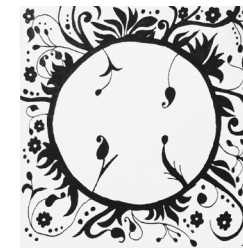




The
Writing Anthology
2015

The Writing Anthology



Edited by Dana Wolthuizen, Elizabeth Koele, and Taylor Dahlberg

A Publication of the English Department and the Art Department

Central College Pella, Iowa 2015

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the 35th edition of *The Writing Anthology*.

We are very excited to share this year's publication with you. After reviewing nearly forty submissions, we selected the following fourteen pieces to be featured in the anthology. The difficulty of this selection process is a testament to the excellent quality of student writing at Central College, and we are proud to see all the hard work put in by our peers.

The strength of many of the chosen essays lies within the powerful connections the writers make between different ideas, experiences, and the physical world. As a result, we wanted to design the anthology in a way that would reflect the connections between the concepts presented in these diverse pieces.

As readers advance through the anthology, there is a natural movement within the order of the pieces from past to present to future. The beginning of the anthology grapples with issues of the past and gradually shifts to how the past continues to influence our present. Next, the anthology's focus turns toward current events and ideas and concludes by looking to the future. We hope you find the progression of this year's edition meaningful while reading these exemplary pieces.

Each year we select an author as the recipient of the John Allen Award for the best example of student writing. This year, we are pleased to announce that Dana Wolthuizen will receive this honor for her insightful personal essay providing a memorable characterization of her aunt in "God Bless the Combine."

We want to congratulate all of the student authors: thank you once more for your exceptional work. The editors would also like to thank the professors who took notice and submitted these essays to the *Writing Anthology*. We specifically offer thanks to our faculty advisors, Dr. Walter Cannon and Dr. Jay Wackerly. Your expertise, guidance, and support throughout this process have been greatly appreciated.

Additionally, we would like to thank Professor Mathew Kelly and all of the talented artists for their outstanding contributions. We would particularly like to acknowledge Kathryn Zaffiro, who provided the cover art with her piece "Landscape." Finally, we would like to thank Steffanie Bonnstetter, project director for Central College Communications.

Again, thank you to all who made this year's publication possible. We simply couldn't do it without you.

Enjoy the 2015 *Writing Anthology*!

Dana Wolthuizen '15
Elizabeth Koele '16
Taylor Dahlberg '18

Table of Contents

A Note from the Editors	2	The Saleem and Shiva Principle in Rushdie's <i>Midnight Children</i>	36
Inca Medicine: Religion, Culture, and Ethnobotany	4	<i>Kaitly Sharp</i>	
<i>Mycaela Crouse</i>		La Lune.....	42
God Bless the Combine	11	<i>Emily Fiscus</i>	
<i>Dana Wolthuizen</i>		Potential Benefits of Carbolic Acid	45
* Recipient of the John Allen Award		<i>Steven Kibby</i>	
<i>Carmen: Power Struggle and Exoticism</i>	15	Educación y pobreza dentro España	47
<i>Brandon Mennenob</i>		<i>Grace Hirl</i>	
Ariel's Guide to Invisibility: Creating Magic on Stage in Shakespeare's <i>The Tempest</i>	20	Narrating Stories.....	50
<i>Jasmine Fugate</i>		<i>Joshua Prokupek</i>	
Roots	24	The NYC Social Justice Program: A Reflection.....	54
<i>Holly McKinney</i>		<i>Madeleine Joy</i>	
Gatsby Changes his Tune	28	Detroit: Theoretical Perspectives.....	58
<i>Lexus Waymire</i>		<i>Aly Garwood</i>	
El engaño de la belleza en "A una rosa" de Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz	32	Illustration Credits	72
<i>Elizabeth Carman</i>			



Inca Medicine: Religion, Culture, and Ethnobotany

Mycaela Crouse

LAS 410: Nature and Culture of Peru

The Inca Empire, at its largest, stretched 2,500 miles along the South American coast, encompassing territory in present day Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, and even part of Colombia. The civilization began in early 1200 A.D. and expanded in the 1400's. It ended abruptly in 1532 when Francisco Pizarro and his fellow Spaniards invaded. Before the Spanish arrived, however, the Inca Empire achieved incredible feats such as the 14,000 miles of all-weather highways that linked one side of empire to the other, the construction of anti-seismic buildings so sturdy that they stand today, and the formation of a universal language and religion, despite the empire consisting of more than 10 million subjects. It stands to reason, then, that they would be advanced in their medical practices as well.

The Inca did not practice medicine as we think of it today, but rather incorporated a blend of culture, religion, and knowledge on herbs and minerals. Pioreschi writes in

In the LAS Capstone Pachamama Never Left: Nature and Culture of Peru students are asked to write a final research paper on a topic of their choosing from an interdisciplinary perspective. Mycaela's interest in the medical field allowed her to focus her research on the wealth of evidence that the pre-Colombian cultures of Peru practiced a wide array of healing practices. We nominated Mycaela's research paper because it embodies the goals of a liberal arts education by drawing from diverse disciplines to investigate medicine in this ancient culture.

- Paulina Mena and Oscar Reynaga

A History of Medicine: Primitive and Ancient Medicine, "Inca medicine, like the medicine of the other populations in Pre-Colombian America, showed that mixture of naturalism and supernaturalism that was the rule in all ancient civilizations" (482). The Inca believed that sickness came from a fault committed by the patient or a neighbor, resulting in an angry god or a curse. They believed that only through the use of natural remedies and supernatural pleas could the patient be healed. They were careful to perform rituals correctly to ward off evil spirits and ensure the patients remained unharmed and healthy. These rituals usually involved some kind of sacrifice: guinea pigs, llamas, food, cumbi cloth, seashells, silver, gold, corn flour, chicha, and/or coca. The animals were killed, the food burned, and the chicha, a type of beer,

was poured out onto the ground (Malpass, 107-108). As more and more cultures with their own religions and their own medical practices were incorporated into the expanding empire, the Inca began to recognize that the properties of medicines were inherent in the herbs and minerals rather than a result of an endowment of magical attributes by the gods (Pioreschi, 482). There is even archeological evidence in Paracas and Cuzco that the Inca may have had hospitals as well as centers and schools for the teaching and training of doctors (Marino and Gonzales-Portillo, 942).

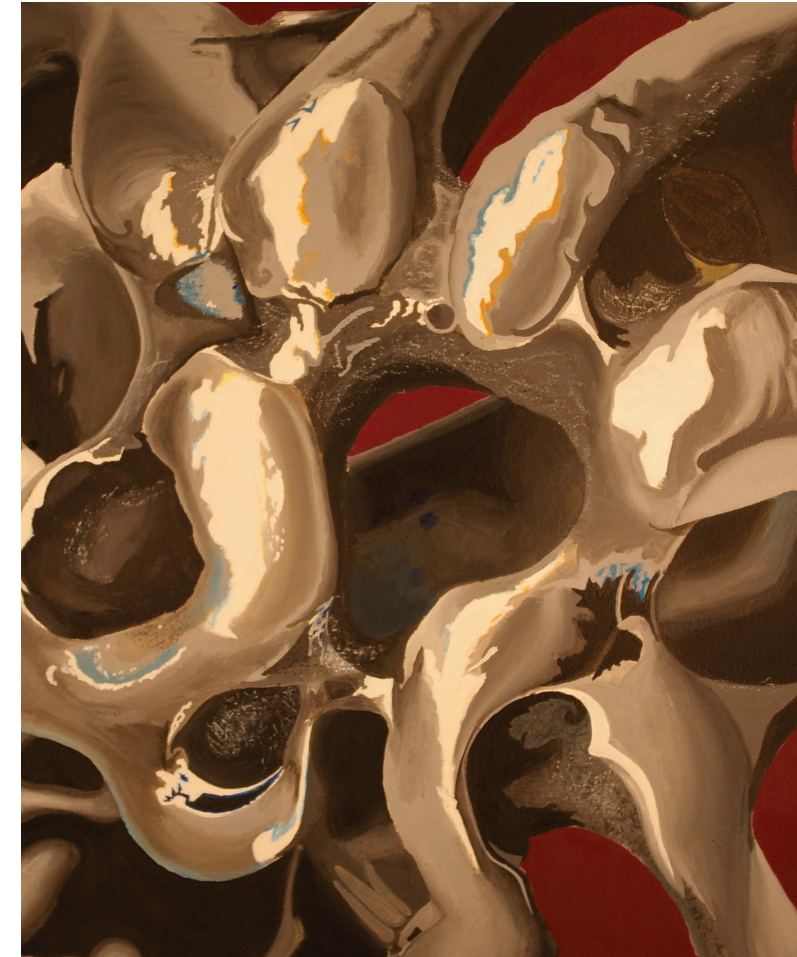
Because the Inca had no written language, their knowledge of herbal remedies was passed down orally, usually between family members. Their inability to record and share curative discoveries greatly hindered

any advancement in medical knowledge. According to Father Bernabe Cobo, a Jesuit priest who chronicled the daily life and customs of the Inca, their lack of sharing between members of the medical community may have been deliberate. He wrote in 1653 about a noble-born boy who suffered a compound fracture of the tibia. The boy's father summoned surgeons (Cabo did not elaborate on whether the surgeons were Inca or Spanish) to examine the leg, and they decided the best course of action would be amputation. The boy's father was reluctant, however, and decided to consult an "old Indian whose occupation was that of healing among the

Indians" (166). Cabo then went on to describe the herbalist's actions: "The old Indian stepped a little way off the road (they were outside of town), and he picked out a certain herb which he immediately smashed between two stones so that it could not be recognized, and it never was" (166). Cabo wrote that the juice from the herb was so potent it cut the bone off without causing the boy any

pain and all that was left was a small hole where the tibia had poked through. The boy's father, amazed, begged the herbalist to reveal which herb he had used:

[The father] was left with such a strong desire to find



Microcosm Assignment by Mary Kate Oakley

out about that herb, and he promised that Indian such good pay, with flattery and kindness, that he promised to show it to him. Although he did make the promise, he never kept it. He kept putting the [boy's father] off with a variety of excuses until winter came with its frost that made the fields wither, which the Indian considered sufficient reason to not keep his promise. (167)

If Cabo's tale is accurate, then it hints at a culture where knowledge of herbal remedies was a highly guarded secret. Gordon McEwan wrote in *The Incas: New Perspectives* that healers were highly compensated for their work with payments of food, cloth, and silver (143). It is possible, then, that competition between doctors may be part of the motivation behind hoarding knowledge. Another motive may have been prestige. Healers were seen as possessing a unique connection to the supernatural world that allowed them the power to heal in the natural world. This elite status could only be protected if healing

remained a difficult and rare practice (Selin and Shapiro, 242).

The Inca had several different types of doctors, though there are some discrepancies in modern day sources between what they were called and what their roles were. Sir Weldon Dalrymple-champneys described two different types of healers, *hampi-camayocs* and *soncoyocs*, in his article in

the *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Medicine*. The *hampi-comayoc* was a priest-magician-doctor that offered sacrifices, heard confessions, gave advice, healed by driving out the disease-causing demon, and averting plagues and pestilences (387). In their article “Preconquest Peruvian Neurosurgeons: A Study of Inca and Pre-Columbian Trephination and the Art of Medicine in Ancient Peru,” Marino and Gonzales-Portillo refer to these doctors, who treated the nobility, as *churihampi-camayoc* (947). Somervill calls them *collahuayas* in *Empire of the Inca* (101). *Soncoyocs*, or *ccamascas*, were healers that practiced among the common people (Dalrymple, 388), though Marino and Gonzales refer to them as *sirkaks* or *sangradores* (947).

Numerous sources listed the Incas as having three main types of doctors that were divided by the type of care they offered rather than the class of people they worked with. The first was the Watukk who diagnosed the disease through the use of divination, visions, and dreams, found the origin of the sickness by observing the patient’s everyday life (referring to the source of the curse, not necessarily the scientific origin), and tracked

the overall somatic, emotional, and pathological stages of the illness. The second type was the Hanpeq (also Hampeq) who applied their knowledge of diseases, blended herbs and minerals, and attended to remedies and post-treatment. In Cabo’s story, the “old Indian” was likely a Hanpeq. The third type was the Paqo,



Unusual Point-of-View by Allyson Mann

whose job was to treat the soul. They used rituals, plant and animal medicines, and healing stones to return balance between the body and spirit (O’Neill, n.p.).

Some studies claimed only men were allowed to become healers, while others stated that both men and women became shamans, though there may have been an unstated distinction between healers and midwives. Dalrymple-champneys

explained why there might be such disagreement among modern-day sources: “There were many other grades [of healers], but there is a good deal of confusion in the use of the appellations by the old Spanish historians” (388).

The empire was vast and heavily populated, however, so the number of doctors (no matter the type or gender) per person was often not enough to meet demands. Barbara Somervill wrote in *Empire of the Inca* that in Inca communities healing involved all members. The women in each *ayllu* were in charge of caring for and feeding the sick. People rarely lived alone so there was always someone around to attend to the patient (103).

Despite the increased interactions between communities because of the Inca Empire’s continued expansion, no known epidemics broke out in the Andean peoples.

Through examining mummies, ancient ceramics, and the chronicles of the Spanish, researchers have found evidence of tuberculosis, syphilis, leprosy, rheumatism, typhus, warts, respiratory illnesses, kidney stones, tetanus infections, acromegaly, club foot, hare-lip, epilepsy, ringworm, eczema, tapeworms, lice infestations, and many others. There is a curious lack of evidence for any cancers other than what might have been osteosarcoma

(Dalrymple, 388-389). As a warring nation, constantly battling other civilizations for increased territory and wealth, doctors also often dealt with the injuries and wounds of warfare.

All of these diseases were treated through the combination of natural and supernatural practices, though the Inca’s natural techniques are often considered advanced for their time. Given they were a civilization with no written language and had not yet invented the wheel, it is considered remarkable by some that there is evidence of surgical amputation, bloodletting, expert wound care, metal-based dental fillings, bone transplants, casts and splints, gauze and cotton bandaging, surgical sutures and cauterization, laxatives and diuretics, caesarean sections, birth control, abortion, hypnosis, sinus surgery, cranial surgery, and many other medical practices (Selin and Shapiro, 225-226).

The cranial surgery is known as trepanning, and the Inca excelled at it. Though there is evidence of a high mortality rate among patients of the early Inca in the 1200s, by the time the Spanish arrived, the Inca had reached survivability rates of ninety percent. This is evidenced by the regrowth of bone in the trepanned skulls. Given their inability to provide a sterilized environment for the patients and their use of scalpels of copper, bronze,

gold, obsidian, or silver and other types of chisels such as the crescent bladed *tumi* as surgical instruments, a 9 out of 10 survival rate is impressive. Some patients had as many as seven operations performed (Marino and Gonzales-Portillo, 946).

Ancient trepanation has been studied extensively, and researchers think they’ve discovered some of the methods the Inca may have used. The most frequent was cutting four grooves into the skull which separated a quadrilateral portion of the cranium, the grooves were occasionally curvilinear instead of straight. This square portion was then raised and removed. Another method was scraping. The Inca sometimes would chip or abrade considerable amounts of bone before cutting. A third method involved drilling. They would puncture the bone in a circular pattern and then break the walls between the holes (944).

Researchers have had a harder time discovering why the Incas performed this surgery. Evidence of trepanation has actually been found worldwide, and each culture had its own reasons. One hypothesis is that the Inca practiced it in response to warfare injuries. When a skull fragment was driven below the surface after being hit with some sort of weapon, likely a stone headed war club, intracranial pressure would have caused illness and aberrant behavior. Incan skulls have been found with craniotomy holes in locations that exactly match the shape of weapons known to

be in use at that time, such as the star-shaped stone *porra*. Other types of skull fractures may have caused blood clots and pressure on the brain, also possibly resulting in behavioral disturbances and headaches. Another theory is that it was not a surgery performed for natural reasons, as outlined above, but one performed under supernatural considerations. The surgeon would have removed part of the skull in order to release the malicious spirit that had possessed the patient and caused his or her sickness. There are others who believe the surgery occurred for both the natural and supernatural reasons, depending on who performed the operation. The trained *hampi-camayoc* performed trepanation to fix cranial injuries and the more shaman-based healers, the *sancoyoc*, practiced it for mystical reasons (944-945).

The biggest concern when performing these operations, besides the necessary anatomical knowledge needed to avoid penetration of the dura mater, is antiseptics and anesthesia. The Inca could not have achieved such high survival rates if they were unable to prevent infection, and the surgery would likely not have been performed nearly as often if anesthesia was unavailable for the patient. The Inca, fortunately, had access to both. There is evidence of hallucinogenic substances which would have served as numbing agents:

coca, mescaline, curare, nicotine, quinine, psilocybin, belladonna, Ayahuasca, dopamine, and ergot alkaloid d-lysergic acid. Genipen-based agents were used for cleansing the wounds as they have antibacterial properties (Selin and Shapiro, 235).

The Inca found that not only were there plants good for aiding neurosurgery, but for use in many other medical contexts as well, such as reducing fevers and coughs, increasing fertility, increasing or decreasing libido, use in tonics, infusions, and ointments, alleviation of cramps and chills, stopping the itching from insect or animals bites, and many others. The Inca were well versed in the properties of herbs in each microenvironment. Peru ranges from coastline to rain forests to mountainous elevations, and the Inca had mastered the herbs found in each climate during each season (Selin and Shapiro, 242). Coca, in particular, played a huge role in Inca medicine and religion. A domesticated tropical shrub that today is highly controlled due to its use in the production of cocaine, back then it was a mild stimulant, anesthetic, hunger and thirst suppressant, alleviator of pain and fatigue and altitude sickness, and dry mouth cure due to its ability to increase saliva production. It was burned

in ritualistic sacrifices, which were important both for the supernatural side of the healer's powers and also for Inca religious beliefs. Coca is used for these things among the indigenous Andean people today (Landau, n.p.).

Chicha was another important remedy among the Inca, used for its ability to alter behavior and act as an anesthetic. It is known as the drink of the Incas and is a type of beer (National, 153). Corn, or maize, was the plant most often fermented, though manioc root, quinoa, and the seeds of the molle tree can all be used to produce chicha as well. Chroniclers wrote that it was this beverage's consumption that prevented kidney and bladder stones from forming (Selin, 841). Wilson et al. reported in 2013 that after using incremental liquid chromatography tandem mass spectrometry on the hair of a 13-year-old child sacrifice, they concluded that these two remedies, coca and chicha, were given to children who were about to be sacrificed due to the remedies' religious importance and their ability to keep the children calm and peaceful (13322).

The chroniclers described only a few hundred of the possibly thousands of different herbs the Inca used, and researchers agree that it is more likely a lack of competency on the part of the chroniclers rather than a lack of use in Inca medicine. Though all the herbs and their different uses could be its own book, the following

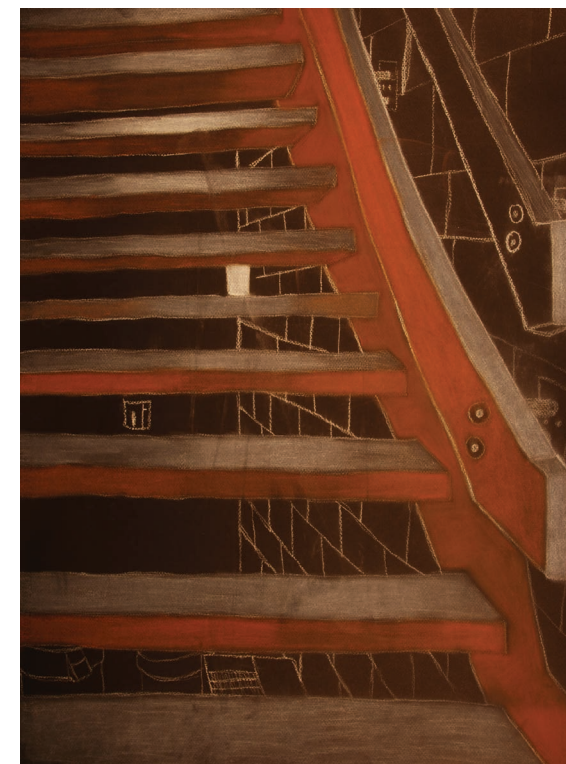
are a few examples of various remedies the Inca had at their disposal, sometimes through their knowledge of how to utilize a single plant in wide variety of ways. The molle tree is a perfect illustration of this, mentioned before for its role in chicha making, but also considered a universal medicine for all the Inca's ailments. The tree's resin was used as a purgative and treated melancholy. When added to wine it was used against dropsy (Selin, 841). Dried and pulverized, the resin was applied to ulcers and used to treat diseases of the respiratory system. When cooked and added to a bath, the leaves treated gout. Boiling the leaves produced a liquid good for those suffering from eczema. Oil could be prepared from the leaves and was used to combat pain in the joints and stomach sickness. The fruits could be used against stomach complaints as well when made into a plaster. And crushed, the fruit produced a juice that could be drunk to alleviate kidney and bladder complaints (842).

Quinoa was important in medicine as well as in the Inca diet as it was used for, as Selin lists, "stomach complaints, inflammations, spasms, swellings, fever, and liver complaints and so on" (842). Hemostasis could be achieved through extracts of the Andean ratania root, pumachucha scrub, and mixtures high in tannic acid (Marino and Gonzales-Portillo, 947). *Matechlu*, a species of wetland plant,

treated eye infections. *Chilca* leaves could be used in a mixture to relieve the aches of rheumatism. Sarsaparilla was used in the relief of painful sores (Somervill, 102). Potatoes were freeze-dried and crushed into chuñu, which treated ulcers, spasms, syphilis, and even verruga, a type of Andean wart. Plants such as *cabega*, *vilca*, *espinco*, and *mocomoco* were all combined with magic to induce fertility. As a culture that deemed childbearing important, those who took herbal medicines causing sterility were punished with death. Those who chose to undertake this method of birth control and escaped punishment were understandably not forthcoming, but chroniclers think the herbal remedy may have been an infusion of the *sogue* leaves (Selin, 843). The Inca were also the first to use quinine, extracted from tree bark, as a treatment for malaria. In fact, many of the ingredients in the Inca's herbal remedies are found in our modern day pills.

However, as with every great ancient civilization, eventually the Inca Empire fell. In 1532 the Spanish, led by Francisco Pizarro, invaded the Andes. It was through a very unlucky (on the part of the Inca) series of events that Pizarro was able to conquer the Incas so quickly. They were in the midst of a civil war between

two brothers and had recently been decimated by smallpox, which had travelled down from Central America where the Europeans had already invaded. Pizarro quickly



Unusual Point-of-View by Emma Disterhoft

killed the emperor, Atahualpa, and began the systematic take-over of the Incas. These conquistadors brought more than just guns and metal armor, though; they also carried with them those same diseases that had weakened the empire in the first place. Epidemics swept across the Andes and killed millions. Diseases like smallpox, the measles, and the flu, to which the Native Americans had no immunity, are estimated to account for 90% of all indigenous casualties during the European colonization era. The Inca doctors stood little chance in combating these

sicknesses given their novelty and how quickly they spread. Setting back Inca healing even more, the Spanish forbid the use of certain plants and herbs in order to further subjugate the natives.

With so many dead, so much forbidden, and no written records to fall back on, much of the Inca knowledge on medicine and healing has been lost. Current sources of knowledge about the Inca are laid out by Selin and Shapiro: "(a) contact period chronicles, (b) ethnographic or anthropological studies that report contemporary indigenous medical customs and beliefs, and, (c) the archaeological evidence that provides physical remains for the assessment of disease vectors and their treatment" (230).

So despite being, overall, extremely detrimental to Inca Empire, the Spanish also provided the first of only three sources available in the study of Inca medicine. That being said, determining the specifics of the interplay between Inca culture, religion, and medicine is difficult when consulting only primary sources from the contact-period. The Spaniard's ethnocentrism resulted in paragraphs like the following from Father Cobo:

This ignorance is so general among all the Indians that not one of them, unless he is well versed in Spanish, knows how

to inform the doctor about his ailment and what could have caused it. Regardless of what the illness may be, when the patient is asked what he has, he can only answer that his body hurts or that his heart is hurting and bothering him. Therefore, the doctor has to resign himself;

like a veterinarian who cures an animal, to explanations as he sees fit. (165)

There is currently a revival of Inca medicine occurring, with indigenous people tapping into their roots and exploring some of the traditions handed down from

their ancestors. Shamanism and healing are taught in specialized schools, and when visiting Peru, tourists can see some of the ritualistic ceremonies performed as well as purchase some herbal remedies the ancient Inca used.

God Bless the Combine

Dana Wolthuizen



Recipient of the John Allen Award

ENGL 240: Personal Essay

Dianne plopped herself down in the floral recliner that looked like it had been snapped from Archie Bunker's living room. Wiggled her behind to get situated. Pushed her glasses over the bridge of her nose. Slippery little suckers. They never could stay put. Rubbed her thighs with her hands as though she hoped to spark a flame right there in her lap, and clapped her tiny chapped hands gleefully.

