So, it’s 11:57pm the night before we’re scheduled to go to print. I just sent Angela to the gas station with my debit card for some random variety of energy drink. Leilani is across the room sighing with increasing frustration and, every now and then, violently shaking her fists at InDesign and/or “the spinning rainbow ball of death.” (Mac joke – you wouldn’t understand.) Did you send me the final copy of Ana’s story? And, where the heck did Cari’s edits of “Odyssean Politics” go? Truly, the Fall 2009 semester has been an experience of “Lost & Found.”

Don’t worry. I’m not about to get melodramatic (it’s far too late and I’ve been sat at this desk for far too long for that kind of nonsense), but there’s been a lot of contention in the news recently. Masses of people on TV and the Web are talking about the world, as we know it, going down the tubes. Others are more optimistic about recent changes. While on the West Coast this past summer, I couldn’t stop thinking of all things lost in recent decades and all things found in the past few years; and, these random musings turned into our theme.

Coastal Carolina students ask themselves questions pertaining to this theme on a daily basis. Is my e-mail going to work today, or will it be lost in the black hole that is the CCU server? Where can I find parking after 8:30am? Also, after two years of patiently waiting, student media is finally in its new office – too bad we were asked to move during the week of deadlines. Half our staff got lost trying to find us.

From tracking down contributors, copyeditors, photographers, fashion coordinators and models et cetera to the frightening possibility of literally chasing a white rabbit around campus, Volume 12, Issue 1 of Tempo Magazine has been a labor of love. Honestly, I almost lost my mind with all the responsibilities presented to me this semester. However, at various points of the production process, I found my strengths and weaknesses as an editor. I know now what I totally suck at – I mean, what editorial, leadership and professional skills I need to further develop – and what some of my better qualities are.

I just hope my staff isn’t planning a coup as I type. But, hey – “Some must die so that other may live.”
Special Thanks:
Office of Student Activities and Leadership, Keith Jacobs and 803 Photo Labs for helping with the fashion shoot and mentoring our young photographers, Coastline Pet Supply for letting us borrow their bunny, Coastal Carolina University’s Public Safety for also assisting with the fashion shoot and being flexible and patient with us, and Sheriar Press for printing this lovely publication.
Print is Dead

“The printing press is either the greatest blessing or the greatest curse of modern times, one sometimes forgets which,” – J.M. Barrie
I’ve always been an avid reader; I fell in love with the library when I was six, but its contents are now threatened.

Before I could even read, I flipped through my older sister’s Dr. Seuss books and made up the stories on my own. The pages were glossy; the bindings creaked and the covers split open so I could discover what was inside. As I learned how to read, I devoured every book Mom had lying around. When I finished those, we went to the library weekly and I grabbed cassette tapes and Junie B. Jones books. In today’s world, much like those cassette tapes, the printed word is dying out.

With the increasing availability of free Internet access, more people are opting to read texts online; in turn, the demand for printed media decreases. Growing up, computers were those boxes other kids at school fought to sit at so they could play Oregon Trail and Number Crunchers. I didn’t know what the Internet was until I turned ten. Now hard drives are inside phones and people can watch YouTube videos from their T-Mobile Sidekicks.

Technology rules today’s world; it is a crucial part of how our civilizations communicate. Technology’s growth allows our generation to find new ways to interact with friends, institutions, and the world. Internet use has tripled from 1997 to 2007 according to the U.S. Census Bureau. The Wi-Fi Alliance Web site states the amount of chip-sets sold for Wi-Fi access grew in one year to 387 million, 56 million of which were for cell phones.

The media takes advantage of the popularity of the Net and runs with it. Instead of spending profits on printing publications, they create Web sites and Twitter accounts. CNN has a Twitter account where users can follow news feeds. According to Mass Communications by Ralph E. Hanson, “The newspaper business has fewer newspapers and readers than in the past. By 2002, circulation had dropped to 56 million, but the number of households had grown to 106 million.”

For large and small media, the Internet may save them money on publishing expenses, but radically decreases the amount of subscriptions. People are canceling subscriptions not only to newspapers, but to magazines as well because of the declining economy. Erik Sass, a writer for Media Post Communications (an online media company), mentions the severe decline of magazine audiences. According to his article “Mid-2009: Magazine Ad Pages, Audience Declines,” popular women’s magazines have lost over 30% of their audience. The magazines he mentions in the article have Web sites of their own, including “Successful Farming.” On the same site in another of his articles, “Newspapers Lose $18 Billion In 3-Year Period,” he discusses how newspapers counted on the Internet to make up for print losses, but the reve
The future is scary; take books and newspapers out of the equation and the future becomes downright terrifying.

nues from the Internet made up “less than half the losses on the print side.” For some newspapers, switching to online publication proved for the better.

Some smaller newspapers decided to stop the presses and only publish on Web sites. The Tucson Citizen, a newsletter in Arizona, stopped print publication in May of 2009. Owned by Gannett Co., the largest newspaper group (in relation to circulation), the newspaper was the oldest in Arizona published daily. Along with The Tucson Citizen, the Post-Intelligencer and Ann Arbor News ceased print publications. The rise of resources online increases consumers’ dependency on the Internet, electricity, and technology.

Online media becomes cheaper for both consumers and companies, but our dependency on electricity, technology, and our demand for immediate gratification skyrockets. Our generation runs on Time Warner and AT&T. Just plug us in and listen to the whirr of our gears and wires waking up. Quick survey: how many of you can go a month without checking Facebook, MySpace, Coastal WebMail, Hotmail, or Twitter? Some of you can’t because you use the Internet to attend classes. Since the Internet on campus is free to use, students use it to check their favorite sites, watch videos, listen to music, complete classes, write papers, etc.

More companies and businesses today, like Atlanta Bread Company, provide customers with free Wi-Fi access at their locations. Barnes and Noble now allows customers free Wi-Fi access in their cafés. Companies expect more people to come in to surf the Net because access fees are gone. Customers can multitask in one location without added cost. Businesses offer free Wi-Fi to increase customer traffic and sell the consumers products. This sales tactic works because our society, including universities and workplaces, is so dependent on the Internet and electricity. Most cubicle-dwellers use e-mails, instant messaging, and even Web sites created for video-conferencing in the workplace. Friends all over the world communicate with networking sites. I stay in touch through email and Facebook. I leave a quick comment on my friend’s status; she lives in Poland. Poland is 4,868 miles away from South Carolina. That’s how far my handwritten letter, complete with 0.42 cent postage stamp, would have to travel. It gives a whole new meaning to the term ‘snail mail.’

Electricity use jumped severely over the past few decades not only in the United States, but around the world; our civilization depends on electricity to survive. The United States made up more than half of the total net electricity consumption in 2006. According to EIA (Energy Information Administration), we (America) had 3,816 billion kilowatt hours, and North America as a whole had 4,543. To put these numbers in perspective, Japan only had around one-fourth of America’s usage and the United Kingdom had around one-third of Japan’s usage. These numbers steadily increase as the years pass and as more technologies are created to serve the demand for convenient access to information.

People want more high-level technology for instant gratification. I am not exempt. As I’m writing this, I am wrestling with my ear-bud headphones, saving the draft on my 4GB memory stick, and texting my Facebook update (although I could just as easily change it from the computer). Our generation has mastered multi-tasking to the nth degree.

Technology providers try to match the growing consumer demand for these tools. For example, the iPhone, released in 2007, allows you to take videos, take pictures, use voice control functions, get directions, surf the web, calculate workouts, create voice memos, save contacts and notes, play music, send messages, cut and paste texts, check stocks, watch YouTube, and of course, find the iPhone when you’ve left it in the Kroger bathroom or in the restaurant booth. Other phone companies have added similar features to their phones to
If we lose printed material in the electronic race, then we lose a vital part of society’s life force—our past’s presence in the future.

the fastest route. The demand for multitasking electronics carries over into the design and creation of these devices. The new iPod Nano, once just a music player, can record video. Kindle is terribly foreboding. It allows its user to read books and other texts on a small device from a screen, much like a miniature TV. There’s a lot of controversy over this new device and whether it will inflame a print revolt or ignite the creation of similar gadgets. Will Kindle live up to its namesake and start the holocaust against all print publications? Most of these electronics are available at any Best Buy, Wal-Mart, or available for purchase online. The convenient availability of these new technologies increases people’s dependency on them.

A world without printed books would be an awful sight to behold, but as the Internet continues to grow and more people use it as their main source of news and entertainment, will our civilization completely lose the printed word? That’s a scary thought I don’t even want to imagine possible. The future is scary; take books and newspapers out of the equation and the future becomes downright terrifying.

Printed versions of texts, no matter whether they be book, newsprint, or magazine born, will be buried under electronic communication. If we lose printed material in the electronic race, then we lose a vital part of society’s life force—our past’s presence in the future. If the generations after us lose the written or printed word that documents our history, our daily lives, our ancestry, then our past has no presence in their lives.

Without hard copies of manuscripts, articles, poems, or stories then there will be nothing for future generations to hold in their hands. Nothing for future archeologists to discover. The Internet and all it holds is only accessible with the right tools (a computer or whatever else they invent in the future, and electricity). Pages can be leafed through and are tangible. They can decompose over time, but they are still physical manifestations of knowledge that are accessible with a very portable tool people keep throughout their lives: literacy. No one needs a computer or a particular software program or the latest Java update to read words on the printed page. They only need to know the language.

Design: Rachel Maas
Beyond the Clouds
Scripture says God, the Almighty, is everywhere, yet not everyone pursues Him.

In a search for faith, Tiffany Casteel interviews three of her friends about their religions and their relationships with the Lord. Kelly, Stephanie, and Kyle share their beliefs with her, allowing Tiffany an opportunity to reflect on their faith.

“Finding God” has always fascinated me. I was raised to believe in God, although I rarely attended church. I’ve never fully understood the importance of God. I have attended church, but I’ve never experienced the love or greatness of Him. Then again, I’ve also never reached out to God or tried to experience His power. I have always done my own thing and never considered the consequences.

I took a chance and discussed the issue with three willing volunteers and asked the questions that people find difficult. Have you found God and is it worth it? Is there something non-religious individuals are missing out on? Would everyone’s life be better with God or would everything stay the same?

Kelly believes that the way she views her choices in life and the way she lives from day to day has a great deal to do with her relationship with God. She was raised in a Lutheran environment when she was young, and took much pride in her church position as an Acolyte. She completed communion and confirmation classes as a child and became a member of the Lutheran Church Middle School. High school, however, was a completely different story. Kelly began a slow withdrawal from God and began questioning her beliefs and the significance of God. Much of her high school life was spent outside of the church. She tried to remain focused on God and live in a way that was acceptable to God, but distance was inevitable.

Kelly spent her high school life questioning her opinion on God. She was offered a job as a nursery attendant at the age of eighteen. The nursery was located at a local, non-denominational church. A year later, a close family friend was killed in an accident. Kelly’s younger sister also disappeared at the same time, and it was then Kelly decided to turn to God.

She discovered that God was the best support system she could have in her life. For the first time in years, she began to rebuild her lost relationship with God. She began to live her life in a new and fulfilling way. She says she was able to “weed out” people and habits that weren’t good for her. Kelly also believes that she would be a “miserable, mean-hearted person” if she had not turned to God. Her entire life, her views of other people and the world she lives in have changed, as well.

Some individuals, however, live their entire lives around God without questioning their faith. Faith is meant to be tested. When people spend their entire lives with faith and the belief in God, they are meant to be tempted and swayed. Stephanie, a member of the Greek Orthodox Church, believes that her faith is a huge part of her life. Stephanie was raised in a religious household. Her mother was always a staple in her beliefs and soon after her family moved to South Carolina, her father became a priest. She was raised in the church and attended every Sunday.

Staying close to God has always been an important part of her life. Although she doesn’t get the chance to attend church as much as she did as a child, she still takes time every day to pray. Fasting is also a way she stays connected with God. During fasting, no meat products or processed foods are digested. Stephanie says that fasting is a way to cleanse the body and soul. By doing so, she can focus more on God and be in a better state of mind.

Growing up with a specific religion and view on God can drastically change as well. Kyle is a long time member of the Catholic Church. He was raised to believe in God and think a certain way about his religion and the individuals included in the church. Kyle has been back and forth on his religion a few times but believes that at some point in middle school, he truly found God. However, he does believe that he would still be the same person without God. College has been a turning point for Kyle’s view on God. He was raised in a church with strict rules and seemingly perfect church-goers.

