

DELIBERATIONS

A Journal of First-Year Writing at Duke University • Fall 2018



THOMPSON WRITING PROGRAM



“We are very pleased to present these fine examples of student work from Duke’s Academic Writing classes. You will see that our Academic Writing courses permit a wide range of work by students in a variety of disciplines. This work is both creative and scholarly, and thus introduces first-year students to the kind of rigorous and innovative thinking that distinguishes an academic community such as Duke.”

*J. Clare Woods, Ph.D., Director
Thompson Writing Program*



Table of Contents

- 4 **Feminism and Disability in the Era of the Women's March**
Maddie Fowler
- 10 **"Who's my pretty girl?": A Linguistic Investigation
Regarding the Agency of Young Girls Interested in Science**
John Ball
- 18 **Life Threatening Inequality: Using Damon Tweedy's
"Black Man in a White Coat" to Examine Health
Disparities between Blacks and Whites**
Trinity Morrow
- 23 **Juvenile Psychopathy in the Court:
The Effectiveness of Intervention-Based Treatment Methods**
Alexa Putka & Erin Brown
- 29 **COPD: Are Lung Bacteria to Blame?**
Amy Zhao
- 34 **Remembering Hampton Park: Contextualizing the conflict over
Black and Confederate Monuments in Charleston, South Carolina**
Nicole Lindbergh
- 42 **Topaz: The Story of Harano**
Barbara Xiong
- 54 **Vietnamese Pears: The Fruit War Bore**
Dang Nguyen
- 58 **Finding Forgiveness**
Jessica Zhao
- 64 **Cage the Daydream**
Santiago Orozco

Thompson Writing Program

Deliberations:

*A Journal of First-Year Writing at
Duke University*

2018 Editorial Board

Editor: Sheryl Welte Emch, Ph.D.

Managing Editor: Melissa Pascoe

Director of Publications:

Denise Comer, Ph.D.

Editorial Board:

Students:

Vivian Chen, Trinity '20

Spencer Flynn, Trinity '19

Robbie Ha, Trinity '20

Annie Janick, Trinity '19

Aiyanna Kimble, Trinity '20

Lily Koning, Trinity '20

Katherine Li, Trinity '20

Grace Mok, Trinity '19

Laura Naslund, Trinity '19

Christiana Oshotse, Trinity '19

Lauren Owens, Trinity '20

Sahil Sandhu, Trinity '20

Lecturing Fellows, Tutors and POP:

Lisa Andres

Jamie Browne

Amber Carr

Ben Holtzman

Leslie Maxwell

Marcia Rego

Janine Rose

Margaret Swezey

Librarians:

Holly Ackerman

Ryan Denniston

Arianne Hartsell-Gundy

Lee Sorensen

Cheryl Thomas

Haley Walton

Brittany Wofford



Sheryl Welte Emch, Ph.D.

Sheryl is a Lecturing Fellow in the Thompson Writing Program at Duke University. She earned her doctorate in Educational Psychology from Michigan State University, her master's degree in Higher Education and Student Affairs from the University of Vermont, and her bachelor's degree in Psychology from the University of Pennsylvania. Her research and teaching focus on coming of age, specifically how social and cultural factors influence college students' epistemological and personal development. She loves working with and learning from first-year college students.

Foreword

Sheryl Welte Emch

T rue to the name of the journal, *Deliberations*, this collection of outstanding essays, written by first-year students in Writing 101-- Duke's one-semester, first-year course in academic writing-- are indeed deliberations. That is, each essay was written, and rewritten, with careful and reflective consideration. The process of generating ideas, exploring and reflecting on their significance, writing and revising and editing, was without a doubt an extremely deliberate process, done consciously, thoughtfully, slowly, (sometimes joyfully and sometimes painfully), with the utmost concern for the process and the product. In other words, these essays are deliberations of the highest quality, and have the potential to touch many lives.

I have been teaching first-year writing at Duke for over a decade (and loving every minute of it!), so I am no stranger to the fascinating and vast array of topics being offered to introduce first-year students to university-level writing. All Writing 101 classes share the goals of helping students to engage with the work of others, articulate a position, situate their writing within specific contexts, and transfer their writing knowledge beyond Writing 101. That said, each instructor, inspired by their academic discipline and personal interests, puts these goals into practice in different ways, creating very distinct classes with an array of unique final papers and projects.

These papers and projects foster the development of strategies for generating, supporting, and sharing their ideas within a community of scholars. While all Writing 101 students are encouraged to write as though they are writing for a broad audience, for most students their immediate community is comprised of another eleven first-year students and the professor. For students whose work is published in *Deliberations* (or elsewhere), however, their community expands infinitely. Their work is no longer being read just by their classmates, their professor, or anyone else with whom they decide to share their work. These students have chosen, and been chosen, to share their work with the entire Duke community and beyond. They have put their ideas out for public consumption, as well as public scrutiny, deliberately and bravely expanding their audience and community of scholars. This is no simple task, but rather an act of strength and courage, an ability and willingness to engage openly and honestly about their own and others' ideas.

Our editorial board, consisting of an extraordinary group of Writing 101 instructors, Duke librarians, and previously published *Deliberations'* student authors, selected ten remarkable essays that reflect the diversity of academic disciplines of the TWP faculty, and in turn, the impressive range of beliefs about and approaches to academic writing. Each of the published essays touched, inspired, moved, provoked, and/or resonated with several readers in some way.

This issue of *Deliberations* opens with **Maddie Fowler's** essay, *Feminism and Disability in the Era of the Women's March*, in which she argues that the Women's March must strengthen its efforts to become inclusive of people with disabilities in order to promote true social equality. Maddie explores the ways that modern feminism and the Women's March have sidelined disability justice with exclusionary rhetoric, an inaccessible vision of the ideal feminist, and the absence of focus on disability-related issues. She goes on to examine potential roots of this problem, such as the historical precedent of prioritizing "political productivity" above full inclusivity. Finally, Maddie advocates for collaboration between the disability rights and feminist movements and suggests concrete steps the Women's March could take towards a more inclusive campaign.

In his essay, "Who's my pretty girl?: A Linguistic Investigation Regarding the Agency of Young Girls Interested in Science," **John Ball** utilizes the tools of linguistic anthropology to investigate the current underrepresentation of women in STEM fields. Through the separate examination of two public service announcements published by Verizon Wireless and Microsoft, the essay highlights common norms placed on young girls interested in science that impede their pursuit of STEM and cause them to lose their passion at an early age. By then looking at the two PSAs together, the essay continues by isolating three distinct agents who influence the representation of women in STEM: the girls themselves, parents, and educators. The essay concludes by illustrating that the agency of each of these groups is dependent on whether all groups choose to act, and thus girls, parents, and educators must work in conjunction with each other to effect change and increase representation of women in STEM.

Trinity Morrow's essay, *Life Threatening Inequality: Using Damon Tweedy's "Black Man in a White Coat" to Examine Health Disparities between Blacks and Whites*, explores how the relationships between physicians and their black patients create unacceptable disparity in disease rates and life expectancies between blacks and whites. The essay refers to the book "Black Man in a White Coat," by Duke graduate and current hospital employee, Dr. Damon Tweedy. Weaving together statistics, opinions from doctors and nurses, and historical examples, Trinity analyzes the impact of affirmative action and same-race doctor-patient pairings on these health outcomes. In addition to highlighting the benefits of these methods, she explores how these solutions glaze over the need for deeper cultural understanding. Calling into question current solutions, Trinity concludes by agreeing with Tweedy's recommendation that medical professionals

need training in “cultural competency” to eliminate implicit and explicit biases, improve doctor-patient relationships, and ultimately create better and more equitable health outcomes for black patients.

The co-authored essay by **Alexa Putka** and **Erin Brown**, *Juvenile Psychopathy in the Court: The Effectiveness of Intervention-Based Treatment Methods*, provides an insightful review of how juvenile psychopathy is addressed within the court system. Their thoughtful and thorough research reveals that the warning signs of psychopathy, specifically callous-unemotional traits, which have a neurobiological and behavioral foundation, can be observed in early childhood, thus providing grounds for reforming the judicial system. Individuals labeled as psychopaths cause persistent problems for society in their high recidivism rates, and as such, the court system has developed a system of punitive policies to deal with these offenders. These policies, however, overlook certain rehabilitation measures that the authors argue are more effective and cost efficient. If youth displaying callous-unemotional traits can be identified early, courts can employ decompression therapy, a method of positive reinforcement designed to decrease the presence of these traits. Alexa and Erin argue that such therapies could, and perhaps should, be the future of the court system. Using neuroscientific evidence will not only inform and improve the way these juveniles are treated, but also reduce violent crime and recidivism, making the world a more compassionate and safer place.

In her essay, *COPD: Are Lung Bacteria to Blame?*, **Amy Zhao** explores how changes in the lung microbiome, a relatively new area of microbiome research, may contribute to the severity and progression of chronic obstructive pulmonary disease (COPD). She describes COPD's global disease burden and introduces smoking and air pollutants as risk factors that directly cause the disease. Citing limited knowledge about the underlying mechanisms that would explain causation between such risk factors and COPD, she suggests that analyzing the lung microbiota of COPD patients may provide more insight about its biological progression. By incorporating a discussion of the bacteria of healthy lungs and the significant taxonomic changes that accompany disease states, she shows that smoking and air pollutants may alter the healthy lung microbiome profile to one that contributes to the progression of COPD. Realizing the structural challenges that come with eliminating these risk factors, the essay concludes by claiming that targeting the lung microbiome directly may be a promising direction for future COPD treatment. Ultimately, Amy introduces her readers to a new approach of thinking about disease that incorporates the complex interactions of abiotic and biotic environmental factors with human health.

Nicole Lindbergh's essay, *Remembering Hampton Park: Contextualizing the conflict over Black and Confederate Monuments in Charleston, South Carolina*, re-examines the debate over memorialization in her hometown by contextualizing it within the history of one setting: Hampton Park. From its transition as a symbol of the antebellum planter elite to a symbol of black resistance and back again, Nicole documents the struggle over public memory in Charleston according to how it manifested in Hampton Park, whether through the opulent early Washington Race Course, the postwar Memorial to the Martyrs of the Race Course, or the coded architecture of the South Carolina and West Indians' World's Fair. Ultimately, Nicole's purpose is to explore the relationship between public spaces and public memory in Charleston, and how communities in opposition use both to influence the world around them. The evolution of Hampton Park exemplifies how manicured and sanitized a narrative can be, but it also demonstrates how resistant the truth really is.

The volume continues with four non-traditional pieces of academic writing, beginning with **Barbara Xiong's** extraordinarily beautiful and moving graphic novel *Topaz*. Barbara's work vividly showcases and examines the dichotomy between America's expectation of loyalty versus the deprivation of freedom of Japanese-Americans, and the resultant identity conflict in a war rhetoric that enforced the mutually exclusivity of Japanese and American identities. The interplay of visual and verbal elements of the graphic novel serves to challenge several forms of war rhetoric and propaganda--from the painting of Japanese-Americans as dangerous enemy aliens, to the government's attempted dissociation of itself from its violation of human rights, to the censorship of the reality of concentration camps. The innovative graphic storytelling provides a powerful and engaging portrayal of the complex nuances of individual and group identity, especially during extreme circumstances.

