Clamantis is a bi-annual publication for the Master of Arts in Liberal Studies program at Dartmouth College. We showcase the strongest creative and critical work submitted by current MALS students as well as MALS alumni. We believe that by selecting and integrating work from all four of the program’s concentrations, we will promote intellectual engagement, fruitful questioning, and honest discourse within the realm of liberal studies. If you have questions, comments, or are interested in writing a feature, please e-mail The.MALS.Journal@dartmouth.edu.
CONTENTS

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS 4

Q&A WITH PROFESSIONAL EDSFORTH 7
Haley Johnston

Q&A WITH ALUMNA JONI B. COLE 21
Justine D. Kohr

THE MENEELY BELL 27
Laura Jean Gilloux

WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL 29
Analisa Goodmann

ON THE TRAIN TO SLOVENIA 39
Kelley Rossier

JON MITCHELL 43
Emily Hedges

AN AMERICAN LEGEND 51
Kevin Warstadt

THE COURTYARD 59
Ian Fitzgerald

RECONCILING THE SUBJECTIVE AND OBJECTIVE 63
Maisiea Bailey
EASY TO PLAY BUT HARD TO MASTER  77
_Julie Goodrich_

THE ROOMMATE 83
_Amira Hamouda_

BREAKING BARRIERS IN WHALE RIDER 95
_Mariah Farbotko_

KITCHEN CUPBOARDS 109
_Kasey Storey_

LIGHT OF THE WORLD 113
_Jennifer Cormack_

SOJOURN 117
_Jennifer Cormack_

THE “MOST PERFECT” ENDING 121
_Matthew Farbotko_

THE NOSE 133
_Jiarui Sun_

GLOBALIZATION AS A HYPEROBJECT 141
_Jovana Stojanova_

SELECTIONS FROM BORDERLINE ELEGIES 149
_James Provencher_

BIOS 156
Dear Reader,

As you read this letter, we hope wherever you are that you are enjoying the warmth, peace, and bliss of another summer. We would like to start by thanking everyone who submitted their work to Clamantis this term. Given the quality, variety, and sheer amount of submissions we received, this was perhaps our toughest issue yet. As we sat around a table reviewing our stack of submissions, we were overwhelmed with pride at the talent and wisdom of our MALS peers. The selection, editorial, and production process of this issue would not have been possible without the help of our thoughtful and skilled team of editors. We’d also like to extend a big thank you to Michael Rodriguez for accepting our relentless pleas to illustrate a cover for us. I’m glad we did, because it came out beautifully, don’t you think?

Within these pages we say farewell to a much-loved professor and thought leader, Ronald Edsforth, whose academic spirit and insights into the world of globalization will be greatly missed. We’re also pleased to introduce a new ongoing feature: an alumni interview. In this issue, we dive into the craft of writing with word expert and alumna Joni B. Cole, author of a new book on writing entitled Good Naked. This feature is part of an ongoing effort to further engage with our diverse and talented alumni, both near and far. You will see a few of their names in the author bylines of this issue, which we are thrilled about.

Lastly, and most importantly, you will find works representing the finest talent the MALS graduate program at Dartmouth has to offer. There are a variety of literary formats this issue—from poetry and academic papers, to a screenplay and two oral history projects. These beautiful works echo feelings of wanderlust, motherhood, and immersion in other cultures. They gracefully play with heavy concepts of truth and identity, and capture both spiritual and physical journeys with creativity and tact.

Welcome to the summer 2017 issue of Clamantis. Happy reading.

Haley Johnston & Justine D. Kohr
DARTMOUTH’S VONNEGUT

An Interview with Ron Edsforth

Haley Johnston

THE FIRST TIME I MET PROFESSOR EDSFORTH, something about him reminded me of Kurt Vonnegut. This was before I even knew about our shared love for the author. In retrospect, I think it was the hair.

I approached him at Dartmouth’s orientation picnic that was held after a MALS information session, hoping to learn more about the globalization concentration. He had been introduced as the concentration chair, and as a prospective globalization student I was eager to get to know him. Students and faculty were just starting to meander to the BEMA, the amphitheater in College Park. I wanted to be sure we had a chance to speak, so I slowly made my way towards him, salad in hand. He was chatting with a student about the War and Peace class he would be teaching during the summer term. I joined the conversation in order to introduce myself, and became absorbed immediately. I had resolved to begin MALS with a light schedule—just one class and the summer symposium—but, within minutes, Professor Edsforth convinced me to add his class to my roster. I remember walking away with a feeling of resolve. I was drawn to his honesty—he described the course as a challenge, the sort of class that I would take on if I was dedicated to my education. Of course I wanted to accept the opportunity. “Just be prepared to read,” he said.

He was certainly not exaggerating. Professor Edsforth expects a lot from his graduate students. I’ve always found that I learn more when professors push me, and that was definitely the case in both of the classes I took with Professor Edsforth. Not only was he the first professor who really challenged me to write within the globalization discipline, but he was always challenging me and my peers to approach broad topics from a variety of directions. We watched films, analyzed poetry, and argued at length with one another about man’s tendency to be violent, and the future of the globalizing world.
Faculty Interview

Through this variety of experiences, I learned what it was to be a graduate student in a liberal arts program.

Like Vonnegut, Professor Edsforth has always wrestled with some of mankind’s most difficult questions. As an American historian, he has written books on topics ranging from the New Deal to mass consumer society, and contributed to documentaries about the automobile industry. More recently, he has widened his gaze, collaborating with scholars from around the world to create a comprehensive Cultural History of Peace. He does not shy away from these intimidating topics in his classes. I was always amazed to see how he guided the class through the intricacies of war, peace, and of course, globalization. In the short span of a term, he had approached some of the most complex topics of our time from multiple angles. Always eager to learn, I can tell that he has spent the majority of his time as the chair of the MALS Globalization Studies concentration pondering new and existing arguments in his field.

His presence in the program will be missed as he lessens the number of classes he will teach in anticipation of his retirement. That said, Professor Edsforth always stays true to himself, and I am certain that the next chapter of his life will lead him in new and exciting directions. At a time when truth and peace are being threatened by our most powerful institutions, I am certain that Professor Edsforth will “fight them with the weapons at hand—passive resistance and open displays of contempt” (Vonnegut, Sirens of Titan).

It has been a pleasure to interview him, and to give my fellow MALS students the opportunity to get a glimpse into the mind of a renowned scholar and activist.

Can you describe your academic journey that led you to Dartmouth?

Well, it was a journey. I never intended to be a historian. I had no idea really what I would do for a career after I graduated from undergraduate college at Georgetown University in 1970. I worked various jobs in Washington DC for several years, and I ended up going to Michigan State for graduate school in history mainly because the woman I love, Joanne Devine, to whom I am mar-
ried to this day, went out there to study linguistics. I followed her and enrolled as an MA in history just to be out there with her. I had always loved history, and I was enjoying the work, so I decided to stay for my PhD because she was staying for hers. Ultimately, that’s how we got our degrees. We wanted to work together, so after working in different universities for a few years we applied to several places and eventually chose to go to Skidmore College. Now, this could be a very long story, but let’s put it this way—in their infinite wisdom, the administration at Skidmore college decided that they didn’t want to keep me there, even though I was, in the words of their provost, an “outstanding professor who had a record like few they’d hired before.” I was pretty much forced to leave, as someone who didn’t get along with the top administrators. Too often I had spoken out as an untenured faculty member about policies at the college; I learned a lesson there. After I got let go at Skidmore, I immediately got picked up by MIT. That was kind of a bogus position; it was famous amongst historians for advertising the position as a tenured track job but then letting you go after a few years. They figured you got something on your résumé that would get you into another good school.

**Peace, Globalization, and a Long Commute**

After three years at MIT, I heard from my friend Bruce Nelson, a professor at Dartmouth. He was going on leave and he knew I needed a job, so he said hey, we need someone who can teach courses that I know you can teach. Would you be interested in teaching here? I said yes, and I starting commuting 110 miles from my home in New York. I ended up teaching in the history department for the next twenty years. In 1997 a group of older Peace Studies faculty who wanted to restart a defunct Peace Studies Program asked me to create a course that would impress the Dean as a serious peace history course. I was just at the point of my scholarly career where I was getting tired of focusing on modern American history. My book on the New Deal was very far along and would be published in 2000, so I was ready to branch out. I was made the coordinator of War and Peace Studies in 1998, and I stayed in that position until 2004. I actually felt like a graduate student again, being thrown into a gigantic field that I didn’t know much about. I was constantly studying
and reading rather than writing because I didn’t know enough to do it. After I got into some hot water there, I was happy to accept the position in MALS that Don Pease offered me, chairing the new globalization concentration. Globalization and Its Discontents, which is the course that we have within the globalization studies track that focuses the most on the neoliberal globalization, was the first course I taught as a globalization professor.

You have had experience as an undergraduate professor, but I still got the impression in class that you felt like there were certain differences between a graduate class and an undergraduate class that you had to account for.

Oh, there were amazing differences. I mean, the undergraduates don’t have much life wisdom. At a place like Dartmouth, students may have traveled with their families, but they really haven’t gotten outside of Hanover much. In the MALS Program in particular, a lot of the students have worked before coming back. I am always interested to see the information that people put down on the biographical questionnaire that I pass around. I love having conversations about everything from the weekend’s soccer match to the talks that I have had with the active-duty army and marine officers that we’ve been getting in recent years. They have had amazing life experiences from which I have learned a lot. The whole class learns a lot, too. In that sense it is a much richer academic environment. The other thing is that in graduate classes, you are studying things more in-depth, and you’re here rightly anticipating and getting more sophisticated discussions. Usually, it’s not difficult to get the discussion going, whereas in an undergraduate class there are times when quite a bit of heavy lifting is necessary to get the class involved in discussions. In MALS, that almost never
happens. MALS classes that I’ve taught have been very energetic. People want to discuss, share, and even argue with other classmates. That makes it a really enjoyable teaching experience—very different from the teacher-focused teaching that goes on in the undergraduate classroom.

So, speaking of your teaching style, one unique approach that you have taken to teaching and starting discussions is through the analysis of poetry. I am curious about how you came to realize that poetry could help students to understand topics within the social sciences, where creative writing is usually not stressed.

Well, when I was a relatively new professor, I heard a poetry professor, Bill Cook, say it was a really good idea to start lectures with a poem because it can then set up the theme of the lecture. And I thought to myself that’s a pretty good idea. I’ve always liked reading poetry, maybe I’ll try it. I found that in fact it was a good idea, especially for classes that I was teaching in MALS like World Wars and Global Peace Culture. There were so many important themes that really fine poets had written about, and they were a perfect way to set up either a lecture or a discussion. Even though history and globalization studies are classified social sciences, I still feel that history is a humanities field. I try to bring that stuff in—cultural materials, literature, plays, movies—and make the students work to understand it so that they can then understand what the theme of the day is. I’ve gotten a lot of positive feedback about my reading poems in both the undergraduate and graduate classes, so I’ve kept doing it, and that means that I have to keep looking for reading poetry.

The Eve of Destruction, and Other Hits

I’ve discovered—even though I get very nervous when I have to speak in public or do a reading in front of large crowds, as I’ve done at anti-war rallies, I like performing in front of a group. I learned this right from the start at Michigan State, where I taught a history course while still a graduate student. I taught lecture classes that were never smaller than 200, and sometimes as large as 500, on a stage in a big auditorium. I actually sang at a conference for Historians in
Los Angeles, and I used to sing in class occasionally. I have a terrible voice, but I would occasionally sing things like The Eve of Destruction by Barry McGuire. It went over so well the first time I did it that I decided to do it again in other classes. You had to be able to perform, and to keep the students in the back of the room entertained so they wouldn’t pull out their newspapers.

As someone who has been focusing on globalization, I can’t help but ask: what do you think will become of globalization in the next few years in light of recent political developments?

I have been investigating global NGOs in the last ten years, so I was closely watching the presidential campaign and also the campaign to take Britain out of the EU. That was really an argument that dealt directly with national identity and national power. As a historian who knows that globalization has been happening for a long time, I can say that globalization is not a steady progression. It is not surprising that many of the same issues that were hurled at globalization in its earlier iterations back in the late 19th and early 20th centuries like fear of immigrants and the disappearance of older skilled jobs have reappeared in our day. The problem is that ambitious politicians have seized upon the frustrations and anger that arises from the destructive side of globalization, and they’ve ridden that to power. So, what interests me as a historian of globalization right now is the extent to which the acceptance of globalization is imbedded in an institutional network which is transnational, international, and within national systems, and which cannot really be disrupted in the way that it previously was. Transnational banks and corporations really are the global economy… Can they be dismantled or reined in by national governments that don’t like the direction that economic developments have taken? Honestly I don’t think they can be. Even if you look at the Trump Administration, it is significant that the CEO of Exxon Mobile has been chosen as our Secretary of State. If you think about that, you really can’t see someone like him staying in office if the President wants him to pursue an anti-globalization agenda. So, I think that might be the scary thing, because his many followers expect him to do that, and if he doesn’t, they will become frustrated. They may even turn to someone who seems inconceivable now—just in the way Trump seemed
impossible—but who would be more radical in terms of politics than Trump. It is a very worrying period of time, and the fact that nationalism in various countries is so strong and rising does maybe mean that we will see a closing down of some of the flows in the global system. Of course, the easiest of those to close is the flow of people. It’s not surprising that immigrants and refugees seem to be the primary target right now.

A lot of these problems are going to continue to bother us, but your more recent focus has been on something more positive. You’ve been working on the Save the Children Initiative for a few years now. What drew you towards that organization?

Yes, well, the unexpected death of my son in 2009 was a major turning point in my life and in that of my family. It is only since then that I took that project up. I was really psychologically fit for nothing for a number of years after that happened, so I think I would say that I started working with Save the Children in 2014. Before Nick died I had been working on and had presented papers on the Global Diffusion of Non-Violent Revolution. That was my interest. It convinced me that the world may be more peaceful than we think. Non-violent revolutions were spreading throughout the world; there were organizations that were teaching about non-violent revolution, and when it was effective, those societies were far less likely to go back to dictatorships or to embrace militarism. After Nick’s death I had to give up everything scholarly. When I came back, I just didn’t feel like the history of non-violence was what I wanted to do anymore. I read a popular biography about Eglantyne Jebb, the founder of Save the Children, and I decided that I’d like to know more about that person, and about the organization that she had created. I also wanted to know more about the situation from which it emerged, which was the aftermath of World War I. So I started work on a book about Save the Children. My wife Jo Devine joined me when I discovered Save the Children’s innovative use of...
media in the early 1920s. She is a communications and media specialist who team teaches a MALS course, Global Media and Culture with me.

A History of Peace

More recently, I was asked by Bloomsbury Publishers to read a proposal for a series of essays on the history of peace. I had a long conversation with the guy who was putting it together at Bloomsbury, and at the end of it he said we need a general editor, and you seem to have this whole thing together. So now I am the general editor of The Cultural History of Peace, as well as the editor of volume 6—“The Modern Era Since 1920”. The collection consists of eight essays on the same theme in six different volumes, each one set up in chronological order, from antiquity to the present. It involves fiftyfour scholars from all over the world. I have to admit, I was so flattered by the offer that I didn’t really think about what he was asking me to do. I mean, I remember getting back to my little flat in London and thinking how the heck am I ever going to get all of these people together to produce something for a deadline? Several of my colleagues thought I was insane, but the essays are supposed to be ready by April 1st. They will go to the editors of the volumes first, so I’ll get my eight, then I’ll get the rest of them—if everything is on schedule—by July 1st. As the general editor, I’ll have to go through all of them. When that’s over, I think I will have finally completed my journey which began in 1998 of preparing myself to be a peace historian because I am going to learn an awful lot from what these scholars are doing.

Once that is finished, do you plan on writing anything else? What’s next for you?

The fact is, I’m retired, but I will be teaching Global Media and Culture this summer with my wife. Those have been great classes in the past. My wife and I, when we were in graduate school together, used to talk about whether or not it would ever be possible for us to do something together. Now we are teaching together and collaborating on this scholarly project. It took us a long time, but we are finally doing it, and it really is a pleasure that keeps our rela-
tionship strong. Other than that, I plan on being healthy, traveling a lot, and enjoying my life. I can’t see an end to my interest in historical writing at this point. There are certainly things that I’ve got sitting around that I could go back to now with a different perspective than when I first started to prepare them. Given my own inclinations to be politically active, and given the turn in our own politics recently, I feel almost compelled to try to get something out in the public domain that might be new and interesting.

**The American Empire**

The thing I’ve been sketching out when I feel the muse move me is an essay that would stress the identity of America as an empire, and the fact that our politics never addresses that fact. We have an empire which is basically run by an unelected national security state. The costs of this empire are never put before the people as something that they might control, and every year, anywhere from 60-80% of our discretionary federal spending goes to this militarized empire that America runs around the world. Still, almost everyone who comes into office says we want to strengthen the military, and spend even more on it. Well, if we do that, not only do we go further into debt, but we also crowd out these other things that are in desperate need of our attention, which the candidates campaign about. Infrastructure, healthcare, and better schools are all things on the domestic agenda that require lots of money even though there never seems to be enough around. The Cold War was used politically—the whole militarized presence of the United States in every corner of the globe was taken off the political agenda, making it something that you did not question. I think there are questions that our political system is designed to suppress, never to raise. If you did, you were marginalized, as in the cases of Bernie Sanders and Rand Paul. So, we never get to vote on whether we want to have this power—that’s what it is really about. We tell ourselves it is about spreading liberty and freedom and capitalism, but it is really about what the Ancient Greeks recognized—exercising power for its own political sake. The United States wants to be the decider all around the world, and we question any challenges to that. Most people can’t understand why other nations 15,000 miles away might have a problem with the United States being the decider on their side of the world. Meanwhile, we get angrier and angrier over a situation
that we cannot correct unless we confront the reality that we are an empire. If the best historians are right, all empires reach a point of overstretch where they can no longer afford to keep their people happy at home and also keep the empire running. I think the United States has reached that point.

People are certainly unhappy at home. As someone who has done so much with peaceful revolution, what do you think about the protests?

Oh, it’s great. This is actually democracy. I mean, democracy begins with people organizing at the grassroots. My wife joined the democratic committee in our town because she felt like she had to get involved. She refused to sit back and watch this happen. I think that is what people around the country are saying. You have to go to the next step though—you have to create organizations to sustain the initial protests, and once you’ve institutionalized the protest, then you’re in a good position. Sometimes I wonder though: how are we going to crack this deadlock if we continue to just hammer at the issues that divide us so much? Are there issues around which we can gather? Now, without trying to crack open the can of worms that would be the empire, which to me is crucial in terms of the federal budget and how we spend it, I think the area where we can get the biggest majority is climate change. If we were to do that, we would also then be advancing a very important, broader political agenda, which is to insist that there is fact, there is truth, and that we need to organize our politics around facts and not around emotions.

It seems like professors are in a unique position to speak to these things. In your classes, you must take emotional topics
like War and Peace and allow them to be understood in more objective ways.

I saw a BBC report on the news yesterday that interviewed scientists at MIT who were saying that there is apparently going to be a Scientist Protest in Washington in April. I think that would be one I’ll go to because I think many of the people I’ve talked to at the college, as well as friends back home, see the undermining of the trust in science as the most disturbing thing about the rise of Trump. Climate change is a scientific argument, and once you’ve accepted it, you realize that we must change our politics in order to change the way we live, or else we are condemning subsequent generations to an awful future. We are the stewards of the Earth, and we’ve always had the responsibility to pass it on to the next generation in good condition. That runs counter to the fundamental belief in Western culture that we are here to develop the Earth, and change it in fundamental ways so as to make it more productive. Unfortunately, the way we are doing it is destroying the old as we create the new.

So, for the readers of Clamantis who know less about this topic but who want to know more, could you give some book recommendations?

My favorite American novelist—not a favorite amongst most professors—is actually Kurt Vonnegut. I read him as an undergrad, and even then Kurt Vonnegut took a lot of criticism about his novels from people who claimed they were simple and sophomoric, but I have been thinking about one of his novels a lot lately. That one I must have read a dozen times, since it is held together with black duct tape right now, is God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater. That book asks a question that is essential to the politics that are unfolding around the world, particularly in developed countries: what are people for? The great advocate of globalization in our time, Thomas Friedman, says the jobs aren’t coming back, they’ll be done by robots. Well, that indeed leads us to question “What are people for?” I just read recently that in Finland, they are establishing a way to give everyone a basic income whether they are working or not, just because they’ll need it. Believe it or not, this was what was proposed in the election of 1972, and both McGovern and Nixon treated it seriously. That
Faculty Interview

was at the end of the decade-long debate about what would be the effects of complete automation. We can’t expect people to work forty hours a week in order to avoid starvation if there are no jobs. It is a situation that you will confront when you give up on FDR’s promise that no one will ever starve in this country.

Along those lines, if you want to read a book that is very entertaining but at the same time incredibly depressing, you can read Detroit, an American Autopsy by Charlie LeDuff. He was a Times reporter who goes back to his hometown of Detroit early in this century, and writes about his experiences as a reporter there. I gave it to my undergraduate students to read, and they often passed it along to their own parents. It is exceptionally depressing, but it is a revelation because you realize that Detroit was a great city that is now a ruin. People still live in it, but it is a ruin. This happened over just a few decades, and it didn’t happen in ancient times; it is a ruin that you can visit today. The other thing is that it didn’t have to happen. In the peculiar American way, a lot of it is tied up with race issues because a lot of the victims are African Americans. I wrote a book myself about Flint, Michigan which has undergone a similar process on a smaller scale, and which only gets in the news when something exceptionally depressing happens, like the lead in its water.

If you want to read a really big book on the possibilities of peace, and why it is not naïve, idealistic, or utopian to believe that the world is becoming more peaceful, I would suggest The Better Angels of Our Nature by Steven Pinker. That’s the book I would most strongly urge people to read, but I suggest that you take several months to read it.

So, those would be a few very different kinds of books; some optimistic, the other more pessimistic.