"Oooooo doggie!" Her squeal and giggle exploded midair, showering us with grins and chuckles. "Birthday. Present time. I'm 30."

"No Dianne. We're going to chat for a while, and then you can open your gift," corrected my grandma. Dianne puffed out her cheeks and blew air out the side of her mouth like she might burst from excitement if she didn't leak a little out. She threw her head back thrusting her chin straight up in the air and let out a stifling yawn. I couldn't help but feel the same way.

"You're going to catch

a fly," chuckled my grandpa. His smile lines crinkled at the corner of his eyes.

"Bzzzzzzzz. No flies here you pipsqueak." But just in case some of those buggers hadn't made it on her radar, she threw her arms up for a few good swats. She needed some sustenance after that little fiasco.

"No presents. Cake time."

My dad and I stepped into the house, making sure that the door closed behind us and peeked into my Aunt Dianne's room. Her Coca-Cola bed spread showed not a single wrinkle and her walls were lined with magazine clippings of A&W Root Beer, hamburgers, and wedding announcements, but no Dianne.

This assignment for Personal Essay is a narrative emphasizing characterization and plot elements. Dana's unforgettable portrait of her Aunt Dianne also illustrates defamiliarization, or what Gerard Manley Hopkins styled as the "widowed image." We remember Dianne for the unexpected layers of her character: her inimitable voice, her simultaneous affection and narcissism, and her defiance of authority. It is a tenderly funny narrative.

-Joshua Dolezal

Dianne had been diagnosed with Down syndrome as a baby. My grandparents tried their best to provide a normal childhood for Dianne. She went to school until she was 16, attended church, and had play dates with the neighbors. But as she started to grow up, this lifestyle became harder to maintain. When she turned 18, my grandparents finally made the tough decision of moving her to Village Northwest Unlimited. The Village is a community of people with disabilities living and working together on one campus. The campus had over 200 residents living in multiple cottages, allowing Dianne to build relationships with her peers and find a sense of pride and purpose through supporting herself.

The most important thing to remember when

References

- Cobo, Father Bernabe. *Inca Religion and Customs*. Ed. 1990 of 1653 ed. Trans. Roland Hamilton. United States: University of Texas Press, 1990. Print.
- Dalrymple-champneys, Sir Weldon. "Preventive and Curative Medicine in Ancient Peru." *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Medicine* 51 (5 Feb. 1958): 385-393. Print.
- Elferink, Jan G.R. *Sexuality, procreation, and Inca ethnobotany*. LINCOM Studies in Anthropology, 2014. Print.
- Gale Group. "Inca Religion, Arts, and Sciences." *Early Civilizations in the Americas Reference Library*, 2005. Web.
- Handwerk, Brian. "Inca Child Sacrifice Victims Were Drugged." *National Geographic* July 2013. Print.
- Landau, Fred. "Notes on Coca *Erythroxylon coca* and *E. nogagranatense*." University of Las Vegas, Nevada. N.d. Web.
- Malpass, Michael Andrew. *Daily Life in the Inca Empire*. United States: Greenwood Publishing Group, 1996. Print.
- Marino, R. Jr. and M. Gonzales-Portillo. "Preconquest Peruvian neurosurgeons: a study of Inca and pre-Columbian trephination and the art of medicine in ancient Peru." *Neurosurgery* 47.4 (Oct. 2000): 940-950. Web.
- McEwan, Gordon F. *The Incas: New Perspectives*. United States: W.W. Norton & Company Ltd., 2006. Print.
- National Research Council. *Lost Crops of the Incas: Little-Known Plants of the Andes with Promise for Worldwide Cultivation*. Washington, DC: The National Academies Press, 1989. Print.
- O'Neill, Patt. *Glossary of Terminology of the Shamanic & Ceremonial Traditions of the Inca Medicine Lineage*. 3rd ed. April 2014. Web.
- Prioreschi, Plinio. *A History of Medicine*. Ed. 2. United States: Horatius Pr, 2002. Print.
- Selin, Helaine. *Encyclopaedia of the History of Science, Technology, and Medicine in Non-Western Cultures*. 2nd Ed. Vol. 1. United States: Springer, 2008. *Google eBook*. Web.
- Selin, Helaine and Hugh Shapiro. *Medicine Across Cultures: History and Practice of Medicine in Non-Western Cultures*. The Netherlands: Kluwer Academic Publishers, 2003. Print.
- Somervill, Barbara. *Empire of the Inca*. United States: Shoreline Publishing Group, LLC, 2005. Print.
- Wilson, Andrew S. et al. "Archaeological, radiological, and biological evidence offer insight into Inca child sacrifice." *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences of the United States of America* 110.33 (18 June 2013): 13322-13327. Web.

around Dianne is to keep an eye on her at all times – actually, two eyes would be best. She had a nasty habit of running away. It had happened at least six times. Enough times that the staff felt a need to insert sensors in her pink crocs to alert them when she made it within so many yards of the door. Dianne laughed in the face of shoe sensors. She must have noticed that someone always popped up when she made it close to the door; because before her last escapade out of the house, she had gouged the bottom of her crocs to remove the sensors. The doctors said that Dianne had the comprehension of a six year-old and the speech capabilities of a three year-old. I thought they were grossly underestimating her. After she got rid of the sensors, she had taken off and climbed up into a combine that she discovered in a corn field on the edge of town. I could just picture her in the seat, grasping the wheel in her hands admiring her perfectly painted nails – sparkly pink. Chipping was unacceptable. Dianne, Queen of the Crop. She must have gotten bored of reigning over the stalks after

a while; because on her way down, she fell and broke her leg. My dad and I wanted to make sure she was recovering well. Plus I hadn't had the chance to sign her cast yet. Debbie, a cottage employee, poked her head out from the kitchen.

“Oh hi, Robert and



Collaboration and Transformation
by Mackenzie Foldes

Dana. Dianne is in the sitting room watching Wheel of Fortune.” Of course. Silly us visiting during Wheel of Fortune. We made our way into living room to find Dianne with her leg up in an easy chair and firmly grasping a Diet Coke, mirroring the polar bears on her Coca-Cola robe.

“Bobert! Big brother!”
“Little sister, how is your leg doing?”
“Shhhh...Vanna is on.”
No one dared to say another word. Once the sponsor advertisements flashed across the screen, Dianne grabbed Steve's hand who was sitting in the recliner

next to her. Steve was her friend – strictly friends. I had once made the mistake of calling him her boyfriend. I can still remember her furrowed eyebrows and stern face expression.

“Steve not boyfriend. Friends.”

“But you hold hands and dance with Steve. That's what people do with their boyfriends Dianne.” Steve and Dianne were always *the* couple at the annual ball fundraiser for the Village. No one

could out dance them.

“But Dianne have other friends too. Nick and Ted.” What a stud magnet. I didn't know what her secret was.

Dianne used her other free hand to point at her light pink cast already graffitied with signatures.

“Scary, but God bless the combine.”

“God bless the

combine,” murmured Steve. From that day on, that's how Dianne ended every blessing at the dinner table. “God thank you for family and food.” There usually was some humming and incoherent singing in between, but it always finished the same – every time. “God bless the combine.”

The relationship between Dianne and I didn't start out on the best of terms. Chalk it up to a French fry and my gender insecurities as a four year old. She couldn't quite get my name down, so I became known as Dan.

Sunday afternoon. After dinner. I sat on the plush blue carpet of my grandparent's living room in my red and black plaid dress with lace trim at the bottom. Dishes clanked and clattered in the kitchen as Grandma washed them and the rest of the grandkids dried them with flour sack towels. Sometimes I lucked out for being the youngest. Dianne held out her arms and started walking towards me from the dining room.

Dianne always visited Grandpa and Grandma's house every Sunday afternoon. My grandma would place an open Coke can at the head of the table right by the remote. The television had to be turned to channel eleven, and my grandma couldn't forget the plate with a single crinkle Ore-Ida French fry. Dianne had a highly sophisticated

palate when it came to French fries. None of that off-brand crap. I unfortunately made the fatal mistake of eating the Ore-Ida fry and taking a swig from the Coke.

Dianne came in the front door with Grandpa and made a beeline for her chair, only to find that there was not a crinkle fry and a full can of Coke waiting for her. That was traumatic.

“Orrrrrrreeeeeeee-Ida! No fry!” She flopped down to the ground and began flailing her legs in the air. But in the middle of her meltdown, she caught me in the corner of her eye.

“Dan ate my fry!” All of my family members looked at me and shook their head – some with pity, others with disappointment. Meltdown number two. This time it was mine. There were lots of tears in the time-out corner.

So after the French fry blunder, I wasn't too hip on running into Dianne's open arms.

“Dan! Here boy . . . Here boy.” I scurried underneath the little table that held my grandma's ceramic birds nesting on doilies.

“Dianne. My name is Dana. I am not a boy.” I thought I said it with authority – despite the fact that I was cowering under the table. Dianne got on her knees and patted my head.

“Good Dan. You a girl.” Progress was so sweet. A couple years down the road, she even got a hang of calling me Dana.

When Dianne was born, the doctors told my grandparents that she wouldn't make it to be a teenager, but Dianne didn't have a habit of listening to anyone. She lived to be 35. Not long after her 35th birthday, Dianne's health began to deteriorate. It's common for people with Down syndrome to have heart defects ranging from mild to severe. Dianne's were severe. The doctors called it an Atrioventricular Septal Defect. To put it simply, she had a hole in her heart. Dianne's condition became too strenuous for the staff at the Village, so she we moved her to a nursing home for the last six months of her life. The move from her family at the Village was devastating for both Dianne and the others that lived there. The staff members went without as many hugs. Someone else had to say the prayer at supper every night. Her squeals and serenades no longer echoed through the hallways, and Steve watched Vanna by himself each night.

Debbie, the staff member, grabbed my elbow before I walked through the cottage doors with the last box full of stuffed animals, her eyes shining with tears. She pulled me into a hug and whispered in my ear.

“Dianne brings so much joy. That's why she has a hole in her heart. It can't hold all the love.”

“Shhh...Ruthie Ann sleeping.” Dianne held her finger to her lips and pointed to the opposite end of her room that was separated by a navy curtain. This was her third month at the nursing home, and my family and I came to visit at least three times a week.

“I’m not sleeping any more Dianne,” grumbled Ruth Ann. The curtain leapt to the side, revealing a petite frame in a wheelchair. Her head was donned by a pink bonnet protecting the rollers in her hair. We must have just missed her daughter Suzanne who came to curl her mother’s hair every week.

“You know she’s been playing the damn animal movie all day. I’m tired of it.”

“I’m sorry Ruth Ann,” said my father. “But that’s how Dianne likes to pass her time here. She gets bored.”

“Hmmp. Well you try listening to singing cows

all day.” I covered my mouth with my hand to trap a giggle. Too late. Ruth Ann noticed. “So you think that’s funny?” Dianne came to my rescue. She looked confused.

“Ruth Ann watch it with me.” My father chuckled.

“You watch it Ruth Ann?”

“Now don’t go thinking that I ask for it.” She wagged her finger at us. “Dianne asks me to watch it with her. Have you tried saying no to your sister? Besides I might as well since I know all the damn songs.” That confession was enough for Ruth Ann. “Now hush up. I’m trying to sleep.” She yanked the curtain shut. Dianne shrugged her shoulders.

“Sometimes Ruthie Ann grumpy. But we friends.”

I took my place by the casket behind my brother and grabbed the handle. My

siblings and I carried her down the aisle. The pews were full of Dianne’s family. Some by blood, some not, but all by love because Dianne didn’t treat anybody as less. I tried to listen to the various speakers and join in with the hymns, but all I could think of was Dianne sitting in the floral recliner. Her pink cros. Ooooo doggie. The magazine clippings. Vanna. A crinkle French fry. Pink nail polish. Coke. Here boy.

“Let’s bow our heads in prayer.” All swirling, spinning, blurring. Hot sparkles streaming. I peeked over at my grandma, dabbing her eyes with her white cotton handkerchief.

“In Jesus’ name. Amen.” I kept my head bowed. A moment of clarity. Focus. The prayer wasn’t over. Dianne would have had nothing to do with that sort of ending.

“God bless the combine.”

Carmen: Power Struggle and Exoticism

Brandon Mennenoh



HONR 499: Senior Honors Thesis

The exotic life of the gypsy as depicted in *Carmen* reflects the political unrest of nineteenth century France and the power struggles of race, social class, and gender. Bizet’s setting of the plot reflects his political opinions regarding the French government’s actions toward minorities. The musical exoticism written into the role of Carmen, a classic *femme fatale*, reflects contemporary beliefs regarding sexuality, class, and race. She is an “other” in opposition to the hegemony of the white male Caucasian represented by Don Jose. Bizet’s use of exotic compositional techniques portrays the carefree life of the gypsy and reflects the racial, socioeconomic, and gender attitudes of the time period. Through musical analysis and historical context, I will return to the true voice and message of *Carmen*—one that would have been understood by audiences at the time of its premiere.

The image of the gypsy figure was very

Brandon’s anthology selection is an excerpt from his Senior Honor’s Thesis. I chose to nominate Brandon’s writing because his analysis is original and interdisciplinary, and is supported by thorough research. Brandon and I had many long and enjoyable discussions about gender representations in music, and about how music reflects the time and place in which it was composed. Hopefully after reading Brandon’s insightful analysis of *Carmen*, you will think twice about what today’s music says about who we are.

-Cynthia Doggett

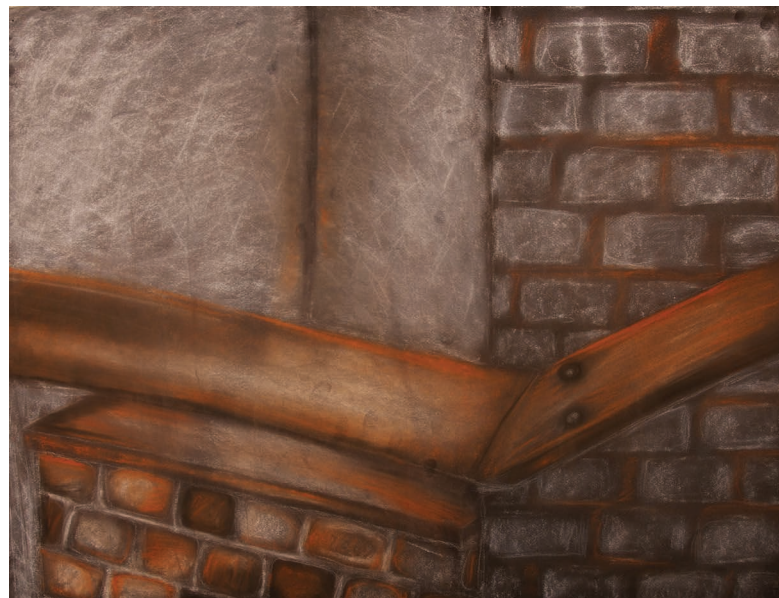
attractive in nineteenth-century France because of the political strife. The French had suffered a civil war in the year 1848 followed by the Franco-Prussian War. This war brought a great defeat to France and placed the country in a humiliating position in world power.¹ After the war with Germany, there was an eight-month rise of the communist party known as the Paris Commune. The Commune was a movement to counter the government of Versailles, which was implemented after the overthrow of Napoleon III. In Paris, anti-bourgeois attitudes were rising again and the resulting massacres were leaving thousands of citizens dead in the streets.²

¹ Dallas, Gregor. “An Exercise in Terror? The Paris Commune, 1871.” *History Today*, February, 1989, 38-44.

² Wrong, George M. “Paris in 1871.” *The Lotus Magazine*, March 1918: 279-80, 282-88.

Ambiguity was what made gypsy life so attractive. Gypsies were renegades from a pre-modern culture who did not have to live within the bounds and structures of a modern Western society. A character like Carmen defied the lines of social class and authority in a time when the French government had partial responsibility for the carnage of the Commune.

Carmen and her gypsy community were a threat to society because of the unrestricted, obscure life that they led. Gypsies, Jews and other ethnic minority groups were considered outsiders and aliens even if they lived on French soil. These ethnic minority groups became a more prevalent force when the bourgeoisie employers extended employment to them due to the revolutions in 1830, 1848, and 1871. While they were functioning members of society, they were considered



Unusual Point-of-View by Olivia Cotton

inferior to the white French population and required to stay in their place. They were feared and labeled a danger because they straddled the line of European and Other, and their communities were seen as an outlet for lechery and corruption.³ They spoke the French language but also remained fluent in their native tongues.⁴ Don José represents order with the power to destroy, while Carmen represents the people of the commune who defied the law and fell victim to the government in the end.

The life of a gypsy (*La vie bohème*) portrayed in Carmen was also a personal expression for the composer for two reasons. First, he was not accepted by his wife's family and was referred to as a "Bohemian and an outsider."⁵ Second, as a member of the French military he had experienced the political massacre firsthand and expressed in letters to his mother-in-law his distaste for society: first with Napoleon, then with government under Adolphe Thiers, and lastly, with the bloodshed that was occurring during the Commune.⁶ In nineteenth

³ McClary, Susan. *Carmen*: Georges Bizet. Cambridge University Press, 1992.

⁴ McClary, 34.

⁵ Curtiss, Mina, and Georges Bizet. "Unpublished Letters of Bizet." *The Musical Quarterly* (Oxford University Press) 36, no. 3 (July 1950): 375-409.

⁶ Curtiss, 1950.

century France there was a fascination with the exotic, specifically with the East and the Orient; this will be mentioned in greater detail later in this paper. A figure commonly associated with the exotic was that of the gypsy woman.

In Bizet's opera, Carmen is a free spirit that has to be controlled. The character of Don José reflected the white bourgeoisie attraction to the free, spirited life of the gypsy. Don José's attraction becomes fatal because of his need to control her. Society gives Don José control over Carmen because he is a white, middle class male. The military occupation of Seville draws the lines of gender, class, and race at the opera's opening. The white Spanish soldiers are trusted to keep the peace while the women are the laborers. The soldiers stand by and gawk at the women as they leave and enter the cigarette factory. While the factory girls are in an inferior position to the soldiers because of their gender and race, they still serve as a spectacle for the men.⁷

Carmen becomes Don José's subordinate further after she stabs a white factory laborer who calls her a slut and is placed under Don José's guard. Audience members may perceive Carmen as dangerous because of this action and the fact that she convinces Don José to disobey orders and help her escape in exchange

⁷ McClary, 47.

for sexual favors. Don José surrenders himself sexually and there is a battle of control. Don José interprets the act as a long term commitment and Carmen treats it as repaying a debt and a temporary sexual encounter. Carmen is an untamed spirit who knows not the bounds of subordination; she does not submit to Don José and does not regard the lines of gender, race, and class. Don José fights to regain control and to control Carmen which ultimately leads to him slaying her.⁸

Exoticism and chromaticism are the most prevalent features of Carmen. A figure commonly associated with the exotic was that of the gypsy woman. During the time of political unrest in France, there was a fascination with the Orient. Musicologist Susan McClary states that "...the 'Orient' (first the Middle East, later East Asia, and Africa) seemed to serve merely as a 'free zone' for the European imagination."⁹ Setting musical works in the orient gave composers the opportunity to criticize their own culture. Don José is an example of how a European man can be drawn into the sensual nature of the orient.¹⁰

⁸ McClary, 60.

⁹ McClary, 29.

¹⁰ Spain, Exorcising Exoticism: "Carmen" and the Construction of Oriental. "Jose F. Colmeiro." *Comparative Literature* (Duke University Press on behalf of the University of Oregon) 54, no. 4 (Spring 2002): 127-144.

In exoticist research "the Other" is often used. The definition of "the Other" simply means something or someone outside the norm. This included gypsy and ethnic minority populations that immigrated to France such as: Persian, Jewish, Greek, African, and Spanish communities.¹¹ When Bizet composed this opera, "the East" and "the orient" became personified as a woman. "The East as a whole became 'feminized ...and just as Don José...the audience is lured into Carmen's world 'almost without having wished it."¹²

Even though Spain was a part of Western Europe, it was considered

an oriental country. The Spanish in France were known as Arabs who were Christian. Artwork from Spain was brought back to France and Spanish literature became extremely popular. The gypsy community became the epitome of Spanish culture because of literary and artistic depictions.¹³

Carmen's aria in Act I the *Habanera* aria (*L'amour*

¹¹ McClary, 29.

¹² McClary, 31.

¹³ Colmeiro, 127.

est un oiseau rebelle) is the most famous exotic work because it is based on a Cuban dance. In the below excerpt from the aria, the melody line descends chromatically giving the song a promiscuous feel, and the lyrics of the aria are enhanced by the sensuality of the piece. The opening lyrics of the aria summarize Carmen's way of life: "Love's a bird that will live in freedom..."¹⁴ This aria is reprised at the end of the first act before Carmen escapes military custody.

15

Musicologist John Locke stated in his research that exoticism is not only music that sounds exotic but appears exotic in costuming, scenery, and situations. He highlights that the Card aria from Act III is exotic because while French in its musical construction, it depicts the practice of fortune telling, a

¹⁴ Bizet, Georges. *Carmen*. Edited by Nicholas John. London: John Caler (Publishers) Ltd, 1982.

¹⁵ Bizet, Georges, H. Meilhac, and L. Halevy. *Carmen: Opera in Four Acts*. Translated by Ruth and Thomas Martin. New York: G. Schirmer, Inc., 1875.

distinguishing feature of gypsy life.¹⁶ Below is an excerpt from the scene that Mr. Locke makes reference to. The fortune telling scene "conveys ethnic or exotic characterization without ethnic or exotic style..."¹⁷ The viewer can see that there is no extreme chromaticism like in the example from *Habanera* and the scene remains in F major. In this scene, the characters of Carmen, Frasquita, and Mercedes are dealing the cards in order to reveal their fortunes.

18

The opening scene as well is oriental because of the Spanish scenery and costuming even though the music at this point has no Spanish traces. Some of the gypsy music in Paris was not authentically Spanish, even though Bizet researched Spanish music. "Gypsies

¹⁶ Locke, Ralph P. "A Broader View of Musical Exoticism." *The Journal of Musicology* (University of California Press) 24, no. 4 (Fall 2007): 477-521.

¹⁷ Locke, 510.

¹⁸ Bizet: *Carmen*, 264.

performed their exotic songs and dances for the benefit of popular audiences in Paris and Bizet often frequented their haunts of ill-repute for entertainment.”¹⁹

Bizet incorporated chromatic harmonies and melody lines represent promiscuity and sexual desire. In the opening scene, the cigarette smoke from the factory women is represented chromatically. The cigarette smoke also shows the sexual availability of the gypsy women and their sensuousness and unpredictability. This is also a historical reflection because in nineteenth century France, it was not socially acceptable for women to smoke. If a man saw a woman smoking it often meant she was a prostitute. The excerpt below is taken from the chorus of factory women. The chromaticism in the orchestra embodies the rising cigarette smoke and the vocal lines of the women represent their sexual availability.²⁰



²¹ Don José is represented diatonically while Carmen is

captured with dissonance and chromaticism.²²

Bizet created the character of Micaela as a direct contrast to Carmen. While Carmen represents a life of free-spirit and no limitations, Michaela exemplifies conventionality and piety. The example below is from Micaela's aria from Act III. Unlike Carmen, whose arias have a very chromatic, seductive nature, this aria is lyrical and symbolizes purity and chastity. The tonality of Micaela's aria has a heavenly nature to it. The plagal or "Amen" cadence appears in the accompaniment.²³ In this example, the tonality remains in F major and the instrumentation and tessitura



²⁴ give the song an angelic feel opposed to Carmen. Because the roles of Micaela and Carmen are meant to foil one another, Don José's tonality changes based

on who he is singing with. The first excerpt is from the Act I duet between Micaela and Don José, Parle-moi de ma mère. The tonality of the piece remains in the major key with little chromaticism. Any chromaticism that appears is used to highlight the emotion of the news that Don José's mother is sick and wants to see him before she dies.



²⁵ The final excerpt is taken from the scene leading up to Carmen's death. In this scene, Don José's vocal line ascends chromatically. The chromatic ascension shows Don José's sexual frustration with the fact that Carmen cannot be controlled.



²⁶

Carmen musically portrays gypsy life with its exotic depictions and chromatic elements. The plot line,

tonality, and character representation reflect the power struggle and political tension of nineteenth-

century France. The opera also highlights the struggle between the dominant male figure and the *femme fatale*.

Works Cited

Bizet, Georges. *Carmen*. Edited by Nicholas John. London: John Calder (Publishers) Ltd, 1982.

Bizet, Georges, H. Meilhac, and L. Halevy. *Carmen: Opera in Four Acts*. Translated by Ruth and Thomas Martin. New York: G. Schirmer, Inc., 1875.

