2013 Merry Ann DeVaney Sauls Academic Writing Contest Finalists
(** = First-Place Winner, * = Second-Place Winner)

Composition:
Kaitlyn Bonillas, "No Meat Beyond This Point" (Dr. Stubblefield)
**Yuin-Kay Constance Chia, "The Doll with the Blue Dress" (Dr. Stubblefield)
*Shannon Kreutzer, "Once a Scholarship Boy, Always a Scholarship Boy" (Dr. Perkins)
Lenna Lincoln, "The Tragedy of the Commons" (Dr. Pivak)
Deja Mason, "Do Advertisers Think Black Americans Strive to Be 'More White'?" (Prof.
        MacArthur)
**Ande Nichols, "Stereotype Threat: The Many Consequences and Possible Solutions" (Dr.
        Pivak)

Creative Writing:
Yuin-Kay Constance Chia, "Born into Brothels" (Dr. Emery)
Natalie Deister, "Burning Iron" (Dr. Emery)
**Anna Harteau, "Where is Dance?" (Prof. Byrnes)
Emma Luthi, "Air-Conditioning" (Dr. Emery)
*Nancy White, "His Watch" (Dr. Emery)

Fine Arts:
*Nancy White, "Banksy" (Prof. Stotts)
**Aimee Young, "Changes in Scottish Castle Architecture" (Prof. Stotts)

Foreign Language:
*Maria Sicay, "Burbuja" (Dr. Bourbon)
**Fortunate Andele Zondo, "He Cambiado Las Vidas de Niños, Una a La Vez" (Dr. Bourbon)

Humanities:
**Yuin-Kay Constance Chia, "'Lady Lazarus' and the Holocaust of Sylvia Plath" (Dr.
        Stubblefield)
Meghan Ford, "A Marriage of One's Own" (Dr. Pivak)
*Aimee Young, "'Do You Not Love Another (Man)?': Male Homosexuality in Shelley's
        Frankenstein" (Dr. Stubblefield)
Sunshine Seitz, "An Analysis of *Lord of the Rings* Through the Scope of Women's Leadership,
        Environmental Awareness, and Gender in World War I" (Dr. Pivak)
Nancy White, "Crane and the Reconstruction" (Dr. Stubblefield)

Math/Science:
No Finalists

Social Science:
*Shauna Schmitt, "Local Osage Prairie YMCA Offers After School Day Care" (Dr.
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The Doll with the Blue Dress
By Yuin-Kay Constance Chia

Stickers, I can remember stickers—tiny foil stars sitting on a chart beneath my name, with their green, blue, and silver faces shining up at me. I loved the gold stars the best; perhaps because they were shiny, or maybe because they meant my elementary school teacher was extra pleased with my work, and extra pleased with me. Quite mysteriously, for a reason I could not figure out, those gold stars were especially meaningful to adults, and made their faces light up and look at you with astonishment. I liked the way my teacher's jaw dropped when she saw my work, gushing over "How wonderful!" I was, while rummaging in her desk drawer for another gold star. I wanted to keep my teacher's approval forever, and to secure her affection. Although I was too young to comprehend the word "perfectionism" or to recognize the signs pointing toward my future tendency to overachieve, I knew enough to recognize that each star was the representation of my abilities, and that I wanted to be as valuable as gold. Gold stars were pretty *and* important, and the chance of earning one gave me just enough motivation to begin my homework assignment for the day: Cleaning My Room.

You see, my teacher was my own mother, and I had been home-schooled since birth. My mother would often send me up to my room as my "homework" for the day, sometimes as a substitute for what other people considered "real" schooling. One thing I knew how to do was clean my room beautifully. It helped that I had my own room, thank God. With four sisters and two brothers, there was no way I could manage to clean my room otherwise. Rousing myself, I got to work, surveying the area and planning out a strategy in my mind's eye. Instead of toys and papers sitting in piles around the floor, I saw clutter as if it were already pristinely in place, like

the glossy bedroom photos in one of my mother's *Pottery Barn* magazines. Planning out how my room should look was easy, but obtaining the vision was tedious. Cleaning, for me, would take hours. A great deal of time was spent organizing things into smaller and smaller piles, like a magpie admiring her trinkets.

My favorite part by far was arranging my two dolls *just right* on the dresser. They stood knee-high on me and had blond hair and blue eyes—the best combination possible, I thought. My choice in "children" may have had something to do with the fact that I had been endowed with the polar opposite: dark brown hair, and my dad's Asian brown eyes. Choosing fair-skinned, Scandinavian-looking dolls might have been my way of living vicariously through them, but oh, they looked so pretty when I dressed them up! Against one wall leaned a blue, painted trunk containing a vast assortment of hats, stockings, and dresses for my "little girls." Blue was their favorite color, which worked wonderfully in their favor, as most of their dresses were indigo in some form or other. Not to mention that blue was a fabulous compliment to their eyes. I would spend a great deal of time matching their outfits to whatever season or holiday was coming up, winding their long locks like the miller's daughter in Rumpelstiltskin, and finally fastening their hair with brightly colored ribbons. Then I would have to find the perfect shoes depending on whether it was hot or cold, Christmas or Easter—ice skates, bed slippers, bright holly berry red boots. I didn't change my doll's clothes often, but when I did they became the happiest creatures on earth.

When my dolls were ready, I liked to place the older of the two, Kirsten, up on her stand and seat the other, Stella, on her little blue silk couch. Stella was technically the "older" of the two, as I had had her for as long as I could remember, but in "doll years" she was forever the younger one, the little sister. I had a vague memory of being five years old at the toy store with

my mother and grandparents, all of them wanting me to choose a doll. I was in a panic because I couldn't find "The doll with the blue dress" that I had loved, and whom (unbeknownst to me) my mother had hidden beneath the other dolls on account of her blond hair. Because it "didn't look like me." She eventually realized that I was not going to give up searching for her, or substitute her for another doll in my heart. But that was a long time ago. I could barely remember anything from when I was a kid, except all the stories my mother had told me much later. It was hard to tell if my memories were original or if they had been imprinted onto my psyche by someone else. If shut my eyes tight I could *almost* recall the scenes and colors of the toy store through that five-year-old girl's eyes. Beside the feelings of panic and determination, the visions of endless shelves full of toys that weren't "her," the only thing I could actually see clearly were those wide blue eyes and yellow braids beaming up at me . . . although it might have been the actual Stella, still beaming up at me with the same expression when my eyes finally opened.

However, my room wasn't cleaning itself. There was a lot left to do. Moving from dolls to bookcases, I dusted bookshelves and then each one of my precious books individually. Sitting low on the shelf was the entire collection of Nancy Drew books. My mother had given them to me one Christmas and I could not wait to finish cleaning my room so I could read one. Nancy Drew was such an independent and poised young lady, and so brave! I wished that a fraction of her adventures would happen to me, especially since she never had to go searching for a mystery; they always happened to fall into her lap on a typical day. If only someone would give me the chance to prove my expert detective skills. I was sure to decipher clues and sniff out the bad guys with the greatest ease. If only a mystery would come my way. But I supposed you had to be an adult for such things to happen. I mean, at 16 years of age, Nancy Drew was incredibly mature with boyfriends and her own car. Compared to Nancy, I felt small. Nevertheless, I finally

decided that ten years old was the absolute *best* age to be out of all other numbers invented. In fact, I felt sorry for anyone who was aged otherwise—whether younger or older. Putting the books down, I scanned my surroundings to make the final touches. My room was almost done.

My schoolbooks were in a pile near my desk, and I brushed the dust off of them. When it was time to Do School, my mom would send me up to my room to tackle my math books on my own. I could ask her for help, but it was up to *me* to pick up those dreadful books. Although I enjoyed having the freedom to pursue what I was actually interested in, like Nancy Drew, for instance, the temptation was also there to challenge myself less when there was no accountability: no charts to put gold stars on. Yes, I was only a girl, and little girls were *supposed* to slack off, but at the same time another girl's voice inside my head was scolding me for not doing more with those math books. One part of me recoiled in horror at the idea of wiping the book off and cracking it open, but another part wanted to go to school with other children my age and be *forced* to do schoolwork, to be challenged to get gold stars, and to push myself to win them. At least I hoped that I could win gold stars . . . another part of me was sure that I would fail.

Deep inside my brain I could feel a rumbling, like the hunger pangs in my stomach when it was past dinnertime, and I had played too long. Was I suffering from a lack of knowledge to the brain? My mother had always told me that education in the public schools was horrible and that I could receive a much more superior education at home, learning about whatever I wanted to know. As my teacher, my mother would rather have me love the things I was learning than to suffer through topics I hated, as she was forced to do. One time I asked, "What is college?" and she told me it was a place where people went when they wanted to make lots of money. My mother explained how her parents had forced her to go to college, but all she wanted to do was

be a mom. "College is just a place where you get a piece of paper that helps you get a good job. If you're not planning on getting a job someday then college is just a horrible waste of money and time. Don't you want to be a mom someday? All you need to do is find a rich man who will take care of you." So, at a very young age, my life's goal was to be a mom, love people and raise my own children someday; children to dress and take care of like the dolls sitting on my dresser. Still, another part of me craved to satisfy the rumblings in my head.

But unlike the incident with Stella, when I fought to find her in the store as a five year old, I decided this time my mom was right and that college "didn't look like me." I decided to take my mom's word for it, like when somebody tells you that the roller coaster will make you sick or that black licorice is gross. Black licorice *was* gross, and although I had never been on a roller coaster in my life, other carnival rides *always* made me sick. Why should college be any different? Even the word *college* scared me. If I hated math now, I would be forced to do it in college. However, I had to get back to my room. It was almost done, and it was time for my mom to call me for dinner. I felt pretty good about what I had accomplished so far.

By now, I had slaved in my room for hours. As a final touch, I vacuumed the floor to perfection with lines that looked like a rich person's front lawn. It was finished. I loved the feeling that my clean room gave me, especially the thrill of seeing gold stars accumulate on the chart taped up next to my bed. I was not good at a lot of things; that was something I had grown to realize during the ten years of my life. It did not help that I had the most inconsistent teacher on the planet, one who would send me upstairs to clean my room as "homework." However, cleaning my room was something I could do well, and I relished the accomplishment. I took pride in having the cleanest room in the house, and couldn't wait to see the look on my mom's

face when she "graded" my room. After giving my dolls a kiss on the top of their lovely heads, I

put the vacuum cleaner away and settled down to read a Nancy Drew book.

Stereotype Threat: The Many Consequences and Possible Solutions
By Ande Nichols

Negative stereotypes of a stigmatized group not only influence the views and actions of biased persons, but they can also influence the victim. Toni Schmader and Alyssa Croft of the University of British Columbia state that these harmful effects are most evidently shown in the achievement gap between people of different ethnicities and even between the sexes in evaluation testing (792). Psychologists have blamed this discrepancy on stereotype threat. Claude M. Steele and Joshua Aronson, psychologists whose groundbreaking research proved its existence, define stereotype threat as "being at risk of confirming, as self-characteristic, a negative stereotype about one's group" (797). The fear of proving a negative stereotype to be true is a very detrimental phenomenon that can affect virtually anyone and can produce poor performance and damaged identities when it goes unchecked. From the abundance of evidence, researchers have been able to provide possible solutions, such as monitoring language in reference to the evaluative task, encouraging self-affirmation, providing role models, and teaching about the problem.

To understand the consequences of stereotype threat, it is important to know who is at risk. Steele and Aronson acknowledge that anyone who is a member of a stereotyped group can suffer from stereotype threat, and it does not matter if the member believes the stereotype (797). Schmader and Croft go so far as to argue that it is not the person or group that matters, but the situation. Groups that are not "traditionally devalued in society," like white males, can also be affected. For example, white males perform worse when they are made aware of the stereotype that Asians are better than them at math (793-94).With these two assertions, it is safe to say that

stereotype threat is not fussy. Anyone can be a target of this bully of a problem, and that is why finding ways to rid the atmosphere of stereotype threat is so important. However, psychologist Anna Woodcock and her colleagues have noticed that those with a higher motivation to do well and those who identify themselves with the tested area are, ironically, more at risk (Woodcock et al. 636). These individuals' stress levels have given insight into exactly what the psychological and physiological experience entails when battling stereotype threat.

The first and most observable effect of stereotype threat is poor performance during any sort of evaluative test. Steele and Aronson conducted research that verbally tested African American males and White males because African Americans are often negatively stereotyped when it comes to intellectual abilities (797). They discovered that when African Americans were told that the goal of the test was to evaluate their innate intellectual abilities, they performed worse than their White counterparts. However, when they were not told that it reflected their intellectual abilities, their performances improved (801). This is the first of many studies that have proven the existence of stereotype threat, and that when aware of the possibility that they might prove a negative stereotype to be true, people do not perform as well as they can.

When reminded of stereotypes from the environment, such as in the study Steele and Aronson designed, the anxiety of confirming negative stereotypes produces many physiological reactions within a person. Schmader and Croft explain that the first is a decrease in working memory capacity, for "stereotype threat activates competing cognitions and sets in motion additional processing that competes for [sic] same central executive resources needed for successful performance" (795). They list these processes as including coping mechanisms for self-doubt, heightened stress, and an interior self-analysis that causes them to be overly cautious (796). Steele and Aronson use their study to reflect that all of these mechanisms contribute to

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poor performance by splitting the attention between the task at hand and examination and reassurance of the self (809). People panic, recognize they are panicking, and try to calm themselves down. Unfortunately, such a process has an inverse relationship with how well they do. Consequently, the more they self-evaluate and try to restore confidence, the worse they perform on the test.

