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Loyola Marymount University, The Honors Program


ATTIC
SALT

2019

ATTIC SALT

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ATTIC SALT

noun (Latin, *Sal Atticum*)

1 Graceful, piercing, Athenian wit.

2 An interdisciplinary journal which accepts submissions in any genre, format, or medium— essays, original research, creative writing, videos, artwork, etc.—from the entire LMU undergraduate and graduate community— and now from the Honors programs of AJCU institutions nationwide.

Visit www.atticsaltlmu.com for full-length works, past journals, and other information.

Attic Salt is published annually in the spring semester.

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FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

Welcome to another year of Athenian Wit! Every year, this project surprises us with new opportunities, ideas, and thought-provoking submissions. We would like to thank all of our staff members who joined in as we found ourselves carried away discussing the possible interpretations of every submission. We are also extremely grateful to everyone who submitted; we wish we could include more works. Our second run of submissions pushed us to a record number of 149 unique pieces, which puts our acceptance rate at close to 14 percent.

With such a strong array of submissions, we are extremely excited to unveil this year's publication. More than anything else, we feel that this selection exhibits the diverse interests and talents we witnessed in all of the submissions. The poetry inspires us to appreciate the life and relationships available to us, while the essays challenge and extract meaning through history, politics, advertisements, and even medicine. Don't forget to check out all of our visual submissions that continually prove the artistic prowess of LMU students—those in and out of the art department. Additionally, we published a video in this year's issue, which you can view on our website. Overall, we want to encourage such creativity and passion and are excited to see what future submissions will bring us.

Of course, we have to thank the people around campus that make this journal possible. Along with our amazing staff, we absolutely must thank Dr. Alexandra Neel, our faculty sponsor. We would also like to thank Garland Kirkpatrick in the Graphic Design department for supplying us with our amazing design team of Brandon Nam, Samantha Jordan, and Yue Wang. And of course, *Attic Salt* would not exist without the amazing support of those in the University Honors Program; we would like to give special thanks to Dr. Vandana Thadani, Dr. John Dionisio, Dr. Daniel Speak, Dr. Sue Scheibler, Nubia Valenzuela, and Elizabeth Kalbers.

Thanks for reading, and stay salty. Enjoy!

Cameron Bellamoroso
Carrie Callaway
Editors-in-Chief

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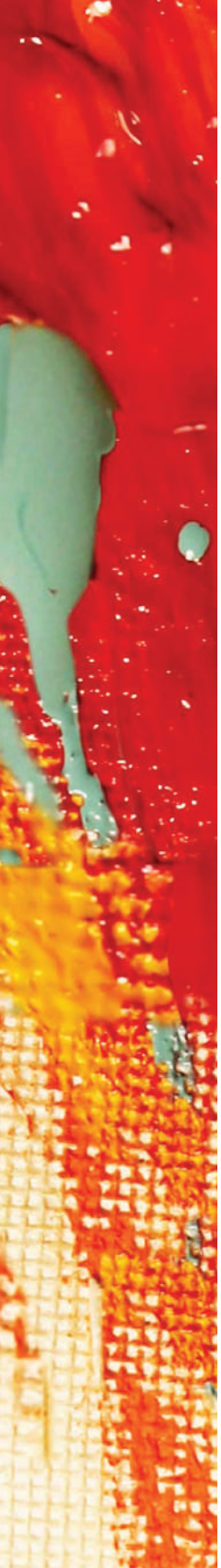


SOFIA MEISBURGER

poetry

Sofia Meisburger is an English and Political Science double major with a journalism minor who hopes to pursue a career in digital media. She grew up in a few different jungles a long way from here, but kind of prefers the concrete type anyway. When Sofia isn't spending a long weekend drinking earl grey tea, watching reality tv, and napping, she is writing. Her interests include thrifted sweaters, the colour yellow, compassion, and writing—always writing.

FIRST LOVE PANTOMIME

I am a gentle, monogamous slut.
Disco heart, nuclear family—
How could I forget you?
Break down this scaffolding, crack open the carcass.

Disco heart, nuclear family—
Thunder thighs make room for projectile vomit.
Break down this scaffolding, crack open the carcass.
(Always and forever daddy's little girl)

Thunder thighs make room for projectile vomit.
Lightning strikes! Broken mirrors slice through pallid skin;
(Always and forever daddy's little girl)
He loves me, he loves me not.

Lightning strikes! Broken mirrors slice through pallid skin;
I do not belong to myself.
He loves me, he loves me not:
Pluck every petal until there's nothing left.

I do not belong to myself.
Eyes reek of electricity—humming neon marbles.
Pluck every petal until there's nothing left;
Own me in the way my father never did.

Eyes reek of electricity—humming neon marbles.
Machiavellian tongue, teeth, leviathan prince:
Own me in the way my father never did.
Burn your fingertips against this raincloud flesh.

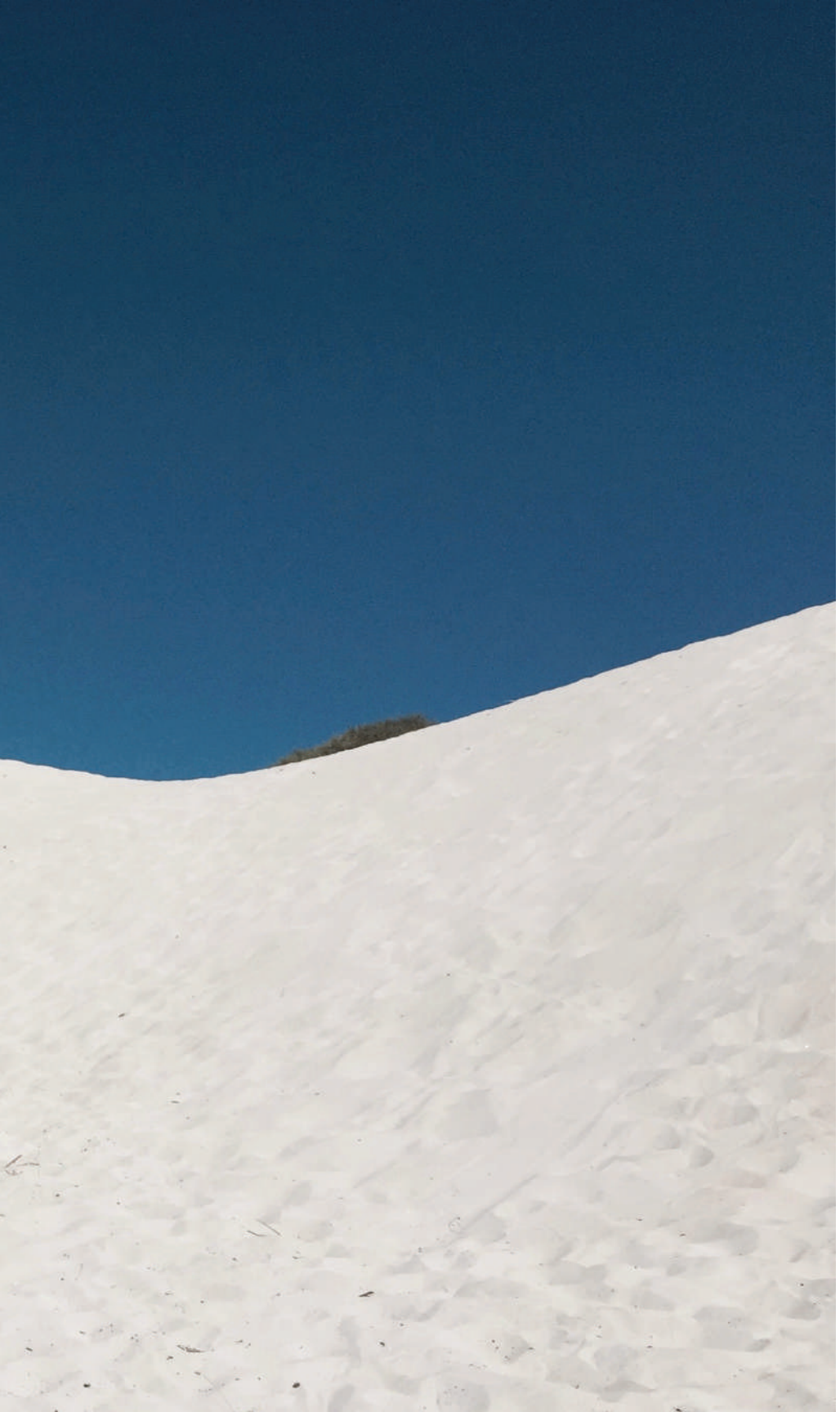
Machiavellian tongue, teeth, leviathan prince:
How could I forget you?
Your fingertips are burned into this raincloud flesh.
I am a gentle, monogamous slut.

AMANDA MEEGAN

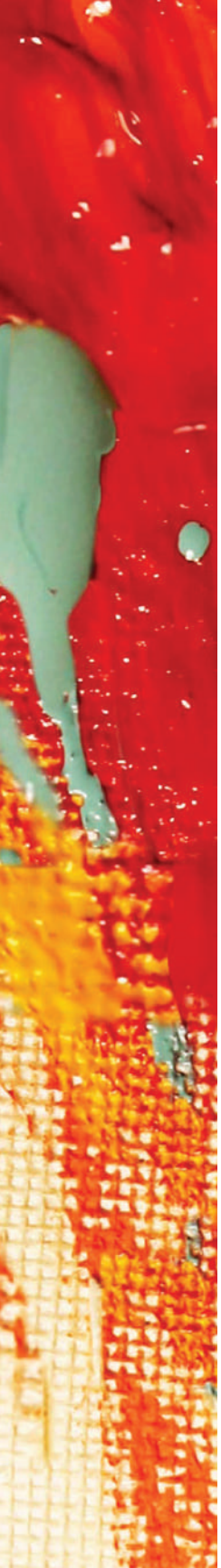
photography

Amanda Meegan is a Marketing Major from Chicago, IL and a member of the Loyola Marymount University Class of 2021. She is fascinated by the ways media can move and connect people. As a member of the University Honors Program, she has conducted interdisciplinary research on ideals of success. Much of this research was conducted in Perth, Australia, the setting of these photos.

KINGS PARK



BEYOND THE HORIZON



MATTHEW WILLIAMS

essay

A young gay scholar, Matthew Williams is currently a student at Loyola Marymount University where he is studying English with a specialization in gay and bisexual men's literature. In addition to his critical work within LGBTQ literature, Matthew writes poetry and experimental fiction. Furthermore, Matthew currently serves as a manager of LMU's Intercultural Suite where he works closely with the University's LGBTQ and international student populations. His other interests include yoga, swimming, and studying the five major Romance languages.

SODOMIZING IBERIA: CONSTRUCTING THE HOMOSEXUAL PAST OF A MEDIEVAL IBERIAN WORLD

Though the emergence of a gay culture is often considered a recent phenomenon, a rich homosexual tradition has always existed, and medieval Iberia was certainly no exception. While, as Roberto J. González-Casanovas notes in his article "Male Bonding as Cultural Construction in Alfonso X, Ramon Llull, and Juan Manuel: Homosocial Friendship in Medieval Iberia," one cannot apply contemporary conceptualizations of gay identity to peoples of premodern times, one can certainly recognize patterns of homosexual behavior—often referred to as sodomy—and the contributions to homosexual culture made by medieval Iberian people. However, societal feelings surrounding homosexual behavior were certainly complex during the time.[1] While, on an ideological level, official medieval Iberian policy and opinion condemned homosexual behavior, the actual atmosphere often tolerated and even encouraged homosocialism and homo-eroticism, especially within literature. Yet, those who engaged in homosexual behavior still had to be wary, as the practice of sodomy within the medieval landscape remained perilous for those involved.

Officially, sodomy was illegal and could be harshly punished in medieval Iberia. In the *Siete Partidas*, a 13th-century Castillan law code commissioned by Alfonso X of Castile, sodomy is defined and legislated as follows:

A sin of which men are guilty by having intercourse with one another contrary to nature and to ordinary custom, is called sodomy...every man should avoid this offence, because many evils arise from it, and contempt and ill fame attach to the person who commits it...any one of the people can accuse men who are guilty of the sin against nature...If it should be proved, both the party who commits, and the party who consents it, must be put to death.[2]

Iberian authorities and the Catholic church considered sex between men to be immoral and sinful, and this view necessitated the strict penalty of death for those who

1. Roberto J. González-Casanovas, "Male Bonding as Cultural Construction in Alfonso X, Ramon Llull, and Juan Manuel: Homosocial Friendships in Medieval Iberia," in *Queer Iberia: Sexualities, Cultures, and Crossings from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance*, ed. Josiah Blackmore and Gregory Hutcheson (Duke University Press, 1999), 162.
2. "Sodom," in *Las Siete Partidas*, ed. Robert I. Burns (University of Pennsylvania Press, 2001).

committed the act. One must also note the distinction made between "the party who commits," the penetrative partner, and "the party who consents it," the partner who is penetrated. While both individuals face death, this discrepancy reveals Iberian official policy felt some difference existed between men who have sex with men based on their sexual role. Further evidence for this sentiment emerges in Alfonso Martínez' *Açripreste de Talavera*, which University of Michigan Professor Catherine Brown explores in her piece "Queer Representation in the *Açripreste de Talavera*, or the *Maldezir de Mugeres* is a Drag." Her translation of Martínez' work reveals that two kinds of homosexual men were recognized: "some who are inclined to the virile act and desire the company of men with whom, as men, to commit their vile acts...others of these are like women in their deeds and like little sluts in their disordered appetites, and they desire men with greater ardor than women do."[3] Here, not only is the distinction again made between those who, as the penetrative partner, act "as men" and those who, as the penetrated partner, "are like women," but the former of the two types of sodomite is also cast as the more acceptable of the two. In particular, Martinez appears to have rather strong disliking of the passive partners, calling them "little sluts" with "disordered appetites." Thus, while homosexual behavior was reviled as a whole, it appears medieval Iberians may have been more tolerant of the partner playing the active role in homosexual encounters.

However, this greater tolerance of the active partner did not always extend to sex which occurred between an older and significantly younger man. While stipulating the death penalty for acts of sodomy, the *Siete Partidas* excludes from this punishment an individual who "is under fourteen years of age."[4] This exclusion is particularly interesting when one considers the tradition of pederasty—consensual sexual relations between an older man in the active role and a younger one in the passive one that often involve an element of academic exchange—within homosexual history. Furthermore, evidence for medieval Iberian cognizance of pederastic tradition emerges in several other sources. One such source is the "Edict Mandating What Should Be Done in the Kingdom of Granada in Light of the Recent Inspections and What Was

3. Catherine Brown, "Queer Representation in the *Açripreste de Talavera*, or *The Maldezir de Mugeres Is a Drag*," in *Queer Iberia: Sexualities, Cultures, and Crossings from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance*, ed. Josiah Blackmore and Gregory Hutcheson (Duke University Press, 1999), 86.
4. "Sodom," in *Las Siete Partidas*, ed. Robert I. Burns (University of Pennsylvania Press, 2001).