In his essay, *Vietnamese Pears: The Fruit War Bore*, **Dang Nguyen** contends with his heritage by reviewing various trials that threatened refugees of the Vietnam War. As he considers the consequences war and immigration have both mentally and socioeconomically, Dang traces sources of his own difficulties as a member of a “spectator generation” raised by those directly impacted. Informed by sources about those afflicted with the psychological trauma of violence and the inhospitable social environment in 1970s-1980s America, he addresses the struggles of his veteran father. Despite limited research on Vietnamese immigrant outcomes, Dang vocalizes many issues that prevent the full assimilation of refugees into the United States, from racial restraints hindering economic development to inattention of an isolated community. Interwoven with short narratives, his essay makes subtle and compelling connections between struggles with abuse and finances and war's aftermath on a parent generation, portraying how many issues have spread into current generations from social negligence. Although wounding, Dang finds solace in accepting his roots beyond being a spectator, but as a participant, a survivor, a reporter, a ‘con.’

Jessica Zhao, in her memoir *Finding Forgiveness*, shares a family narrative that depicts parental division and strife, which involved a unique situation of her father moving to China while she stayed in the US with her mother and brother. After painting a captivating scene from their last family vacation, she considers how distance and alcoholism have shaped her relationship with her father. This essay features richness and complexity as it detangles thoughts and feelings towards the past, present, and future of this relationship. Jessica uses stanzas from Madisen Kuhn's poem *Cheerwine* to organize her lived experiences as she weaves reflection into the narrative. The essay integrates outside sources that contextualize her father-daughter relationship with broader research on alcohol consumption, marital division, and parental alienation, ultimately shifting her perspective from antipathy to forgiveness. The epilogue reveals how these realizations arrived with such timeliness, during one of the most significant moments of her life.

In the final essay, *Cage the Daydream*, **Santiago Orozco** creatively and poignantly chronicles his ongoing struggle, and at times war, with his identity. He draws inspiration from music, film, and scholarly literature to explore and analyze profound moments in his coming of age. Santi dissects and scrutinizes his relationship with himself, his parents, and God, prioritizing vulnerability and honesty to showcase his story as transparently as possible. By personifying consciousness, Santi hopes to demonstrate the perception of his thoughts as not only the catalyst for his issues, but also for their resolution. He details his familial dynamic and recounts the influence his parents have had on his development, and in particular, his self-esteem. By abstractly pitting his own will against his family traditions, discussions of God rise to the forefront as he explores the ways these complex relationships have forced him to question and, eventually, alter them.

Individually and collectively, these essays have pushed my thinking, my emotions, and my teaching, informing my ideas about their various topics, as well as about writing, revising, and collaborating. Each author possesses a distinct voice that comes across loudly and honestly, identifying and sharing with others what the authors think is important, and why, and thus, who they are and/or want to be. By reading these essays you will become part of an ongoing conversation about important and diverse ideas, about how to communicate those ideas in compelling and engaging ways, and ultimately, about how to find and make meaning. I hope that you, too, will be touched or provoked by, resonate or empathize with, and perhaps even be moved to take action as a result of reading the following essays. I invite you to experience these essays both personally and academically, or however you see these two dimensions intertwine.

Cheers!



Maddie Fowler

Attending the 2017 Women's March in Washington, DC was personally

transformative. Being in the midst of a vast crowd of participants from so many diverse backgrounds, all celebrating one common cause - social equality, convinced me of the power of the people to effect change. Having a brother with autism, however, I felt disturbed by the use of mental health issues in derogatory ways by some of the marchers and speakers to describe the president and other politicians. As the day progressed, I felt like something was missing: there were almost no people using wheelchairs, crutches, or canes, and I noticed folks struggling to make it through the crowd safely. This sea of diversity was incomplete.

The next year, in Dr. Marion Quirici's Writing 101 class, I was introduced to the field of disability studies, and to disability justice. Finally encouraged to understand disability as a minority identity just like any other, I realized what was missing at the rally. Despite the incredible progress it has made for social justice, the Women's March is not yet fully inclusive of people with disabilities. Dr. Quirici challenged me to tackle my concerns in my final paper for the class. My hope is that my essay can help modern feminists become even more inclusive in their efforts to ensure equality.

I would like to thank Dr. Quirici for all of her support in thinking about and writing this essay. More importantly, I thank her for introducing me to disability studies, a passion that I did not even know existed until I came to Duke. I am also grateful to Dr. Sheryl Emch and all of the *Deliberations* editors for their improvements to my work, and to my parents for their continuous support of my academic endeavors.

Feminism and Disability in the era of the Women's March

Maddie Fowler

Writing 101: Disability and Representation

Instructor: Marion Quirici

On January 21st, 2017, cries of "this is what democracy looks like" rang out over the inaccessible streets of Washington DC, as women with disabilities struggled to view the stage. This contradiction on the ground revealed the inconvenient fact that the Women's March, for all its ground-breaking advances in gender equality, fell short of inclusiveness for people with disabilities. Disability rights and feminism are inherently linked: most people will experience disability in some form during their lives, and females are more likely than males to become disabled ("Disability and Health"). With the Women's March offering a vision of justice for all, it is critical that the movement include those with disabilities. Modern feminism and the struggle for disability rights have sprung from a common need for equality. For this reason, the forces leading the Women's March must first acknowledge that ableism still exists within the feminist movement today, and then collaborate with the disability rights movement for increased impact.

In my discussion of women in this essay, I seek an all-inclusive working definition of 'woman' that subverts the term's traditional definition and promotes the same equality that I urge the Women's March to adopt in its efforts for disability rights. The Women's March has marginalized groups such as trans women, gender-nonconforming people, and individuals who identify as non-binary, in similar ways to people with disabilities, both through lack of representation as well as through identity-erasing rhetoric (Burns). As explained by Katelyn Burns, writer for *The Establishment*, common acts of feminist activism that idolize typical female anatomy, such as "wearing pussyhats, or chanting about vaginas," can be exclusive and harmful to feminists who do not share this anatomy. Therefore, I take cues from Johanna Hedva, a writer and artist with chronic illness, who uses the term "woman" as a "strategic, all-encompassing embrace and dedication to the particular, rather than the universal." Hedva characterizes 'woman' as a representation of *anyone* who deviates from the social norms, the marginalized, "the un-cared for, the secondary, the oppressed, the non-, the un-, the less than." This definition applies to all oppressed people regardless of gender, sexuality, race, ethnicity, socioeconomic status, or ability. In this context, Hedva's 'woman' can even be "a straight man with depression who's been medicated (managed) since early adolescence and now struggles to work the 60 hours per week that his job demands." According to Hedva, "it can still be radical to be a woman in the 21st century," in a world where the marginalized are expected to be submissive and silent, and even the act of standing up for oneself defies societal standards. Thus, Hedva's definition, expanded to all oppressed groups, performs considerable work for social justice by challenging

traditional norms. I adopt the term to advocate for all marginalized people but particularly for the disabled who are ironically alienated by even the feminist movement.

The Women's March has sparked global change in creating a new political era of widespread feminist activism. The Women's March movement, with sister marches throughout the United States and all seven continents, brought out 4.5 million marchers and was one of the largest human-rights demonstrations in history (Cochrane). The Women's March movement encouraged participants to carry on their resistance beyond march day by supporting the ten collective actions in the first hundred days of Trump's presidency and by scaffolding women running for public office ("Actions"). The response was momentous: schools closed on the planned "Day Without a Woman" (Bassett & Pearson), and an "unprecedented" number of women have become interested in running for public office (O'Keefe and Debonis). As recognized by multiple news services (Cochrane, "The Women's March Heralded", Hesse, Graybill), the Women's March has sparked a new era in which feminism infiltrates the mainstream and political activism has become a part of daily life. If this momentum is to continue, however, the Women's March must include and advocate for disability justice.

I am not suggesting that feminism will overshadow the disability rights movement, as such an assumption would validate the ableist bias that the disability rights movement is incapable of performing societal change on its own. On the contrary, the disability rights movement continues to effect significant change.

Protests and sit-ins organized by ADAPT over the summer of 2017 were decisive in overturning GOP healthcare proposals which threatened community and home services for many citizens with disabilities (Smith). ADAPT protestors also scored recent gains against the December 2017 GOP tax plan that threatened to limit or eliminate services for the disabled (Prazan). Given that the disability rights movement has effectively advocated for people with disabilities on its own accord, the current call for alignment with feminism is itself a call for equality. Recently, the Women's March has been making a concerted effort to support the concerns of oppressed races, ethnicities, genders, and sexualities, while specialized

activist groups such as Black Lives Matter and the LGBT Pride movement continue to flourish separately from the Women's March. To advance towards equality, the disability rights movement should also be embraced as a legitimate concern of the Women's March, as well as a powerful movement of its own.

The Women's March has sidelined people with disabilities largely through its attempts to efficiently promote feminism within the norms of ableist modern society. Since the suffragists of the 19th century claimed their equal right to vote based on their mental and physical equality to men (Baynton 43), feminism has focused on elevating the status of women within the ableist ideological structure of society. While effectively advancing the interests of women, these arguments implied that disenfranchisement for those who are not physically or mentally



Photo by Maddie Fowler

equivalent is justifiable. The 1848 Seneca Falls Resolutions state that women are “invested by the Creator with the same capabilities,” justifying that the physical and mental abilities of women are what make them deserving of the vote, rather than their natural human right as United States citizens (National Woman’s Party). This ideology is also reflected in the propaganda of the suffragist movement. The poster “American Woman and Her Political Peers,” picturing intelligent-looking women amidst a group of men described as “idiots,” questioned the idea that women were mentally inferior to men (Briggs-Wall, Baynton 44). As a further example of how disability was disavowed by feminists, prominent figure Sojourner Truth disguised her own disability in portraits by covering her disabled hand with sewing projects (Minister). Despite the incredible progress spearheaded by the suffragists, this precedent has led to the fashioning of ableist political tools in favor of the feminist movement’s political productivity.

One such exclusionary factor is the stereotypical characterizations of disability in feminist rhetoric language. As explained by disability studies scholar Sami Schalk, the use of disability rhetoric often functions to place “feminism... as the great savior” for the metaphorical ‘disability’ inflicted by the patriarchy. This is all too visible in the rhetoric of the Women’s March, such as when esteemed feminist Gloria Steinem mocked Trump as having “widely reported symptoms of mental instability” on stage on march day. Other common instances of this ableist language include assertions that the proponents of the patriarchy “are blind to their privilege,” and “emotionally crippled,” or that social actions “fall on deaf ears” (Whitestone). During an era in which the president himself, often portrayed as the antithesis to the Women’s March movement, has mocked people with disabilities, the Women’s March should be actively renouncing rather than repeating such violent gestures. Such language is unnecessary and will only hinder the movement.