Colmeiro, Jose F. *Spain, Exorcising Exoticism: "Carmen" and the Construction of Oriental*. *Comparative Literature* (Duke University Press on behalf of the University of Oregon) 54, no. 4 Spring 2002): 127-144.

Curtiss, Mina, and Georges Bizet. "Unpublished Letters of Bizet." *The Musical Quarterly* (Oxford University Press) 36, no. 3 (July 1950): 375-409.

Dallas, Gregor. "An Exercise in Terror? The Paris Commune, 1871." *History Today*, February, 1989, 38-44.

Freeman, John W. *The Metropolitan Opera: Stories of the Great Operas*. (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1984).

Grey, Thomas. "Opera in the Age of Revolution." *The Journal of Interdisciplinary History* (The MIT Press) 36, no. 3 (Winter 2006): 555-67.

Locke, Ralph P. "A Broader View of Musical Exoticism." *The Journal of Musicology* (University of California Press) 24, no. 4 (Fall 2007): 477-521.

McClary, Susan. *Carmen: Georges Bizet*. Cambridge University Press, 1992.

Marinov, Ivan. *Carmen: Alexandrina Milcheva, Nicola Nikolov, Lilyana Vassileva, Nicola Ghiuselev, and the Sofia National Opera Chorus and Orchestra* (Delta Music, Inc, 1995).

Wrong, George M. "Paris in 1871." *The Lotus Magazine*, March 1918: 279-80, 282-88.

Bizet's Carmen. DVD, dir. Francesco Rosi (1984; Culver City, CA: Triumph Films).

¹⁹ McClary, 34.

²⁰ McClary, 47

²¹ Bizet: *Carmen*, 38.

²² McClary, 55.

²³ McClary, 80.

²⁴ Bizet: *Carmen*, 301.

²⁵ Bizet: *Carmen*, 65.

²⁶ Bizet: *Carmen*, 378.



Ariel's Guide to Invisibility: Creating Magic on Stage in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*

Jasmine Fugate

ENGL 346: Shakespeare

In William Shakespeare's, *The Tempest*, magic is a prevalent theme. Prospero, master sorcerer and one of the main characters, learned the arcane arts from his books. Others, like the fairy Ariel, are blessed with the gift, and can become invisible to the human eye. Ariel uses this ability to play tricks on Prospero's enemies to make them see the error of their ways. Specifically, in Act III, Scene II, Ariel uses his gift to trick Stephano and Caliban into believing that Trinculo is calling them liars, provoking their anger. However, there is a problem; while it's said at the beginning of the play and in the stage directions that Ariel is invisible, it's not said *how* Ariel will achieve it. How does an audience see and not see invisibility?

Barbara D. Palmer, in her essay "Staging Invisibility in English Early Modern Drama," states, "... although invisibility plays a significant role in a range of plays [from 1580 to 1642], the term *invisible* is found only five times, three of them in

The theatrical problem solving assignment asks students to use performance as a way of understanding how a textual problem might be clarified by imagining a performance on an early modern stage. Jasmine's interest in how invisibility can be staged in *The Tempest* presents an excellent response to the "invisibility" problem by exploring contemporary performances and proposing her own theatrically intelligible solution.

- Walter Cannon

Tempest" (120). Since *The Tempest* makes the most references to invisibility in early modern drama it is obviously a significant part of the play, but since we have few other instances of it, it's difficult to determine how it's achieved or what its effect might be. How can the actors, through performance, show the audience invisibility, and more importantly, how does this problem affect the rest of the play? If the actors don't portray the magic to the audience right away, the rest of the play is hard to believe. The key to making the audience believe is a mixture of special effects and staging; costume and make-up must be implemented for Ariel, and the whole cast must work together through facial expressions and body language to create the illusion that Ariel is there, but nobody can see him. By using these tactics to create

invisibility on stage, the audience can see the irony in Ariel's presence – he is clearly visible to us, but not to the rest of the cast.

In Act I, Scene II, Prospero instructs Ariel to approach the other characters using invisibility: "Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea. Be subject / To no sight but thine and mine, invisible to every eyeball else" (1.2.304-6). According to David Bevington, author of "Hearing and Overhearing in *The Tempest*," this declaration should be enough to convince the audience that Prospero and Ariel are invisible: "An audience consents readily to the theatrical event by doing what the dramatist stipulates: the audience accepts that Ariel is now invisible and takes pleasure presumably in 'seeing' what is 'invisible,' thereby sharing magical power with Prospero" (102). While this is helpful, it doesn't solve the

entire problem. The audience believes that Ariel is invisible because Prospero and Ariel say so. However, it's up to the cast and director to actually portray the magic accurately. For example, if Ariel were to enter a scene, and all the other characters looked over and focused on Ariel, the play can no longer claim that he is invisible. Saying something is helpful, but acting out Ariel's invisibility using facial expression and body language is necessary to make Prospero's words intelligible.

In this particular scene (3.2.42-152), Stephano, Caliban, and Trinculo are plotting to kill Prospero and take over the island. Ariel comes into the scene, invisible to the other characters, and overhears their conversation. In three separate instances, Ariel calls out, "Thou liest" (45, 62, and 75). This tricks the others into believing Trinculo is speaking. The scene is supposed to be comic, but by being invisible and overhearing the whole scheme, it sets up Ariel and Prospero to overcome evil. Without Ariel's invisibility (or, at the very least, a good portrayal of it), it wouldn't have been possible to overhear the conversation and the audience would be deprived of the pleasure of irony.

It's obvious that the others can't see Ariel, but how is the tricky part. It's one thing to state that the characters are invisible – it's another thing to portray that on stage. Modern productions of *The Tempest* find different

ways to portray Ariel's magic on stage. In 2012, a troupe at the Theatre Royal in Bath performed the play with Ariel dressed in a creative outfit: "Ariel is done up in blue warpaint and a shock of candyfloss for hair" (Letts). While this seems unimportant, it actually allows the character to look magical without going too far with special effects and cheapening the play overall. With Prospero's decree of invisibility, plus the outfit, the role is easy to accept. After all, if Ariel looked like Trinculo or Stephano, the audience may doubt his power. If Ariel is dressed as someone out of this world, the audience is able to accept the magic much more.

Unfortunately, that's not enough to make the audience believe. The actors have to invite the audience in; if they cannot, then the play will surely fail. In 2005, a reporter from the Washington Post did a review of the Shakespeare Theatre's production of *Tempest*. While the special effects were great (when they actually used them), the actors themselves were mediocre at best:

But the production's sporadic demonstrations of novelty are clouded by lackluster performances and a surfeit of less than dazzling effects. The stagings of a few of the wordier scenes . . . are so wooden and drawn out that you end up tuning out. And while Breaker's midair antics wittily suggest Peter Pan as a native of Stratford-upon-Avon, the production's more earthbound images feel

as if they've been recycled from an adult extension course in maskmaking (Marks).

While special effects and make-up can create an illusion of magic, it's up to the actors to portray invisibility accurately with proper positioning, body language, and where the actors focus their attention. As the Shakespeare Theatre proved, if the actors don't portray their roles well, the audience won't understand the irony. Therefore, there should be a mixture of special effects and staging.

Alan Dessen says that there are three questions one must consider in order to accurately depict invisibility or, more specifically, the word "vanish" on stage: "(1) what would the original playgoers have seen at such moments? (2) how can we tell? and (3) so what?" (120). This breakdown allows for an easier depiction of magic and invisibility on stage. We must put ourselves in the shoes of the playgoers and actors from early modern drama. What did they see when they first performed the play? The most important question is the "so what?" Understanding what the stage directions meant in 1611 can shed light on what they mean now.

With this in mind, there could be many ways to depict Act III, Scene II. After careful consideration, two of these interpretations seem to be the most believable. In the first, Ariel would hide on stage in view of the

audience but not of the other characters. Preferably, the other characters would be placed at the front of the stage. There would be pillars a foot or two behind them, with Trinculo near the pillar on the left-hand side. Then, Ariel would be placed behind the left-hand pillar and positioned so that he can peek

out from hiding so the audience can see him. Or, if that wouldn't be possible, Ariel can be placed in the balcony; that way, he can overhear without needing to hide as much. It would be simple to achieve, as there wouldn't need to be any special tricks; the actors wouldn't have to pretend that Ariel isn't there. This placement would give the whole play a new meaning – Ariel isn't actually

“invisible” to the other characters, but hidden, so there's a less magical quality. However, it would allow his character to take on a deceptive quality.

On the other hand, Ariel could avoid hiding, winding between the other characters through the whole conversation. It would be up to Ariel to make it known that he is enjoying every moment of his trickery – he could go behind the other

characters and make faces at them. He could gesture to the audience, giggle into his hands, and mouth absurdities to the audience like, “Look at these fools!” Whenever it comes to his announcement of “Thou liest,” he could sneak behind Trinculo and yell over his shoulder; it would allow the characters to look in



“Blue” by Ashton Mayer

Trinculo's direction and would even seem like he spoke, rather than a voice hidden away from view. This way, everyone is in on the joke, knowing full well the other characters can't see Ariel playing tricks on them.

Palmer says that she “would take a more whimsical, perhaps even childlike approach to the stagecraft of vanishing. Making objects and people vanish or turning

them invisible is play, fun, cleverness . . .” (120). I agree; the characters should be fun to watch, whimsical, especially Ariel. Therefore, as director, my ideal staging would be the more open version of the play, where Ariel prances around in plain view while the other characters are oblivious. I would place the men near the

front of the stage. They would stand near each other so they can converse comfortably, but leave enough space in between so Ariel can weave through them and play prankster. I think this version invites the audience to become entranced with what is happening on stage. The Shakespeare's Theatre review proved to me that staging is key, and if I have Ariel hiding the whole time, it may get stale. Rather, I

want him actively involved so the audience pays attention; he's listening just like they are, keeping track of who says what. In this sense, he's tricky, hilarious, and useful.

It would be up to the other characters to portray the gimmick by ignoring Ariel on stage. If they look at Ariel and acknowledge his character is present at all, the whole scene will be ruined. Therefore, they should look at each other, avoid eye contact with Ariel,

and pay attention to the conversation instead of the shenanigans going on around them. They should direct their attention to each other. For example, when Trinculo is accused of yelling, “Thou liest,” they should gang up on him, get in his face, and push him around. That way, they're focused on the physical action of the scene, rather than what's happening outside of their circle. It'll create an illusion of two worlds, reality and magic.

It may even add another layer if Ariel poked them, messed with their hair, or fluffed their clothes; they could react at that point, maybe swatting at Ariel's hands or glancing around in confusion. This would set up the illusion that Ariel is there, but the others can't see him. Ariel is still interacting in the environment, an active part of the scene. However, it would still hold a sense of magic, as the others wouldn't be able to identify what is happening to them. The other actors can pretend to

be confused or shrug like they were imagining things, which would sell the invisibility.

After the staging is all set and done, Ariel could also sport a wild costume; his make-up and clothes could be flashy, possibly fairy wings to symbolize his race, or something with nature involved, like leaves or flowers. As the review from the Theatre Royal proved, if Ariel were to look the part, he'll be able to make the part believable. He would stand out from the other characters and draw attention to himself, but because the other characters can't see him, the audience would know that he is invisible. His appearance would be the “special effects” of the scene – no other props would be necessary. After all, it doesn't matter how many bells and whistles you have if you can't stage the show correctly.

What does this portrayal mean for the whole play? Because the magic is obviously present, it's easier to believe the rest of the play

as well. With Ariel in plain view, they see for themselves that the magic is happening; they have been given proof without having to be told that things are the way they are. Ariel engrosses the audience in the magic as he becomes an active part of the scene. Later in the play, when Ariel confronts the villains that did Prospero wrong in Act III, Scene III, the audience is taken in by the illusion; the audience is captured, like the other characters, by what is happening on stage and believe that Ariel and Prospero are powerful. Therefore, when Prospero confronts his enemies and forgives them, the audience understands how he did it and accepts it instead of feeling unamused by cheap tricks. Without Ariel's trickery from earlier, it would be easy to dismiss his participation and believe the whole play to be a ruse; by demonstrating his invisibility and magic on stage, the audience can now believe in the full extent of his power.

Works Cited

- Bevington, David. “Hearing and Overhearing in The Tempest.” *Who Hears in Shakespeare?: Auditory Worlds on Stage and Screen*. Ed. Laury Magnus and Walter W. Cannon. Madison: Fairleigh Dickinson UP, 2011. 101-12. Print.
- Dessen, Alan C., and Leslie Thomson. “Recovering Shakespeare's Theatrical Vocabulary.” *A Dictionary of Stage Directions in English Drama: 1580-1642*. Cambridge: Cambridge U, 1999. N. pag. Print.
- Letts, Quentin. “A Storming Tempest Given a Lift by Jedward.” *Daily Mail* (London). N.p., 31 Aug. 2012. Web. 8 May 2014.
- Marks, Peter. “Only Ariel Escapes This Earthbound ‘Tempest’” *The Washington Post*. N.p., 30 Mar. 2005. Web. 8 May 2014.
- Palmer, Barbara D. “Staging Invisibility in English Early Modern Drama.” *Early Theatre*, 2008.



Roots

Holly McKinney

ENGL 213: Nature and Environmental Literature

Escaping the mid-August heat, I sit to rest under the shade of a great pin oak tree in my back yard, gazing across the field. This year, the field abounds with the leafy clover look alike, alfalfa. Plum, violet, and lilac polka dot blooms accent the emerald sea when the plant is in full bloom. Now, however, the alfalfa has been cut, and the air is filled with the fragrance of late summer, sweet and grassy. My grandfather has already cut it three times this year, and the large round bales guard the edge of the field like sentries. He will cut it once more, maybe twice before autumn comes. This resilient forage legume, depending on the harvest schedule, can be cut at a high nutritional value up to five times in its growing season. The cut plant is then left to dry – later to be raked and wound into small rectangular bales or large round bales. Alfalfa is resistant to drought, having an extremely deep root system that can sometimes dig down to more than fifteen feet (“Alfalfa”). My family’s

The assignment for Nature Writing and Environmental Literature was to write an essay about a sense of place, including attention to both natural and cultural history and connections to the course readings. I was most impressed by Holly’s imaginative reconstruction of her ancestral past, her ability to weave narrative threads throughout the essays, and her use of metaphors as both explanatory and self-reflective devices in this essay. It has some of the most stunning imagery I’ve seen in essays for this course.

- Joshua Dolezal

roots also dig deep into this land, this agricultural wonder called Iowa. Generations of hard workers, dreamers, and innovators, all eventually leading to me, Holly Anne McKinney. My ancestors’ stories are embedded into my own history, shaping it but not defining it completely. What I choose to do with their memories is up to me, and their knowledge, combined with my own, helps me discover where I belong in this land.

In order to get to the land, my ancestors first had to sail across the Atlantic. Six generations ago, paternal lineage fled away from the agrarian disaster known as the Great Famine. This was a tumultuous time of starvation, disease, and emigration in Ireland’s history due to the potato blight ravaging crops island wide. It can almost be thought of as a plant genocide, since the effects were partly brought on because of the monoculture of the crop. The Hess family, my predecessors,

bought into this way of life just like millions of people across Ireland. Like those millions, they evacuated. I often wonder of the Hess family’s journey to America as I venture out into the field, crunching through the thick alfalfa stalks. The wind ripples across the foliage, and it turns to ocean waves. I close my eyes and am transported back about 175 years, astride the ocean bound vessel. Scanning the rolling water and inhaling some of the salty spray, I ponder what the future has in store since my livelihood has just been pillaged. What would I do if everything I had known and worked for was stripped away? The Hesses may have failed in Ireland, but that gave my hard working ancestors a chance to begin a whole new legacy. The trek to a new land brought about new opportunities, a chance to start over. I lean over the railing and extend my hand to the water, but as I draw it back I am only left with a fistful of alfalfa leaves.

The dehydrated leaves crumble in my hand, signaling that my grandfather will be baling this cutting soon. Grandpa Kenny is from my maternal side, also characterized by farmers. His work reflects his parents before him, my great grandparents Lyle and Helen. Grandpa Lyle epitomized the farm. His slightly bent, shuffled walk marked a life of hard work and service to his country during World War II. His rough, knobby knuckles nursed sick calves back to health, fixed various machinery, and played with his three children, eight grandchildren, and assortment of great grandchildren. From his farm co-op ball cap, overalls crusted with dirt and tractor grease, down to his Velcro tennis shoes, I could never picture Grandpa Lyle any other place than the farm, his home. I was forced to see Grandma Helen outside of her household, since much of her later life was spent in the sterile nursing home. She always seemed out of place and restless there, but some of her happier moments were spent outside when we would wheel her out on the home’s veranda to talk. Grandma Helen would cry when we would leave her, breaking our hearts. She had to be taken away from her home, and now we were leaving her too. Visits to the farm after Grandma Helen had to be moved always seemed incomplete. Afternoons spent inside the dim, creaking

farmhouse sitting on the worn sofa without her were lacking without her gentle presence. Grandpa Lyle remained an optimist though, and did his best to remain happy on the farm. He always carried on extremely educating and thought provoking conversation. Grandpa contained seemingly endless knowledge and continually sought to learn. He taught me many lessons, both intentionally and through subtle instances.

Grandpa Lyle loved barn swallows. The red and blue striped tin barn was their domain, branded by their plaster hotels made of mud and feces. Their unique infrastructure was indicated by large piles of excrement below. In other words, this minute bird was capable of a big mess. To most, this common little cobalt bird was a nuisance, but they are essential for the control of insects. They were as much a part of the farm as Grandpa. I cannot think of a time where I did not risk being dive bombed or angrily chattered at as I neared the barn. One instance, my brother and I were luring kittens out of their hiding places with the tease of a long switch of grass. It took time, but the expert animal tamers we were eventually got the best of the curious cats. We played with the kittens for some time, all the while being scolded by irritated swallow parents. Fed up with the constant enraged drone, my brother and I

decided to take a broomstick and crush the birds’ construction. We then fed the baby swallows to the kittens. When my mother came out and saw what we had done, we received a harsh scolding. The shame of destroying something so innocent, so loved by my grandfather still lingers in my memory. Every creature had a place on that farm, no matter how bothersome they seemed.

I am grateful that my great grandpa’s tolerance passed down to his son. There were many times that a certain little creature, me, would pester him during his farming duties. He let me tag along to feed the cows, measure out grain to feed the chickens, and reach into nests to collect eggs. Venturing into the haze of feathers while breathing in scratched up dust and manure always proved to be a guessing game. Would there be a hen on the nest, beak poised and ready to strike? Although I enjoyed time spent in the henhouse, I preferred a quieter activity. Perhaps my favorite time spent with Grandpa Kenny during my childhood was the hours I kept him company in the cab of his tractor. I have since outgrown the small space I used to fill, but I can still sense the calm, rhythmic motion of the tractor and the grinding, white, mechanical noise the equipment produced while bumping across the fields. Farming, although it is full of unknowns and risks, has moments of such serenity

that many people seek for in this world. David Masumoto, nontraditional peach farmer and author, describes it best when he says, "Farming provides many opportunities for contemplation, escapes from the tedious physical pace. I do my best thinking while shoveling weeds or driving a tractor" (Masumoto 17).

I am not a farmer, and I do not live on a farm. Somewhere along the family lines, the desire

to pursue agriculture dissipated. Nonetheless, growing up in rural Warren County Iowa has become a defining part of my life (Warren and Madison County to be

specific, since I live about a mile away from the county line). My home sits on a fourteen acre plot of land, with about six of those being designated to crops, five for timber, and three for the house and yard. I have inhabited this particular piece of terrain for all of my nineteen years on this planet, and it has provided me with all the ingredients for a healthy life – plenty of sunshine, food, and natural beauty all around. Three towering Douglas firs line the drive, the fourth's only remnant is the wide, flat stump. The old tree was damaged during an ice storm several years ago, and a windstorm from last

year dealt the tree its final blow, ripping the tree in half. I have become accustomed to the green giant's absence, with the stump as my only reminder. The tree's memory is carried with me, as well as all the recollections of times I ventured high into its sticky branches. From its viewpoint, I have a wide angle view of the entire yard. My mother's elaborate and eclectic gardens, filled with grasses, hosta,



"Reflection" by Ashton Mayer

coneflowers, among many others are just pinpricks of color.

To the north of my vantage point, I can just make out a shimmering outline of a native wetland. Past our property just over a mile is the Jensen Marsh of Madison County, where I spend countless hours. The wildlife area is almost 200 acres and is cut in half by the abandoned railroad tracks. In the late spring and early summer when the water is high, I invade the waterfowl's habitat and launch my kayak, pushing aside jewelweed, goldenrod, fowl bluegrass, and woodnettle. The Canadian geese and

ducks herd around me as I paddle across the nearly mile long body of water. Like the painted and snapping turtles, I enjoy the feeling of the sun's rays from atop the shallow body. My kayak glides through the liquid like one of the northern water snakes that inhabit this area. I often come alone, finding solace in this wild place. It is one of the most naturally diverse places in the county, still containing

tall grass prairie as well as upland timber, and is used for recreational bird watching and hiking as well as hunting. By the end of the summer, my recreational

use is expired. The marsh in mid-August is now filled with moss and reeks of bird waste, since it is their natural latrine.

I am curious to see if my time in Iowa is also coming to a close. This land has offered me so much in my upbringing – it is closely tied to countless memories with my family. They have worked this soil in order to make a living and provide for their loved ones. They sought out Iowa as a home, as comfort in the face of being uprooted and having to start a new life. I have been sown into this earth like alfalfa seeds and have been cut and dispersed into the community. McKinney is a well-known name

throughout my hometown. With just over seven hundred people, it is hard to ignore the large McKinney clan. Their neighborly attitude has embedded itself into me, and I am always kept busy with community service projects such as raking leaves, volunteering through my church, or helping during the annual summer festival, Old Settlers. I love this little rural town, but there comes a point where I want to be on the boat with the Clarks, setting off on a new adventure. I have tasted all that this place has to offer, and there will come a time in the next several years that I will need to be reseeded.

No matter where I end up, part of me will always be an Iowan. My easy going Midwestern attitude will be carried with me wherever I reside. The gravel and dirt road threads that tie together quilt patches of corn and soybeans will always be a security blanket to me. Unpredictable southern Iowa weather has taught me to be flexible and able to adapt at a moment's notice. I think of an instance from my childhood that later taught me to be aware and ready for what life has to offer. I

share the same feelings as John Price's grandfather. This non-fiction nature author explains this state of mind in his Iowa based narrative, *Man Killed by Pheasant and Other Kinships*, "I can see the signs of the migrant spirit... Grandpa was always restless." Although Iowa is a great place to have been raised in, it is becoming less appealing to a discontented young adult.

There were other animals on Grandpa Lyle's farm that we disrupted, as well. Ones that still flew and contributed to the elimination of the insect population, who also symbolized their presence with piles of guano. Bats. The barn provided many rafters for the night dwellers to reside, but we discovered one day that the bats had chosen a slightly different place to hang during their daily off hours. The sliding barn door was gaping open, and my mother went to close it before we left the farm for home. She was having some difficulties as the door seemed to be stuck. Not one to give up, my mother gave the door a great pull and yanked it shut. Mysterious brown blobs began raining down from the frame. Bats. Upon closer inspection, there were slight indentations

from where the wheel rolled over the backs of each small mammal's back. I do not want to be like those stunned bats, becoming so comfortable and sleepy that life rolls over me, which it tends to do in this sleepy, detached Iowa town.

There is the true conflict I have. My love for the beautiful rural setting, which is all I know, and the craving for something new. Iowa has given me my roots through both the landscape and my family history. The Hesses chose to reside in Iowa for some reason, and I have caught glimpses of it during my short legacy. The tight knit family farming community, the days mixed with hard work and play, the postcard scenes of a blood red sun sinking low over a cornfield on a summer's evening. I see those Iowa values reflecting back at me from the gently curving lines of the fallen hay in the field. The memories and beliefs passed down from generation to generation are mine now to keep. They will follow me to wherever I land. I keep that in mind as I grab a dried alfalfa stalk, crush some of the fragile leaves, and let the wind carry them off of my palm into the air.

Works Cited

"Alfalfa." *Encyclopedia Britannica*, n.d. Web. 5 December 2014. <<http://www.britannica.com/EBchecked/topic/14595/alfalfa>>.

Masumoto, David. *Epitaph for a Peach; Four Seasons on My Family Farm*. New York, NY: HarperCollins Publishers, 1995. Print.

Price, John T. *Man Killed by Pheasant and Other Kinships*. Iowa City, Iowa: University of Iowa Press.