We may need a bit of both, moving forward.
Joni B. Cole
MEET JONI B. COLE, MALS ’95
AUTHOR OF GOOD NAKED

As told to Justine D. Kohr

FOR TWENTY YEARS JONI HAS TAUGHT creative writing through her own Writer’s Center in White River Junction, Vermont, and at graduate programs, workshops, and conferences around the country. Joni serves on the faculty of the New Hampshire Institute of Art, and leads workshops in the Master of Arts in Liberal Studies program at Dartmouth College.

Author of Toxic Feedback: Helping Writers Survive and Thrive, Joni’s latest book, Good Naked: Reflections on How to Write More, Write Better, and Be Happier, is a witty and inspiring guidebook that encourages writers to be vulnerable, yet courageous.

When you attended the MALS program, was there a particular course or faculty member that really spoke to you as a writer?

It’s hard to choose one course, but one thing that made me choose MALS was its interdisciplinary approach to liberal studies. In my undergraduate years, I’d taken plenty of classes in literary analysis, but MALS offered literary analysis through a Freudian lens. I also took a fascinating MALS course that combined religion, gender, and the contemporary feminine voice; and another class, America in the Nuclear Age, that shared lessons from history through a study of the literature and movies of the time. This interdisciplinary approach serves me well as a writer; to not always look at a subject or character straight on, but through multiple perspectives.
You just published your sixth book, *Good Naked: Reflections on How to Write More, Write Better, and Be Happier*. What made you want to write this book?

As a writer and writing teacher who’s worked with hundreds of aspiring and seasoned authors, one thing I know for sure: writers have a habit of getting in our own way. I think I’ve witnessed or personally experienced every misguided notion or counter-productive practice that stands between us and the work we so desperately want to accomplish. For example, we buy into the myth of the “suffering artist” that convinces us we need to be miserable in order to write well. We wait around for muses, which only distracts from the reality that real inspiration comes from a more earthly source—revision. We shame our drafts and apologize for their deficits, which is essentially the equivalent of dising the creative process itself.

I wanted to write this book because I know there are ways around all this trash talking that goes on inside and outside our heads. I know there are do-this-not-that practices that serve a more productive and fulfilling writing life. My hope is *Good Naked* serves as both a cheerleader and a practical guide to help newbies and seasoned authors write more, write better, and be happier.

In your book, you write that, “Writers need a bar. ... [A] tangible measure of productivity tailored to each of our creative processes and temperaments.” As someone who has difficulty setting and meeting goals for my own writing (and putting myself on a guilt trip because of it), I think that’s great advice. Any other advice or words of wisdom you’d like to share here with fellow writers?

You, me, almost every writer I know carries around buckets of guilt because we’re not writing, or we’re procrasti-writing (you know, writing all those emails, texts, etc.), or we feel we’re not writing enough. I know from personal experience that all this guilt rarely serves a purpose. So I advocate that each of us set some reasonable, rather UN-ambitious quota of writing per week, and only if we fail to achieve this measure, should we feel guilty. It can be measured in a word count or page count, though those markers have never
served me. I find more inspiration in this story a friend of mine shared about the time she was overwhelmed when trying to build her own airplane from a kit. Her advisor from the Experimental Aviation Association suggested, “Just touch the airplane three times a week.” And with that beckoning, my friend managed to finish building her plane within a couple years. I love that advice—just touch the airplane. When we are feeling our most resistant or neurotic, let’s just mosey over to our writing desks, if only to get a feel for our work.

How does this book connect to your work for The Writer’s Center of White River Junction?

The countless writers (or at least I’ve lost count) who have crossed the threshold of my writer’s center have taught me everything I know about how to educate aspiring authors on the craft of writing fiction and creative nonfiction; how to run a workshop that welcomes and respects all comers; and the art and science of giving feedback. Even more important, the gift of being around working writers reminds me of how much our stories matter. I arrive at a workshop, and by the time I leave just one or two hours later, my perspective, my empathy, my worldview has expanded.

“For some people, me for one, the first draft is the hardest to produce. Sometimes I wish I could hire someone to write it for me and spare me a lot of anxiety and stress eating. I got nothing, I think, the thought reinforced by a blank page staring back at me. Of course this is not true; I have got plenty, as do you if you happen to feel similarly when confronting what feels like the creative void. The real issue is not that you lack ideas, but rather that you lack access to those ideas. In addition, the challenge is to single out the material that matters to you now: the story or memory or scene at the front of the line, pushing against the velvet rope between your unconscious and conscious. To tap into your most urgent material, you simply need to manufacture an in ...”

—Joni B. Cole,
*Good Naked*
What’s your own process as a writer? Do you have a ritual? A favorite writing spot?

In Good Naked, there is a chapter entitled “Drama Queen” that answers your first question: Here is my creative process: Procrastinate. Feel lousy about procrastinating. Take it out on everyone else. Eventually get to writing. That clarity about my (often unhappy) writing process (which I don’t think is too far off from a lot of people’s unhappy writing processes), is why I feel it’s important we look at the ways we can make writing a more palatable, productive, and even joyous process. As far as rituals or a favorite writing spot, I prefer to write in an overheated room that would fit right in at a nursing home. I also use one of those seasonal affective disorder therapy boxes as my desk lamp, even though you’re only supposed to sit in front of it for about twenty minutes a day.

What’s one thing people would be most surprised to learn about you?

I often get the comment, “You’re one of the most cheerful people I know.” I think a lot of folks would be surprised at how easily I succumb to self doubt; how naturally I can get caught up in my first-world problems and lose per-
spective. For me, maintaining an upbeat attitude is a practice, not just some lucky break in temperament. Maybe this relates to why I wrote *Good Naked*. We can’t expect a more positive, fulfilling writing life to just happen; we have to cultivate it through conscious, consistent choices about related to our attitudes and behaviors.

Joni B. Cole’s *Good Naked: Reflections on How to Write More, Write Better, & Be Happier* (*University Press of New England*) is available for purchase through your local bookstore or online. For more info about her books, or her teaching and speaking events, visit jonibcole.com.

*Excerpt ©2017 Good Naked: Reflections on How to Write More, Write Better, and Be Happier by Joni B. Cole (University Press of New England).*
THE MENEELY BELL

Laura Jean Gilloux

They duct taped the clapper to dampen the sound,
like putting a dimmer on a light switch, except
duct tape doesn’t adjust as easily for a candlelit dinner,
and now the muffled clock tower is confused.

There’s a dimmer on the light switch in my dining room,
but I spend most of my time in the kitchen,
and with the muffled clock tower’s confusion,
it’s pealing off the hour and I’m always running behind.

I spend most of my time in the kitchen
when the baby starts crying upstairs.
He’s pealing off the hour and I’m always running behind
every other mother who knows what she’s doing.

The baby starts crying upstairs.
He doesn’t adjust easily for a candlelit dinner.
Every other mother knows what she’s doing.
They duct tape the clapper to dampen the sound.
“WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL”

Remembering Amache

Analisa Goodmann

Executive Order 9066 was signed by Franklin D. Roosevelt on February 19, 1942. The executive order allowed for the creation of military areas from which “any or all persons [could] be excluded.” This resulted in the evacuation of citizens and residents of Japanese ancestry from the West Coast of the United States. The evacuees were sent to “assembly centers” (temporary camps), before being sent to internment camps that were located throughout the country.

“Amache” or the Granada Relocation Center was located in Colorado. It opened August 27, 1942 and closed October 15, 1945. Here are a few stories from the survivors of Amache.

Arriving: The Camp and the Cold

Margarette Masukoa Murakami

When we left we were only allowed a suitcase. Just imagine looking into your bedroom, you have one suitcase that you can carry—what would you put into it besides clothes? We didn’t know where we were going, so we didn’t know if it was going to be hot or cold or what. By the time you put your clothes in, there’s not much room left.

Minoru Tonai

In May 1941, I was sent to the Santa Anita Assembly Center. They kept telling us that they were putting us, putting the Japanese, into these camps to protect us from the American public. When I got into Santa Anita I saw the barbed
wire fence. It looked like it was 10 foot high and was all around the whole camp. I saw guard towers with MPs on top with machine guns pointed inward toward us. So I thought “Oh, they aren’t here to protect us. They are making sure we stay inside.” I was thirteen when I realized that and my next thought was, “Are they putting us in here to kill us all?” Now they caged us, now they can kill us, right?

But of course that was not really the intent. On September 27, 1942, they boarded us on trains, and we went to Amache. As we rode the trains, any time we went to a place where there were towns, we had to close the shades. They didn’t want anyone to know we were going by. On top of that, there weren’t enough trains. The trains we rode on were old trains. There were no sleeping quarters, so we had to sleep on these wooden slates. We used jackets as pillows, so we could sleep. It was the only thing we could do.

It took us about four and a half days. So we arrived there, and we got on army trucks, which took us to a place where they signed us up for
where we would stay. I stayed at Block 9L, Barrack 3, Room B. 9L3B. We went there—my mother, my sister, my younger brother, and myself.

The Japanese had a terminology that got them through hardship before. They would say, “It can’t be helped.” So that means: *don’t complain and work hard and do things.* So that’s what they all did.

Life at Amache

**Minoru Tonai**

In Amache, they gave us a folding canvas cot for each person and an army mattress. They gave us two blankets. In the room there was a potbelly stove and one 60-watt bulb. That was it. Most of the rooms had two windows, front and back.

It got cold; we were there in late September. Two blankets just wasn’t enough, so we would initially sleep with our clothes or a jacket on. Then our mothers would buy, through the Sears Warbucks or Montgomery Ward magazines, bales of cotton material and they would make comforters. That’s how we finally got warm.

The Army provided a clothing allowance: about four dollars a month for each person. You had to buy your socks and shorts and jacket and whatever have you. If the Army didn’t provide it, you had to buy it.

**Robert Uragami**

One thing I want to discuss is my dad’s attitude at the time. He used to say, “You’re driving your car and the signal turns red and you stop. When it turns green you went ahead—that was the law. You obeyed the law. The government says you went to camp, you obeyed the law.” So that’s basically what was instilled in me, we just followed what we were told to do. Obey the law.

The School

**Minoru Tonai**

When we first went to Amache, they took one block and named that one the school. Most of the teachers were white. But in some cases they hired
the Japanese Americans to be teachers in the camp because they were college graduates or whatever have you. But they were still prisoners. We had varying degrees of teachers. Some of them were really good. Some couldn’t get a job anywhere else.

To tell you how bad it was, when I was in 9th grade I was taking Algebra, and one day I was called to the principal’s office. I thought, “Gee, what did I do wrong?” So I went in there, and he said that our teacher (a Japanese American) had volunteered to go into the service and the teacher who was to replace him was coming from Jermone, the Arkansas camp. But she couldn’t arrive for one month. So he said, “You teach the class.” I’m taking the class, and he tells me to teach it! What am I suppose to do? He doesn’t give me any lesson plans. So I said, “Well, the only thing I can do is what the other teacher did.” So I read one day, one lesson ahead and I did that and I would give homework. I would give tests—just like the other teacher. I copied what he was doing. The beauty of the thing was nobody ever, ever gave me a problem. I explained to them what happened. They all did what I told them. I got homework; I corrected it. I prepared for the next day. Then when the teacher came, I was back in my seat doing the same thing I had before. It was crazy, but it just happened.

Robert Uragami

The school at Amache was a regular school. I had this “going to camp” attitude; studying wasn’t high on my priority. So it was easy. I remember this gal who eventually became my wife, we were in the same class. We had a project and she came up with something she had to write; it was about ten pages with an “A” plus, and my mine came back with a minus “C” with a red “Lazy” written across it. School—we had to go to school—and well you get my point about not studying or whatever ’cause we’re there to have fun.

I had one unit short of graduating when the war ended. I was seventeen by then, but I was a naïve kid; I didn’t know which way was up. Being in camp wasn’t a hardship. The transition to living at Amache and in a rural area was no problem. Basically my parents, the first generation, they had all the hardship. But for a kid like me it was like prolonged summer camp. It was gonna be fun for somebody my age. A fun place to go.
The Boy Scouts

Minoru Tonai

We had a Boy Scout group in Amache. Near the end of camp, boys my age and older liked to dance. So the girls’ club would invite us. There were these two clubs and so we would go dancing and have a great time. One day I said, “You know, we’ve been getting invited to dances by these two clubs. We have enough guys that dance now, let’s sponsor a dance and invite these two clubs.” Everyone said, “That’s great. Let’s do that.”

The rule for the dance was you’re going to go down and pick up the girl from her barrack, bring her to the dance, and then when the dance is over you take her home. You don’t have to have the last dance with her. So all the guys wanted to take the pretty girls. I said, “Stop, that’s not going to work. That’s not good.” So I said, “Alright. We’re gonna go by height.” We put all the guys by height and all the girls by height and we matched them off. And there was this one girl and nobody wanted to take her. She had no personality at all. Very shy. And besides that she was a little plumb and you know all the other attributes that boys didn’t want. So I said, “Ok, I’ll take her.” I took her to the dance and took her home. She really appreciated that. She knew that she was not very popular. Years later she became a very well known singer, and when I saw her one time performing, I went to see if she remembered me. She said, “Hi, Min.” She was very kind to me. I think she remembers that I was kind to her.

The Band

Minoru Tonai

Mr. Uragami was a commissioner, and he would do all kinds of stuff to get us privilege to do things. The Boy Scout troop that he was involved with before the war had their bugle equipment, and he got the government to pay for bringing it out of storage and to our camp—so we had a bugle choir. I played the snare drums. We used to play at all the occasions at camp. We were terrible. We made a lot of noise. We used to see the guys off when they went to the army. They would go to Granada to get on the train there, and it was
Oral History

like four in the morning and we would leave camp, get up there, and play. Mr. Uragami would tell us to play as loud as we can. I’d think, “Gee, we’ll wake up the people in Granada. They’ll be mad at us.” I didn’t realize what the purpose was. The purpose was to tell the people of Granada: we are sending our sons to the army also.

After Amache: Prejudice and Reparations

_The exclusion of Japanese residents from the West Coast of the U.S. was lifted on January 2, 1945. The War Relocation Authority announced that the internment camps would be closed by the end of 1945._

_On August 10, 1988, President Ronald Reagan signed the Civil Liberties Act of 1988, giving redress of $20,000 and an apology to every surviving Japanese individual who was incarcerated during World War II._

Alyce Yamasaki Sugiyama

I don’t think there’s any amount of money that could compensate. You’re taking a person’s freedom away, and for me it was, I’d say, pretty devastating to know you’re not free to leave beyond these gates, beyond the barbed wire fence and you think, “What did I do wrong?”

Naturally you wished that it had never happened. But I think once it has happened, it has happened and you either learn from it or you don’t. Maybe you try hiding it all the time, but it’s not going to get any better. It will repeat then. The word needs to be out all the time and people need to be aware of what really happened and aware that we, as a country, have flaws.

Rose Taniguchi Fujii

One thing I regret is that my father didn’t receive the reparations because he had passed on. That’s what my Mom was always saying: “Oh, too bad he didn’t get anything ‘cause he suffered the most.” He suffered the most, because he was taken and was deprived of family life until we got together. Like many of our generation, I think that something like this should never happen to future generations.
Robert Uragami

When the camp was going to close, the government took records and gave you 25 bucks and a one-way ticket back from wherever you were picked up. That didn’t bother me ’cause we were going back to Los Angeles and at the time 25 bucks was 25 bucks.

The amount of the reparations was twenty thousand. And at that time you could buy a car at twenty thousand, but here again being a young kid and everything, I didn’t take into account all the things that our parents had lost and that twenty thousand would cover just a portion of that. But by the time they came out, all the Issei, they were dying off. They’d never got the benefit. So that sticks in my mind.

Minoru Tonai

I was glad to leave camp. But I was also apprehensive. How will people treat me? Are they going to be very prejudiced? Will they say things to me? How will people treat me in school? I didn’t know. So when I went to school, I was very apprehensive. The day I arrived, they told me where my homeroom was. So I walked into that homeroom and the teacher said, “I want you to meet Minoru Tonai.” One guy, one burly guy, runs up from the back of the room and hugs me. I didn’t know who he was! He said, “I’m Bill.” I said, “Bill?” He was a small guy I knew in junior high school. Some guys wanted to pick on him, wanted to beat him up. I happened to be the star of the basketball team. So when they started picking on Bill, I said, “Stop, stop. Bill’s ok. Just leave him alone.” And they stopped, and Bill couldn’t forget that, never forgot that. So when I was up there, he suddenly rushed up to the front. I didn’t know who it was. I thought I was gonna get beat up, but it was like, oh, I’m safe now. He was a star of the football team then. And if he liked me then other people are gonna like me, right? So that’s how it happened. But you still have this behind you, that people are still prejudiced, ’cause you see it all the time.

You know, every day at camp we had to say the pledge of allegiance in class. Every day. You know the pledge of allegiance says “and justice for all.” What justice? We were in camp. We were behind barbed wire fences.
Frances Palmer
I have no animosity toward the federal government. I think what happened is that it’s my parents’ generation—the ones that were born here, who were in their 20s and 30s in the 1940s—they had the hardest adjustment. They were born here, yet because of their race they were treated less than a U.S. citizen. That really is an atrocity.

That generation said, never again. So if anything, that was good. It was a lesson learned. I think that other people have benefitted from our experience. As to the reparations, most of the people said, “It’s too late” because the people who really got hurt were my grandparents and they’re dead. Those who were younger, we went along with our lives, but we appreciate the gesture and the acknowledgement of the wrong committed by the government.

Marie Sugiyama
My family used to talk about things that happened in camp. What was really interesting was, my sister Eva, when she was in camp she had this embroidery done, and ten different people did the embroidery. It wasn’t beautiful, but it said, “With liberty and justice for all.” It was in my mother’s trunk for years and years. My sister really felt like there was an injustice, but she didn’t talk about it that way. They talked about camp, but they didn’t talk about it that way. They talked about how cold it was. They talked about how there was no ceiling. They talked about how they had gang showers, and how they were shy so they’d go take their showers in the middle of the night and those kinds of things.

I knew that we were forced to go to camp, but I didn’t realize it until later when I got older. I said, “You know, that was against all the civil rights of all of us.” After learning about the internment, I really feel like it was hysteria—war hysteria. I think the most important thing was the apology.

I don’t think any amount of money could compensate for what happened. The civil rights of all the Japanese were taken away. The only reason they were in prison was because of their ethnic background. They can’t give you enough money for what they took away. It’s not so much the property; I think it’s the mindset of how it affected people. People lost property. We lost a lot. We lost money in the move. But we were lucky because we came back
to Sonoma County. No one lost their property in Sonoma County because people in the greater community took care of the property and paid the taxes. When we came back from camp, they gave the property back. I know one girl whose family came back, and the family that was living in their house had a bag of groceries waiting for them and their dog was there and all that.

One last thing: I remember my father really getting mad about the politics that happened, but he would tell us, “You know what, you can’t dwell in that place. You can’t do anything about what happened before, so move on with your life.” I thought that was a great philosophy.
I SIT ON THE QUIET, EMPTY TRAIN CAR, drink a small cup of espresso offered to me by a train attendant and stare out the window. I begin moving into a world of memory, though it is new to me. The world I am about to enter, this place called Slovenia, was a memory of Jay’s, a memory called Yugoslavia. He lived for a year in a city called Ljubljana, the capital of Slovenia, a city of poets, and I picture a place where he sat in churches and dreamt about a girl he loved who didn’t love him back. She had red hair and freckles like I did, but I was only ten back then, back then when my husband was seventeen, writing poems and in love with the Celtic-looking Slovenian girl.

As I sit on the train, I anticipate a movement forward into my altered life, a life without Jay and a movement backward into a time and place where he loved and breathed and anticipated what his life would be. In this place called Slovenia, maybe my foot will fall upon a sidewalk where he stood, gazing at the road before him, wondering if someday a girl would love him back.

“Koroška Bela,” says the sign when the train enters Slovenia. And then I see it. I see what Jay saw, what he loved, what made him a poet. The romantic outlines of an unkempt abandoned shed, a wild meadow full of plants that do as they please, so different from the stark, clean orderly lines of Austria. I see the hardened world of steel spread across a valley of worn-out ash trees in the undergrowth of the Karavanke Mountain Range, desolate and alluring at once.

Rail station after rail station. I think of our first date. He asked me if I liked borscht. I said yes and he brought some to my post-divorce, single-mom apartment over a soap shop in Vermont, my daughters away for the weekend. He smiled and impressed me with some Slovene words he had learned long ago and we watched Doctor Zhivago in its entirety. After hours of lonely frozen Russia, I put my head on his shoulder. That was the night he told me about the red-haired girl and his life in Yugoslavia. I wished that I had been that girl, that I had known him when we were young.
“I would have loved you,” I said.

And then, I did.

I have left my bedroom. Andric’s The Bridge On the Drina sits on our bedside table at home, the last book Jay was reading. His glasses on top of it. But I have traveled far from our bed, far from our life. The train pulls into Ljubljana and I walk to the center of the city, to a statue erected in honor of the national poet, Preseren. I stand in the shimmered linden tree shade, eclipsing reason, pushing me forward. The mantra in my head: Where are you? Where are you?

I imagine myself curled up into him, walking the streets of a literary city, trying to catch his breath in the hot air of summer. The light, obscured but present, moves across the sky over the Tromostovje Bridge. A piece of Jay’s past and my future, together. Like the train through the Alps, which jerks us back a little each time it starts to go, before we can move forward.
de guerre Nystad
JON LOOKED ON HIS DAD’S wall calendar and counted five days until the fair opened. The date, circled in red, gave him an anxious, sick feeling in his gut. He wondered if he had made enough inventory to justify the $300 booth fee. It wasn’t just that. He’d also underestimated how much it would cost to outfit a booth. He’d planned to borrow the folding tables and a tent canopy, but ended up putting them on his Home Depot card. He pulled his iphone from his shirt pocket and checked his bank account again. Damn, he was cuttin’ it close. He leaned over his dad’s workbench and scratched numbers on a yellow legal pad. He’d only painted 45 of the cedar cookies, but he could do more if he needed to. He planned to sell each one for thirty dollars. The math didn’t look as good as he hoped—one thousand three hundred and fifty gross if he sold them all.

The garage door roared to life and his dad walked through with copper tube thrown over his shoulders like a deer. “What you figurin’?”

“How much I can make selling my dartboards. After expenses I’ll probably clear about nine hundred. That’s if I can sell them for thirty. Who knows how they’ll go, but I got to have more for first, last and the deposit.”