Agreed in the Congregation Celebrated in the Royal Chapel," which was issued by Charles V in 1526. In this edict, Charles declares that newly converted Christians "not keep other Old Christian boys younger than 15 years in their service."[5] While this document does not explicitly reference the tradition of pederasty and is influenced by anti-Moorish sentiment, the attention paid to keeping young Christian boys out of the households of former Muslims suggests—if not an outright fear of sexual relations occurring between the parties—at least an implicit anxiety about the impressionability of the young boys when they are engaged in a homosocial relationship. This anxiety is perhaps most clear in the story of Saint Pelagius, a Christian boy who refused the sexual advances of an older Muslim king and was consequently tortured and murdered. In his article "Saint Pelagius, Ephebe and Martyr," Harvard University Professor Mark D. Jordan writes, "The tellings and retellings of the passions of Pelagius, his invocation and representation, are a kind of emblem of medieval theological relations to same-sex desire. The story explicitly invites the strongest possible condemnations of that desire."[6] In particular, the variation of same-sex desire being condemned is that of an older man for a younger one, especially when that older man is a Muslim and the younger one is Christian.

In addition to the negative view of male-male sexual behavior expressed in the *Siete Partidas* and the story of Saint Pelagius, one can also look at the 15th century laws concerning sodomy written under the Hapsburg rule of Spain. Refusing to directly name the act of sodomy, the code states:

Given that among the various sins and crimes that offend our Lord God and shame the land, there is one that is especially committed against the natural order; against which the laws must act to punish this wicked crime that is not worthy of being named, destroyer of the natural order, punished by divine judgement...we establish and order that any person of any estate condition, preeminence, or dignity who commits the wicked crime against nature, being by that manner of proof that is according to the law is sufficient for

5 "Edict Mandating What Should Be Done in the Kingdom of Granada in Light of the Recent Inspections and What Was Agreed in the Congregation Celebrated in the Royal Chapel," in "The Abencerraje" and "Ozmin and Daraja:" *Two Sixteenth-Century Novellas from Spain*, ed. Barbara Fuchs, Larissa Brewer-Garcia, and Aaron J. Ilika (University of Pennsylvania Press, 2014), 119.

6. Mark D. Jordan, "Saint Pelagius, Ephebe and Martyr," in *Queer Iberia: Sexualities, Cultures, and Crossings from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance*, ed. Josiah Blackmore and Gregory Hutcheson (Duke University Press, 1999), 40.

proving the crime of heresy or treason, shall be burned at the stake in that place.[7]

Retaining the severity of punishment required by the *Siete Partidas,* a harsh penalty of death by fire is leveled against men who have sex with men, an act placed on par with crimes "of heresy or treason." However, one must note that this law arose "because the penalties previously decreed have not sufficed to eradicate and definitively punish such an abominable crime...and because the laws previously passed have not provided a sufficient remedy."[8] While this particular Hapsburg Law was passed at the end of the 15th century, the *Siete Partidas* was put into place in the 13th century; thus, one could argue the Hapsburg text suggests that, though sex between men was unacceptable on an ideological level, actual day to day practice allowed homosexual behavior to go unpunished even though legal codes such as the *Siete Partidas* demanded punishment. As Harvard University Professor Josiah Blackmore suggests in his article "The Poets of Sodom," "it might well have been that the strict laws ironically sponsored a kind of tolerance from lack of enforcement."[9] Furthermore, the "manner of proof" considered "sufficient for proving the crime" of sodomy may have been difficult to obtain considering the private nature of two individuals having sex, thereby contributing to the level of freedom those who engaged in sodomy were given.

This uneasy tolerance of homosexual behavior is perhaps displayed most clearly in the literature produced during the time. Looking at several examples, Blackmore explains how poetry written during medieval times in Iberia allows one to "witness a willed recreation of Sodom, a poetic world inhabited (and often defined) by same-sex interaction."[10] A particularly interesting passage, translated by Josiah Blackmore, occurs in a poem by Estêvan Feian:

And I know, Don Fernando, from my experience,
that you will not be able to have this woman,
because her vassals, as I hear,
do not want a strange man over them:
for they say you know how to flatter
a man to his face and that you know how to find
great evil behind many, as I have heard.[11]

Speaking to Fernán Díaz—that is, Don

7. "46. Laws of the Hapsburg Monarchy," in *Early Modern Spain: A Documentary History*, ed. Jon Cowans (University of Pennsylvania Press, 2003), 202
8. Ibid.
9. Josiah Blackmore, "The Poets of Sodom," in *Queer Iberia: Sexualities, Cultures, and Crossings from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance*, ed. Josiah Blackmore and Gregory Hutcheson (Duke University Press, 1999), 197.
10. Ibid.
11. Ibid. 210

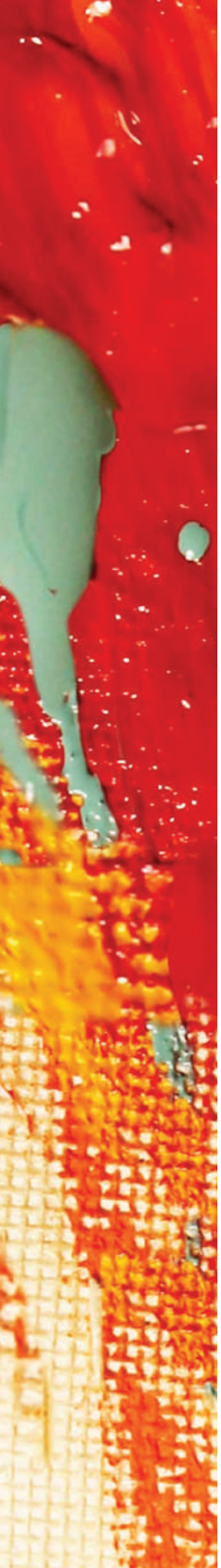
Fernando—the narrator of the poem subtly alludes to Díaz' homosexuality. When the narrator refers to finding "great evil behind many [men]," he is speaking metaphorically about sodomy, specifically indicating Díaz is the penetrative partner when he suggests the men with whom Díaz desires to have sex "do not want a strange man over them." Yet, the narrator does not appear hostile; instead, his words appear almost like a friendly jest, offering advice to Díaz. However, the narrator's repeated distancing from Díaz with phrases such as "as I hear" indicates he does not want to be too closely associated with the homosexual Díaz.

Another text where homosexual behavior appears quite frequently is the previously mentioned *Açripreste de Talavera*. In one section, translated by Brown, Martínez writes:

Most of them despise women and spit on them, and some will not eat anything that women have prepared, nor wear white clothes that women have washed, nor sleep in a bed that women have made: if anyone should speak to them of women, God forbid! What will they let themselves say in their feigning virtue? And afterward, they run after boys, kissing them, praising them, giving them trinkets, or coins or other things fitting for their age. With laughing eyes they look at the boys as if they were women, and I'll say nothing more about this corrupt material and abominable sin.[12]

Here, Martínez' text provides an interesting glimpse into the homosexual culture of medieval Iberia. Though he presents men who practice homosexuality as being incredibly sexist towards women, his vivid description of them and their behavior suggests he felt they possessed a subculture worth examining. In particular, his depiction of them reveals an interesting level of freedom in their actions, seemingly "kissing" and "praising" other boys quite openly while attempting to woo them with gifts "fitting for their age." Furthermore, his humorous tone, punctuated by such phrases as "God forbid," further suggests a degree of ambivalence; although, one cannot ignore his final rebuttal of the "corrupt material and abominable sin" of sodomy, which indicates the tenuous standing of those who engaged in homosexual behavior or homoerotic discourse.

12. Catherine Brown, "Queer Representation in the Açripreste de Talavera, or The Maldezir de Mugeres Is a Drag," in *Queer Iberia: Sexualities, Cultures, and Crossings from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance*, ed. Josiah Blackmore and Gregory Hutcheson (Duke University Press, 1999), 87.



BRIAN KOSEWIC

short story

Brian Kosewic was dropped on his head as an infant. This tragic event might explain his bizarre behavior later in life, including his predilections for comic books, bus rides, and very angry music. He is deathly afraid of human beings.

NO SHOWS

BOTANIC

A Saturday, one of those. I was alone in the rose garden, and nobody killed round here at least not for a couple weeks, so that little nervous trip wire that was always half yanked straight out planted right under the skin beneath the base of my scalp and the greasy fold of the collar on my last uniform shirt that Ma was always hooking her fat finger down the back of to nag me once more for the grime and each time I choked just a little, well, that jumpy tautness wasn't sure what to be doing, for a moment or two. A kid ran by. The only one in the *whole feckin park* there wasn't anybody else playing here just ones and twos of old men old enough to smirk backwards in cushy prejudice, the old bald dairy kind you can't kill with bullets. It wasn't raining but a wet mist was coming down in drops big enough to land fully wet filling up your pores. So I pulled up the collar of my jacket—thumbs stinging—and slopped away, down the road past the old college and

GASWORKS

where there was nothing

Coming out of the tunnel that led up from the maze of plazas and alleys latticing the foundations of towers and smoke stacks and steamy round bronze framed windows over fuel-producing mausoleums, the clouds at bay, I came to the river bank, the sun fierce and delicate glinting on the water.

LAGAN

My thighs sweated. The rot swamped my crotch and rode up my jeans where they were too small between the legs. So I waddled to the railing overlooking the river's edge, and looked down. And up came the caravan. I stepped back and leaned up. My face flushed very hot.

One carried an old kettle as his handbag, and others had torn trousers and stars in their hair.

I backed away. In succession they clambered up and over the railing, and fell into a jaunty sort of gaggle on the other side. One of them turned, arched back and whipped up an arm of pale wire and a bottle went soaring, spinning, high and graceful over the river. The houses on the other side were Protestant. I couldn't see where it landed. The tallest of the boys squinted at me. "Oi," he said, kinda calm. Like Mr. Spock.

THE ROYAL BELFAST ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION

The bell rang, the instructor stalked away, and Stevie Boyd wagged his finger at me. "Some'in to show ya" he said, and me and about three other boys followed him to the music room together. None of us with orange hair yet. I didn't know two of them really, but I knew Jimmy Kent cos of this one time one morning in the yard he was going on about Status Quo to a buncha boys didn't know what was on, but I did and jumped right in. Any time we saw each other after that we looked at each other and nodded friend-like. Stevie had keys to the music room, he was in the school choir. There was a battered old turntable in the corner. We all sat down around it, he took a record out from his bag. "S-E-X?" asked Mattie Bryce, and let out a long jittery laugh. Stevie delivered a hard kick to his shin, and Mattie's cackling leapt out in a yelp instead. Put the record on. Everything went all quiet and scratchy. The song ground to life.

PRETTY VACANT

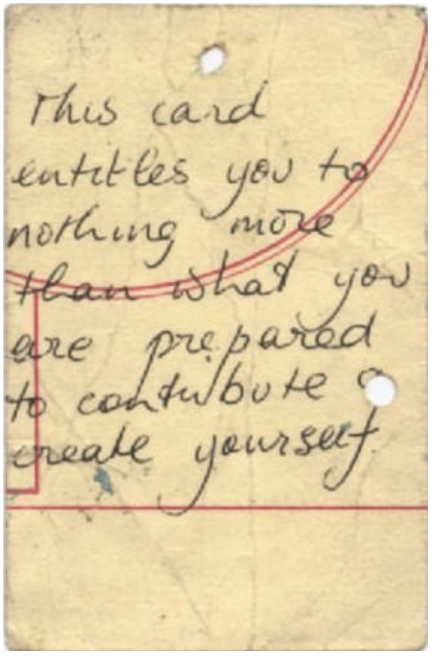
I wanted to go. I wanted to go so bad but I was all alone and sure I was fifteen an' all but it was a long street, Bomb Alley, and I didn't want to walk it alone. See, everyone I knew who might have also wanted to go to this shop I knew from school, my new new mates whose jackets were also full of tears we'd made ourselves and the Inst badge all stuck through the pins like a doll. The margins of our textbooks were all filled in with rich black explosive scratches and also everything Pete Shelley had to say on the subject of masturbation. So I had all these mates at school but they were all East Belfast boys. S'far as I knew there wasn't anyone at Inst who liked that music and also was from anywhere near the estate where I lived, up North, where there was more of the other side. So on the bus home I'd flatten down the spikes in my hair with some spit and my palm. Then I'd take off my school blazer and fold it inside out and carry it hanging over my arm, to hide any mutilations. The spides still went on with fruits and faggots at me all for the one time I'd tried to walk all the way home in my punk dress. Knew if I let it happen again it'd be actual fists or worse, and I didn't want Ma to worry any more than she already did. But basically, I had no friends to brave Queen St with together, so there was no way I'd make it through the gate and the soldiers and to the shop and its records and Terri the man Himself.

LONG LANE

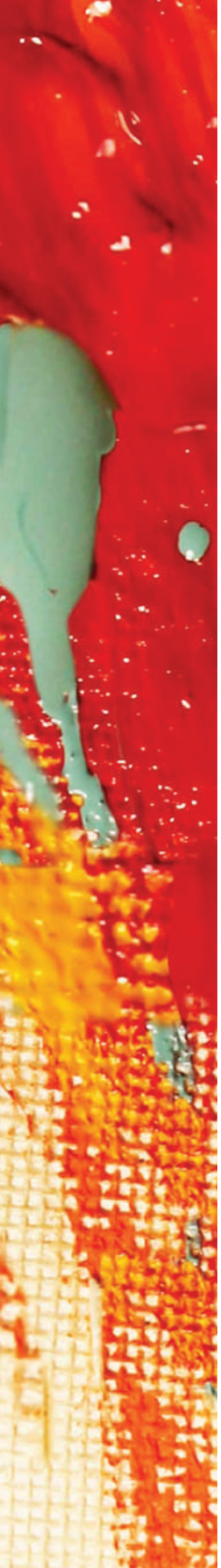
It was one of those Saturdays. Jimmy Riot'd slipped me the card halfway through Mathematics yesterday morning and I'd kept it folded into my palm throughout the rest of the day. On the front it said

The A. Centre
Long Lane, Lower North St.
Membership Card 1981
Name: Arthur Patterson
You may be asked for proof of identity.

And on the back was written



And Jimmy grinned like a fiend and said "You're in." The next day at one I caught the bus into town and made it and headed to the Cathedral Quarter, where there was a bomb-scare an afternoon it seemed. It was set up in the Carpenter Club, and afterwards we'd take down the lefty posters and put away the vegan food and set up for the gays and their disco, and I hardly knew anyone here but did it really matter? What did, I wondered. The band was playing. They were called Toxic Waste, and they didn't sound like Rudi they sounded angrier, and didn't play nearly as well. Someone shoved into me from behind and I was knocked around and then spun and then I was doing the knocking in the middle of it all, that girl up front shrieking away and we were all shouting and pushing and a fist tangled up in my elbow and all of a sudden I was crashing into Jimmy and I thought he smelled real nice.



LINDSAY MCCONNELL

poetry

Lindsay McConnell is a current sophomore majoring in English and History from Mesa, Arizona. She loves her three cats and her dog Mo very much. This past year she has started writing poetry inspired by the likes of Li-Young Lee and Rod McKuen. Catch her around campus with a cup of coffee in hand and some fun socks on her feet.