Gatsby Changes his Tune

Lexus Waymire

LAS 410: *The Great Gatsby*

The art of music has the ability to be beautiful, inspiring hope and happiness in its listeners. However, art that truly imitates life cannot be exclusively beautiful; viewing a work of art may be a challenging experience. A prime example of such art is John Harbison's operatic adaptation of F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel *The Great Gatsby*. As a "high-brow" art form, opera often conjures negative connotations. This, in combination with Harbison's non-melodic, dissonant compositional style, makes the opera one of the lesser-known transformations of *Gatsby*. However, the success of Harbison's opera is irrelevant to its importance and merit. Harbison expertly uses original songs and arias, vocal timbres of individual characters, and harmonic tension to bring Fitzgerald's characters to life. His use of modern compositional techniques asks the audience not necessarily to enjoy, but to feel the tension that constantly lurks behind Fitzgerald's characters, their

The cultural transformations assignment asks students to consider how other artists have transformed the *Gatsby* materials into another art form. How does a different genre necessarily distort the novel, and to what effect? Lexie presents us with an excellent study of how John Harbison's opera transforms Fitzgerald's novel into a different register with a new set of cultural meanings.
- Walter Cannon

longing to repeat the past, and their pursuit of the American dream.

Since the early 1900s, opera in the United States was often viewed as a form of "highbrow art" (Levine), its European roots suggesting that primarily the refined and intelligent of the upper class may attend. Today it carries a similar reputation, along with the stigma that opera is dull, incomprehensible, and old-fashioned. While it is true that opera takes a certain amount of education prior to appreciation, this is not to say that only the upper-class can appreciate and enjoy opera. While the twentieth-century techniques in Harbison's *The Great Gatsby* may not be ideal for a first-time opera goer, its loyalty to Fitzgerald's plot makes it easy to follow for readers of Fitzgerald's novel.

When a classic novel is transformed into a film, play, or, in this case, opera, dedicated fans are often

infuriated when the author's original work is not followed to the letter. Rather than reimagining the figures in *The Great Gatsby*, Harbison uses several unique elements of opera to dig deeper into Fitzgerald's characters. One element is the addition of the aria. An aria is typically used as a way for a character to express his or her inner thoughts or struggle. Because Fitzgerald uses Nick as a narrator, many of the feelings of the other characters are left to interpretation. Harbison chose to use his interpretations of these feelings and gives the audience a closer look into the minds of other characters. A good example is Myrtle's second aria, "Waiting", during which Myrtle Wilson waits for her lover, Tom, to return to the gas station where she lives with her husband. In Fitzgerald's book, we only get to know Myrtle on a surface level. Here we see more deeply into her reasoning

for her affair with Tom. Her life with gas station owner George Wilson is nothing like she expected, and she now longs to be with Tom, who treats her "like a queen" (Harbison 59). Another unique convention of opera is the use of a chorus. Harbison chose to give *Gatsby*'s partygoers a singular voice, using a chorus of singers to show how little *Gatsby*'s guests cared about their host. As the chorus sings at one of *Gatsby*'s grand occasions, they do not care "where the money comes from" just "as long as *Gatsby*'s lights are on" (Harbison 44). One of Fitzgerald's themes is that all humans are flawed and selfish, and it is difficult for the reader to imagine such careless individuals. However, Harbison provides a unique alternative perspective by allowing us to see into the minds of each character, perhaps justifying, or at least explaining, the reckless actions that take place in *Gatsby*'s world.

Perhaps the most powerful aspect of music is its ability to influence human emotions and subconscious. Harbison harnesses that aspect and uses it to comment on the character traits of each of Fitzgerald's characters, subtly swaying the listener's opinion about each one of them. The clearest example is the musical

portrayal of Tom Buchanan. In Act I, Scene I, Daisy, Jordan, and Nick sit and chat like old friends. When Tom bursts onto the scene, the orchestra is abruptly silent, then accompanies Tom's harsh words with dissonant and staccato strokes from the string section. Tom's



Unusual Point-of-View by Cheryl Wells

vocal lines are also written in a brash, non-lyrical style, reflecting Daisy's description of her husband: "hulking". From the very beginning, the audience is swayed by the orchestral and vocal color to consider Tom a villain.

Harbison also excels at choosing specific voice parts and timbres for specific characters. For example,

Jordan and Myrtle, the two most ethically questionable female roles, call for mezzo-sopranos. The lower, more ominous tone of a mezzo is used in this work to evoke feelings of trouble or distrust from the audience. *Gatsby* is cast as a high, lyric tenor, asking the audience to sympathize with him and his selfless love for Daisy. Another fine example of the use of musical line in character portrayal is Harbison's compositional style for Daisy. The audience senses Daisy's troubled soul through her dramatic change in vocal timbre. When Daisy is in a social setting, she puts on a mask portraying the "perfect little fool" she wants her daughter to grow up to be. Her voice is high and wistful, hardly landing on a note before whisking to another. However, when Daisy becomes insightful

or angry, she reverts to her deeper, earthier timbre. This is Harbison's way of showing how Daisy can manipulate her feelings, and the feelings of others, by putting on a show. Harbison's portrayal of Daisy is different from many other transformations of Fitzgerald's novel, as the audience gains more explicit insight into her thought process. By the end of Act I, Scene III, we see Daisy reflect

on how she has sacrificed simple happiness to fit into the American Dream mold by marrying Tom and acting the part of wife and mother. In two of her somber arias, she seeks “the old warm world” (Harbison 12), fearing that her youthful happiness is “gone forever” (Harbison 12). The only dissatisfying vocal choice is that of Nick Carraway as a bass. Nick is often portrayed in the book as unsure and unstable, and the bass tone is far too rooted for Nick’s character.

In addition to vocal interpretation, Harbison seems to have a different idea of Nick, and consequently Gatsby, and their roles in the story. Nick is “transferred from narrator to supporting player,” and now serves more as an observer and occasional commentator” (Woolfe). Perhaps his deeper voice was meant to make the audience feel they could trust his opinion, but in many performances it seems that Nick is just out of place. With no narrator, “Gatsby is forced to explain himself and the import of his story in excessively literal arias” (Woolfe), taking some of the mystery out of our title character. In addition to his lyrical tenor voice, Gatsby’s overall character development and portrayal asks us to view him as a tragic figure. We admire him for fully committing to his dream, but pity him as we watch him fall short of his dream. Jordan

comments in the final scene at Gatsby’s funeral, “He got what he deserved— he came too far, he built too high (Harbison 65). We root for Gatsby throughout the show, but know that the world does not always work in favor of the deserving. Gatsby dedicated his entire life to winning Daisy, but Fitzgerald’s plot tells us that fate is uncontrollable. Perhaps Gatsby’s character is Harbison’s way of conveying the fragility and ultimate hopelessness of chasing the American Dream.

In addition to the colorful cast of characters, *The Great Gatsby* is recognizable for its 1920s setting. Harbison once again uses music to seamlessly connect modern opera to 1920s jazz. Harbison added newly composed jazz pieces to be sung by a bandstand singer at Gatsby’s parties, as well as on the radio. The pieces were so authentic that listeners believed them to be original to the period. Act II, Scene I is the most intriguing example of a weaving together of jazz and modern opera. Daisy and Tom exchange in a heated conversation in a non-melodic operatic style, which transitions into a jazz solo by the bandstand singer. After the solo, Harbison combines the two styles, with the singers continuing in the angular style of modern opera, while the orchestra accompanies with the melody from the bandstand singer. Harbison’s ability to go beyond the 1920s

costuming and scenery, once again using music to take the minds of the audience to another place, time, and mindset.

If the music was so masterfully composed, one may wonder how this opera received such mixed, and often negative, reviews. A review by Zachary Woolfe in *The New York Times* claims that Harbison’s opera lacks energy, heart, and the ability to carry itself without the use of the “pseudo-1920s pop songs” (Woolfe). All music not stemming from 1920s jazz is reviewed as something incomprehensible, and there are not many critics who enjoy Harbison’s use of modernism.

When all is said and done, what is Harbison trying to say? He seems to return again and again to the same themes: the allusion of a dream and the elusiveness of the past. As mentioned, Daisy frequently sings of her search for “the old warm world.” Throughout the course of the show, we watch as she realizes that perhaps the life she has is not the life she truly wants, but it may be too late for her to recover the past. Gatsby, also obsessed with reclaiming the past, comes into her life and shows her a glimmer of what could have been. Harbison clings to Fitzgerald’s line “repeat the past,” letting the characters at Gatsby’s party exchange the motive repeatedly. Both Daisy and Gatsby long to have what they once had, while Nick insists that “you can’t repeat the past.” Harbison melds the ideas of the American dream and the unattainable past at Gatsby’s funeral, where Nick

sings, “his dream must have seemed so close. He did not know it was already behind him” (Harbison). Harbison reached into the many themes in Fitzgerald’s novel and pulled out the hopelessness of past dreams, using musical motives and repetition to make this idea the core of his opera.

While this opera celebrated some limited success, it seems that most

critics and listeners have little use for it. One reason could be Harbison’s seemingly random use of dissonance and angular rhythm. It is almost as if Harbison is trying to make the listeners uncomfortable by using harmonic tension that goes unresolved, representing the turmoil underneath the surface of the seemingly perfect lives of the upper class. At times, this opera is truly a challenge

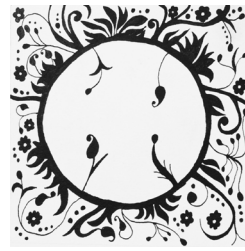
to absorb, but it is a work of art that does not have to be beautiful to make a statement. It is unfortunate that opera is largely associated with the upper class, as the unique musical emotion Harbison presents to his audience cannot be experienced in any other art form. This transformation of *The Great Gatsby*, through the many faces of musical composition, truly takes on a life of its own.

Works Cited

- Harbison, John, and F. Scott Fitzgerald. *The Great Gatsby: Opera in Two Acts*. New York: G. Schirmer: 1999. Print.
- Levine, Lawrence W. *Highbrow/lowbrow: The Emergence of Cultural Hierarchy in America*. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard UP, 1988. 144-146. Print.
- Woolfe, Zachary. “The Rich Are Different: They Can Sing.” *The New York Times*. The New York Times, 14 July 2013. Web. 24 Nov. 2014.



“Blue” by Ashton Mayer



El engaño de la belleza en “A una rosa” de Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz

Elizabeth Carman

*SPAN 323: Intro. to
Hispanic Literature*

Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz fue una autora mexicana conocida por sus obras literarias en el movimiento barroco. Desde que era joven, Sor Juana perseguía una vida llena de estudios y conocimiento (Friedman, Valdivieso y Virgillo 190). Aunque eventualmente se hizo monja para que pudiera estudiar, decidió abandonar sus estudios para enfocarse en la vida monástica debido a la presión de la Iglesia (190). La poeta murió joven en 1695, pero a pesar de su muerte temprana, escribió muchas obras famosas y complejas, incluyendo el poema “A una rosa.” Esta obra es un soneto típico de esta época que tiene catorce versos organizados en dos cuartetos y dos tercetos. Antes del principio de la obra, hay una descripción que introduce el argumento del poema y el concepto de una rosa a los lectores. Después de este verso, Sor Juana empieza la obra por invocar una rosa. La autora dice que tiene belleza y elegancia (1-4). Sin embargo, el tono del soneto

Elizabeth’s paper stood out for several reasons. First, the poem on which she chose to write--a Baroque sonnet by Mexican nun and poet Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz--is quite challenging linguistically, formally and thematically. I found it admirable that Elizabeth decided to focus on this particular poem (which we did not read in class). Second, Elizabeth aptly demonstrated how to conduct a close reading of a literary text, zeroing in on the sonnet’s intricacies, yet never losing sight of the overarching theme of her paper -- the rose as a symbol of youth’s vanishing beauty. Finally, Elizabeth’s paper is noteworthy for its overall organization and flow and appeals to appropriate literary vocabulary and grammatical accuracy in Spanish.

-Kathleen Korcheck

cambia en la segunda estrofa cuando Sor Juana empieza a hablar sobre cómo una rosa imita a la humanidad por su vanidad (5-6). La poeta continúa hablando sobre la arrogancia de la rosa en la tercera estrofa, enfatizando especialmente la ignorancia de la rosa en relación a su muerte (9-10). En el fin, la rosa se marchita y se muere (11-14). Por su vida y belleza, la rosa engaña a la humanidad, pero por su muerte, la rosa enseña a la humanidad sobre la vanidad y la brevedad de la vida (14).

Como muchas otras obras del barroco, “A una rosa” tiene temas como la belleza, la desilusión y el tiempo (López-Portillo 157). El símbolo de una rosa y

todos estos temas crean el mensaje principal en este soneto. Aunque este poema no es muy largo, Sor Juana todavía usa simbolismo y complejidad para ofrecernos una perspectiva bastante pesimista de la belleza y la juventud. Por examinar el símbolo de la rosa y los temas de belleza y tiempo en este poema, específicamente en relación a la antítesis y el carácter didáctico de la rosa, argumento que Sor Juana usa el símbolo de una rosa para mostrar a sus lectores la inutilidad de la belleza de juventud.

Durante todo del poema, la voz poética presenta el símbolo de la rosa. Por el título de “A una rosa,” se puede ver que la autora está

escribiendo este soneto a una rosa por el uso de un apóstrofe. También, la poeta aborda este objeto inanimado por el uso del pronombre de sujeto de “tú” durante el poema. Por ejemplo, en la primera estrofa, la voz poética escribe, “Rosa divina que en gentil cultura / eres, con tu fragante sutileza” (1-2). Por el uso de este pronombre de sujeto y el símbolo de la rosa en este poema en general, la autora está usando personificación también. Normalmente, no se invoca un objeto inanimado con “tú.” También, Sor Juana le da características humanas a la rosa, especialmente en la tercera estrofa cuando escribe “¡Cuán altiva en tu pompa, presumida, / soberbia” (9-10). Una persona normalmente le da este tipo de características a otra persona, pero ya que la autora le atribuye estas características a una flor, la poeta nos ayuda a entender la situación de una rosa en relación con la de la humanidad. Por su referencia a “la humana arquitectura” en el poema, Sor Juana nos revela unas características de la gente del mundo (5). Sin embargo, en la segunda mitad del poema se puede ver que no todas las características de la humanidad son positivas.

El símbolo de la rosa en esta obra representa la vanidad de la humanidad. El soneto empieza con descripciones vívidas de una rosa. En la primera estrofa, Sor Juana describe la rosa con palabras como “divina”

y “gentil” (1). La voz poética habla sobre la “fragante sutileza” y “la belleza” de la rosa en esta estrofa también (2-3). Sin embargo, este tono positivo empieza a cambiar en la segunda estrofa cuando la autora escribe, “Amago de la humana arquitectura, / ejemplo de la vana gentileza” (5-6). Estos versos son indicadores obvios del símbolo de la rosa en relación a “la humana arquitectura” (5). Sor Juana empieza a referirse a la rosa como un “ejemplo de la vana gentileza” en esta estrofa, pero expande esta idea en la tercera estrofa (6). A la rosa, la autora dice: “¡Cuán altiva en tu pompa, presumida, / soberbia, el riesgo de morir desdeñas” (9-10). En estos versos, la autora describe la arrogancia de la rosa. Estas características negativas contrastan con las de la rosa bella en la primera estrofa. Por este contraste, Sor Juana quiere que sus lectores sepan que la rosa tiene arrogancia debido a su belleza y juventud. Ya que la rosa es un símbolo de humanidad en esta obra, Sor Juana está comentando sobre la vanidad de humanidad también, particularmente en relación con los jóvenes. De hecho, Sor Juana introduce esta idea antes de que el poema empiece. Por el argumento de “En que da moral censura a una rosa, y en ella a sus semejantes,” Sor Juana nos presenta con la relación entre una rosa y humanidad por mencionar la “moral censura” de la rosa y las “semejantes”

de la rosa, que representan la gente del mundo (191).

Como el símbolo de la rosa, Sor Juana exhibe el tema de belleza durante todo este poema. Muchas descripciones de la belleza de la rosa están en la primera estrofa: “Rosa divina que en gentil cultura / eres, con tu fragante sutileza, / magisterio purpúreo en la belleza, / enseñanza nevada a la hermosura” (1-4). En esta estrofa, es obvio que Sor Juana está escribiendo sobre la belleza de la rosa en términos positivos. Aunque parece que la voz poética tiene una perspectiva optimista de la belleza de la rosa en esta estrofa, el uso de palabras como “presumida” y “soberbia” en la tercera estrofa indica que la belleza puede provocar sentimientos de vanidad (9-10). Como ha escrito Galicia Lechuga, “mientras que los cuartetos eran una alabanza de la rosa, los tercetos la atacan” cuando explican la vanidad de la rosa (222). Para la voz poética, esta vanidad no es una característica deseable. En la última estrofa, escribe que la rosa tenía una “necia vida” debido a su arrogancia y vanidad (13). También, Sor Juana refuerza su perspectiva negativa de la belleza por sus descripciones de la naturaleza engañosa de la belleza de la rosa. Aunque la rosa tiene una apariencia bonita, dicha apariencia es engañosa porque el carácter de la rosa realmente es arrogante en vez de “gentil” (1). La autora escribe “viviendo engañas” a la

rosa en la última estrofa (14). Este verso indica que, para Sor Juana, la belleza es engañosa y no es necesariamente una característica positiva para la rosa y para seres humanos por lo general.

El concepto de tiempo, como el tema de belleza, es uno de los más prevalentes e importantes temas del soneto. Sor Juana usa este poema para mostrarnos que la belleza de la juventud no dura, y emplea métodos diferentes durante la obra para enfatizar este punto. Primero, la autora incluye unas antítesis en el poema, una característica típica de la poesía sorjuaniana (Luiselli 143). Se presenta la primera antítesis en la segunda estrofa: “la cuna alegre y triste sepultura” (8). Esta antítesis es una comparación entre el nacimiento feliz y la muerte triste de la rosa y parece fluir con las descripciones positivas de la rosa “divina” y “gentil” en la primera estrofa (1). Las ideas de “cuna” y “sepultura” se refieren al concepto de tiempo, particularmente en relación con el cambio dramático de una flor desde su nacimiento a su muerte (8). Sin embargo,

el tono de las antítesis en el poema cambia cuando la voz poética empieza a hablar sobre el carácter engañoso de la rosa en las últimas estrofas. A la rosa la voz poética dice, “con que con docta muerte y necia vida / viviendo engañas y muriendo enseñas!” (13-14). Aunque estos versos tienen



Collaboration and Transformation
by Sara Rodriguez

un tema similar a la primera antítesis—los temas de vida y muerte—estos últimos versos nos ofrecen una visión muy diferente de esta rosa. Galicia Lechuga explica que “la vida de esta engaña a las personas por su hermosura, mientras que su muerte invita a la reflexión sobre la brevedad de la vida” (222-23). La rosa

engaña a sus observadores debido a su belleza breve y porque “el riesgo de morir desdeñas” (10). Sin embargo, con el tiempo, la rosa agonizante está “desmayada y encogida” (11). Su belleza de juventud ha desaparecido.

En las antítesis sobre la vida y la muerte y el tema del tiempo por lo general, también aparece una rosa didáctica. Esta idea emerge en la primera estrofa cuando Sor Juana escribe, “enseñanza nevada a la hermosura,” frase que una vez más describe la belleza de la rosa, y también nos muestra el carácter didáctico de la flor (4). Según la voz poética, sin embargo, la rosa también enseña por otras maneras: “[v]iviendo engañas y muriendo enseñas” (14). La rosa “es una maestra no por su hermosura, sino por su brevedad, pues muere en cuanto nace” (Galicia Lechuga 222). Por la enseñanza de la rosa, Sor Juana nos revela su mensaje principal de este poema. La juventud y la belleza de la juventud no duran. Aunque estas características de la rosa nos muestran la hermosura y la perfección de ser joven, según la voz poética, esta belleza solamente resulta

en una “necia vida” (13). Por su muerte, la rosa nos enseña la realidad de la vida y la juventud con un mensaje bastante pesimista: la belleza de la juventud es inútil. Este mensaje le da al lector la oportunidad de reflejar sobre su vida de una manera diferente.

Aunque una rosa parece una flor bastante cotidiana y normal, Sor Juana aborda el tema de una rosa en una manera que quizás cambia la perspectiva del lector sobre la belleza de la juventud. Los temas presentados en “A una rosa” son típicos del movimiento barroco (Luiselli 145). De hecho, “Soneto CLXVI” de Luis de Góngora es otro poema que se puede comparar con el de Sor Juana (Luiselli 144). Los dos poemas usan ideas sobre la naturaleza para mostrarnos lecciones sobre los temas de la belleza, juventud, y tiempo. Sin embargo, el mensaje central de “A una

rosa” no es de “carpe diem,” como el mensaje principal del soneto de Góngora (Luiselli 144). En lugar de esta lección, Sor Juana enseña a sus lectores sobre la inutilidad de la hermosura de juventud. Primero, la autora usa el símbolo de una rosa para expresar sus opiniones de juventud. Por la rosa, se puede comparar su vanidad y vida breve con la arrogancia de la gente joven. Segundo, el poema incluye el tema de belleza para expresar la hermosura de la rosa. Después de exponer estas descripciones positivas, sin embargo, la voz poética sigue por hablar del carácter engañoso de la rosa. Aunque la flor es bonita físicamente cuando es joven, desdeña “el riesgo de morir” y finalmente se muere “desmayada y encogida” (10-11). Por último, Sor Juana incluye el tema de tiempo para enfatizar su perspectiva pesimista de la juventud. Este concepto del tiempo aparece

por las antítesis y el carácter didáctico de la rosa en la obra. Por observar la “necia vida” de la rosa, un lector puede reflejar en su propia vida, enfocándose especialmente en la fugacidad de la juventud (13).

En total, la rosa en “A una rosa” no es una maestra por su belleza, sino por su vida breve y vanidad durante su juventud. Como otros autores del barroco, Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz nos muestra por medio de una rosa que las cosas no son siempre lo que parecen. Irónicamente, esta autora también murió a una edad joven, similar a la muerte de una rosa (Friedman, Valdivieso y Virgillo 190). Sin embargo, la memoria y los pensamientos de esta autora viven todavía hoy en su literatura. Por su invocación a una flor, Sor Juana nos enseña sobre el lado negativo de la belleza de juventud y nos ofrece una perspectiva distinta de la vida de una rosa.

Works Cited

- Friedman, Edward, Teresa Valdivieso and Carmelo Virgillo, eds. *Aproximaciones al estudio de la literatura hispánica*. 7th ed. New York: McGraw Hill, 2012. Print.
- Galicia Lechuga, David. “*Carpe diem y vanitas vanitatum* en los sonetos de Sor Juana.” *Acta Poética* 31.2 (2010): 205-31. Print.
- Juana Inés de la Cruz. “A una rosa.” *Aproximaciones al estudio de la literatura hispánica*. 7th ed. Eds. Edward Friedman, Teresa Valdivieso and Carmelo Virgillo. New York: McGraw Hill, 2012. 191. Print.
- López-Portillo, Carmen. *Sor Juana y su mundo: una mirada actual. Memorias del Congreso Internacional*. México D.F.: Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1998. Print.
- Luiselli, Alessandra. “Tríptico Virreinal: Los Tres Sonetos a la Rosa de Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz.” *Y diversa de mi misma entre vuestras plumas ando: Homenaje a Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz*. Ed. Sara Poot Herrera. México D.F.: Colegio de México, 1993. 137-57. Print.



The Saleem and Shiva Principle in Rushdie's *Midnight's Children*

Kaity Sharp

ENGL 375: Studies in
20th Century Literature

Although Saleem's original intent is to tell his own story, he believes that in order to satisfactorily do so, he must also tell of all the other lives and stories that have impacted him: "I have been a swallower of lives; and to know me, just the one of me, you'll have to swallow the lot as well" (4). I think one of the more interesting stories interwoven with Saleem's is the tale of Shiva, the fellow midnight child with whom Saleem was switched at birth. Shiva is aptly named after Hinduism's major god of creation and destruction (Cartwright). He serves as a foil to Saleem throughout the novel and Saleem is acutely aware of their strong connection. Toward the end of his story he remarks, "Shiva and Saleem, victor and victim: understand our rivalry, and you will gain an understanding of the age in which you live (the reverse of this statement is also true)" (Rushdie 515). Examining their individual upbringings is essential to understanding how they are each "victor and victim" and why they have

I was impressed by Kaity's ability to analyze a difficult, encyclopedic text like Salman Rushdie's *Midnight's Children*. One of Rushdie's main ideas is that "To understand just one life, you have to swallow the world," and he tries to incorporate the whole sub-continent of India into his 533-page novel! Kaity was able to find a thread in that elaborate tapestry and trace it through from beginning to end, thus illuminating the entire magic realist novel in the process. One can see an exemplary reader and writer in her essay.

- Michael Harris

such opposing outlooks on life. Furthermore, Saleem and Shiva's different viewpoints balance each other out by portraying the optimism and pessimism in *Midnight's Children*. In the end, I believe Rushdie disproves the idea that you can be "anything you want to be" in life, however by incorporating traits of both characters he creates a hopeful outlook for the future of India (148).