Not doing well on a test is the first immediate outcome, but stereotype threat damages more than concentration. It can also harm people's identities in a number of ways, the first being their group identities. Geoffrey L. Cohen and Julio Garcia of Yale University delve into a specific category of stereotype threat known as collective threat. Sometimes a person is not afraid of personally confirming a negative stereotype, but of another member of his or her group doing so. Cohen and Garcia state that this is an important threat "[b]ecause people derive both identity and self-worth from their group memberships [so] their thoughts, feelings, and actions are influenced by the objective outcomes of their group" (566). In their research, they discovered that when people perceive others as negatively reflecting their group, they show lower self-esteem, poor performance, less imitative behavior of people in that group, and physical distance from those that will confirm a negative stereotype (578). This is harmful to group identities because it shows that when people are under threat, they are willing to detach themselves from their group identity, which is something to have pride in, in order to do better.

Defense mechanisms, such as trying to detach oneself from a subject, can kick in when the personal identity is under attack. A research team consisting of Anna Woodcock, Paul R. Hernandez, Mica Estrada, and P. Wesley Schultz researched a long-term consequence on one's personal identity with the tested area known as disengagement and disidentification. Domain disengagement is when consistent exposure to stereotype threat causes students who identify

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with a certain area, like math or science, to not care as much about their performance and to eventually abandon the area altogether (635-36). They affirm that when students who are highly identified with an area are under stereotype threat, their fear increases, and in order to protect their self-worth, they begin to disidentify, or distance themselves from that subject. This research team describes this process as a long-term one that begins with disengagement. First explained by Brenda Quinton Major, Toni Schmader, and Brenda Gramzow, disengagement can happen with the student "either devaluing the domain itself (e.g. 'education isn't important') or by discounting the validity of performance feedback in the domain as an indicator of their abilities (e.g. I feel that standardized achievement tests are definitely biased against me')" (qtd. in Woodcock et al. 636). This process shows that in order to recover from stereotypes, people deflect their anxiety on to the task or subject itself and, sometimes, sacrifice their love for it if it means feeling better about themselves.

Altered career paths, an extension of disidentification, are the last negative outcomes of stereotype threat. The discrimination felt and self-doubt and anxiety caused when stereotypes pervade a task or area of expertise can completely change one's goals in life. Jennifer Steele and Jacquelyn B. James of Harvard University and Rosalind Chait Barnett of Brandeis University had undergraduate women whose majors were male-dominated, such as math and science, fill out a questionnaire. These women reported that they already experienced sex discrimination and that they expect more in the future. The questionnaires also showed that these women, compared to women in women-dominated majors, such as the arts and humanities, were more likely to feel pressured to prove they are as good as men in their area because of negative stereotypes. Lastly, researchers found that women in male-dominated majors were most likely to change their majors

than women in women-dominated majors (49). This study sheds more light on the sad reality that stereotype threat can diminish confidence and harm one's professional identity.

Psychologists have been able to put the abundance of evidence of stereotype threat to good use. They have brought forth many solutions that prove to reduce stereotype threat significantly. The first solution researchers have found that strengthens performance is monitoring the language that is used to describe the evaluation. In Steele and Aronson's study that examined African American students, they found that not saying the test represented their innate intellectual skill, a characteristic that is often negatively stereotyped, caused them to perform much better. They also learned that any references to their race, such as asking them to write down their race before the test, increased stereotype threat (808). So, the first thing to do as a teacher or evaluator is to rid the environment of language cues that remind students of stereotypes. When this happens, test takers will be able to concentrate on the task without worrying that their results will reflect fixed characteristics, such as race or sex.

Another solution that has provided enduring positive effects is self-affirmation. Remembering that stereotypes and evaluation results do not define a person acts as mental armor that protects the psyche. David K. Sherman's research team considered Claude M. Steele's self-affirmation theory, a theory that says people want to see themselves as "adaptively adequate" and possessing "self-integrity," and did a study that showed how encouraging self-affirmation can reduce the stereotype threat that Latino American students face regarding their intellect and success (qtd. in Sherman et al. 3). They defined self-affirmation as "reflections on core values like religion or relationships with family and friends (3). The Latino American students who did not do well in school previous to the study were asked to write and reflect about their values. After doing these writing exercises, they showed higher grades that lasted for the full three years

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that the researchers observed them (11). This improvement occurred because they discovered

that these self-affirmation exercises put things in perspective for the students, which severed the

connection between feelings of threat and exclusion and feelings about school (22). By

concentrating on positive aspects of their identity, stereotype threat no longer decreased students'

drive to succeed in school.

Providing role models that people can look up to and be inspired by also helps bolster a

stigmatized group's performance. Rusty B. McIntyre's research team discovered from previous

research that sometimes role models can assist in reducing stereotype threat and sometimes they

can cause negative results (301). Therefore, they conducted a study that examined what kind of

role models proved most beneficial for stereotyped groups. In their particular study, they

considered the stereotype that women are not as good at math as men. Their findings confirmed

that role models do help bolster women's performance, but only if the role models achieved their

success through hard work, making them deserving of their success (307). Merely having

success is not enough for a person to inspire those of the same race or sex. People who have

exhibited good qualities, such as honesty and effort, to get where they are help those who are

similar, that is, of the same race or sex, to have confidence in their own abilities and in their

stereotyped group as a whole.

The last and, possibly, the most practical solution is to teach about stereotype threat.

Michael Johns, Toni Schmader, and Andy Martens of the Department of Psychology in the

University of Arizona wrote an article titled, "Knowing Is Half the Battle," and, indeed, it is true.

Knowing the stereotype threat women experience when taking a math test, they had three groups

of male and female students take a math test. In the first group, they were told that it was just a

problem-solving exercise. In the second, they were told that the test reflected their innate abilities

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and would be used as research in gender differences. The last group was the same as the second, but the women were taught about stereotype threat and the possible effects they might feel (176). They discovered that the women who were taught about the problem performed better than women who were exposed to stereotype threat and did not learn about the problem. The researchers proved that when taught about stereotype threat, people accredit their anxiety to the stereotype and not to their own abilities, which strengthens their performance (178). Therefore, the thing to remember is: awareness of stereotypes harms, but awareness of stereotype threat helps.

When stereotypes are talked of in the media or even taught in class settings, there is more emphasis on how they cause people who rely on stereotypes to act, and less talk about the debilitating effects on the victim's emotional, mental, and physical health. However, social psychology has made a huge amount of progress in researching the experiences of people who are often targets of discrimination. Research has discovered that stereotype threat, the fear of confirming a negative stereotype, is a common occurrence, and that it's detrimental influence eats away at people's cognitive functions and their personal and group identities. Thankfully, psychology has taken the next step of finding practical solutions. Censoring language that triggers the phenomena, self-affirmation, giving stereotyped people positive role models they can look up to, and teaching about the problem have proven successful in recent studies. Hopefully, schools will recognize the problem of stereotype threat and begin practicing these solutions that ease the minds of students who feel the anxiety and pressures of stereotypes.

Annotated Bibliography for "Stereotype Threat: The Many Consequences and Possible

Solutions"

Cohen, Geoffrey L., and Julio Garcia. "'I Am Us': Negative Stereotypes As Collective

Threats." *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology* 89.4 (2005): 566-

582.*PsycARTICLES*. Web. 23 Feb. 2013. Geoffrey L. Cohen and Julio Garcia conducted

three studies that concluded the reality of collective threat, which is when individuals

belonging to a stereotyped group worry about another individual proving a stereotype to

be true. Their research showed that this collective threat can produce low self-esteem,

low achievement, and the act of physically distancing oneself from the person who might

validate a stereotype.

Johns, Michael, Toni Schmader, and Andy Martens. "Knowing Is Half the Battle."

Psychological Science (Wiley-Blackwell) 16.3 (2005): 175-179. *Academic Search*

Complete. Web. 23 Feb. 2013. Michael Johns, Toni Schmader, and Andy Martens

conducted a study that investigated the power of knowledge in helping a stereotyped

group perform better on tests. They had two groups of women taking a math test. One

group took the test without learning about stereotype threat and performed worse than the

group that learned about it before taking the test. Therefore, knowing about the problem

helps significantly.

McIntyre, Rusty B. et al. "Effects of Role Model Deservingness on Overcoming Performance

Deficits Induced By Stereotype Threat." *European Journal of Social Psychology* 41.3

(2011): 301-311. *PsycINFO*. Web. 23 Feb. 2013. The research team that consisted of

Charles G. Lord, Rusty B. Mcintyre, Rene M. Paulson, Cheryl A. Taylor, and Amanda L.

Morin took earlier findings that suggested that successful role models helped combat the

debilitating effects of stereotype threat and delved further into this theory. After two experiments that analyzed women's math performance, they concluded that not just any role models will do. Women need to be exposed to successful women who not only deserved their success, as shown in Experiment 1, but who also achieved their success by themselves, as shown in Experiment 2.

Schmader, Toni, and Alyssa Croft. "How Stereotypes Stifle Performance Potential." *Social & Personality Psychology Compass* 5.10 (2011): 792-806. *Academic Search Complete*. Web. 23 Feb. 2013. This article discusses who can be affected by stereotype threat and how it works. Toni Schmader and Alyssa Croft examine the psychological and physiological effects that occur simultaneously within a member of a stereotyped group, which causes an individual's poor performance. These effects include anxiety, uncertainty, and self-scrutiny, all of which distract from the task at hand. They evaluate some solutions, hoping that this knowledge will rid the future of stereotype threat.

Sherman, David K. et al. "Deflecting the Trajectory and Changing the Narrative: How Self-Affirmation Affects Academic Performance and Motivation under Identity Threat." *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology* (2013): *PsycARTICLES*. Web. 23 Feb. 2013. This research team investigated stereotype threat through the lens of identity threat. Their study involved the long-term effects of self-affirmation on Latino middle school students by having them write essays that reminded them of personal values. The researchers wanted to prove that self-affirmation techniques reduced stress by reminding students of things that have long-lasting importance other than school. They were proven right when the students not only performed better, but performed better over the next three years, even in high school.

Steele, Claude M., and Joshua Aronson. "Stereotype Threat and the Intellectual Test

      Performance of African Americans." *Journal of Personality & Social Psychology*69.5

      (1995): 797-811. *Academic Search Complete*. Web. 25 Feb. 2013. They introduced the

      term stereotype threat and reasoned that negative cultural stereotypes can harm

      performance of a member of the stereotyped group. They conducted four studies that

      involved African Americans and White Americans taking a verbal test. The conclusion

      was that when made aware that the tests were being used to measure innate ability, the

      African Americans were made more aware of stereotypes, performed worse than those

      who were not under stereotype threat, became doubtful of their abilities, and distanced

      themselves from their racial group.

Steele, Jennifer, Jacquelyn B. James, and Rosalind Chait Barnett. "Learning in a Man's World:

      Examining the Perceptions of Undergraduate Women in Male-Dominated Academic

      Areas." *Psychology of Women Quarterly* 26.1 (2002): 46-50. *PsycINFO*. Web. 25 Feb.

      2013. This study, conducted by Jennifer Steele, Jacquelyn B. James, and Rosalind Chait

      Barnett, further investigated the long-term effects of stereotype threat. Women going into

      disciplines that were dominated by men were given a survey to express their views on sex

      discrimination. The findings suggested that women who are in male-dominated majors

      were more likely to change majors and go into different careers because of the sex

      discrimination they have already experienced and will probably receive in the future.

      This proved that stereotype threat not only harms performances on testing, but can

      actually change the chosen career path of students.

Woodcock, Anna et al. "The Consequences of Chronic Stereotype Threat: Domain

Disidentification and Abandonment." *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology* 103.4

(2012): 635-646. *PsycARTICLES*. Web. 23 Feb. 2013. The researchers, Anna Woodcock,

Paul R. Hernandez, Mica Estrada, and P. Wesley Schultz, investigated the long-term

effects of persistent exposure to stereotype threat. They studied minority science students

over three years and found that persistent exposure leads to deterioration of domain

identity, in this case their academic identity, in which threatened students protect their

self by disengaging and either degrading the domain or not believing in the legitimacy of

their results. This defense process ends with what is called domain abandonment where

students completely sever the connection between their worth and the evaluation.

However, more research is needed to investigate how other stereotyped groups react.

Once a Scholarship Boy, Always a Scholarship Boy
By Shannon Kreutzer

It is always in moments of epiphany that we seem to find the greatest knowledge in the most unexpected places. It comes in an ad on TV, a simple statement of a child, or a chapter in a book. Richard Rodriguez seems to experience this after coming across the essay, "The Uses of Literacy," by Richard Hoggart. After going through life feeling an outcast because of his learning style, Rodriguez finally finds proof, while researching his dissertation in the British Museum, that he is not alone through Hoggart's words. In this essay, Hoggart describes a boy who doesn't seem to fit in with his working class family, finding value in different aspects of life and therefore feeling the need to distance himself from them to prevent conflict. Rodriguez is instantly able to apply his own life in the generic descriptions of Hoggart's essay, feeling and understanding the cultural extremes described and using it as an explanation to why life worked out the way it did. Essentially, Hoggart was the means of life changing acceptance and inspiration for Rodriguez to elaborate on the idea of the scholarship boy in his essay, "The Achievement of Desire.". Rodriguez makes this clear in multiple ways throughout the text, showing us the power of a reference in a piece of literature.