Kyle had no other option but to attend different churches when he moved to Myrtle Beach to attend Coastal Carolina University. He began to take a different look at God and realized that what he had believed his whole life couldn’t be further than the truth. In a way, he found something new in God that he had always known. He realized that God is a more welcoming God than he was taught to believe. He now believes that anyone is welcome into the arms of God and that God is not just for people with strict beliefs. His views on premarital sex and other controversial issues have changed as well. He no longer views such issues as “big problems or huge sins.”

After talking with these students, my mind started to spin. I am completely fascinated by faithful individuals; people who live their lives through God always seem to have a reason to smile. I’ve witnessed people completely change their lives to become a better Christian and a better servant to God. Faith is powerful; there is no doubt. Some people even go as far as to say that their hopes, goals, and drive in life come from their faith in God.

I’m not quite sure that a person needs God or faith to be an upstanding individual in this hectic world. Having something to believe in does seem like an ingenious idea, but does a person really need God to have hope or drive?

Never finding God or having God as a huge part of my life has never seemed to affect how I live day to day. I was raised to believe in the “Ten Commandments” and to be a moral young lady, but in reality, they should be the “Ten Human Laws.” God or not, these are things every person should live by.
De Crevecour

"After a foreigner from any part of Europe is arrived, and become a citizen; let him devoutly listen to the voice of our great parent, which says to him, "Welcome to my shores, distressed European; bless the hour in which thou didst see my verdant fields, my fair navigable rivers, and my green mountains! If thou wilt work, I have bread for thee; if thou wilt be honest, sober, and industrious, I have greater rewards to confer on thee--ease and independence. I will give thee fields to feed and cloath thee; a comfortable fireside to sit by, and tell thy children by what means thou hast prospered; and a decent bed to repose on. I shall endow thee beside with the immunities of a freeman. If thou wilt carefully educate thy children, teach them gratitude to God, and reverence to that government that philanthropic government, which has collected here so many men and made them happy. I will also provide for thy progeny; and to every good man this ought to be the most holy, the most Powerful, the most earnest wish he can possibly form, as well as the most consolatory prospect when he dies. Go thou and work and till; thou shalt prosper, provided thou be just, grateful and industrious."

Toni Granato learned how much the past can preserve the future when she delved into the life of her grandmother, Rose, the first of her ancestors born on American soil.
Osolina Caliendo represented promise for a growing family in a new world. In Naples, Italy, the Caliendos family lost their two girls a year apart due to premature birth and illness on Christmas day and Christmas Eve. In Brooklyn, New York, three years after her mother and two brothers immigrated to America to join her father, Rose’s mother Carmella made a bold choice. She named her third daughter after one of those who died back home. Her hope was to give Rose, her first child born in America, something to live up to. Carmella frequently told Rose stories of how her baby sisters died back in Italy. She wanted to make sure her daughter knew how lucky she was to be the Rose that survived.

Growing up with other immigrant, impoverished families at 95 Roebling Street in Brooklyn with a mother who did not speak English and a father who worked endlessly gave Rose the resilience that carried her through life. Rose was a skinny girl with big brown eyes and long, thick, black hair in pigtails. Rose’s tenement building had no indoor toilets, little lighting, and poor ventilation. The lobby was dark and filthy, and the Caliendos’ flat was small with two rooms. The younger siblings slept in a bed with their mother. Diseases, like tuberculosis, spread rapidly; Brooklyn was the second most populated city in the world and people lived in a marginal situation on Roebling Street. The Caliendos family used an outhouse that was only cleaned out once a month behind the apartment building and shared it with thirty other families.

Rose’s smarts gave her an advantage that helped her through those hard times. She witnessed poverty in tenements all around her as a young child. She learned to find opportunities where she could get them. To stay warm in their two-room flat, she and her younger sister, Theresa, heated water bottles and put them under the sheet for warmth. Sometimes the water bottles were frozen when they woke up. They also stole wooden crates from the dock to burn in the iron stove and opened the doors to heat the flat. Food was scarce; when Rose went to the market for her growing family of nine, she would buy the most wilted, bruised, or spotted produce for a discounted price and use the fresher parts. She continued this practice throughout her life. Even when she had the most beautiful produce available on her farm, she made it a point to never waste one tomato. In an attempt to find better meals, Rose and other neighborhood
Tempo Magazine

Carmella dreamed she saw so much hope in New York City for filled streets. Carmella argued with Nichol; War I draft as farmers and leave the crime- Nicholas wanted his boys to avoid the World War, and he decided to move to the countryside of Hazlet, New Jersey. When Rose enrolled in school in New York City, her self-taught English skills paid off. Her new school placed her in the third grade, and she quickly became the head of class. The end of the year was approaching, and by chance, her teacher not only for her progress, but also for her colorful and patriotic dress to represent the school and carry the flag on Flag Day. This became a lasting image of Rose's selflessness.

Although the family moved away from the dangerous streets of Brooklyn, they were not able to escape from discrimination and poverty. Rose was told to protect her younger siblings, and at times she stood in the way of severe abuse and assault. On their walk to school along the railroad tracks behind her house, Rose would teach her younger brother, Tommy, the alphabet and talk to him about what he was learning at school. Every day, Tommy was teased by two boys closer to Rose's age. His features betrayed him, skinny with thick, black hair and heavy brows. His English sentences, broken by stutters, reflected the parents' mixed speech at home. The older boys called him "wop" and "meatball" but never once said anything to Rose. On a day when they were especially abusive, Rose picked up sharp pieces of coal slag alongside the railroad and clenched them in her hand with the pointed edges facing out. She told him that the next time he was bothered by the boys, to walk up to either of them with his fist full of slag and hit them as hard as he could. Courageously, Tommy took her advice. He stood up as tall as he could and punched one of them near his lower jaw. The coal sliced his skin, and the other boy immediately backed away. They never bothered Tom again.

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The Caliendo family moved out of Brooklyn when Rose was in the second grade to the countryside of Hazlet, New Jersey. Nichol wanted his boys to avoid the World War I draft as farmers and leave the crime-filled streets. Carmella argued with Nichol; she saw so much hope in New York City for both Rose and Theresa. Carmella dreamed that they would get high paying jobs and be more connected with the Italian culture in New Jersey, her self-taught English skills paid off. Her new school placed her in the third grade, and she quickly became the head of class. The end of the year was approaching, and by chance, her teacher not only for her progress, but also for her colorful and patriotic dress to represent the school and carry the flag on Flag Day. This became a lasting image of success that was so important to her family. On this day, she represented all Italians and all immigrants who sacrificed to live in America.

When in Italy, Nichol's family prospered by producing large grape vineyards and making wine. Opportunities for this type of farming were scarce in America, and it was usually the Italian immigrants who introduced vineyards to the region. Under any circumstance, moving to the country from the city was described as "heaven," even if Nichol had to teach himself new trades like tending to animals and growing vegetables. At the time, the Caliendos family could not afford to buy any land. They became tenant farmers, forced to give portions of their profit to the landowner. The farmhouse was two stories, and the nine members had four bedrooms to share. Rose learned many lessons while on the farm. She was in charge of the farm cow, Bessie, and learned how to produce dairy products, can fruits and vegetables, which was crucial for the winter season. On the farm, the children ran in open fields and enjoyed their freedom. Rose loved to be barefoot and weave her toes through the sandy soil. She watched curiously as her father cut the rim of a straw hat and placed it on the slay bag horse that was used to plow the farm. Eventually, the farm started to flourish, but the family still struggled to make ends meet because of the rent and the amount of harvest they gave up.

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When Rose enrolled in school in New Jersey, her self-taught English skills paid off. Her new school placed her in the third grade, and she quickly became the head of class. The end of the year was approaching, and by chance, her mother made a beautiful red, white, and blue dress. Rose had few dresses and this one happened to be clean. The next day, Rose was chosen by her teacher not only for her progress, but also for her colorful and patriotic dress to represent the school and carry the flag on Flag Day. This became a lasting image of success that was so important to her family. On this day, she represented all Italians and all immigrants who sacrificed to live in America.

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After Rose's two older brothers, Pasquale and Salvatore, moved out of the farm house, Nichol decided to move the family to a rural town called Matawan. He put aside his overalls and tenant farming, and he went to work for the railroad. At twelve, Rose graduated from grammar school and went to work to help pay the rent. Devastated to leave school, she still held her head high and found work at a nearby tile factory. She was horrified to find herself working with older men, and images from the factory fire in Brooklyn haunted her. In the factory and on the railroad, Rose and her father worked about sixty hours per week. When Rose and her father came home, they coughed up massive amounts of dust that had accumulated in their lungs and all over their bodies. Rose wore glasses at the factory, and the buildup of soot was so bad she had to wipe her glasses every couple of minutes. In Rose's factory she was paid by the number of units she produced. Instead of a check or American cash, Rose received money specifically printed by the factory owner and her family could only use the Atco dollars in certain stores in the area. If her performance did not suit the boss, he could fire her without reason and she would receive no pension or employment check.

After realizing her work at the factory was more efficient than that of the others beside her, Rose challenged her manager to a raise. Right before the Great Depression hit, the family bought the home they had been renting for almost a decade. The 40-acre Granato farm had been in the family since 1900, and was given to the three brothers after their mother died. The couple knew that they would have to make sacrifices to buy the farmland, but in the long run the farm would be important for future generations.

In the early 1960s, Rose and Anthony sold a large portion of the Granato farm to pay for their children's college education. Rose knew the importance of not only sending her son to college, but her two daughters as well. In high school, Loretta was steered away from college preparation classes because administrators assumed her family could not afford the tuition. Rose met with the principal of Loretta's school and told him not to worry about how they would pay for college, but to focus on Loretta's education. Rose never cared whether the girls would even use their degree; the most important thing to her was that they earn it. Frequently, she explained to her daughters that education was the key to independence and that no matter what they did in life they would have the freedom to use their education. Rose's encouragement produced a writer, a businessman, and a teacher.

The challenging tasks that immigrants deal with to provide for their families prove commitment to the ones they love. My grandmother, Rose, rarely thought of her own needs and realized as a young girl that her hard work would determine the fate of the Caliendos.

My grandmother, Rose, rarely thought of her own needs and realized as a young girl that her hard work would determine the fate of the Caliendos.
And then as I look up the beach to glance at the rest of this glorious setting, a beacon of fluorescent light doming over towering hotels interrupts the show.

There is nothing as refreshing as an empty summer beach in the dead of night. As I approach the beach out of the dark silence of the Myrtle Beach State Park forest, the quiet slowly turns into a beautiful symphony conducted by Mother Nature herself. She directs waves to break against the shore and winds to murmur a sweet lullaby. The smell of the saltwater fills my lungs while the cold, soft sand massages my feet, putting me at ease. The moon and the stars glow ever so bright, reflecting off the surface of the water as if a sheet of ruffled silk lies over the ocean cradling it to bed. This is nature at its purest form, and I have a front row seat.

But, as I look up the coastline to gaze at this glorious setting, suddenly a beacon of fluorescent light from towering hotels domes over them, interrupting the show. The sound of crashing waves is replaced with honking car horns and thunderous crowds of tourists. The smell of drying asphalt quickly makes its way to my nose and mouth. As I look into the water, a stream of brown scum freely flows into the surf. Damn, this is lame.

Why has urban development become the hottest new show to watch? Have we as a population lost our sense of belonging and respect for nature or have we found a new, unstoppable connection with development and urbanization? The urbanization of America, and the world for that matter, continues at an ever-increasing pace. In rural areas, new home developments are sprouting up with strip malls...
and highways, replacing beautiful forest and flourishing farmland. In urban areas, new skyscrapers and apartment buildings replace any grass left, sending the message that only man-made structures are permitted. Myrtle Beach, our own town, and the Grand Strand continue to develop hotels, condominiums, and beach homes as the population of the area increases along with an invasion of summer tourists. This leaves no room for older structures or untouched land. Where a wetland once prospered, a parking lot for a new club is paved over, as if the wetland never existed.

To be fair, however, there are some positive impacts of development that deserve praise. There is a direct correlation between an increase in development and an increase in literacy, medical advancement, and cultural diversity, all aspects that can be considered beneficial to society. With development comes opportunity for people to increase their knowledge and thinking skills because the increase of the educational resources available. Additionally, urban sections are where most people live, so there is a vital need for medicine in these areas. Finally, urban areas are known to be “melting pots” of ethnicities, nationalities, religions, and traditions, which only further enhance people’s awareness of other beliefs unlike their own, encouraging tolerance.