Although Saleem and Shiva seem to represent oppositions, their lives are very intertwined. M. Keith Booker observes that Rushdie often constructs dual oppositions with characters "only to deconstruct [them] by demonstrating that apparent polar opposites are in fact interchangeable and mutually interdependent" (978). For example, when Ramram Seth prophesizes to Amina, it's interesting to note that he accurately predicts

Saleem's life even though it's Shiva who is in her belly. Ramram declares, "There will be two heads—but you shall see only one—there will be knees and a nose, a nose and knees" (Rushdie 99). Amina is worried that she will give birth to a two-headed child, but we soon learn that Ramram was speaking of both Saleem and Shiva. The phrase "knees and nose" is significant because the boys' special abilities are tied to these two body parts: Saleem's cucumber nose and Shiva's monstrous knobby knees. Both of them are mentioned in the prophecy because their fates are intricately linked. Saleem and Shiva are both born at the stroke of midnight and switched before given back to their parents by Saleem's nanny, Mary Pereira. Booker explains, "In a sense, then, Sinai is 'really' Shiva, and Shiva is 'really' Sinai, so that the polar opposition is

severely problematized" (978).

Up until the chapter of his birth, we are lead to believe that Ahmed and Amina Sinai are Saleem's parents. Family history makes up a large part of Saleem's narrative. He gives a detailed account of Amina's side, starting with his grandparents, doctor Aadam Aziz and Naseem "the Reverend Mother," before even getting to his own birth. After he reveals Ahmed and Amina as his parents, (or at least two of many "parents"), he refers to them as such for the remainder of the novel. He does, however, make a questionable comment after Amina announces to an angry Muslim mob that she is with child: "But although my mother was right about her public announcement, she was also wrong. This is why: The baby she was carrying did not turn out to be her son" (86). As with other parts of Saleem's story, we don't fully understand this statement until later. Eventually he explains how Mary switched his nametag with Shiva's. Saleem actually belongs to a poor accordion-playing clown called Wee Willie Winkie and his wife Vanita, who died in childbirth. Methwold, the English owner of the estate where they live, is implied to be his biological father after a scene with Vanita, making Saleem's identity even more complex.

Saleem's caretaker, Padma, is understandably upset when she learns that

he hasn't cared to elaborate on his real parents. She has impatiently waited for him to tell her the story of his birth, only to find out that the genealogy he has been recounting isn't even the history of his biological family. Padma feels tricked and calls Saleem a monster, but he does not see it this way:

No: I'm no monster. Nor have I been guilty of trickery. I provided clues . . . but there's something more important than that. It's this: when we eventually discovered the crime of Mary Pereira, we all found that it made no difference! I was still their son: they remained my parents. In a kind of collective failure of imagination, we learned that we simply could not think our way out of our pasts ... (136-137)

For Saleem, the people who actually raised him are his family because that is what they have always believed to be true. Their personal histories have had a greater influence on his life than those of his biological parents. Furthermore, he sees himself, Shiva, and all the other midnight children as "only partially the offspring of their parents" anyway, because "the children of midnight were also children of the *time*—fathered . . . by history" (137). Saleem recognizes he is not only connected to his family, but also to history and the context in which he grows up.

It seems Saleem is right in noticing the

importance of context. The environments in which Saleem and Shiva are raised have a great effect on the boys' lives. They come from two very different social classes and this is important to their development and interactions later in the story. Actually, this is the reason Mary switched them in the first place. She was in love with a radical named Joseph D'Costa who was strongly opposed to the divide between the rich and the poor. So out of love for Joseph and his ideals, Mary switched the nametags on the boys, which she knew would mean "giving the poor baby a life of privilege and condemning the rich-born child to accordions and poverty" (135). Although both babies were born at the stroke of midnight, it is the wealthier of the two who gets the attention for it. Mary becomes Saleem's nanny and according to Saleem, both she and Amina coddle him and fight for his affections, showing him off around Methwold's Estate. It is Saleem, not Shiva, who gets a personal letter from the Prime Minister declaring his life will be "the mirror" of India's own (143). It's no wonder he grows up under the impression that he's extremely special. As John J. Su points out, "From the outset of the novel, Saleem constructs a set of expectations that correspond with . . . an epic hero" (550). He believes his destiny is inextricably linked to that

of his country's, making him essential to understanding India's fate: "I was already beginning to take my place at the center of the universe, and by the time I had finished, I would give meaning to it all" (148).

While Saleem's ego grows, so does Shiva's anger. He has a horrible home life. After Vanita's death, "something harsh and bitter" creeps into his father's voice and although Winkie claims it's only asthma, it gets worse and worse. Saleem says that Shiva feels at fault, "silently bearing the burden of being the cause (or so he thought) of his father's slow decline" (150). Shiva is teased for his appearance and after he blinds one of the bullies with a sharp stone, Winkie comes to Methwold's Estate and leaves his son "to enter the dark labyrinths from which only a war would save him" (150). Later we learn that the father-son relationship was even worse than that; Winkie tried to break Shiva's giant kneecaps with a hammer. After losing his singing voice, Winkie believes he can make more money begging with an injured child, but Shiva is quick to defend himself. He breaks Winkie's wrist in between his knees. From a young age, it's clear that Shiva needed to be a fighter. His stubbornness, anger, and superhuman knees eventually make him into a powerful military leader. But his characteristics also make Saleem his rival.

Being the two children born closest to the midnight hour, Saleem and Shiva possess the greatest special powers. They both want to take charge of the Midnight's Children Conference, a meeting of mental voices possible through Saleem's telepathy. As the midnight children get older, Saleem notices new tensions and divisions among them at these meetings because "the prejudices and world views of adults began to take over their minds" (306). But as a child born into a world of possibility, Saleem is hopeful that the children will overcome their differences and unite to form a "third principle" (306). However, as he is mentally broadcasting his message of peace and unity, Shiva butts in and begins to mock his idealistic views. Shiva has experienced the unfairness of life firsthand, and he takes an every-man-for-himself approach. To Saleem and in the minds of all the other children, he replies, "No, little rich boy; there is no third principle; there is only money-and-poverty, and have-and-lack, and right-and-left; there is only me-against-the world!" (307) Shiva believes that only people with money and resources can afford to have dreams; the rest have to fight. He thinks Saleem's overly optimistic view makes him too "mushy" and "sentimental" to be taken seriously and in the end, Saleem is defeated (307).

Saleem has good reason to feel threatened by Shiva, which is why he

takes it upon himself to shut him out of the Midnight Children's Conference altogether. After finding out that Mary switched them at birth, Saleem is afraid that Shiva will learn the truth and claim his birthright as the prophesied child. Although Saleem could have come up with some noble reason for exiling him, he actually admits to the truth:

... refusing to accept that the prophecy of Ramram Seth had been intended for Winkie's boy, that it was to be Shiva that the prime Ministers had written, and for Shiva that fishermen pointed out to sea . . . placing, in short, a far higher value on my eleven-year-old sonship than on mere blood, I resolved that my destructive, violent alter ego should never again enter the increasingly fractious councils of the Midnight Children's Conference; that I would guard my secret—which had once been Mary's—with my very life. (339)

True to character, Saleem does not like the idea of someone else taking the attention and importance away from him, especially if that person is his self-proclaimed nemesis. He blocks his knowledge of the truth from the children to protect his authority, but it is this very secrecy that contributes to his downfall. When Saleem returns from Pakistan after several years, he reconvenes the Conference and they are all happy to be back together.

But soon the questions about Shiva's disappearance begin to surface: the children realize Saleem has closed off part of his mind to them. They launch a collective attack, accusing Saleem of "secrecy, prevarication, high-handedness, egoism" but he still cannot

bring himself to tell the truth about his birth (357). Gradually, distrust causes large groups of them to stop tuning in to the Conference. Soon only Saleem's advocate, Parvati-the-witch,

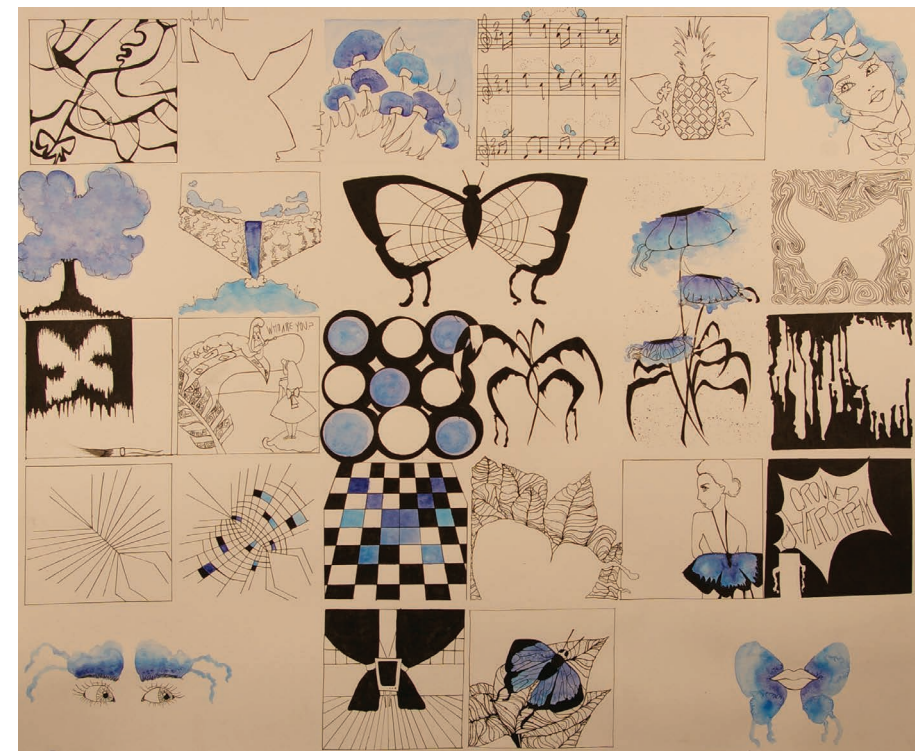
will talk to him, but even she is upset with his behavior: "O, Saleem," she said, "God knows what that Pakistan has done to you; but you are badly changed" (357).

Parvati-the-witch seems to be another point of contention for Shiva and Saleem throughout the novel. Parvati's gift of sorcery makes her one of the most powerful children, as she, too, was born near the stroke of midnight. In fact, Saleem says there is little she could not do with her "white" magic: "she could cure disease and

counter poisons . . . she could cure sores and consecrate talismans" (478-479). It is also Parvati who reminds Saleem of his true identity after he loses his memory and becomes a Pakistani soldier. With her powers, she makes him invisible and transports him back to India in a wicker

to meet by the divine destiny of their names, were united in a moment of victory" (465). In Hinduism, the goddess Parvati is Shiva's wife and the mother of Ganesh (Cartwright). These three make up some of the most important and beloved Hindu deities. In *Midnight's Children*,

Saleem is the one who ends up marrying Parvati, thus inserting himself in the famous trio. However because Saleem refuses to marry Parvati at first, Shiva is still involved. According to Saleem,



50 Ways Assignment by Hannah Laffin

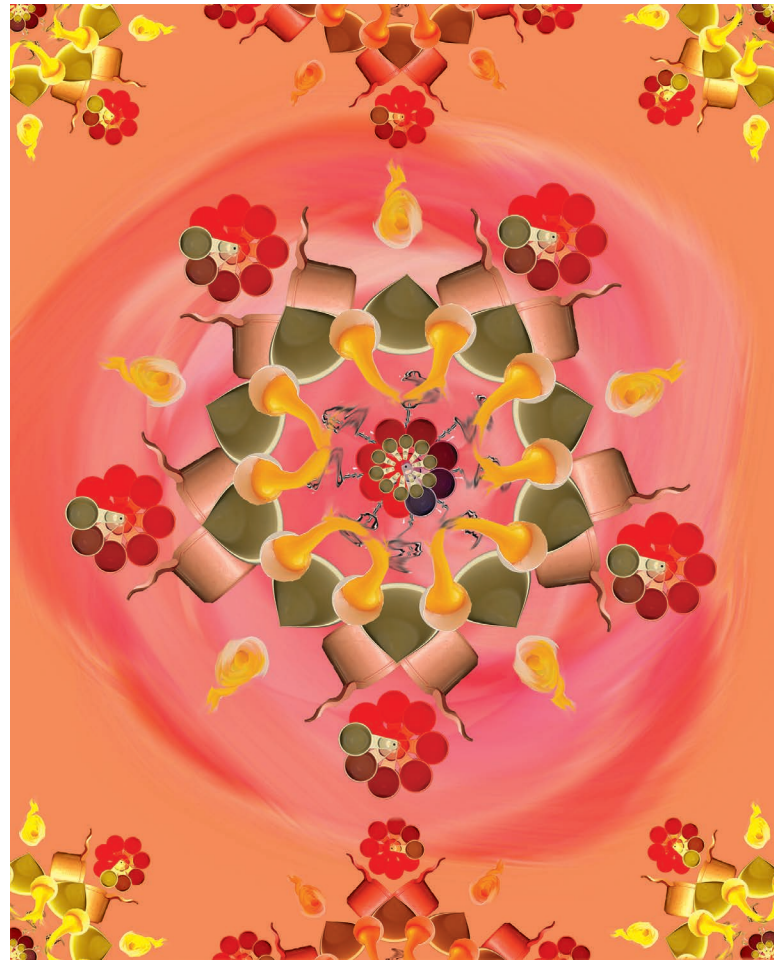
basket. She keeps her gift a secret by working in the magician's ghetto of Dehli, thus making her magic power appear only an illusion. In the ghetto, she tells Saleem that he is not the only midnight child she has seen. She reveals a lock of hair and says that Shiva gave it to her when they briefly met during his military travels. This causes Saleem to contemplate the significance of their encounter: "Parvati and Shiva, Shiva and Parvati, fated

Shiva became a "notorious seducer" during his military career and "at the height of his philanderings there were no less than ten thousand women in love with him" (488). Yet Shiva would lose interest as soon as he got any of the women pregnant. Saleem therefore believes that Parvati summoned Shiva to her using the lock of his hair; she purposefully became pregnant with his child, knowing Shiva would leave and Saleem would marry her to preserve her honor. So in his story, Saleem becomes a

part of the Shiva and Parvati pairing while also maintaining Ganesh's original parentage.

Despite all these attempts to take on Shiva's fate and emphasize his own importance, Saleem begins to lose his optimism as he realizes he has been unsuccessful. All his life, Saleem has been told, "Anything you want to be you can be: You can be just what-all you want" (148). It is rather ironic that Mary is the one who sings this little tune to him because by switching his nametag with Shiva's, she sets them up for different opportunities in life. But in the end this doesn't matter; it is still Shiva, not Saleem who reaches success, leaving Saleem to claim Mary's song is "the greatest lie of all" (552). Saleem may want to place himself at the center of everything, but he admits early on that there are many things he did not have control over: "From ayah to Widow, I've been the sort of person to *whom things have been done . . .*" (285). He later observes that "Most of what matters in life takes place in our absence" (509). Throughout his story, Saleem attempts to insert himself at the center of his

country's history and prove his own importance. But John J. Su points out that Saleem does not become the traditional hero: "In contrast, the novel is preoccupied with his failures" (554). In the end, Shiva still surpasses Saleem by becoming "India's most decorated war hero" while Saleem himself



Collaboration and Transformation by Mackenzie Foldes and Sara Rodriguez

ends up in the magicians' ghetto and then a pickle factory (486). Life has a funny way of working itself out.

In spite of Saleem's pessimism about not achieving greatness, his story doesn't leave us feeling hopeless. In fact, it is none other than

Shiva who brings a glimmer of hope for Saleem in the end. After being captured and sterilized by Indira Gandhi "the Widow," Saleem is depressed by the thought that the midnight children can no longer pass on their magical abilities to achieve his desired "third principle." But while

contemplating their sad fates, Saleem begins to laugh heartily at a happy realization. If the stories about Shiva fathering countless children during his military career are true, then, as critic Indira Karamcheti explains, "it is Shiva who is the progenitor of the sons of history, and a link to India's precolonial mythological past" (84). Furthermore,

"like the Hindu god of procreation and destruction" Shiva has now fulfilled both meanings to his name (Karamcheti 84). In that moment Saleem sees "a new generation of children, begotten by midnight's darkest child . . . being raised towards the future" (Rushdie 525). And of course Saleem's own son, Aadam Sinai, is one of these children.

Aadam Sinai is named after Aadam Aziz, Saleem's grandfather. Karamcheti points out that because Aadam Aziz's actual grandson is Shiva and Shiva is the true father of Aadam Sinai, the original family line is back on track: "So Rushdie's genealogy takes us full circle: from Aadam Aziz in Kashmir through the displaced Saleem and Shiva to Aadam in Bombay, the true great-grandson of his great-grandfather. No one is who or what they claim to be, and yet, at the last, they are exactly where and who they should be" (84). Saleem is also

aware of this, and because he knows Aadam actually belongs to Shiva and Parvati, he naturally compares Aadam to the "elephant-headed Ganesh" (500). This comparison is only strengthened because like Saleem and Shiva, Aadam has a defining characteristic: enormous ears. According to Sumanta Sanyal, Ganesh is "reputed to be a remover of obstacles" and is consequently "propitiated before the beginning of any new venture" ("Encyclopedia Mythica"). So both the prophesied family line falling into place and the incorporation of Ganesh are suggestive of a prosperous

new beginning. Additionally, little Aadam has already shown an incredibly strong willpower and Saleem sees him having great potential: "We, the children of Independence, rushed wildly and too fast into our future; he, Emergency-born, will be . . . more cautious, biding his time; but when he acts, he will be impossible to resist" (507). Here is where I see the optimism coming through. Perhaps the child that represents a combination of Saleem's ability to dream and Shiva's realistic view of hardship holds the greatest promise for India's future.

Works Cited

- Booker, M. Keith. "Beauty and the Beast: Dualism as Despotism in the Fiction of Salman Rushdie." *ELH* 57.4 (1990): 977-97. *JSTOR*. Web. 02 May 2014.
- Cartwright, Mark. "Shiva." *Ancient History Encyclopedia*. Ancient History Encyclopedia Limited, 20 Nov. 2012. Web. 09 May 2014.
- Karamcheti, Indira. "Salman Rushdie's 'Midnight's Children' and an Alternate Genesis." *Pacific Coast Philology* 21.1/2 (1986): 81-84. *JSTOR*. Web. 09 May 2014.
- Rushdie, Salman. *Midnight's Children*. New York, NY: Avon, 1982. Print.
- Sanyal, Sumanta. "Ganesha." *Encyclopedia Mythica*. Encyclopedia Mythica Online, 26 Aug. 1997. Web. 09 May 2014.
- Su, John J. "Epic of Failure: Disappointment as Utopian Fantasy in 'Midnight's Children'" *Twentieth Century Literature* 47.4, Salman Rushdie (2001): 545-68. *JSTOR*. Web. 13 May 2014.



La Lune

Emily Fiscus

ENGL 240: Personal Essay

The Métropolitain, Paris' subway system, consists of sixteen lines, numbered 1-14, 3bis, and 7bis (*bis* essentially signifies a division, like saying 7a in English). The stops are all named for significant events, people, and points of interest within the city such as Invalides (the name of the building where Napoleon's tomb is) and Père-Lachaise (named after the cemetery that houses Jim Morrison and Édith Piaf, among others). Most stops share the same aesthetic features of wrought iron fences surrounding the stairs leading underground and a sign displaying what line the stop is on. After entering the stop, a rider approaches ticket-vending machines and a service counter with employees wearing surprisingly chic and well-tailored navy blue and mint green uniforms. For some reason, there is typically a photo booth in this area; I have no idea why.

A regular rider scans a prepaid monthly pass on a purple pad on one of the turnstiles just past the

counter. This is followed by a hallway that bisects into two stairwells leading to platforms facing each other. The walls behind each platform display giant advertisements and cobalt blue signs with the name of the stop in white letters. In the hallway just past the turnstiles there are signs listing the next stops on the line and displaying big arrows pointing toward the appropriate platform for each direction. Riders who get on a train going in the wrong direction can use this hallway to change trains without exiting the stop. There were only two times when I did this. The second time was no big deal, but maybe that's because I learned so much from the first time it happened.

The intern from my service learning at the Centre Socioculturel Belleville, an NYU student, invited me to play board games with her friends in

the Latin Quarter, close to Place d'Italie. It's a part of Paris that's so charming the streets actually seem sort of clean. I remember being disappointed that the café where we were did not serve alcohol, especially because we were playing a boring French strategy game about creating a civilization. When the game was finally over, we walked to Les Gobelins (a stop named for a factory, not a mythical creature), chatting about a little bit of everything. They asked me which way I needed to go and I glanced at the sign, deciding I needed to go the same way as them. After all, I was taking the 7, which I felt I knew like the back of my hand since I used it almost every day get to school, go grocery shopping, or change trains trains at Châtelet-Les Halles, the world's longest subway stop, to go to my service learning.

It wasn't until after the other Americans had gotten

off the train that I realized what I'd done. The signs at Les Gobelins were oddly placed, so I completely missed the fact that I went the wrong way, winding up about nine stops in the wrong direction from my *foyer* (residence hall) at Île Saint Louis. By now it was midnight on a Thursday night. The trains wouldn't run for too much longer. I was at Le Kremlin-Bicêtre, three stops away from the terminus of the line in the suburbs (the French equivalent to the Projects) and I needed to get to Pont Marie at the city center before a) the trains stopped running and b) my residence hall began its nightly lockout hours, a so-called safety precaution lasting from 1:30 to 5:30 a.m.

I completely exited the stop and re-entered, as I couldn't find the stairs leading to the hallway that would allow me to change platforms without going through the turnstiles. There was no one behind the counter and the lights were off. I saw on a TV monitor that there were buses running, but I never understood the bus system in Paris and I wasn't about to start that night. The few other people on the platform were the less-than-romantic representations of life in Paris: A tired Eastern European-looking family with a baby. A woman in a short black skirt and boots who would probably throw me onto the electrified tracks if I looked at her the wrong way. Two men, presumably of North African

descent, walked by smoking what was either marijuana or incredibly pungent cheap cigars and yelling in some language other than French. The digital display suspended from the ceiling that had been ominously blank revealed it would be twenty minutes until the next train. The lone woman walked away, exasperated.

I thought about my program director, Mme Cavaness' warnings of pickpockets, the perceived vulnerability and obliviousness of Americans, the apparent lack of employees at the station, and how few minutes I had on my phone, making the prospect of successfully calling her in a panic highly unlikely. I took out my French newspaper and put on what Americans describe as my bitch face, attempting to blend in. I mentally chanted to myself, "Don't look scared. Don't look scared. Don't look scared." No one appeared to pay attention to me, but that didn't mean I trusted them. After all, the best criminals are the ones no one suspects.

Finally, I could hear the train approach. A few moments later it rolled into the station. I bolted to the doors, aggressively turning the handle to open them. I must have been visibly tense for the entire ride. Not many weeks before, a friend of mine riding the last train home on the edge of the city had been forced to get off two stops before hers. This meant she had to walk forty-five

minutes by herself during the only time of day when there is violent crime in Paris. At least she was in a neighborhood she somewhat knew; I was taking a serpentine line that stretched throughout the city, so the odds of me finding my way home, let alone doing it on time, were next to none. To make matters worse, I had no cash for taxi fare and people who use ATMs alone at night are easy targets.

I made it to my stop by 12:30. Climbing the steps that led away from the platform, I felt a rush of normalcy. When I was approaching ground level, something about the light outside seemed different. Instead of the usual orangey jaundice of the streetlights contrasting against the cloudy night sky there was something *white*. How could there be a single thing left in this city that had not been stained some shade of grey or brown?

Once on the sidewalk, I scanned my surroundings, looking for drunks or bums or anyone who might try to give me trouble. What startled me in a far different way than any street harasser could have was the giant iridescent orb I spotted through the trees and could not fully view until I approached the intersection leading to the bridge that serves as the métro stop's namesake.

What was that sphere reflecting upon the rapidly rippling current of the Seine?

Why was it so *big*? Did it have something to do with how far north I was?

Was it really the *moon*? To be honest, I couldn't

remember the last time I'd seen it. In Iowa it came and went as it pleased, giving a vague testament of the passage of time. As a child, I would stare at it on long car rides home during the winter, for some reason incapable of falling asleep. In Paris I'd been surrounded by clouds and light pollution and buildings, not to mention that my room with a view of a courtyard faced the wrong way for me to see it, but where had it *been*? This was March; I had been in Paris since January. How could I go months without seeing the thing whose gravity created ocean tides and whose cycles inspired the first calendars?

After I made it to my building and up the five flights of stairs to my room, I collapsed on my bed. My roommate was home on spring break. All of my friends in Iowa were at dinner. My mom was on her way home from work and hearing about what happened would probably just freak her out anyway. I settled on briefly describing my night in the journal I made a half-assed attempt at keeping. It reminded me of how nature was used for symbolism in *The Great Gatsby*.