Bill threw the pipe in the corner. “Damn it’s hot as hell.” He pulled a rag from his back pocket and used it to wipe his face and head. “Runt’s makin’ you pay last too?”

“Yeah. Says that’s the way they do it in Wichita. But said he’d throw in use of a washer and dryer for free.”

“Yeah, I know Runt. Probably found them in some dumpster somewhere.”

Bill picked up one of the boards and squeezed it like a melon. “I’d give thirty for it.” He chuckled and pointed to the dartboard’s one hundred-point center. “Course if Hillary’s face was here, I’d give forty.”

Jon chuckled, but didn’t look up from his numbers.
“No, I mean it. Stick Hillary’s mug on a few and see if it don’t help. Look I’ll show you.” Bill went inside and came back holding the Odette Currier Post. There it was, her face on page two. He cut it out, taped it over the center circle, hung it on the wall, and stepped back.

“Now that’s priceless,” Bill laughed. As he did, foamy spittle shot from his mouth and dripped down his chin. He reached up and smeared it across his dirty cheek with the back of his hand. “Fact, I’ll be your first customer.” He pulled two twenties from his wallet and tossed them on the toolbox. “But you gotta fix it up for me with something better than tape.”

His dad threw money around a lot these days. Business was good. His was about the only one that did better not worse in these times. No matter what he priced a piece, it flew off the shelf in hours not days. Within the last year he’d added another showroom on the back of the building and a new sign out front. Underneath Second Amendment Armory, he surprised Jon by adding his name Bill and Jon Mitchell, proprietors. Bill was used to Jon not saying anything, so he assumed he was thrilled to be a part of the cash cow.

“Remember what I said about splitting the fair booth? That’ll help too. Did you ask Lurlene about selling a few twenty-twins?”

“Richard said you can’t sell guns. It’s against the rules.”

Jon knew where the conversation was heading and didn’t want any part of it. Whatever he said, his dad would bring some merchandise and then get caught. A mad Lurlene wouldn’t be good for business. She’d been calling the shots at the fair for as long as anyone could remember, and people knew just to do it her way.


“No, fair rules, but I didn’t ask to see them or nothing. Richard wouldn’t make it up.”

“No big deal. Let’s just put a sign directing folks out to the shop. I plan to keep open longer hours that weekend.” He walked over to the far wall and grabbed a dart from the plastic board he used to teach Jon to play when he was a kid. He turned and threw it at Hillary’s smiling, grainy face. Instead of connecting with the soft wood, it struck the corrugated wall with a loud,
metallic ring. “You find yourself short, I’ll kick in, although I don’t see why you need your own place.”

“Thanks, but I’ll get it okay.”

“How bout this. How bout I still split the booth rental and do some sign-ups?” he said. “Course, I’ll do a little campaigning too for our guy.”

Trump wasn’t Jon’s guy, but he didn’t feel like making a big deal.

“Let’s don’t bring that in the booth, Dad.”

“Oh, hell, why not? Nobody will be talkin’ about nothin’ else anyway. Finally after eight years the constitution’ll be safe and we can get back to business.”

Jon hesitated. “It’ll piss off Lurlene that you didn’t just get your own booth space. I heard Richard say they’re really trying to get all the Odette businesses involved so it’s not just Blaine. Especially this year ‘cause it’s the fiftieth. I think they are trying to beef up revenue.”

“They’re making enough money. God damn woman needs to know her place. She don’t own the world. Let’s just do it. She want to come by and say something, I’ll set her straight. More than likely she’d be too busy scootin’ around making a show than noticing what we got going.”

He bent over and picked the coil of pipe back up off the ground. “Her dad always had a NRA sticker on his truck. She’ll be fine with it.”

Bill motioned back towards the dartboard. “You know, you could think about addin’ pictures to all of them. Not just her. I could think of a lot of people who’d inspire a good game of darts. Wouldn’t you pay ten extra bucks to have a crack at Obama? Gotta throw those ISIS bastards in there, and those God damn French.”

“No, Mrs. Luzon plans to stop by my booth.”

“Well at least those North Korean sons-a-bitches. What’s that fat fuck’s name?”

“Maybe Osama Bin Laden?” Jon said as he threw the yellow pad back in his duffle bag and headed out the door towards his Chevy. “Gotta go. Doug needs me early.”

“Naw, he’s dead and buried. No need to bring him back,” Bill said following him out the door. “Remember I’ll need a table and chair. That’s it.”
Jon felt his jaw clench. His back was turned so Bill didn’t notice. Probably wouldn’t have anyway.

“See ya dad.”

All the way into town Jon tried to figure out why he didn’t want his dad in the booth. Was it the constant politics? The election was all anyone seemed to talk about. Jon voted the way he was supposed to and knew who was honest and who wasn’t, but he just didn’t care like everyone else did. Maybe his dad had a point. If putting Hillary or Obama’s face on a board earned him an extra ten bucks, he’d do it.

The next day Jon worked a short shift at the plant. On the way home he stopped by the library to make copies of Hillary’s photo and find a few others. He flipped through magazine pages until he found Obama, Kim Jong-un, and logos for ISIS and the Missouri Tigers. *This oughta do it.* He stood next to the Xerox holding a stack of warm copies, wondering if he’d done enough. *What else do people around here hate?* The obvious answer appeared in his mind in black, gothic letters. He sat down at the nearest computer, opened a new Word document, and inserted a three-inch circle. Then he typed A-B-O-R-T-I-O-N along the diameter. He copied the image until it filled the entire page. He repeated the process for G-U-N-C-O-N-T-R-O-L, but printed three sheets instead of one. It turned out so well, he was sure his dad would stock them in the shop.

“What you got going on today?” said a voice behind him. Jon turned and saw Brit Gonzalez standing inches away, hand on one hip. She wore cutoffs so short her pockets hung down below the fraying fabric. His cheeks burned, and he turned back to the screen. He didn’t want her to see the effect she had on him, how with a word she could make the tips of his ears glow crimson. He thanked God he hadn’t gotten around to trimming his shaggy, brown curls.

“Fair stuff,” he said, but when he did, his voice came out scratchy, like he hadn’t used it all day.

“What kinda fair stuff? You showing stock?”

“Naw, gotta booth selling dartboards. I figured your dad would have mentioned it. Richard is the one who talked me into it and helped me get squared away for the lottery.”
“Oh, you think we sit around and talk about you at the dinner table?”
He turned back towards her. She pushed a thick piece of brown hair
behind her ear. Jon noticed the black birthmark over her left eye, a constant
distraction to him during senior English. He remembered the last time he saw
it up close. The memory made his throat feel dry and hard like a stone.
“You always wear jeans and belt buckles, even in summer when it’s
this hot?”
Jon turned away. Of course she mentioned the belt buckle on purpose.
Maybe she was just remembering, or maybe she was letting him know she
knew what really happened. He wasn’t going to bite, and he wasn’t going to
tell Brit that she was also the reason he wore jeans year-round, ever since she
called him “stork legs” at that seventh grade pool party.
“Oh, so you’re gonna ignore me like usual?”
“I’m not ignoring you. I’m just busy.”
She reached out, pinched one of his shaggy curls and twirled it around
her index finger. “So you coming to burnout?”
“Don’t I usually come out?”
“Who would know the way you keep to yourself.”
“I got a job. Don’t any of your group work?”
Brit dropped his hair and sat down. “So did you hear Lurlene’s lifting
prohibition? Show an ID and buy a wristband at the door for ten bucks. Then
you get to walk around with your drink.”
“What good’s that gonna do us?”
“I don’t know. Maybe it’ll keep some of the old creeps from showing
up so early. Course they’ll all come over after the gates close, like always. You
shouldn’t get to come to burnout if you’re over thirty. They got Corner Tap.”
Jon went every night of the fair since he was fourteen, same as most
of the Odette kids. No one knew who owned the pecan grove across from the
fairgrounds where everyone pitched their tents and partied from Friday night
through Sunday. No one knew, and no one asked. Even the cops looked the
other way. Figured it was better than having the kids driving drunk back and
forth to the lake. Instead of drinking the boo-goo juice, he always brought
along his own twelve-pack of PBR. He couldn’t have choked down the conco-
cotion of cheap wine, liquor and cough syrup if he’d wanted to. He preferred
to set up camp on the fringe and watch. But every year that got farther away from the center fire-pit. If burnout got much bigger, they’d be pitching tents down the midway.

“Well, I guess I’ll see you there,” she said with a wink. “See ya Jon-Jon.”

She turned and walked towards the exit. As the automatic doors opened her hand appeared over her right shoulder and waved back at him. Her head never turned. She knew his eyes would stay on her, and he hated being so damn predictable. But he couldn’t help it. He stared into the neon, geometric screensaver and remembered graduation night, the good part before he ruined everything. The good part when he first crawled into Brit’s two-man tent pitched feet away from the fire pit, just a smoldering pile of ashes and beer tabs by that time of night. It was too dark to see, but she found his hand and slid it up her t-shirt. His hand felt a soft, warm breast. She kissed him so hard his other arm buckled. She used her body to press him into the canvas floor. Gravel dug into his shoulder blade. He thought about adjusting himself, but the way her nipple hardened in his hand made him forget the pain. She grabbed at his belt buckle and pulled, but the latch wouldn’t give. At the moment it finally came, so did he. Brit didn’t notice the tremor that surged through his arms and legs, or the way he squeezed his lips together to prevent any sound from betraying his humiliation.

He said he had to go because they didn’t have protection. He said it was because he respected her too much. Maybe he’d finally get another chance under one of the pecan trees during fair. Funny, but the idea didn’t excite him like he thought it would.

Jon put Brit out of his mind and drove home. If he hurried, he’d have about two hours in the garage to finish before his dad came home with the guns. Evenings always went like that—the two of them sitting on the torn, brown couch, eating off TV trays, cleaning rifles and pistols used at the shop’s shooting range, watching Fox News or DVR recordings of Bill’s favorite shows, Duck Dynasty, Gator Boys, or the Merton car auction. Same thing every night.

He found the cardboard box labeled “scrapbooking” shoved behind a pail of nails on the top shelf of the laundry room. The word was faded, but the black ink still swirled and danced like it was set to music. He loved his mother’s writing. He thought of her letters carved in the dirt at Odette Lake Beach.
When he was little, they’d each find a stick and use it to play Hangman, except his mom insisted they call the game “Apple Tree.” They’d lie on their towels pretending the dirt was sand, pretending the lake was the French Riviera. The clues always began with the same two words: I wish. Whatever words followed would come true if you could guess in time, before each branch filled with apples. He’d sit beside her and trace the grooves with the tip of his finger. He found himself doing the same thing now, following the curves of the capitol S as though it held a message for him after all these years.

The clock in the living room struck four, and he remembered his purpose. When he opened the box, the smell of paper and glue struck him, irritating his eyes. He loved and hated how smells could sneak up on you like that. He reached up and wiped away the memory with the back of his hand. He dug his hand under paper, ribbon and tubes of dried-up paint before he felt the soft, velvet Crown Royal bag where his mother kept her collection of metal paper punches. When he was young, the rich, velvet purple draw-string bag made the contents seem like treasure. He felt the same impulse now, removing the contents one-by-one. The last one was the largest, producing a circle with a three-inch diameter, perfect for covering the one-hundred-point center.

Jon got the idea to make dartboards from his mother. He was only about five or six, but he still remembered when she picked up one of the wood discs from the front yard after his dad and uncle felled that dying tree. He followed her into the garage and watched her stain circles on it starting at the outer edge and working her way in to a solid center. She dabbed a thin brush in black paint and wrote points on each band of color—10, 25, 50, 75, all the way to a 100-point bulls eye.

“For Granddad’s birthday,” she said holding it up in the air. After Granddad died, his mother took it off his wall and hung it in their small, blue kitchen. After she died, Jon moved it into his bedroom at the end of the dim, beige hallway.
THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXCERPT from a longer project on Theodore Roosevelt and American expansion in the early twentieth century. This scene takes place in 1895. Roosevelt is the President of the Board of Commissioners of the New York City Police Department. His brother, Elliot Roosevelt, has returned from an extended stay in India, and enters the family home in the middle of the night.

INT. DAY - SAGAMORE HILL

Elliot enters through the front door. The hall is dark.

ELLIO T
Theodore! Theodore! Where are you?

Roosevelt runs to the bannister in robe and pajamas.

ROOSEVELT
Elliot? What are you doing here?

ELLIO T
I’ve returned, brother. The prodigal son returns.

ROOSEVELT
You’re drunk.
ELLiot
I am. I have fed on honeydew and drunk the milk of paradise. I have much to tell you of the east.

ROosevelt
Be quiet, you fool! The children are asleep.

ELLiot
Come down here, brother. Share a drink with me. A toast to the United States. It’s so very good to be home.

ROosevelt
I’ll do no such thing.

Roosevelt descends the stairs.

ROosevelt
You must stop this behavior at once. I had heard word from Corrine about the state of you, but to see it with my own eyes...

Roosevelt pushes Elliot toward the kitchen.

ELLiot
You sound just like father.

ROosevelt
There are worse men to emulate.

Roosevelt grabs a glass from a cabinet. He fills the glass at the sink.

    ELLIOT
    Ha.

Roosevelt turns, looking over his shoulder.

    ROOSEVELT
    What was that?

    ELLIOT
    You always did buy into his shit.

    ROOSEVELT
    I don’t want to hear you when you’re like this. Drink this water, help yourself to anything that you like, and get some rest.

Roosevelt hands the glass to Elliot and turns to leave.

    ELLIOT
    He was a coward.

Roosevelt turns back to him.

    ROOSEVELT
    What did you say?

    ELLIOT
    I said he was a coward.
ROOSEVELT
He was not!

ELLiot
He was. He sat comfy and warm in that armchair just over yonder while men died in his place in the South. Don’t pretend it isn’t true.

ROOSEVELT
Take it back.

ELLiot
I won’t.

ROOSEVELT
You know as well as I do that it was mother. She wouldn’t let him go.

ELLiot
A convenient excuse.

ROOSEVELT
Say that again and I’ll lay you out.

ELLiot
Coward.

Roosevelt punches Elliot in the face. He falls to the ground.

ELLiot
Very good, Theodore. Very good.
Quite a punch you have.

Elliot stands and winds up a haymaker. He swings and flies by Roosevelt.

ELLIOT
We aren’t children anymore,
Theodore. I’m not afraid of you.

(rights himself)
I hunted tigers in India. Tigers!
Have you ever seen the flashing of
a tiger’s eyes. Heard the rumble of
its growl. I have.

He takes another swing. Roosevelt dodges and puts him in a headlock.

ROOSEVELT
Be quiet. You must calm down.

ELLIOT
While you sat here in your mansion
I explored the jungles. I slew
great beasts. You are nothing to
me.

Roosevelt tightens his grip. Elliot wheezes.

ELLIOT
I remember as a child you were
always so sick. Poor, poor
Theodore. Everyone always doting on
you.
ROOSEVELT
Be quiet, Elliot. You’re embarrassing yourself.

ELLIOT
She used to carry you around like a little doll.

ROOSEVELT
Shut up.

ELLIOT
Theodore, the little doll. The little doll that dreamt of being a man. Ha!

ROOSEVELT
Shut up! Shut up!

ELLIOT
You can try to hide what you are, Theodore. But I’ll always know. I’ll always remember.

ROOSEVELT
I’ve had enough. You aren’t welcome here. Leave at once. I will have your things sent along.

Roosevelt releases Elliot. He pushes him in the direction of the door.
ELLiot
Good. I’m sick of you and your hospitality. And I’m taking your booze.

Elliot storms out.
They’re not allowed to smoke inside
so they come here, and I watch and listen.
‘Professor Martin is a jerk,’ she says.
Milburn overhears and laughs.

They sit down. I start to feel her body heat. I like it.
Heat and cold are all the same to me; I was made
for both. But body heat is all I know of feeling.
The wind, rain, sleet, snow are mere vibrations.

‘I hate Ode, the fever and the fret,
his obsession with dying. Die with dignity, I say.
Go quietly. Man that is born of a woman is of few days.
Days full of trouble, and full of you if I’m lucky.’

‘Or unlucky! I like Ode, the fruit tree wild,
fast-fading violets, and yes, the fever and fret.
He’s not obsessed with dying; he’s dying.
He describes suffering
and the beauty of his garden so vividly
that we’re forced to confront a paradox:
the world is so beautiful, yet the world is so cruel.
Keats is heavy. You’re heavy.’

She stubs out, trying not to smile.
Milburn, half watching, shuts his book and holds it
for a moment as if in prayer. They leave quietly.
When no-one comes I talk to myself or to the slabs that are near me. We are as one, slabs and benches, born to watch and listen. We were made to be still. You were made to come and go, according to the rules.
de guerre Nystad
RECONCILING THE OBJECTIVE AND
SUBJECTIVE

Demanding space for the forgotten

*The performance art and grotesque aesthetic of Ana Mendieta*

Maisea Bailey

Thirty Years Later

ON SEPTEMBER 8, 1985 THE LATINA BODY of a female Cuban-American artist fell 34 floors onto the roof of a deli in New York.¹ Now more than thirty years after this controversial death of the artist, Ana Mendieta, I ask, why does this story still matter? In September of 2016, when a group of protesters stood outside of Berlin’s modern art museum, Hamburger Bahnhof, with linked red-painted hands and a white sheet showing a blood red silhouette, directly referencing Mendieta’s artwork, the world was once again reminded of Mendieta’s importance.² Through her art, Mendieta demanded the spectator to acknowledge the ugly and inconvenient truths of the world, while bringing to the forefront those stories that had been swept to the wayside and forgotten. When we are told the facts of Mendieta’s own life and when we see the symbolic actions made in her name by protesters, we are not only reminded of Mendieta’s forgotten importance, but also the importance of the other stories she brought forward, the stories she commanded her spectator to acknowledge through her art and its defining grotesque aesthetic.

Displacement

In 1961, at the age of twelve, Ana Mendieta arrived in the United States as a political refugee from her native country of Cuba through the government sponsored program, Operation Pedro Pan, “[…] designed to provide escape
from the social and political unrest caused by the events surrounding the Cuban Revolution,” specifically the Communist regime of Fidel Castro.³

Mendieta’s experience of living in exile within the U.S. made her aware of her intersectional identity as woman of color and displaced foreign refugee. In Cuba, Ana Mendieta had been considered white-Cuban and was born into a prominent, well to do family, but in the U.S. she became Other through awareness of her race and class as a Latina woman who was now growing up in the foster care system.⁴ This growing awareness led Mendieta into an identity crisis that Laetitia Alvarado has broken down through use of the terminology “marked” vs. “unmarked” by claiming Mendieta as “suddenly marked” when living in exile in the U.S.⁵ Such a description assumes a measurability of racialization that is site specific and relies on an antagonizing notion of Other, relating directly to Hortense Spillers idea of the locality of racism described as, “the toxicity of looks as quantifiable measure and as an example of the intersection of gender, race, and skin color.”⁶

Definition of Self: Object or Subject?

Mendieta’s artwork has typically been read as either essentialist feminist or as a more personal exilic art in which Mendieta is trying to work through her identity and find cultural grounding.⁷ In this paper, I will argue that both of these readings of Mendieta’s artistic style are simultaneously accurate and inseparable. Mendieta’s art undergoes a political transformation as the artist’s use of her own body becomes increasingly metaphorical throughout the evolution of her work. Mendieta explores representations of the female condition in her artwork, focusing upon the physicality of the female body as object, while simultaneously referring to questions of subjective identity when using the act of creating, or performing, art as a process of working through self-crisis within a broader visual dialogue of identity politics.

I argue that while Mendieta’s earliest performance work shows the use of her body as epitomizing the role of a more American feminist essentialist object, placing her work into a second wave canon as she attempted to assimilate to the U.S., the later use of her body becomes more metaphorical and subjective through her individual self-identity. This later work reflects a
progression toward a third wave feminist understanding where, although still essentialist, is more in line with her intersectional identity and shows better compromise of Cuban and American self.

When reading the overall oeuvre of Ana Mendieta, one must consider art historian Linda Nochlin’s notion of “exhilarating exile,” understood as a heightened awareness of cultural difference that inspires creativity for artists who are living and working in exile.

It has been argued that artists living in exile found their new home countries to offer a place where they could reinvent themselves and express their creativity and individualism outside of their more conservative and traditional home countries.

**Between the Artist and Spectator**

Hans Breder, the University of Iowa Multimedia Program founder, where Mendieta studied, writes,

> [...] Intermedia engages the spectator as participant. It is collaborative, conceptually grounded, performative, ritualistic, site-specific. It exists in liminal space where the interplay of two or more media propagate new ideas, new forms, new ways of seeing and being.

Through her performance art, and considering this definition of multimedia art, Ana Mendieta initiates a social conversation by calling for the spectator to witness controversial scenarios that lead each one of them to question their cultural and/or social ideals by employing these “new ways of seeing and being.” She accomplishes this moment of flux through the use of the grotesque aesthetic that commands the spectator’s attention and ultimately their participation.

Curator Robert Storr, has argued, “The grotesque reverses the normal order of things, makes the familiar strange, and calls into question long-held truths about the world, the body, and human beings.” Typical of most definitions given to this aesthetic, the grotesque includes a social and ethical responsibility with “[...] the presence of truths which it cannot wholly grasp [...] left for each ‘beholder to work out’.” The grotesque aesthetics in this
sense creates an abject “[...] challenge [to] accepted conventions both social and aesthetic, this strand makes visual what is most threatening, inspiring fear and repulsion as it tears at the ultimate boundary between self and oblivion.”

The grotesque aesthetic causes a level of ambiguity that triggers a sort of crisis or conflict within the spectator, a visceral reaction. In 1969, Robert Doty wrote,

*The grotesque threatens the foundations of existence through the subversion of order and the treacherous reversal of familiar and hostile [...] it is a direct and forceful means of exposing man to man, and man to himself.*

The spectator’s role is crucial to this definition of grotesque as the aesthetic demands a gaze and reaction to the original grotesque action created by the artist or performer. Charles Merewether describes Mendieta’s early artworks as having, “demanded that the public become an audience and bear witness to an event about which they had no knowledge.”