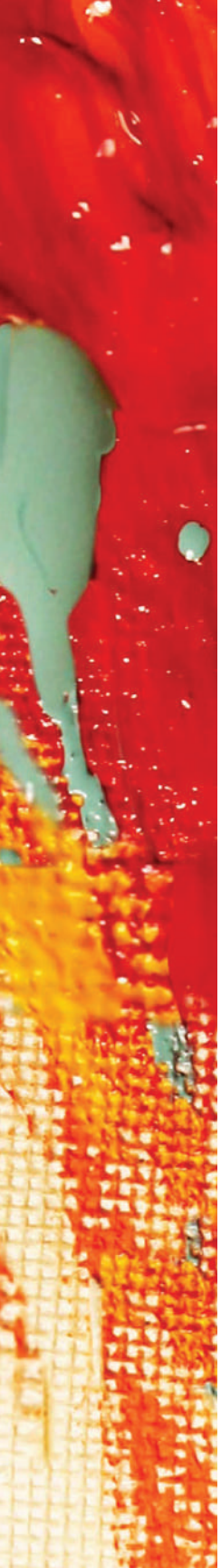
DESERT MEMORIES

Life meant wandering around barefoot,
feeling warm gravel pinch my pink toes.
Dusted in dirt & teasing the spikes on a cactus,
purple mountain silhouettes made
the backdrop for growing up.

Lying on the ground, collecting pebbles
in my tangled hair,
dancing under the bright rain
of bougainvillea petals,
finding my dad and running into
the sour smell of beer,
hugging grandpa &
his oil-stained aura.

One time my mom made spaghetti,
mixed everything together,
placed the spoon just so—it leapt
out of the pot
& painted sauce
& noodles on the ceiling.
I always found that one funny.

A man once lived in the alley behind my house.
He made a home with the Palo Verde branches
& prickly ground.
I never saw him,
I had a friend who did.
One day he got up & left,
I never got the chance to say goodbye.



EDUARDO ENCINA

essay

Eduardo Encina is a Biochemistry Major with a deep affection for dogs, analyzing films, and exploring coffee shops in Los Angeles. After graduation, Eduardo will continue his education by migrating to the East Coast and acquiring a Masters of Public Health. He looks forward to exploring solutions to global health issues and making life-long connections with like-minded individuals.

THE ROLE OF CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALITY IN OVERCOMING POST-PARTUM DEPRESSION

Within the realm of Christianity, the Bible considers motherhood a gift from God that should be cherished and seen as a role to imbue the next generation with love, discipline, and kindness. However, the physical and mental ailments that can afflict many mothers—specifically postpartum depression—often lead to immense self-doubt regarding their faith, due to emotionally distancing themselves from their children. Postpartum depression (PPD) is commonly described as a mood disorder resulting from a complex interaction of physical and emotional stressors, such as sadness and exhaustion, that lead to a marked lack of care in both those experiencing it themselves and others in their life. It generally ensues in the immediate weeks after a woman gives birth and is marked by a feeling of isolation. Modern society has engendered a larger role for antidepressant medications in treatments for this disorder, however most treatments often fail to illuminate how religion and spirituality, specifically within the realm of Christianity, can also positively impact the lives of mothers experiencing it. By focusing on how public and private worship within the Christian church can fill certain gaps in treatment which antidepressant medications cannot, a greater understanding of the potentially impactful relationship between postpartum depression recovery and spirituality will be illuminated.

In Western culture, specifically the United States, there exists a clear imprecision in not only the way that post-partum depression is defined but also the manner in which it is viewed. The confusion often arises from the misapplication of the term post-partum depression to the other terms of moderate depression and 'post-partum blues.'[1] Post-partum blues is a transitory disorder that applies to women who experience weeping and poor sleep in the first week after giving birth, while moderate depression is characterized by more severe symptoms of anxiety, guilt, and inadequacy that last from a few weeks to months. Post-partum depression is acute and marked by the same intense symptoms as the previously described afflictions; however, it is notable for its much longer duration—up to 6 months in new mothers.[2]

1. Gwen Stern and Laurence Kruckman. "Multi-disciplinary perspectives on post-partum depression: an anthropological critique." *Social Science & Medicine* 17, no. 15 (1983): 1027.
2. Ibid., 1029.

Having now defined PPD as it pertains to this work, it is vital to understand some of the biological and psycho-social factors that contribute to the prevalence of PPD in both white women and women of color. One of the challenging aspects of analyzing PPD is that oftentimes the biological changes that women undergo during pregnancy bear a large resemblance to the changes that women undergo in response to PPD, in effect making it difficult to differentiate between expected and abnormal behavior. For example, a normal pregnancy involves "the suspension of ovulation and the development and growth of the uterus, the placenta, and the fetus."[3] In order for a female body to make these adjustments, there is a common endocrine pattern change wherein a woman experiences a continuous hormone increase of progesterone, estrogen, and cortisol through a typical 40-week pregnancy, followed by a drastic decrease in these same hormones following birth.[4]

With such an importance placed on optimal hormone levels during an especially stressful time in a woman's life, a parallel importance is placed on the hyper activation of the hypothalamic-pituitary-adrenal (HPA) axis, a complex neuronal unit that is responsible for directing interaction between the hypothalamus, pituitary glands, and the adrenal gland to specifically control stress reactions and process such as emotions and sexual drive.[5] The HPA exhibits hyperactivity during pregnancy and has been shown to explicitly contribute to depressive symptoms in approximately 60% of studies, due to marked deficiency of estradiol in the body in addition to lowered estradiol levels. One specific preliminary study, in fact, found that women exhibited increased energy and lower reported depressive symptoms inresponse to treatment with estradiol supplements.[6] A further physiological contribution researchers have identified is that estradiol and progesterone hormones are involved in the regulation of serotonin levels, a neurotransmitter that regulates functions such as appetite, sleep, and mood. Previous treatments of increasing serotonin levels through supplements have shown positive mood increases in women.[7]

3. Alkistis Skalkidou, Charlotte Hellgren, Erik Comasco, Sara Sylvén, and Inger Sundström Poromaa. "Biological aspects of postpartum depression." *Women's Health* 8, no. 6 (2012): 659.
4. Ibid., 2.
5. Karel Pacak and Miklos Palkovits. "Stressor specificity of central neuroendocrine responses: implications for stress-related disorders." *Endocrine Reviews* 22, no. 4 (2001): 512.
6. Skalkidou, "Biological Aspects of Postpartum", 3.
7. Elizabeth Fitelson, Sarah Kim, Allison Scott Baker, and Kristin Leight. "Treatment of postpartum depression: clinical, psychological, and pharmacological options." *International journal of Women's Health* 3 (2011): 1.

A growing field in the pharmaceutical industry is in the treatment of PPD with antidepressant medication in a similar manner to that of major depression, especially with the use of medications such as sertraline, paroxetine, and fluoxetine. It is important to not belittle the contributions that imbalances in specific hormone levels can contribute to PPD; however, caution should be exercised especially in utilizing medication to treat PPD, as there is not a clear consensus on whether these techniques provide a particular advantage over other forms of therapy. For example, in one large randomized trial (n=254), one group of women was assigned to antidepressant medication for six months, and the other was assigned to clinical therapy sessions. While the women in both groups did exhibit improved and positive emotions, there also was no significant difference compared to women who were assigned solely to counseling. Additionally, there was a separate double-blind placebo-controlled trial which showed no significant difference in participants' response to sertraline and nortriptyline.[9]

Treatment of PPD brings with it unique concerns among new mothers, including "metabolic changes in the post-partum period, exposure of the infant to medication in breast milk, the effect of depression and treatment on the ability of the depressed mother to care for a new baby, and... being seen as a 'bad mother.'"[10] With such a variety of factors to consider, on top of financial affordability of such treatments and the isolating symptoms of PPD itself, it is no surprise that pharmaceutical medications come with a variety of stipulations. One of the main previously stated drawbacks associated with psychopharmacologic treatment of PPD is how medications, each in varying doses depending on the severity of the symptoms, all pass into breast milk. This concern plays an especially prevalent role in mothers who attempt to grow closer with their infants through the process of breast feeding but are also worried about exposing their children to medication.

Additional contributing factors to PPD are cultural differences among certain communities that can affect the way that women decide to treat depression. It is customary in Indian and Jewish cultures for other members of the family to play a large role in the post-partum period to give a new mother time to rest and properly re-energize. However, it is this forced separation between

8. Michael W. O'Hara, and Jennifer E. McCabe. "Postpartum depression: current status and future directions." *Annual Review of Clinical Psychology* 9 (2013): 395.
9. Ibid., 17.
10. Fitelson, "Treatment of Postpartum", 3.

mother and child that contributes to PPD, because, after giving birth, mothers already feel an intrinsic separation from their child; if they are being forced to be alone because of cultural stigmas surrounding spending too much time with their child, the symptoms of PPD can compound further. Additionally, women often experience cultural dietary restrictions—such as limiting salty and raw foods in Chinese culture, or rice and fish in Pakistani cultures. Considering how significantly food is used as source of comfort to individuals experiencing intense emotional shifts, these restrictions can further compound the issue of PPD.[11] What has been found to supersede all these factors and restricting lifestyle decisions brought by one's cultural background is "the woman's perceived support, the fact that subjectively she feels that her needs are being met."[12] A woman can have familial support, food, and a resting period that society may deem more than sufficient, but if she individually feels that it still is not enough to properly provide her the post-childbirth rest that she requires, then symptoms of PPD will continue. This illuminates one of the issues with pharmaceutical aids, as one can provide a woman experiencing PPD with the proper medical attention and medicinal drugs that a doctor deems to be appropriate in treating her; however, if the mother feels that she still requires a more involved treatment, then there is already a subconscious barrier that could personally prevent her from feeling better.

11. Cindy-Lee Dennis, Kenneth Fung, Sophie Grigoriadis, Gail Erlick Robinson, Sarah Romans, and Lori Ross. "Traditional postpartum practices and rituals: a qualitative systematic review." *Women's Health* 3, no. 4 (2007): 487-502.
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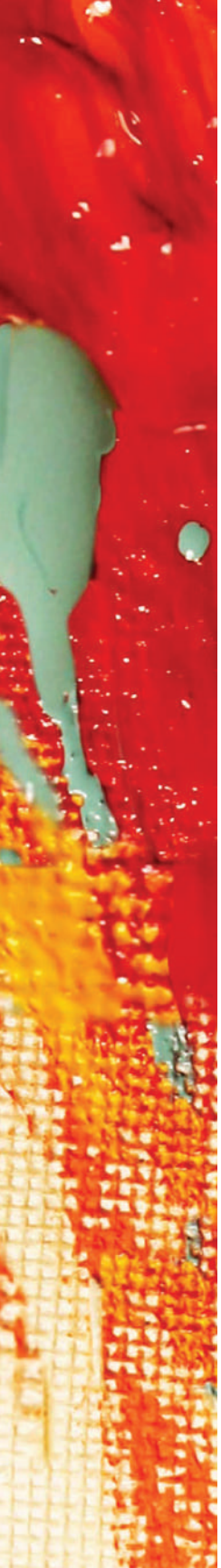
BRIAN GILMARTIN

photography

Brian Gilmartin is a junior at LMU.

SUNRISE OVER MONTSERRAT



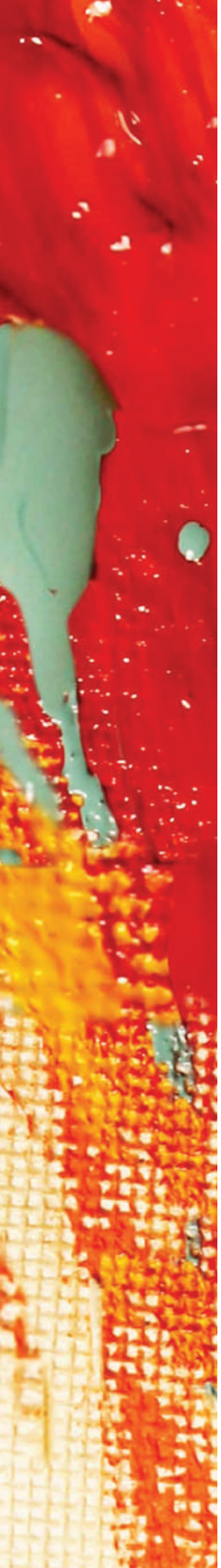
ALEKSANDRA JONES

poetry

Aleksandra Jones is a senior English major and International Relations minor. Having lived in Austria, the Philippines, Malaysia, Poland and Washington D.C., she has had the privilege of experiencing various cultures and countries. She wants to study, teach and participate in the growing discourse of children's literature and Native American literature to further her own knowledge and help further the diversity of education. In her free time, she enjoys the serenity of yoga, the puzzling effect of puzzles, rocking out to Elvis and atrociously playing the ukulele.

MILAM BARDO

Thread a needle through the petals
of a dagger tipped flower.
Watch the drop of blood flow
into the cracks of your hand,
stained as borscht
resting on a window sill.
Lick the bells that ring overhead.
Crane your neck down a drain of silence.
Breathe in a cool blue rose.
Spread it across your tongue,
let it dance with each taste bud.
Drive into the corner of a brick wall,
bashing your head between the grout
where your blood will cover the lines
that separate brick by brick,
and float down to the cold floor
where the cement is soft,
the air is glass,
and the clouds do speak,
but not to you.



SAMANTHA BURTON

essay

Samantha Burton is a senior Classics and Archaeology and Screenwriting double major, with a philosophy minor. While at LMU, she has been President of the University Honors Program, Gryphon Circle service organization, and secretary of Alpha Sigma Nu. She is currently an intern at the Getty Villa museum in Malibu, and hopes to pursue a career in museum curation after doing two years of post-grad service and pursuing a Ph.D. in Classics. She enjoys culinary endeavors, babies in sunglasses, anything Greek, and traveling to exciting places, such as rural Romania, where she worked on an archaeological dig. She's always ready for an adventure, and looks forward to the adventures to come in post-graduate life.

INHUMAN EYES AND SPECULATION IN POST-APOCALYPTIC FICTION

Perhaps the most startling way to observe humanity is via thought experiments of how humanity would survive in an apocalyptic and post-apocalyptic setting. Physical imagery surrounding the eye is often included in post-apocalyptic literature for this very reason: it connects to any reader and is a bodily, tangible image, which addresses the nebulous questions of the novel via visceral details. Eyes represent something that is inherently sentient, and intelligent eyes human; dead eyes, on the other hand, are perhaps the most frightening part of a corpse. Inhuman eyes in a human body prove to be the most frightening of all. Eyes convey emotion more poignantly than words or gestures can; eyes represent truth. Eyes also serve as a metaphor for sight, a complex topic in post-apocalyptic narratives. Often, the apocalypse of the story is unseen and unforeseen; or, more poignantly, it is foreseen, but nothing can be done to stop it. This use of the eye in these novels arguably stems, at least in part, from the haunting scene in Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus*, in which Victor Frankenstein's creature is animated, and looks at him with disturbingly-inhuman human eyes. Margaret Atwood uses piercing gazes to separate the other from Jimmy and Crake, who are in turn gazing at that which they find exotic in *Oryx and Crake*; both draw from traditions of the grotesque eyes of Frankenstein's creature in Shelley's iconic gothic novel. Eyes in post-apocalyptic literature, then, serve as a window to the core of the human condition regardless of setting; in *Oryx and Crake*, they act as vehicles for creating the other as a spectacle and symbolize that which makes us most recognizably human and, in turn, hauntingly inhuman, as predicated by the grotesquely dead eyes and speculative gaze of the creature in *Frankenstein*. In both works of literature, eyes occupy literal, symbolic, and allegorical roles that highlight the monstrosity of the unwanted gaze.