I didn't know why, but that night never really left my head. Maybe it was the first time I truly saw how much Paris had changed me. It was around this time that I knew without a doubt

I would have a hard time giving up new habits like eating pizza with a fork and knife, drinking water from tiny glasses with no ice, and using 24-hour time. As the days leading to my so-called homecoming slipped by, I grew far too accustomed to 60-degree rainy weather and Saturday afternoons spent drinking beer on the Seine. I successfully gave people on the street directions in French that they at least

Was it really the moon?

pretended to believe were correct, and I was on a first-name basis with the employees at Corcoran's, an authentic Irish pub next to the Sacré-Coeur.

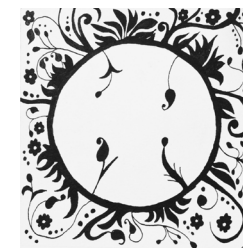
My grandparents came to visit me for ten days after the semester was over, after which we returned to Des Moines together. The city seemed surreal, just as it had when I first arrived in January. Once again the weather was gloomy, the streets were tiny, the walking distances were too long, the drinks were too warm, the hamburgers weren't big enough, and the lack of Italian food was depressing. Only, I wasn't the one who felt that way anymore. I remember my first day in Paris—how I almost went into hysterics in the study abroad office,

how I resented the constant bombardment of ornate architecture coupled with the omnipresence of pigeons. Had I just learned to ignore that stuff?

On our way to the airport, my grandmother asked me how excited I was to finally go home. I pretended that I hadn't heard her and that reverse culture shock wasn't about to whack me over the head. I'm not sure if it was as bad as I expected, or if I just didn't know *what* to expect. Suddenly outdoor humidity and indoor air conditioning seemed nothing short of aggressive, everyone and everything took up too much space and made too much noise, the drinks were entirely too big and they made my teeth hurt. I tried to rediscover the things I used to love, like nachos and spending hours going through the clearance racks at Target, but nothing felt the same.

One of the first nights after I got back to Iowa, my mom told me I should stand in the front yard to look at the moon. It was extra-bright since it was a honey moon, whatever that means. Obscured through the trees of our neighbors' yards, it shined whiter than I'd ever seen it before—like freshly bleached teeth under a black light. I stared for as long as I could. I don't think it reminded me of that night on the Pont Marie, even though it probably should have. After all, it was the exact same piece of rock in the sky.

Potential Benefits of Carbolic Acid



Steven Kibby

HONR 191: Molecules that Changed History

Several months ago, Dr. Joseph Lister successfully healed the compound fracture of an eleven year old boy. Rather than amputate the fractured leg, Dr. Lister decided to soak lint with carbolic acid, wrap it around the wound, and cover it with a metal sheet to reduce evaporation. Miraculously, the wound healed before infection even occurred. This is very atypical for compound fractures, which nearly always become infected regardless of the surgical dressing. Several more successful treatments of compound fractures using carbolic acid followed, leading us to believe that carbolic acid played some role in the astounding recoveries (Napoleon's Buttons). If this assumption is correct, further research on carbolic acid may revolutionize surgery of all kinds across the nation in addition to advancing our knowledge of diseases.

The current condition of hospitals and wards is rather appalling. The air flow is poor; it typically smells of sewage or gangrene, and bed sheets are rarely cleaned. With survival rates of only

Students were asked write the introduction to a grant proposal to a funding agency such as the NIH or NSF, focusing less on the science itself and more on the potential benefits to society. Steven really embraced this assignment by writing this portion of his grant from the perspective of an assistant of Joseph Lister seeking additional funding for his work. It is this creative aspect of the project coupled with solid writing that led to my submission of this work to the writing anthology.

- James Shriver

50-55% for surgeries in typical hospitals and as low as 30% in army hospitals, the state of mind for a patient about to undergo surgery must be extremely wretched (Carbolic 2014). Having a life-threatening surgery performed while under these terrible conditions can only increase pessimism among patients. However, we believe the bad conditions of hospitals and wards cause more than just psychological problems.

Louis Pasteur's "The Germ Theory of Diseases" states that there are microorganisms nearly everywhere we go called germs. This idea comes from Pasteur's experience in the wine industry showing that fermentation is the result of microorganisms acting on sugar. It was also shown when Pasteur boiled broth that these microorganisms died under the harsh conditions, and the broth remained clear rather than turning cloudy (ABPI 2014). If his

theory is correct, then microorganisms are thriving in hospitals around the nation due to poor conditions. The germs, as Pasteur calls them, could be multiplying on bed sheets or in the air and being transferred from one patient to the next. For all we know, germs may be making infections far worse and significantly increasing the mortality rate for people undergoing surgeries. Further research on carbolic acid could show that it plays a role in decreasing the amount of germs in a wound, making the infection less severe and therefore increasing the chance of survival.

The standard surgery technique currently involves amputation if a wound is infected. Various other techniques have been attempted including salicylic acid, carbon dioxide gas, and maggots, but nothing has proven more effective at removing an infection than amputation has. However, amputa-

tion, while it does get rid of a current infection, will often start a new infection at the site of the amputation known as “hospital disease.” This disease is most likely the reason why there is a 40% mortality rate among patients who have had an amputation (Napoleon’s Buttons). Ideally, any surgery to rid a patient of an infection will have a 0% mortality rate, so the process is far from optimized. If further research is conducted on carbolic acid and it turns out to lessen the severity of an infection, amputations would be much safer, and many limbs may not even need to be amputated in the first

place. Carbolic acid use could even be expanded to all aspects of surgery.

If germs are indeed in the air as Louis Pasteur claims, they may be getting into wounds and causing infections. Carbolic acid could potentially decrease the threat of these germs before they even reach a wound. To achieve this, carbolic acid could be sprayed into the air around a patient, making it so the infection could not continue to worsen. However, extensive research would need to be done on carbolic acid before this could become a reality.

Something must be done soon to increase the

chance of survival for patients undergoing surgery. The problem may be caused by poor hospital conditions. If doctors and nurses cleaned beds and floors more regularly, infections may not be as severe. Regardless, recent findings from Dr. Joseph Lister suggest that infections could be cured by applying carbolic acid to the wound. Further research must be done on carbolic acid to determine if it does play a role in the removal of infections. If research indicates that carbolic acid is a good alternative to amputation for infections, it may revolutionize surgery techniques nationwide.

Educación y pobreza dentro España

Grace Hirl



ECON 281: Quantitative Methods for Business and Economics

“Education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to change the world” (“Nelson Mandela”, 1). Nelson Mandela conveys the fundamental societal need for a strong education: knowledge is the springboard for global change, advancement, and innovation, and has the ability to move the world forward. An individual’s level of education aligns directly with his/her poverty level. Within the country of Spain, this relationship exemplifies the importance of a solid education amidst its significant unemployed population of university-aged individuals fighting for educational credibility. Spain’s current education system has led to economic distress, greatly influencing the overall level of happiness and social equality within the country.

Historically, Spain has positioned itself as one of the game-changers within the European Union. Officially introducing ‘key competences’ into the vocabulary of the public education system in 2005,

This assignment required students to research and discuss the relationship between pairs of variables; one such pair was education and poverty. Beyond that, students could determine the particular direction of their own essay (e.g., poverty and education in Iowa, in the US, in impoverished countries). As Grace was conducting her research, she commented to me that she had firsthand knowledge of this relationship, as she saw it during her study abroad experience in Spain; this was the direction in which she wanted to take her essay. I appreciate this essay not only because Grace was able to draw a systemic link between poverty and education in a novel way, but also because this work represents in many ways the reasons Central College values the study abroad experience: students are in a position to draw a deep connection between their own classes and their study abroad experiences.

-Brian Peterson

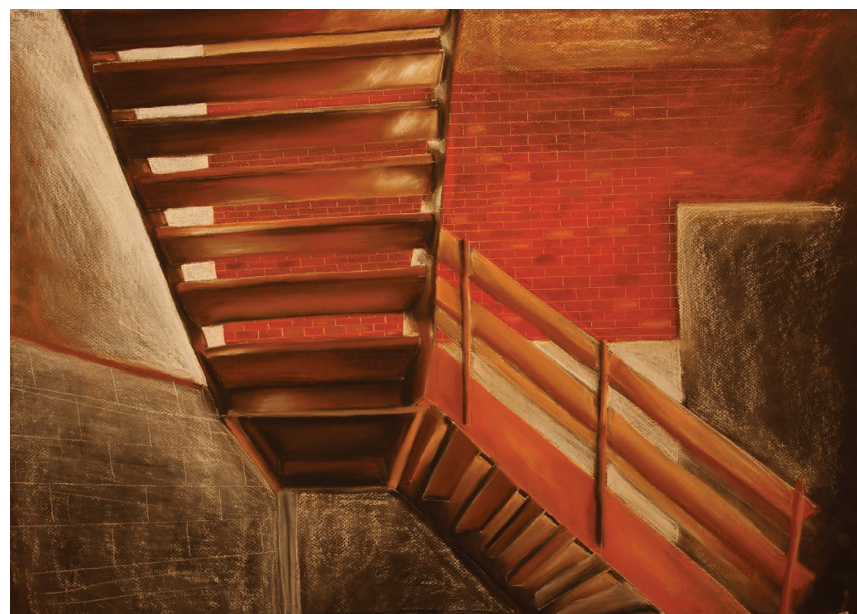
Spain was able to construct educational programs that would benchmark a student’s progress and allow for a more standardized education (Tiana, 310). According to Tiana, a student’s core curriculum, or ‘enseñanzas mínimas’, is currently regulated by two levels of authority: the central government, and separately, within each of the 17 Autonomous Communities (312). However, while fabricating a cookie-cutter education ensures a minimum level of knowledge for Spaniards across-the-board, quantity for the sake of quality has become a dangerous, countrywide struggle. The Organization for Economic Cooperation (OECD) ranks Spain at the very bottom of its education index, claiming that a Japanese high school-aged

student has the same skillset as a graduate from a Spanish university (Walker, 1). This has decreased the amount of mobility and educational legitimacy of educated Spaniards.

This struggle for a highly credible while accessible education has lead Spain into economic poverty and turmoil. The OECD connects Spain’s outrageous level of unemployment, currently 23.7%, to its caliber of education, concluding that its skills complement the corresponding data (Walker, 1). With 86% of 25-year-olds currently living in their parent’s home today and one-fourth of all 25-year-olds unemployed, the payoff for an individual’s education is difficult to determine (Lacuesta, 14). While

Works Cited

- ABPI - Resources for Schools. (n.d.). Retrieved October 15, 2014, from http://www.abpischools.org.uk/page/modules/infectiousdiseases_timeline/timeline4.cfm?coSiteNavigation_allTopic=1
- Carbolic Steam Sprayer. (n.d.). Retrieved October 15, 2014, from <http://artefact.museumofhealthcare.ca/?p=523>
- Napoleon’s Buttons (17 Molecules that Changed History) by Penny Couteur



Unusual Point-of-View by Shelby Palm

the population holding a university degree is among the largest (about 75% of the OECD average) and Spanish educational reform from the past two decades is still gradually developing, unemployment among women and young adults remains 10 to 20 points above average (Alba-Ramirez, 4). Spain's educational disparities parallel its current worrisome statistics regarding employment.

Additionally, the gap between supply and demand has deeply affected Spain's economy. While the unemployment rate continues to soar, the population of educated individuals rises as well.

However, over-education, which can arise as a result of an increase in the population's average level of education and a consequent change in the composition of labor supply, has hindered the economic development of the country (Alba-Ramirez, 3). The high level of lawyers and lack of engineers completing a university degree demonstrates the disproportionate level of supply and demand countrywide (Walker, 1). Educated Spaniards are left with limited options. Individuals can choose to

remain unemployed and seek government assistance, which defers the reality of their economic state. However, educated Spaniards can also begin working for a low paying job in which they are overqualified (Alba-Ramirez, 11). Lastly, Spaniards have the option to leave Spain to seek education and employment. In fact, the housing bubble crash in 2008 commenced the 'brain drain',



Unusual Point-of-View
by Mackenzie Foldes

which has led to thousands of young, eager minds to flee Spain for another country, most popularly Germany, the United States, and Great Britain (Kassam, 1). In 2013, two thousand doctors left the country, and nearly one in ten engineers decided to flee (Kassam, 1). The country's ongoing fiscal crisis has left Mariano Rajoy, the head of Spain's conservative government, positioned to cut welfare expenditures at an increasing rate during a time

when they are needed most (Navarro, 1). As a result of Spain's slowly developing job market and education system, students are unable to keep up with the continuously advancing world. The people of Spain are now faced with the challenge of moving the country forward, providing a competitive education in progressing fields, and establishing a highly skilled job market in order to escape

its current poverty-stricken state.

An individual's education is attributed to his or her economic situation, which can help determine his or her societal equality and level of happiness. First, education is the major channel through which social

inequality is reproduced from one generation to the next (Ballarino, 2). Socioeconomic status and education level variables have direct varying effects on one another. An individual from a high socioeconomic background may be exposed to a higher quality of privatized education, whereas an individual from a lower socioeconomic status may have fewer educational opportunities. Conversely, labor markets are shown to favor high achieving students from low socioeconomic

backgrounds, demonstrating their tenacity to succeed despite their social status (Ballarino, 4). In general, an individual's original socioeconomic status can help determine a student's level of success or failure within the economic realm, and Spain is no different. In Spain, studies have concluded that social class of origin has a significant effect on labor market performance (Ballarino, 14).

Finally, an individual's degree of happiness is closely linked to his or her education and poverty level. Individuals with more education generally have higher income levels and a higher probability of being employed, and

thus report higher levels of happiness (Cuñado, 185). Education results in a feeling of self-confidence and self-achievement, positively affecting an individual more than other variables, such as marital status, number of children, or the individual's general health (Cuñado, 192). A Spaniard's individual happiness level can be determined by a host of factors, but education and income level are among the most significant determinants.

A direct connection between education level and poverty level exists within Spain. While the country is full of educated young people willing and able to work, a gap between supply and demand exists within

the market. The skillset of a Spanish student does not match today's global demands, which has led to overqualified individuals remaining in Spain to work low paying jobs. Spain's inability to keep up with its fast-paced macro-environment has left a hole in its job market, leading to severe levels of unemployment and demand. This economic distress can attribute to a Spaniard's socioeconomic status and overall happiness, which are two direct effects of high poverty rates. Spain will be required to compete within the global marketplace and increase educational credibility, which will in return establish a positive level of societal equality and overall happiness.

Works Cited

- Alba-Ramirez, Alfonso, and Maite Blázquez. "Types of Job Match, Overeducation and Labor Mobility in Spain." *Universidad Carlos III* (2011): 1-15. ERIC. Web. 14 Nov. 2014.
- Ballarino, Gabriele. "Social Inequality, Education Expansion and Return to Credentials: A Comparison between Italy and Spain." *University of Milan* (2013): 1-15. *Google Scholar*. Web. 16 Nov. 2014.
- Cuñado, Juncal, and Fernando Pérez De Gracia. "Does Education Affect Happiness? Evidence for Spain." *Springer Science and Business Media* (2011): 186-97. ERIC. Web. 11 Nov. 2014.
- Kassam, Ashifa. "Spain Experiencing Brain Drain as Weak Economy Lingers." *USA Today*. Gannett, 26 Oct. 2013. Web. 19 Nov. 2014. <<http://www.usatoday.com/story/news/world/2013/10/26/spain-brain-drain/3015575/>>.
- Lacuesta, Aitor, Sergio Puente, and Ernesto Villanueva. "The Schooling Response to a Sustained Increase in Low-Skill Wages: Evidence from Spain 1989-2009." (2012): 1-26. ERIC. Web. 14 Nov.
- Navarro, Vicente. "Spain Is Experiencing a Period of Intense Social Crisis." *LSE European Politics and Policy* (2012): 1-4. *Google Scholar*. Web. 16 Nov. 2014.
- "Nelson Mandela." *BrainyQuote.com*. Xplore Inc, 2014. 19 November 2014. <http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/quotes/n/nelsonmand157855.html>
- Tiana, Alejandro, José Moya, and Florencio Luengo. "Implementing Key Competences in Basic Education: Reflections on Curriculum Design and Development in Spain." *European Journal of Education* 46.3 (2011): 308-23. ERIC. Web. 13 Nov. 2014.
- Walker, Peter, and Lizzy Davis. "Graduates in Italy and Spain Have Low Basic Skills, Says OECD Report." *The Guardian*. N.p., 9 Sept. 2014. Web. 13 Nov. 2014. <<http://www.theguardian.com/education/2014/sep/09/italy-spain-graduates-skills-oecd-report-education>>.



Narrating Stories

Joshua Prokupek

Josh's perceptive insights, friendly tone and sense of humor invite the reader to join his thoughtful narrative as he explores philosophical concepts of self and identity. In fact, his transitions and twists so surprised me that I began to read his paper out loud. I appreciate his honesty and the way he integrates his own story with those of others such as Don Henley, Jerome Bruner and Neil DeGrasse Tyson. I like the way Josh describes his thirst for learning as well as his celebration of Carl Sagan's "Pale Blue Dot" perspectives. Above all, Josh's clear voice resonated with me long after reading the piece which is one of the reasons I nominated his "Narrating Stories."

- Mary Stark

LAS 110: Scientific Approaches to Humanity

I watch educational videos a lot. I am not afraid to admit that; I love to learn. There is something so enticing about knowing that more information is out there and we can access it with our fingertips and a good Wi-Fi signal. By educational videos I don't mean historical documentaries necessarily, but the library of educational channels on YouTube. To name a few: *SciShow*, *Veritasium*, *SixtySymbols*, *Numberphile*, *Vsauce*, *CrashCourse*, and more. The list goes on and on. These channels cover everything from history to science to math. A personal favorite of mine is the channel CGP Grey; he explains a plethora of things that are complex with simple animations and rapid editing. A few months ago I watched a video of him answering questions from the community. The question that was asked was, "What's the biggest change of opinion you've had?" Although he did not answer the question directly due to it being too personal, he gave an answer that has been making the

wheels in my mind turn ever since. He said, "I want to talk about the importance of being able to change your mind in general. The trick is to keep your identity separate from your opinions. They are objects in a box you carry with you, and should be easily replaceable if it turns out they are no good. If you think that the opinions in the box are who you are, then you'll cling to them despite any evidence to the contrary. Bottom line: If you want to always be right, you need to always be prepared to change your mind." I agree with this wholeheartedly; too many people believe that their opinions are who they are.

If a person challenges someone else's religious or political beliefs, then he or she often takes offense to it. If an individual's opinion can be ridiculed, torn apart, and has no evidence, then he or she shouldn't have that opinion. A person should also never say that he or she will never change his or her mind. For example, when people get

a tattoo of their religious or political beliefs, they are declaring that they will never change their mind and discard anything that might challenge their viewpoint. I am proud to say that I will never get a tattoo of my viewpoints, but mainly because I hate needles. However, a bigger philosophical question arises if we take into account that we are not our opinions. Then what exactly are we? Of course I am a human being who pumps blood and breathes oxygen, but if you asked me to define myself then I would state my personal beliefs. I would say I am a liberal, atheist, pro-choice, environmentalist, who is pro-gay rights and so much more. Sadly I don't have time to comment on one of the most difficult philosophical questions of the ages, so I will focus on what I mean when I sign my name, Josh Prokupek.

Many high school seniors at my school dread the idea of a final senior paper. It is extensive and requires a lot of hours and research

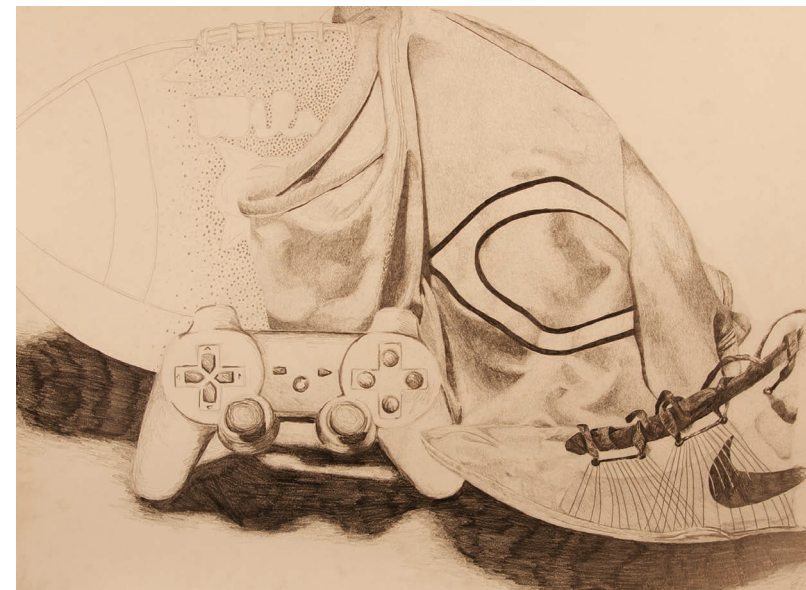
to receive a good grade. Our final senior paper is always a persuasive piece, and it is interesting to see what our student body personally values as the most important social issues. Roughly 90 percent of my class wrote a paper arguing for gay marriage, legalization of marijuana, or gun rights. While I won't state which of these topics I agree with and which

I don't, I did not take any of these approaches. I wrote about the importance of NASA and the lack of federal funding it is receiving. (Did you know that NASA only receives

0.46 percent of the federal budget?) I absolutely love the idea of space and the cosmos. This is due to two very important people: Neil DeGrasse Tyson and Carl Sagan. It is because of these two people that I love space and science in general. I learned about these influential educators through a show called *Cosmos: A Spacetime Odyssey* hosted by Tyson, which is an update of the popular 1980's version called *Cosmos: A Personal Voyage* which was hosted by Carl Sagan.

One of the most important moments for me

was on the season finale where they presented Carl Sagan's speech *The Pale Blue Dot*. Carl Sagan convinced NASA to turn the Voyager 1 camera back towards Earth when it flew past Neptune for one last photo. Sagan called this photo "The Pale Blue Dot". This speech, combined with this image, changed my life forever. This seems a little overdramatic, but what it



"Self-Portrait" by Elijah Horton

really did was confirm most of my previously held beliefs and even instilled new ones. This one speech can change a person's opinions on war, life, religion, politics, humanity, perspective, and curiosity. It is so important to me that I actually have a framed poster of the speech in my dorm room. It is mainly about how small the earth is compared to the vastness of the cosmos, and in addition, how small we humans are. To quote a few lines wouldn't do it justice, but I will try. Sagan says, "Think of the rivers of blood spilled

by all those generals and emperors so that, in glory and triumph, they could become the momentary masters of a fraction of a dot." This one quotation changed my outlook on not only war, but human life in general. It's crazy to think of the odds it took for us to be alive, and we have human beings killing other human beings for what? Oil? Land? Religion?

Another section is "The Earth is the only world known so far to harbor life. There is nowhere else, at least in the near future, to which our species could migrate... for the moment the Earth is where we make our stand." This line validates my passion for environmentalism and strengthens

the importance of NASA. This beautiful blue marble is all we have, and the only thing that can stop our species from dying is having a sustainable planet or the ability to migrate to another planet. The last part I'm going to pull from this amazing speech is "To me, it underscores our responsibility to deal more kindly with one another, and to preserve and cherish the pale blue dot, the only home we've ever known." My political beliefs aren't founded by the idea of money, but by my care for other humans. The reason I am a liberal is

because I think that people are the most important factors in any political system. So we must take care of our own fellow human beings, not have divisions of race and country, and realize how lucky we are to be alive at this point in time.

In my AP Government class during senior year, we had an assignment in which we had to explain why we are liberals or conservatives. I, as stated before, chose liberal. Despite heavy opposition from my father, who is an avid fan of Fox News, I stuck with my decision. My reason being that I agree with almost every left-leaning social opinion there is. I am pro-choice, secular, pro-gun laws, green, pro health care, etc. Basically I am the opposite of my father in every way, politically that is. One of my biggest factors though was my advocacy for gay marriage and gay rights in general. How most conservatives could disagree with gay marriage boggles my mind. A song that exemplifies my idea of gay rights is “Same Love” by Macklemore. This song blew up in popularity last year, and I couldn’t be happier. The influence of this song and the increase in gay pride made me hopeful for the future of America. Another reason why I’m so connected to this song is that my brother Jace is gay. He is my role model, and I love him to death. It makes me so angry knowing that he can’t marry someone he loves because of myopic politicians who say it is unholy for two men to

marry even though America is supposedly secular. Like Macklemore says, “America the brave still fears what we don’t know / and ‘God loves all his children’ is somehow forgotten, / but we paraphrase a book written 3,500 years ago.”