**Gender and Beauty**

When using the female body as subject, it is important to be aware of the tradition that has accompanied the history of art and how male artists have predominantly used the female body as object. It can be argued that it was necessary for Mendieta to use the grotesque aesthetic at the time Ana Mendieta was creating her works in order for the female body to not become sexualized or misunderstood as an object of beauty. In a 1976 article, art critic Lucy Lippard, warns women against self-exploitation with use of their own body in artwork by stating,

*When women use their own faces and bodies they are immediately accused of narcissism [...] Because women are considered sex objects, it is taken for granted that any woman who presents her nude body in public is doing so because she thinks she is beautiful.*

In 1972, during one of Ana Mendieta’s earliest documented performances, Morty Sklar shaved his beard while Mendieta transferred the trimmed facial
hair to her own face, creating the appearance of naturalistic facial hair on her
gender. During the performance, Mendieta symbolically transformed
herself into a man by playing with visual gender expectations. While Sklar, a
man, could remove his facial hair
and still remain visually “male,” Mendieta could not add facial
hair to her body and remain visu-
ally “female,” or at least visually
pure “female.” The addition of
facial hair immediately places the
female body in flux as either flow-
ing between gender identities or
crossing-over entirely. Mendieta’s
performed nonconforming gen-
der identity causes the spectator
discomfort and becomes her gro-
tesque aesthetic as the identity re-
mains up for debate.

Similarly, Mendieta’s series Untitled (Facial Cosmetic Transforma-
tions), created between 1972 and 1973, critiques social and cultural expec-
tations of beauty (fig. 1, top right). In this series, Mendieta manipulates her
physical appearance by using tools, such as make-up, wigs, and stockings that
allow her to perform multiple altered visual identities. The grotesque aes-
thetic comes through with the confusion and crisis of identity that is created
when considering her altered appearance through the misuse of traditionally
acceptable tools.

The most unique of these appearances, and also the most controver-
sial of these appearances was created by using stockings in a subverted fash-
on. Although traditionally worn as a skin covering, Mendieta uses the stock-
ing in a unique location as a facial skin covering. The superimposition of the
coloring of the stocking with her natural skin tone makes her complexion
appear much darker, while also flattening her features by virtue of the com-
pression operated by the elasticity of the materials. Her complexion therefore
appears scarred with runs that are present in the stocking. Such markings do
not only bring about a conflict of beauty, but more importantly a conflict of racial beauty by playing with visual expectations as related to racial stigma.\textsuperscript{18}

The Racialized Self

In Ana Mendieta’s series of \textit{Glass on Body Imprints} from 1972, she photographs her own face in different expressions and manipulations by pressing her features against a sheet of plexiglass. Mendieta’s body parts become violently distorted, which critics have said, creates an ambiguous \textit{Other}.\textsuperscript{19} When her gaze looks directly into the camera and meets the spectator’s gaze, it leaves an uneasiness for the spectator, again, speaking directly to the definition of the grotesque aesthetic. This performance comments on the process of racialization when she exaggerates certain features through the use of tools, and makes a statement about gendered violence through the violent act of the performance itself. Mendieta is exaggerating the racialization of her body by heightening those features that play to “[...] popular notions of what being a person of color in the United States ‘looks like.’”\textsuperscript{20} This description relies on location specific stereotypes of what race looks like “[...] and artificial understanding of what we understand by ‘black.’”\textsuperscript{21}

Toward a Deeper Grotesque

In 1973, Mendieta introduced a new performance series dealing with rape and other forms of sexual violence. During this series, Mendieta’s grotesque aesthetic is taken beyond a point of unease or awkwardness to a point of violence and horror that tests the spectator’s role and reaction as they unwittingly become witness.\textsuperscript{22}

\[
[...]\text{when a young student at the University of Iowa was found murdered after having been brutally raped }[...]\text{I started doing performances as well as placing objects and installations in public space in order to bring attention to this crime and all sexual violence.}\textsuperscript{23}
\]

Ana Mendieta explains her motivation for this series as, “to bring attention.” She is re-enacting both specific and generic scenes of rape and sexual violence. These performances give a voice – a space – to all of those victims who were
either forgotten or not able to speak up for themselves. With the use of her own self to perform the role of victim, Mendieta turns the material of her female body back into an object. Arlene Raven describes this object of the female body present in these performance scenes as, “[...] invisible, anonymous, interchangeable, untouchable, whose name we don’t know and whose suffering we have never truly heard.”

The grotesque of these scenes is created with violence and disgust. When Ana Mendieta conducted *Rape Scene* in 1973, spectators unexpectedly and unwittingly became eye-witnesses to a violent crime scene (fig. 2, at right). At this point, there is no option for the now witness to remain solely spectator, as they are forced to navigate the response to such distressful shock. As Mendieta did not prepare her spectators by informing them of what to expect, the previously unassuming audience now has to reconcile the conflict and decide whether what they have been thrown into is in fact a performance or an actual crime scene that requires action to be taken. It evokes a visceral reaction of crisis between empathy and rage for the spectator.

With these images of the documented performance, Mendieta brings forward yet another constructed code of identity politics, that of the *rapeable* being, the essential female victim. Alvarado reads the documented scene “[...] by the bondage of her wrist with rope, echoing a lashing or lynch scene [...].” (fig. 3, at left).
Mendieta is creating such controversial visual dialogue in order to bring forward that which she hopes to change. In an undated journal she writes, “‘ver en calma un crimen es cometerlo’ (to calmly observe a crime is to commit it).”

*Rape Scene collapses the private and public realms and points to the culture of silence around the mistreatment of women that the audience then itself replicates through its (our) ‘wonder gaze,’ thereby indicting fine art culture and its role in societal violence.*

In a heightened, essentialist statement, Ana Mendieta’s friend Carolee Schneemann states,

* [...] the violence against women relates to the whole patriarchal sense of violence against the natural world, and the resistance to gendered integrations, and of course Judeo-Christian traditions had prescribed the denial of sexuality as a source of wisdom and knowledge and the silencing of women’s experience.*

**Beyond the Second Wave**

In her critique of second wave feminism, Ana Mendieta referred to it as, “basically a white middle class movement.” In 1980 she helped curate an exhibition titled, “The Dialectics of Isolation: An Exhibition of Third World Women Artists,” at the A.I.R Gallery in New York, the first all-female cooperative gallery in the U.S. In her curatorial statement for the exhibition Mendieta asked the question, “Do we exist?” and continued by saying, “During the mid to late sixties as women in the United States politicized themselves and came together in the Feminist Movement with the purpose to end the domination and exploitation by the white male culture, they failed to remember us.”

Ana Mendieta’s involvement with A.I.R. reflects her continual search for a sense of community after the displacement from her homeland as a child. However, she grew critical of A.I.R. for “[...] not [being] as politically motivated or as diverse as she would have liked.” As Mendieta acknowledges
the limits of American second wave feminism, “we see that her aesthetic practice was deeply committed to thinking race, identity, gender, and class as intersecting projects whose constitution indicates practices and relations of power that get concretized in what we understand as ‘identities.’” During the 1970s Mendieta grew increasingly less involved with the A.I.R. gallery as she began frequent travel between New York and the Latin American world.

In a drafted artist statement from 1978, Ana Mendieta writes,

[...] For the past five years I have been working out in nature, exploring the relationship between myself, the earth, and art. Using my body as reference in the creation of the works, I am able to transcend myself in a voluntary submersion and total identification with nature. Through my art, I want to express the immediacy of life and the eternity of nature.36

Then approximately five years later, Mendieta refers to the importance of an earth-body relationship within her own understanding of identity,

For the last twelve years I have been carrying on a dialogue between the landscape and the female body. Having been torn from my homeland (Cuba) during my adolescence, I am overwhelmed by the feeling of having been cast out from the womb (Nature) [...] It is a return to the maternal source [...] These obsessive acts of reasserting my ties with the earth are really a manifestation of my thirst for being. In essence my works are the reactivation of primeval beliefs within the human psyche.37

Mendieta’s earth-body works from her Silueta series showcase this hybridized understanding between earth and ritual. Referring back to the definition of intermedia as explained by Hans Breder, this series of performance art is exceedingly site-specific with inherent temporality, becoming ritualistic. Mendieta employs her definition of the earth – of land, and nature – as a mother figure, in which she is able to re-ground her identity through a connection and celebration of earth.38 From this understanding of her artwork, Mendieta
Cultural Studies defines a more intersectional feminist identity. The use of her body becomes purely metaphorical and subjective as silhouette rather than active, objective actor. Through use of materials such as blood, fire, wood and earth, Mendieta creates a connection with Santeria, a Afro-Cuban religion, as sign of wanting to find a connection with her Cuban homeland, even though she was raised by a Catholic family.39

Mendieta’s grotesque aesthetic continues in the visually ambiguous nature of her Silueta series. Jose Munoz writes, “All these *siluetas* resemble a rough outline of something that was once present and is now absent or entombed but nonetheless unconcealed and lingering, like a visual echo.”40 Munoz reads Mendieta’s *siluetas* as a performance of her “brownness.”41 This reading would place this series in line with her previous works that critique traditions of dispossessing people based on a visual code, however it is a more specific critique of “[...] the histories of violence against women and the imperial subjection of Caribbean people.”42 Such a critique reconstructs Mendieta’s relation to her homeland and to Cuban people.

In 1980 Ana Mendieta travelled back to Cuba for the first time and became a bridge for the 1980s Cuban generation with the outside world.43 By becoming involved with the Cuban Cultural Circle and traveling several more times between the U.S. and Cuba in those final years of her life, Mendieta was able to reconcile her multiple identities and continual search for homeland.44 Cuban curator, Elvis Fuentes, declared,

Her ability to appropriate and synthesize aspects of Land Art, Body Art, and Feminism turned her into a kind of ‘compendium’ of the various experimental trends of the period. Hence, when she visited Cuba, Mendieta became a catalyst for young creators who were eager to try out new means of expression.45

Tania Bruguera, another Cuban artist living and working in the U.S., described Ana Mendieta as, “a bridge between people leaving the island and those staying,” as well as a role-model for Cuban artists.46

**Where is Ana Mendieta?**

Since the tragic death of Ana Mendieta in 1985, the question has remained, *Where is Ana Mendieta?* Just as she became a cultural bridge in those final years
of her life, so has Mendieta’s legacy in the years since her death. Her legacy can be seen in the political performance art that continues with contemporary artists, such as Tania Bruguera, who has paid homage to Mendieta since her earliest series of performance art in which she re-enacted Mendieta’s works, as well as in the political demonstrations made in Ana Mendieta’s name by protestor groups around the world.

This legacy is a mirror for Mendieta’s own hope of bringing forward the stories of the forgotten. The story of Mendieta and her art become increasingly relevant to conversations of intersectionality and cultural exchange in our contemporary, pluralistic world. She brings forward and serves as a salient example of that which cannot be ignored, of that which must continue to demand awareness and relevance of space.

NOTES
3. ibid., 913
4. Leticia Alvarado, “...Towards A Personal Will To Continue Being “Other””: Ana Mendieta’s Abject Performances,” Journal of Latin American Cultural Studies, 24:1, 2015, 70
5. Alvarado, 70
7. ibid., 66
Cultural Studies

12. ibid., 115
14. ibid., 144
19. Ibid., 86
20. Alvarado, 73
21. ibid., 73
22. Alrene Raven “We Did Not Move From Theory, We Moved to the Sorest Wounds,”

The Ohio State University Gallery of Fine Art presents RAPE: dedicated to the memory of Ana Mendieta whose unexpected death on September 8, 1985 underscores the violence in our society. Columbus: Hoyt L. Sherman Gallery, The Ohio State University, 1985, 5
23. Ana Mendieta, letter to Stephanie Blackwood, The Ohio State University Gallery of Fine Art, October 18, 1984
24. Raven, 5v
25. Alvarado, 77e
26. Raven, 5
27. Szymaneck, 907
28. Alvarado, 79
29. ibid., 79
30. ibid., 79
32. Alvarado, 80
33. ibid., 80
35. Alvarado, 81
36. Ana Mendieta, draft of an artist statement for a CAPS Fellowship application, Ana Mendieta Papers, Galerie Lelong, New York
37. Ana Mendieta, application for Rome Prize Fellowship, Ana Mendieta Papers, Galerie Lelong, NY, 1983
39. Szymanek, 914
41. ibid., 195
42. ibid., 195
43. Camnitzer, 89
45. ibid., 23
46. ibid., 26

IMAGES

Figure 1

Figure 2
Ana Mendieta, Untitled (Rape Scene), 1973. Lifetime color photograph, 25.4 x 20.3 cm. Estate of Ana Mendieta Collection.

Figure 3
de guerre Nystad
EASY TO PLAY BUT HARD TO MASTER

Featherbowling and Rust Belt Renaissance

Julie Goodrich

ON DETROIT’S EAST SIDE, in an area that has seen its fair share of rough times and rough characters, sits a corner bar that houses the only featherbowling lane in the United States. Housing the only of anything would seem like the ultimate asset but much like the city it occupies, The Cadieux Café specializes in survival.

Belgian immigrants opened the Cadieux Café in the early 1900s in the middle of a neighborhood that was soaked with people of the same European decent. What began as a general store, turned speakeasy during the prohibition, although blind pig is the more likely characterization. If the distinction between the two is lost on you, as it was on me, a speakeasy was an establishment that offered food and entertainment in addition to illegal drink. Speakeasies were establishments where men tended to wear a coat and tie and women some sort of evening dress. Speakeasies were classy. A blind big, on the other hand, tended to be a bit more direct in its commercial purpose. Often described as lowbrow, the operator of such an establishment would charge customers to see an attraction (such as an animal) and then serve a “complimentary” alcoholic beverage, thus circumventing prohibition laws and ultimately giving patrons all the entertainment they were looking for – a nice buzz. Although the research unearthed regarding the early days of the Cadieux Café is ambiguous, if the current day aesthetic is any indicator the blind pig creation story seems more likely than the speakeasy.

Regardless of its start, the bar was born into legitimacy with the passing of the 21st Amendment in 1933 and with that newfound status came Belgian mussels (mussels of the mollusk variety, not human brawn) and featherbowling. Featherbowling is a game that claims Flemish decent and can be described as a cross between American bowling and Italian bocce ball.
Competition takes place in a convex dirt lane that measures 72 feet in length and 9 feet in width. There is a pigeon feather (tradition dictates this is the only feather that will do) dug into the dirt that stands erect at the end of each lane. Players roll balls down the lane with the intent of landing their ball closest to the feather. While the objective may seem straightforward and simple enough, it is anything but. A convex lane made of dirt, carved by human hand and shovel, means imperfection; it means unpredictable bumps and dips that can send a perfectly thrown ball off its intended course. The balls themselves also add to the precarity. Made up of seven layers of laminated maple, these balls are really spheres that have been flattened on two sides reminiscent of a wheel of cheese. They are 5 inches wide, weigh 5 1/3 pounds, and have a diameter of 7.8 inches making for a perfect combination of uncertainty and wobble. The sport, setting aside players’ intent or intensity, was designed to be social. Typically featherbowling is played with three players to a team, each of the two teams has three attempts to land closest to the feather, accruing a point for each round. First team to 10 takes the prize.

The Cadieux Café turned hands many times from 1933 until 1962 but always remained at the heart, and increasingly the backbone, of the Belgian neighborhood it occupied. When Robert Devos and his Belgian-born wife Yvonne purchased the bar in 1962, Detroit was on the precipice of major economic and cultural upheaval which manifested in the form of race riots and persistent economic decline beginning in 1967. By the time Robert died in the 1970s, ironically of a lung condition called Pigeon Breeder’s disease, the troubles of the city had taken their toll on the café’s neighborhood. Many Belgians had moved to the suburbs and beyond but Ron Devos, Robert’s son, was committed to the Cadieux Café and continuing the legacy that was entrusted in him with his father’s passing. Today, while the neighborhood is a bit rough, it is surviving. The Cadieux Café, the mussel dinners, and especially the featherbowling are doing more than that.

If you enter the arena of featherbowling with the intent of recreation, which many Detroiters do - beer in one hand and ball in the other, your café owned featherbowling balls will likely show the battle scars of the many bowlers who have rolled them before you. The sport attracts all walks of life, families, hipsters, old timers looking to pass a Sunday afternoon, and tourists.
Yes, Detroit has tourists. The city is experiencing a bit of a renaissance and featherbowling at the Cadieux Café tops many of the ‘must see/must do’ lists that make their way through the World Wide Web to the screen of a well-researched visitor. If you do not fall into this demographic and are part of one of the bar’s twice weekly league nights, your balls are sanded smooth as a baby’s bottom and lovingly waxed to an impressive shine. This physical difference reflects not only a fastidious nature of the ball roller but a commitment to the game – a way of life – that has likely not been considered by the recreational player. Hinting at the ethos of the sport, Michael John, Secretary of the Cadieux Café Featherbowling Club commented in a 2015 ESPN Magazine article, “It is an odd little sport. Easy to play but hard to master.”

For the recreational player, there are mussels to eat, beers to consume, and finally balls to throw down a dirt lane. It is all good fun. The game does not seem that complicated. For those who come out every Tuesday or Thursday evening to partake in league play, the stakes are much higher and the nuances of the game more pronounced. Leaguers forgo the team element of the game and play one on one making for a high stakes duel that is played out, over a long season, under the pantheon of featherbowling Gods, literally. The portraits of every league champion dating back to the early 1970s hang on the upper register of a wall that runs parallel to the lanes. These Gods both loom and beckon. They remind the league player if he has enough reverence for the game and faith in himself, infamy is always within reach . . . but at the same time incredibly difficult to attain.

Ron Devos now co-owns the Cadieux Café with his cousin Paul Misuraca and both men have heard much about the origins of featherbowling over the years. What has been most perplexing, as time has passed and stories have accumulated, is that most of the authentically Belgian visitors who have visited the bar have never heard of featherbowling. Adding to the mystery, several Cadieux Café patrons have gone about their own quests, traveled to northern sections Belgium with the intent of finding featherbowling, and returned home empty handed. This fiction or cultural amnesia has left Ron and Paul wondering if they are the domestic custodians of some long lost, transatlantic sport that has been forgotten by even its own countrymen, or the owners of an establishment that created a bar game slightly more advanced.
(recreational player), but certainly more nuanced (league player!!), than darts. What is certain is that Ron and Paul are the stewards of a bar and a game that has found purpose in the development of a quirky community, likely contributed to the survival of the café’s surrounding neighborhood, and is doing its part in the Detroit Renaissance.

Julie Goodrich
Kelley Rossier
THE ROOMMATE

An Excerpt

Amira Hamouda

A LOUD SCREECH RESOUNDED IN THE AIR as the metro reached the station.

“Barcelona!”
“Barcelona!”

A voice announced through the loudspeaker.

“The terminus!”

Swarms of passengers pushed through the opening doors and flooded the platform.

“Don’t get off!” a shrill cry rose from the crowd. Facing one of the metro doors, an old man was kicking passengers with his hands and cane, and with all his might trying to push them back inside.

“They’re lying to you, this is not Barcelona”, he shouted on the top of his voice. “This is hell!”

“Go away, crazy man!” an angry voice broke from the small crowd inside, who, growing impatient, started to violently push back until the man fell to the ground.

“No! No!” one of the passengers cried in indignation and rushed towards the old man who was then lying helplessly on his backside, still mumbling some words:

“M’cane .... mh...cane.”

The passenger, sturdy and young, bent over the wretched man and stretched out his hand to help him stand. At this gesture, the latter’s eyes bulged out in a horrible fish-like stare, and in his attempt to move backward, he made a convulsive movement with his head, followed by a deep, terrifying growl.
“It’s okay, Uncle Saleh, I’m not gonna hurt you,” the passenger reassured him with a soothing tone. “I’m Ahmed,” he added as he crouched next to him.

The old man’s black eyes narrowed again; his head lolled forward and his mouth twisted round, producing a grunting sound:

“Ugh…. Ugh…. Ugh.”

“Yes, Ahmed, your friend, remember?!”

“Ah..med…. Ahmed,” he repeated and shook his head in surrender.

“M’cane… my cane.”

Ahmed looked around. The station was almost empty except for a conductor in a blue uniform, who got off the metro, and who, after leaning forward, started pouring water right from a plastic bottle over his head. Ahmed suddenly became aware of the stifling heat and felt his wet t-shirt sticking to his back. He mechanically wiped his perspiring forehead with his bare hands, then continued to look around until his eyes fell on the old wooden cane lying on the ground, on his left side. He picked it up, helped Saleh stand on his feet, and walked him to a cemented bench in the platform where they sat together, side by side; one with his disheveled grey hair, brown wrinkled face, and tattered clothes; the other with his well-parted brown hair, smooth face, clear brown eyes, and blue t-shirt and jeans. Silent, they both looked straight ahead at the black graffiti on the side of the unmoving and empty metro facing them. ‘Free the Tunisian People,’ it read. Just above, an electronic sign, cracked on the corner, flashed the orange words, ‘Barcelona Square.’

“It’s not Barcelona, you know,” said Saleh, squinting his eyes.

Ahmed nodded and smiled in return.

“Then, why do they call it so?”

“I don’t know,” he replied apologetically.

“It’s hell, I’m telling you, I’ve seen it with my own…”, he let the sentence tumble away, and seemed to sink in deep thought as he frowned and looked ahead.

The metro started moving again, with the sign now reading, ‘Out of Service’.

“Say, Uncle Saleh, how about we go grab a coffee or something to eat?”, suggested Ahmed, intending to cheer him up.
“I can’t eat … not before sunset,” he said sheepishly, lowering his head. “It’s Ramadan…. I don’t wanna go to hell --” he abruptly stopped his reflection, then let out a high-pitched guffaw. Ahmed stood, confused; the red color of his cheeks scattered itself over his pale sweaty face.

“What is it, Uncle Saleh?”, he muttered in a low voice.

“But I’m already in h--” was Saleh’s response before he broke off in a fit of laughter. A little laugh slipped from Ahmed’s mouth as well as he sat down again, watching his old friend.

“Are you coming?” he asked, almost imploring, when Saleh calmed down.