This is first evident in the structure of Rodriguez's essay. Starting with a general explanation, he describes what a general sense of the scholarship boy would look like to an outsider. "The scholarship boy pleases most when he is young--the working-class struggling for academic success. To his teachers, he offers great satisfaction, his success is their proudest achievement."(527) This shows general terms describing the success of an average scholarship boy. However, later in the text he uses specifics to apply his own life to the situation. "'Kiss Ass,'

they call him when his hand swings up to every response...There may be some things about him that recall his beginnings—his shabby clothes; his persistent poverty; or his dark skin... He has used education to remake himself."(528) The clear term of name calling and the reference to his own skin color show his emotional attachment to the ideas of the scholarship boy, along with the fact that he truly thought education was remaking him, which is nowhere directly stated in Hoggart's text. With Hoggart's ideas, his life becomes weaved into the explanations and shows the emotional point of view in an educational approach.

Further, Rodriguez uses quotes from Hoggart as a basis for interpretation. Throughout the essay one finds block quotes from Hoggart littered in the pages, leaving relatively limited space in between them for elaboration. This shows how easily Rodriguez relates to the essay because he feels Hoggart is so easy to understand that no further explanation is needed. It also shows that Hoggart has many points Rodriguez wants to exemplify in his own text. For example, in the block quote about books, it Hoggart says, " [the scholarship boy] sees strewn around, and reads regularly himself, magazines which are never mentioned at school, which seem not to belong to the world to which the school introduces him; at school he hears about and reads books never mentioned at home..."(Hoggart qtd in Rodriguez 524) Rodriguez takes this and clings to its explanation for the events that took place in his own life. He goes on to use more examples, explaining how the books could not be marked at home for reasons of resale while at school it was in appreciation of the literature. He also brings out the point that in his own home his mother could not understand or appreciate some of his favorite books and how frustrating this was for him. This relation so nearly fitting to the quote is found often in the text and shows how the words of Hoggart were a direct inspiration to the reason behind Rodriguez writing his essay.

Finally, Rodriguez shows his agreement to the description of the scholarship boy with his explanation for his success in education. "A primary reason for my success in the classroom was that I couldn't forget that schooling was changing me and separating me from the life I enjoyed before becoming a student."(Rodriguez, 516) This quote shows his support of the idea that separation must exist for the scholarship boy by emphasizing he knew what he was sacrificing by immersing himself in the world of education. Hoggart has a parallel to this in his text when he says, "I have in mind those who, for a number of years, perhaps a very long time, have a sense of no longer really belonging to any group.... Almost every working-class boy who goes through the process of further education finds himself chafing against his environment during adolescence."(753) Though this quote is not included in Rodriguez's work, it is clear that he found a basis of his own ideas from Hoggart because he states that it took him "more than twenty years to admit"(Rodriguez, 516). This implies a tacit that through reading Hoggart his subconscious feelings were clarified into a form he could communicate. In the end, Hoggart seems to be an inspiration in more parts of Rodriguez's essay than he shows through quotes.

Though Rodriguez does an excellent job of extending and comparing Hoggart's ideas, it is important to realize that he is still the scholarship boy from his past. All of his ideas are the basis of Hoggart's ideas, who writes, "[The scholarship boy] tends to over-stress the importance of examinations, of the piling-up of knowledge and of received opinions."(Hoggart qtd in Rodriguez 528) This shows that a scholarship boy can't think for himself, and it comes out in Rodriguez's personality through his writing, and must be taken into consideration when reading his essay because it helps us determine how the ideas came about and the reasoning behind why he wrote the essay in the first place. As a scholarship boy, he clings to information with a certain desperation, especially information that relates to his life. With Hoggart, the information really

stuck with him, enough for him to write about it. It gives us a clue just how important the information is when we consider his personality and the common traits that come with it, providing another angle of how Rodriguez feels about the essay.

Inspiration and acceptance are two very moving experiences we are able to have as humans, and Rodriguez uses them well by taking advantage of the moment and putting their importance in writing. He shows himself through logic with the general ideas from Hoggart while bringing an emotional approach to readers so they can better understand where he is coming from. Rodriguez uses Hoggart with a very positive tone and he reinforces his ideas through personal experiences. Further, his own scholarship boy personality comes out with his support, which shows us just how important it was for him to be able to relate to another person and how uplifting it was to realize he wasn't alone in his thoughts. In the end he does a wonderful job of showing others what his life was like and uses Hoggart well to awaken people to different types of personalities in the world.

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Creative Writing
First-Place Winner

Where is Dance?
By Anna Harteau

"Foot! Oh, Foot! Where are you?" called Hand.

"Why are you hiding in the closet?" Hand said opening the closet door, "We have a performance in ten minutes."

"I thought if I came in here by all my pretty dancing shoes I'd find Dance."

"Dance is not in there with your shoes."

"How would you know?" Foot asked deep within a stack of shoes, "You didn't see Bojangles Robinson. His feet had such technique and skill all dressed up in his tapping shoes. They obviously found Dance in their closet."

"Right, Dance was in his shoes," Hand said skeptically moving shoes aside to find Foot. "I highly doubt that. Besides, it is way too smelly in here for Dance to be lounging about."

"It is not. This is the best place ever!"

"Alright Foot, but you need to get out of there now. Dance is obviously somewhere else," Hand said as he coaxed Foot out of the closet.

"Hey, I know! I bet dance is over by the orchestra," Foot said as he hopped across the dressing room floor.

"What makes you think that?" Hand asked as he opened the door.

"Well, because the other things that Bojangles' feet had were rhythm and sound."

"And you think they had that because they found dance over by the orchestra?"

"Of course," Foot said as he quickly headed down the hallway that lead to the orchestra pit.

"You do realize that it probably wasn't just his feet dancing, right?"

"Yeah, well, his whole body was moving but his feet had the hardest part."

"I think you're being biased and also thinking in an objective way to find Dance."

"What does objective mean?" Foot asked stopping in his pursuit to find Dance so he could understand the new concept.

"It means you think Dance is only found on stage in what the dancer does and only in the stuff that everyone can agree on such as choreography, costumes, sound, and isolations of the body."

"Well of course," Foot said as he started hopping again, "That is why we have to find Dance before we go on stage."

"Ugh, Foot, Dance is not going to be with the orchestra," Hand said losing patience now.

"Why not?" Foot asked still pursuing his goal.

"Because you can't find Dance objectively," Hand called after Foot.

Foot turned round and hopped angrily up to Hand, "Oh yeah, then where do *you* think Dance is?"

"She comes in with the audience of course. Now come on if we don't hurry up we're going to be late for our cue," Hand said moving back up the hallway.

"Hold up I'm not going anywhere until you can guarantee me that Dance will be there when we hit the stage," Foot said stubbornly.

"Uh, Foot, we really don't have the time for this."

"Then I would start explaining if I were you."

"Alright, alright, you can be such a pain sometimes," Hand said as he came back to where Foot sat, "Dance is found subjectively."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning, that Dance is in the audience," Foot looked at Hand bewildered, so, Hand continued, "They find her for us when we start our movements. They read the movements as passion, enjoyment, or fun. They might see a story or character represented on stage. They might consider us to have a certain grace or showmanship. You see Dance is subjective because not everyone agrees as to what dance is. The audience has to put Dance on stage with us according to their personal views of how Dance should look."

"So you're telling me that if we go out on stage and start moving the audience will be the ones to find Dance."

"Yes."

"You're pulling my toes, name one time Dance was found using your subjective way of thinking."

"Last night, when we went and saw Tap Dogs," Hand said trying to slowly move up the hallway.

"No way, Dance was totally on stage already," Foot said unconsciously fallowing Hand.

"Yeah way," Hand said, "and the reason you don't agree with me is because when you use a subjective view of thought to find Dance everyone does not agree on where exactly dance is. I found Dance in the character each pair of feet portrayed and in the comedy they acted out. Also, Dance was in the passion of the dancers and the entertainment they gave to the viewers."

"I still think Dance was already on that stage and we have to find her before we get on stage," Foot said turning around again.

"No, wait!" Hand moved in front of Foot, "If you don't believe me than let's go ask Torso."

"Hey, good idea," Foot said hopping towards the stage, "You know, I bet he's already found Dance."

When they got backstage they found Torso and everyone else lined up to go.

"What took you two so long?" Torso asked.

"Where's Dance?" Foot asked looking around.

"What?" Torso asked confused.

"Where is Dance?" Foot asked again, "I'm not going on that stage until I know where she is."

"What is this all about, Hand?" Torso turned toward Hand as Foot still searched for Dance.

"He thinks that Dance will be found objectively and therefore thinks he has to find her before he goes on stage. I tried telling him the Dance is found subjectively but he wouldn't believe me." Hand said getting in to position with the rest of the dancing body.

"Foot, come here!" called Torso.

Foot stood in front of him, "Yes sir?"

"Listen, Dance is already here with us, but both you and Hand are correct on where to find her."

"But how ca -?"

"Dance is found **both** objectively and subjectively. She is with us in our techniques, our tricks, our precision, and your steps."

"Yeah, bu-"

"She is also found out in the audience. They are the ones who put Dance with us when they see our passion, our style, our grace, our entertainment factor, and our story. So you see

Dance is not found by one person. Nor is she solely found by the performer or the viewer. It is a collaborative effort of objective and subjective thinking that finds her on the stage at the exact moment she is needed. So, she will be there for us when we get on that stage and you don't have to worry about finding her as long as you remember the role you play. Now get in line Foot because we are on," Torso said everything with such authority and conviction that Foot believed him and quickly got into position.

When Foot got on stage and started moving he realized Torso had been right because, even though he had not found Dance before the show, she was there. She came from the audience and from the dancing body. She even came from him as he skillfully tapped out everything he had practiced. With Dance beside him and the others the performance was a success.

<p style="text-align:center">The End</p>

His Watch
By Nancy White

Marie sits on her brother's chair, staring at the screen of her laptop. A blank Word document is open, mocking her and her current inability to write anything. Words used to come so easily to her, writing had been her passion. But not today; today is as if someone had cruelly extinguished that passion. Her fire is out. Marie continues staring at the white page and its flashing cursor. She wasn't sure how to go about this, so she did what made sense to her—she starts at the beginning.

He was in a drunken stupor again. His whole body was buzzing, and he felt on top of the world. He was invincible. Robert sat in an old, worn out La-Z-Boy rocking chair with a content look on his face. He was idly playing with the clasp on his silver watch. His sister was still at school, and his parents were both at work. It was only four in the afternoon, but a buddy had called and asked for Robert to come hang out and play games earlier that day, so he had. While at this friend's house, Robert was offered some wine coolers. *I can handle that much*. Soon enough, one wine cooler turned into three beers, which turned into a fifth of vodka. Robert's friend didn't want to deal with his drunken self, so he dropped him off back at Robert's house…or rather Robert's parents' house. None of that mattered at the moment, though. Robert was feeling good, and nothing was going to bring him down.

He lost track of time while sitting on the chair—soon enough his sister, Marie, was home from drama practice. Robert gave a half-hearted wave to her, and went back to watching television. Marie disappeared into her room without so much as a second glance at him; she

seemed in a hurry for something. Suddenly, the door to her room burst open and a very angry-looking little sister stormed out.

"WHERE THE HELL IS MY MONEY???" Her nostrils were flared and her blue eyes were colder than steel.

"Why are you yelling? Seriously, I'm sitting here chilled out and here you are freaking out over something. You need to chill out. Seriously." His words were over-enunciated, a sign that tended to give him away to others who were questioning whether or not he was sober.

"Robert, that was over $50, and it was there five hours ago. You tell me where that money went, or I swear to God I will call the cops on you!" Marie was clenching her jaw; her hands were shaking too. Robert stood up from the chair, trying to get away from the loud annoyance. Marie stepped into his way with her hands on her hips.

"Robert, give me my money back now, or so help me God you will regret the day you were born!" *God, she's such a twit!* He was starting to get irritated with his sister's shrieks; his good mood was all but shattered into a thousand pieces.

"ROBERT!!!" At this, Marie started poking his chest, "NEVER did I give you permission to enter MY space, you freaking leech!" Something in Robert snapped. He grabbed Marie by her upper arms, tightly, and shoved her against the wall in the hallway. His nostrils were flared, and his breathing was ragged. Marie's head hit the wall with a loud crack, the anger in her eyes was quickly replaced by fear. She could smell the stale alcohol on his breath.

"Listen up. If you ever touch me again, I will break your freaking arms. Do you understand me?" Marie gave a slight nod of her head, blue eyes filling up with tears. Robert shoved her away. He stormed out of the house after that, his good mood and buzz completely

shattered. He didn't come back home until the next day, the idea of having to face his sister so soon after a confrontation like that churned his stomach.

At dinner, he saw a nasty purplish bruise poking from underneath Marie's shirtsleeve. Robert felt the bile rise to the back of his throat; he excused himself from the table and all but ran to the toilet. In the hallway, something caught his eye. Doing a double-take, Robert felt a chill run up his spine. There on the wall was a dent from when he slammed his little sister against the wall. *Wha…what have I done?* His blue eyes grew wide in shock. Robert felt like he needed a chemical bath to try and scrub his skin off.

Marie's fingers stumble across her keyboard, like old birds trying to attempting to peck at their food. Her words feel forced in this article. She hates herself in this moment; this is the last gift she is able to give to him, and it doesn't even feel like her best work. Her hands jerk up to cover her face and she folds into herself, thinking that if she can make herself small enough all of this hurt, this agony, this raw, terrible pain will go away. It doesn't. She sits back up in his chair and slowly places her hands back onto the keyboard. Tears stream down her face, but she moves ahead anyway.