FRANKENSTEIN: THE MONSTROSITY OF SPECULATIVE EYES

The description of Victor Frankenstein's creature's eyes is memorable to any reader of the novel: Victor, in his despair and self-loathing, often recalls the image of the creature's eyes with disgust, "dull yellow" and "watery" serving as often-employed adjectives. He even goes as far as to attempt to "render the eyes of his monster as somehow unreal by stating 'if eyes they may be called,'" further distancing himself from responsibility to the monster that he created (Petsche 102):

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavored to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful-- Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun-white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion and straight black lips. (Shelley 35)

Victor's first moments encountering his animated creature are filled with horror. He plays the role of a postpartum parent, distressed at the effort he took in making the offspring, the "infinite pains," and confounded by its unwillingness to conform to the image he presupposed. He is disgusted at the whole of the thing, at its ability to capture that which is perhaps most perfect about human physicality, and in being so perfect, he becomes alien. He purposefully selected features which he intended to be beautiful--as would any creator with the ability to do so--and the combination of this hand-selected beauty culminates into something that is not at all beautiful, or perhaps beautiful in the abstract but grotesque when brought to life. Victor's aims at perfection are surface-level, though, concerned with proportionality, the whiteness of teeth and blackness of hair, and he thus fails to acknowledge the necessity of humanity and human spirit in something beautiful. Pointedly, these attempts at perfection only further highlight the singular thing that is in no way perfect: the creature's eyes. Their lifelessness is haunting. He describes eyes that are the same color as their sockets, chilling because eyes are supposed to stand out on a face, serve as the focalizers of connection and understanding.

This moment "is central; it immediately draws attention to the question of whether or not the nonhuman animal can return the human gaze" (Petsche 102). Dead eyes in a living body are perhaps frightening in and of themselves; what makes them horrific, however, is when they are directed in a gaze at a subject. There, they take on agency. The rationality of the directed gaze is at odds with the idea of the inhuman. Victor, then, "appears disgusted by the animality of his creation," and is terrified "by the confrontation with that animality especially in the form of its gaze" (Petsche 101). This is contrasted to Walton's description of Victor's "fine and lovely eyes," juxtaposing the creator and his offspring directly (Shelley 12). It is more nuanced than a simple human-nonhuman relationship, though,

at least for the mere fact of the creature's ambiguous humanity. It is not merely the animal eye that is frightening, nor the human face; rather, "Victor's fear and repulsion is a reaction to the animal in the human and the human in the animal" (Petsche 102). The combination of the animal and human, then, and the uncertainty of the proportions of both, is what makes it terrifying.

Victor, with his human eyes, feels entitled to the role of the spectator. Victor's love of nature is contingent on a degree of separation; he is comfortable in the role of the observer, the student, but when positioned to engage practically, he either flees or fails. His creation of the monster is certainly a failure, particularly in his eyes, as evidenced by his abandonment of creation of the female counterpart. Similarly, while he constantly thinks of his relationship with Elizabeth, it exists only in the future realm, and when confronted with the time of its realization, he puts it off many times until the culminating scene in which his plans to consummate the marriage are thwarted by her murder. Victor's understanding of the future, then, is nearly blind: on numerous occasions he fails to foresee the consequences of his actions and is horrified when he runs into them like a blind man hitting an obstacle: "as if possessed of magic powers, the monster had blinded me to his real intentions" (Shelley 235). His role as an observer is limited to that which he chooses to observe, namely that which is outside of himself. His attempted separation from that which is natural is then bastardized.As he labors over the form of the second creature, he is "caught in the act of procreation by the offspring whose speculative eyes watch him through the window," and thus "finds himself at the center of a primal scene, cast as the spectacle rather than the spectator" (Marshall 224). It is the chilling sight of his creature's gaze in this moment that causes him to abandon the project completely, unable to live with himself with the possibility of creating a second monster by whom he is to be seen. Insight into his relationship with Elizabeth, too, is shrouded by the presence of his creature, not only during her physical death, but exemplified in a dream in which she changes from romantic partner to his dead mother, a scene in which his progeny metaphorically "pulls open the theatrical curtain" and "with ubiquitous eyes fixes him as a spectacle" (Marshal 223).

Victor, then, only feels comfortable in the role of the spectator. His "terror at the sight of his monster exemplifies an anthropocentric anxiety at being looked at or addressed by the nonhuman," and emphasizes his discomfort in the result of his hubristically-motivated creation (Petsche 102). Frankenstein failed to realize the consequences for "peeping

through the keyhole of nature": a reversal of roles in which he himself becomes the spectacle, the object of the eyes of his offspring (Marshall 223). Frankenstein thus becomes a tragic character, his deepest desires turned back on him to torment him. Walton, upon seeing the creature at the end of the novel, "shut[s] [his] eyes involuntarily" (Shelley 271). "The vision that the monster forces one to behold," then, that which is so horrible Walton has no choice but to close his eyes, "is vision: not only seeing and sight but that which is seen," (Marshall 226). What is so hideous about the monster is not only that he can be seen in all his grotesque glory, but that he can see as well (Marshall 226) . He acts as as a third-party observer of humanity, a being with the rationale to judge humans without the proclivity towards sentimentality towards human nature that pardons our shortcomings.

Perhaps even more chilling is that the monster, through observation, understands the nuances of the power dynamic of the spectator and spectacle. He, too, looks through a "keyhole" into a world that is not his own, this one a literal "small and almost imperceptible chink" in the wall of his hovel "through which the eye could just penetrate" (Shelley 102-103). He acquires knowledge of the world through a pinpoint opening, a figurative representation for the understanding he can reasonably acquire of the entire world via just one family: an infinitesimal amount. He acts as an observer so far removed from the world which he observes that it is comparable to "the role of the ideal sympathetic spectator in a theater" (Marshall 214). Yet he understands the tendency of humans to judge based on sight first, and "knows perfectly well that sight will not be adequate if the representation of his tragedy is to have any effect other than horror" (Marshall 195). More impressively, he is able to understand the conception of blindness, something that must be terribly abstract to someone learning solely from his own senses, and chooses to approach the blind De Lacey first when attempting to garner understanding from humans. When attempting to convey his story to his creator, "he places his hands over Frankenstein's eyes," in a play to remove that which he knows is the inhibiting monstrosity of his physical being (Marshall 195). In doing so, he attempts to place both De Lacey and Victor in the role of the sympathetic listener, removed from the non-sympathetic tendencies of the spectator. The humans, though, are unable to divorce themselves from their sensory tendencies. Walton, too, an outsider of a different ilk, writes that he "desire[s] the company of a man who could sympathize with [him], whose eyes would reply to [his]" (Shelley 18). Human connection, then, relies on a physical connection of eyes, a reciprocal relationship in which both parties allow themselves to

see and be seen. Removing sight from the equation fails to create a viable connection via story alone. Despite his best efforts, the creature cannot connect with his creator, because Victor refuses to engage in an act of reciprocal sight. Instead, he limits their relationship to one of voyeurism, a power struggle in which one is always the object of the other's gaze, and one that he ultimately falls victim to, subjected to being the spectacle.

THIS IS AN EXCERPT OF THE ORIGINAL WORK.
FULL WORK IS AVAILABLE ONLINE AT WWW. ATTICSALTLMU.COM

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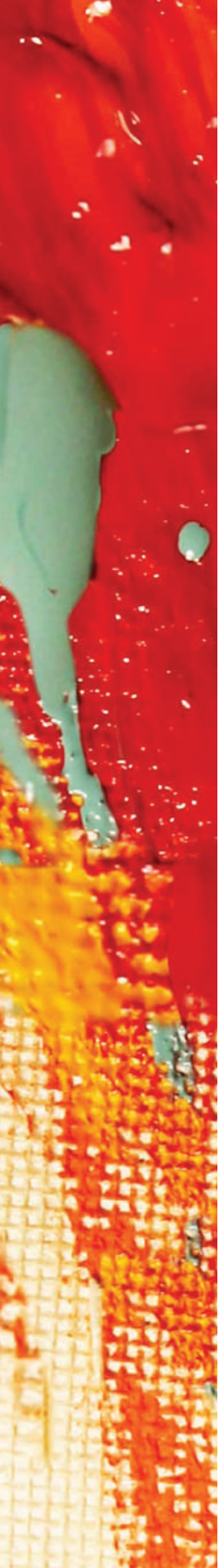


ANDRÉ ENRIQUEZ

poetry

André Enriquez is a second-year graduate student pursuing his M.A. in English with an emphasis in Creative Writing after receiving his B.A. in English and minor in Classics & Archaeology from LMU in 2017. As a Teaching Fellow, he is an instructor of Rhetorical Arts and stands as Editor-in-Chief of the *LA Miscellany* and editor for the *Criterion* for the English Dept. André is a recipient of the English Graduate Spring Research and Writing Grant, aids Dr. Katerina Zacharia of the Department of Classics and Archaeology with research, and will enter into his 1L year at Loyola Law School in the Fall of 2019.

A DECLIVITY

tow the sick dogs
to the thickets
that thrive when thirsty
for trodden places of
beaten peat and bled roots,

where pooled in the fresh and
ugly handprints of four-legged fires
scurrying blind
across sapling campuses,

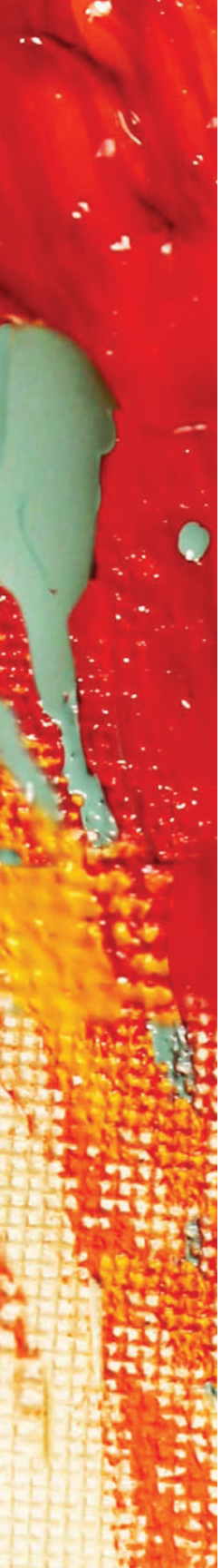
they may rest their bulks
in the salt mire
to sink into the rivers
who have fled underground
to petrify,
s l o w l y,
into marrow.

--

I'm so sorry, young boy,
this is a disturbed area
on holiday.

your trees are vessels of summer air
hallow-harboring the shades
of clipped wings.

press your ear to their bark and
hear them flutter themselves
into dust rhine.



ERIN AMBROSE

short story

Erin Ambrose is a communications major and art history minor from Los Angeles, California. She currently works as a student office assistant in the LMU Annual Leadership Giving Department and as a copy editor on The Los Angeles Loyolan. After graduation, she plans to pursue her MFA in creative writing and eventually become a fiction author. Ambrose's favorite bookstore is Leakey's Bookshop in Inverness, Scotland.

THE COMPULSIVE ADOLESCENT.

The compulsive adolescent. The rabbit's name was Kitty and he's dead because of you. You forgot to fill his water pitcher because that was the summer you learned cursive and grew leg hair and had a massive crush on the boy who sat two rows back in English and never read the books. The vet says it was an accident. But you're eight years old, and you feel like a murderer.

You hold a vigil with your parents and they both dress in black. By that time, the air had grown tissue thin and the rain was starting up again, punching down the dead leaves hard, filling up the drain pipes too fast. You tie a pink balloon to Kitty's ears and bury him in the dirt before the storm comes through. From your bedroom window, you watch it rip out from underneath the weeds and take flight in the wind with little Kitty flailing off the end-tails, like a miraculous bunny resurrection. He makes his landing in Mrs. Gardner's the rose bush next door. You tell no one.

There's a china blue sky at your brother's sixth grade pool party. You sink like a shipwreck to the floor, because why not; everything looks better underwater. The world is flushed and filled with mumbled noise, and you can still make out the glimmer of your parents at the surface making sure you're ok. Somebody is always making sure you're ok.

At twelve you've met your soul-mate; it's your counselor at band camp. You brought your dumb tuba but don't learn a single note. He has tousled hair and tameless scruff and looks like he sleeps in trees. He looks like the man on your mother's seventies vinyl albums. He looks like God.

At thirteen you're still scared of tampons and Freddy Krueger when your best friend's mom dies. She curls up like a crescent on your IKEA bedspread and sobs until her eyes shrivel. You never knew sobbing like that. You offer her cake but she isn't hungry. You shove the plate at her face. You don't know what to do.

Your first curse word is fuck and its word-flavor stings sour on your tongue. You like this new word; it is magic and foreign and feels like it's been burrowed inside of you for all of time, desperate to be used. You say it again at your grandparents' anniversary party, and you're grounded. You feel nervous and alive.

You sense the gulf between you and the glamour girls but you change yourself anyway, because they glitter like they're special and you're ravenous for that. They accept you, and you're grateful for it. These are the hyper-sexual flock of girl swans that you never felt beautiful enough to know or even share the same air with. How could you, when the air they breathe seems so shiny and opulent that each exhalation could practically be packaged into a set of diamond earrings?

Your new friends are prettier then you, and they know it. They have cinnamon stick legs and ribs that splay down their sides like speed bumps. You want cinnamon stick legs too and now you have them, and you're happy. You gave up breakfast to get them this way.

What is it, you ask; tequila, they say. Nobody brings soda to sleepovers anymore. You drink it until your head fills with sharp rocks in the morning. You swallow it again just to make sure it burns.

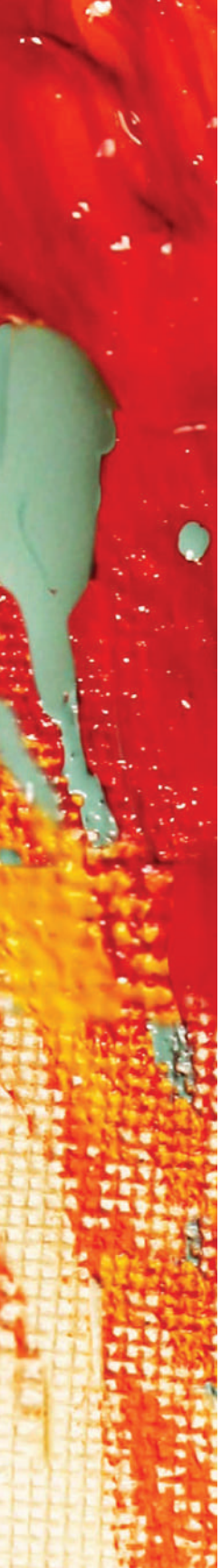
His name is Adam. He parts his hair down the middle and his parents are still married and he drives a pickle green Honda Civic he bought from his summer life-guarding job. He's got cheekbones that could cut butter, and you hope they make you bleed. You kiss him bare-foot in December until he bruises your lips away. You remember the taste of his cigarette smoke jam-packed between your teeth and the frosted grass that crunched between your pink polish toes like knives. You remember the relief.