“I can’t, I have to guard this place, you know.” So saying, Saleh bent to pick up his cane, when Ahmed grabbed his aged brown arm and said, “but, you can’t…” Not knowing what to say, Ahmed shifted in his place and stared at the aged arm covered with thick grey hair, dust, and sweat; he then proceeded, with a soft friendly tone, “you have to promise me not to approach the metro, or the passengers coming out of it.” Saleh nodded his head eagerly, like a child.

“Uncle Saleh!” a voice came from behind. Saleh and Ahmed looked around, and saw a metro guard approaching them. Saleh giggled at the sight of the man and started waving at him.

“Aziz, Aziz!” he cried in excitement.

“How’re you, man?!" exclaimed the guard in a boisterous tone.

“Aziz, you’re right on time,” said Ahmed as he stood and shook hands with the guard. “Could you keep an eye on him?”

“Sure! I’m gonna be here for some time anyway. I just started my shift.”

“Thanks, Aziz!”

Ahmed then handed Saleh the cane and patted his shoulders.

“Good bye, Ahmed,” Saleh said, smiling and holding his cane tight. Ahmed smiled back, and gave the old man a compassionate look before turning his back and heading to the exit. As he walked through the station, he heard the sound of a metro rumbling up to the platform and the voice of Uncle Saleh shouting, “Welcome to Hell!”

Once outside, Ahmed crossed the square with steady heavy steps, feeling the flat space under his feet. It is the same square where he walked with his
parents as a child, where he hung out with his friends as a teenager, and where he stood calling for the fall of the regime two years ago.

He listened to the echo of his footsteps growing louder in his head. Suddenly, he saw the policemen chasing him around in the square and felt the odor of tear gas tingling his nostrils. Two bodies on the ground appeared to him from behind the white fumes: it was his neighbor Zineb and her daughter Miriam, both lying in blood, their heads hanging backward and their dark eyes wide open. The husband, Uncle Saleh, knelt by their side, raising his bloody arms in the air; his shrill scream mixed with the sound of gunshots and filled the square. The sound of a car horn jolted Ahmed out of his memories. Glancing back, he saw the flat space bathing in blazing sunlight and few people wandering around; he then shook his head and crossed the street hurriedly, leaving behind Barcelona Square and its irrevocable ugliness hanging in the air.

From Gamal Abdel Nasser to Charle de Gaulle, Ahmed walked under the shade of the old French buildings and trees lining the streets, unaware of his surroundings. Nothing seemed to catch his attention; not the jostling of pedestrians around him, nor the shouts of streets vendors who invaded the pavements; not even the trash that tumbled from one of the balconies bulging from the buildings. Not long ago, he used to make an effort to conceal his disdain at this sight, and struggled to check himself not to curse people out loud for what they have done to the city. But now, all the scenes and sounds in the streets floated in his mind, as if from another world. Until he reached the café by the corner of his neighborhood, all he thought about was the heat inflaming his head.

Shoving through a yellow rubber curtain hanging under the sign which read “Café El Teatro”, Ahmed stormed into the place and flung himself into the first chair he encountered. The café was a big rectangular room with yellow peeling walls and a beige ceiling from which three chandeliers were suspended. Round tables and chairs were scattered on the right side of the room, their dark wood shimmered under the soft light of the chandeliers. A wide wooden counter stretched along the left side, and in the back corner stood a pastry vitrine. Behind the counter, a waiter stooped over a large silver espresso machine, cleaning it. Above him, open shelves displayed glassware, white porcelain cups, and a row of copper Turkish coffee pots. In the back of
the room, Mr. Jilani, the owner of the café, was dozing in an armchair, while his wife, Jamila, who sat in a table near him, seemed busy wiping the mouth and hands of her grandson, Adam. Behind them a white air-conditioning unit jutted out of the back wall, emitting whirring gusts of cool air.

At the noise Ahmed made in entering, Mr. Jilani opened his eyes, startled; he raised himself in his chair and looked towards the door.

“Ahmed!” he said, stretching his neck forward and looking in the direction of the entrance, “are you okay?”

“Yes, yes!” the latter answered as he stood up and crossed the room, dragging his feet, and loudly breathing the cold air. After the greeting, he bent and kissed them on the forehead, then patted Adam’s head.

“How’re you buddy!” he asked in a friendly tone.

“Good!” the boy flushed in delight before jumping from his chair and running towards the counter.

“Tell me, how was your first day at grad school?” asked Mr. Jilani in a fatherly manner.

“Well, today I learned that I’m a fool … because I was the only one who showed up to school… even the professor wasn’t there!”

“You’re no fool … if there’s someone who is gonna make it in agreg this year, it’s gonna be you, I’m telling you!” he said, reassuredly. “And you will be one the best history professors in Tunis, just like your parents!” he added, with marked emphasis.

“You will make us proud,” said Jamila, giving him a benevolent smile and a tap on the back.

Ahmed opened his mouth as if to speak, but stopped as he felt a lump burning in his throat. Just then Adam ran back to his grandmother and started clasping the end of her jebba.

“Mami, Mami, can I have another mille-feuille?” he asked, leaning his chest against her knees and widening his large hazel eyes.

“But you just had one… you’re gonna ruin your dinner,” she responded, raising her eyes and eyebrows.

Without a word, Adam rested his elbows against her knees and, letting out a sigh, seized his head between his hands.
“You little devil!” Mr. Jilani muttered jocularly to his grandson as he maneuvered himself to his feet. “Jamila, let him have another one!” he protested mildly.

His wife looked at him for a moment, rather reproachfully, then nodded her head in assent. Adam’s face lit up in a wide grin as he jumped next to his grandfather.

“Ahmed, wanna eat something?” asked Mr. Jilani.
“No, Uncle Jilani, I don’t feel like—"
“How about I fix you a sandwich?” Jamila interrupted.
“No, thanks ta ta, I’m not hungry, really!”
“Okay, a lemonade.”

Leaning his back further against the chair and stretching out his legs, Ahmed stared at Adam and his grandparents, as they stood near the vitrine. Seeing the small thin boy munching the mille-feuille reminded him of himself when he was a child. He used to come to the café with his father every Sunday, following their morning walk. After holding his father’s gigantic hand all around the streets of Tunis, he would finally let it go as they stepped into El Teatro and start running around between human and table legs, avoiding the patting hands that emerged from all sides. And whenever a pair of these hands caught him, he would be lifted over some lap and passed around the table to be showered with kisses and immersed in smokers’ breath. Only men sat in the café back then; all were familiar faces from his neighborhood or the surrounding ones. In his child’s mind, however, they made up two groups. The first was that of the old men who usually sat together reading their newspapers quietly and smoking cigarettes or pipes; when they talked, it was with an awe-inspiring composure. Their heavy white mustaches and deep expressive eyes only added to the wisdom he perceived in their faces. The second group was made up of all those who didn’t have white mustaches, in other words, the younger ones. Those would sit under clouds of white smoke suspended over their heads, as they chewed frantically on their cigarettes and played cards. From time to time, one of them would start shouting and thumping down on the table, in protest. Every time this happened, he, together with the table, would bounce up and down under the Arabic curses, flying in the air. Once fa-
tigue started to creep into his legs, and boredom into his mind, he would drag himself to the counter where his father always stood, sipping a Turkish coffee and talking with his two friends, Jilani and Saleh, who were their neighbors as well, both living above their apartment. His father, Jilani and Saleh, took turns at buying him *mille-feuilles* each time he joined them. After the death of his parents, Jilani and Saleh took turns at filling the place of his father. They treated him like a son.

Looking at Jilani, Ahmed realized that he didn’t change much. He was still stout and tallish, with a prominent bald forehead. Only now, he joined the ranks of the wise men, for his mustache had turned white, and his clear brown eyes had sunken deeper in his head, between the lines of wrinkles. His wife, on the other hand, seemed more frail; her face had grown very haggard and lined, her green eyes flaccid and dull. She was nothing like the fresh-looking and energetic neighbor he knew as a child. Back then, she used to give him sweets whenever he and his mother ran into her on their way to the market. Over the last few years, he rarely saw her in the neighborhood. But, she would still knock on his door to bring him sweets and food.

When Jamila and Adam left, Jilani came back with a lemonade and a cup of coffee in his hands.

“Here you go Mr. Ahmed!” he said gaily as he put the glass of lemonade on the table. “By the way, you’ll break the Iftar with us today. Okay!?” he added as he retreated to his chair.

Ahmed couldn’t help laughing aloud. “What Iftar are we gonna break? We don’t fast!”

Jilani joined in the laugh, then said, “well, your ‘ta ta Jamila’ does, and she’s gonna cook a feast anyway. So you’d better come!”

“Thanks Uncle Jilani, but I really can’t. I’m meeting the new roommate today; he’s coming around that time.”

“Just bring him along. The more, the merrier!”

“No, let’s leave it for some other time. Maybe when I get to know him better.”

“Who is he anyway?” he asked with a curious air of concern, inclining his head in Ahmed’s direction.
“I don’t know much about him, except that he comes from Kerkennah, and that he has been looking for a place for quite some time. My aunt knows his family and called me asking if I could help, so I told her that I was looking for a third roommate ….. I think he’s a graduate history student too, but I’m not sure if he’s in Manouba as well.”

Jilani listened to Ahmed intently as he sipped his coffee. “I hope he turns out to be a good guy!” He took a thoughtful sip of coffee, then went on, “did I tell you how I came to know your father?”

Ahmed nodded a yes in return; yet the nod didn’t—and never did before—deter Jilani from telling the story one more time: “I met Ramzi on the train going from Sfax to Tunis. We were recent high school graduates and were about to start university. It was the first time anyone of us left his hometown. We talked and talked for hours as if we had been best friends since childhood. And halfway to Tunis, we decided to become roommates. Then, when we started university, we met Saleh and he soon became the third roommate. By the end of that year, we became best friends, and until we graduated, we remained roommates.”

Ahmed’s face broke into a wide smile that was soon wiped out as Ahmed seemed to remember something. “Talking about Uncle Saleh, he’s still in the station,” he said in a doleful tone. “I tried to bring him, but he wouldn’t come.”

Trying to conceal his own dejection, Jilani leaned towards Ahmed and gave him a pat on the back, then said, “don’t worry about him, I will bring him after I close the café.”

“Each time I see him in that damn station, I can’t believe he’s the same Uncle Saleh I knew.”

“Me neither,” answered Jilani with a deep sigh. “Back at college, he was known as the philosopher of the UGET. Your father and myself were a bit emotional and impulsive back then, but he was the most rational among us. You see son ….. you see what this country does to rational people; it either kills them or turns them crazy.”

They fell silent for a moment, Jilani, rigid in his chair and looking straight ahead, and Ahmed, staring at the glass of lemonade on the table.

90
“You know,” Jilani suddenly continued, “when I travelled one summer with your dad and Saleh to Belgium to do some research, we were offered an opportunity to stay there, and continue our studies, but we chose to come back.”

“Why?”

“Because we were fools!” was Jilani’s reply before they both broke into a loud laughter.

“We came back because we thought that we needed to be here…. you know, the country was going downhill back then. Bourguiba was going crazy. He declared himself president for life, then started telling people that he was ‘the Supreme Combatant’. So we joined the leftist opposition, thinking that we could improve things. But then that scoundrel, Ben Ali, came to power, and you know the rest.”

“But Ben Ali is gone now. Maybe things will get –”

“No, nothing will change in this country, I’m telling you. Not in ten years. Not in a million years! Who’s gonna change things? Those teachers who never show up to class and who are now filling the streets demanding raises? Or those policemen who are still living on bribes? Or the citizens who walk in the roads and throw trash on the sidewalks? Or those politicians who shift left and right depending on their own interests? Or even better, those bearded scoundrels ruling the country now? Those? Haw, Haw, those are gonna drag us a hundred years back. At least Bourguiba tried to educate his people and free them from religion. When he was president, he told people in one of his speeches not to fast because they needed to work and get along with their daily lives. All those restaurants and cafes in L’avenue that you see closed today used to remain open during Ramadan. Now, they are telling us to close windows and put curtains if ‘we wish to open our cafes and restaurants in the holy month’. Look at us, sitting in this dark hole like rats, with that horrendous curtain on the door.”

At this tirade, Ahmed seemed rather disconcerted, but then retired under the cover of a humorous remark: “At least the curtains match the color of the sign!”

A soft mocking laugh was Jilani’s reply.
Fiction

“By the way, Uncle Jilani, when I was in the metro today, I heard passengers talking about some café that was attacked by a mob of bearded men who threatened the owner with knives and ordered him to close the place.”

“And he did?” cried Jilani abruptly, his face wrinkling with rage.

“Of course he did! … Wouldn’t you have done the same?”

“I…” Jilani stopped with a profound look. His voice then dropped into a mumble. “Barbarians!”
BREAKING BARRIERS IN WHALE RIDER
Overcoming Gender Roles to Unite the Whangara

Mariah Farbotko

The film *Whale Rider* tells the fictional story of Pai, a twelve-year-old girl living with her grandparents in the small community of Whangara on the coast of New Zealand. The Whangara believe their people date back to a single ancestor, Paikea, who survived when his boat capsized in the middle of the ocean by riding to shore on the back of a whale. Since Paikea’s time, the Whangara people have lived in a patriarchal structure where tribal chiefs can only be first-born males. Pai believes she is destined to become her people’s first female chief, but she must overcome the rigid gender stereotypes set forth by her traditional grandfather, Koro, and prove to him that she can learn the ways of her ancestors and lead her people.

The Whangara are a tribe of indigenous Polynesian people of New Zealand referred to more broadly as Maori, whose culture has established specific gender roles that allocate different roles and responsibilities for males and females. In *Whale Rider*, Pai’s resistance to assume her people’s traditional female gender roles clashes with Koro’s ideas of the masculine qualities needed for leadership. In analyzing how gender and specifically masculinity are depicted in Maori culture through the relationship between Pai and Koro in *Whale Rider*, it becomes evident that the strict separation of gender roles actually serves as a hindrance to the wellbeing and progression of the tribal community as a whole.

Maori Culture Depicted in Whale Rider

Land rights in New Zealand have historically been a contentious issue because of the important role land plays in the Maori society and culture, which is in direct conflict with the European colonizer’s Western approach to land ownership. Europeans view land as a commodity that can be purchased and sold,
but for the Maori, “[…] people did not own the land, but belonged to the land” (Wonu Veys 55). The Maori treasured land and viewed it as a gift passed down from one generation to the next, and thus believed it served as a direct link to their ancestors. “Whakapapa (genealogy) is the knowledge of who your ancestors are and where you come from” (Wonu Veys 56). This knowledge is vital to Maori culture as it connects people both with each other and with the land.

This knowledge of and connection to Maori ancestors is a central theme in Whale Rider and is depicted through the myth of Paikea. The legend that Paikea rode on a whale’s back many years ago has been engrained in the Whangara culture and resulted in strong affinities toward whales (New Zealand Department of Conservation). For Whangara, whales are seen as mythical creatures that form a direct link back through their ancestors, all the way back to Paikea himself. As a result, whales hold a sacred, revered place in society and only certain “chosen” tribal members can communicate with the ancestors through them. There are hints throughout the film that Pai is able to connect with her ancestors through whales, but it becomes clearer in the film’s conclusion, when Pai rides on the back of a beached whale as it swims out to sea, that she is destined to be her people’s next leader.

Whales also played a central role in Koro’s most prominent personal adornment, the whale tooth necklace he wore that signified his status and leadership in the tribe, as well as his whakapapa (genealogy) to Paikea (Wonu Veys 108). Koro wore this necklace consistently throughout the film, and toward the end of the film, he used it as a test for the first-born male children in the village to show their true leadership. Koro brought the children out to a cove in the ocean and threw his necklace in the water, explaining that the boy who brought the necklace back to him would be their people’s new leader, as chosen by their ancestors. When none of the boys were able to retrieve the necklace, Koro fell into despair thinking the ancestors could no longer hear him. Unbeknownst to him, Pai went to the same cove several days later and successfully retrieved Koro’s necklace from the ocean floor, once again proving herself to be the tribe’s rightful leader.
Maori culture also centers around the performing arts, both through oratory and the *haka*, “[...] an active, chanted dance demonstrating fitness, agility and life force” (Wonu Veys 128). Genealogical knowledge is an important aspect for orators, and currently the art of oratory is almost exclusively performed by men. Women are more active in the recitation of chanted poems, which is also considered part of the oral tradition (Wonu Veys 127). In *Whale Rider*, Pai is frequently seen at school alongside her female classmates reciting poems in the native Maori language. When Koro decides to open a boys-only school to teach the young men in the village the ways of the ancestors, Pai and her grandmother, Nanny Flowers, are only allowed to participate by reciting poems as part of the opening ceremony. Towards the end of the film, Pai’s school holds a speech contest, where she is granted permission to participate as a female orator. Pai wins the contest and performs her speech in honor of her grandfather, whom she loves and respects deeply, despite the friction in their relationship caused by his traditional views on women’s roles in the tribe.

The *haka* has a long history of tradition in Maori culture as a war chant, but the nature of the *haka* has changed over time. Recently, the *haka* became well known through international sports competitions, where it is performed before the start of every New Zealand team rugby match. Performance of *haka* dances varies across tribes, but most Maori are united in the belief that the *haka* is a way to showcase their traditions and regain their cultural heritage. Much like oratory, *haka* are generally seen as dances for only men to perform, while women hold less visible duties like composers for the performance, or they perform off to the side of the main male *haka* group. There is still controversy surrounding women’s involvement in *haka* today as some leaders believe women have no place in the performance (Wonu Veys 129).

The *haka* is depicted in *Whale Rider* at Koro’s school for boys, where he teaches the village boys the art of the performance. He insists the boys remove their shirts and convey aggression by pounding their chests and sticking out their tongues. Koro instructs the boys, “When you extend your tongues, you’re saying to your enemies: I’m gonna eat you” (*Whale Rider*). Other characteristics of the dance including rolling the eyes back so only the whites are shown, stomping, and using the whole body to enhance movement and per-
formance (Wonu Veys 129). Pai is excluded from the lesson by nature of her being a girl, but she hides off to the side in hopes of secretly learning the *haka* from her grandfather.

As a female, Pai is also excluded from learning about weaponry, another important aspect of Maori culture. Weapons are more than just objects to use in fighting but serve as important indicators of status and prestige. Weapons associated with infamous warriors or chiefs came to acquire a particular notoriety of their own, and some believed these weapons even came to possess supernatural powers (Wonu Veys 100). Koro taught the young boys in his school martial skills with the *taiaha*, the most prestigious long-handled weapon that has a blade on one end and a carved face on the other end (Wonu Veys 103).

As with the *haka*, Koro refused to allow Pai to participate in learning martial skills at his school. Pai knew she could be a great leader for her people, but she was frustrated not to be receiving the same teachings as the boys her age. She sought help learning the *taiaha* from her uncle, Rawiri, who was an extremely skilled fighter but had been overlooked by Koro all his life because he was a second-born son. Pai excelled at learning the *taiaha*, so much so that when Koro’s favorite pupil challenged her to a duel, she beat him. Koro was outraged with Pai for betraying him and their ancestors by learning the *taiaha* after he had forbidden it. Koro also banned the boy Pai had defeated from his school. Throughout the film, Pai consistently outperforms her male classmates in one challenge after the next, but Koro’s traditional beliefs will not allow him to see beyond the rigid gender stereotypes engrained in their culture. It requires an incident of mythic proportions to capture Koro’s attention and force him to finally realize that Pai has been the chosen one all along.

**Socially Constructed Gender Roles**

That Pai was born a girl is a major source of contention for Koro, who believed a first-born male prophet would save their people and lead them all to greatness. Pai had a twin brother, the supposed prophet, who died at birth along with their mother. Pai’s father was devastated by the death of his wife and newborn son, so he left on the day of her birth, leaving Koro and his wife,
Nanny Flowers, to raise Pai. Before leaving, Pai’s father named her Paieka, after their great whale rider ancestor. Koro refused to acknowledge her by that name, instead opting for the nickname Pai. As Pai matured, her relationship with Koro became very complicated. There was obviously a deep love between them, but the more Pai tried to embrace her destiny as the next chief, the meaner and colder Koro acted toward her.

Koro’s views of male leadership are based on his culture’s historical understanding of the term “gender” and the set of defined roles that are allocated to each gender. Definitions for gender can vary, but it is commonly thought of as a social and cultural construction that attempts to label individuals as male or female. Generally, gender systems play a large role in the regulation of human lives and link to other social structures and identity sources. How gender specifically operates within a culture varies based on the norms of that culture and the historical time period.

Current critical studies of gender have signified the importance of distinguishing between sex, a biological category, and gender, a social construction; however, this was not always the case. The meaning of the English word gender continues to evolve, but it was originally derived from both Latin and Greek sources that characterized three human activities: first, classifying people into separate groups and assigning specific characteristics to each of these groups; second, using language to create and maintain sexual classifications to characterize these groups; and third, practicing a sexuality with aims of reproduction to continue future generations (Stimpson and Herdt 3). In the 1950s and 1960s, John Money, a U.S. researcher, adapted the term gender to the medical and psychological field by assigning gender roles to infants based on interpretations of their external genitalia. Money’s work was viewed as controversial as he influenced the meaning of gender to include the organization and definition of sexual difference. This organization consisted of the symbols of femininity and masculinity and how these symbols were framed as inseparable, normative concepts. Money claimed the interactions of these symbols and concepts helped to shape individuals’ subjective gender identities, which in turn shaped how they responded to the world (Stimpson and Herdt 4).

Stimpson and Herdt provide an example of this framework in that the Roman Catholic church permits only men to become ordained priests and
prohibits women from doing so. It is impossible for a Catholic woman to become a priest based solely on her gender, which as a result places limitations on the possibilities for her religious life. Whether she chooses to accept these limitations, rebel against them, or find an alternate religious role permitted for women, she can never be an ordained priest (Stimpson and Herdt 4). Pai faces similar limitations in *Whale Rider*, where she is prohibited from becoming chief for the sole reason that she is female. As the film progresses, Pai moves from a position of acceptance of her status in the tribe to one of rebellion. Unlike Catholic women today, who are still unable to become ordained priests, Pai eventually succeeds in breaking down her culture’s long-established gender barrier to fulfill her role as chief.