Robert was sitting on the couch, fingers twitching on the arms of the easy-chair. His watch was glinting from the light cast by the television, it was clinking along with the twitching of his fingers. He checked his phone again for the time: 3:47 AM. He squeezed his eyes shut, begging for his mind to shut off, to leave him alone long enough to allow him to fall asleep. His body was exhausted and yet sleep managed to elude him again for the fourth night in a row. Robert flipped through the channels on the TV, and decided that the calm monotony of the weather channel might help shut his mind down.

Robert's whole self was itching, not from something in the air, but because of what wasn't in his body. He licked lips that were suddenly dry and swallowed down the lump forming in the back of his throat. Robert's fingers twitched faster now in agitation. He'd been sober for nearly three weeks, but for an alcoholic it felt more like three centuries. The self-discipline it took to not break his sobriety was suffocating. The only time he wasn't jonesing for a drink was when he was sleeping; sleep wouldn't come to him because he was in the midst of withdrawals or cravings. Robert was caught in the middle of a vicious cycle with no respite. He stood up suddenly from the old crème-colored chair and walked across the stained turquoise carpet to the kitchen. He decided he really needed a cup of chamomile tea right then to try and quench his forbidden thirst.

The words came to her now, easier than before. Marie knows where she is going with this now. Her eyes burn, her shoulders ache, but she keeps writing. Marie writes because she feels this overwhelming need to finish what she has started. She knows that this is one of the last few things that she can do for him, so she continues on.

Three months. Three long, hard months had passed since Robert's last drink. There were times where he wanted to slip up, wanted to throw everything away just to get rid of that itch he couldn't scratch. But he continued to push on each and every day. Robert had started to attend AA meetings every other night during the week. Life was beginning to look up from the dark pit he had been in for so long. As hard as sobriety was at times, he had to admit he enjoyed having a clear mind. Robert felt as if someone had lifted the screen away from his eyes. Robert had missed so much these past two years; he made a silent promise to himself and his family that it would never happen again. He had a new lease on life.

Robert was finishing up getting ready for his little sister's high school graduation. Today brought up mixed feelings for him—he was so incredibly proud of Marie for graduating with honors and for doing as well as she's done so far; but on the other hand Robert was angry and disappointed in himself for screwing up the end of his own high school career. Squeezing his eyes shut, he took a deep breath and shook his head. *Today's not about me. Get over yourself now.* Robert finished buttoning up his shirt, he placed his silver watch on his wrist, and he went out into the living room to be with the rest of his family. The small house was buzzing with an infectious, positive energy. He couldn't help but to smile, his blue eyes crinkling at the corners with pride and happiness.

Looking around, Robert saw that the rocking chair was currently unoccupied. He quickly made his way over to it, and plopped down heavily on it. Leaning his head back, Robert shut his eyes and started to rock the chair. Back and forth, back and forth. The movement was calming and familiar to him. He sat in his chair and was content to just *be* while the world around him continued to spin.

She sits on his chair, her laptop rests on her thighs. Marie listens for the door to open, for a sign that things will go back to normal. It is now 4 in the morning, and still Marie writes. She needs to get the words out of her, where other people can see them, so they can finally stop tormenting her. Her brain buzzes and her mind is caught in a whirlwind. With each word written it feels as if an icy knife is being driven into her heart, and yet the pressure resting on her shoulders begins to subside. She does not stop writing for anything.

It has now been four months since Robert had taken a sip of alcohol. The itch in his mind only bothered him on bad days, and those were becoming fewer and more far between lately. The summer felt like it should be out of a picture—the days were never too hot, his friends were

always up to hang out, and his relationship with his family was on the mend. Robert felt like he was finally living life the way he was supposed to be.

Robert truly was finally back onto the straight and narrow road of life. After his sister, Marie, graduated, their uncle made a deal with Robert. He promised that if Robert could stay out of trouble and keep his grades up, then he would pay for Robert's first year of college. Granted, it was only a community college with an outreach branch two miles away from where Robert lived, but he still agreed to the conditions. He wanted to become a band teacher for elementary and middle school students—Robert's passion was music, and he wanted to pass on that love to younger generations.

Robert's parents and sister were starting to trust him more. Marie had made it to nationals in Debate, so she and their parents went to Dallas for a week, leaving Robert in charge of the house. He wanted to mend broken bridges and continue to rebuild trust that he had shattered. During that week, he had kept the house clean, taken care of the cats, and did not abuse being home alone; his family was able to come home to a clean, well-cared for house. Robert was making leaps and bounds in his relationships. It was refreshing for everyone who lived in the house.

The sky lightens from the deep midnight blue to beautiful lavender. Marie is almost done now.

It has been a month since Marie's graduation. After Robert's parents and Marie got back from Dallas, their parents had to leave out-of-state again for business purposes. Robert and Marie had the house to themselves, and were starting to enjoy each other's' company. They did not see much of one another for that week—Marie was busy with work in the mornings and evenings, and Robert was taking care of his college classes. Neither of them minded; they were able to

spend late evenings together watching movies or playing video games. Marie was finally learning what it was like to have a "normal" brother-sister relationship.

The day was a beautiful, regular Wednesday. The sky was a soft baby-blue; there wasn't a cloud in the sky. A soft summer breeze was blowing through the town. It was a picturesque afternoon, the one people only ever read about or see on post-cards. Marie had just gotten home from her morning job. It was a lucky day for her, she was able to meet up with Robert for lunch.

"What time do you have to go to work?" He asked her over the sound of the Xbox. Neither one of them was making eye contact with the other due to the fact that they were transfixed in an intense game.

"In about two hours, at 3 o'clock. Why?" Marie continued to button-mash her controller.

"I was just wondering. One of my friends is picking me up here soon, and after you get off of work, we should go out for dinner or something." Robert's eyebrows were pulled low over his eyes and he was chewing his lower lip in concentration.

"That sounds good to me. I'll send you a text after I get off of work," Robert finally beat her in the game; he got up and shut off the Xbox. His phone started to ring.

"That's my friend, I've gotta go now. Be sure to shoot me a text and we'll chill later, kay?" Robert had a smile on his face as he was putting on his shoes and changing his shirt. "I'll see you later!" With that, Robert walked out of the front door for the very last time.

Marie was finally done. The rest of her family was still sleeping, but at this point she didn't care. She was finally done writing the wretched article. Marie rubbed her fists across her exhausted eyes. She kept the heels of her palms pressed against her eyelids, trying to alleviate some of the pressure that had built up behind her eyes in the form of a migraine. She was so, so tired.

Robert was in the passenger seat of his friend Allen's car. Devon was in the backseat, laying down and trying to sleep. The three of them had decided to make a lap around town using the back-roads. Robert felt invincible. Life was finally going the way it was supposed to be, and he wasn't going back to the drugs or the alcohol. Nothing was going to drag him down, ever again.

Allen's car was a small Grand Prix, something that probably couldn't handle unpaved roads too well, but nobody cared. The friends were having a great time, just driving around and hanging out. Robert noticed Allen take his eyes off of the road to admire the scenery for a moment, but he didn't say anything—he trusted his friend's abilities. Robert leaned forward to turn the music on the radio up louder. Placing his hand back on the armrest, he started to fiddle mindlessly with his watch. He couldn't keep the smile off of his face. Today was a perfect day.

The day ended when the dump truck came flying around the blind curve, driving on the wrong side of the road…

The first line of the article still cripples Marie, even though she was the one who wrote it; 'Robert Eugene Smith: 12/21/1990-6/22/11'. Saving the document on her laptop, she closes the screen, and all but crawls over to the couch to lie down and rest. Marie pulls her brother's blanket around her shoulders, and starts to sob. She clenches her eyes shut and forces her jaw to close; she doesn't want to start dry-heaving again.

A knock comes from the front door. Marie looks, and sees a silhouette of a person standing on the porch. Wrapping the blanket around herself Marie stands and wearily trudges to the door. She opens it, and finds one of Robert's friends there. Wordlessly, he holds his hand out to her. Marie extends her own hand, palm up, and catches the watch he places in her hand. Her fingers close around the watch-face. Still not saying anything, the young man turns and leaves.

Marie is left alone, with only a scratched, broken silver watch to remind her of her brother's passing. Going back to the couch, with tears streaming down her face, Marie opens the clasp, and places the watch on her own wrist. Laying her head down, sleep finally comes to claim her consciousness.

Fine Arts
First-Place Winner

Changes in Scottish Castle Architecture
By Aimee Young

Since the dawn of time, humankind has used living structures to denote the status of those inhabiting the living space. Typically, the larger and more grandiose the building, the more highly respected was the patron of the household. Large, expensive, and highly fortified buildings normally held royal families, and were likely looked upon with awe by all who saw them. As time marched on through the centuries, royal living structures changed depending on the needs of the nation in which the structures stood, the preferences of rulers, and the materials available. A particularly beautiful type of royal structure is the castle. A castle is a fortified structure, most commonly credited to being built in the Middle Ages in Europe. Castles were residences for dignitaries such as lords or nobles of the royal family, all the way to those that had the highly elevated status of King. Castles were built most often over a period of 900 years, and took on many different forms during this time.

One nation whose majority of royalty inhabited castles throughout history is Scotland, which is a part of the United Kingdom, and is located to the North of England. Scottish structures up until the time of castles had included forts and military fortifications, but beginning in 1100 AD, more decorative living structures were erected for noblemen of the country. Scotland's first castles were built in Scotland in the 11th and 12th centuries, and were continued to be built as late as the 18th century. They are found all over the country, with tower-heavy castles are found on Scotland/England border, and more elaborate, well-known type of castle are found in the northeast, much further away from the border. There have been over 2000 castles built in Scotland, but some are known only through historical records. Castles in Scotland were built and

used differently in each century in which they were constructed, and each type of castle constructed on the isle has had a rich history, however different.

The first stone-built castle identified as a typical example of the century was built around 1200 AD. Scottish castles of the 11th and 12 centuries were highly fortified and used as dwelling places and military camps for Scottish royalty and militia. They were built with large stones with many protective walls. However, by the late 14th century, the large stone walled castles were replaced by more structurally interesting tower-houses, which were taller, slimmer, and had less protection to keep foes at bay. It was not just royalty who resided in these tower-houses, but also people who were just wealthy enough to afford land. By the 16th and 17th centuries, tower-house castles and larger, older castles were upgraded to provide for updated military technology that would break through the less fortified castle's defenses. They were also given plaster ceilings with ornate paintings depicting images of Scottish pride and history. Though castle structures of the 16th and 17th century was less magnificent and less focused on the medieval type of castle, by the 18th century, castles were again built in the style of the medieval castle of 400 years prior. They were not highly fortified, but were, however, stylistically similar to the castles of the 11th and 12th centuries, and use the stone-building concepts to make the castles appear more old-fashioned than they are in actuality.

An early and very prominent example of a Scottish castle of 11th century - the earliest era in which they were built - is Edinburgh Castle. Though, as stated in *Scotland Magazine,* "every occupant has made changes and additions culminating in today's mix of military barracks, palace, and fortress and war memorial" (Douglas), the original part of this castle has been standing since 1130 AD. This is when David I, King of Scotland, built a castle which contained a chapel dedicated to his mother, Margaret, and this portion of the castle still stands today. This

original structure, and the structure in its changed form today, both had heavily fortified stone walls, adhering to the conventions of building royal homes of the century. From 1296 to 1341 AD, the castle was captured by the British, then reclaimed, captured, reclaimed, and so forth until it was rebuilt in 1356 by David the II. In the 1500s, it was again rebuilt, and this time made more ornate. The new structure was kept until the 1800s, when it was renovated in a major way by architect Hippolyte Blanc. Edinburgh castle has been used for many purposes, including a place of worship, a place of hiding for Scottish political enemies, a prison camp for captive enemies of Scotland, and of course, as a residence for Scottish royalty. According to the official Edinburgh Castle's website,

> "In the Middle Ages, Edinburgh became Scotland's chief royal castle - seat of royalty, headquarters of the sheriff of Edinburgh, military garrison and storehouse of the royal gun train, and repository of the nation's crown jewels and state records." (Edinburgh Castle)

The castle has many fascinating architectural details specific to its time, such a large "pit prison"; a deep hole used, one could infer, as a place to hold captured enemies. This castle, home to royalty and military friends and enemies throughout the years of which it was used, is now a tourist attraction and semi-active military base rather than a practical living space for Scottish royalty, who no longer make their home there. The castle, because it was added to over the centuries, could not be considered completely specific to the 11th century, but it was begun in this early time period, and is considered to be a good example of early Scottish castle architecture.

In the 14th century, as castles became less fortified and more decorative and inhabitable, one castle that adheres to the tower-build type is Fyvie, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. This castle,

erected in the very late 1390s, was a family home built to the castle architectural styles of the time, including tall towers to the front and sides of the elaborate, stylized structure – a tower house. This type of castle was built more and more commonly starting from the 14th century; in fact, according to Stuart Reid, author of Castles and Tower Houses of the Scottish Clans 1450-1650, "Conventional castles were the exception rather than the rule, as from the 14th century on, it was the tower house…which became the dominant castle form" (Reid). This differs from the structures of the 11th and 12th centuries in its more decorative exterior and slimmer living spaces to the sides of the main building. Rather than having a heavily fortified outside for military protection, Fyvie is not surrounded by any sort of protective walls directly on the outside of the structure, but rather has a more free, inviting look to it.