No matter how beneficial they might be, however, nature itself is undermined by these so-called positive impacts, which is unacceptable. But wait, how is nature being undermined? There are still trees and grass around, animals frolicking through the woods, and rivers still flowing freely, right? Think again. Although the benefits of urbanization and development might currently seem harmless to nature, there are already documented problems due to the impact of development on the environment, including the effects of air, water, and light pollution. Air pollution is the most direct form of pollution by which people are affected. Contrary to popular belief, air is made up of much more than oxygen; there are many other “good” gases that compose air like nitrogen, carbon dioxide, and argon. Pollutants and air-borne toxins that are also in the air we breathe can cause major damage not
only to humans, but to the environment as well. Air goes through many cycles, exchanging air into the atmosphere and into the earth itself. This means that the pollutants we breathe are in the soil and because these pollutants are in the soil, they are also in plants. Plants are a source of food for many animals, including humans. Humans eat animals that eat the plants that have these pollutants in them. These pollutants accumulate in the environment over time and eventually build up in our bodies, which can lead to very serious health issues like poisoning, cancers, organ failure, and ultimately death. Additionally, the air that is not used on Earth rises into the atmosphere, which can lead to various problems like ozone depletion and an increase in ultraviolet (UV) rays reaching Earth. Both of these problems will endanger the environment and people.

Water pollution is another serious problem with urbanization. A piece of untouched land allows for a natural input and output of water. But, when an area is paved over with impervious surfaces (concrete and asphalt), water has a very difficult time remaining pure. The water cannot penetrate into the ground so it is forced to run off into drains or evaporate into the atmosphere over time. This creates a problem where there are many pollutants that cover these surfaces from automobile exhaust, tire rubber, and litter. These pollutants eventually dissolve, and they either evaporate into the air (acid rain) or run off into nearby water sources like streams, lakes, and oceans. And, what is right next to Conway Myrtle Beach? Oh yes, there is the Waccamaw River, where we get our drinking water, and the Atlantic Ocean, where we all go to swim. So, like air pollution, there is a chain effect where these pollutants will eventually make it into the human body and our environment.

One of the most under-researched pollutants, light pollution, has a major impact on the environment. In layman’s terms, light pollution is an excessive amount of artificial light pointed into the sky. Not only can an overabundance of bright neon and fluorescent lights get ultra-annoying, but they can also cause navigational troubles for migrating animals like insects, birds, and reptiles. Although this might seem like a minor problem, ecosystems only work well if all of its components are functioning; and, if these animals do not migrate where they are supposed to, certain cycles and processes will not happen. For example, nocturnal moths and insects have a difficult time navigating when there is an excess of light. Night blooming flowers depend on moths for pollination and may be affected by night lighting. The problem is there are no replacement pollinators that would not be affected by artificial night lighting. This can lead to multiple species’ declines in plants that are unable to reproduce, changing long-term ecology of any given area. Furthermore, light pollution also hinders the everyday (or, should I say “the every night”) activities that people love to do like stargazing, camping in the woods, or taking strolls along the beach.

Now we know that nature is undermined by urbanization, but why? What is so special about development that has people building on every piece of open land? Why is humanity’s favorite color no longer green? It is not that humanity does not like green; it is just a new kind of green with which we have fallen in love. Open green space equals potential billions as far as businessmen are concerned. You can even ask yourself these same questions. Development means something new to check out and eventually something to spend money on, a pastime that our generation is very good at and enjoys thoroughly. The connection with nature is something most people our age feel is old, boring, and easy to replace with urban entertainment. There is also the presumption that nature will be around forever. Not so. Before we know it, nature will be lost behind concrete jungles.

Although some might beg to differ (our current administration possibly), Coastal Carolina University is no exception to these global problems. Instead of maintaining a lush wooded campus, Coastal decided to put in new sidewalks (additional impervious surface) so people
don’t have to walk the extra 50 feet to get to classes. Better yet, constructing a new “field house” when our current stadium is hardly full on game day seems like a great way to spend the school’s money and to preserve the open land we have left. Coastal could do so much more to help students find a reconnection with nature, like hammocks, but if the university continues to act rashly before thinking about the ecological consequences in the future, we are not only compromising our quality of life but also the quality of life for people in the Conway area.

As I leave the beach and venture back to the parking lot, I cannot help but look back at that beacon of neon hotel light and wonder if this is the new face-lift of Mother Earth? Will forests and meadows be ripped up, paved up, and built up into yet another metropolis of cement and steel? When my friends and I go for late night walks on the beach, will we even be able to see the moon and stars through a shield of reflected city light and smog? If society continues to develop as irresponsibly as it is now, we will lose more than our valuable natural resources, we will lose valuable time to experience nature on this planet. People will lose the feeling of tranquility and refreshment whenever they go to the beach; they will lose the sight of the moon shining down on the ocean; but worst of all, they will lose the music of nature.

**DECREASED AIR QUALITY**
- As cities grow, an undesirable combination of events occur leading to a decline in air quality.
- The number of trees is reduced due to development, and the number of cars increases due to more people.
- In effect development reduces our air filters, trees, and increases the amount of pollutants that must be filtered. Much of the harmful pollutants in urban areas, such as ozone, sulfur dioxide, and nitrogen dioxide, come from vehicle exhausts.
- Much of the ozone that forms in cities occurs on hot summer days when the heat stimulates chemical reactions in the exhaust of vehicles.
- Other sources of ozone include power plants, buildings, and lawn mowers.
- Trees improve air quality by providing a cooling effect through transpirational water loss from their leaves and by filtering atmospheric pollutants through their leaves.

**INCREASED WATER RUN-OFF**
- Commercial development substantially changes the topography of an area.
- The land usually starts as a forested area or at a minimum, a clear area with grass and/or other vegetation. The effect of the vegetation and soil is to slow the movement of water and to provide an opportunity for water to enter the ground.
- Development removes trees and other vegetation that soften the impact of rain. As a result, rain hits the ground with greater force and compacts the soil surface.
- This reduces the amount of water that can enter the soil and increases water “run-off.”
- In addition, buildings, parking lots, and other impervious structures reduce percolation of water into the soil and promote run-off.
- The result is large volumes of water entering the storm water system or creeks in a short period of time.
- Capturing run-off water is a very expensive proposition.

**DECREASED QUALITY OF RUN-OFF WATER**
- The quality of water in the streams and rivers of is deteriorating.
- Water that does not percolate into the soil will eventually flow into the water sheds and waterways. Rain water that hits the surface is usually clean, unless we have high levels of atmospheric pollutants.
- When clean water impacts the ground in natural areas, much of it percolates into the soil and eventually into the water table. Water that does not percolate will flow toward low areas after it is filtered by grass and other vegetation.
- Urbanization increases the amount of rain striking impervious surfaces such as roof tops and asphalt parking lots. The rain washes surface material, such as dirt and petroleum products, into the surrounding streams.
- This causes high levels of particulate material and chemicals in streams.
- Rain water also washes the pollutants from the air before they enter the water-ways.
- Loss of Aesthetic Beauty/Character of the Community
- The removal of large quantities of trees can drastically alter the appearance and character of a community.
- The rich heritage of nature gives communities aesthetic beauty and the environmental cleansing aspects of the tree cover.

**SOURCE:**
http://pubs.caes.uga.edu/caespubs/horticulture/resource-conservation1.htm
OH, MONTANA

WORDS: CARI ZOURDOS  PHOTOS: CARI ZOURDOS & JEANNETTE BENNER  DESIGN: BRADEN PATE
When I hear this story from Jeannette’s perspective, I am blown away. Ten minutes earlier, Jeannette felt as though she really wasn’t going to make it. She was borderline hypothermic: she’d trekked two hours more than she had planned and she’d eaten only oatmeal and candy that morning. She prayed, “God, I don’t know how I’m going to do this. Strengthen me. And Lord…I just want to see Cari…If she was here, she would make me feel better. But, please, help me make it.”

Montana has harsh mountains. One minute they are lush and green, and the next they are huge slippery boulders, collecting rain and hail. If you have ever been backpacking in a big group, you may have approached hiking like we did. After the first day, all of us got a feel for those who were experienced or in-shape enough to walk quickly, those who were slower walkers, and those who were somewhere in the middle. When we first set out for a new hike, we broke up into smaller groups of three or four, usually with people who walked at a similar pace. This made walking much easier – and more fun.

On one particular day, the leading group had a GPS. It was a critical day because we were going to be navigating some very steep hills and we were shooting for our longest hike yet. I prayed before I left the tent, “God, give me energy to spare today.”
It was extremely foggy, and it gave the world an ethereal feeling. You could see the next step — nothing else.

It began as a beautiful morning, and we watched the fog ebb and flow between the peaks while munching on Starburst and slurping some oatmeal. Soon after we started hiking, it began to rain. We marveled at the effect that misty rain has on low-hanging leaves. As it rained harder we put on our rain jackets and kept walking — but rain was followed by hail. The group continued up the hills, the endless switchbacks, in the freezing rain and rock-hard hail.

We finally climbed to the top of a hill where we met the leading group. There were nine of us there — about half of our total hikers. We were absolutely exhausted, but the rain and cold were not letting up. Much of our food was in the backpacks of the lagging half of our group, so we silently sat under individual trees, trying to keep from getting wetter. There were also two other men, strangers who waved at us. They were having a grand ole time under their blue tarp with hot soup and tea. The two men asked us a few questions and they were very sympathetic, but they really did not have anything extra to give. The Absaroka-Beartooth Wilderness is not the place to pack for hospitality.

In one swift moment, a young man from the other half of the group came running up the mountain we just climbed. When we saw Dave was without his pack, we immediately knew it was a bad sign. He told us that we had taken a wrong turn and that the rest of the group was hiking in the right direction. He said he had been sprinting for a half hour to find us. We were crushed; the distance he ran toward us was steep switchbacks, but we were going to have to go back down it — and trudge up a similar path on the other side.

Then our guy with the GPS stood up. He said that he double-checked where we were, and that we were definitely in the right place. The two men with the tarp stood up as well and got out their map. Eventually, we discovered that our group was headed in the correct direction, meaning that the others were going the wrong way — and, at that point, they would have already been a full hour journey from where they had been when Dave left them. They had about two more hours of walking to get us on the right path.

Quickly, we set up the largest tent we had in a makeshift fashion. We used sticks, since the poles were with the other group. Nine people were crammed in that circus tent splitting energy bars and drinking some weak, hot tea that the two men generously donated. Then our sprinter took off again in search of the other group, which had some of the weaker hikers in it.

In the meantime, the nine of us were edging away from hypothermia and we were surely miserable. We passed around the tea, nibbled on Clif Bars, and attempted to warm the place up with various bodily gases and foot rubs. We tried to make
jokes and huddle together. Restless, Paul got up and said he was going to bring the rest of the hot tea to the lost backpackers. We prayed before he left, for him and for the others. We sat tighter while we waited. When he came back a bit later, he asked for people to go back and shoulder some packs – the hikers were absolutely worn out.

I got up. I put my rain jacket back on, and I went outside the tent.

At the time, I really did not know why I was going. I felt a new energy running through me, and I just knew that out of our entire group in the tent, I was suddenly the least “dead” feeling. I smiled at Paul and the two of us took off for the hikers. It was extremely foggy, and it gave the world an ethereal feeling. You could see the next step in front of you – nothing else.

We reached the first two within twenty minutes or so. As we got closer, the fog started to fade a bit, and we could see two shapes coming towards us. We gave our hiking call, which sounded something like “Kooo-loooooo,” and we heard them cry out to us. I discovered it was my very close friend Jeannette; a younger boy was with her. They both were struggling.

As Paul and I rushed to get closer to them, Jeannette began to shed tears – because, as she told me later, I was there. I was walking toward her even before she had cried out. And, suddenly I was hugging her and letting her cry out her pain. I offered to take her pack, but she declared that she had come this far and she needed to finish it. So, I walked alongside her, and man, did she go. She owned that mountain.

The other girls back at our makeshift shelters set up another very small tent and some sleeping bags for the lost hikers. Paul and I left again, heading towards the last group. We reached them, took two of their packs, and slowly made our way back to site.

Hurting, cold, and still slightly miserable, we cooked up some hot cheesy soup, got the colder individuals packed into tents, and tried to set up camp as best we could – illegally, right off the trail. We all prayed individually for a beautiful day in the morning. We desperately needed the sunshine to dry all our equipment before we set out again because we were planning on hiking nine, rocky miles the next day – and our morale was so beaten that we simply wanted to feast our eyes on some beauty.

Call it friendship. Call it love, call it divine power, call it the human connection – call it whatever you want. All sixteen of us walked away from that mountain feeling stronger and more powerful than we thought possible. You never forget days like that one. Even a year later – when some of us had graduated, some of us were in too much pain to hike, and some of us were back on the mountains in Tennessee – all one of us had to do was look over and say “Oh, Montana!” We would know what was meant because every single one of us had gone to sleep that rainy Montana night with thankfulness, love, and a feeling of awe in our hearts.