The Women’s March also excludes women with disabilities through its definition of the feminist ideal. In fact, author Alison Kafer states in her monograph, *Feminist, Queer, Crip*, that much central feminist thought “simply assumes that a feminist future is, by definition, one without disability and disabled bodies” (70). The standards surrounding sexuality and motherhood, as well as the demands for continuous energy and selflessness are all positive values, but can be exclusionary when treated as the only accepted feminist models. A significant characteristic of modern feminism is grounded in a woman’s strong connection with her sexuality and reproductive abilities, and celebrates her freedom and power over these qualities. Ashley Judd shared this perspective at the march in her performance of Nina Donovan’s poem, “I Am a Nasty Woman,” declaring “our pussies are for our pleasure. They are for birthing new generations of filthy, vulgar, nasty, proud, Christian, Muslim, Buddhist, Sikh, you name it, for new generations of nasty women.” However, in the ableist US society that assumes people with disabilities are asexual and incapable of caring for dependents, endorsing this reproductive model of womanhood can be marginalizing, often excluding women with disabilities from this celebration of sexuality and motherhood. As scholar D.A. Caeton explains, “for people with disabilities the issue has consistently been not whether they should obey the dictates of a compulsory heterosexuality, but whether they should disobey society’s injunction against reproducing at all.” Scholar Margaret Lloyd expands this argument to caretaking as well, arguing that feminism has not recognized the struggle that many women with disabilities face to be seen as capable of being mothers and caretakers (719). This bias is reflected in the Women’s March, from the original platform framing people with disabilities solely as burdensome recipients rather than providers of care (Ladau), to the fact that the Women’s March has promoted many times more messages and actions for reproductive rights than it has for the rights of women with disabilities (“Actions”). While these messages

allow for necessary progress in feminism, they should not be the default model for all feminists. More work must be done within feminism to fight the stereotypes of asexuality and dependence facing women with disabilities.

The Women's March likewise only promotes a single model for feminist activism, assuming continuous and selfless exertion for the cause. As stated by scholar Susan Wendell, "commitment to a cause is usually equated to energy expended," (167) and many feminists believe that "all significant contributions to feminist movements happen in meetings, at public events, and in demonstrations on the streets" (166). This mode of activism is simply unrealistic, and even dangerous, for many women with disabilities and chronic illness, creating the idea that women with disabilities cannot truly be committed feminist activists (Wendell 166). This standard was on full display on march day when Gloria Steinem declared that "sometimes we must put our bodies where our beliefs are. Sometimes pressing send is not enough," evoking the idea that those absent from the march were less than true advocates of feminism. The accessible online Women's March, which was supposedly designed to allow participation for those who could not attend in person, was clearly disparaged by statements and sentiments such as these. The setup of the march itself, forcing marchers to remain on the streets in the cold for a matter of hours with almost no rest areas or accessible toilets, and no freedom of mobility due to crowding (Bonde and Bonde), also conveyed the sentiment that true feminist activists would tolerate these exhausting circumstances. The ideal feminist for whom the Women's March was constructed was clearly a nondisabled one.

The Women's March also exhibits the current political attitudes toward disability. Disability issues are often considered 'special' interests, that have no relevance to the nondisabled population. On a national scale, as of February 1, 2016, only three of the eight major presidential candidates

included a section on disability in their platform (Agrawal). Similarly, the Women's March originally did not include disability rights within its official platform, and omitted it from many discussions of issues including race, LGBT status, and workers' rights (Ladau). While some improvements have been made in this area, the Women's March organizers only included one out of 44 speakers to address disability rights at the march: Senator Tammy Duckworth. The organizers have yet to recognize her on their website (Bonde and Bonde, "Speakers"). The march also lists no disability rights organizations as contributors to their platform ("Guiding Vision and Definition of Principles."). As described by attendees, the limited accessibility of the march gave the impression that the need for accommodations was "both addressed and ignored." While some accommodations were present, such as an Americans with Disabilities Act (ADA) accessibility tent and a few accessible toilets, these resources were all far too small and too distant from each other for marchers with disabilities to make use of them (Bonde and Bonde). Disability seemed to be more of an afterthought than a priority.

These forces of ableist rhetoric, standards for the ideal feminist, and political apathy have forged a modern feminism that sidelines women with disabilities, and therefore fails the feminist agenda of equality for all whom are oppressed. These divides, however, are not set in stone. They are fixable, and the Women's March will benefit immensely from a disability perspective, just as the disability rights movement will benefit from inclusion in modern feminism. Disability is an intersectional identity that fundamentally opposes all standards and norms. Thus, disability studies scholar Rosemarie Garland-Thomson reveals how integrating disability studies into feminist theory challenges the normative image of the body and provides validation for all deviations that the patriarchy seeks to mark as inferior, be they by race, sexuality, gender, or disability (4, 10-14).

Photo by Maddie Fowler



This new emphasis on intersectionality allows the feminist movement to break free from societal standards and extend membership to all people, no matter how they may deviate from the norm. It should lead to expanded membership, which will significantly increase the numbers, votes, and overall power of the movement.

The radical inclusivity and breaking of norms that comes from a disability justice perspective will not only expand the numbers of the movement but also increase the forms of activism that the Women's March will adopt. Judy Rohrer asserts how disability justice challenges expectations of "individualism and exaggerated self-reliance" in favor of "interdependence and reciprocity" -- feminists lifting each other up and supporting the unique needs of every individual. This new "feminist ethic" offers an alternative to the current feminist model of activism as an individual effort, thus expanding the idea of who can be an activist (49). Embracing new practices of activism beyond the traditional "marching-on-Washington or chaining-yourself-to-a-bus modes," (23) as stated by Garland-Thomson, will advance equality in both public and private spheres. Supporting this claim, Hedva's "Sick Woman Theory" asserts that "most modes of political protest are internalized, lived, embodied, suffering, and no doubt invisible." She explains that it is within one's own body and mind where oppression most affects the individual, and therefore the very existence, empowerment, and care for the marginalized is in itself a rebellion against the systems of inequality (Hedva, emphasis in original). This ideology welcomes both visible and invisible forms of protest that evoke change not only on a political level, but also allow the individual to experience progress within their own social circle. "Sick Woman Theory" means that it is necessary to include both the personal and the public realms in feminist activism.

Inclusion of disability justice will even improve upon the ableist language of the Women's March. In addition to appealing to a wider audience, disability rights activism offers a stronger and more effective form of irony to encourage change. As shown by Rohrer, irony is a strong rhetorical device, enabling feminists to make efficient and cogent arguments for justice while at the same time "striving for a radically different world in which things are not tied up in neat metanarratives" (43). The disability rights perspective improves this irony by highlighting the dissonance between an existence under oppression and an existence at all (Rohrer 44). Rohrer explains that disability rights activists confront ableism through the use of irony "to call attention to imposed (mis)representations and new self-definitions while at the same time acknowledging the contingency and fluidity of their identity" (44). One example that epitomizes the impact of this irony was organized by ADAPT. At a demonstration for the passage of the ADA in 1990, three dozen protestors hoisted themselves from their wheelchairs and attempted to

drag themselves up the steps to Capitol Hill, carrying scrolls of the introduction to the Declaration of Independence (Rohrer 46). Exposing the irony of the words, "we the people," in light of the inaccessibility of ableist governmental structures and policies, the demonstrators highlighted the lack of effort and concern necessary from the government to follow through on such political claims (Rohrer 46). Similarly, the Women's March could adopt such irony to advocate for oppressed identities. These tools are far more accurate and effective than the current feminist techniques of associating disability with the patriarchy.

Collaboration between the disability rights and feminist communities will also strengthen the disability rights movement. Historically focused on the societal oppression and categorization of deviant bodies, feminism allows disability to be viewed in a more intersectional context, as a political identity rather than an "individual pathology or personal tragedy" (Kafer 25). In fact, Kafer contends that it is feminism that has "given [her] the theoretical tools to think critically about disability" (25). Feminism's drive for activism, particularly activism continually informed by theory, has also been recognized by both Kafer and Garland-Thomson, and provides the mechanisms of action that allow for the disability rights agenda to be implement societal change. As demonstrated at the beginning of this essay, the Women's March has been a powerhouse for progress. From a strategic perspective, partnering with feminism thus offers a portal to mainstream society, a highly organized and politically activated infrastructure, and a chance to ally with a much larger group. Inclusion of disability in the feminist movement will blaze a trail for public change for disability rights.

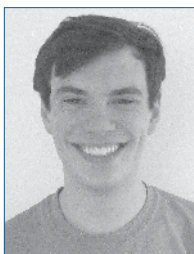
The Women's March has brought equal rights into the mainstream public sphere, yet has undermined its intentions for true equality by omitting disabled activists and would-be activists in favor of political productivity. While proponents of modern feminism may not intentionally aim to exclude people with disabilities, by operating from the foundations of ableist political practice set during the suffrage movement, they promote the same ideology of ability that was used to justify the disenfranchisement of people with disabilities in the mid-to-late 1800's. In order for significant and lasting reform to take place, we must not simply end the use of ableist political tools, but also reevaluate the entire ideology of productivity before inclusion that founded modern feminism. First and foremost, we must design all feminist efforts with disability in mind and in direct consultation with people with disabilities and disability justice organizations. This includes taking action, planning protests and acts of advocacy, building platforms and mission statements, and producing media. Marches should be planned to be as accessible as possible, and all other political events should be held in facilities compliant with the ADA, employ sign language interpreters, and any other accommodations that

may be necessary. Alternative forms of protest, such as the online Women's March, should be developed and celebrated as equally important as marching in the streets. Feminist leaders should make a concerted effort to become informed about the injustices facing women with disabilities, and to promote awareness of these issues. These are only a few areas in which to begin the collaboration between the feminist and disability rights movements. The Women's March must

act as a model of equality to the rest of society, meaning it must be inclusive of all disadvantaged groups. In excluding the disabled, mainstream feminism has been hindering itself from breaking the glass ceiling it has so long been resisting; fortunately, change is possible, and perhaps even already occurring, within the movement. Collaboration between the Women's March and the disability rights movement can truly advance human rights for *all* people.