This castle was a live-in fortress for the family, and was built by five successive families of Scottish descent. This castle is often looked upon as having an air of mystery, and is often thought to have ghosts living within the oldest, 13th and 14th century dated sections of the castle. Not only does this castle showcase 13th and 14th century architecture, with its towers and high ceilings, but also portraits of the royal families who inhabited the castle. There are works by Batoni, Romney, and Raeburn lining the walls, as well as rich tapestries and collections of suits of armor. Fyvie is in and of itself a time capsule of the 13th and 14th century castles of Scotland, showing the change from highly fortified, practical living structures of 11th and 12th centuries, to the more artistically built castles of the 13th and 14th centuries.

A castle that held up to the turbulent 17th century of Scotland is Caerlaverock, of Dumfries, Scotland. This castle is one of the structures that were forced to adapt to the advancing military technology of the century. Though 14th century tower-house castles were not heavily fortified, as weaponry became more advanced, so did the fortifications of the castles in Scotland.

Though Caerlaverock had been used as a more comfortable living space in its early construction, in the 1300s, by the 17th century, it was fortified through a series of new constructions by Robert Maxwell, the Earl residing there at the time. According to the Maxwell Writer's group, there were "many men working at his (the Earl's) house" (Maxwell Writers), and this was the reason for the higher level of fortification. As one method of higher protection over Caerlaverock, Earl Maxwell's rooms were closer to the castle's entrance, where he could more easily "command the castle's defense" (Maxwell Writers). In addition, the continued use of tower-houses, but now as a means of protection, gave the added security of having guest's rooms located in the second story of castle, keeping them safer, were there to be a siege on the castle.

The largest change in castles occurred in the 18th century in Scotland, when castles returned to the more medieval structure. No longer needed to fortify royal families, as an era of relative peace and harmony fell upon Scotland in the 1700s-1800s, these castles were highly stylized with ornate decoration both on the inside and outside, including painting on the plastered ceilings showing the pride Scots felt in their nation, and the continued use of portraits to show the inhabiting families from decade to decade, as seen in the 14th century tower houses. These structures were often built on sloping hills with 360° views of the surrounding land, as a status symbol signifying the castle owner's ability to purchase adequate land with beautiful views of a sparsely populated, rural area, rather than just purchasing a modest home in a more crowded environment. By the 18th century, castles were built as luxury homes; similar to today's mansions for the upper class. They have been described as fairytale-like structures, with no need to be a defensive, fortified structure. An example of this type of castle is Balmoral Castle Estate, of Lochnagar, Scotland.

This, unlike the previous castles in this paper is not owned by the Scots, but by the British Empire. Balmoral was built by the Scots in the late 18th century, and purchased by Queen Victoria in 1848. Her decision to purchase the castle, as described by the Balmoral Castle official website was based upon a visit to the castle:

> "In the autumn of 1842, two and a half years after her marriage to Prince Albert, Queen Victoria paid her first visit to Scotland. They were so struck with the Highlands that they resolved to return." (Amber)

The original building was re-adapted to meet the wishes of Victoria, and parts of the original were demolished, however, the land on which Balmoral was built was left largely untouched, so that the romantic 18th century ideal of castle-worthy land is still showcased. It has been used ever since the purchase by the British royal family as the Scottish home of British dignitaries, and was very much so built in the romantic "medieval" style of the 18th century Scottish construct of castles. It is not heavily fortified, and any of the castle's towers are purely decorative, and built in higher positions onto the structure as decorative living spaces, rather than protective encasements for guests.

Though Scottish castles have been through many changes both architecturally and their purpose as a structure, it is evident that they have always been prominent in Scottish history. Through each change in castle structure, beautiful and practical elements are highlighted, and different uses, such as homes for royalty, a military base, a prison for enemies of the Scots, are seen. Each castle described here has gone through changes even within its own right, as whoever utilized the castle's structure chose to use it differently, and brought their own element of building or art to it, such as with the family portraits of Caerlaverock, or the romantic, decorative towers of Balmoral, or even the prison pit of the historic and mighty castle of Edinburgh. Each

structure, whether it is the stone-fortified protective walls or the elevated tower-houses, had its own purpose within the context of each time period in which the castle was built, forming a beautiful and varied collection of structures that can be looked upon as a veritable patchwork quilt of castles scattered throughout the rolling hills of Scotland.

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Banksy
By Nancy White

"Nobody ever listened to me until they didn't know who I was" (13).

It is not often that a world renowned artist can keep their real identity hidden from the public. But that is exactly what the resident of Bristol, Banksy, has managed to do ever since the world began recognizing his radical and revolutionary-inspiring pieces of artwork. What sets Banksy apart from all other artists of this generation besides his incognito ways? The fact that he is a graffiti artist and is technically a criminal is a major distinction. Banksy also makes pieces of art that are relevant in today's society—nothing is off limits to him. His works range from mocking love to calling out the way governments treat their citizens and even stretching so far as to tell citizens that following the law is morally questionable. Banksy is anonymous, he is mysterious, he is an idealist, and he is an artist.

Because nobody knows who Banksy is exactly, it is hard to piece together a biography of this artist. Banksy's book, *Wall and Piece,* does give brief insights to his way of thinking and passages from his past. For example, he has a passage describing a time when he was just nine years old. The event was when a couple of classmates severely injured a young boy, and the two perpetrators decided to frame Banksy for the act. Nobody believed Banksy when he tried to tell the truth about what had really taken place—even his own mother though he was lying. Banksy takes a somewhat positive twist to that sad situation, "I think I was lucky to learn so young that there's no point in behaving yourself. You'll be punished for something you never did anyway. People get it wrong all the time." (93). That event and epiphany was a major turning point in Banksy's life. If he did not believe in that statement, he would not be as active as he is currently

when it comes to his graffiti. Banksy is the person who does not believe in advertisers, he does

not believe in the government acting as oppressors, and he does not believe in material items.

The very idea that his work could someday become an advertisement bothers and offends this

man. "Advertising makes people feel inadequate and worthless. Graffiti doesn't do that…"

(Logan). Banksy is a truly free thinker, and he encourages others to think for themselves through

his art work. He defends his art form of graffiti in the book, *Trespass: A History of*

Uncommissioned Urban Art. He is quoted as saying,

> "…the 30 square centimeters of your brain are trespassed upon every day
>
> by teams of marketing experts. Graffiti is a perfectly proportionate
>
> response to being sold unattainable goals by a society obsessed with
>
> status and infamy. Graffiti is the sight of an unregulated free market
>
> getting the kind of art it deserves." (4, 5)

Banksy's general distaste of all-things commercial is seen in nearly all of his works of art that

are scrawled upon blank walls.

One piece in particular that stands out against the rest would be 'Keep the coins/I want

change' work. I feel that this piece is the epitome of Banksy as an artist. This piece reflects

Banksy's preferred art method of using stencils on walls (WebUrbanist). The stencils are all

made by Banksy in an effort to cut the amount of time it takes to paint a wall down by at least

half. He uses spray paint for his stencil pieces such as this one, and his canvas for this particular

work is a red, brick wall. The silhouette of the young man sitting down is surprisingly filled with

a few important details—such as the slight lines on his sign, the folds of his clothing, and even

the bend in his fingers. Each line has a purpose, the shading tells a story. The greatest detail is in

the color of the words on the sign, written in bright red. Banksy decided that he specifically wanted those words to stand out to his viewers and audience. They hold importance for him.

The message behind that piece of art is Banksy's general message to the public. He does not cover his statements up with meaningless words; he has a purpose and he is the type of person who will go out and fulfill it. Banksy is one of the true revolutionaries of this generation. In a majority of his pieces of art, he manages to bring attention to a fallacy in the government, or in advertising campaigns. The quote that Banksy used in the previously mentioned piece describes the type of person that Banksy is; he is not in the art business to make money or to become famous—if that was his aim he would have revealed his identity long ago. No, Banksy creates art to try and make a change in the world that we all live in today. Each work of art that Banksy reveals to the public has a purpose. That purpose is to educate people on societal issues that would normally be swept under the rug. Banksy is an activist for the average person of the world.

To conclude, Banksy is a truly gifted and amazing artist. Nobody but his closest friends and family know his true identity, and despite his rising fame and the media attention that he has received, he has still managed to remain a man of mystery. His works focus mainly on current political issues seen in the world. Banksy also tends to make art that disputes advertisers and their products targeted at the "average citizen". His piece 'Keep the coins/I want change' epitomizes most of his other works, and also describes his personality and what he wants out of society. Banksy is a revolutionary who is changing the world, one vandalized wall at a time.

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He Cambiado Las Vidas de Niños, Una a La Vez
By Fortunate Andele Zondo

"Cinco razones por las que soy muy apasionada de ayudar a los menos afortunados:

1. Cada minuto de mi tiempo *es* un minuto que *está cambiando* la vida de alguien.

2. Las recompensas de ayudar van más allá de la satisfacción que recibo por hacer bien en un examen o recibir ropa nueva o dinero.

3. Es a través de interactuar con los menos afortunados, que puedo aprender más sobre mí misma, y sobre lo afortunada que soy.

4. *He sido* bendecida con tantas cosas en mi vida que siento que debo devolver mi tiempo, y es a través de ayudar a otros que siento que realmente puedo mostrar mi agradecimiento.

5. *Si no lo hacemos*, ¿quién *lo hará*? Demasiadas personas en el mundo *están esperando* que los demás creen un cambio. *Me he dado* cuenta de que nada *va a cambiar* si nadie hace el esfuerzo. *No importa* si es grande o pequeño, el cambio tiene que empezar con nosotros mismos.

El servicio de ayudar a las personas *ha sido* parte de la clase de persona que yo soy desde el comienzo del 9 ° grado. A lo largo de mis años de *secundaria* en la Escuela Americana Internacional de Johannesburgo (AISJ), *he aprendido* que *ser* una buena *estudiante* va más allá de los éxitos académicos, sino también utilizarlos para mejorar las oportunidades de otras personas. *He desarrollado* una pasión por el servicio a la comunidad y cuando salí de el American International School de Johannesburgo en Sudáfrica en 2010, prometí continuar

ayudando a los menos afortunados. A través del servicio *he adquirido*habilidades para *ser una líder* en mi comunidad y *he obtenido* las bases necesarias de un líder, un estudiante y *una compañera* para conquistar la vida después de la escuela.

Mi mayor logro en la *escuela secundaria fue ser* líder del club de servicio comunitarioen AISJ. En febrero de 2010, *fui* parte de un viaje increíble a Lusaka, Zambia para laCumbre Global Issues 2010, donde el *propósito era ayudar* a los menos afortunados en África. *Conocí* estudiantes que *son apasionados* del servicio a la comunidad. *Conocí* a activistas y *tuve* la oportunidad de aprender más sobre los problemas del mundo. Todas estas oportunidades *me han mejorado* como persona, y creo que se trata de esas oportunidades donde los estudiantes tienen la oportunidad de experimentar la pobreza en primer lugar que permiten el máximo crecimiento personal. En marzo de 2012, *viaje* a Sudáfrica para participar en la Cumbre Global Issues 2012 donde las escuelas de todo el continente africano *pudieron participar* en talleres, escuchar a los oradores clave y participar en un día de servicio trabajando en los proyectos que fundaba como presidente del club de servicio.

Ayudar a los menos afortunados es sin duda una actividad que permite a los estudiantes a participar en *los asuntos* de importancia mundial. *He desarrollado* nuevas *habilidades*, *he tenido* que tomar algunos riesgos, y *he tenido* que trabajar con muchas personas de diferentes orígenes. Nada me emociona más que hacer servicio comunitario en mi país de origen, y estar de vuelta en Sudáfrica *me dio* la oportunidad de hacer exactamente eso.

En el primer día de mi regreso, uno de *los niños* con los que trabaje *recordó mi cara*, y *me preguntó* que por qué *la dejé*. *Me rompió* el corazón al oír eso. *Yo sabía que tenía que* estar ahí para ellos. Algo que *me dijeron* al final del 8 °grado, antes de convertirme en parte del servicio a la comunidad del club *fue* la importancia de comprometerse en las vidasde las

personas, ya que una relación con ellos puede hacer la gran diferencia. Mis experiencias de la

participación en el servicio comunitario *han cambiado* las vidas de los niños pequeños en el sur

de África. En ese pequeño pueblo en el sur de África, sé que *he cambiado* las vidas de niños, una

a la vez.

Burbuja (Poema)
By Maria Sicay

Cerrar los ojos
Circulo de Silencio y suspenso,
la mancha negra desaparece,
reflejo de tu vida, tu existencia es extraña,
la burbuja te lleva de aventura.
Abres los ojos la burbuja se rompe…

Seguirá siendo un misterio…
Dos burbujas, interior y exterior,
en la burbuja exterior puedes crear, destruir y volver a crear,
la burbuja interior te lleva a un lugar infinito,
en la burbuja real comenzamos de la nada,
unos piensan que creen nadar por su propia cuenta.

La burbuja se romperá mil veces,
somos sobrevivientes en nuestra propia vida y hechos
¿Pero sobreviviremos?
La burbuja exterior está construida de millones,
de pedazos de sentimientos nacidos entre el tiempo
¿Desearías ver cosas asombrosas?