The punch is hard spiked and the music is bad. You're wiped out of firsts and have none left to give. Cheat with the cheerleader from homeroom and you caught the whole thing, break-up, make-up in the pickle green Honda. Your apricot prom dress is ugly and his dancing is stale.

Your mailbox is a factory for rejection letters. You sob like your best friend did when her mother went away, and you feel silly for it. Your parents are frowning; your Adam is gone. He and one of the glitter friends fit together like a puzzle, svelte body against svelte body. You were never the right piece.

You don't want to be this person and you know that you're not, this object, this shell. You were the freak who watched her rabbit blow around in the wind and you loved it. You were Ally Sheedy with her glorious snow scene dandruff in detention; you were a marvelous alien. You didn't glitter because you couldn't, you never wanted to, not really; no, you shone from somewhere deep and guttural and lasting, a place they couldn't get to, somewhere untouched, a place that was free. Because there is no better freedom—you know this now, surely—than the freedom of being uncool.

On graduation night, they give you pink balloons because they're proud of you, and you wonder if it's true. You carry the bundle out into the street where last night's rain shimmers like black ice and you let them all go—eighteen lives, one by one—like blurry pink projections in the sky.



COL CAVANAUGH

essay

Col Cavanaugh is a Women's and Gender Studies major graduating in May 2020. Following their time at LMU, Col plans to pursue a career in book publishing. Col enjoys pleasant scents, books about child prodigies (e.g. *The Mysterious Benedict Society*), blankets and stuffed animals, and making bread. They dream to be a pianist.

THE RIDDLE AND KNOWLEDGE PRODUCTION IN FREUD AND MARX

The mental life of human individuals, when subjected to psycho-analytic investigation, offers us explanations with the help of which we are able to solve a number of riddles in the life of human communities or at least to set them in a true light.

—Sigmund Freud[1]

Communism is the riddle of history solved, and it knows itself to be the solution.

—Karl Marx[2]

The works of Sigmund Freud and Karl Marx are often read as founding texts of contemporary critical theory. While both Freud and Marx orient their projects around specific concerns—respectively, on developing a method for curing mental neuroses and developing a liberatory analysis of capitalist relations—their works offer critical tools that exceed the content of their practical projects. In this paper, I suggest that Freud's and Marx's works might be read productively on two levels: one concerned with the content of their analyses figured as solutions to riddles or problems, and another attuned to the manner in which their critical work, or knowledge-production, happens at multiple sites within the analytic process (the objects of analysis, the terms of analysis, the methods of analysis, and the products of analysis). This latter reading is the explicative focus of this paper. To develop a case for this reading, I conduct close readings of the epigraphs above, thereby making two arguments: one about how Freud and Marx self-consciously frame their respective intellectual projects against teleological forms of inquiry, and a consequent one about the implications of this framing for how we might aptly read their critical work. I organize this close reading around a structural resonance between Freudian and Marxian projects and the riddle as a unique form of inquiry that muddies up the ordinarily discrete relationship between a question (wrapping together an object, method, and terms of inquiry) and its answer (or result). I conclude by considering the analytic implications of this reading of Freud and Marx: that is, I consider how we might take after these thinkers in how we read their works and others.

1. Sigmund Freud, *Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis*, trans. James Strachey, 1 edition (New York: Liveright, 1989), 207.
2. Karl Marx, "Economic and Philosophic Manuscripts of 1844," in *The Marx-Engels Reader,* ed. Robert C. Tucker, 2 edition (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1978), 84.

The first of the above passages, which appears in Freud's *Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis* during his lecture "Symbolism in Dreams," articulates the orientation of Freud's work in relation to its particular object of inquiry ("the mental life of human individuals"), method of inquiry ("psychoanalytic investigation"), and result of inquiry ("explanations," regarding the mental life of humans).[3] The framing work of this passage centers Freud's project around the capacity of the results, or explanations, of psychoanalytic investigation to "solve," or at least "set... in a true light," " a number or riddles in the life of human communities."[4] Stated otherwise, Freud's claim in this passage is that the results of psychoanalytic investigation would certainly re-frame in a true light and possibly solve a number of "riddles" about human life. Marx's passage, on the other hand, seems to establish a far different structural relation among the sites of his analysis. Instead of framing Marx's project according to its objects, methods, or results of inquiry, this passage exclusively centers its "explanation," or result: communism. In Marx's passage, communism is described as the solution to the "riddle of history" in two ways: one ascriptive and the other performative.[5] That is, communism is described as the riddle of history solved and as knowing itself to be the solution to the riddle of history.[6] This differentiation – as well as Freud's seemingly incidental addendum: "or at least to set them in a true light"—may be better understood after considering the relationship between these two passages and their shared invocation of the riddle.

Colloquially, a riddle is an intentionally tricky or difficult question whose phrasing is carefully constructed in order to reveal subtly some predetermined answer. While we might call it a "question," the riddle is more of a puzzle than an inquiry; the pieces of evidence required to determine its answer are almost always supplied entirely within the carefully chosen terms of the question. In other words, as one constructs a riddle, they are required to develop the terms of the question at the same time that they develop the answer to the riddle. Thus, the answer to the formulated question can never be a mystery to the one who formulates and poses the question, and the terms of the question cannot be easily open to interpretations which fail to operate in relation to the predetermined answer. While it's unlikely that Freud and Marx mean to describe their projects as patterned strictly after the

3. Freud, *Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis*, 207.
4. Ibid.
5. Marx, "Economic and Philosophic Manuscripts of 1844," 84.
6. Ibid.

resolutely narrow structure of the everyday riddle, I argue that their invocation of this language is far from incidental. By referring to "the riddles in the life of human communities" and "the riddle of history," Marx and Freud allude to the always somewhat deterministic relationship between the terms on which such questions, or riddles, are formulated and the answers that these terms render intelligible. This language, then, may lead us to read the aims of Freud's and Marx's projects not as offerings of new answers to old questions – whether about the mental life of humans, our economic systems, or our histories – but rather as careful reconsiderations and reformulations of the terms on which these old questions are founded, and consequently as formulations of alternative questions and analyses on the bases of these new terms.[7] Given this interpretation of the relationship between 'the riddle' and Marx's and Freud's analytic projects, we might return to Freud's and Marx's descriptions of their projects above on new terms of our own.

Now, Freud's apparently incidental closing words ("...or at least set [the riddles] in a true light") and Marx's seemingly redundant differentiation between the riddle of history solved (a description of communism as a result of inquiry) and the performative self-knowledge of "being the solution" to this riddle (a knowledge written into communism itself) can be read as doing perhaps the most important work of these passages. In Freud's case, the attachment of this closing phrase to the claim that psychoanalytic explanations might solve "a number of riddles in the life of human communities" posits the inevitable result of such explanations as a "true" re-framing of these riddles.[8] In doing so, this phrase sounds its resonance with the riddle by articulating that an important part of Freud's work lies in its capacity to reformulate more "truthfully" the questions, or riddles, which have been used to guide investigations of the various meanings and organizations of human life.

On the other hand,Marx's apparent repetition appears as a reiteration (a repetition slightly but meaningfully altered) under my interpretation of the riddle. The first articulation of communism as riddle solved

7. I want to clarify here that I do not mean to inscribe a strict order onto Freud's and Marx's projects as I have broken them down here – that is, the projects of reconsidering the terms of debate, formulating alternative questions and conducting analyses given these questions. The patterns in which these parts are arranged are not nearly so formulaic; that we may read several iterations of these partial projects over the course of these thinkers' works gestures to their recursive and eclectic (open to surprise, reversal, reconstruction) nature.
8. Freud, *Introductory Lectures on Psycho-analysis*, 84.

may be read easily under a traditional figuration of the relation between question and answer, whose inner boundaries maintain an illusion of discrete categorization in which the question is entirely separate from its answer, cannot in any way be informed by its answer, and cannot singularly determine its answer (though it must engender it; here the solution is figured as the contradictory achievement of total intellectual freedom, or openness, and teleology). The latter, however, breaks this fantasy. Marx's linguistic positioning of communism as subject of knowledge ("[Communism]... knows itself to be...")[9] disavows the passive status of result or solution and thereby transgresses the boundaries arranged around question and answer, or riddle and solution, as they appear in more teleological styles of inquiry. This ascription of agency to communism as simultaneous subject of knowledge–producer, animator, affirmer, contester of knowledge claims outside, or "behind," itself– and solution tracks onto Freud's passage as well, in which the object of analysis ("the mental life of human individuals") itself is said to do (more specifically, to offer), thereby illustrating its constitutive role in Freud's project as another subject of knowledge production.[10] Thus, we see how – as in the dialectic structure of the riddle's formulation and solution – the sites of Freud's and Marx's analyses (the object of analysis, the method of analysis, the terms of analysis, and the results of analysis) each might quite literally be read as active participants in the production of knowledge. By opening up each of these participants to multi-directional/relational (inter)actions and (in)determinacies of their own, this rendering of knowledge production departs from teleological patterns of analysis that use already determined steps and terms to move from discrete analytic object to stable answer.[11]

9. Ibid.

10. My use of the term "subject of knowledge" here is metaphoric; it is meant to signal the manner in which these various sites, as I am calling them, of the analytic process are not deterministic steps marching toward knowledge production, but are rather each sites of production themselves (and interact with one another in various ways to produce different kinds of knowledge in relation).

11. It is interesting to note that while Freud and Marx conduct their projects in ways which do cross bounds broken by this structural picture – such as those which typically separate an answer or solution from determining or informing terms of inquiry – they do not engage this view of critical analysis and knowledge-production directly. Thus, they do not follow it to its theoretical extreme: its implication that meaning making and knowledge production might always happen in excess of intention or aim. This implication follows from its chaotic rendering of knowledge production that happens at each site of analytic work or interaction and in disordered relations between these sites. While considering this implication would certainly be generative, such consideration is beyond the scope of this paper. I only describe this structure insofar as it describes the (dis)order of Freud's and Marx's projects and knowledge-production in their self-conscious framing.

How, then, might this picture of the structure of Freud's and Marx's analyses influence our way of reading critically the works of Freud, Marx, and others committed to similar projects? While this question warrants thought beyond the scope of this paper, my reading of the patterns of analysis and knowledge-production of Freud's and Marx's works shifts the impetus of critical analysis from "solving riddles," or answering stably defined questions given particular terms and methods, to (re)thinking the status and constitution of these various participants of analysis and their relations to one another.

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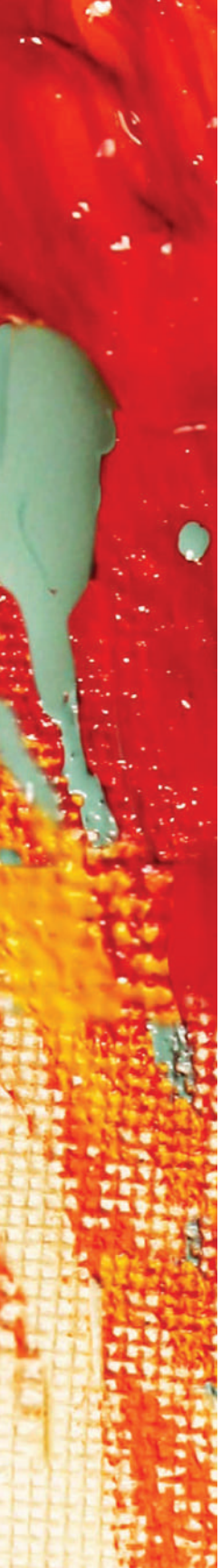


GILLIAN EBERSOLE

poetry

Gillian Ebersole is a junior Dance and English double major. She fits word and movement together, both in her poetry and choreography. She is a sunset fanatic and paints all her bedrooms yellow. Inspired by bodies and brokenness, Gillian loves exploring what makes us human.

BROTHER

Inspired by Sarah Kay's No Matter the Wreckage

You played the drums on our mother's ribs
practicing paradiddles with your tiny heels
before you ever held sticks in your hands
where did all that rhythm come from?

There has never been a time when your arms weren't bare in the winter.
You have always tinkered enough to know how to fix things
Once, you said to me *pork and beans*
and I am beginning to learn you were right
when you told me to ignore what other people say
and you turned back to the Lego set for proof.

Your work always finishes down to the wire.
A concoction of procrastination and late night
study sessions made our parents nervous, but
I always admired the way you work against the clock.

In the song of your life, the nuanced rhythms
are perfected into syncopated beats as you spend
late nights singing until your voice, raspy,
nearly gives out, pounding on your drum set
after your first girlfriend says *yes* and your fight
with the hotheaded boy who pushes your buttons.
You will be a clock, rhythmic and steady,
yet waiting until the last second, every second.
You conquer physics before I even pull out my calculator.

Once, when you were fourteen, you played heavy metal
in the bathroom at 6am for the first time
and the screaming rage of the vocalists seemed to contrast
your stubborn silence when I ask *how are you?*
I tell people, *I have a little brother* — the image of you,
age three, running around the square patch of grass
behind our house on 16th avenue. Even then, your mind
raced with things you probably never said, disguised
by your energetic pursuit of the pitter-patter of your feet.

You are my favorite head-banging guitar riff.
You are the opposite of a paintbrush.
I long to show you the map of my mistakes
so you could avoid the heartache
and you would point the way through the forest
if you thought I'd take the advice.