When I awoke that next morning, I found sunshine beaming through the nylon tent.
Tattooing is an age-old art dated back to nearly 5,200 years ago due to the Iceman recently found on the border of Italy and Austria. Tattoo history is as varied and diverse as the tattoos themselves. Tattoos were developed for ritualistic purposes or as important markers of cultural status. As time rolled on, they became a permanent form of self-expression in our culture. Many argue that tattoos have lost their original importance. Have we found a new place on our societal forms for body art?

Tattooing was traced back thousands of years to one of oldest preserved pieces of mankind flesh, 'Otzi the ice man'. Some believe that the tattoos found all over his body were received as a form of treatment for arthritis. Tattoos found on mummies in Siberia dating back over 2,000 years ago are thought to represent status. It was not until the Egyptian time period that individuals began tattooing on a regular basis. Even female priests wore tattoos as part of a ritualistic practice reserved only for women. Egypt spread its culture all across the Mediterranean to Greece, Persia, and Asia where a group of nomads carried it to Japan.

The Japanese were the first culture to use it for decorative purposes instead of magical ones. They perfected the art with their mastery of creativity, coloring, and shading. A classic Japanese tattoo consisted of a full body covering. From Japan, tattoos spread to China and along the Silk Road to all of Asia and Europe. Meanwhile in other parts of the Pacific, the Polynesian, Samoan, and Hawaiian cultures were developing their tattoo artistry. The Polynesians were known to have the most skillful tattoo artists in the ancient world; they believed that one's tattoo was a physical representation of one's life spirit. The Samoans however wore their tattoos proudly as a symbol of rank and stature. The prominent young men would often attain their tattoos as early as puberty. The Hawaiians tattooed themselves to protect them from disease and harm. Tattooing was spreading across the Americas' continental bodies as well. The Native American tribes each used unique tattoos for multiple meanings. Some wore them as symbols of status or as badges of valiant fighting skills. In other tribes, they represented marital status or tribal membership. Surely all of these ancient cultures have influenced the tattoos of today, but have we lost some meanings in the process or found our own new significance?

In the late 1800s, tattooing became popular in Europe and Colonial America amongst sailors and soldiers. It was common practice for British sailors to get inked when they were in port. The first permanent tattoo parlor in America was established in New York City in 1846. Suddenly, the "civilized" Europeans were attracted to tattoos for the same reason as ancient cultures were: to recognize warriors. As the years went by, tattooing remained...
predominantly in the military. During the two World Wars, thousands of soldiers were marked with everything from anchors to verses. They colored their bodies in hopes of protection and remembrance of fallen friends, and family back home. In the years following the 2nd Great War, America discovered a new age in culture. In the mid-1900s, tattooing was still viewed as a taboo procedure reserved mostly for biker gangs and delinquents. When Hepatitis broke out due to poor sanitation and lack of regulation, the art of tattooing became even more repulsive. Tattooing gained some ground with the radical generations of the ‘60s and ‘70s who brought the mindset of rebellion set on breaking away from everything traditional. What better way to do this than tattoos? America was finally watching a shift of body art from rugged soldiers to revolutionary teens. The counterculture of this age brought about new creativity and design as they broke past the two dimension- al cartoony war tattoos into artistic expression. Tattoos suddenly were not for marking warriors, but for displaying a person’s beliefs. Peace signs, the yin-yang, flowers, and all sorts of displays of love popped up over youth. At the same time, many biker gangs continued to use tattoos as a form of marking their members, a use seen in tribal cultures. If someone wore the wrong symbol in the wrong place, it could spell death. This spread quickly to urban and prison gangs as well as to occult organizations. This gave tattoos a negative connotation similar to the feelings of Europeans when they were first introduced to tattoos. America went full circle, but this would not last long. The same generation who protested Vietnam would, after the war, become college professors, business people, and even celebrities. The aging of this generation helped move the art of tattooing out of the dark and into a more respectable place in society. Following suite, the MTV generation of the ‘80s was covered with ink as well; and they too carried into the business world this laidback view. As the ‘90s rolled around, tattooing became enticing to the younger generations again. America is not the only culture where tattooing is becoming an accepted part of society. Japan has a long history of tattoos, but for the most part they have been frowned upon. Tattooing in Japan has been compared to the ancient culture of Samurai; the art is one that is passed down from master to student and is a highly respected process within its own subculture. For many years, one could not even enter a public bathhouse with a visible tattoo; this is still forbidden in some parts of Japan. Thanks to a pop-culture hungry younger generation and influence from overseas, tattooing started to gain a foothold in Japan. It is now more acceptable to show nontraditional “fashionable” tattoos in public. The traditional tattoos should still be hidden or exposed only at certain festivals or during fights. Tattooing in Japan also has a special place in violent subculture, just as it does in America. Japanese gangs, such as the Yakuza, often promote full body tattoos for their members. The tattoos become symbols of status and rank amongst them. It seems that in many parts of the world, tattooing is losing its negative image and becoming more accepted. Tattooing began as an ancient art meant to symbolize a person’s status, beliefs, or memories. It has gone from being shunned, to marking soldiers, to expressing the beliefs of counterculture, to marking gangs and criminals. Tattoos have survived the transitions of society and become a part of popular culture. Today, tattooing is the most prominent form of body modification. According to “On Point,” an NPR broadcast, 40% of Americans ages 26 to 40 have at least one tattoo and more than a third of Americans ages 18 to 25 have tattoos. For many, tattooing is something reserved for symbolizing a person’s beliefs or beautifying their body with artistic design. As with any form of pop-culture, there will always be those who are just following trends, but ultimately the question comes down to the individual: what does your tattoo mean to you?

Tattoos suddenly were not for marking warriors, but for displaying a person’s beliefs.
Hidden Beauty:  
A Photographic Essay

"Everything has its beauty, but not everyone sees it."

-Confucius
As history is written, most could be found basking in the glory of their blissful ignorance when the economy struck. Suddenly, as if taken by force, it came crashing down upon the wallets and bank accounts, home values, and 401Ks of innocent Americans like a hijacked train run off course.

Given a year to look back on this self-inflicted crisis – more the implosion of our neglected economic household than a deliberate act of terror – it seems at first glance that we’ve gained nothing. Profound statement, I
Economics is all about choices. Our choices. We derive the word itself from the Greek oikos, meaning household, and nomos, meaning custom, law, or usage. In study and in practice, it’s a way of expressing human behavior within the context of our environment (household), described in terms of the utility, or value, of our decisions. In other words, “the economy” is the result of how we use all this stuff at our disposal.

While our futures may be relative, at any given point we may run into each other and be given cause to share our childish “stuff” for a moment. In these everyday relationships we’re forced to take part in the economic process of progress. Be warned; the journey’s not free. Stepping aboard this allegorical economic train requires a choice. And, even sadder still for the greedy, it means giving up the cash for your ticket to ride.

**Destination: Paradise**

In 1492, as we all know, Columbus set forth with three figurative trains of his own. After being turned down for credit more than once, he found a sucker to pay for his trip in Spain – King Ferdinand. “I will give you a sea route to the Indies,” he promised the heavenly mandated ruler in return, perfectly unaware of the New World blocking his path.

Whether the sales pitch sounded realistic or not, it turned out to be a great opportunity. At the turn of the century, the king was desperate with familiar insecurity – a pricey invasion of the Muslim kingdom of Grenada had precipitated fears of an economic crisis. Through the world’s most historic crossroads, Western access to the Silk Road and spice trade met Arabia's resistance. By inhibiting its flow of Eastern goods and resources like the turning of an oil valve, Spain was quickly put at a competitive disadvantage to its rivals with less pretentious relations among their Muslim neighbors.

Broken-record history be damned, for Spain profited despite the fierce competition, and without Columbus ever having set foot in the United States. Avoiding its characteristically repetitive malaise, history persisted in its endless ride to witness the course of human progress evolve as the Spanish, among others, followed the winds across the Atlantic to reign in the savage New World with a new brand of hope: Freedom.
“Bullshit!” the Native Americans would say about this naïve belief (if only they could have lived to afford it). Christopher’s four trips West surely weren’t a hippie’s harmless search for freedom, and by the time that the Massachusetts Bay Company arrived in New England, it was clear that our predecessors meant business. In a burgeoning mercantile industry, London’s Mass Bay, Inc. composed of religious Separatists, had obtained a royal charter to form a joint stock trading company, one of capitalism’s earliest global incarnations. With the king’s blessing, and not necessarily the natives’, the new shareholders immediately purchased the rights for the land to be called Boston.

There was neither Fenway Park or Prudential Center, Harvard or Faneuil Hall to be found, but long before the inherent wealth of the land acquired by the colonists would materialize with future choices, the Puritan settlers found life, liberty, and perhaps even happiness in their 1639 Freedom-brand home. Everything between Massachusetts’ Charles and Merrimack Rivers (roughly 40-miles-wide) from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean was now theirs to enjoy and ours to inherit for little more than the apparent cost of sending a few ships across the open sea – within the king’s limits of course.

Achieving unrestricted freedom in both revolutionary and civil wars would divide society, but the common cause of their struggles, and its ultimate cost, has united and reunited our loose collection of states on repeated occasions. Unfortunately, the cost of righteous freedom is often one-sided – sorry, Brits, but I’ve never given a bloody care for the English who were lost to our predecessors meant business. In a burgeoning mercantile industry, London’s Mass Bay, Inc. composed of religious Separatists, had obtained a royal charter to form a joint stock trading company, one of capitalism’s earliest global incarnations. With the king’s blessing, and not necessarily the natives’, the new shareholders immediately purchased the rights for the land to be called Boston.

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Learn to cooperate or suffer alone because when democracy fails, you can only hope that we can still afford to save ourselves or die trying.

Fire!

Perhaps the most essential of human impulses, survival has been driving our holy wars against oppression for ages. But in the case of a broken economy, who is keeping us from rising above the wreckage to fix it?

As violent insurrection shook the British Empire in 1776, a philosopher named Adam Smith published An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations. Taking aim upon the merchant systems, which backed the earliest New World establishments and the feudal systems of the past, Smith’s masterpiece was both a scientific attack on the outdated economy and a justification of self-determination as the new gospel – the way to economic paradise.

*The Wealth of Nations* describes the Free Market as an eternal place where rational, moral beings make independent choices; and with only the government of an invisible hand to maintain harmony, they get along reasonably well within the ideal laws of supply and demand. Terrifyingly liberal in its days, the young rebels would adopt this economic philosophy in their fight to overcome taxation without representation, and capitalize on the new form of representative democracy they had just created. But, the market was not set free from its political influence. There were still laws. And regulations. And taxes.

Free choice does not come with freedom from consequence. Without the King of England footing their bills and making their decisions, Americans were left to find their own way to get anywhere, much like we do now. Simply put, you may walk onto a train for free, but you’re likely to be thrown off without buying a ticket. As our choices reverberate through time, setting the tone of history to come, their effects can be so profound as to make us believe they’re of no fault of our own. This free market exists not within an isolated space – far from Wall Street and Washington – but permeates our environment, where our choices shape not only our surroundings but are reflected back upon us – sometimes with devastating effects.

Regardless of its origin, we would be shit out of luck to be caught in a fiery crash like this in 17th century London. When the Great Fire of 1666 broke out in their capital city, tens of thousands of Britons lost their homes before individuals found the collective strength to suppress the flames. King Charles II, the ever-benevolent despot of England, Scotland, and Ireland at the time, did not provide insurance or fire departments within the scope of his domestic policy.

For better or worse, by the people’s new demands of protection from the sudden inferno, the insurance industry picked up the king’s slack and advanced into London’s fire safety business for the first time. This would become the model for private industry, despite centuries’ worth of conflict between people and profit that hasn’t necessarily benefited the greater good of the people. As a paying customer, you would have received a badge proudly displaying your choice in fire brigade for the front of your home. When the sparks ignited, a call to the local firefighters sent them straight for the house with their signature logo. That very symbol alone represented a gain on both sides – the fire department collected the insurance proceeds for saving your life and possessions – at least in theory.

With regret, the English learned what it costs to take part in this unpredictable journey we call a somewhat civilized life without equal participation in governing their economic household: sacrifice. Learn to cooperate or suffer alone because when democracy fails, you can only hope that we can still afford to save ourselves or die trying.

*Waking Life*

Dr. Martin Luther King once said, “Our lives begin to end the day we become silent about things that matter.” Though he lived through the Thirty Glorious Years of economic happiness, he might as well have been echoing the revolutionary sentiment of today’s hysteria. There’s no time to sit idly while the train rolls on without regard to its destruction left behind – it is time to wake life and regain control of the Commanding Heights of our wild economy before we come to another crash.