Gender roles are also typically characterized by a dualistic thinking and stratification system that ranks social statuses unequally. Men are said to represent culture, lightness, and mind, which is then masculinized and placed at one pole, whereas women are said to represent nature, darkness, and body, which is feminized and placed at the opposite pole (Stimpson and Herdt 5). ‘As a process, gender creates the social differences that define ‘woman’ and ‘man’’’ (Disch 98). Throughout their lives, individuals construct and maintain gender order by learning what is expected in social interactions and then acting and reacting in expected ways. Individuals produce gender in their encounters by either behaving in ways expected of them based on their gender status or choosing to resist these norms. These gendered expectations are constantly reinforced in daily interactions with family, work, and other organizations and institutions (Disch 98).

Stratification is a system of ranking that places men above women of the same race and class. Looking at the examples of genders as “A” and “Not-A” from an individual’s point of view, established gender boundaries indicate to the individual who is like him or her, thus signifying the rest are unlike. From a society’s point of view, one gender is singled out and viewed as the dominant norm. In Western societies (and for the Whangara in *Whale Rider*), this norm is man viewed as “A,” whereas woman is viewed as “Not-A.” In societies such as these, it is common for men’s work and activities to be valued more highly than women’s because they are valued more as the superior group (Disch 99).
Masculinity as the Norm

Several prominent theories have emerged on the development of masculinity. One such theory is a Freudian psychoanalytic theory that proposes for boys to become men, they must reject their mothers as well as the feminine within themselves. The end goal for boys is “[…] the achievement of personal masculine identification with their father and sense of secure masculine self, achieved through superego formation and disparagement of women” (Disch 99). A Marxist theory takes a different approach, emphasizing gender inequality as a result of belittling women’s abilities and preventing them from learning technological skills, which preserves women as a cheap and exploitable labor resource. Marx claims there are two key factors that help men maintain their separation from women in the workforce: the gendering of jobs and people and the creation of multiple subdivisions in the work process, which created hierarchies “that allow men to advance and keep their distance from women” (Disch 100).

One critical theory of masculine identity is hegemonic masculinity, where the power of male dominance in society is viewed as normal and natural (Miller 116). This dominance is not only based on male-to-women relationships, but also on male-to-male relationships. In this model, one definition of masculinity is regarded as an ideal against which all men in a given society must measure themselves. For example, in America the hegemonic masculine ideal could be described as “[…] a young, married, white, urban, northern, heterosexual Protestant father of college education, fully employed, of good complexion, weight, and height, and a recent record in sports” (Kheel 37). Men who fail to live up to this standard could be seen as unworthy or inferior, thus demonstrating that hegemonic masculinity is dominant not only over women but also men deemed as less than masculine. This construction of masculinity is also based on a hetero-normative ideal which views women as potential sexual objects for men (Kheel 37).

Hegemonic masculinity through the male-to-male relationship can be seen throughout Whale Rider in the Whangara community and particularly through Koro’s leadership style. Koro believes a connection to the ancestors is essential for any tribal chief, but that only first-born males are able to make
this connection. As a result, Koro forms a masculine ideal for his people that only first-born sons can fulfill. Consequently, other males in the community are deemed as unworthy and less than masculine because of their birth order. Even Koro’s own youngest son, Rawiri, has been neglected in favor of his oldest son (Pai’s father), Porourangi, who no longer even lives in New Zealand. Porourangi has become an artist, and when he comes back to visit Whangara, Koro shuns him for abandoning his people and pursuing such a “less than” masculine endeavor.

Toby Miller examines the concept of hegemonic masculinity and describes certain physical and behavioral characteristics that are stereotypically associated with masculinity, such as “[…] practicality, violence, desire, competitiveness, a bluff approach to feelings, and a teleological orientation to attaining goals” (Miller 115). Miller points out the sexism involved in this model as well, including some more obvious examples such as rape, domestic violence, and obstacles to female occupational advancement. In addition, some less obvious examples of domination come into play, such as women’s exclusion from certain social environments and sports teams and biased media interest (117). Most theorists are in agreement that the critical issue for discussing men and masculinity is power and “[…] that everywhere one turns, men seem to be in power, but everywhere one listens, they seem to feel powerless” (Miller 118).

Koro’s masculine ideal for his people disregards females by automatically excluding them from the scope of leadership and other positions of power within the community. At the beginning of the film, it is clear that his strict views on separate gender roles have influenced Pai. When Pai walks into the house and sees her grandmother and her friends playing cards and smoking, she states, “Maori women have got to stop smoking. We’ve got to protect our child bearing properties” (Whale Rider). This line of thinking is in stark contrast to her views later in the film, where she repeatedly defies the gender limitations set forth by her grandfather.

Koro also tries to instill his sexist beliefs in the village boys through their training at the all-boys school. Pai is upset to be excluded from the school, but on the first day she performs part of the opening ceremony since females were allowed to do so. Afterwards, she sits in the front row alongside the other boy students. Koro refuses to proceed while she sits with them as though they
were equals. Instead Koro states, “You’re a girl. Go to the back” (*Whale Rider*). When Pai defies Koro she is exiled from the school, although that doesn’t stop her from repeatedly showing up in an attempt to learn the lessons in hiding. One of her male classmates catches her and, in an effort at kindness, suggests she could be allowed to sit in the back as long as she was quiet. This wasn’t a satisfactory solution for Pai, who wished to be treated as an equal to the boys in school.

**Overcoming Limitations**

Leading up to the film’s conclusion, both Pai and Koro feel frustrated and helpless. Koro feels powerless that his attempt to find a new leader failed, and he thinks the ancestors can no longer hear him. Pai is hurt by her grandfather’s treatment toward her, but deep down she still loves and respects him and wishes for a path for them to move forward together. She also knows how upset Koro is that the ancestors are not responding to his calls, so Pai tries to reach out instead. Throughout the film, there are several instances where Pai is seen near the ocean and the image cuts to whales swimming below, signaling a connection between Pai and the whales, and thus a connection between Pai and her ancestors.

On the night of Pai’s speech contest at school, Pai delivers an emotional performance in honor of Koro and the love she has for him. Pai says she knows she is not the leader her grandfather was expecting, but she hopes that knowledge can be shared with everyone, instead of just a select few, so all of her people can be strong together. Koro misses Pai’s speech because the pull of the ancestors leads him to the shore instead, where he finds dozens of beached whales. That night and the following morning, the whole community comes together to try to save the whales, for they believe Paikea heard their calls and sent the whales to help them. As the day progresses they are still no closer to helping the whales get back in the ocean, and everyone becomes fearful that the whales will die. Koro takes his frustration out on Pai, whom he blames for the dying whales because she had disobeyed him as well as Paikea for trying to learn the ancient ways.

One whale was especially large and stood out from the others, and Pai knew this particular whale was the one Paikea had ridden many years ago. If
she could help this whale get back in the ocean, the others would follow its lead. She greeted the whale and climbed on its back, and the whale immediately began swimming out to sea. Her entire village looked on in awe as she rode on the whale’s back, just as Paikea had done before her. As they stood watching Pai from shore, Nanny Flowers gives Koro the whale tooth necklace Pai had retrieved from the ocean floor. In this moment Koro finally understands how wrong and small minded he had been, and he knows Pai is the chosen one to lead their people. Pai rides the whale further and further out to sea, and her people start to fear she is in danger; however, the ancestors protect her, and she wakes up safely in the hospital with Koro by her side. Koro asks forgiveness from Pai and the ancestors for his misguided thinking, and he gives Pai his whale tooth necklace as a symbol of her rightful leadership.

Pai’s induction as chief has reinvigorated her people’s culture and brought the entire community together. The final scene of the film depicts the members of the village on the shore dressed in traditional tribal attire performing ritual chants and dances together. Pai’s father, Porourangi, had also returned from abroad to rejoin his family and community. Porourangi’s war canoe (or waka taua) that had remained unfinished since his departure, is now fully carved and decorated. War canoes are very ritualistic as they signify the body of an ancestor, and consequently women are typically never allowed on board (Wone Veys 95). As the canoe leaves shore carrying dozens of warriors, Pai sits in the middle wearing the whale tooth necklace and leading the war chant, with Koro’s arm around her shoulder. As the canoe heads out to sea and the film comes to a close, Pai narrates, “My name is Paitea Apirana and I come from a long line of chiefs, stretching all the way back to the Whale Rider. I am not a prophet, but I know that our people will keep going forward, all together, with all of our strength” (Whale Rider).

Conclusion

Judith Butler refers to the concept of a stable gender identity as an illusion, instead emphasizing the performative nature of gender as an ongoing process that is open to disruption, variation, and transformation (Glover and Kaplan 181). Thinking of gender in fixed terms can lead to inaccurate stereotypes
and limitations based on a social and cultural construction of perceived gender norms. Additionally, even in countries that encourage gender equality, the male gender and masculine qualities can be viewed as more valuable than perceived feminine characteristics. Many societal roles are still gendered, claiming women are responsible for most of the domestic labor and child bearing responsibilities (sometimes while working full time) while being paid less than men for the same work. Additionally, men frequently hold the majority of positions of authority and leadership in government, military, and law (Disch 100).

In *Whale Rider*, Pai rejects the gender expectations imposed on her as a female and denies the gendered stereotypes established in her culture. Instead, she upsets the norm as she constructs her own identity and place in society as a female leader. Pai shifts the balance in power from a hegemonic masculine ideal to one of shared power and inclusivity among all people, regardless of gender. Pai’s actions honor Gloria Anzaldúa’s call for a bridge to break down gender lines and embrace people’s otherness, differing beliefs, and perspectives. “A bridge […] is not just about one set of people crossing to the other side; it’s also about those on the other side crossing to this side” (Anzaldúa 246). Pai successfully creates this bridge for all of her people to come together, share in their combined knowledge and power, and move forward to a hopeful, inclusive future. She thereby also proves that cultures are not stable, but subject to constant change.


A CARAMEL COLORED WARMTH FILLS MY KITCHEN at the end of every day. The sink windows let in the color of the dwindling light so it can bounce off the maple colored cabinets; the cue for the family to begin filling the stools and chairs that are scattered around the counters. The clink of glasses on the granite toast the sun’s departure and my mother begins to delve into her cupboards.

My mother’s cupboards are a thing of beauty, perpetually filled with any ingredient, snack, candy, or canned good a person could want. She navigates this sea of provisions with ease; where I aimlessly gaze, she assertively finds, pulling out bottles, boxes, and bags. I like to wander around the deep green granite island, pulling out the cabinet drawers that surround it and starring into the assortment of wheat crackers, canned artichoke hearts, and bottles of barbeque sauce, wondering what concoction my mother will craft next.

Some people paint masterpieces, my mother cooks them. She pushes, prods, and pulls to locate her desired ingredient, transforming a forgotten bottle of sesame oil into a tantalizing aroma as it simmers to a sauce. For me, the kitchen drawers open with hesitation, coaxed out of the cupboard doors by only the most forceful of pulls and always stopping with an abrupt tinkle of colliding jars. But for her, they glide forward, offering her their wares, as if yearning to play a role in her next edible production. Watching her work is mesmerizing: a well orchestrated dance around the stove, into the fridge, and out of the pantries, stopping only to take a sip from her small glass of scotch. She dices, divides, drizzles, and dusts: folds, fries, fillets, and flambés: steams, steepes, stirs, and sterilizes: moving through the glossary of cooking terminology with nimble grace. She conducts the kitchen during dinnertime, waving her chopping knife in the direction of where she wants a place set or a glass filled. The smells and steam from her pots and pans fly around her as she moves from place to place, and hungry eyes follow her progress desperate for a taste of the flavor that floats in the air.

When the simmering begins to quiet and the cupboard doors all close, the sound of ceramic plates and bowls meeting granite echo through
the kitchen. She calls the room to attention, inviting everyone who has been lingering around the island to serve up. The family fumbles with her spatulas and salad tongs, spooning the food onto our awaiting dish. My mother always waits to serve herself last, waiting until everyone has begun to move toward the dining room table. She dims the bright lights in the kitchen, like a curtain slowly closing. Her show is over and the second helpings are her applause.
LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Jennifer C. Cormack

Separated from the Light of the World,
I fled conflict—
to Paris,
raging against the Light,
beautifying evil,
starved for love.

At Notre Dame, I gawked,
open-mouthed. Begged stone
to bind up wounds. Returned
again and again to the queen.
Stalked the structure:
towers, flying buttresses, nave,
high altar. Mocked her preeminence
with drunken dance,
upside-down photography.

Along the Seine, I dragged
heels over revolutionary stones,
once bloodthirsty for revenge,
and flung accusations at my own
tapestry of disappointment.
Desperate for purpose, I ached
for a reason to return home.

Naiveté grasped vampire friendship.
The beginning of the end became
the treasure of darkness.

And there I stalled.
Toured Great Britain, solo.
Hitchhiked verdant County Sligo.
Mistook independence for romance
while bridging the Vltava. Traded
truth for lies, passion for love
until my visa expired.

Falsely declared,
I sweat in the immigration queue
and worried
how conflict faired over absence.
Determined to embrace the return,
I veiled heart and mind with Paris glitter.

Smothered in black couture, inside and out,
I sunk into a dark abyss.
Vampire spirits materialized.
Threaded lies.
Paralyzed me.
SOJOURN

Jennifer C. Cormack

When I was nine, my mother and I knit 3,000 miles of American togetherness from southern California to coastal Carolina,

knotting sixteen days between freedom and marriage through our national middle. We crawled over red rock canyonland

and gawked palm to palm beneath soaring arches through the windows of heaven. It was a season of firsts:

moose and marmots in the Rockies, tallgrass, Eisenhower, and a jumbo stuffed white tiger in Kansas.

She had been to St. Louis, seen the arch. Together we splurged for the tram, gloried in expansion. After meeting Abraham Lincoln

in Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky, I dropped into the slipstream of migration for the final descent to my new home.

Looking back across the divide between my formative, fatherless years and these variegated working years,

I see the journey began before our sojourn to Ranchito Alegre, before Grandmommy
struck me, before I sold my mother’s
push reel mower in a spontaneous
yard sale at the end of our driveway.
Even before I fisted the bathroom window.

The journey began when my mother stood tall
in the face of abandonment, oftentimes
prostrate.
In 2004, Harvard defeated Yale 35-3 in “The Game,” cementing itself as one of the greatest Harvard football teams in history.
THE “MOST PERFECT” ENDING
Matthew Farbotko

The following is an excerpt from an Oral History of the 2004 Harvard-Yale Football Game.

INTRODUCTION

“[I]n the end all I really wanted was for the team to reach its full potential”
–Tim Murphy

On November 20, 2004, the football teams from Harvard and Yale clashed in the 121st playing of “The Game,” as the yearly contest is simply referred. Harvard had recently finished “The Perfect Season” in 2001, winning all nine games in an Ivy League season shortened due to the September 11 terrorist attacks. Three seasons later, Harvard found itself in control of its own destiny the day of The Game, coming into the contest just one win shy of becoming undefeated champions of the Ivy League, but also poised to be the first Harvard team to win ten games in a season in almost one hundred years.

TIM MURPHY: Coming into the 2004 season we felt like we had some very special players, a very special senior class, and potentially a really outstanding football team that could make a run at a championship. But I tried to keep our staff and our players focused on the next building block to the next game—the next meeting, the next workout, the next practice. Sure, we had a formal goal,
to win a championship, to win every game, but in the end all I really wanted
was for the team to reach their full potential. If that meant our full potential
was to win ten games, then that’s great. But if our team gave everything they
had and we played to our potential—that would be bigger than winning a
championship.

THE ATMOSPHERE

“It was an absolutely indescribable, awesome atmosphere
that day”
–Brian Edwards

The Game took place inside the confines of Harvard
Stadium, but the significance of the day spilled out-
side the concrete walls.

TIM MURPHY: As far as the coaches are concerned, we would rather play the
Yale game on the road because there are so many distractions with the media
and with team activities. On the road, we can get in the hotel and bunker
down with everybody in the same place. It’s a little more chaotic when it’s a
home game.

BRIAN EDWARDS: The very first thing I noticed about the crowd is the forty
thousand people in the stands. It was different than normal games, when the
stadium isn’t really full at all. It was an absolutely indescribable, awesome
atmosphere that day.

COREY MAZZA: The size of the crowd hit me when I left Dillon Field House
for the short walk into Harvard Stadium. You walk through the crowd, and
seeing players from the previous year’s team—that made it a palpable college
football game for me. Then on one of the first plays of the game, Ryan Fitz-
patrick hit me on a quick little five yard pass play, and I got knocked out of
bounds. I heard a good size roar from the home crowd, which was bigger
than normal.
JARRED BROWN: People come to The Game because it’s a big game, and it’s a social thing to do. They want to feel like they are a part of it because it’s a famous thing. It’s a place to “see and be seen” to some degree. But if you weren’t at the game, like, what were you doing? People did a lot of different activities on campus, so they just weren’t as aware of what was going on with other sports as they were with the football team. That year, the Harvard hockey team was ranked in the top ten of all Division 1 programs in the country, but very few people on campus knew we even had a hockey team, much less a hockey team that was sending players to the NHL. In general I could tell people liked the football team, and they liked the fact that the football team usually beat Yale. I think they cared a lot more about beating Yale than they did about the Ivy League title.

RICKY WILLIAMSON: The crowd was electric. I wasn’t involved in The Game in the three prior seasons, so I was not acutely aware of how much excitement was in the crowd. That whole game, the crowd was so involved and so excited, and really that was the best part. We didn’t play many games in a packed house of forty thousand fans, so having that electric feeling in the stadium was just such an awesome environment to play a football game that day.

MIKE BERG: The crowd understood what was at stake for Harvard. We put a lot of effort into the product we put out on the field, and the fans enjoyed being a part of that day. We played in front of a packed house, and the crowd seemed into the game—as much as you can be into a game that is lopsided, but I think they truly seemed to be involved and up until the very end. There’s no playoffs in the Ivy League, so there’s no next step after the last game. That made the significance of a 10-0 season a little different. There was a lot of talk in the student paper, even the local and national papers about The Game that year. Harvard went 9-0 in 2001, but 10-0 hadn’t happened in about a century, people appreciated the significance of that. They wanted to go to a game where something matters, so I think they truly cared.

JON BECHDOL: I thought the crowd was pretty engaged for the first half. I never really thought the crowd swayed a game, and I usually couldn’t hear all
Oral History

that much from my perspective on the field. But I felt there was a large crowd that day, and decent amount of cheers when there were supposed to be cheers and boos when there were supposed to be boos.

LUKE COCALIS: The fans are really into the game regardless of whether or not they’ve seen a Harvard football game in the last ten or fifteen years. They are into the pregame pageantry, and pay attention during the game—at least for the people who go into the game. There were a lot of people who didn’t go into the game, even on that day, because they stay outside the stadium at the tailgate. They were usually students. But the people who were at the game, the forty thousand plus people, they were all focused on the game. Harvard Stadium is relatively small and enclosed, so when a play happened on one side, I distinctly heard the different sounds from each fan base—the roar on the one side and the silence on the other when something big happens. It was a pretty even crowd in terms of Harvard fans and Yale fans; enough that I got a sense people were there for this game. Once the game started, who wins really matters.

THE PUNT RETURN

“Brian Edwards is a crazy son of a gun”
–Jon Bechdel

Trailing Harvard by a touchdown early in the second quarter, a Yale offensive drive stalled and forced the Bulldogs to punt the ball back to Harvard.

MIKE BERG: During that entire undefeated season, Brian Edwards went on a tear finding new ways to score touchdowns, and not just as a wide receiver on offense. He returned kickoffs for touchdowns, he returned punts for touchdowns, and I think at one point he even threw a pass for a touchdown. The Yale game was no different.

I wasn’t on the field during this particular play. Sometimes if we were in a safe punt mode, like expecting a fake punt or some trick play, the defense would stay on the field for punt returns, but we were not expecting that in this
situation. As a defense, we did our job and stopped Yale deep in their own territory, so we came off the field to get together and prepare for the next defensive series. At that point, I heard the crown noise building.

I don’t remember seeing the play unfold, but I do know he bobbled the ball at first. It’s pretty funny how a lot of times when a kick returner or punt returner initially drops the ball it causes the defensive coverage guys get out of their normal coverage lanes and open things up. They see the ball on the ground and it causes them to forget all of their defensive responsibilities. That happens more often than you might think, and Brian took advantage of that in this situation.

LUKE COCALIS: I think the game was relatively close when Brian Edwards returned a punt for a touchdown—it may have even been the first score of the game. Brian was one of my favorite players to watch. If you met him up close outside of football, he didn’t look like a wide receiver, or even a football player. In fact, he looked like a guy who might play Ultimate Frisbee in his spare time. But, he had such quickness, great soft hands, and he was a lot faster than he looked. That gave him the ability to make incredible plays at any point in a game.

I was a walk-on player on the team for one year, so I got to know some of personalities on the team. After I stopped playing football, I did a little bit of work for the sporting group at Harvard Crimson student newspaper, and at the same time I joined the radio station and started broadcasting for them. As a result, I stayed around most of the players on the team. There were certain people I followed who I wanted to see have success, even more than the average player. After that punt return, I was first so happy that we scored, and then I was happy that it was Brian in his senior year, and then finally I was happy it was a punt return touchdown, because those types of plays are always fun to see. He was dodging in and out along the sideline, avoiding tacklers in front of the Yale bench. It was a pretty awesome play.

JARRED BROWN: When Brian tried to catch the punt, he fumbled it. I think it bounced off his knee or something like that. At that point I was in the stands and thought, “Oh crap, this is where we let Yale back into the game.” But then Brian ran forward, picked up the ball, and ran it down the Yale sideline for a touchdown. Then I thought, “Wohoo! Never mind!”
JON BECHDOL: Going into that play, I knew Brian’s punt return philosophy, so I always kind of perked up when he was about to return a punt. Brian refused to call for a fair catch, and it used to piss off the special teams coaches. I think throughout the course of the 2004 season there were about six or seven punts he caught where he probably should have signaled for a fair catch. Brian Edwards is a crazy son of a gun.