Cierras los ojos descubre tu propia burbuja…

"Lady Lazarus," "Herr Enemy," and the Holocaust of Sylvia Plath
By Sylvia Plath

Sylvia Plath has "done it again" ("Lady Lazarus" 1). After attempting suicide several

times, she succeeded to take her life at age thirty. During the winter of 1963, Plath gassed herself

like the Jewish people in the hands of the Nazis (Bassnett 18). However, Plath's death was not

caused by Hitler, but by her own hand. The poem, "Lady Lazarus" was written on October 29,

1962, roughly four months before Plath carried out the deadly self-prophecy of Lady Lazarus's

message. It is not clear if Plath intended "Lady Lazarus" to represent the victims of the

Holocaust, or if the poem's dramatic content was pointing to herself (Boswell 53-54). Some

critics even go so far as to call Plath's use of Holocaust imagery "emotional plagiarism"

(Boswell 54) and argue that it comes across as self-centered. Although "Lady Lazarus" may well

be an effort on Plath's part to speak on behalf of the Holocaust victims, it can also be interpreted

from Plath's personal standpoint. Plath never recovered from her father's abandonment of her at

a young age through death, or from her husband's abandonment of her toward the end of her life.

Writing about the Holocaust may have given Plath a reference of pain to draw upon in the midst

of her own suffering.

In Plath's audio recorded version of "Lady Lazarus," she makes reference to five men. In

each case, she refers to each of them as "Herr," the German word for "Mister." Plath's use of

"Herr" instead of a more familiar, endearing, or personal title reveals the sense of estrangement

Plath felt toward those five men. One of these men may have been her father. Plath's German

father, Otto Plath, died in 1940 when Plath was only eight years old (Kirk 46). When her father

was alive, young Sylvia sought his approval by composing and reciting poetry for him (Kirk 44).

Otto must have seemed like a god in Sylvia's childish mind, and may have been the "'colossal' figure" which inspired the title of her first collection of poems, *The Colossus and Other Poems* (44). When Plath was ten, she saw *The Tempest* by Shakespeare, and learned about a father who lay "'full five fathoms'" under the sea. The father's bones and eyes had turned to coral and pearls (Kirk 52), and these images entered her poetry not long afterward. In "Lady Lazarus," Plath makes reference to her childhood when she claims to have accidentally managed a "miracle" (4) at age ten, surviving death. Perhaps this near-death experience was related to the association Plath felt with her father's death while watching Shakespeare's play. In "Lady Lazarus," Plath mentions an "opus" (67)—a musical composition—possibly referring to "Ariel's Song" in *The Tempest*. The play may have also inspired the title of Plath's future book, *Ariel* (Kirk 52), and the poems it contained. For instance, in "Lady Lazarus," there is a reference to Plath's childhood and parents with the "pure gold baby" (69). Some baby names that mean "golden" are Aurelia—the name of Plath's mother—and Auriel, which are very similar to *Ariel*, the book containing "Lady Lazarus." In this way, Plath's father and mother were strangely intertwined in her poetry.

A mysterious father figure was not the only Nazi-like male figure in "Lady Lazarus." The second man mentioned in Plath's poem is her husband, Ted Hughes. Hughes' affair with Assia Wevill inflicted a type of emotional torture upon Plath as she was once again abandoned by a prominent male figure in her life. Perhaps Plath's recent estrangement from her husband caused her to address him by the formal and distant title of "Herr." Plath's audio recorded version of "Lady Lazarus" mentions a "Herr Professor" (who does not appear in Hughes' compilation of *Ariel*), most likely referring to Plath's husband *and* father, who were both professors. In section twenty-six of "Lady Lazarus," Plath mentions a "wedding ring" (77) that lies among the ashes, representing a marriage that has disintegrated into dust and is no longer "Flesh, bone" (75) but a

relationship with "nothing there——" (75). Plath concludes the poem by haunting her enemies and consuming men for the pain they have caused her. Rising out of the ashes is a symbol for the firebird in some countries, illustrating life after death. In some cultures, the firebird is depicted as red like fire, resembling the "red hair" of Lady Lazarus (83). The theme of immortality continues with a cat that has "nine times to die," illustrating the invincibility Plath felt toward her troubles ("Lady Lazarus" 21). As in her poem, "Fever 103º," the fires of hell agonize and the fires of heaven purify (Lant 641). In the same way, Plath does not see death as the end of power over her husband, but as a way to torture him with her words. Plath may have felt abandoned by masculine figures, but at the end of her life, Plath finally seeks to "eat men like air" as Lady Lazarus (84). However, as her father was already dead, the object of Plath's retaliation was most likely her husband, Ted Hughes.

Unfaithfulness was not the only danger that "Herr Professor" posed to Lady Lazarus, as he seemed to threaten her extinction by overshadowing her work with his own giftedness. Plath's life was a constant struggle to keep the public interested in her conquests with the same interest that they gave to the gifted Hughes. Like the short story by Franz Kafka, titled, "A Hunger Artist," Plath struggled to create art, but her efforts were not always appreciated by the public eye. It is suspected that Plath was aware of Kafka's story, as it inspired her to state that "Dying / Is an art" ("Lady Lazarus" 43-44). Perhaps Plath sought to outdo her husband's accomplishments through her final exhibition: the art of dying. In "A Hunger Artist," an emaciated man is put on display in a cage for a crowd to watch. He is an expert in the "art" of fasting, doing so for forty days at a time (Kafka 294-7). Eventually, however, the novelty wears off and the people grow weary of his "art." The hunger artist's cage is finally abandoned by the public and the man dies from starvation, the main reason being that he never any found food that he liked to eat (Kafka

302). After his death, the hunger artist's cage is replaced with a black panther and people flock to see the sleek and naturally majestic creature devour his food with great passion and joy for life (Kafka 303). In "Lady Lazarus," Plath states that "It's easy enough to do it in a cell. / It's easy enough to do it and stay put. / It's the theatrical" ("Lady Lazarus" 49-51). Indeed, Plath's poem is entirely dramatic and theatrical, with the cage as her stage. Plath's husband, on the other hand, displayed an effortless creativity like Kafka's panther that won him immediate attention from the public. Plath recognized Hughes' skill, and felt like a type of hunger artist whose efforts to create art were stolen by the panther. In one of Plath's poems, written during her time at Cambridge and titled "Pursuit," Plath describes "masculine power and creativity" as a panther, "who 'prowls more lordly than the sun'" (Lant 645). In her journal at the time, Plath dedicates this poem to Hughes, whom she has just met. Plath is able to sense a type of power and passion in her husband that she cannot imitate without great effort, and it frustrates her. Even in the early stages of Plath's encounter with Hughes, she states that "One day I'll have my death of him" ("Pursuit 2). In a final effort to conquer the masculine power that Plath perceives as Nazi-like, Plath rises like Lazarus from beyond the grave to "eat men like air" ("Lady Lazarus" 84) and terrify the panther.

The third masculine figure in "Lady Lazarus" is "Herr Doktor" (65), to whom Plath also refers using distancing language. Somehow, Plath senses her need for healing from the doctor, and mentions such expectations in her journals. Around February of 1956 (nearly four years after Plath's second suicide attempt), Plath writes: "To the doctor. I am going to the psychiatrist this week, just to meet him, to know he's there. And, ironically, I feel I need him. I need a father. I need a mother. I need some older, wiser being to cry to" (199). According to "Lady Lazarus," Plath does not find healing with the doctor, but feels used as "Herr Doktor" makes a profit from

her pain ("Lady Lazarus" 65). Plath bares her soul to the "psychiatrist" (Plath 199) and all she receives for "the hearing of [her] heart" ("Lady Lazarus" 59) is "a charge, a very large charge" (61) and the knowledge that she is making the doctor very rich. Plath refers to herself as the doctor's "valuable, / The pure gold baby" (68-69). Plath states at her death, "Do not think I underestimate your great concern" (72), perhaps referring to the concern that the doctor might feel for the loss of profit after her death. Plath sees "Herr Doktor" as self-seeking and emotionally estranged when she looks to him for help.

Plath's reference in "Lady Lazarus" to this third man, "Herr Doktor," may have been from her past when she was went to the psychiatric hospital for shock treatments following her 1953 suicide attempt. An account in Plath's journal under "Notes" (Plath 497) during the June of 1959 seems to refer to a mental hospital and possible reminder to write a poem of what happened there, saying, "MENTAL HOSPITAL STORIES: Lazarus theme. Come back from the dead. Kicking off thermometers. Violent ward. LAZARUS MY LOVE" (Plath 497). This description in Plath's journal of Lazarus coming back from the dead as a "ward" in a "mental hospital" (Plath 497), and most likely surrounded by doctors, sounds very similar to the "Lady Lazarus" written much later. The phrase "'A miracle!' / That knocks me out. / There is a charge" ("Lady Lazarus" 55-57) could also refer to Plath's shock treatments after attempting suicide in 1953. Again, the phrase "I turn and burn" ("Lady Lazarus" 71) sounds like shock treatments gone wrong, or without anesthetics, which is what happened to Plath in the hospital. In Plath's novel *The Bell Jar*, Plath remembers the hospital experience as if it were

> A bad dream.
>
> To the person in the bell jar, blank and stopped as a dead baby, the world itself is the bad dream.

A bad dream.

I remembered everything. (Plath 265)

As Plath's doctor at McLean Hospital often did not use anesthetics during her shock treatments, Plath possibly "remembered everything" about them, and more than likely "turn[ed] and burn[ed]" under its effect ("Lady Lazarus" 71). Plath says of Esther's experience in *The Bell Jar*:

Then something bent down and took hold of me and shook me like the end of the world .

. . with each flash a great jolt drubbed me till I thought my bones would break and   the sap

fly out of me like a split plant.

I wondered what terrible thing it was that I had done. (Plath 161)

Although many critics have frowned upon Plath's effort to write confessionalist poetry while living in her upper class family, saying that she could not possibly relate to the horrors of the Holocaust (Boswell 53-54). However, in light of her shock treatment experiences, it may be possible that Plath was not committing "emotional plagiarism." Plath may have understood the pain associated with the concentration camps better than her critics realized, likely brought about by a type of "Herr Doktor."

In "Lady Lazarus," Plath groups God and Lucifer together as the fourth and fifth men, and uses the title "Herr" in order to associate them with the German side (79). Plath also tells them to "Beware / Beware" (80-81) before rising up to devour them. Plath's use of the name "Lucifer" (79) instead of "Satan" or "Devil" is interesting, as the name Lucifer is associated with light and the morning star, not darkness or evil. Before Lucifer fell from Heaven, he was God's head archangel and in charge of glorifying God. As Lucifer is only portrayed as an "angel of light" when he is in disguise (2 Corinthians 11:14 ESV), Plath may have been making an observation about masculine deceitfulness (Hughes' unfaithfulness) or the Nazi's secret torture

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of the Jews. Light also resembles the phrase "Bright as a Nazi lampshade" (5) and could refer to "a million filaments" of light (25), as well as "hell" from which torture comes (46). The fifth "Herr" mentioned represents God. As a child, Plath may have seen her relationship with God as an extension of her estranged relationship with her father. When Plath was eight years old she vowed that she would "never speak to God again" after learning about her father's death (Kirk 46). Plath most likely held God responsible for not preserving her father's life. In the same way, Plath must have held God responsible for the Holocaust, because he did nothing to prevent it. In Plath's mind, if God was not on the side of good, He must be on the side of evil, hence the deceitful association with Lucifer. Every man in Plath's life may have seemed like an enemy—a type of "Herr Nazi"—to her, including God.

Other references to the fifth man, "Herr God," and religion in "Lady Lazarus" are numerous. For example, the mention of "Lazarus," who was a Jew. Plath also makes reference to Jews in the poem such as "Jew linen" ("Lady Lazarus" 9). Plath's constant use of the phrase "miracle" also gives an image of a Jewish-born "messiah" and his miracle of raising Lazarus from the dead (4, 55). Other Jewish references relate directly to the Holocaust and ways that Jews in the concentration camps suffered gruesome deaths, such as the images of "Ash, ash — / You poke and stir. / Flesh, bone, there is nothing there——" (73-75). Another indication of Jewish perspective in "Lady Lazarus" is that oppression only comes from German characters, for example, the references to the "Nazi lampshade" (5), the "Professor," "Doktor" (65) and "Enemy" (66) by the title of "Herr." It could be argued that Plath used Jewish images to highlight masculine oppression toward certain marginalized groups, especially women. Many of the consequences of patriarchy over the years can be tied back to religion and how some cultures

interpret God's will. While Plath addresses five different types of men in her poem, the ultimate "Herr" is God Himself.

Plath concludes "Lady Lazarus" with anger toward men. Her anger seems to be directed toward the Nazi's, her father's abandonment, her husband's recent infidelity, or the fact that God did not prevent these things from happening. On the other hand, "Lady Lazarus" could be a "theatrical" attempt to seek attention for herself over "the panther" and belittle the real horrors of the Holocaust and its victims ("Lady Lazarus" 51). But although the message of "Lady Lazarus" may be multifaceted and possibly self-centered, Plath seeks to speak out for the minority and for the oppressed who are victims of the white Aryan patriarchal system. As Plath stated in an interview with Peter Orr:

> I think my poems immediately out of the sensuous and emotional experiences I have . . . I think that personal experience is very important, but certainly it shouldn't be a kind of shut box and mirror looking, narcissistic experience. I believe it should be *relevant* and relevant to the larger things, the bigger things such as Hiroshima and Dachau . . . (Plath, *The Poet*)

Plath took topics from the world around her and the emotion she knew from her personal experiences and wove them into a greater picture in an effort to reach more people and to create her own art. As Plath madly composed her final poems during the last months she was alive, perhaps she could say, along with the Hunger Artist, "Forgive me, everybody . . . I have to fast, I can't help it" (Kafka 302). Plath created poetry in her own way, and sought to make it "relevant to larger things" (Plath, *The Poet*). Even though Plath saw "Dying" (43) as "an art" (44) and ultimately took her own life, "Lady Lazarus" is considered among one of Plath's best poems, and has been "resurrected" beyond the grave to confront past acts of injustice and future oppression.