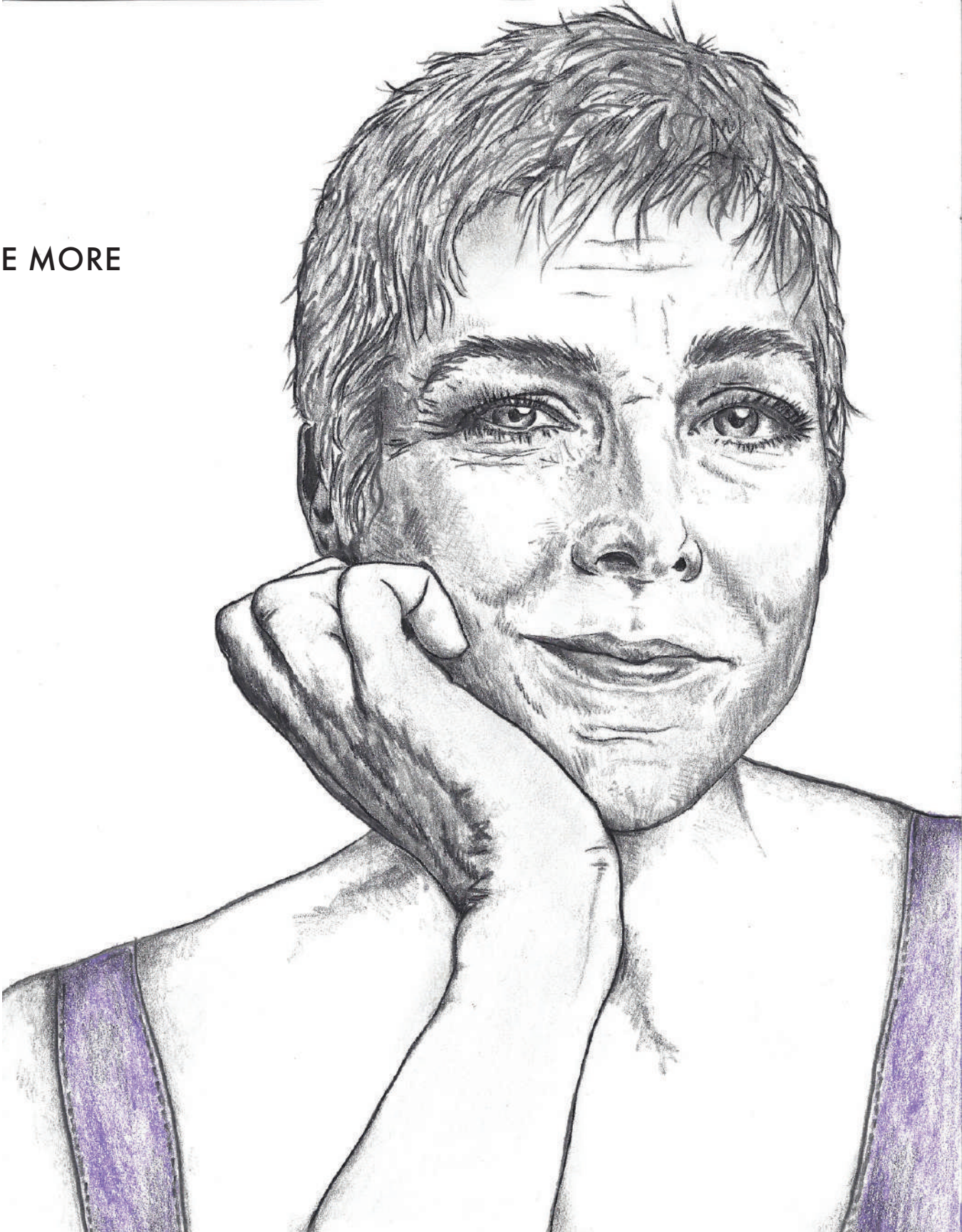
I never meant for you to follow my dancing feet,
even though I dressed you in tutus for all those home videos.
But you spin in your socks around the kitchen, and I laugh,
ready to watch you dance to your beat, whatever that is.

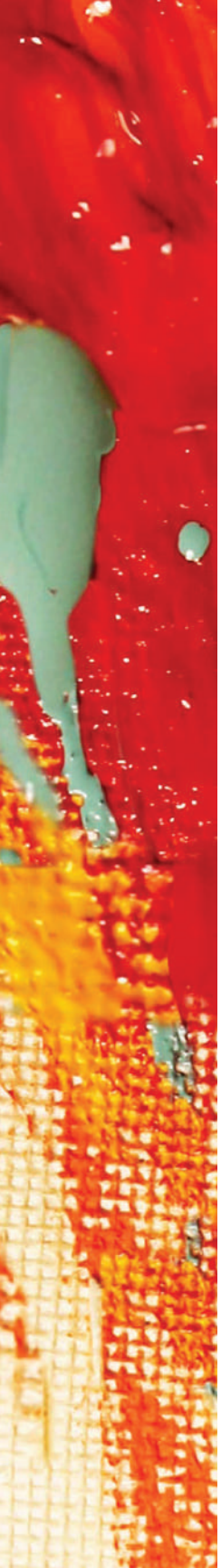
SUSANNE CARPENTER

illustration

Susanne Carpenter is a junior biology major, with a studio art and biochemistry double minor, hoping to pursue a career in dentistry. She can often be found training at the gym, taking photos of wildlife, petting strangers' dogs, or eating a "Not So Fried Chicken" at Mendocino Farms. Susanne's goals in life are to be fluent in Spanish, to travel to all seven continents, and to make a positive impact on the people around her.

TELL ME MORE





EMILY SINSKY

essay

Emily Sinsky is from San Diego County, CA. She is an International Relations major at LMU in the class of 2020. Her interests include: environmental and food justice policies, bottom-up development, grassroots political movements, and how climate change and associated policies affect communities of varying socioeconomic status, among others. She currently serves Ignatians Service Organization as Social Justice Chair, and is the President of LMU's chapter of Sigma Iota Rho, the Honor Society for International Relations.

CONSERVATION LAWS AND ENVIRONMENTAL STEWARDSHIP WITHIN CHIPPEWA FISHING COMMUNITIES: GENDER AND ETHNIC ANALYSIS

"*I spearfish because I'm Ojibwe, that's who we are and that's what we do*"
-Ojibwe member Jason Bisonette,
The Ways documentary series

In this case study I will investigate how fishing laws impact indigenous communities–focusing specifically on the Great Lakes region of the United States, home of the Chippewa, or Ojibwe Nation. Through the lens of environmental declensionism, or "the idea that all human activity ends in environmental ruin and that the earth would be better off without us" (Voyles, 2018), the government-sanctioned regulations that target the Ojibwe nation are ungrounded and racially targeted. I argue that the legal barriers put in place by the state of Wisconsin against the Chippewa are not only highly unnecessary for conservation of walleye fish stocks, they are ethnically motivated and used as a means of dismantling the foundations of Chippewa culture. This research challenges the idea that human activity is inherently bad for the earth and resources–the Man *Destroys* Nature equation (McKinnon, 1982). By differentiating between various land and resource uses in conservation law, it is possible to continue to use these resources without depleting them. Because of the lack of legal and financial resources allocated, artisan fishers in Wisconsin and other parts of the Great Lakes region often face much more regulation than commercial and industrial fishing companies (Sproat, 2002). It is also easier to vilify one specific group that has already been discriminated against historically–so the Chippewa Nation, although taking a functionally insignificant number of walleye each season, are more likely to be vilified by white environmentalists and state legislators (Sproat, 2002). This is because the Chippewa already face discrimination in the region, so it is easier to place blame for environmental harm and resource depletion on this one group. Furthermore, the tension between artisan and sports fishermen is well known for causing clashes both in the courtroom and on fishing docks. According to an article published in May of 1989 in *The Chicago Tribune*, sports fishermen face fewer legal barriers to licensing and are less likely to accurately report the number of walleye they have caught (Worthington, 1989). By failing to regulate the wealthy, nonnative hobby fishermen and tourists on Lake Superior in the same way the Chippewa tribes are, the state legislature has failed to treat constituents equally.

In addition the legal and economic ramifications of these policies, I argue that viewing the conflict through a gendered lens highlights injustices that go beyond fishing license allocation; dissolving these rights of Chippewa communities effectively dismantles their culture, which historically has been placed in the hands of Chippewa women– the *mindemooyenh*– to protect. Indigenous groups such as the Chippewa Nation have a special connection to the land that is unlike that of their colonizers or other groups in the area. In *Native Women and Land*, Fitzgerald highlights the struggles of Natives, particularly women, who lose the right to their historically-significant homeland. Losing fishing rights on culturally-significant territory is one of the myriad of ways that colonizing governments have dismantled the culture of indigenous and First Nations communities.

In 1737, after a drawn-out war with the Dakota Nation, the Ojibwe or Chippewa Nation, had territorial claim to modern day Minnesota, Wisconsin, and the Canadian side of Lake Superior. The Ojibwe were supported by the French during these wars, who provided them weapons in exchange for trade agreements. Even after these conflicts ceased, there are records of Ojibwe warriors who traveled to the French's own home forts in Quebec and Montreal to defend them, an

Brief Political History of the Ojibwe Nation

Historical range of Ojibwe or Chippewa Nation (top) compared with the current Territory of the Ojibwe Red Lake Indian Reservation (bottom) in Northern Minnesota (source: Ojibwe National Historic Society)

alliance that is apparent even today as French is still widely used on Ojibwe reservations.

After the United States was founded, treaties were written giving native land to white settlers in order to lay claim to the newly sovereign territory. The Ojibwe had little conflict with the United States during this occupation, which may have been due to the sheer infeasibility of resisting successfully against the numerous, more technologically-advanced settlers.

Beginning in the 1800s, property treaties between colonizers and the Ojibwe were put down on official records. The Ojibwe people had accrued debt with French and British fur traders, who wanted to make more money and took advantage of the Natives. Selling off native land was one of the most immediate sources for money in order to repay fur traders, and newly independent Americans were eager to take it from them. Ojibwe land held special value due to the presence of mineral deposits and trees in a time where copper and lumber were in great demand. Tribes sold off their land and were moved to reservations, almost all of which were too small to fully support the masses sent there, but such arrangements "continued on with little decisive power being in the hands of the natives" (source: Ojibwe Historical Society). Between 1854 and 1856, all the Ojibwe reservation plans were organized, sending many people either out of their homes, or into much smaller plots of the expansive lands they once owned. Oftentimes, the reservations were too densely populated to fully maintain all of their traditions, such as hunting and fishing–which have been described as the bedrock of Chippewa culture.

Six different bands of the Ojibwe nation, including: Boise Forte, Fond du Lac, Grand Portage, Leech Lake, Mille Lacs, and the White Earth (Ojibwe) are recognized by the Wisconsin and Minnesota state governments (Ojibwe Historical Society). Although the nation experienced great changes with the involvement of white colonization of America, they are still one of the largest groups of Native Americans in the region, with the total population of the tribe estimated at 190,000 individuals, according to tribal records (ibid).

The Great Lakes Region and Chippewa Nation

Inhabiting the Great Lakes region for thousands of years prior to settler expansion, the Chippewa (or Ojibwe or Ojibwa, as they are also called), have come under fire in the past 40 years after receiving the blame for lower populations of walleye, a fish native to the region. According to Reimer the situation

regarding the native population in the Great Lakes blatantly discriminates against one group–as the regulations pushed in this area are most strict against indigenous walleye spearfishers, and do not include regulations for sports fishermen (Worthington, 1989). Moreover, all six Ojibwe bands run their own fish hatcheries and put more fish into the lakes every year than they take out by spearfishing. The 1989 season yielded 15,725 walleye, or 10,000 less than last year-- for the six Chippewa bands–which has contributed to just over 500,000 walleye harvested by Chippewa since 1985. State officials estimate non-Indian anglers in 1988 brought in 672,000 walleyes (Worthington, 1989.), and do not include regulations for sports fishermen (Worthington, 1989).

Treaties, the Voight Decision, and Ethnic Clashes

The Ojibwe have legally retained hunting, fishing, and gathering rights since the signing of the land treaties in 1837 and 1842. Racial discrimination, however, has gotten in the way of the Ojibwe people exercising these rights (Riemer, 2004). Ojibwe bands in Wisconsin signed three major treaties with the United States in which they ceded their lands to the federal government. The first was signed in 1837 and the second in 1842. These treaties transferred the entire Ojibwe homeland in Wisconsin to the federal government, save for reservations where Ojibwe established permanent residencies. "In these treaties, the Ojibwe retained the right to hunt, fish, and gather wild rice and maple sap on lands they ceded to the United States. The 1854 treaty transferred the last Minnesota Ojibwe lands to the U.S. and established land reservations for Ojibwe bands, thus ensuring their continued residence in northern Wisconsin," according to the oral tradition of the Ojibwe people (Mary Annette Pember). After the violent clashes of the 1980s where protesters would throw rocks at and verbally assault Ojibwe spearfishers, a federal judge ruled that these protests were racially motivated (Worthington, 1989).

Conclusion

Based on Department of Natural Resources surveys, the Great Lakes Indian Fish and Wildlife Commission estimates that hook-and-line anglers catch about 300,000 walleye each year from lakes in the so-called ceded territory that are eligible for spearfishing. In contrast, the Ojibwe tribes have caught about 500,000 walleye since 1985. Sue Erickson, a spokeswoman for Great Lakes Indian Fish and Wildlife Commission in Ashland, which jointly manages the lakes in the ceded territory with the DNR and helps count every fish that is speared, said about 450 tribal members participate in spearfishing each year.

Although the Chippewa ceded most of their territory to the states of Minnesota and Wisconsin, they retained the rights to hunt and fish on that land.

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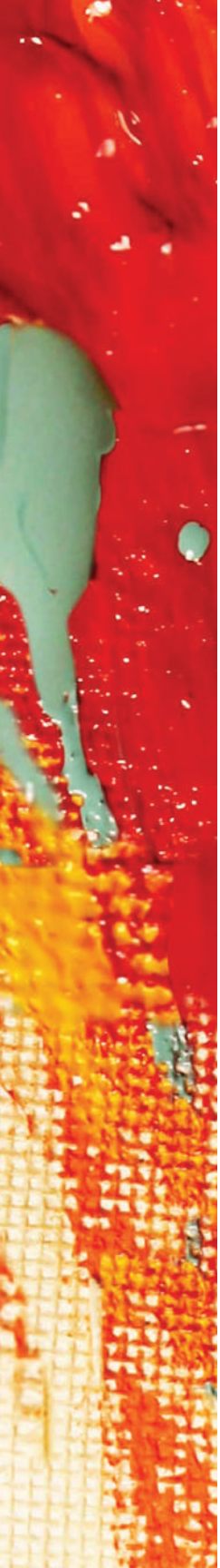


SOFIA MEISBURGER

poetry

VENUS RETROGRADE

In the most quiet
moments of the night,
when the scaffolding of the mind
threatens to crumble, I find

you:

leering at me from behind such heavy, curtained cheekbones,
the moon resting, cradled, in the curve of your petulant, restless lips.
Air becomes breath and I inhale the disapproval
reeking from your heaving pores.

Dusk sits on your tongue
and I am intoxicated;
perfumed in this tropical typhoon
of banana leaves, geraniums,
nitrous oxide—your favourite,
and sick, familiar pining.

I notice the colour of your veins has changed—
though that's not exactly news.
Tonight they are robin's egg blue
and mine are angry red, still,
from that Wednesday afternoon,
4:13pm.

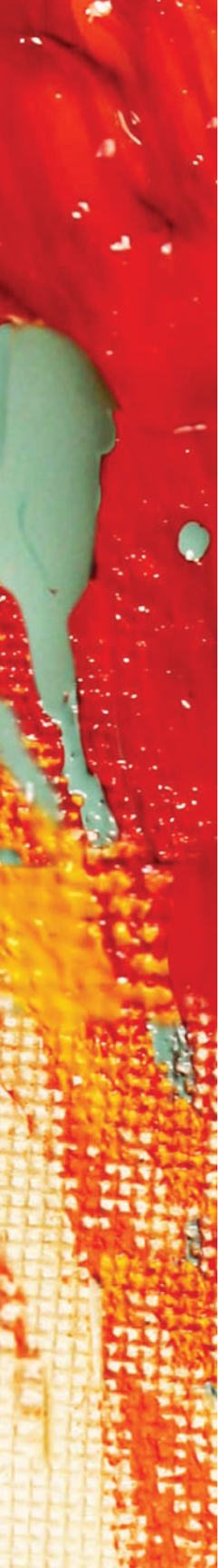
There are good memories of you I am too afraid to touch.