Works Cited

- "Actions." *Women's March*, www.womensmarch.com/actions/.
- Agrawal, Susan. "Disability Issues: Where Do the Candidates Stand?" *Complex Child Magazine*, 26 Jan. 2016, complexchild.org/articles/2016-articles/february/disability-issues-candidates/.
- Bassett, Laura, and Catherine Pearson. "'Day Without A Woman' Strike Is Closing Schools Around The Country." *The Huffington Post*, *TheHuffingtonPost.com*, 7 Mar. 2017, www.huffingtonpost.com/entry/womens-strike-closing-schools_us_58bda6cbe4b09ab537d56988.
- Baynton, Douglas. "Disability and the Justification of Inequality in American History." *The New Disability History: American Perspectives*, by Paul K. Longmore and Lauri Umansky, New York University Press, 2001, pp. 33–45.
- Bonde, Soph, and Helena Bonde. "A Critical Look at the Women's March: a Disability Perspective." *Argot Magazine*, 27 Jan. 2017, www.argotmagazine.com/first-person-and-perspectives/a-critical-look-at-the-womens-march-a-disability-perspective.
- Briggs-Wall, Henrietta. *American Woman and Her Political Peers*. 1893.
- Burns, Katelyn. "How 'Pussy Hats' Made Me Feel Excluded—And Then Welcomed—At The Women's March." *The Establishment*, 23 Jan. 2017, theestablishment.co/how-pussy-hats-made-me-feel-excluded-and-then-welcomed-at-the-womens-march-ef11dae19c54.
- Caeton, D.A. "Choice of a Lifetime: Disability, Feminism, and Reproductive Rights." *Disability Studies Quarterly*, vol. 31, no. 1, Nov. 2011.
- Cochrane, Kira. "'Something's Happening ...' How the Women's March Inspired a New Era of Resistance." *The Guardian*, Guardian News and Media, 6 Mar. 2017, www.theguardian.com/world/2017/mar/06/somethings-happening-how-the-womens-march-inspired-a-new-era-of-resistance.
- "Disability and Health." *Centers for Disease Control and Prevention*, Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, 20 Aug. 2015, www.cdc.gov/ncbddd/disabilityandhealth/features/key-findings-community-prevalence.html.
- Garland-Thomson, Rosemarie. "Integrating Disability, Transforming Feminist Theory." *NWSA Journal*, vol. 14, no. 3, 2002, pp. 1–32.
- Graybill, Emily. "Women's March: A New Era Of Activism." *The Echo*, 30 Jan. 2017, www.cluecho.com/2017/01/womens-march-new-era-activism/.
- "Guiding Vision and Definition of Principles." *Women's March on Washington*, static1.squarespace.com/static/584086c7be6594762f5ec56e/t/587fbf20579fb3554668c111/1484782369253/WMW+Guiding+Vision+%26+Definition+of+Principles.pdf.
- Hedva, Johanna. "Sick Woman Theory." *Mask Magazine*, Jan. 2016, www.maskmagazine.com/not-again/struggle/sick-woman-theory.
- Hesse, Monica. "Thousands Demonstrated against Trump in Philly. Is This a New Era of Perpetual Protest?" *The Washington Post*, WP Company, 26 Jan. 2017, www.washingtonpost.com/politics/thousands-demonstrated-against-trump-in-philly-is-this-a-new-era-of-perpetual-protest/2017/01/26/5385dca2-e3ef-11e6-a453-19ec4b3d09ba_story.html?utm_term=.a78d1ed797a3.
- Judd, Ashley, and Nina Donovan. "I Am a Nasty Woman." *Cosmopolitan*. Women's March on Washington, 21 Jan. 2017, Washington DC, Independence Avenue SW and 3rd Street, www.cosmopolitan.com/entertainment/a8625295/ashley-judd-womens-march-speech/.
- Kafer, Alison. *Feminist, Queer, Crip*. Bloomington: Indiana UP, 2013. *Disability in the Modern World Database*. Web.
- Ladau, Emily. "Why Are Disability Rights Absent From The Women's March Platform?" *The Establishment*, *The Establishment*, 16 Jan. 2017, theestablishment.co/disability-rights-are-conspicuously-absent-from-the-womens-march-platform-1d61cee62593.
- Lloyd, Margaret. "The Politics of Disability and Feminism: Discord or Synthesis?" *Sociology*, vol. 35, no. 3, 2001, pp. 715–728., doi:10.1017/s0038038501000360.
- Minister, Meredith. "Female, Black, and Able: Representations of Sojourner Truth and Theories of Embodiment." *Disability Studies Quarterly*, vol. 32, no. 1, 2012, doi:10.18061/dsq.v32i1.3030.
- National Woman's Party, "Resolutions Adopted at Seneca Falls Convention, 1848." *Equal Rights, Vol. 01, no. 01, February 17, 1923*, by National Woman's Party, 1923. pp. 6.
- O'Keefe, Ed, and Mike DeBonis. "Democrats Partner with Political Newcomers Aiming to Create Anti-Trump Wave in 2018 Midterms." *The Washington Post*, WP Company, 21 Apr. 2017, www.washingtonpost.com/politics/democrats-partner-with-political-newcomers-hoping-to-create-anti-trump-wave-in-2018-midterms/2017/04/21/91514ec8-2502-11e7-bb9d-8cd6118e1409_story.html?tid=ss_tw&utm_term=.8024d7415516.
- Prazan, Phil. "Advocates for People with Disabilities Fear a Tax Cut Means a Service Cut." *KXAN.com*, Nexstar Broadcasting, Inc., 8 Dec. 2017, kxan.com/2017/12/08/advocates-for-people-with-disabilities-fear-a-tax-cut-means-a-service-cut/.
- Rohrer, Judy. "Toward a Full-Inclusion Feminism: A Feminist Deployment of Disability Analysis." *Feminist Studies*, vol. 31, no. 1, Jan. 2005, p. 34–63.
- Schalk, Sami. "Metaphorically Speaking: Ableist Metaphors in Feminist Writing." *Disability Studies Quarterly*, vol. 33, no. 4, May 2013, doi:10.18061/dsq.v33i4.3874.
- Smith, S.E. "Disabled and Disobedient: How ADAPT Activists Blocked the GOP Healthcare Bill." *In These Times*, IN THESE TIMES AND THE INSTITUTE FOR PUBLIC AFFAIRS, 28 July 2017, inthesetimes.com/article/20368/disabled-and-disobedient-how-adapt-activists-killed-the-gop-healthcare-bill/.
- "Speakers." *Women's March*, www.womensmarch.com/speakers.
- Steinem, Gloria. "Women's March on Washington." *Elle*. Women's March on Washington, 21 Jan. 2017, Washington DC, Independence Avenue SW and 3rd Street, www.elle.com/culture/news/a42331/gloria-steinem-womens-march-speech/.
- Wendell, Susan. "Unhealthy Disabled: Treating Chronic Illnesses as Disabilities." *Hypatia*, vol. 16, no. 4, 2001, pp. 17–33.
- Whitstone, Sara. "How Mainstream Feminism Continues to Perpetuate Ableism (And How We Can Change That)." *Everyday Feminism*, 29 Jan. 2015, everydayfeminism.com/2015/01/how-feminism-perpetuates-ableism/.
- "Women's March Heralded New Era of Activism." *Easton Courier*, 26 Jan. 2017, www.eastoncourier.com/50448/womens-march-heralded-new-era-of-activism/.



John Ball

I am a STEM student. If I had the time to major in mathematics, biology, chemistry, physics and computer science,

I would do it all in a heartbeat. In addition, I thoroughly enjoy discussing and analyzing film, so I am also working towards a certificate in Arts of the Moving Image. When it came time to choose a Writing 101 course, however, I decided to look for a class that gave more diversity to my course load. Upon reading the course description for *Writing 101: Language and Power*, a course on linguistic anthropology, I was very intrigued at the thought of analyzing language as a means of understanding culture, and I was excited to test my deductive reasoning skills in a field that was entirely new to me.

When it came time to write my final paper, I had difficulty choosing a topic for my research. Knowing my STEM focus, my professor, Dr. Welji, helped me direct my focus toward a contemporary issue that I had a strong desire to address: the underrepresentation of women in STEM. She then asked what medium I would like to analyze, so naturally I chose film. With my topic and material chosen, it did not take me long to find two PSAs, one from Verizon and the other from Microsoft, that both addressed this issue, but in drastically different ways. After analyzing these videos individually, I wondered how these videos assigned responsibility for the underrepresentation of women in STEM, and thus, a research paper was born.

I would like to thank Dr. Haleema Welji for her endless support and her tolerance for my endless stream of questions during the semester. Her wisdom and passion for the field of linguistic anthropology makes her a stellar instructor and writing mentor; she was an invaluable asset to my first-year education at Duke. I would also like to thank Dr. Sheryl Welte Emch for her editing ingenuity and constructive feedback during the preparation of this paper for publication; she made the entire process educational and fun, which are the hallmarks of an excellent teacher.

“Who’s my pretty girl?”: A Linguistic Investigation Regarding the Agency of Young Girls Interested in Science

John Ball

Writing 101: Language and Power

Instructor: Haleema Welji

Over the past fifty years, women have become increasingly able to pursue their desired careers, and society has begun to introduce gender equity into the work force. Despite these progressive attempts, however, the fact remains that women are still underrepresented in the fields of science, technology, engineering, and mathematics (often abbreviated as STEM). As a result, there have been numerous attempts to address this issue and counterbalance the inequality in STEM. Verizon Wireless and Microsoft, for example, have independently aired two public service announcements (PSA), “Inspire Her Mind” and “What Are You Going To Make?” respectively, that advocate for elementary and secondary school-aged girls to pursue their scientific interests.

Although they appear to be advocating for the same issue, the two PSAs have drastically different messages with regard to agency, which is “*the human capacity to act*” (Ahearn, 1999). The Verizon PSA critiques the construction of the social norms surrounding young girls interested in science and places agency on parents to enact change. Contrastingly, the Microsoft PSA emphasizes a *deconstruction* of these norms and places agency on the girls themselves, as well as the education system. When viewed together, these two pieces of contemporary media elucidate the systemic survival of the prejudices that affect these girls. These two PSAs independently isolate the girls, the parents, and primary school science educators who directly perpetuate these social norms; however, by putting these PSAs together, it becomes clear that the agency of these groups are not mutually exclusive but rather inextricably intertwined. Through a linguistic analysis of both PSAs, it is possible to deduce how these norms are perpetuated, as well as who has the agency to address them.

These two PSAs imply that the underrepresentation of women in STEM fields is caused by a dissuasion of interest at an early age. In order to ultimately address *who* can fight this trend, we must begin by analyzing *how* girls lose their interest in the sciences in the first place. The two PSAs suggest that in the pursuit of their STEM interests, girls must also challenge two standards placed on them by society:

1. *A girl’s stereotypically feminine appearance is more important than her interest in science.*
2. *Girls are unqualified to study science.*

Each of these PSAs communicate these norms placed on young girls interested in science (referred to as YGIS norms for this paper). The Verizon PSA takes the approach of focusing on how a young, impressionable girl experiences and accepts these standards as her parents enforce them. In contrast, the Microsoft PSA highlights a set of girls who challenge these standards, while emphasizing the agency of the

school system and educators. Furthermore, the Microsoft PSA further unites girls by including a variety of ages and races, which serves to strengthen the agency of the girls themselves.

The Parental Enforcement of the YGIS Norms

In order to challenge the social norms placed on young girls interested in science, the Verizon PSA dedicates itself to highlighting how the norms are created. The video follows a girl named Samantha who has a variety of STEM interests and whose parents repeatedly discourage her curiosity as she grows older. By the end of the PSA, Samantha has lost all of her scientific interests, indicated by her walking up to a science fair poster and using the display case as a mirror for putting on her lip gloss. The PSA demonstrates how microaggressive comments from her parents cause Samantha to embody the sexist norms describing young women. A microaggression is defined as “a comment or action that subtly and often unconsciously or unintentionally expresses a prejudiced attitude toward a member of a marginalized group” (Merriam-Webster, 2018). While microaggressions are typically associated with race (Wing Sue et al., 2007), there are obvious parallels with gender. The concept of banal sexism investigated in Cameron’s 2017 blog, for example, suggests that commonplace, sexist comments can have the same pejorative effects on females as racist microaggressions have on minorities.

Samantha begins with a wide array of STEM interests: geology, mathematics, marine biology, astronomy, and engineering, which are demonstrated throughout the first 41 seconds of the PSA. However, her parents criticize each of her interests, instead emphasizing her appearance and reinforcing her lady-like behavior. Her mother begins by condemning her interest in nature, as can be seen in the following excerpt (see appendix for full Verizon transcript):

VERIZON TRANSCRIPT 0:07-0:14

- 2 **Mother: Who’s my pretty girl?**
 - 3 **Samantha: *Samantha counting rocks* eight... nine... ten... eleven...**
 - 4 **Mother: *Samantha walking through the woods* Sammy sweetie, don’t get**
 - 5 **your dress dirty**
 - .
 - .
 - .
 - 13 ***Samantha walks up to science fair poster. Puts on lip gloss. Somber music playing***
-

In this seven-second clip (lines 2-5), Samantha’s mother reinforces the norm that girls should be more focused on their appearance than their interests in science. Samantha’s mother criticizes her for playing in the woods, concerned about Samantha getting her dress dirty. In this interaction, Samantha’s mother made her stop pursuing an early interest in environmental science, and justified her command by pointing out that Samantha must prioritize her appearance. As a result, as shown in line 13 of the transcript, when Samantha walks up to the science fair poster, she ignores the poster, puts on makeup, and walks away.