Hughes later engraved a quote by Bhagavad Gita on Plath's tombstone: "'Even amidst fierce flames the golden lotus can be planted'" (Kirk 128). Indeed, Plath lives on today as a fierce flame to influence others with her poetry, and is resurrected in the fiery language and imagery of "Lady Lazarus."

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"Do You Not Love Another (Man)?"
Male Homosexuality in Shelley's *Frankenstein*
By Aimee Young

When perusing a text, it can be too easy to lend oneself to persuasion. For example, if one is told for look for overtones of suicidal theme in a novel, these dark references are more likely to be found. It is the same when it comes to homosexuality. In reading a text, if one bears in mind that a character is a male these homosexual overtones are sure to present themselves, whether they exist in actuality or not. Some texts however, with careful analysis, can be revealed to possess themes of homosexuality without the reader's influence. Mary Shelley's Frankenstein is not likely a text many would consider to be a homosexually-charged work, however, themes of male homosexuality can be extracted with closer examination. These themes also do not appear to be completely unfounded by the author's life experience: Shelley, who was in the company of friend Lord Byron – a fellow author well-known for his sexually adventurous behavior – when she penned her masterpiece, seems to have included some Byron-influenced ideas in Frankenstein, however covert. Though Shelley does not make it obvious that any male characters of her book, whether human or monstrous, posses homosexual characteristics or tendencies, hints throughout the novel add up to a convincing argument for the existence of strong male homosexuality hidden throughout the text, perhaps for reasons closely related to her friendship with a famously sexually-experimental man: Lord Byron.

Shelley certainly doesn't waste time introducing whisperings of male companionship and even romantic homosexuality. In the first several pages of her book, the novelist gives *Frankenstein's* readers insight into a recurring theme that will soon reveal itself, if subtly: male

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homosexuality. Robert Walton, an all too often forgotten male figure in Shelley's famed tale of horror, sets up the framework within which the action of the rest of the story takes place. Walton, who is in correspondence with his sister, to whom he is obviously very close, referring to her as his "dear, excellent Margaret," (Shelley 30) is on a soul – and fame – searching voyage to the literal ends of the earth: The North Pole. While on this trip of epic proportions, Walton meets a man of equally gigantic size: the monstrous creation of Victor Frankenstein. Prior to this encounter however, which triggers the plot of *Frankenstein*, subtle hints of this adventurous brother's desire for seemingly romantic or intimate companionship of other men are given by Shelley.

The idea of same-sex friendship, though it may seem odd to some readers in a modern day context, was actually more common in 18th and 19th century lives of men and women than one might expect. According to Marylynne Diggs, author of "Romantic Friends or a "Different Race of Creatures"? The Representation of Lesbian Pathology in Nineteenth-Century America", the issue of same sex-friendship not only existed in America in the 19th century, but in Europe as well, where "lesbian and gay identities emerged much earlier than historians had believed" (Diggs 319). It seems that this emerging homosexuality in Europe, and globally, was often classified under "same-sex" friendships, which were really more like the intimate relationship for which Walton so longs. As quoted from Shelley, "I have one want which I have never yet been able to satisfy; and the absence of the object of which I now I feel as a most severe evil" (31). Here, Walton refers to the lack of a friend. However, as he describes with such passionate language, he feels this absence of friendship is an "evil," not merely a nuisance that can be easily ignored. To further this argument of Walton's search for more than a male friend to keep him

company, is his desire "of a man who could sympathise with me; whose eyes would reply to me" and the lack of a man in his company "whose tastes are like my own" (Shelley 31).

This expression of the need of a male companion with similar interests and a sense of familiarity, with the reference to the reciprocal gaze of their eyes, only reaffirms the concept that Walton is in need of a romantic partner, which he all but bluntly expresses to his sister, believing that she will "deem him romantic" (31) for these desires. Walton also explains that "such a friend" would "repair the faults" that he sees in himself. This desire for a male friend seems to reflect Walton's belief that an intimate male partner could not only fulfill his need for companionship and compatibility, but also heal in Walton what is broken. Michael Eberle-Sinatra, author of "Readings of Homosexuality in Mary Shelley's Frankenstein and Four Film Adaptations," agrees that the character of Walton serves not only to establish the plot outline of *Frankenstein*, but also provides numerous references to male companionship" (Eberle-Sinatra 187). With the introduction of Victor Frankenstein into the story, Eberle-Sinatra argues, the reader is given a concrete demonstration of Walton's homosexual desires. According to Eberle-Sinatra, "Walton's relationship to Victor in the novel can be read as an instance of repressed homosexuality."

Indeed, Victor certainly seems to find the qualities he described to his sister as highly desirable in Victor, to whom he finds himself increasingly attracted, stating that his "affection for (his) guest increases every day," and that the guest "excites (his) admiration" (Shelley 37). Walton also goes into great detail regarding Victor's gentleness, wisdom, and cultivated mind and speech, all qualities he expressed to want. It does appear then that Walton does demonstrate homosexuality, though it seems arguable that, as Eberle-Sinatra stated, this homosexuality is repressed. Whether Walton comes right out and says it to his sister or not, he does give extensive

hints that he both desires the companionship of a male and that Victor's appearance on the isolated ship provides said companionship.

Beyond the narrative-framing correspondence between possibly-homosexual Walton and his "dear" sister Margaret, a multitude of clues can be found within the story of Victor Frankenstein himself, who describes his harrowing life story to the enamored Walton. Victor was raised in a seemingly normal, nay, nearly perfect, household; with Victor expressing that "No human being could have passed a happier childhood than myself." (Shelley 45) This idyllic childhood, however, does create a perfect adult life for Victor, who struggles with a dark, questioning nature that leads to his creation of a creature that many scholars believe to be the representation of homosexual desire in Victor. The earliest emergence of Victor's homosexual tendencies can be seen after the creation of his infamous monster. Images that insinuate masturbation begin the passage of Victor from a man who believes himself to be straight, promised to wed Elizabeth, a cousin and childhood companion, to a man rebuking societal norms of heterosexuality through the creation of an intimate male counterpart, his creatures, are first seen in the creation of the monster. According to Eberle-Sinatra "the language used to describe the making of the Creature by Victor in the novel suggests masturbation," with image invoking phrases such as "profane fingers," disturbing the "Secrets of the human frame," in a "solitary chamber," housing a "workshop of filthy creation" (Shelley 58). Though masturbation itself does not refer to homosexuality, the idea of self-satisfaction seems to suggest the need to suppress or hide one's true desires, living in a fantasy world where homosexuality is acceptable.

Following the creation process, further hints of Victor's interest in men are given by Shelley. To begin with, in the original manuscript of *Frankenstein*, according to Eberle-Sinatra, Shelley describes the completion of the creature's design differently than the description

published; the publicly released 1818 edition states that "It was on a dreary night in November, that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils," (Shelley 60) however, in the original text, "accomplishment of my toils" was replaced by "my man" which certainly carries a double meaning. Does Victor mean simply his creation, or his *man*, a possessive term for a personal, intimate companion? Once the creature, whether Victor's romantically connected "man" or not, is viewed by its creator, the feelings change drastically. In fact, Victor's seemingly strong desire to create a male companion for himself that could withstand his own intellectual prowess; a man so similar to himself he could love him on a deep love, dissipates and is morphed into repulsion. Victor describes the creation as a "catastrophe" which he is unable to describe (Shelley 60), and despises the looks of the creature, whose hideous appearance contrast with his foresight of the creation's "features as beautiful" (Shelley 60). Victor agonizes, "dreams that had been my food for and pleasant rest for so long a space were now become a hell to me", and says quite plainly that "the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete." (Shelley 61).

In other words, the dream which Victor held so dearly of creating a monster that defied the laws of science itself; the thrill of owning and being companion to lifeless matter brought back to motion falls short of his expectations. It does indeed seem that Victor suddenly turns to hatred of the monster that he has just metaphorically birthed, as illustrated even further by his observation that "he was ugly then," or when non-animated, "but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived," referring to the hellish quality of this being. Douglas Sadownick, author of the piece, "The Man Who Loved Frankenstein", which evaluated "The Man Who Wrote Frankenstein", written by John Lauritsen, explores the reasoning behind this sudden change from fascination with the creation of a sexual male being for Victor's enjoyment to the horror which

exists in Victor's reality. "As quickly as Victor falls in love with the monster, he suffers a hateful reversal…why does this happen?" Sadownick asks. Sadownick's question can be answered in several ways, all of which involve Victor's sexuality, or rather, homosexuality.

To begin answering Sadownick's inquiry, it should be recognized that Victor is a sexually confused man, one who does not desire women in a primal manner, as evidenced by his lack of interest in the woman to whom he is betrothed. Therefore, it would seem that he has an interest alternately in men, but not because he is sexually attracted to them either; Victor seems to the reader, rather asexual in nature. In fact, according to Richard K. Sanderson, author of "Glutting the Maw of Death: Suicide and Procreation in Frankenstein," Victor demonstrates an "ambivalent femininity" (Sanderson 49). This air of sexual ambivalence leads to the questioning of the reader as to how Victor feels towards both men and women. However, several indications are given regarding this tricky question, seen in two dialogues between Victor and a loved one: his father, and Elizabeth, his betrothed.

The first exchange, between Victor and his father, involves the father asking the son if he is interested in wedding another, other than Elizabeth, since she is, after all, a childhood friend and much like a sister to Victor. As quoted from the text: "You may have met with another whom you may love," (Shelley 133) remarks Victor's father, never stating the sex of this "other", which leaves the reader to wonder whether the father knows more than even Victor himself. Victor, though seeming to create the creature to replace a void left by his lack of sexual desire for Elizabeth, does not seem to recognize this desire, or perhaps refuses to admit it, replaying "I never saw a woman who excited as Elizabeth does, my warmest admiration and affection" (Shelley 133). Though this answer seems to satisfy his father's inquiry, it should be pointed out that Victor refers only to no other *woman* exciting his affection and admiration; he

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makes no mention of a man. A second exchange, this time with the woman in question herself, Victor is questioned by Elizabeth, "do you not love another?" (Shelly 161) Though Victor answers in the negative, satisfying his betrothed as well, there is still the underlying question of homosexuality in Elizabeth's question; she does not ask Victor if he does not love another woman, only any "other".

Another method of answering Sadownick's question of "why" is to recognize the societal constraints placed on Victor to behave "normally". To go outside the statues of behavior for his race, class, and especially gender, was to buck expectations and break social code. Were Victor to go beyond creating a monster, but also engaging in homosexual or homo-erotic actions with his male creation, the repercussion would be severe. Though there is nothing directly indicative of Victor wishing to have sex with the monster, the masturbatory references prior to the creation's completion guide the reader to think perhaps Victor had sexual feelings towards the idea of a male being in general. The creation of said being, once completed, broke the spell cast on Victor by the protection of scientific inquiry; while he was only experimenting with unanimated flesh, there was no harm, but when the creature lived and breathed, it was alive and able to play out for Victor a horrifying scenario: Victor's differing sexual preferences put out for all to see, the creator seen for what he is, a man who creates other men from nothing, counterparts to his own male self.

This horror plays into the Gothic idea of the uncanny, a much used concept in Shelley's time that refers to the dread and fear caused by the unknown and unfamiliar; in this case, the homosexual feelings Victor has had in the past and had while creating his "man". According to Mair Rigby, author of "Uncanny Recognition: Queer Theory's Debt to the Gothic", the connection between the study of homosexuality and this sense of terror and the uncanny relies on

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the idea of repression of homosexual tendencies (Rigby 48), which Victor is desperate to maintain, unlike Watson, who seems eager to express a need for male companionship and then find it. Rigby says that, "When I say that queer scholarship's encounter with the Gothic is 'uncanny', I mean that it appears to be based on a sense of a 'secret encounter' in which the texts bring to light something that ought to be repressed" (Rigby 48). This secrecy and repression that connects the study of homosexuality in literature and the uncanny is seen in the horror felt by Victor upon realizing his creation's meaning to his life; an unwanted symbol of what should have been repressed all along.

A final example of the subtle hinting at homosexuality done by Shelley is seen in the Frankenstein's monster. Though the monster is born unnaturally, birthed through male-centric scientific methods rather than maternal conception, he still possesses the qualities to give him hints of sexuality, either straight or homosexual. The creature is constantly referred to as a "he", over and over again in Shelley's text, but is first referred to in Shelley's passage; "His limbs were in proportion" (Shelley 60). This phrase itself gives the reader a mental picture of a man, not simply a life-form without a sex. Therefore, the creature can be assumed to have socially conforming traits to establish his sex as male, such as genitalia. Though of course this particular issue of male "parts," so to speak, is not discussed, later in the text, there is a haunting image painted by Shelley relating to the sex of this he-monster. When Victor and his new bride escape on a romantic honeymoon, it is not without a word of caution from the angered creation to his creator: "I shall be with you on your wedding night" (Shelley 146). Though this simple sentence does not contain a direct violent threat, it surely sends chills to the spine with what is left unsaid. Victor recognizes this blunt statement by the creation as a dooming one and takes it as a threat.

This phrase seems to not only imply harm will befall Victor, but also encroaches on a night that is typically associated with sexual activity.