RICKY WILLIAMSON: Yale was pretty far back in their own territory; we did a good job on defense and forced them to punt, but I was also on the punt return team so I stayed on the field. As a unit, we were pretty aggressive so we had some kind of punt block situation on for that play. We just knew that no matter what happened with the blocking scheme up front, with Brian returning the kick we always had a chance of getting in a good return. We had such confidence in him returning punts for our team, it gave us other guys more of an impetus to do our individual assignments. We thought if we could get a good block on our opponent, or get some pressure on the punter, Brian would have a better chance to return it. But when he muffed the punt at first on that play, I thought to myself, “Oh man.” I was running back to set up the wall and to make a block on the defender when I looked right at him and saw him fudge the ball. But sure enough, in standard Brian fashion, he picked it up and then he found the seam behind our wall and exploited it. He was gone. He was so much faster than all the other players on the field.

BRIAN EDWARDS: I was a wide receiver on offense, so if I got to touch the ball ten times a game that would be a lot. That is why punt returns were so great—it was an opportunity for me to get the ball in my hands a couple more times per game. But it is super nerve racking, to stand back there and return a punt because you are back there all by yourself, unprotected, and there are literally guys on the other team running full speed at you, trying to take your head off. If you screwed up everyone would see it, and you wouldn’t have anyone else to blame for your mistake, except yourself. That gave me this adrenaline rush when I ran out onto the field to line up behind my teammates.
On a Yale drive in the first half of the game, our defense did a great job pinning Yale very deep in their own territory. On fourth down and with quite a few yards needed to get a first down, Yale decided to punt. We broke the special teams huddle on our sideline, and I trotted onto the field like I always did on punt returns. Since I knew the average length of the Yale punter's kicks from the scouting report, I stopped at midfield and faced the open end of the stadium and waited to receive the punt. At that point, I was in a state of mind where I didn't hear anything; I didn't hear or even notice the crowd. In that moment, I was just in a bubble.

The line of scrimmage was deep in Yale territory, so we weren't expecting them to attempt a fake punt to try to keep their drive alive because it would have been too risky for them. So, we had our full punt return team on the field to try and make the most of the good field position we expected to have. After the ball was snapped, the Yale punter, nearly standing in his own end zone, kicks the ball in my direction, and I started tracking it as it flew through the air. As the ball floated down to me, I reached out my arms to cradle it into my chest. Unfortunately, on this attempt, I muffed the punt. I wouldn't say that I dropped the ball because of the enormity of the situation, with it being my last game against Yale and an undefeated season on the line—I think I just had a momentary lack of concentration and it slipped through my arms. Luckily, the ball hit the ground and didn't roll too far from me after I dropped it. I think that mistake actually worked out in my favor because when the Yale players saw the ball on the ground they thought "recover the ball" instead of "tackle the return man," so when I picked up the ball and started running with it they weren't in a position to make a play on me. I think they call that the old rope-a-dope play.

We ran a return right blocking scheme on this punt return, which meant all my blockers formed a wall along the numbers painted up and down the right side of field, so after I gathered the ball I took off running up the field and to my right. Ironically, setting up our return in that way meant that I ran the ball back right in front of all the Yale players and coaches on their bench. I didn't notice any sort of reaction by them to the play at the time; I never really paid a whole lot of attention to the other team or what was going on with them. I just remember all the blocks were set up perfectly, and I
Oral History

wasn’t even touched going into the end zone. Basically, it was me sprinting as fast as I could to the end zone, and celebrating with my teammates after the touchdown.

Of all the things I miss about playing football, punt returns would be the number one thing. Punt returns are just absolute chaos, and every once in a while you can find your way through the chaos and you’re in the end zone. It’s such a huge momentum changing play in a game. For that reason, I had this unspoken rule with myself that I would never call for a fair catch on any punt return, and throughout my career returning punts I did a pretty good job of honoring that policy. That rule only added to my nerves because I knew that even if a would-be tackler was coming down the field relatively unblocked, in all likelihood I was going to get hit really, really hard. My rationale was, “Look, this is a really big football field, and there’s only 11 guys on the other team trying to tackle me, and I have 10 guys on my side trying to block for me,” so the odds seemed like they were in my favor. Mathematically it didn’t come out that way, but in my mind it did. I honestly believed that every single time I caught a punt I had a chance to do something special with it.

THE WIN

“The Yale game was our victory lap”
–Joe Kawczenski

Harvard emerged from The Game with a decisive 35-3 victory over Yale, and cemented itself as one of the greatest Harvard football teams in history.

JARRED BROWN: I stormed the field afterwards, but slowly, and after the initial rush of students. I’ve been a big fan of sports for a long time, and one thing I’ve learned is the first people to storm the field are never the real fans because they have no idea what they are doing. But after that win, I was really happy. I was really happy because we went 10-0, won an Ivy League championship, and we destroyed Yale.
LUKE COCALIS: I didn’t storm the field; it always felt random to me. But people stormed the field after we won that game. I could see one of my friends, Priscilla, who I can guarantee never went to a football game other than The Game, running around on the field laughing and probably drunk. This is the same Priscilla who is now married to Mark Zuckerberg, the creator of Facebook. I laughed because it was so out of character for her to be doing that. But that’s what winning The Game does for people. Generally, there’s a less socially exuberant society at Harvard, so people go crazy at The Game.

MIKE BERG: As we were about to win the game, senior linebacker Bobby Everett came up to some of us younger guys and thanked us for our effort all year, which meant a lot. As soon as time expired, our fans rushed the field just as they traditionally did after we beat Yale. Everyone was really drunk; the smell of liquor wafting over the field as the crowds of people rushed by me was intense. But that was all part of the atmosphere, the circus that is winning the Harvard-Yale game. From there it was right into our locker room. Coach Murphy came in to meet us for our post-game huddle, and he did his usual jump into the center of the team while we chanted for him.

RICKY WILLIAMSON: We did a slow clap for Coach Murphy while we waited for him to join us in the locker room after the game. We always did that after a win, so that he would run around the corner and leap onto the team in celebration. He saved that leap for special occasions, and a lot of times we tried to get him to do it and he would wag his finger and say, “Nope, nope, not this week, maybe next week.” We had to earn it. He was so fired up after that game there was no doubt he was going to do it. To win like that at home against and to be undefeated, that’s just such a special thing. When you have so much success, winning can get old. But I could tell that he loved it, and so did I.

MIKE BERG: Of course we sang our victory song, 10,000 Men of Harvard, as we did nine times before that same season. Then someone brought in the cup, the Ivy League trophy. We passed it around, taking pictures and posing with it.
Oral History

BRIAN EDWARDS: The Ivy League trophy was at The Game. Since we beat Penn the week before, we had already won at least a share of the Ivy League championship whether or not we won the Yale game. But we won, so it was ours outright. I spent so much time in the locker room just celebrating, passing around the trophy with my team. I didn’t shower or change—I even went to the post-game press conference still dressed in my pads.

JOE KAWCZENSKI: We won at least a share of the Ivy League title the previous week at Penn, so that was when we really won the Ivy League championship. But we weren’t content with just winning a share of the title. There was no sort of celebration until after The Game. But I felt this crush of inevitability going into that Yale game—we were supposed to win. There was no question in my mind that we were going to win that game. The Yale game was our victory lap.

The undefeated season achieved by the Harvard football team in 2004 became known as “The Most Perfect Season.” Ten years later, I returned to Harvard Stadium with the other members of the 2004 Ivy League championship team to watch the 131st playing of The Game, and celebrate the memories of that historic season. Just like that team a decade earlier, the 2014 Harvard squad was once again poised to become undefeated 10-0 Ivy League champions, with only the Yale game ahead of them. As if to honor the former players in the stands, Harvard scored with 0:55 seconds left in The Game to beat Yale, and be perfect once again.
WHEN MY MOTHER WAS PREGNANT WITH ME, her body became delicate. Three miscarriages in three years had snatched away the vitality that she, a normal 26-year-old woman, deserved. Even the slightest physical labor like reaching out for a box of egg rolls on the top of the fridge, caused serious bleeding. With the gynecologist’s advice, she quit her job as a third grade math teacher and spent most of her time in bed from the twentieth day of pregnancy until I came out seven months later, no bigger than a rabbit, and was immediately put into an incubator.

The Chinese believed babies would have similar faces as the ones their mothers studied during pregnancy. Lying in bed with nothing much to do, my mom spent days and nights staring at baby pictures my dad bought from Xinhua Book Store, the only bookstore in our town back then. Thick eyebrows; big, watery, black eyes; a small red mouth; and white, soft skin. Even though she did not know the sex of the baby yet, she wanted to give the best she could get for it.

My mother’s major concern was the skin problems passed down through her family line. All three girls in her family had freckles, which do not appear until the end of puberty, but once start, they soon crawl all over the face. The little brother, on the other hand, suffered from serious acne troubles since the first sprout of his moustache. She was almost sure that skin problems would be inevitable for her child. But she resolved to reduce the harm to the lowest degree. So she turned to Dr. Bai, her gynecologist, an expert in both Chinese medicine and Western clinical treatments, who suggested pearl powders – fine, white powders in tiny little porcelain bottles smelled like rose – promising that it was good for the mother’s sleep and the baby’s skin.

Lying flat in bed did not guarantee a safe pregnancy. Occasional bleeding and pain still haunted my mother. During her days of staring at beautiful babies’ pictures, she took time to pour bowl after bowl of bitter, black
medicine soup down her throat. Western medicine made her sick, so Dr. Bai had written prescriptions of Chinese herb medicine to assuage the symptoms while keep me safe. When older relatives came to visit, they frowned, “Silly girl, stop drinking that! The kid will be as black as coal.” When they went out of the door, they shook their heads. With a tone of sympathy, they whispered to Grandma Li, “Your daughter-in-law must be crazy. That amount of herb soups! The kid can be retarded. Oh, my Old Sister, what are you going to do if it has twelve fingers!” Even some gynecologists had suggested she give me up, based on unpromising tests. But my mother could not bear the idea of losing yet another baby. Dr. Bai was the only doctor who stayed optimistic about her pregnancy and whose medicine was the only way to save her from bleeding. So the bitter scent of herb soup stayed by her bedside lingering along with the restless whispers. Years later, when I was regarded as normal and healthy enough to be shown around, she let me visit those relatives with my father. When we got home, she would ask, almost casually, what did they say about my face, my grades, and, though she never said it out loud, my ten fingers.

I came into this world two months earlier than expected, at a time when my mom was in high fever and a caesarean birth became inevitable. Despite the burning fever in her head, my mother managed to ask the only question on her mind, “Are there ten fingers?” “Fingers and toes, ten and ten.” A nurse replied softly, “It’s a beautiful girl. Look at that little mouth, just like yours.” My mother did not remember my face at that moment, but she did hear the nurse’s voice. Relieved, she let the anesthetic take over the rest of the day.

A few days later, when she finally saw me, she saw it. Yes, the mouth was beautiful, just like hers. Yes, the eyes were shiny. Yes, the skin was beautiful, pure white, whiter than any other infant she had ever seen. And double checked, the fingers and toes were all there, no more, no less. But what was wrong with the nose? Why was it so flat, so big, crawling over the very small infant face? Breathing, the nostrils grew even bigger and rounder, exposing the deep black hollow inside. They reminded her of the little hippos printed on one of the new baby blankets, of which she soon got rid in fear of the possibility that the formation of the newborn’s face had not yet finished. Did the nose have a bridge? Trembling, her fingers fumbled from the eyebrows to the
part where the nose bridge was supposed to be. And there it was - a little bone underneath the tender skin. So she does have a nose bridge, she said to herself, almost embarrassed by her over-reaction. Maybe, she hoped, when the face grew bigger, the bridge would appear to be an elegant one, like a coral island comes to the surface of sea waters when the dry season arrives.

Still, she blamed my father for passing down that nose. Her own family had the best noses. They were high, pointy, and elegantly small. Who but her husband could destroy such a perfect gene? His nose was puffy and flat. When he smiled, it would across his face like a slug stretching its body over a leaf. But for all these years, she did not give much thought to it, not even when his nose was blue for three months after surgery to make the bridge high enough to hold a pair of glasses. When he proposed, she saw in his honest eyes a reliable, bright man with a promising future at the best newspaper office in the city. Five years in their marriage, she saw his deft hands when he wallpapered their first home; she saw his beard burgeon in the morning and loved how it rubbed her cheeks; she saw his skinny chest and bought from the market the strongest chicken breast for his dinner. But now, all she could see in this man was his nose, that huge, greasy nose red like a rotten strawberry. How could she not see it? If she had ever seen it, she would, at least, have asked him to buy the pictures of those blond Western babies, so she could stare at those high, beautiful noses hard enough before the baby’s was formed in her uterus without a better model.

“She looks exactly like her father!” Every visitor would say in a conventional compliment to the mother’s virtue. But my mother shivered at these words, reaching out her arms to take me away from those eyes. One night, my father sat at her bedside with me in his arms. My mother watched as we smiled to each other, our noses spreading across our faces. “Peasant!” she blurted out and started to cry. Only poor peasants had rustic noses like that, for their flesh was made of pulpy clay. After all her efforts to save herself from the remote little town where she grew up and find a husband in the city, she had made up her mind to create a decent, urbane family. A girl from a fine family was supposed to be made of snow and roses. Now the disappointing nose gave her rustic roots away. My father was stunned, “You knew I was a farmer’s descendant, didn’t you?” She cried even harder.
When did my mother stop crying I did not know, but she refused to “get used to it” as others suggested when they learned about her misfortune. The nose was always on her mind. When she took me to the park, she let me touch the little putti sculptures’ pointy noses. When she walked me in a stroller, she put a translucent silk curtain on it, hiding my face from sunshine, which caused freckles, and mosquitos and, perhaps, our garrulous neighbors’ judging eyes. She felt a little annoyed when they heartlessly raised the curtain to say hi to me. “The mosquitos are flying in!” Crying, she hastily pulled it down. When I lay in her arms, she would pick up my nose with a thumb and an index finger and squeeze gently, from the nose wings to the end of the nose bridge, then the other way around. “Flatty, flatty, grow, grow.” she chanted. It became a ritual and, before I knew it, a serious mother duty.

The third summer after I was born, my mother got a job as a proofreader at a local newspaper office, one that was smaller than my dad’s employer but offering good money. When she was at work, Aunt Nana, a student at a normal school back then, was once my babysitter. On my mother’s first day to work, she reminded Aunt Nana to squeeze that nose at least three times a day. She even taught her the incantation. But Aunt Nana took it even more seriously than my mother. She squeezed my nose and I giggled, spreading it flat again. Then, by pushing her two index fingers on each side, she formed an acute triangle on my face and demanded: “Smile.” I spread my mouth. The nose remained pointy and small between her fingers. Aunt Nana was thrilled by this discovery. “You wanna be a beautiful princess?” She asked when I picked up a pink princess dress for my Barbie. I nodded. “You know a princess has a small nose, right?” I nodded. “So let’s fix this.” She rubbed my nose with her fingertips. I nodded. From our bathroom Aunt Nana found a clothing peg. She first tried to put it on my nose bridge, but it was too flat to be pegged. So she pegged my nose wings. “Breathe with your mouth, will you?” I nodded with my mouth open.

My mom was more amused than mad when she first got home and saw the yellow, plastic clothing peg on my nose. “What are you doing, silly?” she laughed and immediately took it off. “Aunt Nana’s making me a princess.” I replied. “Aunt Nana?” the laugh disappeared on her face. Then came the big fight between the sisters. When my mother was about to throw Aunt Nana
out of the house together with her “stupid shenanigans”, the latter vehemently defended herself, “You see, if you peg her every day, one day the nose will remember the right position!” “No! My girl is not going to breathe with her mouth open like a gold fish!” Behind the slammed door, my mother took me in the arms and petted that red, flat nose. “Mama, it doesn’t hurt.” I mumbled, fingers rest on the princess Barbie’s pointy little nose.

So the chanting and squeezing stayed as a ritual between us. Thanks to my mother’s laborious efforts, my nose did grow a little higher, yet it never became an elegant one. While her chanting stopped as I grew too old for that, the squeezing ritual continued to evolve as my father started winning prizes for photography and editing one after another, and my mother pushing her career towards a department director title, and later a general manager. Gradually, we could afford new clothes for every season. And my mom would squeeze my nose after she buttoned me up. We moved into a better apartment in which my mom would always squeeze my nose before we had guests over. We bought our first car. And it was on my first ride on this very first car, my mom screamed “NOSE!” when I was pressing my nose against the window, excitedly waving to the strangers in neighboring cars. She gave me the strongest squeeze on the nose when she finally managed to peel me off the window.

During my teenage years my mom eventually stopped squeezing my nose, but the focus on it never faded. “Don’t spread your mouth that wide, your nose is as flat as a pancake.” “Don’t wear that make up, it makes your nose look even bigger.” “Wear these huge earrings, so people will not notice your nose.” “Why are you covering your face with your hair like that? Don’t you know all I can see is your stupid nose?” Though at first, it was my mother’s voice that I heard, but later on I found it came from a frustrated teenage girl yelling into a mirror. When other girls liberated their slender clavicles in V-neck tops, I packed my body in baggy dark turtle necks so when boys look at me, I can safely retract into the high collars. When I wanted to laugh, I turned away and laughed into my palms. Before the situations when I had to do a presentation in front of an audience with my naked face, I would always squeeze my nose like my mom used to do, in the vain hope that it would stay a bit higher, even if for just a few seconds.
Twenty-two years after my birth, at our dinner table, my parents asked what I wanted for my birthday. “How about a nose job?” I asked. That year, three of my close friends did either a double eyelids or a nose job. It seemed the last year of college was the ideal time to adjust one’s face, since the exciting post-college adult life would cover the imperfect past.

“Your nose looks great! People can tell that you are my daughter from that nose!” Dad protested. Chicken soup in his spoon almost spit out. “Glasses won’t fall, will they?” My mom asked, pecking peas into her mouth with chopsticks. “No, Mama, they won’t.” “Then you are good, sweetie.” “But…” “Is it because I called it flat when you were little? I was just kidding.” “For all those years?!” I almost yelled, metal spoon clanged in the bowl. How could she dismiss the seriousness in her eyes when she squeezed my nose from time to time all so easily? How could she forget the tension on her forehead, when she frowned upon every little moment in my childhood when I carelessly spread my nose across my face? And how come something that bothered me for so long during my youth suddenly became a lighthearted “kidding”? The soup in my bowl turned cold. I stopped eating.

“Sweetie, we love you. So if you need that to feel good about yourself,” she paused, eyed my dad, whose nostrils flared into two disapproval vortexes, and continued, “then Mama will pay for it.” I opened my mouth, but no words came out. Something muzzled me. It was not financial support that I was asking for. And how could she make it my problem when she was the one who could not stop caring about it for so many years? I wanted to confront her with the damages she had done to me because of this nose. Yet suddenly at the tip of my tongue every “evidence” felt so piddling and, even, almost lovely when I tried to articulate. The warmth in mother’s arms, the smell of our first car, the laughter in our new apartment, the thrill for the new dress she bought for me, and her proud applause after I gave a successful speech – everything was blessed by a squeeze on the nose. For over twenty years, Mom and Dad have proved that it did not take a beautiful nose to plant a family’s peasant root in the urban soil. How can I demand an apology from my mother when she had spent all her vigor, energy and devotion to turn the curse into a blessing?

She spooned me another bowl of chicken soup. I held the bowl to my face. Tender, juicy steam blurred my nose. Dad stood up and walked to the stove, bringing everyone a glass of warm rice wine. They started talking about
work, about an old artist friend’s new studio, about another trip to a foreign land, about a future their daughter is going to have in a better country. I raised the glass with them. “Cheers!”

Sniff with a nose from him and taste with a mouth from her. The amber-like liquid flowed in me, a humble creature suffused with all the warmth and sweetness two ordinary human beings could possibly offer.
de guerre Nystad
THE IDIOSYNCRASIES OF GLOBALIZATION AS A HYPEROBJECT

Jovana Stojanova

DUE TO THE INCREASED LEVELS OF GLOBALIZATION in recent times, the term *globalization* has become ubiquitous around the globe. The consequences of this phenomenon are omnipresent and touch the overwhelming majority of people on Earth, yet what really constitutes the subject of discussion, its nature and basic components, all seem to be arcane intricacies for those same people. What is more interesting is that the intelligentsia of the world – venerated scholars, prolific Nobel laureates, multiple-degree holders - cannot agree on a definition of globalization either. Reputable institutions of high education offer classes on globalization, classes that produce scholars who publish prolifically, win Nobel prizes, and obtain multiple degrees, only to come back to those same institutions and ask the same question: what is globalization? When observing this conundrum from a mega or hyper level, however, one can better understand why the plethora of differentiating opinions has emerged. This essay is going to properly define globalization in the category of *hyperobjects* and further delineate its characteristics as described by Professor Timothy B. Morton in *The Ecological Thought*.1

Professor Morton is a highly venerated scholar in the field of ecological and environmental sciences, and he wrote *The Ecological Thought* with the prime objective to define climate change as a *hyperobject*. Written in the most eloquent of terms, Professor Morton writes that *hyperobjects* are objects/processes that are “so massively distributed in time and space as to transcend spatiotemporal specificity […]” In other terms, a *hyperobject* is something that is alive and has a zest of its own, but cannot necessarily be touched or expressed in simple empirical terms. Furthermore, this phenomenon is not easily definable in conventional terms of space and time and thus a mega reading and definition of its characteristics are needed for a full understanding. Although Professor Morton focuses specifically on global warming as a *hyperobject*, while
another great other example of a *hyperobjects* includes the financial market. The overwhelming majority of people today are aware of the existence of the economy and financial markets, but one cannot physically touch the economy as a table/chair/building can be touched, measured, and located. Following the same pattern of logic, one cannot ‘touch,’ ‘smell,’ or ‘count’ globalization, while everyone agrees that this *hyperobject* is ubiquitous and spans across generations of human lives. Deriving from the same idea that *hyperobjects* are too massively distributed in time and space, they are in a way ‘invisible’ to the human eye, which is also true of globalization. Furthermore, according to Professor Morton, *hyperobjects* share five commonalities that distinguish them from everything else: they are all viscous, molten, non-local, phased out, and inter-objective. This essay will analyze globalization in regards with these five characteristics shared by all *hyperobjects* and draw from selected readings in order to further illustrate and explain pertinent arguments.