This interaction demonstrates how this appearance-oriented behavior can be initiated by outsiders. In this case, Samantha’s mother is the one to convey this norm,





which Samantha exemplifies by attending to her looks instead of reading the poster. Surprisingly, this subtle emphasis mimics similar trends found in Frederick Thomas Attenborough's research on the sexualization of women in the media, specifically scientific media. In the article, "Complicating the sexualization thesis: The media, gender, and 'sci-candy,'" Attenborough investigated how the media describes two specific, attractive scientists: Professor Brian Cox and Dr. Laura Grant. His findings revealed that there is much more emphasis on Grant's appearance and less emphasis on her academic achievements in comparison to Cox, and even though Cox and Grant were both sexualized by the media, they were not "subjected to the *same* processes of sexualization" (Attenborough, 2011). When these two attractive celebrity scientists were described in the media, the descriptions of being attractive and intelligent came in the opposite order: Cox, a man, was discussed as intelligent in addition to being attractive, while Grant, a woman, was discussed as being attractive in addition to being intelligent (Attenborough, 2011). On a much smaller scale, the same trend applies as Samantha's mother highlights Samantha's "pretty" appearance (line 2), while deemphasizing her curiosity and her interests. As suggested by the Verizon PSA, the perpetuation of this social norm comes from the microaggressive comments towards girls interested in science.

In the following clip, the Verizon PSA continues by illustrating another reason why girls lose their interests in STEM at a young age.

VERIZON TRANSCRIPT 0:31-0:40

- 10 *Close up of Samantha's
pink fingernails*
 - 11 Father: *Samantha using drill* Woah. Hey! Careful with
that. Why don't you
 - 12 hand that to your brother? *Samantha
hands drill to brother*
-

In this scene, Samantha's father is criticizing her use of a power drill and tells her to hand it to her brother. This interaction implies that her father does not trust her to safely use a drill because she is a girl. As opposed to helping Samantha use the drill correctly, her father offers no guidance and instructs her to abandon the project. This lack of support demonstrates a caustic indifference that hinders Samantha's interest in engineering. Samantha certainly looks as if she is capable of holding a drill, so the PSA seems to be admonishing parents who do not have confidence in their daughters' capabilities. This explanation suggests that her father is apathetic to her interest in engineering, and thus supports the societal norm that girls are unqualified to study science.

These two vivid examples illustrate how microaggressive language sustains the two YGIS norms: girls are absorbed in their looks, and they are unqualified to pursue their STEM interests. In comparison, the Microsoft PSA thoroughly deconstructs these two standards, but instead of parents, the PSA calls the actions of educators into question.

The Deconstruction of the YGIS Norms

The Verizon PSA primarily focuses on critiquing the formation of the YGIS norms; however, it does not explicitly address the fact that these standards affect many types of girls. The PSA simply ends with a narrator instructing parents to be

more supportive of their daughters' interests in STEM. As a result, an uninformed viewer may mistakenly think that parenting differently would solve this ongoing problem. Contrastingly, the Microsoft PSA is dedicated to illustrating how the underrepresentation of women in STEM is a much more complex problem that affects many races and ages. In this PSA, when eleven girls are asked first to name as many inventors as they can, they easily name male inventors such as Benjamin Franklin and Nikola Tesla. When the girls are then asked to name as many *female* inventors as they can, they are unable to name any, so the PSA continues by listing many influential female inventors. At the end of the video, the girls share their new realizations that the modern education system deemphasizes the achievements of women in science.

The goal of the Microsoft PSA is to demonstrate the diversity of young girls who share the same challenges of pursuing STEM interests. This diversity is demonstrated through a variety of different clothing styles, ages, and races, all of which challenge the YGIS norms. The PSA begins with a girl sitting crisscross on the floor; she is approximately eight years old, white, and wearing a pink sweater. Even though this girl is initially shown for only eight seconds of the PSA, Microsoft uses this girl the most; she appears three times, while all other girls are shown only once or twice. This girl serves as a comparison for the viewer as the PSA immediately continues by challenging the expectation that a girl's feminine appearance is a higher priority than her interests in STEM. The second girl that appears in the video (0:11) is wearing a green, camo-style sweatshirt, and in later scenes (0:34 and 1:12), two girls are wearing completely monochromatic outfits - greyish-white collared shirts with a black necktie or sweater (see Appendix for pictures of all eleven girls). These three girls challenge this societal expectation by wearing colors and outfits that are not traditionally associated with being feminine, such as the first girl's pink sweater.

The PSA continues by challenging the belief that girls are unqualified to study science by interviewing progressively older girls (see 0:34 to 0:46). Just like the Verizon PSA shows the growth of Samantha from when she was a little girl to when she is in her early teenage years, the Microsoft PSA shows girls' interest in science over time. The key difference, however, is that the Verizon PSA shows Samantha gradually losing interest in science, while the Microsoft PSA demonstrates that a continued passion for STEM is possible as girls grow older. This implies that the girls in the Microsoft PSA have found themselves able to keep pace with the intellectual demands of STEM, thus demonstrating their competence in the field and challenging the social norm.

While critiquing the YGIS norms, the Microsoft PSA also highlights that the problems facing young girls interested in science are universal, affecting girls of all races. This is seen through the interviews of two Asian girls (0:15 and 0:41), two African-American girls (0:21, 0:31, and 1:09), and one other non-white girl (1:12). Furthermore, the Microsoft PSA lists the names of all the names of the girls interviewed (see appendix for full Microsoft transcript):

MICROSOFT TRANSCRIPT 1:21-1:24

- 34 <<So REBECCA, COURTNEY, ROSE,
SARAH, SOFIA, JENNY, KALIA,>>
35 GIANA, MISHA, ALYSSA, SALIMA
36 <<what are you going to make?>>
-

By having the girls' names in all capital letters, flashing across the screen, this emphasizes how the names are not all from English origin, such as "Kalia" and "Misha."



The Microsoft PSA is expanding the definition of what it means to be a young girl interested in science to include girls of any age or race. This effectively broadens the intended audience of the PSA – it addresses *all* girls sharing *only* one characteristic: an interest in science. Through the breakdown of the norms surrounding them, this allows the PSA to take a holistic and pragmatic approach to the issue. In other words, this is *not* an issue regarding girls of a specific appearance, age, or race, but rather this is an issue that all girls face.

Agency as a Means of Change

As a result of analyzing the perpetuation of the norms surrounding young girls interested in science, it is now possible to determine the potential causes of the stereotypes. Between the two PSAs, the most significant difference is in their placement of agency. Investigating this seemingly minor difference can yield profound explanations as to why there is still a large disproportion of women in STEM. Regarding the concept of gender studies within the field of linguistic anthropology, Ahearn argues that language affects the existence of agency through its effects on gendered social structures (Ahearn, 1999). Therefore, it is necessary to analyze where these two PSAs place agency. In other words, who has the *capacity* to fix these norms surrounding girls' relationship to science?

As stated earlier, the Verizon PSA places agency on the parents of girls interested in STEM. Consider the ending of the PSA:

VERIZON TRANSCRIPT 0:47-1:02

- 14 Narrator: Our words can have a huge impact.**
15 <<66% of 4th grade girls say they like science and math.>>
16 <<But only 18% of college engineering majors are female.>>
17 Narrator: Isn't it time we told her she's pretty brilliant too? Encourage her love
18 of science and technology, and inspire her to change the world.
-

The introduction of a third-party narrator reveals an outside perspective, a perspective that directly delivers Verizon's message. The narrator uses personal plural pronouns such as "our" and "we" in order to connect and align themselves with the audience of the PSA. When the narrator states, "Our words can have a huge impact," it is clear that the narrator is addressing parents, since Samantha's parents were the only ones to speak throughout the ad. This intended audience is further supported by the title of the PSA itself, "Inspire Her Mind." The objective pronoun "her" illustrates that the ad is *not* addressing Samantha as the intended recipient of the message, but rather those who influence her. The narrator uses Samantha to represent all young girls and her parents to represent the target audience of all caregivers, with the goal of communicating that girls can and should pursue STEM, and thus, parents should encourage their daughters' pursuits of such interests. In other words, the PSA is placing the agency on parents, indicating that parents have the ability to act in ways that will effect change for these young girls. By placing agency on parents, the PSA is encouraging parents to eliminate the limitations – as embodied in the YGIS norms – that are placed on these budding scientists.



To imply that parents are the *sole* cause of the problem, however, would be misleading. The Verizon PSA surely illustrates one source of the issue, and likewise places agency on one group of people. On the other hand, the Microsoft PSA provides an alternative view by never mentioning the parents. The young girls have agency themselves, demonstrated first and foremost by the title, “What Are You Going To Make?” in comparison to “Inspire Her Mind”. The Microsoft PSA chooses the second-person pronoun, “you,” to immediately establish the target audience specifically as young girls interested in science. The PSA concludes by addressing each of the girls *individually* by listing their names on the screen, thus making it more likely for a young girl watching this PSA to feel as if the PSA is directly talking to her; in turn, she will be more likely to believe that the PSA is emphasizing *her own* abilities in science. The Microsoft PSA, in its attempt to deconstruct the norms surrounding girls in science, is attempting to revolutionize the way society views the underrepresentation of women in science. Agency has typically been placed in a manner similar to the Verizon ad: Instead of promoting the girls’ agency, agency is placed on a superior, such as a parent. In contrast, the Microsoft PSA is shifting its audience to the girls themselves in order to deliver its message: Girls need to be motivated to pursue their interests in STEM and fight the norms surrounding them. By placing agency on these girls directly, the Microsoft PSA is enabling these potential female scientists to have a voice in their own destiny.

The Microsoft PSA also goes beyond simply placing agency on the girls themselves. In addition to attempting to motivate girls directly, the PSA is simultaneously, and indirectly, highlighting the systemic educational problems that are also perpetuating the underrepresentation of girls in science. For example, at 0:08, the girls are asked to name inventors, and unsurprisingly, they come up with a variety of answers: Da Vinci, Tesla, Einstein, etc. When the girls are explicitly asked to identify *women* inventors, however, they are left speechless:



MICROSOFT TRANSCRIPT 0:24-0:46

- 17 <<Can you name any women inventors?>>
 18 Girl 1: Hm ... Nooo.
 19 Girl 7: *click with tongue* That’s kind of a tough one.
 20 Girl 8: Hm. Um ...
 21 Girl 9: Um *intake air, points to camera* ... Um ...
 22 Girl 10: In school, it was always a male inventor. *chuckles* I just realized that.
- .
 .
 .
- 33 Girl 11: You’re surprised because they only talk about Einstein and Benjamin,
 34 but you never hear a girl in the conversation.
-

This is indicative of symbolic violence, a term used in linguistic anthropology to describe the use of subtle language in order to reinforce some sort of cultural dominance (Bourdieu, 1991). In this case, the language used by educators is being used to convey a norm that inventors are assumed to be male; they are neglecting

to acknowledge the accomplishments made by women. In fact, it is only in this conversation that Girl 10 (in line 22) realizes that educators only teach about *male* inventors, and therefore she illustrates how girls in the educational system are completely unaware of how women are deemphasized in school, especially in science. Later in the video, when Girl 11 uses the ambiguous pronoun “they,” she introduces a third, unspecified party that inhibits the progress of girls in STEM. In effect, the Microsoft PSA places agency on those who influence the curriculum taught in elementary and secondary schools. For educators, the PSA emphasizes that change cannot come through the girls (or parents) by themselves, but educators must take action as well.