The presence of the monster on Victor's wedding night could be construed as the monster threatening Victor with forcing himself on his creator sexually, if one read into the phrase "with you on your wedding night" with an emphasized meaning placed upon "with" as sexual rather than simply a matter of placement with Victor and his bride. Though the monster does not seem to reciprocate any need for his creator to be his companion at this point, it is surely a matter of revenge for the initial rejection at the hands of his creator, which has caused the creature much pain and anguish. In all of Victor's panic to extinguish any hint of his own desire for a male companion, he spurns the companion himself, leading Sadownick to remark, "No wonder the otherwise loving monster turns against his creator when Frankenstein repudiates him" (Sadownick). It is no surprise then that the monster threatens Victor with a fate such as "being with him" on his wedding night, a night meant for heterosexual intercourse; the monster sees it fit to torture Victor's mind with the realization that he could be used by the monster for the same purpose Victor had created that same monster: a sexual object for personal gratification. This torture of the mind by the monster of Frankenstein utilizes homosexuality as a weapon, and further evidences the theme of homosexuality in the novel. Beyond the mere evidence of homosexuality in the novel, however, is the reasoning behind its existence there, which can perhaps be explained by Shelley's connection with the infamous Lord Byron.

The presence of male homosexuality of the novel, though subtle in existence, seems to suggest the influence of Lord Byron on Shelley. According to Llewellyn M. Buell, contributor to Modern Language Notes, "The two poets first met in 1816, during Shelley's trip to the Continent." (Buell 312) It is well known that Mary Shelley and Byron had a close friendship,

which led to trips away together with Mary and Percy, as well as other famous writers and poets. One such trip became the birthplace of Shelley's most famous work, and indeed, Lord Byron was present during the birth of <u>Frankenstein</u>. Inspired by a contest to write the scariest blood-chilling story possible for the group with which Shelley found herself on a dark, stormy night that Shelley penned her tale. Surely, Shelley had in mind the audience for which she wrote the tale of the "Modern Prometheus," and took into account not only what would scare them most, but perhaps even included traces of her company within the story, to heighten the elements of fear and realism in her tale.

Lord Byron, the probable ringleader of the literary group that set out to write this horror story, which spawned <u>Frankenstein</u>, may have found his own sexual behaviors subtly featured in Shelley's story. According to the GLBTQ Encyclopedia, "During at least three periods of his life, homosexual interests predominated over his numerous heterosexual involvements," (GLBTQ) and it was likely that Shelly was aware of that, since according to GLBTQ, "romantic friendships among boys at English private schools," were "well attested by such writers as Benjamin Disraeli, Leigh Hunt, and Percy Shelley," (GLBTQ) the last of which being her own husband. It does not seem likely, however, that Shelley would try to use Byron's homosexuality simply to scare him and win a writing contest. And so, could it be that Shelley, aware of and perhaps supportive of Byron's homosexual tendencies, included hints of such orientation in her would-be novel for a greater purpose?

As a taboo subject even in the 19th century, homosexuality would not have been featured as main subject of discussion in mainstream literature, but by masking the theme so carefully in her text, Shelley may have included some personal views of the sad truth that homosexuality was frowned upon in society's view. Shelley's use of Walton's sadness at the lack of male

companionship and Frankenstein's disastrous attempt to create such a companionship in the Creature, as the well as the monstrous way in which the Creature seems to threaten forced homosexuality on Victor all seem to demonstrate Shelley's awareness, at least, of male relationships on a romantic or sexual level; Walton desires a romantic partner, Victor an ego-boosting companion of the same sex, and the Creature a scapegoat for his sexual frustration. It seems that Shelley may have not only included the aspect of homosexuality to increase realism for her audience, one or more of whom may have had homosexual experiences, but also to express something deeper; that homosexuality is not in fact, as monstrous as the Creature of Victor's labors. Due to the contact Mary Shelley had with a man like Lord Byron, who went against sexual mores of his time, it seems possible that Shelley could have included aspects of her close friends' struggle to be seen as "normal" in a world where homosexuality was unacceptable, in order to make a statement regarding her own feelings regarding homosexuality.

In summary, through the examples of Robert Walton, Victor Frankenstein, and the Creature, subtle undercurrents of homosexuality can be seen. Though Shelley never overtly expresses the existence of male romance or sexual activity in her novel, the presence of clues point out enough to make the reader wonder, especially when one takes into consideration her ties with a man like Lord Byron. In both the case of Walton and Frankenstein, feelings of sexuality that go against societal norms are repressed, though Walton seems more open and free with his expression of his orientation. In the case of Victor's creation, it is harder to say whether sexual feelings can be had or not; however, the monster shows signs of understanding homosexuality through his threat to "be with" Victor on his wedding night. In the case of the author herself, in crafting a text laced with themes of homosexual repression and fear of deviancy; with the influence of a man like Lord Byron, it seems that Shelley had a reason to

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include such subject matter, even if cloaked in contextual secrecy. All three men, in their own manifestations of loneliness, desperation, and demand of male companionship, and even the author herself, in her subtle and secretive inclusion of homosexuality overall, seem to hold some cards of homosexuality hidden close to their respective chests. However, through interpretive skills on behalf of the reader, the hands these three fictional men and brilliant female writer hold can be indeed revealed.

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Occupy Wall Street
By Nancy White

Introduction

Occupy Wall Street is a movement that started September 17, 2011. It is a social

movement that was inspired by other movements that have taken place in the Middle East, such

as in Tunisia and Egypt. It started due to the fact that the protesters believe that the banks and

multinational corporations are ruining the global economy. The occupiers believe that the richest

"1%" are "unfairly writing the rules of an unfair global economy that is foreclosing on our

future" (OccupyWallStreet). These protesters have remained true to their cause, and have not

backed down even in the face of police brutality and terrible treatment from others. The

protesters are going to keep "occupying" until there is some sort of change to the current status

quo.

Reasons I Chose the Occupy Wall Street as a Subject of My Paper

In history, there have been many major revolutions that have changed the world. Whether

it was the American Revolution, the French Revolution, the Civil War, the Civil Rights

Movement, the list continues. For my generation, the major revolution is this one: the Occupy

Wall Street revolution. This is something that is going to directly affect my future in America.

This revolution has the potential to make a drastic change in the way the United States is run. I

also decided to choose this topic because it ties in to what we learned about in our political

science class. This revolution deals with the theory of liberalism, as well as discusses different

policies in the government of the United States.

An Idea (a theory or Ideology) I Support

The main American Ideology that I support is American liberalism or just liberalism in general. Liberalism is "the ability of the members of that society to develop their individual capacities to the fullest extent" (Shively). In today's standards, liberalism tends to lean more towards a socialist ideology. America is more of a conservative nation, and right now that system is failing our country. The United States has privatized health care, unfair taxes, and a $15 trillion national debt. America also has one of the highest death rates, is ranked 25th out of 34 countries when it comes to education, and is also a violent nation. I would honestly prefer to live in a country like Norway or Canada, where they have universal health care, a higher life rate, and good educational systems. I do not want a totally socialist country, due to the fact that they have a higher tax rate for people, but those countries are currently in better shape than America.

Analysis/Evaluation

The main reason why the protesters on occupying Wall Street in the first place is to protest and voice their opinions on the way the economy is being run. According to a survey taken with members of Occupy Wall Street, approximately "80% of those polled said that the rich should pay higher taxes and that it's fair that approximately the top 10% of tax payers pay more than 70% of the taxes in the US and about 40% of employed people pay no income tax" (Herper). This means that the middle-class and lower should not have to support the country themselves on their own income taxes. The upper-middle classes and higher should pay higher taxes due to the fact that those people have a higher annual income. The average American wants the upper classes to pay for more than 70% of America's taxes, whereas the lower 40% of employed Americans should not have to pay taxes at all. This would create a more equal standard of living, which fits into the theory that I picked, which was liberalism. If the

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government is forcing people living in poverty to pay an income tax, society will not be able to allow its citizens to develop their capacities to their fullest extent.

Occupy Wall Street is just trying to level and even out the playing field in American economics. Once the economic situation is figured out and stabilized, the United States will be one step closer to achieving a truly liberal government. If the protesters were able to gain what they really do want, I believe that it will create a better situation for Americans everywhere. Impoverished peoples of America will no longer have to pay an income tax, which will allow them to focus on their basic necessities to gain a basic standard of living. This will benefit the theory that I chose by bringing us closer to achieving that societal goal of developing our capacities to their fullest extents.

When asked why protesters were there, reporters figured out that the " main themes were stopping corporate greed especially special interests impact on the political process, economic inequality and joblessness, an unjust government" (Herper). Liberalism focuses more on certain freedoms and a fair government. Realistically, with an unjust government, true liberalism cannot be achieved. Liberalism wants to achieve the highest good of society, and with so many injustices and inequalities happening in America, we are unable to achieve this good. The status quo is failing the citizens of America. The main element of liberalism is democracy, or a need for individual freedom. Democracy is defined as a government of the people with elections (Shively). Obviously with the status quo, the average American is not being properly represented in the government.

The elements of democracy include freedom, equality, competition, and accountability (Shively). America is contradicting itself by claiming it is a democracy. In reality, we do not have a true democratic government. Our freedoms are limited, our people are not being treated

equally, competition is unfair to the average business owner, and America is not holding the top 1% accountable for their actions. Americans are trapped in a false sense of security by the government due to the fact that governmental officials are stating that "the people have a choice"—with a democracy they can help decide what policies they want to take place in the government. However, this is completely false. As it is with most things in America, the people who are able to pick the policies that they want are the rich people with power—in this case the 1% that the Occupiers are protesting on Wall Street. If that 1% is the group that can decide what policies the government carries out, obviously the "99%" will not properly be represented in their government. This is why the Occupiers saw cause for this type of a social movement. Shively describes a social movement as "an informal collective movement of people loosely coordinated in their actions and using flexible tactics, with some sort of leadership group to give its actions coherence (having purpose and direction)". Many who do not understand why the Occupiers are protesting may state that the protesters have no real goal in mind, and that they are just trying to gain attention and cause trouble. This is nowhere near the case, however. The Occupiers simply want better representation in the government, a more fair economy, and for the "1%" to be held accountable for their actions. Other goals include attempting to gain a better nation-wide health care plan, eliminating college student loans, and also creating set prices on medications and prescriptions instead of allowing pharmacies to charge whatever they please. The Occupiers know what they want, and they are protesting to gain those desires.

The main reason why the United States is not a true democratic government is because America also supports capitalism. Certain aspects of democracy contradict capitalism—freedom and competition go with capitalism; equality and accountability contradict capitalism (Shively). America needs to understand that we can only have one or the other, but we cannot successfully

have both. Shively does state that there is no automatic connection between democracy and capitalism. Even so, when the idea of one contradicts the idea of the other, there is a failed system waiting to happen.

       The Occupy Wall Street revolution that is currently taking place is quite possibly going to be the spark that ignites an entire governmental reform. What the Occupiers are calling for, essentially, is true liberalism to filter through their government. These people want equality in the economy, to be properly represented in their government, and to also have a government with more freedoms than what they have now. They want their country to hold each and every citizen accountable for their actions, whether they are in poverty or part of the 1%. The way that the Occupiers can achieve this is by staying true to their cause and to show the government that they are serious with their demands. Each revolution that has changed a government took a lot of time, energy, and dedication. If the Occupiers continue to fight for what they believe in, they will surely see some sort of a change within the government.

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Social Science
Second-Place Winner

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Local Osage Prairie YMCA Offers After School Day Care
By Shauna Schmitt

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Local Osage Prairie YMCA Offers After School Day Care

The Osage Prairie YMCA offers an alternative after school day care for school aged children. There are two main options available to families who are busy and would like their children to be taken care of when school is not in session. The first option is the after school program. This program is for families who would like their child to venture to a "safe and fun learning environment" when school has dismissed for the day. Children who are ages 5-12 may participate. Parents would not need to worry about transportation because the YMCA will transfer kids from their school to the YMCA on the Bear Bus. The day begins at 3:30 PM and ends at 5:30 PM. Parents can either choose to have their children attend 3 days a week or 5 days a week. Costs for the evenings for 3 days are $15 and the non-member fee is $25; the 5 day member fee is $25 and non-member fee is $38. Is money an issue for you? Do not worry because financial assistance is available. The schedule for the day includes a snack, homework time, free time, physical activity, and group activity time.

The other option is available on the days when school is not in session. School's Out Camp is for those days when school is not in-session including: seasonal breaks, teacher conference and in-service days. Children aged 5 -12 can participate. There are convenient hours for parents to drop-off and pick-up their children. They can be dropped off at the Osage Prairie YMCA after 7 a.m. and picked up before 5:30 p.m. Children must register 48 hours before the day that you plan to have your children enjoy the camp. Costs for days are: Y members $15 and non-members $22.50 for the daily rate; the weekly rate for Y members is $55 and non-members $82.50. Parents also need to provide a healthy lunch for each of their own individual children. The YMCA will provide a healthy afternoon snack. Children will not be bored on these days; children will participate in making arts and crafts, swimming time, and be a part of physical and recreational games. All of these activities will exercise the mind and body of the children. The next event will happen during the holiday break. Every day December 21st-January 4th except for Christmas Day and New Year's Day. To make reservations, please call 667-9622.

The Osage Prairie YMCA is helping out the community by making alternative child care options available while at the same time helping youth grow their minds and bodies by keeping them

active while they are at the YMCA. If you think you and your family would benefit from one or more of these programs please contact the Osage Prairie YMCA.

This article was written by a Cottey College marketing student in partnership with the Nevada Osage Prairie YMCA. For further information about the Y, please call 667-9622.