In the immediate wake of the panic, talking heads everywhere professed the second coming of our Great Depression, but it never arrived. Nevertheless, we’ve regressed into shouting herds of contestants on reality TV’s “Peasants,” all vying for the title of America’s top victim. “Too much government, too little government, powerful business interests and lobbying groups, collusion, corruption and fraud, fallacious markets, the gambling habits of corporate bankers who lost our money, and the lack of oversight let all this happen to us!” The cries continue, but with so many others to blame, it’s no wonder none have solved our problems for us yet.

Upon running into the Great Depression eighty years ago, American economic opinions differed radically from those held today, but their causes were much of the same. A man named John Maynard Keynes took up Adam Smith’s legacy, mixed it...
with a little bit of Marxism, and argued that people cannot control the forces of the economy by themselves. It has simply become far too large and complicated a task for the individual, much less the mystical invisible hand, to control the momentum of the collective economy in its oppression of the marginalized working class.

Karl Marx was not just some revolutionary with a fanatical beard. As a matter of fact, despite thousands of philosophers and economists come and gone, he has remained one of the most prominent because much of what he predicted has proven true – as the working classes continue their slow revolt against the few behind the wheel, the invisible forces drive the stock market back to historic highs. This twist in reality between Main Street and Wall Street has become one of the rallying causes of dissent for the past year, but these feelings regarding the social well-being of the masses, rather than the few in first class, have always been key to both Marx and Smith’s ideas.

With the adoption of Keynes’ new economic policies, President Roosevelt led us out of depression with the terrifying socialist agenda that created the most powerful economy in the world after World War II. In what became known as “Thirty Glorious Years,” the richest taxpayers were forced to pay up to ninety percent of their income in taxes – today, they’re crying about the difference between thirty-five and thirty-nine percent – but the John McCain’s of today’s political spectrum seem to recall the “good old days” more often than the days when we were much more like the USSR than Switzerland, a safe haven for freedom-preaching tax evaders.

The greatest potential threat to bringing the United States economy back on track is the manner in which freedom and democracy have been entangled with capitalism since its inception. As soon as we faltered in the face of the 1970s Middle East oil crises, free market economists asserted their claims to divine prov- enance once again, bringing us onto the special new track of “Reaganomics.” Ignoring the mutual success of the previous thirty years, conservative advocates of capitalism and democracy made their position very clear. Milton Friedman, winner of the Nobel Prize in economics, put it best by declaring that the responsibility of government is to protect the market’s integrity against fraud and corruption. Other than this, he assumes it’s best that Washington stay out of our lives.

The problem with this dismal approach to economics is that apparently neither the social responsibility of business (which Friedman claims is to serve shareholders’ interest by maximizing profit and nothing else) or the government, is to protect the interests of the people whom it serves. In fueling our own political and economic development, we’ve let these ideas turn us into the oppressed minority, the poor individuals who aren’t reaping the rewards of Wall Street’s profits or the favor of Washington’s elite.

In our downfall, there has been no shortage of success for the fortunate few. In the 1950s, when the Red Scare spread faster than swine flu, Americans enjoyed the happiest years of their lives with little regard for their democratic influence on the economy. The changes in perspective that alter the course of our economy from time to time, however, have never came from Main Street. Unfortunately, it has taken crashes like last year’s to change the average person’s beliefs about the economy.

While we roll on, consider that no matter who dictates our course, there would be no tracks built – no train itself either – were it not for the work of us, the people. In the scheme of economics, without a vote in the operations of business, the only choice that rivals our political forces is how we decide to use our stuff. Whether going to work for “the man,” or spending your hard-earned money at Wal-Mart, each choice has its repercussions whether you feel them immediately or not.

I believe that what matters more to us now is not that some sadistic justice be served for crimes against the economy, but that we take better care of our valuable choices so as to not be staring in the face of another crisis before we change our minds again.

Design: Leilani Derr
Screen Shot
40 Films in 40 Days
The method was pretty basic: pick a movie, watch it and record my thoughts, feelings and memories regarding both the film and the impact of the task on my daily routine. The execution turned out to be the real train wreck. Don't get me wrong, I finished it, but with a great deal of strain placed on my school, my fraternity, my job, and myself.

What follows hereafter are my reflections during some of the key points in the project. Bear in mind that this wasn't always pretty and this was never meant to be a synopsis of every movie, nor do I intend to justify why I selected the movies I did. I simply love watching and writing about movies. But, without further adieu, as Morgan Freeman said in a movie that made this cut, “You either get busy livin' or you get busy dyin.”

**Day 1**

*Here We Go:* I’ve already put the start of this project off a week at this point and I can’t wait any longer or I risk missing my window. So I put in the DVD and almost instantly flash back to a tough spot in my life. I never really think about the action with this movie, but more about one of my last moments of youth. Only months after taking me to see this movie, my dad was shipped overseas and I had to mature faster than I wanted. I always go back to that time with this movie and I realized when the credits started rolling that if I want to complete this project, I can’t pick movies that make me feel bummed the whole time...
Day 8
Rough Start: Well I definitely didn’t follow last week’s advice. Five of the last seven movies ended up with main characters having their planes shot down, their loved ones eaten by zombies, or were imprisoned for involvement in war crime. I mean, don’t get me wrong, the zombie genre may be my favorite of all time, but coupling Dawn of the Dead with The Constant Gardener made for a pretty depressing 48-hour span of time. It certainly hasn’t helped that I’ve already set myself into a hole with missed classes and I’ve even missed a fraternity meeting to watch Munich. But before I completely depress you, I did get to watch one of my favorite movies ever, Across the Universe. Now I know there are Beatles fans out there that were irritated that this movie only partially used the songs and while I would normally agree with you, I’m personally grateful right now because I really need some sleep and nothing relaxes like Beatles music.

Day 13
The Rebound and The Ropes: Not a bad stretch going through these last couple of movies after that rough start. Iron Man, The Godfather, Talladega Nights, and The Watchmen. It was definitely a mistake committing to only uncut versions of the movies on this list. You wouldn’t think so but those extra 15 minutes add up. All complaints aside, I’m getting up earlier now to get to campus and knock these out on some of the upstairs computers so I don’t have to worry about being late for class. I don’t mind that so much as having to leave during key plot developments. Why would I want to go to class when Santino Corleone is about to get ripped apart in that amazing tollbooth scene? I guess I’m still learning the ropes with this project.

Day 15
Stephen King: I think I might have to be certifiably insane to watch It and Children of the Corn back to back. I guess my optimism with the last few gave me some guts but to be perfectly honest, I hate clowns with a passion. I’m not even sure why I own a movie about them. On my twentieth birthday my friend Ronnie chased me around his house in possibly the creepiest clown mask ever. It’s one of those “scarred for life” experiences. Nothing really bad happened over the last two days, I just thought it worth noting that, for some stupid reason these movies were on my mind recently.

Day 18
Westerns and Vampires?: If I could just switch places with Tarantino for one day, he’d be writing this paper and watching three movies in one day at the same time to play catch up while I rolled in the money I made from Inglorious Basterds. Yes, the original task was one movie every day for forty days, but since this is my brainchild, I’m modifying it to be 40 movies in 40 days. 3:10 to Yuma, Underworld, and Reservoir Dogs are on the docket today. I really shouldn’t have time because I’m supposed to be driving to Georgia for Blink182’s reunion tour, but the show got pushed back to October 7th, which means the week following the show will be hell since I’ll be missing a week of classes.

Day 23
I Wanna Play A Game: I watched the movies I did this week because they’re some of my favorites of all time: Troy, Slumdog Millionaire and, as this entry’s title (hopefully) indicates, Saw. The Saw franchise is, dare I say it, this generation’s Nightmare On Elm Street or Friday the 13th. Now before anyone gets in an uproar, I do not consider the Saw movies better than either series. I am simply giving them the comparison since there are likely to be just as many as those franchises and as long as they keep making them, Tobin Bell gets a paycheck. As much fun as this task has been, I am preparing for a rough finish with a week of missed classes ahead as I travel to enjoy the musical stylings of Blink182.

Day 32
AAAGH! (AKA The Charlie Brown Noise): By the beard of Zeus that was an amazing concert. I know it’s got zero to do with the project but I can die a happy human being because I saw Blink. So why do I want to saw my foot off? I just caught up with my

List of Movies Watched:

1. The One
2. The Reader
3. The Constant Gardener
4. Dawn of the Dead
5. Across the Universe
6. Munich
7. Face/Off
8. Flyboys
9. Iron Man
10. The Godfather
11. Talladega Nights
12. Watchmen
13. Windtalkers
14. It
15. Children of the Corn
16. 3:10 to Yuma
17. Underworld
18. Reservoir Dogs
19. Stardust
20. Troy
21. Slumdog Millionaire
22. SLC Punk
23. Saw
24. The Descent
program and that means eight movies, three midterms, and three homework assignments in the last four days. All I can say is thank God the movies I landed on ruled. *The Descent, Fight Club, Saving Private Ryan, The Watchmen, Sunshine, 300, The Shawshank Redemption,* and *The Prestige.* Every one is incredibly long and every one is incredibly awesome. I just wish I weren't scrambling to finish paper No. 4 at 3:00 a.m. I guess I listened too much to Mr. Freeman and spent a bit too much time livin'. The level of exhaustion at this point is off the charts and I'm running out of gas.

**Day 38:**

R.I.P Bodhi: Initially, I had no intention of putting *Point Break* on this list, but it's the only Patrick Swayze film I own and that man has created gold. Granted this is the only movie where Keanu saying “whoa” doesn’t become annoying, but Swayze's done other good work too. *Ghost, Dirty Dancing,* and *The Outsiders.* Nearly every one of his movies is fantastic and given his recent passing it seemed appropriate to put a Swayze film into the mix. Some of the other movies I watched in this catch-up-week were pretty good in their own rights too: *Sleepy Hollow, Milk, Independence Day, Highlander,* and *Pulp Fiction.* Papers are done and the Blink fallout is finally over. I can't decide how I'll react when this whole thing ends.

**Day 40**

Mark It Zero: It's over. It's really over. 40 movies in 40 days. I ended with *Funny Games,* and *The Big Lebowski.* I know, another random combination of movies. First we have a couple of creepy teenagers wrecking Tim Roth's knee with a golf club and torturing his family before…but that would be giving away the ending. Next we have Jeff Bridges, John Goodman, and Steve Buschemi in one of the most hilarious movies of all time. But you gotta understand, the dude really tied this list together. Hopefully at least half of the people that read this will get that reference.

**Day 40, Part II**

Captain's Log: Star Date 11.09.09: Space…The Final Frontier…just kidding. So the big question: What did I find? I found that this project has definitely been more demanding than even some of my papers over the past four years (and I major in English so there were quite a few). That being said, I also found this to be a rewarding experience that has taught me not only the value of time management and hard work, but also the subtleties of cinema. When I had to watch something, I analyzed it with more scrutiny and I appreciated all the details like camera angles and technological advances. Ultimately, I found that three years of working in a movie theater sweeping up garbage and dealing with some painfully ridiculous questions my love for
“This is who she wants me to be: a hair-flipping strutter in Jimmy Choo shoes, who can turn A’s in English into a career of reporting couture clothes, and wearing them just as well.”
It’s who you know. It’s Aunt Steffi and her Yorkshire terrier Lola. It’s her mansion a block away from the Clintons in Chappaqua. It’s the advertising space she sells for Condé Nast magazines. It’s her obsession with advancement and my college resume, since her kids are still in grade school. Really, it’s the first annual Teen Vogue Fashion University weekend.

Get your name known, network the New York way and upstage sparkly strangers. It’s a great opportunity. This is Manhattan in December, so it flurries, but the bus exhaust melts the snow before it can stick. Here’s my once-in-a-lifetime Christmas gift, a glossy page ripped from the spine of fashion forwardness: “Find yourself at Vogue!” It’s today.

Aunt Steffi calls. “Tell me you can walk in those heels I mailed you.” To my silence she snaps that I better not wear sneakers. To my mm-hmm she growls. I hear Lola yip, yip, yap. Then, click. This is who she wants me to be: a hair-flipping strutter in Jimmy Choo shoes, who can turn A’s in English into a career of reporting couture clothes, and wearing them just as well.

The hotel is 20 blocks from Penn Station, tucked away in a seawall of buildings, where the streets run like rivers bringing taxis upstream. The wind tunnels, they’re piercing—shards of bitter air stinging your skin and puncturing your lungs, dropping them like icicles. Skinny girls crowd the sidewalk in front. There are tall girls, Asian girls, blonde girls, mostly all skinny girls. Raising my scarf over my nose, I lean up against the marble wall. A six-foot-tall redhead in a bright pink overcoat skitters over.