A Notion of Multilateral Agency

Through the analysis of the Verizon and Microsoft PSAs, this paper develops the notion of agency as a linguistic resource for analyzing social dynamics. If the underrepresentation of young girls interested in science were analyzed through the perspective of a single group, the solution to the problem at hand becomes very limited. For example, since the Verizon PSA emphasizes the agency of parents, one may think that the problem can only be solved through parental action. Contrastingly, through the Microsoft PSA, one may think that these girls need to utilize their own agency and pursue their interests by themselves. However, these individual viewpoints are restrictive, and this research emphasizes that agency can be multilateral. On one hand, it may be unsurprising to find that multiple groups have agency on the same issue. However, a subtle nuance which should be noted is that the agency of these separate groups seems to be dependent on whether all groups decide to act or not.

For example, imagine that educators reformed the education system to be inclusive of girls in STEM, and parents were supportive of young girls interested in science. If these girls were not self-motivated to pursue their interests, the actions of educators and parents would be ineffective at increasing the number of women in science because the actions of one group inhibit the actions of the others. The same would be true for any combination of girls, parents, and educators taking - or not taking - action. The entirety of the problem can be addressed only if all three groups are viewed together. Therefore, multilateral agency would refer to instances where different groups of individuals who have agency can be effective if, and only if, all groups involved act on their respective abilities. Each of these groups must act from their respective side of an issue to allow the efforts of other groups to be effective, hence the phrase “multilateral”. This concept of multilateral agency could be fruitful to the field of linguistic anthropology by helping researchers to analyze the causes of complex social interactions and the issues caused by them, such as the underrepresentation of women in STEM fields.



Conclusion

“Inspire Her Mind” and “What Are You Going To Make?” make substantial progress in analyzing and demonstrating the causes behind the disproportionate representation of women in science. The Verizon PSA demonstrates the various YGIS norms, while the Microsoft PSA challenges them. Since both of these PSAs address the YGIS norms, they are indicative that the heart of the issue stems from these restrictive attitudes surrounding girls’ involvement in science.

Through the lens of multilateral agency, this research provides insight about the barriers preventing an increase of women in STEM fields. The PSAs suggest that girls,

parents, and educators are all responsible for the longevity of the biases faced by girls interested in science. Furthermore, when viewed together, these two PSAs place agency on all three groups to challenge the YGIS norms. In order to create an increase of women in STEM: *young girls must persist in their interests and follow their inspiration to invent whatever they imagine*; *parents must be aware of microaggressive comments and their long-term effects on their daughters*; and

educators must counter the symbolically violent portrayal of women scientists in the classroom and should emphasize the contributions of women to the field. As a result, women can then be portrayed as scientists, and hopefully their intellect will be highlighted before their appearance and their capabilities acknowledged; however, this can only happen if girls, parents, and educators work together to change the portrayal of young girls interested in science.

Works Cited

- Ahearn, Laura M. 1999. "Agency." *Journal of Linguistic Anthropology* 9 (1-2): 12-15.
- Attenborough, Frederick Thomas. 2011. "Complicating the sexualization thesis: The media, gender and 'sci-candy'." *Discourse & Society* 22 (6): 659-676.
- Bourdieu, Pierre. 1991. "The Production and Reproduction of Legitimate Language." In *Language and Symbolic Power*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 43-52.
- Cameron, Deborah. 2017. "Banal Sexism" *Language: A Feminist Guide* blog, July 12, 2017. Accessed November 22, 2017. <https://debuk.wordpress.com/tag/banal-sexism/>
- Merriam-Webster. 2018. "Microaggression." Merriam-Webster.com. Last modified July 9, 2018. <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/microaggression>.
- Microsoft. 2016. "What are you going to make?." YouTube. Last modified March 7, 2016. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y8DBwchocvs>.
- Verizon. 2014. "Inspire Her Mind." YouTube. Last modified December 18, 2015. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DQXZ_g2d5ao.
- Wing Sue, Derald, Capodilupo, Christina M., Torino, Gina C., Bucceri, Jennifer M., Holder, Aisha M. B., Nadal, Kevin L., and Marta Esquilin. 2007. "Racial Microaggressions in Everyday Life: Implications for Clinical Practice." *American Psychologist* 62 (4): 271-286.

Appendix

Microsoft PSA, "What are you going to make?" Transcript

1 Girl 1: *techno, slow music plays* My favorite subject in school is science because you can invent all different kinds of cool things and there is no limit to what you can do.

2 <<Can you name any inventors?>>

3 Girl 2: One inventor is Benjamin Franklin.

4 Girl 1: Leonardo da Vinci

5 Girl 3: Thomas ...

6 Girl 4: Edison.

7 Girl 3: I was going // to say that.

8 Girl 4: // Albert Einstein.

9 Girl 5: Um ... Nikola Tesla

10 Girl 6: Alexander. Bell. Graham.

11 <<Can you name any women inventors?>>

12 Girl 1: Hm ... Nooo

13 Girl 7: *click with tongue* That's kind of a tough one.

14 Girl 8: Hm. Um ...

15 Girl 9: Um *intake air, points to camera* ... Um ...

16 Girl 10: In school it was always a male inventor. *chuckles* I just realized that.

17 *upbeat music plays* <<Not everything is "man" made.>>

18 <<TABITHA BABBITT Made the Circular Saw>>

19 <<MARTHA COSTON Made Signal Flares>>

20 <<MARY ANDERSON Made Windshield Wipers>>

21 <<MARIA BEASLEY Made the Life Raft>>

22 <<PATRICIA BATH Made Laser Cataract Surgery>>

23 <<SARAH MATHER Made the Underwater Telescope>>

24 <<MARIA PEREIRA Made Heart Surgery Adhesive>>

25 <<GERTRUDE BELL ELION Made Leukemia, HIV, & Malaria Drugs>>

26 <<ADA LOVELACE Made the First Computer Algorithm>>

27 <<BERTHA BENZ Made Brake Pads>>

28 <<STEPHANIE KWOLEK Made Bullet Proof Material>>

29 <<PATRICIA BILLINGS Made Fire Safe GeoBond>>

30 <<YVONNE BRILL Made Satellite Propulsion>>

31 <<Let's celebrate all the things WOMAN MADE>>

32 Girl 7: Oh my god that's so much I didn't even know they even know that stuff.

33 Girl 11: You're surprised because they only talk about Einstein and Benjamin.

34 But you never hear a girl in the conversation.

35 <<So REBECCA, COURTNEY, ROSE, SARAH, SOFIA, JENNY, KALIA,

36 GIANA, MISHA, ALYSSA, SALIMA>>

37 <<what are you going to make?>>

38 Girl 9: To know that there were women before me //

39 Girl 10: // It gives me like motivation that I can invent something and make maybe like a change in the world and that would be really cool.

40 <<#MAKEWHATSNEXT>>

41 <<*Microsoft Logo*>>

Verizon PSA, "Inspire her mind" Transcript

1 *bright music playing*

2 Mother: Who's my pretty girl?

3 Samantha: *Samantha counting rocks* eight... nine... ten... eleven...

4 Mother: *Samantha walking through the woods* Sammy sweetie, don't get

5 your dress dirty

6 *Samantha picking up shells and looking at them in a jar*

7 Father: *Samantha playing with starfish* Sam honey, you don't want to mess

8 with that. Put him down.

9 Mother: *Samantha painting planets* Samantha, this project has gotten out of control.

10 *Close up of Samantha's pink fingernails*

11 Father: *Samantha using drill* Woah. Hey! Careful with that. Why don't you

12 hand that to your brother? *Samantha hands drill to brother*

13 *Samantha walks up to science fair poster. Puts on lip gloss. Somber music plays.*

14 Narrator: Our words can have a huge impact.

15 <<66% of 4th grade girls say they like science and math.>>

16 <<But only 18% of college engineering majors are female.>>

17 Narrator: Isn't it time we told her she's pretty brilliant too? Encourage her love

18 of science and technology, and inspire her to change the world.

To view the PSAs in their entirety:

Microsoft: "What are you going to make?" <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y8DBwchocvs>.
Verizon: "Inspire Her Mind." https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DQXZ_g2d5ao.



Trinity Morrow

Taking the Writing 101 class *What is an Intellectual?* was

an experience best described as a smorgasbord. It featured a plethora of topics such as Enlightenment, race, gender, war, and mass culture - each class sparking a different discussion. My professor, Jed Cohen, served as our anchor as we navigated compelling conversations and debates. The fluidity of the class' structure mirrored the definition of an intellectual as one not defined by their topic of study, but rather by the presentation and depth of their understanding.

Our final project involved reviewing a book we considered to be written by an intellectual. Captivated by the author's connections to Duke, I chose *Black Man in a White Coat* by Dr. Damon Tweedy. This book constantly surprised me as it revealed the nuances involved in solving health care disparities that my own experiences never would have shown me. I am disturbed by the evidence I found about physicians' biases and the differences in treatment of blacks and whites, especially since it is occurring to this very day. While I've learned that there is neither a simple nor easy fix to these serious issues, I hope my essay not only brings attention to this unacceptable disparity, but also encourages more thoughtful and effective avenues of progress.

Thank you to Dr. Cohen for his inspiration, Sheryl for her patience and incredible advice, and to Olivia for letting me borrow her copy of the book.

Life Threatening Inequality:

Using Damon Tweedy's *Black Man in a White Coat* to Examine Health Disparities between Blacks and Whites

Trinity Morrow

Writing 101: What is an Intellectual?

Instructor: Jed Cohen

Despite its current progressive reputation amidst the surrounding status quo of the South, Duke University has not always been a place of equality. Barely over twenty years ago, Damon Tweedy, a black medical student at Duke, was approached before class by his professor and asked if he was "here to fix the lights"? Not only was Tweedy assumed to be an electrician, but even after indicating he was not, the professor went further by asking him, "What are you doing here in my class"? Regardless of earning his spot in Duke's Medical School, and subsequently as a practicing physician, Tweedy continues to be identified by his skin color rather than his talent. In *Black Man in a White Coat*, Tweedy uses his experiences as a black doctor to articulate changes in black-white doctor-patient interactions he believes will shrink the gap in life expectancy and disparity in disease rates. A graduate from both Duke School of Medicine and Yale Law School, psychiatrist at the Durham Veteran Affairs Health Care System, and Assistant Professor of Psychiatry at the Duke Medical School, Tweedy offers a unique perspective on the relationship between the black community and the medical professionals.

This complex relationship is often overlooked when examining the difference in life expectancies and disease rates for blacks versus whites. Without looking deeper than the color of one's skin, we can predict which of two men of the same socioeconomic status will live a longer life. In the United States, African Americans, on average, live three fewer years than whites of the same income level (Lavizzo-Mourney & Williams). While this gap is diminishing, the fact that skin color remains a determinant of a person's life expectancy is deplorable. Hundreds of historical and current factors contribute to this gap; many are systemic and involve the outcomes of poor health insurance policies and large socioeconomic barriers. However, the role that interactions between blacks and medical professionals play in this gap is a key place for improvement.

