and heard. Blethen further emphasizes that the biggest issue in the industry is the lack of coverage of important topics. He says, “I believe the concentration of newspaper ownership, the control now wielded by financial-institution investors and its impact and implications, is one of the most important stories of our time.” He talks about the lobbying of the FCC and regulatory agencies and the repealing of the “limited ban on cross-ownership of newspapers and television stations in the same community,” then further questions why larger newspaper corporations do not talk about the issue.

On a side note, social media has been a turning point for all news, including how it is conveyed and how people interpret the news on social media platforms. People are now able to record what they see and hear by posting on their walls about an event that has occurred. *Facebook* and *Twitter* allow for people to talk to each other as things happen in real-time. Doug Stanglin and Greg Toppo’s “When News Breaks, Social Media Often There First” talks about the amazing way social media can talk to the masses about real-time news. An airplane crashes and people are able to talk about it as it is happening before their eyes. They talk about a man in the midst of the crash texting: “I just crash landed at SFO. Tail ripped off. Most everyone seems fine. I’m ok. Surreal....” According to Stanglin and Toppo, they even mention the man included a photo of the airplane in ruins, receiving over thirty-thousand retweets in the post. They say that not only does social media get there first, “it can often provide critical information in the first moments of a tragedy.” Social media gives people the amazing ability to talk to one another while events occur as well. Such an amazing piece of technological platforming would disadvantage traditional news media, which cannot respond as quickly. More people are finding that social media is much more exciting than the average, bland newspaper because of the real-time experience. But there is a downside to how people use social media for news. Welch establishes that users can adjust their online experience to align with their viewpoints, rather than what they dislike seeing. “It

allows people to think they are getting a broad view of information when in fact they are seeing only a narrow slice, and sometimes one driven by ideological extremists," he asserts. For the most part, social media is not a credible source for the news.

The newspaper business is, without a doubt, declining slowly as time passes by. Newspaper publishers have tried, in their desperation, different ways to manage production and make profit at the same time, though proving fruitless in the end. With the advancement of the internet, baits for advertising, profit plans for corporate owners, and social media, not only newspapers but news and journalism as a whole are subject to change. How citizens want to see their news is entirely up to them, but the media not only reflects upon what the readers want but it also shapes it. So perhaps prospects may not look so bad for print newspapers if they use their influence as an opportunity. However, with all the free information accessible on the internet, it is possible that readers may never want to pay a cent for news sites. Advertising will most likely stay attracted to what the internet offers and move further away from print newspapers. Based on Welch's examination of the industry, some companies have a strategy to pick newspapers back up, but according to him, "At best, that is a play to wring the last dollars out of print before it is no longer profitable." Overall, the print newspaper business looks very bleak.

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The Wake Review

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*The 2016-2017 Wake Review staff after volunteering at the
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