“Are you here for Intern Week?” she asks, smiling wide. Under her stick figure arm is a milk crate filled with bottles. I nod. She smiles wider, hands me a water bottle, and trots off to a huddle of fur hats in front of the hotel doors.

I look at the bottle’s label, and some French name in script overlays sky-blue mountains and a waterfall.

“Can I get a picture of you with our sponsor?” another approaching woman asks, a Nikon around her neck, wired glasses on her ears like the pair I wore in second grade.
“Sponsor?” I repeat, and look around for any men in ties.

“The water,” she nods at the plastic bottle. “Hold it up, next to your face.” Snap.

We get Teen Vogue laminates and T-shirts and hang around the burgundy hallway. A pale boy in gray jeans and a purple sweater walks over and smiles, but the lack of fat in his face makes his cheekbones jut out even farther.

“I love your dress!” he says, a French accent to match his flimsy hand gestures. “I love antiquing. Is vintage, yes?” He laughs like I’m joking when I say if dresses from fourth grade are vintage.

“They think they’ve found who they want to be in this cat-walking world, spending college credits on the history of satin, studying Vogue’s Table of Contents to get here, to believe that they will initiate trends one day, not just follow them.”

“Hey, I’m Suzanna… Are you guys designers?” a bleach-haired girl asks, probably attracted by the accented chuckles. They show each other their portfolios and sketches. They ask me why I’m here, since I’m not in college yet. Since I’m not wearing make-up or a logo. Since I’m not selling myself. I shrug, not answering it’s because I’m related to my mom’s sister.

They’d hate that. Whatever application process Aunt Steffi waived for me, I’d hate – an essay about my future in the fashion industry, 100 survey-type questions. These wide-eyed Kate Mosses in training, counting the minutes until Tim Gunn from Project Runway arrives; they waited by their phones for this. They added, subtracted, and added to their resumes for months. They think they’ve found who they want to be in this cat-walking world, spending college credits on the history of satin, studying Vogue’s Table of Contents to get here, to believe that they will initiate trends one day, not just follow them.

When they let us in, it’s a scramble of spiky heels and black tights to the front rows of the auditorium seating. We tilt our heads back to a stage the size of Broadway’s and a projection screen larger than the billboards on 42nd Street. On this screen, there’s an octagon of angles, a majestic rock that looks infinite in the silver shadows cast by its sharp cuts. Pure carbon sculpted into jewelry.

I don’t listen to the tailored executives on the stage, detailing who wore what when, clicking a remote to the next sparkling slide. I try not to blink image after image of Paloma Picasso’s silver and gold earrings, tied like ballet slippers, delicately bent into X’s and hearts. Better yet are the clusters of ruby, emerald, and boron blue diamond rings, rounded stones about to pop like bubbles with every color inside – too pure to be of this polluted world.

On the way out, I’m handed a velvety teal bag. I pull the tiny drawstring and pour the contents into my hand, a dainty sterling chain. Engraved on the small silver pendant is Please Return to Tiffany’s & Co.

Dooney & Bourke bags are thrown around like the 9/11 conspiracy pamphlets a block away. They’re stuffed, not with renegade ramblings, but with Super-Smile teeth whitening, palettes of shimmery eyeshadows, compact mirrors, peppermints twisted in silver wrapping. Starbucks gift cards.

That inescapable green mermaid on every other block and Venti-sized cup.

I recognize these doll-faces, their swan necks, cheeks sucked in like ocean sunfish, and giraffe legs – a different breed. If it wasn’t for who you know, who you’re related to, you’d be laughing on the rocks in Central Park with the rest of your 16-year-old friends, watching the horses and musicians move with the tide of the taxis. After this, plans to meet up with them in Brooklyn. No one else looks like they want it to end, camouflaged in Clinique and nesting
in the bandwagon of blush and bronzer and brand names.

I’m handed Juicy Couture perfume and a $150 gift card to Macy’s. I get toe rings, red nail polish, pink razors that vibrate, purple razors with soap on the blade. Usually I steal my brother’s razors; my mom’s is some bladeless, spoon-shaped thing with cream that singes your nose hairs. Nothing’s simple. Carbon, maybe. But even that can be crafted into an object to covet.

Suzanna’s in her first year at LIM and gets lost “from Fashion Merchandising to Urban Design class.” She knows her way around the grid of glamour but I know how to physically get there. We take the A Train to the modeling seminar. Inside the gallery, the man’s skin shines like a peeled carrot. His first words are yelled: “Anyone under 5’7” stands no chance in the modeling industry! Don’t waste any time chasing too-tall dreams!” For the first time today, I am confident in who I am because of who I’m clearly not. Suzanna chokes and stains her face with smudgy black tears. I leave.

I walk to take the L Train to Bed-Stuy to see my friends. In the underpass, there’s this woman shaped like an igloo. This igloo woman, facing the wall, she wears long johns under a patchwork skirt falling to her knees. Staring at them, I hear the train coming but don’t look to see if it’s mine.

Her knees are skinny and wobbling in their thermal sleeves, out of proportion with the roundness of her mountaintop. I stare, attributing her igloo shape to her back, which hunches up so high, I can’t see her head. I lean against the wall to see her vibrating hands clutching the handle of a shopping cart, equipped with a crooked wheel and floral hatbox inside.

“Merry Christmas,” I mumble, and regurgitate the bits of glitz into her cart, my Vogue vomit. Before she can say anything, I run up the concrete steps. I go back through Times Square, back to Penn Station, straining to see myself in those compact mirrors. Maybe I shun Aunt Steffi to avoid losing myself in her expectations. Getting lost comes with city life until you forget your family and depend on people you don’t know. You find others to find yourself. Then again, this is New York.

“It’s the people you don’t know, finding others to find yourself.”
After my Democratic Compatriots claimed victory over the forces of King Bush and his hero McCain-tor, the DNC’s armada set sail for home.

Our first landfall was Ismarus in the land of the Republicans. We sacked the counties, killed the party leaders, and took the Independents captive. I urged and then pleaded that we should withdraw then and there, but my party would not hear of it. My crew feasted on the donations of new members and reveled in their own glory, all while survivors of our plundering rose in the heartlands. The main force of the Republicans swept down on us in a red tide. These were seasoned campaign operatives, and it was all we could do to hold the ships until, outnumbered, we withdrew from the field leaving the blue dogs to fend for themselves, and put back to sea.

While we still grieved for our fallen congressional comrades, Zeushington, king of the gods, sent a storm that knocked our approval rating to its knees. We rode out the bad press as best we could. The party could have won the New Jersey and Virginia governor races and made for home had not a new gale driven us across thirteen days of open sea.

We found ourselves at last in the land of the Lotus-eating Hippies. These folk were harmless enough, but the plant on which they smoked too easily corrupted the minds of men. Three of my crew tasted it and all they wanted was more. They lost all ambition for work, discipline, and home. Peace protests began to break out. I had to force my men back to the ships and tie them down with reality while we made our getaway.

“We are Democrats, blown off course on our way home from the Presidential Election”

Fortune proved cruel for next we beached in the land of the Wall Street Cyclopes. We put in at a little island off their coast called Lehman Brothers. Since they possessed no knowledge of sailing they left it uninhabited, though it teemed with investors and capital.

We made a pleasant meal of wild hedge funds. Our bellies full and bodies rested, I took my administration over to the mainland. The first thing we saw was a giant cave overlooking the beach. Inside were milking pens for retirement funds and union pensions aging on racks. My men were for making off with the additional tax revenue and lambs that we found in the cave, but I wanted to see what manner of beast made this its lair.

When the Cyclops, Bear Sterns was its name, returned home, he blotted out the light in the cave entrance. He was as tall and rugged as an alp. His stature and presence made him appear too big to fail. One enormous eye glared out.

He did not see us at first, but went about his business. The first thing he did was to drag a massive boulder into the mouth of the cave, blocking any hope of flight. Twenty teams of oxen could not have dislodged it. Then he began milking his derivative ewes, separating out the sub-prime mortgages and setting them aside to drink with his dinner. It was not till he stoked the fire for his meal that his eye caught the glint of our steel.

“Who are you?” rumbled a voice like thunder.

“We are Democrats, blown off course on our way home from the Presidential Election,” I explained. “We assume you will extend easy credit and strong quarterly growth while retaining adequate liquidity, or suffer the wrath of Zeushington, protector of President Elects.”

“Zeushington? We Banking Cyclopes are much stronger than Zeushington. I will show you how massive a stock market and capital spending bubble I can create.”

With that he snatched up two of my men and crushed their bodies in his gigantic hands. Then he devoured them raw, tearing them limb from limb and tossing...
them into his gaping mouth, bones and guts and all. We cried out for Zeushing-ton, for all the good it did our fallen comrades. The Banking Cyclops washed them down with great gulps of sub-prime milk, gave a look of satisfaction, and fell sound asleep. My hand gripped the handle of my sword tight, eager to stab at the heart of this monster. But, I realized that only he could remove the boulder that trapped us in the cave.

It was up to me to craft a plan. I found a bailout tree trunk that the Cyclops intended for a walking stick. We cut off a five-foot section, fashioned a sharp point on one end and hardened it with fire. When the Cyclops came home to make his usual meal, I spoke to him: “Cyclops, you might as well take some of our liquor to relish with your barbarous feast.”

I had brought along a skin of Fannie and Freddie wine so strong that we usually diluted it in government subsidies. The Cyclops tossed it back and then demanded more.

“I like you, Democrat,” he said. “I’m going to do you a favor. What is your name?”

“My name is Nobody,” I told him.

It became clear that the favor he spoke of was a promise to devour me last. But, when the wine had done its trick and put him into a slumber, I put my plan into effect. Heating the end of the stick until it was red hot, we charged toward the Cyclops like a battering ram, aiming for his hideous eye, and plunged it deep. Bear Sterns arose with a roar tearing the spike from his eye. The Cyclops began furiously searching for us in his blindness. His screams of frustration and rage brought the neighboring Cyclopes to the mouth of the cave.

“What is it, brother?” they said. “Is someone harming you?”

“It is Nobody!” bellowed Bear Sterns.

With that the other Wall Street Cyclopes wondered off, and Bear Sterns heaved the boulder aside. He spent the night by the open door, hoping we would be foolish enough as to try to sneak past him.

Tying securities goats together with ropes of vine, I hid a man under each group of four. When it was time to let them out to pasture, the Cyclops stroked the backs of each security that went by, never once detecting my men or I. Myself, I clutched to the underbelly of the biggest ram.

Finally free from the cave, we quickly charged for the shore. After having made our way to sea, I called out, and Bear Sterns came to the edge of the seaside cliff. In his wrath he tore up a boulder and threw it at us. It landed no less then fifteen paces from our bow. The men struggled to quiet me, but the triumph was mine.

I cried out, “If someone asks who did this, the name is Obamysseus!”

That brought another boulder hurtling our way. However, this one fell astern and only quickened our exodus. The Cyclops was left howling on the cliff like a bankrupt firm, beseeching his father Hamilosiden, god of the economic seas, for vengeance.

We next put ashore at the island of Aeolstream-media. Zeushington had made him keeper of the political winds. So, once I had entertained Aeolstream-media for a month with tales of my political exploits, he was favorable enough to give a steady breeze of bias to blow us home. He even gave me an assortment of political storm winds to stow on board, sheathed in a leather bag.

“Why does the captain get all the treasure?” my men wanted to know. “What have we got to show for our votes across the sea?”

So, they tore open the leather bag and let loose a whirlwind that blew us to the land of the Healthcare Industry. There it is daylight around the clock. I dispatched a patrol to survey the countryside. They came upon a young pharmaceutical girl who led them to her Healthcare Mother, queen of those people. She proved to be as hideous as a hydra and as huge as a bear, and her insurance company husband was thirsty for blood. He grabbed the first congressman and tore him in half with three million in TV spots. The others made a break for it.

They came screaming back to the shore, followed by the entire Healthcare Industry clan. As the men scrambled to cast off, negative ad runs and lobbyists bombarded them, and pressure groups pelted them from great heights. The Healthcare Industry smashed ships and men and gorged on lumps of Democrats.

I had the presence of mind to cut away the hawser with my sword, and I urged my men to row for their lives. We alone made
it, the sole ship to escape. Our solstice in survival was overwhelmed by sorrow for our brave comrades left behind.

Our lone ship now reached the island of Aeaeafransico, where the sorceress Cirlosi resided. The crew was apprehensive about exploring. However, I had lots drawn and half the crew went forth to search the island, while the rest and I remained with the boat. In a lush cove of federal spending they found Cirlosi’s house. All the men but the first mate of the ship, Raum Eurylochus, went inside for a feast. The crew gorged themselves on earmarks, corn subsidies, and bridges to nowhere. After they partook in the excesses of Cirlosi, she cast a spell transforming them into pork barrel project pigs.