Racial bias is a concern in all professions, but the consequences are even more severe within medicine. Tweedy argues that "these high stakes make it vitally important for doctors to understand their capacity for prejudice" (152). When any flaw in care or diagnosis can be fatal, it is especially important that racial bias not add to a physician's likelihood of error. Whether explicit or implicit, racial bias is a large cause of health care disparities. After witnessing racial bias in health care, Tweedy begins to question how much responsibility he has as a black physician in preventing and reversing this bias.

Many dismiss these biases as imaginary or assume they were only significant in our country's past. Sadly, the U.S. Institute of Medicine offers evidence of contemporary racial biases in the medical profession. In a 2002 report commissioned by Congress to analyze the role race plays in differences in quality of health care, the Institute reported that "racial and ethnic disparities in health care exist even when insurance status, income, age, and severity of conditions are comparable" (Nelson). This finding shows that even if insurance and economic policies are completely equitable, progress cannot be made to eliminate the life expectancy gap without fixing biases. Tweedy, having perceived these biases himself, shares his experiences to emphasize their role in creating the disparity between black and white life expectancy. These biases have direct consequences on the quality and kinds of treatment, as well as indirect consequences on how trusting black patients are of their medical professionals. More specifically, racial bias results in blacks receiving worse treatment and developing less trust in their doctors. According to Tweedy, this distrust was created in response to decades of horrifying experiences during slavery, segregation, and continued discrimination and unequal treatment today. Rebuilding this eroded trust is a critical step in decreasing health disparities.



What Should We do?

One possible solution for strengthening blacks' trust in medical professionals is to diversify the medical field by increasing the racial representation of the practitioners. Affirmative action is the most common method used to achieve this diversity. Tweedy explains the idea of increased representation as a "philosophy often used to justify affirmative action in medical school: black doctors were more likely to practice in areas that served black patients" (89). The foundation of this philosophy is rooted in research showing black patients are most trusting of black physicians. Research done by the University of Washington School of Medicine on physicians' implicit and explicit attitudes about race affirms this concept (Greenwald et al.). More specifically, the study found that of all ethnicities, blacks were the only ethnic group without an implicit bias towards black or white patients (Greenwald et al. 902). Their data support the conclusion that increasing the proportion of minorities in the medical field will decrease racial bias and increase patient-doctor trust.

Despite these findings, one year later, a study by the Kaiser Family Foundation, a healthcare corporation that looked at a nationwide sample of various ethnicities of care providers, found that 75% of white physicians said race and ethnicity *do not* affect the treatment of patients, while 77% of black physicians said that race and ethnicity *do* affect treatment. While the majority of white physicians explicitly deny race impacting treatment, the Kaiser Foundation study shows that these explicit beliefs are not aligned with implicit biases (Greenwald et al.). In other words, although most white physicians believe they practice without bias, according to Washington University's study, these physicians actually practice with implicit bias, which has real and terrifying consequences for minorities. Studies show that when compared with white patients, black patients are less likely to be prescribed pain medicine for bone fractures, more likely to be diagnosed with psychotic disorders when depressed, and less likely to be given antibiotics to prevent pneumonia as HIV patients (Pearson). While these examples are alarming, physicians' denials of these prejudices are even more disturbing and problematic. If medical professionals are unaware of their biases, how can they work to correct their biases, and, in turn, improve health outcomes?

With increased awareness of biases due to his status as a minority, Tweedy feels enormous pressure and responsibility at work to help non-minority physicians become aware of their biases. The Kaiser Foundation's research shows that this help is necessary because the majority of minority physicians believe biases affect medical treatment, while the majority of non-minority physicians do not. With increased awareness of the effect of race on treatment comes greater expectations to correct biases, thus unfairly giving those being discriminated against more responsibility for fixing biases about themselves. As we work to reduce disparities in the medical field, especially life expectancies and disease rates, it is important to distribute responsibility to *all* physicians.

In addition to causing unequal distribution of responsibility, Tweedy expresses concern that using affirmative action to increase same-race pairings might cause white physicians to "close the doors to self-examination and self-improvement" (343). These possible effects could be a factor in explaining the Kaiser Foundation's finding that non-minority physicians do not acknowledge their own biases. If black physicians' greater, and certainly more direct, exposure to discrimination and statistically higher awareness of race's effect on treatment explain their almost nonexistent implicit racial bias, then the focus should be on implementing measures to increase awareness of bias among *white* physicians, so that they, too, can reduce the negative impact of their implicit biases.

Building Trust Through Same-Race Pairings

Once affirmative action is used to diversify the professionals in the medical field, responsibility for decreasing disparities continues to be unequally shared. In addition to black physicians feeling more responsibility as a result of their greater awareness of biases, same-race pairings of doctor and patient place an even greater responsibility on black physicians. These pairings are justified through numerous studies' findings that same-race pairings increase trust between the patient and doctor (Chen). While there is merit to this research, and some same race pairings are beneficial for improving treatment, both Tweedy and Otis Brawley, author of *How We Do Harm*, a book about the shortcomings of American health care, note that there are exceptions. Tweedy's personal experience resonates with Brawley's



claim that "black patients' prejudice against black doctors endures, now more as a fear that you got where you are not by brains and rigorous training but because of an affirmative action program" (124).

Tweedy experiences this most memorably with a patient who blatantly told him, "I didn't come all the way to Duke to see no black doctor unless he's some kinda expert. I could have stayed home if I wanted to see a country ass doctor. I ain't gonna be no guinea pig" (123). This patient's response to Tweedy demonstrates distrust of the black community in the health care system, and as a result, the extra mile black physicians

must go to legitimize and prove themselves to their patients.

Tweedy states that a white patient would never question a white doctor because of his or her race, but a black patient would question a black doctor. Tweedy goes a step further in synthesizing this phenomena to suggest broader sentiments about how blacks feel about themselves as a race. The skepticism of black physicians' abilities among black patients is an implication not discussed in studies claiming increased trust of patients with same-race pairings. However, Tweedy witnesses this frequently in his practice when patients assume he is a janitor, or a worker coming to transport them. Their surprise in his position as a doctor reflects an area of community and cultural improvement Tweedy views as necessary for increasing trust among black patients.

When examining this distrust, it is important to note its source. There are many historical examples of unfair medical experimentation on blacks such as: the Tuskegee syphilis experiment where, from 1932 to 1972, black men who assumed they were receiving care were actually being observed as subjects in an experiment to study the natural course of syphilis; and the story of Henrietta Lacks, a black woman whose biopsy of cancer cells was used and sold for research years after her death in 1951, without consent from her or her family. In addition, there are lesser known stories, such as that of Dr. Marion Sims, an antebellum-era gynecologist whose research included experimentation on slave women to repair vesicovaginal fistulas (Gamble). All of these examples, occurring as recently as fifty years ago, show the undeniably deep and legitimate roots of black distrust in medical professionals. However, without knowledge of this history, one cannot understand a black patient's concerns about being a guinea pig.

To reduce health disparities, it is crucial to understand

these concerns and distrust, as well as to take measures to foster a new era of trust between physicians, both black and white, and their black patients. For most individuals, a doctor's appointment centers around concerns of their own health, not concerns about whether the doctor is truly going to provide healing treatment. Traci Murray is a nurse who has published an analysis of her experiences witnessing blacks' distrust in health care. She believes we must create more trust in patient-doctor relationships involving minorities and suggests measures to accomplish this. She contends that the nursing profession can play a role by "incorporating honesty, confidentiality, and fidelity" into patient interactions. In her analysis, she stresses the importance of patients' dependence on health care providers, and notes blacks are typically less dependent by not choosing not to seek medical attention or following plans of treatment. Murray believes this is due to decreased trust; therefore, the goal is to establish confidence which will foster dependence on medical professionals. In turn, ideally this will increase the likelihood of black patients adhering to doctors' treatment plans, which would result in decreased disparities.

Cultural Competence

So far, solutions for decreasing health care disparities through building relationships include increasing the number of black doctors through affirmative action, using same-race pairings to improve patient-doctor interaction, and working in the black community to develop greater trust in black physicians and within the health care field to promote a culture of transparency around treatment. In addition to these valid, research-supported conclusions that ideally will reduce disparity, Tweedy offers the broader solution of "cultural competence." In health care, cultural competence is "find[ing] commonalities and respect[ing] differences between [doctors] and patients," which Tweedy views as "common sense" (245).

Tweedy is concerned that same-race pairings might be hindering the use of cultural competence. While there is ample evidence that same-race doctor-patient pairings result in better adherence to treatment, this finding should not deter us from working to create equal levels of trust and treatment adherence among all patients regardless of whether the patient and doctor share the same skin color (Chen). Dr. Sommath Saha at the Oregon Health and Science University argues that although same-race pairings are helpful, they are not the best solution to the serious problem of differential treatment as a result of racial bias. Saha's research has found improvement in health care experiences when the patient

and doctor are of the same race, but despite this research, he remains confident that "the first step in addressing the disparities is really acknowledging that certain things (such as stereotypes and cultural upbringings) affect the way we deliver care" (Chen). The need for this acknowledgement of differences is supporting evidence for the concept of cultural competence.

Cultural competence is a more thorough and effective solution to reducing health disparities than the use of same-race doctor-patient pairings. By ignoring the root of the problem, i.e., implicit biases, this approach creates a superficial sense of equality with statistical improvement, but without lasting progress. The fact that 77% percent of white physicians deny the role of race and ethnicity in care and treatment indicates that there is significant room for improving cultural competence (Kaiser Foundation). Creating this competence, however, will be neither quick nor easy, but rather an ongoing journey to equality that must not be skirted by separate, but equal same-race pairings of doctor and patient.

Dr. Tweedy helps us on this journey by doing an excellent job describing what patient-doctor interaction would look like if it included cultural competence. He contends that

a big part of the solution is discarding your assumptions and connecting with each patient as a person. Race, while certainly a powerful influence, by itself doesn't guarantee a human connection any more than any other factor like geography, height, or handedness. It is up to us, as doctors, to find the commonalities and respect the differences between us and our patients. (245)

This perspective addresses the issue of sharing responsibility across all physicians and goes deeper than surface-level solutions. To foster connection, Tweedy suggests that medical schools teach the history of minority health care challenges, thereby helping physicians to be more aware of the specific health care needs of specific populations. This knowledge is equally as important as learning about anatomy or bedside manner. Possessing the skill of cultural competence has aided Tweedy in his practice and is certainly a factor in his success as a physician. His perspective has not led him to stop arguing the merits of policy changes in the role insurance providers, hospitals, and economic implications play in health disparities, but rather created another opportunity by which physicians of all races can make strides reducing the racial life-expectancy gap and creating equality of care for all patients, regardless of the color of one's skin.