In *The Ecological Thought*, the first applicable characteristic described relating to *hyperobjects* is non-locality. *Hyperobjects* are too massive in terms of space and they cannot manifest themselves locally over a short period in any particular fashion, thus making them imperceptible to the naked human eye. When discussing globalization and its origins specifically, it becomes evident why the world community cannot come to an agreement when globalization exactly emerged. For example, in *Globalization: A Short History*, authors J. Osterhammel and N. Petersson make a few attempts to delineate the exact time period in recorded human history during which globalization started happening. While Osterhammel and Petersson do an excellent job as historians by offering well-constructed arguments on a few time periods in explaining why those should be considered as the moment when this phenomenon surfaced (the Kingdom of Alexander the Great, the Mongol Empire, the Industrial Revolution, etc.), it is evident that they are only postulating and never reaching a conclusion. On the other hand, C. Gopinath claims that the definition of globalization varies depending on the academic discipline and those who are concerned, and synthesizes a multitude of collected definitions in *Globalization: A Multidimensional System*. While Professor Gopinath also speculates with a few historical timeframes and places the beginning of globalization in them, he mostly supports the idea that this process emerged as a consequence of colo-
nial imperialism. All of these references are points in time in which globalization was already present, in one shape or form. However, when looking from a mega or hyper level, these historical instances become almost minuscule. Osterhammel, Petersson, and Gopinath are making the right argument in all the wrong ways; hyperobjects cannot manifest themselves locally over a short period of time, and thus the origins of globalization as a hyperobject cannot be delineated in conventional terms. The debates revolving around the origins and exact birth moment of globalization all focus too narrowly and retreat to the accustomed tools used by all historians to measure and record time, which do not take into account the idea of hyperobjects and how all the plausible answers might be the right answers as well.

Professor Morton characterizes hyperobjects as viscous because of their ability to ‘defy’ or mold any other object according to their current, and the more other objects try to resist, the harder they will be trounced by the hyperobject. When describing a hyperobject’s viscosity with regards to humans, he describes the process as something that “sticks with [...] and penetrates us (humans).” Discussing globalization and looking at its relationship with humans as primary objects of interaction, the same observation can be made through the expansion of freer market trade and the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). Scholars, the media, and everyday people are all weighing in on the benefits and disadvantages of the highly scrutinized trade agreement, but they mostly agree with the argument that it is far less advantageous for low-skilled workers. While Lori Wallach presents a case denouncing any advantages for the United States from NAFTA, citing job losses across various industries, other prominent economics magazines have published the contradicting arguments claiming NAFTA has brought more benefits for the everyday people. While it is cheaper to hire Mexican laborers for certain menial, low-skilled jobs, there is no evidence of an American neurologist losing his or her job to a poorly educated Mexican worker. Relating back to the idea that hyperobjects trounce/defy those individuals who do not adjust properly to the globalizing trends, it becomes logical that low-skilled jobs in a developed country would decrease in demand as those individuals performing them are usually not adequately prepared for the changes caused by globalization.
The third feature that Professor Morton ascribes to all hyperobjects is that they are molten in the sense that they are so big in every possible way, they refute the ideas that time and space are concrete, fixed and uniform. In terms of globalization, time is a relative construct and plays a large role in how one thinks of globalization. Professor Morton classifies time as a “neutral container,” and the gist of his argument is referring to time (and space) almost on a theoretical scale as time cannot literally stop or go backwards and the geographical landscape of Earth changes extremely slowly, but geological processes have a certain trace which, again, cannot go backwards. Thomas Friedman is one individual who would indubitably agree with this statement as he is unequivocal in his New York Times article “It’s a Flat World, After All.” Friedman, a U.S. native, experienced an epiphany during a business trip to Bangalore, India, when his Indian collaborator told him that “[t]he playing field is being flattened.” Soon enough Friedman wrote a book and capitalized on his epiphany, having come to the conclusion that the playing field under discussion is time, as Morton saw it, and how its theoretical concept has been completely redefined due to technological advancements made, making it possible for humans to manipulate it and even ‘peek’ into history in more direct ways from the present. It is widely accepted that technological advancements are products of globalization, and this is the exact instance where globalization has altered the notion of time.

Another prominent writer, Richard Florida, a senior editor at The Atlantic, wrote about how in theory, the way one thinks of space is also changing. In “The World Is Spiky,” Florida makes the argument that the megalopolises of today are growing, in terms of both population and economics, while the valleys, which tend to be less urbanized, are losing on both these fronts. This is making the world a ‘spikier’ place because cities are reaching new heights and valleys, areas of lesser development, are shrinking and disappearing. Florida is asking his readers to think in abstract and theoretical terms in order to understand his point. Cities are becoming spikier because they are more urbanized and offer far more opportunities for people than rural areas do, and this is due to globalization. With this argument, the customary notion of space is also altered and Professor Morton is correct in his claim that hyperobjects bend time
and space as one typically thinks about them because they are too massive to be conceptualized in a single, uniform manner.

The fourth characteristic of hyperobjects, according to Professor Morton, is inter-objectivity. Inter-objectivity means that hyperobjects are formed by simpler objects that are well-connected and intertwined as they depend and build on each other. One of the most illustrative examples of this concept comes from Pietra Rivoli’s *The Travels of a T-Shirt* and her examination of the entire history of U.S. cotton’s dominance on the world stage. Rivoli is clear in her assumptions that first and foremost, it is the unique relationship between the U.S. government, farmers, science (research facilities and Universities), and markets that is a large and decisive factor in this perpetual dominance. She then goes back in history and delineates the exact public policies which were enacted, exact inventions which were put forward, how the farmers were adapting and accepting the newly found situations, and how and when the U.S. economy as a whole supported this entire process. From here, it is explicitly clear that only with the close, intertwined work between these four objects (government, farmers, science and markets), the supremacy of U.S. cotton emerged and stayed in place for over 200 years, which makes it an important link in the global market and this makes it a part of the globalization hyperobject. Besides these four main objects relating to the world dominance of U.S. cotton, there are also international relations, water agreements, private interests, and many other smaller objects which are part of it, but this case perfectly illustrates Professor Morton’s idea that hyperobjects are inter-objective and comprised of smaller objects that are closely linked together, or inter-objectively connected.

The fifth and last characteristic of hyperobjects is their enormously large phase dimension that is not perceptible by the naked human eye. The example that Professor Morton elaborates on is climate change. He meticulously names and counts all the devices and simulations needed in order to ‘see’ global climate change. Even in this case, the human eye does not see global change in the way the verb ‘to see’ is conventionally used, but rather on high-tech machines and screens created as products of decades-long work and advancement. The same argument can be made about globalization as well; globalization does not manifest itself in one single process or in one single out-
come, and since globalization cannot be ‘measured,’ analysts and researchers would use a variety of different tests in order to pinpoint some of its parameters, size and age. For example, one could compare the Gross Domestic Product (GDP), population size, literacy levels, Purchasing Power Parity (PPP), etc. of a certain country/region in the world at a specific moment in time, and this would still be an incomplete measurement for that country or region because it does not take other factors into account (such as Gross National Product, for example) and the numbers are constantly changing. Alas, one can see and measure certain aspects of globalization but the picture will never be complete because *hyperobjects’* dimensional phases are massive and immeasurable in simple and conventional terms.

This essay has shed light on the topic of globalization by classifying it in the correct category of *hyperobjects* and has described its idiosyncrasies based on the limited number of readings analyzed. Globalization will remain a highly divisive topic of discussion for many years to come as it is a process that is viscous, non-local, molten, inter-objective and phased out. The main issue most academics and many others encounter when debating globalization is narrowing too closely on the topic, contextualizing concrete examples on a mega or hyper scale and not taking into account the larger picture. Either way, globalization is widely felt in every corner of the Earth and its influences have been increasing in recent times, which is very likely to continue. Perhaps in the coming years the academic community will be able to agree on a concrete definition of globalization, how and why it emerged, and answer all other questions associated with this phenomenon, but at this point in time it is best to look at it through the lens of a *hyperobject* with its five defining qualities.
NOTES

Justine D. Kohr
SMELTERTOWN CEMETERY

James Provencher

*The following poems are excerpts from a book of poetry, Borderline Elegies, by James Provencher.

They sleep under blankets of sun-bleached stones in Smel tertown—never much time for play. Desert dust hugs and cradles children’s bones.

Tilted crosses gleam, white-washed winter clones, marking each small bed nested in hard clay. They sleep under blankets of sun-bleached stones.

Sometimes you can hear distant metal moans. All the ones who live here have come to stay. Desert dust hugs and cradles children’s bones.

Copper’s legacy—no-go, toxic zones where wilted like frost-bitten bouquets, they sleep under blankets of sun-bleached stones.

Visited by vagrant winds and dry unknowns, they died too soon, too young to learn to pray. Desert dust hugs and cradles children’s bones.

Still-birth arrivals come as short term loans. No one’s left to plant a bright plastic spray. They sleep under blankets of sun-bleached stones. Desert dust hugs and cradles children’s bones.
ENTROPIC

The secret is out--
Everything decays.
It’s a half life.

The border is not a door
where you pass from one mystery
into another.

It’s a line
hard to cross.

Instead, creep along
the edge

in hope of something
seeping through.
APPARENTLY THE WAY

Apparently this path
goes nowhere,
just a dusty rut
following a running
fenceline
hugging
the undulating bank
of a dead river.

Apparently this
worn footpad
of beaten bareness
tells how many
have passed
seeking a rent
in the seamless
barrier.

Apparently this
endless evenly
worn, hard-calloused
ground, worked and worried
by too many
sand-tempered soles
must be the way
to the gateless gate.

Apparently this
walled corridor with no door
runs on forever to no end
like a hope-filled furrow,
Poetry

a fabled midnight cantina corrido
reaching for a wild toss of dream stars
seeding the desert sky.

Apparently this
must be the way
Everyone was for it in the beginning, 
until they found out the man 
riding the fiery Andalusian steed 
had enslaved Puebla women 
and children, murdered 800 
welcoming indigenous innocents, 
and cut off the right foot 
of every Indio man over 25.

He was Juan de Onate, 
the Last Conquistador, 
who left his mark 
on Inscription Rock at El Morro 
when the Empire was pushing north 
through the petroglyphs of Malpais 
into the promise of sweet singing headwaters 
along the road called the Journey of a Dead Man.

In the end no one wanted it 
anywhere, the world’s largest equestrian statue. 
The brazen bronze monstrosity has been exiled 
to greet short term parking arrivals 
at El Paso International Airport.

The night after the statue’s ceremonial unveiling, 
someone amputated the rider’s right foot, 
leaving a note: Fair is Fair. 
They reattached a new one, 
but the seam still shows.
PORCH TIME

Time seeps and stains humped hills vermillion—in quicksilver town, it’s porch time, a handrolled smoke, pink and grey feather clouds wisp. The scarred and wounded earth gives up its silver pulse, the day distils into wind-borne vapor. Mercurial destinies still dance in the palm like sun on a desert river.

Empty pouroffs wash trickling sand into thirsty valleys. Crumbling contrabando adobes leak marrow dust into the spring gust. Watch it whirl wandering willy-willies way off into dry distance where they blow themselves out over nothing.

It’s porch time, no dogs allowed on the porch, but they’re there drowsing, napping on benches under dripping eaves. A shower sprang up from the Gulf. Peering through roof-runoff—electric neon now and then drills played out slumping tired hills.

Porch time, thinking again—that’s a mistake. Taking the marginal way along the boundary, edging into emptiness and another night.
Flaking rust, fading paint, and the rainbow:
it’ll break your heart if you let it.
Potato and jalepeno soup washed down
with tequila hits has a bit of a bite.
The end of something is something.
BIOGRAPHIES

Chief Editors

HALEY JOHNSTON is a first-year MALS student who is concentrating on globalization studies. She continues to hone her skills as a writer and editor through her work as a teaching assistant for an undergraduate writing course, and through her participation in the Dartmouth Writers Society.

JUSTINE D. KOHR is editor of Tuck Today, the official magazine of the Tuck School of Business, and a freelance writer. Her thesis, a novella, deals with issues of addiction and domestic violence in her home region of Western Massachusetts. She has written for the Hartford Advocate, the Valley News, the Quechee Times, Here in Hanover magazine, Image magazine, Dartmouth Now, and others. A vegan with a strong passion for animal rights, she is particularly interested in personal histories and the question, How do people become who they are today?

Managing Editors

MAISEA BAILEY is a New Hampshire native and holds a bachelor’s degree in art history, with a minor in Italian studies from the University of New Hampshire. Prior to coming to Dartmouth Maisea held positions at the Peabody Essex Museum in Salem, MA, and with the New Hampshire Art Association in Portsmouth, NH. Maisea is a first-year MALS student concentrating in Cultural Studies. Maisea also serves as the Admissions Coordinator for the MALS program at Dartmouth. *Bailey is also an author in this issue of Clamantis.

PRIYANKA SIVARAMAKRISHNAN was a professional corporate lawyer till she decided to write for and teach children. She worked as a storyteller and has published several books for young adults. She is now studying creative writing in the MALS program and works as a teaching assistant for the Writing 2-3 class. Her secret passion is cooking and dreams of opening a publishing house with a local bakery. She grew up in Chennai, India.
**KEVIN WARSTADT** grew up in Atlanta, Georgia. He studied film and literature at Georgia Tech where he earned his B.S. in science, technology, and culture. While there he directed the award nominated short film, *With a Whimper*. He now studies writing and culture in the MALS program and works as the digital program fellow at the Dartmouth College Library. He manages arbitrarity.com and is a contributor to notcatalog.com.

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**Cover Art**

Lance Corporal **MICHAEL RODRIGUEZ** USMC (ret) is an illustrator, writer, and warrior. In 2003 Michael began his enlistment in the United States Marine Corps as a rifleman assigned to 1st Battalion 8th Marines. In 2004, Michael was deployed with 1/8 to Iraq as part of OIF II, and served in the Al-Anbar province of Iraq and the 2nd Battle for Fallujah as part of Operation Phantom Fury. For injuries received in combat Michael was awarded the Purple Heart, and later received the Navy Achievement Medal for his time as a Marine liaison at Naval Medical Center Portsmouth Virginia. After being retired from the Marines, Michael returned to the Upper Valley and attended Colby-Sawyer College where he received his bachelor’s degree. In 2011 he enrolled at Dartmouth as a graduate student in the MALS Globalization Studies program, where he became a founding member of the Dartmouth Graduate Veterans Association. In September of 2016, Michael completed his graduate thesis, *The Nexus*, a graphic novel exploring the meaning of energy security in an age of globalization and climate change. His work has recently been featured in When I Returned, a joint project between the Center for Cartoon Studies and VA Center White River Junction.

**Assistant Editors**

**PATRICK BEDARD** is a MALS Globalization Studies graduate student with an interest in political economy. He graduated from Hamilton College with a dual degree in public policy and communication. In addition to his graduate studies, Patrick works full time for the Dartmouth Office of Risk and Internal Controls on audits and consulting projects and is a member of the Dartmouth Graduate Student Council.
GIZEM GENCEL is a second-year MALS graduate student concentrating on cultural studies. Originally from a small Aegean town of Turkey she has been adrift in many countries experiencing the beauty of the planet and its cultures. Her research interests include language education, intercultural interactions and communication. She received her BS from Middle East Technical University in Educational Sciences and BA from SUNY New Paltz Liberal Studies with a concentration on Languages, Literatures and Cultures. When she’s not working, she can be found somewhere under the sunshine with a book or experimenting with foods in the kitchen.

ANALISA GOODMANN is a native of New Mexico and an alumna of the University of New Mexico where she studied political science and English. This is her first year in MALS. Her research interests include globalization, human rights, post-conflict societies, and transitional justice.

*Goodmann is also an author in this issue of Clamantis.*

RADHIKA MORAL is a native of India. Previously, she was a student of English Literature at the University of Delhi. She is pursuing the cultural studies track at MALS.

MARGAUX NOVAK is a Dartmouth MALS graduate student concentrating in Creative Writing. She is originally from coastal North Carolina where she graduated from North Carolina State with a double-major in English Literature and International Studies, with a minor in Technical Writing. Her poetry has been published internationally, recently in Sanctuary, Little Patuxent Review, Boston Poetry Magazine, Ink Seed and Satul. She is a recipient of the Guy Owen Award for Creative Writing, and is an avid photographer and traveler.

KAITLIN SEROTA is a cultural studies concentration and is interested in researching the various functions of art in culture. Originally from South Florida she graduated from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign with a degree in Art History and currently skates for the Dartmouth Figure Skating Team.
KASEY STOREY is a first-year MALS student who plans on studying creative writing. She is from Cheyenne, Wyoming where she found her enjoyment in writing about the spectacular landscapes. She graduated from the University of Oregon in 2015 with a BS in Sociology and a minor in English.

*Storey is also an author in this issue of Clamantis.

JIARUI SUN grew up in south-eastern China and earned her bachelor’s of arts degree in Chinese Language and Literature from Zhejiang University. In 2016 she joined the MALS program to develop her exploration in arts and cultures from all parts of the world, in which she discovered her passion in creative writing and cultural studies. Up to now Jiarui has traveled to more than 25 countries and decided to take a break from the incessant traveling and dive into the world of art and literature instead. Currently, her main interest is to study the ideas of nation and emigration of non-native English writers, especially contemporary Chinese American writers.

*Sun is also an author in this issue of Clamantis.

EMILY TAYLOR is a MALS graduate student concentrating in creative writing, and the current president of the Dartmouth Writers Society. Originally from New Jersey, she left the Shore behind to attend Trinity College Dublin, graduating with a dual-major in English literature and drama studies. She loves all things written, and considers translating Beowulf from the original Anglo-Saxon and performing as Juliet on the Samuel Beckett Stage as the highlights of her time overseas. These days, when she isn’t busy writing her thesis, she enjoys knitting, skiing, and traveling the world on the hunt for the best chai latté ever brewed.

Authors

JENNIFER CAMPBELL CORMACK is an artist and writer from South Carolina. She holds a BS in Architecture from The Georgia Institute of Technology and a MALS degree, with a concentration in creative writing, from Dartmouth College. She teaches art and English to grades K-12.
MARIAH FARBOTKO is an assistant director in the Dean’s Office at the Tuck School of Business at Dartmouth College, where she manages special projects, board activities, and alumni events. Prior to joining Tuck in 2014, she lived in Arlington, VA for five years where she worked for a nonprofit as a conference planner. Mariah graduated from Missouri State University summa cum laude with a BS in public relations in 2008. She is a part time student in the MALS program, currently in her second year of study.

MATT FARBOTKO is the director of Analyst Services for Advancement at Dartmouth where he manages the delivery of fundraising metrics, predictive analytic insight, and data integrity for the undergraduate college and professional schools on campus. Prior to joining Dartmouth Advancement in 2014, he lived in Arlington, VA, developing system applications for the Federal government. Matt graduated from Harvard College in 2007 with a degree in Economics. He is a part-time MALS student finishing up his coursework this summer.

IAN FITZGERALD, MALS ‘94, is now a freelance tutor in English. He has received contracts from a wide range of clients including Solihull Council, Solihull College, and Stockland Green School. His poetry has been published in The Literateur and other journals.

LAURA JEAN BINKLEY GILLOUX is a singer/songwriter/poet and part-time MALS student on the Creative Writing track. She received her B.A. in English from the University of Missouri before moving to Brooklyn where she lived and worked for five years honing her folk-rock style as she sang and played her guitar everywhere from the LIC Bar to the Bitter End. She currently resides with her husband and two-year-old son in Wilder, VT. The village serves as the backdrop for her creative writing thesis, a collection of poems called WILDER which delves into the wilderness of the domestic sphere especially relating to motherhood. She will graduate from the MALS program in June 2017.
JULIE GOODRICH originally hails from suburban Detroit and has lived in the Upper Valley for the past thirteen years. Definitively smitten with the rural, chicken and pig rearing, Brussel sprout growing, lifestyle that her now hometown of Lyme, NH affords, Julie remains steadfast in her affection and patriotism for the Motor City. Julie is on the general studies track within the MALS program.

AMIRA HAMOUDA was in the MALS program on a Fulbright scholarship from 2014 to 2016. During the program, she wrote her thesis, “Tunisia in my Mirror,” a collection of essays about her home country Tunisia. After graduation, Amira resumed a teaching position at the Preparatory Institute in Literary Studies and Humanities of Tunis. She is currently teaching writing and American history to undergraduate students and will be joining the MFA program at the University of Pittsburgh this fall.

EMILY HEDGES teaches English to high school juniors and seniors in Winfield, Kansas. She earned her MALS degree, creative writing track, in November 2016. “Jon Mitchell” comes from her thesis, The Fair and Providence, a novel that explores how economic pressures and religious ideology impact residents of a small Kansas town during its fiftieth anniversary county fair. She plans to spend the summer making final revisions and seeking a publisher.

JAMES PROVENCHER, MALS ’80, is currently Poet in Residence, Gleannaeon School, Castle Crag, Sydney, Australia. In the past, Provencher worked as an army journalist, a teacher, a photographer, and as a poet in the Artist in the Schools program in the United States. He spent the last six years travelling and working on Mexican-American border in photography and poetry. These poems are drawn from a recently completed book-length manuscript titled, Borderline Elegies.

KELLEY ROSSIER is completing her degree at Dartmouth this spring. She also holds an MFA in creative nonfiction from Vermont College of Fine
Arts. In 2015, she was awarded a Fulbright Artist Grant and lived in Ljubljana, Slovenia for the 2015-2016 academic year working on a collection of lyric essays and prose poems. She traveled to the Czech Republic with the Slovenian Literary Council to participate in poetry events and to meet with Slovenian ambassador, Leon Marc, to promote international literary collaboration. Besides writing and advocating for the arts, Kelley is a single mom, who’s youngest child is about to graduate from high school this year.

JOVANA STOJANOVA is a Macedonian native and holds a bachelor’s degree in History and Political Science, with a minor in International Studies from Colby-Sawyer College. While at Colby-Sawyer, Jovana was involved with the Model United Nations Club, the Student Government Association and TEDxCSC, among other activities, and also spent a semester working in rural Nepal. She is a first-year MALS student concentrating in Globalization Studies. She also works as a Teaching Assistant for the Writing 2/3 classes and serves as President of the Dartmouth Graduate Consulting Group.

Photography

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