When they did not return in good time, Raum Eurylochus returned to the ship for help. I sensed the reckless spending and knew I must confront her. As we made our way to the house, Hermes Reid, the messenger of the gods and helper of travelers in distress, paid me a visit.

Hermes Reid bestowed the herb of Presidential veto that would make me immune to Cirlosi’s stimulus spells. When we arrived at the house of Cirlosi, I ate the food, but was not changed into a pig. I drew my sword and forced the sorceress to take an oath to return my crew to their former state and do no harm thereafter. She acquiesced and changed them back to humans. However, so beautiful were the shores of Aeaeafransico, and so enchanting was Cirlosi, that my crew and I remained with her and her nymphs for three months.

After too many months had passed, the crew reminded me of home. The goddess was willing to let me go, but it was not as simple as that.

“You must sail for the land of Death. There, in the realm of Reaganes, you will find the blind prophet Tiresias Maynard Keyes. He alone can chart your course through the economic sea of turmoil and back home to steady three or four percent growth.”

So, I gathered my crew and set sail for the furthest edge of Ocean’s stream. There lay the land where all men journey when they die. Upon our arrival I performed the rituals as Cirlosi instructed, bleeding a sacrificed gubernatorial race into a pit. Tiresias, the blind prophet who had accompanied us on the Presidential campaign, was the soul with whom I had to speak. I held the other shades at bay with my bully pulpit and sword until he had drunk from the pit.

He warned me of many dangers that lie ahead.

While at sea once more, we had to pass the Sirens of socialism, whose sweet song lures sailors to their demise. I ordered my crew to stop up their ears with wax. She exacted a heavy toll upon my men and me. Each of her six jaws grabbed a sailor and devoured him whole.

Finally, we were beached on the island of the Sun. Here the sun god Clintollo had ended the era of big government. My men disregarded all warnings from the prophet and sacrificed Clintollo’s tax cattle, so while back at sea Zeushington sent a thunderbolt that smashed our ship. I alone survived, washing up on the island of my second year...
secondhand FASHION

Photos: Bob Crimian, Keith Jacobs & Cari Zourdos
Fashion Coordinator: Kristen Porstney
Fashion Assistants: Kate Costello & Alley Kelley

leo woodward
White sweatshirt
Handme down

julie winocur
Marlboro shorts $2.75/pair & Lace top, $3.75, Goodwill
kendall pakula
Sequin top, $4
Goodwill
kristen portney
White coat, $35, Goodwill
Saddle shoes, $5, Goodwill
Lost & Found

kristen portney

Blue dress, $5
Goodwill
Failure,” said author Adam Shepard in response to my final interview question. I had asked him what the one piece of advice he would like Coastal Carolina University (CCU) students to take from his book and recent presentation. Mr. Shepard went on to say, “Every success story is built on the back of many, many failed attempts. So, if you love what you’re doing – keep going.”

At the start of every academic year, CCU assigns a single book to be read by all incoming freshman. The Big Read, as it is known across campus, is supposed to serve as a common cultural experience to which these new students can all relate. The book selected by the Big Read
Committee for 2009-2010 was *Scratch Beginnings: Me, $25, and the Search for the American Dream* by Adam Shepard. On the evening of September 28, 2009, Mr. Shepard made a guest appearance at our campus in order to talk about the aforementioned project documented.

After graduating from Merrimack College in 2006, Mr. Shepard decided to give up all of his possessions and move to a randomly selected city on the East Coast. His plan was to start with only $25, a sleeping bag, the clothes on his back, and the random city was Charleston, South Carolina. His goal for this project was to have worked his way from living in a homeless shelter to having his own place to live, a car and $2,500 cash savings within one year. In Shepard’s mind, this rise from poverty would substantiate the existence of a modern American dream.

In the introduction to *Scratch Beginnings*, Shepard lays down a brief and clear list of disclaimers regarding his project. First, he says he will not use his past (friends, family, and college education) to reach his project’s goal. Secondly, Shepard states that he is not a professional writer; the book was not written to be a work of literature, he says, but to accurately relate his experiences during his project. Lastly, Shepard states that he expects to receive criticism on the things people see wrong with his project.

Still, there have been some mixed reviews of Shepard’s work. Specifically, when the Big Read Committee was deciding on their choice for the 2009-2010 school year back in Fall 2008, differences of opinion were expressed. Some wondered if CCU should require students to read a memoir in which the plot is about forgetting higher education. After all, the author of the book, an educated man fresh out of a liberal arts college similar to CCU, drops everything he worked to achieve in order to live in poverty. He forsakes his education and takes a year off of his normal life to go live in a homeless shelter in Charleston, South Carolina – just to see if he can survive.

Some asked, “Should we as an institution of higher education really be encouraging our students to just drop everything?”

Continuing in past traditions, the First-Year Experience (FYE) Office brought the author of the Big Read to campus to speak with CCU’s Class of 2013. On September 28, 2009, Mr. Shepard arrived at Coastal Carolina University for what was expected to be a long and exciting evening. The event began with a reception in honor of Mr. Shepard in the Wheelwright Balcony Lobby. Here, members of the First-Year Advising Office Staff as well as the FYE Peer Leaders meet with Shepard for the first time. At the reception Mr. Shepard

He forsakes his education and takes a year off of his normal life to go live in a homeless shelter in Charleston, South Carolina – just to see if he can survive.

and Ms. Brooke Donaldson, the CCU student who would be introducing the guest speaker, had a very lengthy (and humorous) discussion about how they would greet each other as he went on stage. The ideas went from a handshake to a romantic kiss. They settled on a powerful pump of the fist.

During this reception, I had a chance to interview Mr. Shepard one on one for *Tempo Magazine*. As I read off my prepared queries, I could tell that he had been asked most of the questions many times before, and he had well-rehearsed answers. “What do you have to say about the critics of the book who say you should repay Crisis Ministries for the time and money they spent on you?” I asked. With almost no hesitation, Mr. Shepard gave me a quick and satisfying answer, “I have written them a check for $1,500, and I feel I will continue to compensate them.” Despite the initial awkwardness of the interview done hundreds of times before, I was finally able to stump Mr. Shepard a bit. With CCU’s current freshmen (Mr. Shepard’s audience)

in mind, many of which recently left home for the first time, I asked about the difference between living at home with parents and living at a shelter with free amenities. After a long pause, he responded by ignoring the free money aspect and said, “I think just the characters that you meet – I mean, I’ve got some characters at the house, but I mean, just the characters that you meet and the people that you meet – the stories you can hear.” Mr. Shepard also mentioned the sense of liberation when living “on your own.”

After Ms. Donaldson’s introduction, Mr. Shepard finally spoke to the crowd in Wheelwright Auditorium, which was sold out for his presentation. While on stage, Mr. Shepard talked about his less than spectacular book tour, his initial failure with self-publishing the book, and other experiences he has had since leaving Charleston. He explained to the audience that his great motivator was having 9,992 of the original 10,000 copies printed of the self-published version of his book. Mr. Shepard also admitted that during his book tour, Book TV filmed him talking to an audience of less than 10 people, which were crowded into a small corner to appear like a large crowd for the television audience. All of these pitfalls were presented as motivation for harder work and dedication.

Mr. Shepard answered questions in a wide array of topics. Contributions from the audience ranged from serious queries to irrelevant (and overly personal) questions that should not have been asked in a public forum. A few students unfortunately displayed a lack of maturity by asking Mr. Shepard’s age, whether or not he was currently in a relationship, and if he “got any” while staying at the homeless shelter. As Mr. Shepard told me in our interview before his presentation, a college education helps but “not as much as the real life education.” It’s all a journey.

Design and Illustration: Leilani Derr

Lost & Found 55
Discovering JAPAN IN THE QUEST I NEVER

The praying man looks sixty-something, although I bet he is younger—because, don’t we all age a little with sorrow? I desperately want to know why he is crying… sobbing really. He is on his knees, hands clasped together, facing the Buddha statue—the same one that I had been blankly looking at moments earlier.

I watch his mouth, searching for meaning in his murmuring but all I can interpret is his furrowed brow, and concentration. I turn back to the bronze statue with a hesitation, a revere. Knowing I will never see this man again, I am suddenly overwhelmed with a need to offer help. Outside, I hear stone pebbles shuffle as Dr. Ivanova walks further away, it’s time to move on. Transfixed, I glance one last time at this man who could be somebody’s father or friend, grip my notebook, and leave behind my own prayer.

This past summer I was able to visit, along with two other students, Tori Poston, Mikkenna Woods, and Dr. Ivanova, five cities in Japan for a total of twenty-six days as part of a student-faculty fellows program for collaborative research in Asia funded by ASIANetwork and the Freeman Foundation. Our group’s in-country research, “Kansai and Kyushu: Roots and Routes of China-Korea-Japan Interconnections,” explored cultural traces, interactions, and museum interpretations of the relationships Japan has with China and Korea. Given that each of us majors in a different discipline (English, Politics, History), I had the unique opportunity to view these relationships not only from my own perspective but also from those of my peers. As an English major, I explored the images of East Asian women in literature and culture and the role Confucian and Buddhist values play in shaping both the social expectations towards their behavior and the motivation behind their choices. We quickly learned that Japan’s culture runs deep with influence from both China and Korea and yet these interactions are not always acknowledged, why? Does giving credit entail losing a sense of identity, or power? If one strips away that which is borrowed, what is left? How do the Japanese define themselves in relation to Korean and Chinese influences? This, as one can imagine, was a lot to examine. Our days were packed with a dizzying array of temples, historic
I think of how many more will be thrown to the side, lost to success and culture... but perhaps not to happiness. depends on what being lost means, I suppose.
the historic groundwork. I never stopped to comprehend the personal reach and comfort Buddhism provides and has provided for hundreds of years—I saw its full impact for the first time that day in the temple.

Too soon, I find myself darting along the Kyoto train station to catch a ride into Fukuoka. After a few attempts the girls and I have gotten pretty good at maneuvering among the scurry of activity as well as balancing our 22 inch wheelalongs onto the packed escalators. Yet, no amount of practice could ever have prepared us to keep up with Dr. Ivanova, who has obviously done this once or twice before! Mentally kicking myself for not being in better shape, I turn back to see if Tori is still with us when Dr. Ivanova, miles ahead (kidding), stops to read a map. Secretly happy at this momentary break, I do not notice the homeless man right away. Blinking a few times, I try to realign my vision past the hoards of salary men that seem, at first, to devour the disheveled man and his space. Somehow, he survives the army of black suits with their briefcases swinging back and forth, and continues to stare at nothing, positioned only by a column littered with advertisements. I am once again consumed with
Somehow, he survives the army of black suits with their briefcases swinging back and forth, and continues to stare at nothing, positioned only by a column littered with advertisements.

why did this happen to you? How did you get left behind? Is this why Japanese salary men work impossible overtime hours—risking a broken family and lonely wife? Is this why rebellious fashion—although extremely innovative, dense and sporadic—is sprinkled uniformly among the younger generation? Is this why everyone is in such a hurry, to keep up with the demands of social rules, expectations? Did you linger a bit too long or consciously make a decision to break from the pack and walk a different path becoming a living consequence of such a choice, any choice? Only a forceful silence bounces back. Hours later, sitting on the train and listening to the hum of another city passing, I am struck by the colossal pressure some must face in this society. I think of how many more will be thrown to the side, lost to success and culture... but perhaps not to happiness. Depends on what being lost means, I suppose.

I did, however, witness a merging of traditional and modern forces. It was an early morning in Fukuoka and we had just entered the grounds of a Shinto shrine. Besides the woman selling the cute charms (I eventually bought one that promised me good studying skills), we alone were roaming the area, admiring the beautiful trees adorned with the familiar pieces of paper and straw tied to various branches—people donate 100 yen or so to pick a fortune and if it’s a bad one, they escape its grasp by attaching the slip to a branch. I smile, thinking of the time Mikkenna had picked a fortune which read something like, “right now your life stinks, but it will be better in the future.” I remember her indecision: keep it or leave it? If she did discard it, would happiness come instantly and then fade later on? Aren’t we generally all about instant satisfaction? It was a funny fortune but Mikkenna chose to keep it—good things are worth waiting for, she mused. Walking further, we approached a fountain used for purifying oneself before entering to worship. Earlier, Dr. Ivanova had taught us the specific steps: she scooped up the water using a large ladle and rinsed her hands, mouth, and finally the ladle itself. Approaching the fountain we saw that two Japanese salary men—decked in the familiar black and clearly on their way to work—had just walked into the shrine, perhaps to pray for a good business day? It seems even modern economic success still depends on a harmonious relationship with the world of Shinto spirituality. Suddenly I saw the individual, not the mass. I saw that survival does depend on moving forward and striving to do one’s best just as much as it depends on staying connected to the past.