Europa hangs suspended, caught between your father's milky opal eyes
and my mother's colonial distrust,
and all I feel is wantwantwant
and killkillkill.

You are a tyranny embalmed in your own hypocrisy,
allergic to the night and hungering for her flesh;
condemning the lavender delight of Khao San
and appearing, always, in these nightly rituals.

It's fine, we're fine—
our muttered quotidian routine:
"We'll burn that bridge when we get to it;"
even in dreams you never stay.

God made boys all-knowing
and left women divine with the night—
ever-haunted, everlasting, ever being.



SAMANTHA BURTON

essay

DIONYSIAN ICONOGRAPHY ON IMPERIAL ROMAN SARCOPHAGI

The second century AD in Rome saw a large shift in funerary practices, significantly with the treatment of the body. Sarcophagi became immensely popular in the Roman state, drawing inspiration from sepulchral structures from past Greek and Etruscan societies. Notably, these sarcophagi were large and intricate, likely used as a display of wealth and power as well as an extravagant gesture of remembrance for the dead. Because thousands of sarcophagi survive today and are held in museum and special collections, scholars can easily trace patterns in the artwork carved into the stone sarcophagi. One of the most notable of said patterns is the iconography of Dionysus, the god associated with theatre, sexuality, revelry, and wine. Winemaking scenes also populate the sides of sarcophagi, as do grape vines, leaves and other references to viti-culture. Not only is Dionysus the most commonly portrayed deific figure displayed on the sarcophagi we have today, Dionysian sarcophagi also "surpass all others in the ancient world... in beauty of form and richness of content,"[1] according to one scholar. These scenes are almost always celebratory in nature, and therefore could signify a shift in cultural conceptions of death, as "Dionysos was associated with the hope of a better afterlife."[2] Pre-second century Romans had a pessimistic view of death which often assumed it to be entirely terminating, or ushering one into an ambiguous afterlife. Celebratory scenes imply a transition in the Roman conception of death that indicates an assumption of a positive afterlife. In this paper, I argue that the presence of Dionysus, wine, and wine-making in these images indicates a cultural notion that wine has some kind of transitory property, which makes it valuable both in the afterlife and in honoring those in the afterlife.

Sarcophagi in Rome

Prior to the second century AD, the common funerary practice for Romans was cremation. Cinerary urns were placed in columbaria, which were subterranean storage vaults, or placed in decorative boxes for display by wealthier families.[3] Cult worship of the dead was common practice, as preserving the memory of an ancestor was the only way to ensure their soul lived on, according to common perception. By the middle of the

1. Panofsky, p.34
2. "Sarcophagus and Lid; 19th Century Crouching Lion Supports."
3. McCann, p.18

Imperial period, late in Hadrian's reign, sarcophagi, which had been widely used in the Greek and Etruscan worlds centuries prior, suddenly became immensely popular in Rome, and inhumation became overwhelmingly favored to cremation. Over five thousand sarcophagi from this period are in museums today, which likely represent a small fraction of the total number. In many cases, sarcophagi were mass produced, with the artist using a template to create numerous works very quickly.[4] There are certain indicators of the use of pattern books, such as the symmetrical poses of the wine-stomping erotes in Figure 1 (see appendix).

Scholars are unsure of the reason for such a sudden shift, but multiple hypotheses have been posited: Hadrian's interest in classical forms may have caused a mimicking of imperial taste throughout Rome, in which classical Greek funerary practice would be seen as an indicator of high taste; Roman sculptural workshops saw an influx of artists from Asia minor who may have brought new artistic styles and traditions; a change of taste in the city may have suggested that inhumation more extravagantly honored the dead and offered resting place; economically, marble from Hellenistic eastern quarries became available in large quantities for the first time.[5] Most likely, the shift comes from some combination of many, if not all, of these. While there is no evidence that the state paganism had shifted, growing populations of Asiatic mystery cults and Christianity began to pollinate Romans with the notion of the immortal soul, and eschatological artistry became ubiquitous.[6]

Plain, purely functional caskets were already used by the poor, but sarcophagi were far different from this: intricately carved from marble or other expensive stone, these were statements of wealth and power. There are two common families of sarcophagi: Western, also called Roman, and Eastern, those primarily from mainland Greece and Asia minor.[7] Western sarcophagi are characterized by three carved sides and one unfinished side, as they would be placed against walls or into niches. They have low pitched roofs, or flat ones edged by an upright carved panel which often held masks at the end.[8] Eastern sarcophagi were carved on all four sides because they were often displayed in streets leading out of the city. Their lids were modeled after gabled roofs or had *kline*[9] lids

4. McCann, p.20
5. Ibid.
6. McCann, p.20
7. McCann, p.21
8. Ibid.
9. Awan.

representing reclining figures atop couches, a tradition passed down from the Etruscans.[10] Also common were *lenos* (**λήνος**), which were ovalur tub-shaped sarcophagi and resembled a trough used for crushing grapes.[11]

The most common subject matter of sarcophagic art include garlands (see Figure 3 in the appendix), which were modeled after actual swags placed on sarcophagi during burial and cult ritual, and scenes of Greek (and to a lesser extent, Roman) mythology.[12] Roman nobility had a taste for Greek art and literature, and would display their knowledge of such to show off. Sometimes, sarcophagi also showed scenes from milestones in the deceased's life, though this was far less common, as such radical personalization would have been exorbitantly expensive. Instead, it is most common to find recognizable patterns of designs with small touches of personalization, such as the likeness of the deceased carved into the face of one of the principle persons in the scene. Mythical iconography on sarcophagi is interesting; often, it is very similar to that which is found in domestic and public spaces, but takes on a new meaning when in a funerary setting.[13] Myths were omnipresent in the ancient world; so spread were they through literature and theatre that one scholar describes cultural indoctrination of myth to be a "cult of learning" in which all citizens have at least some understanding of the myths most important to the society (an example of this for Rome would be Aeneas or Romulus and Remus).[14] Thus mythological scenes represented on sarcophagi would be instantly recognizable to any who encountered them. The intentionality of sarcophagic art is often debated in terms of purpose and aesthetic: did these scenes represent conceptions of death and the after-life, or simply reflect a love of classical culture and a desire to elevate the status of the deceased?[15]

Sarcophagi, because of their abundant preservation and wild popularity, show a clear line of artistic evolution of the time period. In the Hadrian and early Antonine period, figures were more simple, and there was a single ground line.[16] In the later Antonine and early Severan era, bird's eye perspective in which people are placed above each other became popular.[17] This is corroborated by

10. McCann, p.21
11. Awan.
12. McCann, p.21
13. McCann, p. 21
14. Zanker, p. 31, 32
15. Awan.
16. McCann, p. 22
17. Ibid.

similar trends in other monumental art in Rome. By the middle of the Severan era, both technical skill and conceptual understanding had evolved so much that scholars mark this as the delineation to Late Antiquity.[18] Complex abstraction was coupled with material advancements such as using drills for detailing, extensive use of light and shadow, and the use of gold detailing to represent divinity (pagan) and light (Christian).[19]

Figure 1 is an example of said techniques of third century Roman sarcophagi. The use of the running drill can be seen in the manes of the lions and the curled hair of the Erotes.[20] Also typical of this period are the holes drilled in the corners of the eyes and mouth to create a shadowing effect, as well as the prominent eyebrows.[21]

Dionysian Sarcophagi

Dionysus, called Bacchus by Latin speakers, was the god of wine, celebration and revelry, sexuality, and theatrical arts, as well as other domains. In many ways, he blurs the lines between the polis and the natural world, between that which is civilized and that which is wild and tempting.[22] Cult worship of Dionysus was popular in both the Greek and Roman worlds because mortals felt closest to him out of the pantheon of gods;[23] so present were mystery cults of Bacchus in Rome that mystery cult worship of the god was outlawed by the Roman Senate in 186 BC.[24] Iconography of Dionysus is thus extremely prevalent on sarcophagi. Reliefs including Dionysus are most often joyous; they quite frequently depict the ecstasy of the Dionysian *thiasos* and show moments of overwhelming joy, such as the god's triumphal parade and reunion with his lover Ariadne.[25] Such scenes suggest themes of a transitory experience in life as well as a promise of unending felicity after death.[26] Dionysiac scenes evoke a sense of celebration, and, instead of sadness or loss, a release from the cares and responsibilities of our world.[27] Dionysian cult rituals and ideals also offered hope for a more pleasurable afterlife, as opposed to the fear associated with most pagan views of death.[28] Scholars have often linked similarities between Dionysus and Jesus, as both were cult figures of myths regarding the salvation of mankind, "and the salvation through his manifestation

18. McCann, p.22
19. Ibid.
20. "Sarcophagus representing a Dionysiac vintage festival."
21. Ibid.
22. Zanker, p. 130
23. Ibid.
24. Ibid.
25. Panofsky, p.34
26. Ibid.
27. Awan
28. Ibid.

of this own death" and subsequent resurrection.[29] (It is fair, of course, to say that differences can also be recognized very easily, perhaps most poignantly that Dionysus, like other gods of the Greek and Roman pantheon--already a stark contrast to monotheism--was not a perfectly moral character). As Christian beliefs began to take hold in Rome and ideas of the afterlife became more accepting of an immortal soul, Dionysian positivity provided optimism for the eternity after death. Scenes of Dionysus' death are rarely, if ever, shown in funerary sculpture, though this may seem counterintuitive.[30] Instead, sarcophagic scenes are almost exclusively celebratory in nature. Dionysian scenes, by nature of the god's relationship with our world, often revolve around death and rebirth of nature in general, as well as mystic properties (such as the process of turning grape juice into wine).[31] Further, he represents ideals that are comforting to those in grief: feasting and abundance, love and festival, dance and freedom.

29. Panofsky, p.33
30. Ibid.
31 Panofsky, p.34

APPENDIX

Figure 1: "Sarcophagus representing a Dionysiac vintage festival." AD 290-300. J. Paul Getty Villa, Malibu. Image by Samantha Burton.

Figure 2: "Sarcophagus and Lid; 19th Century Crouching Lions." AD 210-220. J. Paul Getty Villa, Malibu. Image by Samantha Burton

Figure 3: "Front Panel of a Garland Sarcophagus." AD 140-170. J. Paul Getty Villa, Malibu. Image by Samantha Burton.

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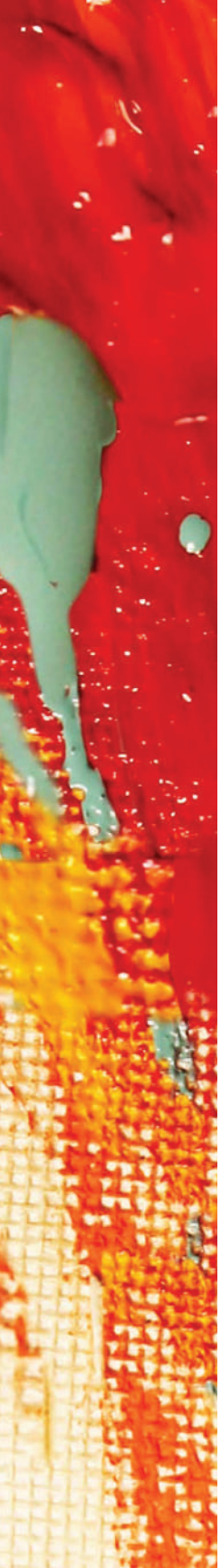


MAKENNA SUSMAN & FOSSE LIN-BIANCO

multimedia

Makenna Susman is a freshman at Santa Monica College. She started training at Kinetic Theory Circus Arts at the age of ten. She joined the Pre-Professional troupe three years later, focusing in acrobatics, aerial rope, and juggling. Makenna hopes to continue to develop acts in the new field of "Circus Science" and be able to combine the art of circus and performing with unconventional, but meaningful stories. Outside of circus, she enjoys photography and watching the stars.

Fosse Lin-Bianco is an Electrical Engineering major and a Dance minor at LMU. Outside of school, Fosse trains with a Pre-Professional circus troupe at Kinetic Theory Circus Arts in Los Angeles. He specializes in aerial rope in addition to training juggling and acrobatics. Fosse's goal in the future is to combine both his passions in engineering and circus arts to create a new discipline called "Circus Science." He hopes that research in this new field of circus will create innovative and impactful experiences for audiences all around the world.

HAWKING -- A CIRCUS RESEARCH STUDY

INTRO:

Makenna:
We created a survey based off of
a monologue from the film
The Theory of Everything.
The film tells of the life of
Professor Stephen Hawking.

Fosse:
We sent out the survey, asking what people
thought of Hawking's words and ideas,
as well as further insight into
their own interpretation of human endeavor.

Makenna:
3 questions.

Fosse:
117 responses.

Makenna:
20 voices.

Fosse:
1 shared humanity.

Both:
And, here are the results...

(BLACKOUT)

AUDIO:

Stephen Hawking:
It is clear that we are just
an advanced breed of primates
on a minor planet orbiting around
a very average star,
in the outer suburb of one among
a hundred billion galaxies.
But, ever since the dawn of civilization
people have craved
for an understanding of the underlying
order of the world.
There ought to be something very special
about the boundary conditions
of the universe.
And what can be more special
than that there is no boundary?

Christen:
There's a humility
in recognizing our place
in the context of the universe.
Hawking is responding with awe not fear.
And rather than finding solace
in a predetermined template
for life's meaning—Hawking instead
finds meaning in human endeavor.