If you couldn’t tell from my tone, I have no religious affiliation. I proudly classify myself as atheist; however, it’s difficult to do so without having people’s image of you change. It’s

We must take care of our own fellow human beings...

hard not being truthful to others about your ideas. As Bruner states, “For we are forever mindful of the difference between what we tell ourselves about ourselves and what we reveal to others” (46). It is strange how we all have two types of self. One version is the socially acceptable and morally superior. This version is the one who thinks twice before speaking publicly and knowing that your words affect other people. This version is also the one that tries to argue with your “raw self” when you have an irrational, but raw emotion, that you can’t help but feel. The constant battle between the “socially acceptable self” and the “raw, true self” is one of the most difficult things

we have to deal with when lying awake at night. Carl Sagan put it so eloquently: “Both the Freudian and the Platonic metaphors emphasize the considerable independence of and tension among constituent parts of the psyche, a point that characterizes the human condition and to which we will return” (78). Whether it is the Platonic two horses and charioteer; Freud’s id, ego, and superego; or MacLean’s triune brain model, we all have to admit that there is something so much more when we dig deeper. The big question: if we had to choose an answer of which self is the “true” self, what would it be? The socially acceptable self, which is the one we portray to the world, or the raw, emotional self that surfaces during intense anger, sleep deprived dialogue, and moments of intoxication?

To get back on topic, as I stop pretending to be Plato, my lack of religion has really shaped who I am today. I had inklings that there may be no god when I was younger and was told that the wafer of bread physically turned into the body of a man 2000 years ago. I often thought if it was considered cannibalism, but then again it tasted so good. As I wandered down the path of skepticism, I decided to read more about it, and after some research I discovered a book titled *The God Delusion* by Richard Dawkins. This was

the flagship book for “new” atheism. This book really answered many questions I had and gave me things to think about. After a year or two of debating inside my mind, I came to the conclusion to wear my badge with honor. However, as stated before, I will never get a tattoo of it. Now that I identify as an atheist, I respect minority groups’ political rights, and I understand the importance of protecting them. Personally, I know to take full advantage of this life I have right now because it is all I have.

I don’t live for an afterlife. I live for now. Life is too short, and that is exemplified by a song I listened to all the time called “New York Minute” by the Eagles. I was slightly strange for listening to sad 1990’s rock and roll at the age of 9, but I loved it. In elementary school it was my very first life philosophy that I had created. I remember vividly telling a

girl that I was walking home with about what the song means. It was the first time I shared the deep thoughts I had, at least as deep as a 5th grader could go. I used this song to explain why I fell in love so quickly (I am really stretching the definition of love). I explained “If you find somebody to love in this world / you better hang on tooth and nail. / The wolf is always at the door” (Henley). I also used this song to explain why I smiled all of the time and forgave so easily. “You better take a fool’s advice, / and take care of your own. / One day they’re here; / next day they’re gone” (Henley). This mantra has stayed with me all these years, and I wouldn’t change a thing. Life is too short to hold a grudge, so love fast and live now because in a New York minute everything can change.

We are what we tell ourselves we are. It is then

our choice to share it with the world. We develop by taking in the world around us and deciding if we should absorb it or not. We must take in all the evidence and realize that who we were three months ago isn’t the same person as who we are now. Each moment we are taking in new information, and we can’t hold onto these opinions and act like it is who we are. I am a human who holds certain momentary opinions. These beliefs are not who I am, but I am the ship that carries them. I know that I will never exempt any cargo from inspection. In the famous words of Neil DeGrasse Tyson on the season finale of *Cosmos: A Spacetime Odyssey*: “And when I have a feeling, I want to know that it’s real, and that it’s not just something happening in my own head, because it matters what’s true, and our imagination is nothing, compared with Nature’s awesome reality.”

Works Cited

- Bruner, Jerome. “Self-Making Narratives” 2002. Comp. Joshua Dolezal. *Intersections Perspectives on Human Nature*. Littleton: Tapestry, 2014. 45-53. Print.
- Eagles. “New York Minute.” *Hell Freezes Over*. Don Henley, 1994. CD.
- Q&A with Grey #2 (*One Million Subscribers*). Prod. CGP Grey. *YouTube*. N.p., 20 Nov. 2013. Web. 15 Oct. 2014.
- Macklemore. “Same Love” *The Heist*. Ryan Lewis, 2012. CD.
- Sagan, Carl, and Ann Druyan. “Cosmos: A SpaceTime Odyssey.” *Unafraid of the Dark*. Prod. Seth McFarlane. National Geographic. 8 June 2014. Television.
- Sagan, Carl. “The Brain and the Chariot” 1977. Comp. Joshua Dolezal. *Intersections Perspectives on Human Nature*. Littleton: Tapestry, 2014. 67-78. Print.



The NYC Social Justice Program: A Reflection

Madeleine Joy

GENR 390: Interdisciplinary Perspectives of Social Justice

Before arriving in New York City, I was anxious and not sure what to expect. I soon learned that I did not know nearly as much as I thought about social justice issues, and many of my experiences in New York made issues that were once abstract concepts concrete. I had read Martin Luther King Jr.'s "Letter from a Birmingham Jail" previously for another class, but throughout my time in New York, I took his views and analyzed other social justice issues with them. In it, he makes the distinction between a "just" law and an "unjust" law while talking about segregation. He writes, "Any law that uplifts human personality is just. Any law that degrades human personality is unjust" (146). He goes on to talk specifically about how segregation laws are unjust, discussing how segregation "distorts the soul and damages the personality" and "gives the segregator a false sense of superiority and

We nominated Madeleine's reflection essay because we were bowled over by her thoughtful synthesis of her experience in the New York Social Justice Program. Weaving together insights from our readings and class discussions, her experience at two internship sites, and her participation in the Pride Parade, Madeleine beautifully describes how her understanding of social justice issues has developed and become more personal as a result of her participation in the summer program.
- Michael Harris and Kimberly Koza

the segregated a false sense of inferiority" (146). After reading it again in this class, I believe what he wrote holds true for most social justice issues. The privileged group tends to turn people into "others" that are not deemed worthy of certain rights or privileges. So, a big part of social justice is fighting to get people out of the "other" status they were unjustly placed into in order to reinstate their rights and mental well-being.

I also took note that King was fighting to change systematic, institutionalized injustices in his work, and I feel that that is important to look for and fix. A lot of people in the United States believe that racism is over because the president is black and most people treat people of color with respect. However, there are still many systems in place

that favor white people, and many people are not aware of them. Before coming to New York, I thought I was pretty knowledgeable about social justice issues, but after reading "The Case for Reparations" by Ta-Nehisi Coates, I realized that even I was blind to the major housing issues that took place in the past and that are *still* a huge issue because nobody has bothered to fix the damage that was done. It is not enough for people to see each other on equal terms; we must acknowledge the wrongdoings of the past and dismantle the institutionalized racism that has come out of it to ever come close to a truly just society.

Another huge institutionalized issue is the minimum wage that so many people have to live off of, but that does not amount to a

living wage. This is an issue that I knew about and had discussed with my younger brother and brother-in-law back in Iowa before leaving for New York. I was arguing that it is not right for the minimum wage to not be a living wage. They disagreed with me, saying that it is not the government's job to pay someone a living wage, and a person could always get another job, or better yet, put forth some effort and get a better education in order to land a higher-paying job. Their views display the misconceptions and stereotypes a lot of people have about low-wage workers. I was not able to change their minds on the issue at the time, as I was not as informed on the issue as I could have been, but perhaps the book *Nickel and Dimed* could. When people confront real people facing problems, like they do in *Nickel and Dimed*, it makes it a lot harder to blame them for their own misfortunes. As we learned, poverty is extremely difficult to get out of, and low-wage work is not only unpleasant, but some of the

most difficult work there is. Another harmful stereotype that causes a lack of sympathy, and therefore inaction, is the stereotype of a person who is homeless. It's easy to picture all homeless people as lazy drug addicts/ alcoholics that got themselves



Positive/Negative Assignment
by Daniel Weir

worked hard to keep up her appearances and was lucky enough to have coworkers who let her use their shower. Even those out on the street are not all drug-addicted and lazy. Throughout my first week in New York, I interned at New Alternatives for LGBT Youth. I got to know many of the clients' personalities and struggles, and once I actually met them, I could not toss them into the convenient stereotype society places on them. Many clients were coming in and putting forth effort on getting jobs. They had resumes looked over and printed, talked excitedly about work prospects or property (one client came in with a rug he had dumpster-dived for with plans on putting it into his new camper), filled out paperwork to get essentials like new social security cards and birth certificates, and held steady meetings in order to track their progress. I also learned about the added struggles of homeless youth that belong to the LGBT community. The struggles are particularly rough for individuals who

most difficult work there is. Another harmful stereotype that causes a lack of sympathy, and therefore inaction, is the stereotype of a person who is homeless. It's easy to picture all homeless people as lazy drug addicts/ alcoholics that got themselves

worked hard to keep up her appearances and was lucky enough to have coworkers who let her use their shower. Even those out on the street are not all drug-addicted and lazy. Throughout my first week in New York, I interned at New Alternatives for LGBT Youth. I got to know many of the clients' personalities and struggles, and once I actually met them, I could not toss them into the convenient stereotype society places on them. Many clients were coming in and putting forth effort on getting jobs. They had resumes looked over and printed, talked excitedly about work prospects or property (one client came in with a rug he had dumpster-dived for with plans on putting it into his new

camper), filled out paperwork to get essentials like new social security cards and birth certificates, and held steady meetings in order to track their progress.

I also learned about the added struggles of homeless youth that belong to the LGBT community. The struggles are particularly rough for individuals who

are transgender. When it comes to finding a homeless shelter for the night, trans women, who made up a large portion of the clients at New Alternatives, are not allowed in women's shelters, and they are not welcome in men's. Fortunately, there was an LGBT shelter nearby, though it has a tendency to fill up due to the high rate of homelessness in individuals belonging to the LGBT community. Most of the clients were also people of color. So, they had a lot of strikes against them: being homeless, LGB or T, and non-white. Rachel and I sat in on a therapy group where we heard a lot of their struggles which made homelessness issues more real for me. My experience there made me look differently at the homeless individuals I met on the subway and in the street. I would wonder what their daily lives were like and what misfortunes they had gone through.

Though I changed internships, I was still able to help out homeless individuals through Middle Church's Butterfly Project which made and handed out meals to those in need in nearby parks. I had given out food through Foods Not Bombs in Des Moines before; but the Butterfly Project was much bigger, and I was able to help out a *lot* of people that afternoon. I realized that while I tend to spend much of my focus on institutionalized discrimination and

mistreatment, meeting peoples' immediate needs is important as well. Like the worksheet from class that had different forms of social justice activism listed, it is important to incorporate many different forms rather than to focus on one and ignore all the others. If someone is fighting to better the lives of individuals who are homeless but not helping



Unusual Point-of-View
by Ashlei Bos

them meet their basic needs, that someone is not doing as much as they could be.

Just as forms of activism tend to be interwoven, so are social justice issues. At New Alternatives, there were clients up against two, three, even four issues. During my internship with Middle, I learned that they combated many issues as well and recognized that many of them overlap. The Collegiate

Churches, which Middle is a part of, has a program called Intersections where they focus on the crossing over of issues as well as helping people with differences find a common ground and celebrate each other.

Jackie, a pastor at Middle Church, talked about "rewriting the story". I liked that idea right away. Stories determine our culture, and our culture dictates our views and behavior. So, change the story and problematic views and behaviors will change into positive ones. Middle Church is trying to rewrite the story with the Freedom School project that the other interns and I spent most of our time working on. The aim is to get youth aware and interested in social justice issues at a young age through art. By doing this, they are "rewriting" the way children are raised to see the world in order to bring about positive change in the world as the children grow up and hopefully become invested in fighting for social justice in ways big and small. While Middle is working on a huge project to bring about change, parents can do the same on a small scale with the way they raise their children. It can be as easy as reading them social-justice related books that get them thinking about the issues in an entertaining way that will stick with them the way cherished children's books tend to. My dad bought me some children's books

explaining vegan values and why they're important so that I can raise my (potential) future children in a slightly more moral way than I was raised. I have not gone out and purchased any other social-justice-related books since I do not plan on having a child any time soon, but I plan to purchase inclusive and social-justice related books because it is important to instill positive values at a young age. I recall the LGBT conversation we had in class where classmates talked about how much they struggled with the values they were raised with even though they knew they were not right, which goes to show how well those early values can stick.

I was fortunate enough to be raised to accept LGBT individuals. I had even attended many Pride parades prior to the one I marched with in New York. The parade in NYC was a more moving experience, however, because it was much larger. I was actually participating in the march; I marched where the original march had taken place, and I had researched into the Stonewall Inn and the history of the Pride parade which gave me a better appreciation for the parade and what it stood for. The Pride parade

stems from the riots that happened in 1969 at the Stonewall Inn, a gay bar that faced frequent police raids. A year later, the victory over the police was celebrated with the "Christopher Street Gay Liberation Day" march. The march was a big deal since being "out" was dangerous back then, and the march has morphed into the parades that now take place across the country (Wythe). The movement spread nationwide in just ten years and succeeded in taking homosexuality off the Psychiatric Association's DSM-II. The parades have been turned into an event called Pridefest (Today). The parades are important because they are a safe place for members of the LGBT community to be themselves, and without the fearless members of the first initial marches and those who retaliated during Stonewall, they may not have a place to show off their pride.

Before coming to New York, I had abstract views on a lot of social justice issues. They were abstract because I never really ran into many of them or into people who were directly suffering from them. Because of that, I was also able to avoid thinking about them. In my predominately white Christian town, where

homelessness is not seen and race issues are slim-to-none due to the lack of another race to interact with, most of the issues in the world can be easily ignored or unknown. I would make a point to partially educate myself on the issues and was more active in combatting them than a lot of people in my community (I would not have come to New York if I was not concerned with the social justice). However, upon experiencing New York and coming face-to-face with diversity and the issues that came out with it, the issues have become more important to me now that they are concrete and personal. What I loved about Middle Church was how active they were. They not only preached social justice, but they practiced it too. They seemed to see it as the Christian thing to do, if not a Christian duty, to protect the well-being and rights of all God's children. It seems like a lot of people "preach" without practicing, and I have realized that I have not been doing nearly as much practicing as I could be. When I get a car, I would like to get re-involved with Foods Not Bombs. I would also like to look for other things I can do to combat some of the issues that are not so close to me.

Works Cited

- "Today, as the Struggle for Gay Rights Continues." *NYC Pride*. Heritage of Pride, Inc., n.d. Web. 14 July 2014.
- Wythe, Bianca. "How the Pride Parade Became Tradition." *PBS*. PBS, 9 June 2011. Web. 14 July 2014.



Detroit: Theoretical Perspectives

Aly Garwood

SOC 450: Sociological Theory

“One cannot and must not try to erase the past merely because it does not fit the present.”

-Golda Meir

I

A jaw-popping yawn escapes my mouth as I climb up into our Lift and wait anxiously for mom to come out. Sleep eluded me once again, as it has all week. That happens when I am excited. I have been waiting for this day all year. Today is Traveler Day, the most beloved day of all high school students. I pop a Wake pill into my mouth and select a water bottle on the screen to be produced from the Dash Printer. It takes a couple minutes to print. We bought our Lift brand new in 2117 but it is already three years old. It is not nearly as quick to print and has a lot less inventory to choose from than the newer Lifts.

Mom finally exits the house and climbs up into the Lift. I swallow the pill that will ensure that sleep continues to elude me - at least until the school day is over. She presses the pre-programmed button for the

The assignment was to interpret selections I'd chosen from a book on Detroit using the theoretical perspectives we'd covered throughout the semester. Aly's paper demonstrated a clear grasp of how someone using each perspective might approach those chapter excerpts, and she did so using humor while providing significant theoretical insights.

- Jon Witt

school on the screen, and it feels like an eternity has passed before the rotators pick up enough speed to lift us off the ground. Like I said, our Lift is pretty old. I rest my head against the window and watch as we zip over the neighborhood. I read all the advertising signs below, some new and some old. We just learned in History class that signs and advertisements used to be painted on large stationary billboards that stood vertically, rather than horizontally as they do now. I guess that makes sense because people used to drive cars on the ground, rather than Lifts above. I think I would have liked to live in that era, where technology existed but did not control everything like it does today.

We set down in the landing zone, and I am out of the Lift and running

toward the school before mom has a chance to exclaim her usual: “Have a good day, Honey Bunny!” Despite me grumbling about it every night at dinner, she continues to do it. How humiliating. I get to the Theory classroom and am surprised to find that I am the last one to arrive. Everyone else is already in their seats, anxiously awaiting class to start. There are excited whispers pulsating around the room, quiet discussions of what the Travelers will be wearing, how they will look and smell and talk.

We have five Travelers visiting today - the most Jacksonville High has had at one time. We just finished reading a really old book in class called *Detroit: An American Autopsy*, and Ms. Ping thought it would be a fun learning experience to

have multiple theorists come and discuss some sections from the reading with us. There are currently only 395 Travelers available, soon to be 396 once the Lab has completed some guy named Robin Williams. She had slim pickings, but Ms. Ping chose theorists that seem interesting enough. Their names are Emile Durkheim, Karl Marx, Max Weber, Jim Powell, and Erving Goffman.

I always get nervous when I think about Traveling. We just learned in History that “traveling” used to mean simply going from one place to another within the same timeframe. People would seatbelt themselves into their gas-fueled metal boxes with four wheels and “travel” from home to work or from one part of the state to another to visit family, and so on. It is certainly not that simple nowadays (though, again, I sometimes wish it was). Traveling today refers to time travel, and it is simultaneously awesome and terrifying. We learned the latter the hard way.

II

There were countless old science-fiction films and novels produced in the early twenty-first century that implied a lot about what people back then thought about time travel and its possibilities. Occasionally we watch clips of these old movies in class and laugh at the horrible acting or awful CGI. The most recent

clip was from an old movie called “Back to the Future” produced in 1985. The plot was kind of awkward and the graphics were absolutely terrible, but the whole class loved it. The surprising element of a lot of these old movies, however, is how accurate the plots actually were. Many of these films involved technology that did not even exist at that time or that scientists had written off as being impossible - time travel being the most popular one.

It is argued whether the technology we have today in 2120 only exists because of the ideas posed in these old movies or if they exist because of the *natural progression of technology*. How ironic is that? Quite frankly, I do not care either way. It reminds me of an old saying my grandpa used to say - “Which came first, the chicken or the egg? Doesn't make a damn bit of difference to me as long as I get my breakfast.” The argument I do care about, however, is where the development is taking us and if we should continue just because we can.

It is this very argument that almost triggered the fourth World War. Time travel is now highly regulated and for that I am glad. When Cherita Sparrow returned as the first human to successfully complete a time travel episode, complete chaos ensued. Things got weird. Entire buildings disappeared and countless humans

vanished from the face of the earth. It seemed as though the apocalypse had been triggered. It didn't take long for pomodigists¹ to figure out what had happened. It was simple: we had ignored the warnings. No attention was given to the consequences of time travel laid out so clearly in almost all of the old twenty-first century films. When you mess with history, you mess with the future.

Before the pomodigists could even smack their foreheads with the palm of their hands, they were sending Cherita back. She had to undo whatever it was she did when she traveled back in time. Since then, Traveling has been significantly restricted - and rightfully so. The only Traveling Machines currently in existence are under the strict regulation of pomodigists in the West. Their current project involving Traveling seems more like an extremely risky game than anything else. Basically, they send a pomodigist back to a specific era wherein he or she has to sneak around until finding the object of interest and return undetected without changing anything significant.

Recently, these objects of interest have been

1. Pomodigist: A term developed in the late twenty-first century combining “postmodernist” with “sociologist” to describe researchers who studied a hodge-podge of various topics. Pomodigists began to replace what used to be called “scientists” as the traditional understand of “science” became outdated and inapplicable to the postmodern world.

as simple as a strand of hair from someone of importance so that pomodigists return with the necessary DNA for cloning that particular individual. The most recent Travel caused some major controversy. Pomodigists intended to send a guy back to the year 2014 to obtain the DNA of that Robin Williams guy I mentioned earlier. There was a mishap and the pomodigists accidentally sent the man to the year 1932, where he stuck out like Robert Wadlow in a kindergarten classroom.

The black-and-white photo captured of the pomodigist dressed so out of place in the era of nice suits and fedoras became an iconic image of the time travel debate during the early



twenty-first century.

There are also debates ensuing about the nature of cloning. Much of the world remains at odds with its current undertaking. So we can clone famous and important individuals from the past, but for what reason? Pomodigists argue it is to

ensure that we never forget our history and where we come from. Philosophers and social scientists have warned for centuries that forgetting or ignoring the past means it will happen again; history repeats itself. This is the reasoning the pomodigists argue to maintain that cloning is a good thing. The values and ideals from the past that are vanishing in society today are preserved in the minds of these cloned individuals. Never mind the fact that the clones (or Travelers, as the pomodigists prefer them to be called) remain unconscious in large chambers in the labs until requested for use.

When requested by schools, museums, or other institutions, there are certain

procedures the Travelers must undergo before the pomodigists allow them to even step foot out of the lab. The first is an implantation into their brains of an artificial memory of sorts - an explanation of where they are so that they are not shocked and suffer from the confusion

and stress of being woken up in a completely different time period. The second procedure is an implantation of the particular mission for which they were awoken. In this case, they were given the memory of having read the book *Detroit: An American Autopsy*.

These cloned Travelers are increasingly being used in schools as interactive and effective ways of learning history and other subjects. They are utilized mainly in more affluent school systems that can actually afford them, Jacksonville being one of these schools. So you can imagine our excitement as we prepared to host not only one Traveler, but five.

III

A deep, booming laughter and the sound of footsteps echoed off the walls of the hallway, making its way into the classroom. The excited whispers hushed immediately as everyone turned in their seats to face the doorway. Ms. Ping appeared first, an energetic bounce in her step and twinkle in her lavender eyes as she made her way to the front of the room. A few moments later walked in the most magnificent and strange combination of humans I had ever seen - and that is saying a lot coming from a kid who lives in a world where you can choose what you want to look like. What was so magnificent about them was

how completely and utterly *human* they looked. They did not have exotic colored skin or hair or eyes. They did not wear wrist-phones or virtual glasses or levitating shoes. They were simultaneously the most boring and fascinating humans I had seen with my own eyes. This applied to all except the last one to walk in the room. This one was wearing the costume of an old Disney character that my virtual glasses instantly recognized as Mickey Mouse.

"Class, please give a warm welcome to our lovely guest speakers!" said Ms. Ping as she pranced to the front of the room and powered up some virtual chairs for the Travelers to sit on.

Everyone was so completely entranced by the speakers that the "warm welcome" turned out to be some half-assed clapping by a handful of students. Ms. Ping frowned at us and turned to the Travelers.

"We are so very excited to have you here with us today. Let us begin with some brief introductions. How about we start with you, Mr. Marx?"

The man she pointed to was sporting a massively thick, white beard. He looked familiar, but I could not figure out why - until it dawned on me that he resembled a character from an old, creepy fairy tale told in the early twenty-first century of an overweight man wearing a red suit who would sneak into homes around

the world to leave toys for children as they slept. I quickly searched the story using my virtual glasses and found the name Santa Claus.

This Santa-looking man began talking in a heavy German accent. Ms. Ping briefly interrupted him in order to tell the class to turn on the "translate" options on our glasses so we could see the English translation of what Santa was saying as he spoke.

"I was born in Germany in 1818. I am a philosopher, a writer, and a sociologist, among other things you children would not understand. My studies centered upon theories regarding class struggle, labor, and the means of production."

Santa started to say more but Ms. Ping politely cut him off.

"Danke, Herr Marx. Now for the next introduction!" she said, gesturing to the bald man sitting next to Santa.

"Very well, then. My name is Emile Durkheim, born in France in 1858. My life work included establishing sociology as an academic discipline and analyzing how society functions in the modern era. You may better know me as the "Father of Sociology" as I have been named."

Santa let out a scoff, and Durkheim shot him an insulted look.

"How wonderful," Ms. Ping said. "Next!"

The man sitting

beside Durkheim had a somber, intense expression that I had a hard time taking seriously in combination with his large, elf-like ears.

"I am also from Germany, born in 1864, and I spent much of my life analyzing the sociology of religion and legal-rationality of bureaucracy. My name is Max Weber."

"Interesting. I suppose it is my turn?" asked the clean-shaven man sitting next to Weber. "My name is Erving Goffman; I was born in Canada in 1922. I studied the micro-interactionist sociology of everyday life, particularly the importance of symbolic interaction."

Ms. Ping nodded in approval to Goffman.

"Now, last but certainly not least, Mr. Powell."

The last person was the one wearing the Mickey Mouse costume.

"I would venture to guess that most of you are questioning why I am wearing this. The main reason is because I thought it was funny - and let's be honest, how many times do you get the opportunity to wear stuff like this?"

Giggles and murmurs surrounded throughout the room.