My thoughts, centered on the Japanese attitude towards the past and present, acquired new horizons when our group was able to meet with Mr. Yamawaki, an atomic bomb survivor while in Nagasaki. I learned that nothing demonstrates the resilience, determination, and renewed sense of identity in this country, like the voices of those who survived the atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, August 6, 1945 and August 9, 1945, respectively. Waiting just outside the conference room located in the basement of the Nagasaki Peace museum, I swallowed the new wave of nerves, which have been surging to high levels since morning, back down somewhere into my legs—all just in time to follow everyone else in. The room, I note, is very formal and solemn. We slowly approach the survivor or, in Japanese, the hibakusha When it’s my turn to shake hands, I tell myself to memorize the grip, his eyes, or features—months later, already forgotten. Introductions over, he takes out a sheet of paper, ready for our attention. Apologizing for any flaws in his English, Mr. Yamawaki begins to recount the day that took the life of his father, dominated his thoughts, and altered his future.

Listening with a tight concentration, I realize Mr. Yamawaki’s voice does not match the hysteria he must have felt that day and, well, every day for a long time. It is a voice separated, removed, and replayed from a distance to the actual emotion—emotion he certainly faces in the most private of hours. My admiration increases as he answers our questions but I cannot make eye contact (too nervous) when it is my turn. Hastily I ask, “After living through something this hard, and dedicating your life to promoting peace, what has motivated you? What has been your life philosophy?” I wanted to know how he discovered meaning once more and has kept himself from getting too lost in the memories of that day. His answer, a resounding testament to a fulfilled and evolving Japan: “I want to continue telling my story, speaking English, especially to those abroad, until the day I can no longer physically do so.”

June is now a few months back but I still find myself at a loss for words and often hesitate when asked about my summer trip to Japan. Believe me I have searched—in pictures, notes, my unreliable memory. Usually I can web together a few sentences of experience and most people are satisfied. My first week back I could not get away from the questions, which in themselves were genuine but long after I produced an answer, my thoughts still lingered on this country. Everything I saw in Japan gave rise to questions, possibilities, and a desire to go back. Perhaps, if I am lucky, a second trip will provide me with a better vocabulary. In the meantime, I can only talk about the questions.
Good Finds: Books
Staff picks by Amanda Lynne Kraft
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<td><em>B Is for Beer</em></td>
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Good Finds: Music
Staff picks by Audrey Gore
1 Rocky Votolato

The American singer-songwriter Rocky Votolato was born in Texas and resided there until moving to Seattle where his talents blossomed. Votolato’s low key, folk-esque, country alternative style is gentle and calming. Live recordings from this artist add an authenticity to the music that is sure to please the ears.

2 Blitzen Trapper

An experiment in indie electric sub-pop brings a new development in music known as Blitzen Trapper, a Portland, Oregon based band. Lead singer, Eric Earley’s deep and smooth yet rattling voice can fill a room with warmth and certainly transcend the listener to a different mindset, a state where thoughts flow. The fine and mellow tunes this band creates are a nice complement to the unique vocals.

3 The Bird and The Bee

Here is a musical duo that makes two’s company and three’s a crowd ring true. With Inara George (the bird) and Greg Kurstin (the bee) teaming up the listener is going to experience a new musical attitude arriving from the West Coast, Los Angeles, CA. This charming duo not only uses an assortment of musical instruments as bells, tambourines and electronics but the vocals also play a role in creating melodies within the music that can be described as indie-synthpop. On their self-titled album, the track ”Polite Dance Song” requests: ”Would you, please, clap your hands? / Now, get up on your feet. / I beg of you to get up. / It’s such a crazy, kick-ass beat.” This is one request that should not be denied.

4 The Postal Service

Take vocalist Ben Gibbard, of Death Cab for Cutie, and producer Jimmy Tamborello, stick them in a recording studio, and (voila!) we have The Postal Service, a band from Los Angeles, California. Although the album Give Up is the only one this band has released to date, it is an album unlike any other. Using a sub-pop style the music grips its listener so much that prematurely skipping to another song is out of the question; this album is so fantastic you will want to listen to it from beginning to end.

5 Conor Oberst

Oberst is an indie folk-rock genius from Omaha, Nebraska. If musical lyrics were socially stratified, Oberst’s would fall into the top of the upper-class. More widely known for his reputation in his band Bright Eyes, his self-titled albums are just as enjoyable. When Oberst jumps on a piano he can touch the ivory keys to create sounds that will rattle the very core of your soul, as in the song ”Souled Out,” off his most recent self-titled album with the Mystic Valley Band, reverberates.

6 Spoon

Help yourself to a delicious spoonful of Austin, Texas’ very own music talent Spoon. Music from this indie rock band will have you dancing and singing along with each verse. The vocals are energetic, while the guitars, drums and other musical instruments melt together to form a spoonful of something so magical it compels your body to move to the beat.

7 Bon Iver

Meditation is good for the soul; the same can be said of the music created by Bon Iver of Wisconsin. Pronounced [bon-ee-VAIR], this American indie-folk band’s name came from the French phrase ”bon hiver” meaning good winter. The music is storytelling from beginning to end and absolutely enchanting. Delicate strums of the guitar along with heartfelt vocals paint a work so vivid… It is like reading a novel with lovely, little pictures.

8 Au Revoir Simone

This group is composed of three female artists, who named their band after a small from a line Pee-Wee Herman says to a character named Simone, in Tim Burton’s Pee-Wee’s Big Adventure. The ladies are an electronic indie pop band from New York. Innocent and lovely mixed with vintage sounding keyboards and contemporary beats, this trio joins forces to create music that is so seamless you would believe that they were actually sisters.

9 Thievery Corporation

Down-tempo lounge, reggae, jazz, Indian classical, dub and trip hop are all tied up in one band known as Thievery Corporation. Their style mixes unusual music elements that awake the senses. Sparks did fly when the band members initially gathered in Washington, DC to incorporate their many musical styles and sounds, providing an urban bohemian gateway into the U.S. capital from other lands.

10 Band of Horses

One of America’s brightest indie hopes, Band of Horses, grasps inspiration from their hometown, Mount Pleasant, SC. As the room fills with vocals emanating low-country folk, the vibrations from the guitars echoes sounds of indie rock. This band can push its listener out of reality and into a daydream that takes you back to the American South.
1809:
Jane Austen opens her desk drawer and selects a piece of elegant stationary. Her pen glides across the piece of unblemished paper, curving and twisting the ebony ink into words and thoughts, carefully chosen specifically for a close friend. Once she completes the letter, she folds the once blank sheet of paper now filled with evidence of the effort and thought placed on the response and seals it with melted wax and a personal seal.

2009:
I’m sitting at my desk during a class when an impossibly small cellular phone buzzes and is extracted from the bottom of a purse. The tiny screen glows as the girl carelessly and quickly responds, the letters and words instantly displayed. The incessant clicking of the phone keys can be heard from across the room and grate on my nerves as I try to concentrate on the lecture until, finally, she hits the send button and sets the phone on her desk.

With only a 200-year difference, the art of letter writing has become practically obsolete and unnecessary. The creation of AOL Instant Messenger (AIM), Skype, and Facebook has contributed to this as more and more people have turned to these forms of instant communication in the place of letters. Now, while this is not a bad thing – I love Facebook as much as the next person – I can't help but feel as though we are letting a valuable and important thing fade away.

Think about it – how personal can a person be when he or she logs onto AIM or Skype? Yes, the instantaneous nature of these programs simulates having a face-to-face conversation with a close friend or loved one. And yes, the convenience of being able to instantly talk to someone is a wonderful thing. But the action itself is so indifferent, so cold. The very action of writing a letter has meaning and value. It shows that someone took the time to sit down and handwrite an
The very action of writing a letter has meaning and value. It shows that someone took the time to sit down and handwrite an entire letter.
These abbreviations and shortcuts, though convenient and fast, take away from the importance and meanings of actual words.

somewhat, we seem to have forgotten how much fun all that was. Nowadays, we turn to Twitter as a way to let our friends and family know what we’re doing. We’ve gone from full sentences and paragraphs that would take up pages of paper to 160 characters or less. Not words, not letters – characters. That includes periods, spaces, and emoticons – which were introduced as a result of instant messaging.

The world of emoticons and “text speak” has grown rapidly and is argued to have become ridiculous. Phrases such as “lol,” “lmao,” and “omg” were first seen on AIM and other instant messaging sites and were transferred over when texting was introduced. Our generation has gone from full words to abbreviations. Emoticons have become a new language. In some countries, people rarely even use letters – they communicate almost entirely through the hundreds of emoticons that have been created. These abbreviations and shortcuts, though convenient and fast, take away from the importance and meanings of actual words. I wouldn’t be surprised if we found that, one day, we would only know how to communicate through our own version of Newspeak.

The closest thing to a letter in our technologically driven world is an e-mail. A person has to actually sit down and take the time to type up an electronic letter. And even then, it can still be subject to emoticons and abbreviations. It is also not as unique as a handwritten letter – it’s less personal and more indifferent as an e-mail can be sent to more than one person at a time. With a letter, a person has to sit down and handwrite a different letter for every person with whom she wants to correspond. There is also no hard copy that is available unless the e-mail is printed out – but that doesn’t even compare to a handwritten letter. There’s no sentimental value to a printed e-mail. It no longer feels like an extension of a person; it feels more like an extension of a robotic machine. When compared to physically receiving a posted letter or package, there’s just no sense of human connection or value in e-mail.

I remember having a pen pal when I was in elementary school. I had just moved back from Spain and my friend and I would write letters to each other. Every time the mail came, I would run to the mailbox, hoping there was a letter from her waiting. It made me feel as though

Handmade cards
made by Maria Stewart
stewie22@roadrunner.com

“Bunny Suicides” cards
Barnes and Noble: $14.95
the distance between us wasn’t as vast as it sometimes seemed. It made me feel closer to her. I would get this image of her sitting down at her desk to write the letter and it made me feel as though she cared enough about letting me know what was going on in her life that she would take time out of her day to handwrite a letter. There just isn’t as much of that feeling of importance with instant messaging and e-mails and texting.

Don’t get me wrong; I love to text as much as the next person. I’m a texting fiend – I don’t go anywhere without my phone. I love the convenience and the rapidity with which I can contact my friends. In a way, it makes me feel as though they’re never very far away. But with the limit of 400 characters or less, it becomes difficult to convey ideas and feelings that could be expressed in a letter that is only limited by the amount of paper available. And what happens if the phone breaks and needs to be replaced? There’s no way I can get the texts and instant messages we exchange.

Believe me, I have nothing against technology. I can’t imagine a world without it. I’m on Facebook at least ten times a day, I check my e-mail daily; and I’m forever thankful that I have unlimited text messaging on my cell phone plan because I send at least 900 texts a month. I simply don’t understand why people seem to have forgotten how special a handwritten letter can be. The simple joy of receiving a letter or even a postcard in the mail cannot be replaced by hearing “You’ve got mail.” Electronic letters and messages are cheap substitutes for an extension of a human being. Call me crazy, but I would prefer to receive a letter in the mail, written by one of my best friends in his or her own handwriting over a text message of an emoticon. Letter writing was once an art form – there were entire stationary stores that only stocked paper, writing utensils, ink, ink blotters, and other writing items. During medieval times, monks would sit in drafty monasteries with a dim lamp, writing and transcribing stories and histories until their hands cramped up. They wouldn’t only write, they would draw the beautiful illustrations we’re so familiar with from fairytales – the giant first letter of a sentence or the tapestry-like drawings that accompanied the text. How did we go from those hours of slaving over the smallest details of a page of writing to a fast and indifferent “ttyl”?

Words can be beautiful and poetic and they have inspired people in the past to do and experience things. Just look at any of the passionate and skilled speakers of the past who managed to inspire and motivate people to rise up and change their stars. Just look at all the famous poets and authors whose works have endured and become the classic works of literature we study and analyze. There’s a reason why these works have endured – the words have meanings and values behind them. Could Leo Tolstoy have written Anna Karenina if there had been a 160-character limit? Would William Shakespeare’s A Midsummer Night’s Dream or Romeo and Juliet have had the same impact if they had been seen over Skype?

Letter writing will never be as prevalent in society as it once was, however, we need to make the effort to make sure that it doesn’t fade from existence completely. After all, what ever shall we do if our phones and laptops die?

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Product choice and photos: Cari Zourdos
Design: Rachel Maas

Lost & Found   67

Damask Thank You cards
Target: $7.99
Blue Foil Thank You cards
Target: $5.99