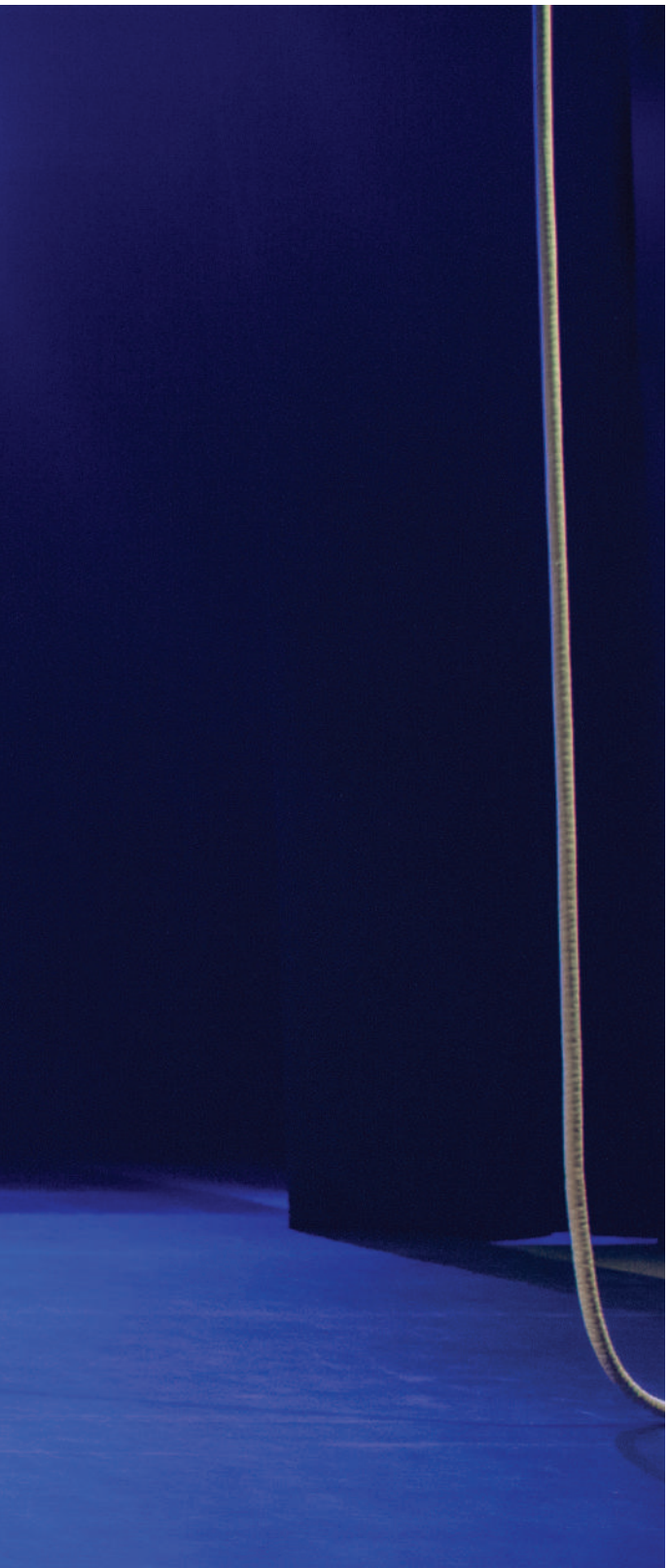
He ditches the coloring book for
the blank canvas
where anything can be created.

Shayne:
Just as the universe is infinitely expanding,
the human being is infinitely complex.
The true limits that we have to contend with
are not the boundaries
that the physical universe places on us,
but the boundaries that we impose
on ourselves.

Sara:
The chances of our existence were impossibly
slim, as if hinting the human race was
never meant to be.
But here we are.

Elloree:
Humans are capable of continually trying
to reach the nonexistent "boundary"
of the universe.

Andrea:
Human endeavor is the transformation
of imagination into reality.
It is what turns a poor boy from Arkansas
into the President of the United States.
It is what turns a young man
with a neurological degenerative disease
into one of the greatest minds
in the field of physics.



Nigel:
If we can simply let go
and allow ourselves to be the best we can,
in thought, word and action,
at every moment of our lives,
we would then be on a journey towards
total inner fulfillment. This would be
the catalyst for a paradigm-shift
in human endeavor.

Nigel:
If only we could explore our own selves, and
develop ourselves to the maximum
extent possible? Each unique individual,
with their own unique talents
and capabilities, developed to their full
potential would permanently change
the entire world, inside out,
for the greater good.

Blair:
I find that most people argue
for their limitations and don't even realize
they are doing it. If everyone decided
to stop their victim/blame mentality,
then human endeavor could move into
a truly new age of enlightenment.

Kristen:
Humans have a universal desire
to look for meaning in their life
and the world around them.
People should realize that they are

boundless and have the potential
to discover and experience
that which has not even been thought of yet.

Charlotte:
Given that there are no limitations,
no barriers, humans are capable
of doing anything
they put their mind to.

Andrea:
Often we close off our world of possibilities.
I cannot play football
because I am not big enough,
nor basketball because I am not tall enough,
nor can I get a PhD because I read slowly
or am a bad speller.
We should impose no such limits
on what we can do or become.
Math might be hard,
you might be small or short or a slow reader
or a bad speller.
And yet you can still press upon
the boundaries of your known universe
and do what others might consider
the unimaginable.

Nicholas:
Individual human endeavor,
and the accomplishment that may result—
when measured within the context
of humanity—are actually boundless, in both
potential and quantifiable measurement.

Thus, we should perhaps stop measuring
ourselves within the bounds of the Universe,
on which we have little to no influence,
and instead mark our value in
the context of the world within which we exist,
and upon which we have constant impact.

Amanda:
There is an underlying drive
of creativity and passion in all of us,
and what may activate it in us is so
completely different
for every single person.
Because our passions are so personal,
human endeavor is really an ongoing journey
to uncovering their mystery.

Sara:
Human endeavor is trial and error.
For every great accomplishment,
we have about a bajillion failures.

Patrick:
Just as the universe poses the possibility
of infinite presence, life itself
poses the possibility of infinite opportunity.
Life is not bound in a bubble
but is ever evolving allowing
for each individual to craft their own path
in the walk of infinite paths.

Amanda:
Human endeavor is the spirit of life,
the zest in which one
believes that anything is possible,
and dares to dream as so.

Sara:
Life is a never ending climb;
clawing our way to the top of a mountain
in hopes of achieving a summit so far up
that we could climb for the rest of our lives
and never make it.
But that doesn't stop us from climbing.
Like a moth to a flame,
we have an irresistible urge for answers,
a gaping hole that only grows wider
when we begin to fill it.
And when the climb gets difficult,
and our hands, scraped raw and bleeding,
begin to give out,
we don't give up.
So long as our blood and tears
gleam fresh on the mountain,
so long as we are still breathing,
we continue climbing
because there is always hope.

Jon:
Existence is meaningless,
imagination is boundless.

Stephen Hawking:
There ought to be something very special
about the boundary conditions
of the universe.
And what can be more special
than that there is no boundary?
There should be no boundary
to human endeavor.
We are all different.
However bad life may seem, there is always
something you can do, and succeed at.
While there is life, there is hope.

(BLACKOUT)

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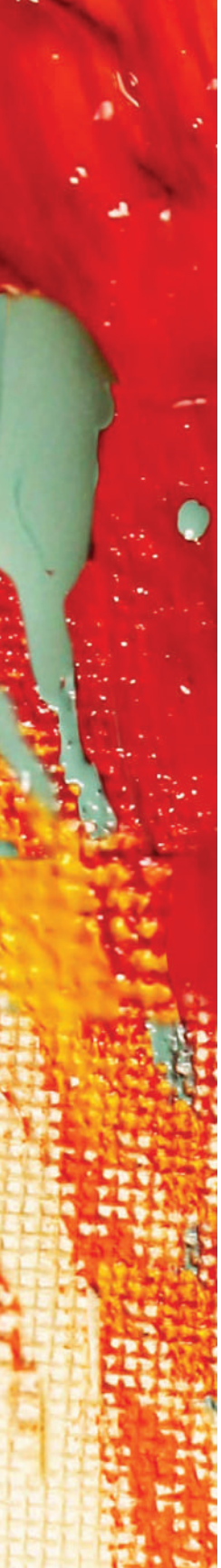

MADELYN STARR

essay

Madelyn Starr is a senior Political Science and Spanish double major with a minor in Philosophy. She hails from Portland, Oregon, and she won't let you forget it. She aspires to study feminist political philosophy, work as a bartender in Australia, and become a true outdoorsy person. She loves many things, including astrology, drag shows, and especially her Subaru.

READING IMAGES: ANALYZING THE RHETORIC OF THE IMAGE IN A SUBARU ADVERTISEMENT

Many regard interpretation of an image as a very subjective process, able to change from viewer to viewer. Viewers often disagree about what an image is "trying to say." While this is true, there does exist a consistent method of interpreting images—particularly images used in advertising—developed by Roland Barthes by which a viewer can read the image as he or she would a text. Applying this method to advertisements is especially useful because advertisement have an intentional message that they are conveying. This method analyzes the rhetoric of the image, a concept introduced by Barthes in his essay by the same name, by interpreting the three messages present in an image accompanied by a caption or text often seen in advertisements. In "The Rhetoric of the Image," Barthes explains that images hold a linguistic message, a coded iconic message, and a non-coded iconic message, which work together in order to affect the viewer in a particular, intentional way. This essay will utilize Barthes' method to read a magazine advertisement for a Subaru Impreza released in January 2012 and argue that the advertisement seeks to make its viewer believe that this particular car creates opportunity and value by transforming typically dreary winter into an adventure. (see Fig. 1)

The first message the advertisement sends is its linguistic one: the viewer immediately reads the words, "Winter is a terrible thing to waste," strategically positioned at the top-left of the page, a prime location for English-speakers who read top-to-bottom and left-to-right. This linguistic message, according to Barthes, accomplishes two tasks: anchorage and relay (Barthes 117). While relay is uncommon in fixed images and can more often be found in comic strips or film, anchorage is present in every advertisement, including this one. Anchorage helps the viewer to "choose the correct level of perception" when reading/interpreting an image; it allows them to answer the question, "What am I looking at?" (118).

Beyond identification, the anchoring function guides interpretation, suggesting the meaning of the image so that the viewer interprets that meaning as the advertiser intended (119). In the case of this advertisement, the viewer realizes upon reading the caption that he or she is not only viewing a winter scene, but a desirable one. The phrase, "Winter is a terrible thing to waste," paints the scene positively by alluding to a slogan originated by Young and Rubicam, an advertising agency that promoted the United Negro College Fund scholarship program for black students with

ads featuring the phrase: "A Mind Is a Terrible Thing to Waste" (Demby 1). The original slogan emphasizes the importance of the education of black students by highlighting the value and potential of young minds. The Subaru version emphasizes the importance and desirability of the car by highlighting the value and potential of the winter season which can only be obtained/achieved/fully experienced if the viewer purchases the featured Subaru. With this car, the winter no longer has to be barren and uninviting, but instead full of opportunity. This symbolic message uses the viewer's cultural knowledge to anchor him or her to a positive interpretation of the image. Upon viewing a snowy mountainside, a viewer may also interpret the scene, as well as winter in general, as an inhospitable wilderness rather than the opportunity for skiing, snowboarding, and other winter activities. The caption's allusion to a slogan emphasizing value and potential prompts the viewer to choose the latter interpretation and see a pleasant, inviting ski slope filled with opportunity, all thanks to the product advertised. The longer, smaller caption underneath the image supports this interpretation explicitly, proclaiming that "it turns winter into the best season of the year." This perfectly summarizes the message of the advertisement. Through its linguistic message, this advertisement tells consumers that the Subaru Impreza will allow them to enjoy the outdoors, engage in winter activities, and transform a classically dreary season into "the best season of the year"— but only if they buy the Subaru.

In addition to its positive linguistic message, this advertisement establishes the desirability of its product (and its ability to turn dreary weather into an adventure) via its coded iconic message. This message comes from the image itself and is "coded" in the sense that its interpreted meaning depends on the cultural literacy of its viewer (Barthes 121). It communicates symbolic meaning by using the viewer's frames of reference to create associations between the image and some cultural knowledge held by the viewer. Just as the linguistic message in this advertisement relies on the viewer's cultural knowledge to associate the product with value and preciousness by alluding to a slogan that emphasizes value, (and therefore constructing winter as valuable, but only with a Subaru Impreza) the coded iconic message relies on the viewer's cultural knowledge to associate the car with an adventure-filled winterscape. The composition of the image draws on this cultural knowledge by alluding to a journey or adventure: The ski slope of the mountain rises up and into the distance, ending just under the text. This upward movement in the image invokes positivity, the idea of "moving up in the world," while the depth of field calls to mind a long path to be traveled, suggesting

an abundance of opportunities ahead. The adventure will not be a short or unfulfilling one. The path which stands out so clearly as white snow against dark trees serves another purpose. It highlights the car sitting at the bottom right corner of the image (the true star of the ad) by positioning it opposite from the destination in the top left corner. If the mountain's summit is the destination, then the Subaru is the beginning of the journey. It is the part of the image closest to the viewer. It is accessible. It is the tool which will empower the viewer to begin his or her adventure. Each of these elements of the image work together to signal to the audience of the advertisement (readers of magazines that feature outdoor activities or athletics) that dreary winter could transform into the adventure of a lifetime, so long as they buy a Subaru.

Finally, after using the linguistic and coded iconic messages to guide a viewer's interpretation of the image, the advertisement uses a non-coded iconic message to cohere and "innocent" the advertisement by making it seem more natural to the viewer (Barthes, 120). Barthes explains that the non-coded iconic message works in the service of the coded iconic message by convincing the viewer that this highly constructed image is natural. As the saying goes, seeing is believing. A viewer is inclined to believe an image in front of him or her so long as it does not appear impossible. In the case of this advertisement, the image itself naturalizes the advertisement by appearing extremely plausible. The car rests on a road, which, while snow-covered, appears to be paved and drivable. The mountain and its trees appear in nature. The car is speckled with snow, just as one would expect after a drive on a snowy road. This realism "innocents" the advertisement because it makes it look like it could exist completely independently of an ad campaign. A car on a road in the snow near a mountain is a common enough occurrence that the image itself could occur without trying to sell anything, and thus the advertisement sends its viewers the message that it is not an advertisement at all but a natural image. By making the image seem natural, the advertisement makes the rest of its messages (including the positive associations it creates for its product) seem natural, too.

It is clear that an advertisement's linguistic, coded iconic, and non-coded iconic messages work in tandem to influence a viewer to buy a particular product. As in this Subaru advertisement, the messages create positive associations that link the product to something more desirable; for example, they link a car to the idea of a fun-filled winter with limitless potential. They also establish

the idea that these associations are natural, rather than carefully and strategically constructed in order to sell a product. Barthes' method of analyzing the rhetoric of an image allows the viewer to recognize these messages and their intentioned effects. By carefully examining an image with these three elements in mind, a viewer is not only able to effectively interpret an image, but he or she is also able to identify the intended interpretation of the image. When it comes to advertisements, the viewer will be able to discern what they are "trying to say" and recognize the constructed nature of such a message rather than simply feel its effects and absorb its intended messages. Those who follow Barthes' method of analysis will not succumb to the rhetoric of an image.

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Winter is a terrible thing to waste.
The all-new 2012 Subaru Impreza. Made to help you make the most of winter. Symmetrical All-Wheel Drive and 36 mpg* put any destination within reach. Stability and traction control keep you on course. It turns winter into the best season of the year. Experience love that lasts. Love. It's what makes a Subaru, a Subaru.
SUBARU
Confidence in Motion
Impreza*. Well-equipped at $17,495†
*EPA-estimated hwy fuel economy for 2012 Subaru Impreza 2.0i CVT models. Actual mileage may vary. †MSRP excludes destination and delivery charges, tax, title and registration fees. Dealer sets actual price. 2012 Impreza 2.0i Premium 5-door pictured has an MSRP of $21,295. Vehicle shown with accessory crossbar set fixed and ski attachment.

Fig. 1

BRIAN GILMARTIN

photography

MAN AND STEPS


ATTIC
SALT