"Excuse me, Mr. Powell, but we have the opportunity every day to wear stuff like that," said a shy girl in the front row.

"Indeed you do. But do you see the irony in doing so?" inquired Powell. No one

with 'I guess that depends on who you're asking'. This response sums up what I am trying to get at. We all live in our own realities, mediated by culture – by signs and symbols and words. Modernity and postmodernity is characterized by a jumbled up mess of race, gender, class, ethnicity, and so on. As such, each of our own realities, our own stories, becomes legitimate. It depends who you ask because each person is living within his own reality – there is no longer one overarching reality, one theme, one metanarrative that explains why things happen the way they do.

We see this again when trying to figure out how Detroit became a 'cadaver' as the author calls it. You might blame the postwar industrial policies; you might blame the riots and white flight; you might blame it on the gas shocks or the trade agreements. The bottom line is this: all of these are right and none of these are right at the same time. It demonstrates the disappearance of a solid foundation that characterized the pre-modern era. Notice that no one blamed God or some other transcendental being for the downfall of

Detroit – that metanarrative had already been delegitimized. There was no ultimate meaning or purpose behind its downslide. It just was.

This is simultaneously depressing and freeing. Anything became possible – people were no longer constrained by the larger metanarratives or ideals that lent order to society. They could do whatever they wanted, be whoever they



Positive/ Negative Assignment
by Shelby Palm

wanted. Choice became the norm. It was expected. There were more and more choices for everything imaginable as a consequence of the success of modernity and globalization. Unlimited choice became possible for things as simple as dog food. How amazing and ironic is this? Frankie most likely purchased the bag at his local general store – dog food made all the way across the globe in a country

where people ate the very animals they were selling food for. And it was poisoned. It killed his dog. This explosion of choices utilized to exercise freedom was also constricting and shrinking our worlds. We were more interconnected than ever but we realized it less.

These interconnected networks also characterize the transition to postmodernity. We refer to this as "rhizomatic" – there is no particular end or beginning, no single root or core. The increased globalization and interconnectedness of the modern era is demonstrated nicely in the gangster story told by Sgt. Martel. Each individual's story was connected with another's. Each event led to another

in a massive web of interconnectedness. Stories were no longer black and white because every individual story had a worth and legitimacy equivalent to every other. It signaled the decline of the binary and resulted in a world of hybridity. The author himself became part of this gangster micronarrative simply by hearing the story – 'Suddenly I was in the middle of a gangster picture and I didn't have the script'. This script no longer existed in the

postmodern era."

It was quiet for a moment. A deep, rich voice melted over the classroom. It was Santa.

"All that is solid melts into air..."

Santa wore a pained expression, worry lining his face.

"Ah, yes. I remember reading that lovely quote of yours," replied Mickey. "I believe I am finished, Herr Marx, if you wish to take over?"

V

"Let me first propose a question. What distinguishes men from other animals?" Marx inquired of the classroom. A high-pitched voice answered.

"The ability to reason?" the student asked in response.

"Ah! Wunderbar. Your answer is not far off. More specifically, however, we began to distinguish ourselves as soon as we produced the means of subsistence. What we are coincides with what and how we produce. Men are the producers of their conceptions. As such, the history of humanity must be studied in relation to the history of industry and exchange. This is the approach to which I will dissect the phenomenon of Detroit.

It all boils down to who owns the means of production. In the capitalistic society, we refer to these

owners as the Bourgeoisie. They owned the land, natural resources, the materials needed to survive. The Proletariat were those who did not own the means of production, but rather owned the labor power – themselves. It is important to note that the ruling ideas of every epoch are the ideas of the ruling class. The Bourgeoisie had the power to structure the world the way they wished the Proletariat to see it.

As such, the structure of society always left people wanting more. That is what fuels capitalism. If the Proletariats became self-actualized, they would want no longer, and capitalism would collapse in on itself. It is this very collapse of capitalism we see forming in Detroit.

Frankie's neighborhood was collapsing due to the extreme success of capitalism – a consequence of modernity. No laborer employed at the Dodge Ram plant could even afford one of the trucks they were working to produce. It was to the advantage of the Bourgeoisie, the ruling class, that 'few whites then seemed to think much that the interests of the black working class were the same as theirs' even though they did, indeed, maintain the same interests. The reason that this was advantageous was because the Bourgeoisie desired to maintain power. Maintenance would no longer be possible were the entire

working class – blacks and whites – able to overcome their differences and unite. The inevitable revolution would occur once class conflicts ensued between the lower and upper classes, as opposed to only within the lower class. It would result in the death of capitalism. This is the ultimate inherent contradiction – capitalism would fail because it succeeded so well.

The secularization and increasing division of labor that characterized modernity turned humans into a commodity. Everything became an economic exchange. Private property was stripped away, just as the car company took Frankie's van, and he was forced to take the bus. Detroit initially offered a nice -if unremarkable - middle-class life 'if you committed your life to the machine'. Humans were becoming easily replaceable parts of a machine. Capitalism devalued labor power, thus alienating the working class.

The foundation, or infrastructure, determines the superstructure. In the case of Detroit, this means that all social relations seen are an efflux of the underlying economy. This foundation is unstable however; the capitalistic economic system was constantly changing. We see this in the devaluing of Frankie's house, in the decline of 75 percent of the shops in south Warren, and in the rise of drug sales and prostitution. We see the unrest in the

mobs that burned Detroit multiple times. We see it in the urban renewal and interstate projects that were rational decisions meant to improve the area, but instead displaced thousands of blacks and packed them further together still. We see it in the massive declining population of Detroit: capitalism worked so well, that humans were rationally replaced with machinery. It was efficient and rational.

Capitalism was digging its own grave, just as 'the car made Detroit and the car unmade Detroit'. The auto industry worked so well that it brought about its own demise. People could no longer afford to buy the cars the Big Three were producing. Their businesses were plummeting. The very vehicles they were selling were unreliable. People create the world through their labors but become constrained by the things they have created."

"How ironic is that?" Mickey asked, breaking the spell I did not even notice I was under from the deep, hypnotic voice of Marx.

"Ironic, sure. Laborers in the story of Detroit are beginning to recognize this irony, this alienation. They are the beginning of the revolution. There was no longer 'respect for the working-class life'. It is this very alienation of the worker – this complete loss of control over their own products and their own

labor – that would inevitably lead to the communistic revolution and the end of the capitalistic society. We may not see the united action of the Proletariat quite yet in this story of Detroit, but the fall of the Bourgeoisie and the victory of the Proletariat were inevitable. It would not be long before the working-class realized that *they* were the majority, suffering at the expense of the minority – the

Capitalism was digging its own grave...

Bourgeoisie. They would be mad as hell and they would not take it anymore."

"You're right!" exclaimed a tiny, yellow-haired girl to my right. "That is what triggered the third world war!"

Excited murmurs floated around the room as Ms. Ping made her way to the front of the class.

"Yes, Herr Marx did accurately prophesize some aspects of the revolution on capitalism we saw nearly one hundred years ago today already. However, there are aspects of Detroit and modernity that have not been touched upon yet that I assume will be by our three remaining speakers."

She turned and gestured to Durkheim.

"Please, share with us a view of Detroit through

your eyes," she said.

VI

"Marx has nicely explained some of the consequences of the division of labor. As we know, this division represented a fundamental challenge to the traditional social order. The more modern we became, the more differentiation and individualism that occurred, resulting in no singular sense of morality or viewing the world."

"Precisely!" agreed Mickey, excitedly nodding his head.

"Our collective consciousness changed, as it does over time. One of the ways we can see this is through religion. Traditional societies were held together through religion. Modern society experienced increasing secularity of religion. Where would collective conscious come from in modern society? What would beliefs and values be rooted in? Religion provided a sense of meaning and purpose for traditional societies. Overlooked were the functional equivalents to religion we can see in the case of Detroit. Certain aspects of society, devoid of religion, continued to bind people together. A type of organic solidarity is evident. The division of labor present in this modern society was increasingly fulfilling the role that once fell on common consciousness. Society was increasingly made of interrelated parts that

comprised one larger whole."

I remembered talking about this in class before.

"So you're a functionalist?" I asked.

"Yes, I would consider myself a functionalist," Durkheim replied.

"If something disrupts the social order, society always adjusts and returns to a stable equilibrium. What is not as evident, however, is where the solidarity and equilibrium is coming from in the case of Detroit. It may seem that its very foundation is crumbling, as you emphasized earlier, Marx. The transition from traditional to modern society occurred so fast; the breakdown of norms and the increase in disorder and anomie was to be expected. What is less obvious is the fact that the violent crime in Detroit, whether in the form of mobs or in drive-by shootings, is actually normal and even necessary to the social system at large."

A few scoffs and gasps erupted around the classroom.

"So you think committing crimes like killing and burning down buildings is *normal*?" probed the yellow-haired girl incredulously.

"Yes. It is normal in the sense that it validates the norms and values necessary to reinforcing the common consensuses of society. It provides us with social facts that lay out the boundaries and rules.

Besides, an act is only criminal when it offends

the well-defined state of the collective consciousness. An act of crime is only viewed that way because the larger society deems it as such. Woolfolk shooting the young girl or Alls being killed were criminal acts only because of the common consciousness regarding crime. Crime is one aspect of modern society that resulted in a sense of togetherness.

Modern society responded to crimes with restitutive law as opposed to the repressive law seen in more traditional societies. They attempted to restore relationships that were disturbed from the norm by the crime. The essential jobs of the police, prosecutors, and prison sentences in the story Martel told were to dole out the consequences for the committed crimes so as to restore society to its functioning state."

An arm shot up in front of me. "What about all time you spent studying suicide? How does that relate?" the student inquired.

"Excellent question, my friend. It is true - I always did find suicide a fascinating subject." Durkheim replied.

"Ha! A sociologist spending his years studying the most individualistic of all acts. The irony! Will it ever end!?" exclaimed Mickey, throwing his head back in laughter.

"Though it appears to be an individualistic act, it certainly is not. However individualized man seems to

be, there is always something collective remaining. Over the years, I discovered that suicide varies inversely with the degree of integration in the social groups of which the individual forms a part. This is extremely important regarding modern society. With no strong collective conscious and increasingly fragmenting lifestyles, where would individuals maintain a sense of integration?"

The answer is quite simple – within other groups. Whether occupational, or sport-related, or a gang, individuals are able to affirm common values, identity, and purpose. There are examples of this all throughout the piece on Detroit. The VFW Hall of which Frankie is a member provides a sense of community for the Vietnam Veterans. The gangs dealing out drugs and the tough-looking kids hanging on the streets all provide those individuals a sense of belonging. Even mobs are people with common values, driven by similar goals. The examples go on and on."

"But how is it good if people can only find a sense of belonging in a group that does harmful things?" I asked.

"That is not the only way people in modern society find a sense of belonging. The bottom line is this: eventually, things that enhance order will stay and disorder will leave; it is the nature of advancing civilization. As a result, a "good society" will emerge. If poverty, inequality, and crime

remain within this better society, it is because they are advantageous for humanity as a whole. It exists because we need it.”

“Ridiculous. The good society cannot and will not be reached without a revolution!” Marx argued, his eyebrows furrowing and face reddening.

Durkheim shook his head as Ms. Ping made her way to the front.

“Oh how wonderful! Such a heated debate! Let us move along. Mr. Goffman, you have been sitting so quietly. I am sure the class desires to know what is going on in your mind. I know I am!” she sang, a sparkle in her eye.

VII

“Who in this room can explain the concept of the ‘Thomas Theorem?’”

The yellow bird-like girl sitting next to me began answering before Goffman had even finished the question.

“If someone defines their situation as real, then it will be real in their consequences. So whatever someone believes is how they are going to act,” she responded confidently.

“Precisely!” Goffman replied. “This is a key concept of the micro-interactionist approach to sociology. Reality is the most profound social accomplishment. The world as we understand it is *entirely* socially constructed. When I was only ten years of age,

I had the honor of meeting a sociologist by the name of George Mead. Though I did not understand much of what he told me then, I do now. Mead described his theory through an example any ten-year-old should be able to relate to: by play. When we are children, we lack the internal guides that allow us to predict or judge actions of others; there is no consistency from one role to the next. Eventually, life moves from being “play” to a “game”, meaning that we realize our expectations and obligations to others – you know your position in relation to everyone else. You expect others to do their part. In order to effectively function in this way, each individual has thus created a map of society in his head. This is where reality becomes a social accomplishment – when the map in your head aligns well with most other individuals. You come to understand the world in an extremely similar fashion. Society exists inside of us, rather than something we exist inside of. It becomes internalized. Humanity is quite amazing in this way!”

“Well, how does that relate to Detroit?” someone inquired.

“Detroit is a fascinating case when looking through the lens of a micro-interactionist. Remember, every single social interaction is symbolic. We are all engaged in a never-ending array of tiny performances and expected to maintain

a particular, unswerving social role. This is necessary if there are to be clear, consistent social realities. When something intended to remain backstage is accidentally displayed on the front stage for outsiders (the audience) to see, we become embarrassed and self-conscious.

You are going to love this one, Mr. Powell. I discovered some institutional ironies during my years of study. A prominent one was the mental hospital, wherein I found mental illness to be a social role like any other. The formal organization of a mental hospital, by its very nature, works to create the symptoms it is designed to cure. This is due to a concept known as the Labeling Theory. It is applicable to nearly every social role, including criminals.

There are instances of this throughout the piece on Detroit. When Frankie rides the bus and hears black men calling each other ‘nigger’ and threatening to kill one another, he should not be appalled. These men are acting upon social roles they have acquired given their positions. It would be strange if they did not act in this fashion. If we go back to thinking of interaction as a dramaturgical performance, we can see that these men constitute a sort of “team” or “cast.” It is within this particular social group that they identify themselves with and find moral support. It is similar to what Durkheim was just explaining. These

individuals developed a sense of loyalty and moral obligation to one another and respond accordingly to those on the outside.

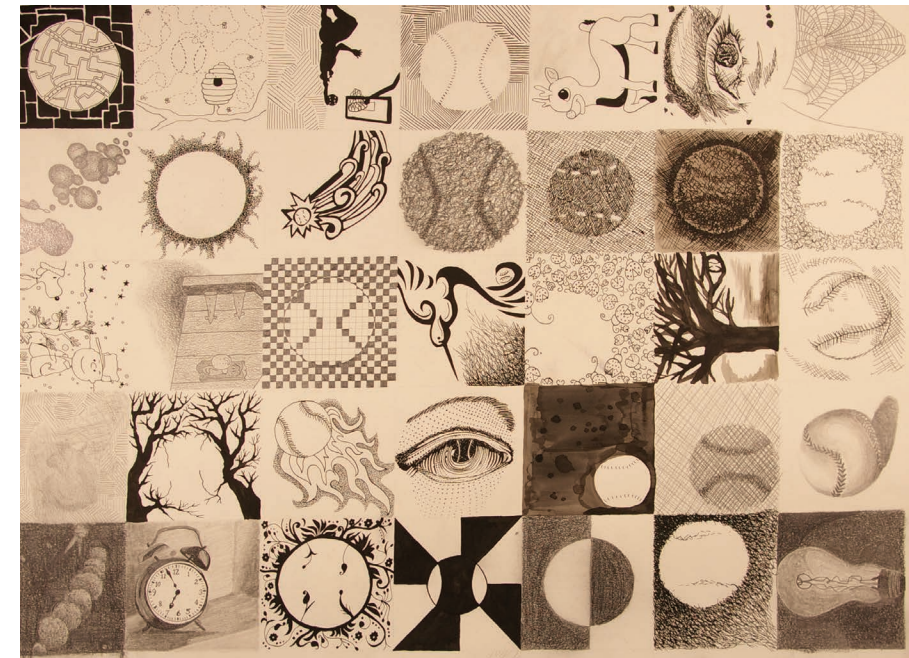
When drug sales and prostitution began to replace industries in Detroit, it could be argued that they arose out of necessity since there were fewer and fewer jobs available. It could also be,

however, that they arose because it was ultimately what was *expected* of the people living there. When white folk treated blacks like scum or when they were too scared to even

interact (like Frankie who starting keeping his daughters inside), it reinforced those social roles everyone was expecting these gangsters to carry out – they came to be expected by the police and the judge and the prison systems to act as criminals and to engage in criminal acts. So, that is what they did. That is what they come to understand as their reality.

Another example of this is when the black man tried to take Frankie’s camera from him, to which Frankie

replied, ‘You’re gonna be embarrassed for the rest of your life that you got your ass kicked by a white guy weighing a hundred and thirty pounds.’ In this case, both Frankie and the black man were completely aware of what their own and each other’s social roles were. It would be embarrassing for the black man if Frankie



50 Ways Assignment
by Tara Tralewski

beat him up because it would go against the expected performance; were they to get in a fight, it was presumed that the heavier black man would win. They are functioning under the societal assumption that black males know how to fight more effectively than skinny white ones. The black man chose not to fight Frankie because the possibility of being embarrassed outweighed

the desire he had to take the camera.

The retired cop at the VFW hall told a story about shooting a black man who was running through the alley. The investigating sergeant walked over, pulled a cap gun from his ankle holster, and told the cop to modify the story so that it had seemed like black man

had pulled the cap gun first. That way, the cop would have been justified in shooting – it was self-defense. That was how order was kept along Eight Mile. The reason the police could get away with this was because a black man

pulling a gun on a cop was expected behavior. No one would even question if the cop was justified in killing the black man. It would simply have been considered the roles they were socialized into playing.”

“But that is not fair or even moral!” exclaimed the bird girl, her voice rising a few octaves. Goffman nodded his head.

“Though it may not be fair, that is the reality of the situation. Humans are the products of the culture

we have created. As such, we lose a degree of control over our actions. We cannot change the rules except by first changing everyone's way of thinking. That is certainly not an easy task!" replied Goffman.

"Splendid, splendid indeed! Thank you, Mr. Goffman. We will now turn to our last speaker of the day," Ms. Ping said, curtsying awkwardly to Weber, who had hardly said a word the entire class.

VIII

"I will first delve into the manifestation of capitalism given the transition from traditional to modern society.

Capitalism would not function if fueled by greed alone. It needs stability, order, and rational decision-making. This implies that the labor force must continue the line of duty despite the money or material resources individuals have or have not acquired. The most effective way of accomplishing this is through workers internalizing this particular work ethic, which is exactly what happened in the transition to modern society. In short, the internalization of this mindset stemmed from the Protestant ethic and Luther's idea of a "calling". When an individual believes his line of work is his life's "calling", he will act as such. It is his destiny. The worker no longer questions why he is doing what he is doing because he has internalized

and accepted that lifestyle. This is what allowed capitalism to thrive."

"We learned in class that you wrote your book in response to Marx. We referred to it as the debate between you and the ghost of Marx. Can you explain that a little bit?" I asked, secretly wishing to see another heated debate.

"Sure. Marx and I have similar theories regarding capitalism itself. However, my studies revolved around the fact that capitalism would certainly not lead to any sort of "good society". The very essence of what it means to be human disappears within a capitalistic society. People simply become cogs in the machine."

"That is what instigates the revolution!" barks Marx.

Weber did not smile, but there was a twinkle in his eye.

"Ah, this is the very argument I have longed for," replied Weber. "They cannot fight. Do you not realize this? The best way to fight a bureaucracy is ultimately to become more bureaucratic. It becomes a system of positions, not a system of actual individuals. No longer is any one human being important or significant. An iron cage has befallen upon society.

Look at Detroit. All individuals are functioning under certain life chances determined by the amount and kind of power and access to goods or skills they do or

do not have. As such, classes are stratified according their relations to material goods, whereas status groups are stratified according to the principles of consumption, or "lifestyles". Similar to what Goffman was saying, there are certain expectations of those who wish to belong in that particular circle. It has a direct impact on the consumption of goods and social intercourse outside of those with similar lifestyles.

The Big Three companies in Detroit functioned only because of the particular ethos of the class of laborers employed there. These workers are not responding only to power from the ruling class, the Bourgeoisie, as you explain, Marx. There are other forms of power or authority to which humans comply. In the modern society, it is no longer traditional or charismatic, but rather a rational-legal authority that fuels capitalism. The laborers believe in the established norms and regulations dedicated to increasing efficiency. It is because of this very rationality that capitalism has locked society inside an iron cage – why would humanity resort back to acting irrationally? A revolution toward a utopian society would be irrational and illogical.

The owners of the big businesses certainly took for granted the life chances their laborers were born into. Blacks and whites alike,

crammed in run-down, rat-infested apartments, working long hours every week for little pay, generally had diminutive social resource. It was next to impossible for these individuals to abandon their positions, their particular way of life. They had negative estimations of honor, which we can see through their treatment by the police, by upper-class individuals, by company executives, and by the general attitude of the larger society. But they continued to function in this manner. Without the means of altering their positions - without access to knowledge, skill, and material resources - what other choice did they have? Detroit is simply one example of the entrapment of a capitalistic society."

Silence shrouded the room as we waited for a response from Marx. I looked over and gasped. He was staring down at his hands as a look of horror spread over his face. He was quickly disappearing. Whatever was eating away at Marx traveled down his arms to his chest and from his chest to his legs and feet. Just before it could envelop his head and mound of wiry beard, I heard him murmur, "All that is solid melts into air..."

The last word seemed to float in slow-motion past my ears and around the room before I realized that all of the speakers were beginning to disappear. Confusion plagued their faces momentarily before they simply vanished. Soon, shouts and shrieks of horror sprung up around the classroom as students also began disappearing. The very chair I was sitting in



disappeared and I fell to the hard floor. The News Alert Warning system popped up in my virtual glasses to show a hurried, anxious woman explaining the phenomenon.

"It has happened again. Pomodigists are currently unsure of what has triggered this particular episode, but it seems that history has repeated itself once again. If you are still present and watching this, please remain calm. Pomodigists are working

to backtrack their steps and locate the error made in the most recent Travel. Okay, hold on... this just in: Pomodigists believe they have found pinpointed the miscalculation. The most recent Travel was in an attempt to bring back a strand of hair from actress and model Marilyn Monroe who lived in the mid 1900's in order to clone her. It seems that the pomodigist assigned to this particular mission was misinformed. He carried with him a cell phone; a piece of technology used in the early 2000's before Marilyn Monroe's time. He dropped the phone and it was picked up by a woman who snapped a photo of the actress in her dressing room, instantly altering the course of the future – or history, in our case." I was so focused in on the story that I did not even notice that I, myself, was beginning to disappear. I glanced around the room one last time to see nearly everything else had disappeared as well. I remembered learning in History class about a transcendental being named God that millions of people used to pray to in desperate times of need. Figuring I had nothing to lose, I shot a quick prayer up to the guy, even though I did not know him. Half a second later, the world went black.

Illustration Credits

The editors of *The Writing Anthology* would like to recognize the following artists for the contribution of their artwork:

“Landscape” by Kathryn Zaffiro
Watercolor, Cover

Microcosm Assignment by Mary Kate Oakley
Acrylic on Paper, Page 5

Unusual Point-of-View by Allyson Mann
Conte Crayon and Charcoal on Black Paper, Page 6

Unusual Point-of-View by Emma Disterhoft
Conte Crayon and Charcoal on Black Paper, Page 9

Collaboration and Transformation
by Mackenzie Foldes
Digital Print, Page 12

Unusual Point-of-View by Olivia Cotton
Conte Crayon and Charcoal on Black Paper, Page 14

“Blue” by Ashton Mayer
Ink, Watercolor, Acrylic, Graphite, Page 22

“Reflection” by Ashton Mayer
Graphite, Ink, Conte Crayon, Charcoal, Latex Paint, Page 26

Unusual Point-of-View by Cheryl Wells
Conte Crayon and Charcoal on Black Paper, Page 29

“Blue” by Ashton Mayer
Ink, Watercolor, Acrylic, Graphite, Page 31

Collaboration and Transformation
by Sara Rodriguez
Digital Print, Page 34

50 Ways Assignment by Hannah Laflin
Ink and Watercolor, Page 39

Collaboration and Transformation
by Mackenzie Foldes and Sara Rodriguez
Digital Print, Page 40

Unusual Point-of-View by Shelby Palm
Conte Crayon and Charcoal on Black Paper, Page 46

Unusual Point-of-View by Mackenzie Foldes
Conte Crayon and Charcoal on Black Paper, Page 48

“Self-Portrait” by Elijah Horton
Graphite, Page 51

Positive/Negative Assignment by Daniel Weir
Conte Crayon and Charcoal on Black Paper, Page 55

Unusual Point-of-View by Ashlei Bos
Conte Crayon and Charcoal on Black Paper, Page 56

50 Ways Assignment by Mackenzie Foldes
Conte Crayon and Charcoal on Black Paper, Page 63

Positive/Negative Assignment by Shelby Palm
Water Soluble Graphite, Page 64

50 Ways Assignment by Tara Tralewski
Ink, Page 69



Central
College
— 1853 —