Works Cited:

- Burke, Jane. Van, Michelle. "The effect of patient race and socio-economic status on physicians perceptions of patients." *Social Science & Medicine*, vol. 50, no. 6, 2000, pp. 813–828. *PubMed*, doi:10.1016/S0277-9536(99)00338-x.
- Chen, Pauline W. "Confronting the Racial Barriers Between Doctors and Patients." *The New York Times*, The New York Times, 13 Nov. 2008, www.nytimes.com/2008/11/14/health/chen11-13.html.
- Cohen, JJ. "The Consequences of Premature Abandonment of Affirmative Action in Medical School Admissions." *JAMA*, American Medicine Association, 5 Mar. 2003, jamanetwork.com/journals/jama/fullarticle/196205.
- Cooper-Patrick, Lisa. "Race, Gender, and Partnership in the Patient-Physician Relationship." *Jama*, vol.282, no. 6, Nov. 1999, pp. 583–589,doi:10.1001/jama.282.6.583.
- Gamble, V. N. "Under the shadow of Tuskegee: African Americans and health care." *American Journal of Public Health*, U.S. National Library of Medicine, Nov. 1997, www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC1381160/?page=1.
- Greenwald, Anthony G., Nosek, Brian A., Rivara, Frederick P., and Janice A. Sabin. "Physicians' Implicit and Explicit Attitudes About Race by MD Race, Ethnicity, and Gender." *Journal of Health Care for the Poor and Underserved*, U.S. National Library of Medicine, Aug. 2009, www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC3320738/.
- Kaiser Foundation. *National Survey of Physicians Part I: Doctors on Disparities in Medical Care*. Kaiser Family Foundation, Mar. 2002, kaiserfamilyfoundation.files.wordpress.com/2002/03/national-survey-of-physicians-part-1.pdf.
- Lavizzo-Mourney, Risa, and David Williams. "Being Black is Bad for Your Health." *U.S. News & World Report*, U.S. News & World Report, 14 Apr. 2016, www.usnews.com/opinion/blogs/policy-dose/articles/2016-04-14/theres-a-huge-health-equity-gap-between-whites-and-minorities.
- Murray, Traci M. "Trust in African Americans' Healthcare Experiences." *Nursing Forum*, vol. 50, no. 4, 2015, pp. 285–292. Wiley, doi:10.1111/nuf.12120.
- Nelson, Alan. "Unequal treatment: Confronting racial and ethnic disparities in health care." *Journal of the National Medical Association*, June 2003. *ProQuest*, doi:10.17226/12875.Ryn.
- Pearson, Rachel. "How Doctors Can Confront Racial Bias in Medicine." *Scientific American*, 1 Nov. 2015, www.scientificamerican.com/article/how-doctors-can-confront-racial-bias-in-medicine/.
- Tweedy, Damon. *Black Man in a White Coat: A Doctor's Reflections on Race and Medicine*. Picador, 2016.

Juvenile Psychopathy in the Court:

The Effectiveness of Intervention-Based Treatment Methods

Erin Brown & Alexa Putka

Writing 101: Neuroscience and the Law

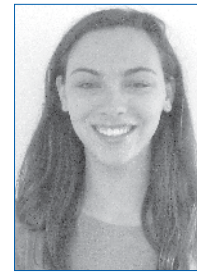
Instructor: Emily Parks

Introduction

From the start, Samantha exhibited many unusual behaviors for a child. At age six, she began sketching pictures of weapons, including knives, chemicals, and plastic bags, and would practice murdering her stuffed animals. Her violent impulses quickly shifted to harming people, resulting in several unsuccessful attempts to strangle her siblings. Most disturbingly, she felt no remorse for her actions, failing to respond to any of her parents' approaches: neither discipline, treatment, nor warmth could change Samantha's behaviors (Hagerty, 2017). At such a young age, Samantha was already displaying callous-unemotional traits, the warning signs of psychopathy. Traditionally, psychopathic behaviors in juveniles are characterized by callous-unemotional traits, including a lack of empathy and remorse, narcissism, and manipulation, as well as antisocial traits, including impulsivity, juvenile delinquency, and a lack of realistic, long-term goals (Archer & Wheeler, 2013). After hearing such a diagnosis, most people would consider Samantha untreatable. However, recent research suggests that properly-timed intervention methods can prevent these traits from manifesting into psychopathic behavior, particularly violent crime. We argue that such research holds implications for the legal treatment of callous-unemotional juveniles. In this review, we introduce the neurobiological and behavioral foundation of callous-unemotional traits and the current ineffective practices of the legal system which punish "untreatable" juveniles through punitive policies. We conclude that intensive, one-on-one decompression therapy, which employs positive reinforcement to reward juveniles for behavioral improvement, holds promise in decreasing future recidivism and the cost of treating callous-unemotional juvenile offenders. However, we acknowledge that given its infancy, decompression therapy requires additional longitudinal research before it may be implemented in juvenile correctional institutions.

Callous-Unemotional Traits: Neurobiological and Behavioral

Recent neuroimaging has found that far from merely being selfish, troubled youth, juveniles who display callous-unemotional behaviors most likely suffer from serious biological defects, which, in turn, predispose them to criminal



Erin Brown & Alexa Putka

Approaching our first semester from the perspective of students interested in the interdisciplinary nature of science, both of us were simultaneously excited and anxious about the possibilities that the Writing 101 course entitled "*Neuroscience and the Law*" offered. Throughout the course, we examined complex topics that neuroscience is currently trying to answer, such as the relationship between the brain and behavior, as well as the neuroscience of free will. In addition, we investigated the reliability of currently existing neuroscientific methods, including fMRI scans, in providing lawmakers with information on culpability. One of the central questions our professor, Dr. Emily Parks, posed to us was, "Given its infancy, should neuroscientific evidence be used in the court?" There exists a wealth of underdeveloped information on the brain, but do we understand it well enough to make decisions about people's lives?

Preparing for our final paper, we were extremely interested in the origins of psychopathy. Recounting the innumerable accounts of criminals labeled psychopaths in the news, we posited that psychopathy must have some basis in childhood. After doing preliminary research, we discovered that psychopathy does indeed emerge in the form of callous-unemotional traits in early childhood, and that if these traits are identified early, adolescents can be rehabilitated to decrease the possibility of future criminal activity.

The relevance of juvenile psychopathy research extends beyond those in neuroscientific or legal professions. Given that offenders labeled psychopathic display high levels of recidivism (the disposition of released criminals to reoffend), the research on juvenile psychopathy has the potential to decrease the frequency of violent crime, saving money in penal sectors and instead directing this capital toward revolutionary treatments.

In closing, we would like to express our gratitude to Dr. Parks for her continual mentoring throughout the semester. She taught us that writing need not be an intimidating process, that we, too, could join the accessible conversation about research in academia. We would also like to thank Dr. Sheryl Welte Emch for her tireless patience throughout the revision process, and for her confidence in our abilities as writers. We hope that our writing sparks additional research in this field, so that neurolaw will become more highly researched and neuroscientific evidence can one day be used reliably in the court system to assess culpability.

behavior. Psychopaths display abnormalities in the paralimbic system, including the orbitofrontal cortex, the amygdala, and the anterior and posterior cingulate. Neuroimaging has revealed that these regions, which together are responsible for emotion, decision making, and impulse control, are generally undeveloped in psychopaths (Kiehl, 2006). These physiological deficits prevent psychopaths from experiencing empathy, forming stable relationships, and learning from former mistakes.

Moreover, these brain irregularities have also been observed in callous-unemotional youth. In contrast to an abnormality of any specific brain region, the brains of adolescents who exhibit callous-unemotional traits have impaired functional connectivity within networks encompassing the limbic and paralimbic system (Thijssen & Kiehl, 2017). Functional connectivity, which refers to “the relation between the neuronal activation patterns of anatomically separated brain regions,” provides information about the organization and aggregate performance of one’s brain (Thijssen & Kiehl, 2017, p. 36). In callous-unemotional juveniles, impaired functional connectivity means that the brain is less able to coordinate tasks in the areas of the brain strongly tied to emotion and mood. Since these integral regions are not able to synchronously communicate with high efficiency, these juveniles are more likely to struggle to control their emotions and impulses. Thus, this theory of impaired functional connectivity could explain the profound emotional impairments observed in psychopaths—impairments which inevitably result in their performing reckless, unconscionable acts with no sense of remorse.

In addition to impaired functional connectivity, psychopaths most likely possess a dysfunctional amygdala, which could explain several key psychopathic

behaviors, such as recurring criminal behavior. Found in the paralimbic system, the amygdala generates emotions like fear, and thus plays a major role in fear conditioning, the process of “learning that a neutral stimulus predicts the appearance of an aversive event” (Goshen & Yirmiya, p. 341). By repeatedly presenting a neutral and aversive stimulus simultaneously, fear conditioning causes the neutral stimulus to become associated with the frightening event (the aversive stimulus), thus causing the neutral stimulus alone to elicit fear. Children with conduct disorder—more specifically, children who display significant callous-unemotional traits and disruptive behaviors—have a lesser volume of gray matter in the left amygdala (Gao et al., 2010). Therefore, the gray matter of the brain, which processes information, cannot effectively analyze information on fear, which makes fear conditioning in these populations minimally effective. Because of this emotional deficit, psychopaths are much more prone to criminal behavior (Gao et al., 2010). In contrast, non-psychopaths are afraid of the social and judicial punishments associated with committing a crime, and

thus respond to fear conditioning and positive punishment. Positive punishment refers to the presentation of an aversive stimulus following an undesired behavior (Myers, 2013). This form of punishment is designed to decrease the occurrence of an undesired behavior. Fear conditioning is very similar, but instead of administering the aversive stimulus *after* an undesired behavior (as is the case in positive punishment), the aversive stimulus is presented at the *same* time as a neutral stimulus to strike fear in the subject. However, since psychopaths fail to



reform as a result of positive punishment, they are unlikely to improve under the current system of punitive policies. By taking into account the very neurobiological basis which predisposes these juveniles to violent action, legal systems will be able to prescribe more effective treatment, moving away from positive punishment and toward more potent treatment and intervention programs.

Legal Views on Psychopaths

In legal contexts, callous-unemotional juveniles are wrongly considered untreatable. Oftentimes, legal experts, who view these juveniles as immoral and incapable of change, fail to recognize the inherent malleability of the mind and behavior of adolescents. In response to crimes committed by these juveniles, courts increasingly impose harsh punishments, such as sending adolescents to juvenile correctional institutions, instead of attempting rehabilitative treatments. Callous-unemotional juveniles are often viewed as “less amenable to treatment and recommended for more restrictive placements than a youth with no diagnosis” (Bartoli et al., 2008). They are also viewed as posing a greater danger to the community; as such, current public policy has emphasized “hard” security and “supermax” prisons for unmanageable juveniles at the expense of rehabilitative treatment (M. F. Caldwell et al., 2006). Such policy largely stems from the misguided assumption that these juveniles cannot benefit from any form of treatment, since they do not respond to positive punishment. Therefore, a new treatment method must be developed, emphasizing a rehabilitative approach as opposed to punitive policies. However, the notion that callous-unemotional juveniles are untreatable must first be dispelled.

One reason these juveniles are often perceived as untreatable stems from their high rate of recidivism, or the rate at which they return to crime after being released from prison or a correctional facility. On a broader level, compared to non-psychopaths, psychopaths are much more likely to recidivate. In a 1988 study, Hart, Kropp, and Hare (1988) identified 231 male criminals prior to their release from prison, categorized them into low, moderate, and high levels of psychopathy using the Hare Psychopathy Checklist, the most widely accepted measure of psychopathy, and then observed them for three years. By the end of three years, individuals with high psychopathy scores reached an 80% recidivism rate, meaning that 80% of these individuals committed another crime after being released. By comparison, only 30% of the individuals with low psychopathy scores had been reconvicted after three years (Hart et al., 1988). Such high recidivism rates reinforce what we previously discussed about psychopaths: they are impulsive and lack understanding of long-term goals, empathy, and guilt, perpetuating the idea that they are untreatable. While we acknowledge that no cure exists for psychopathy, our concern lies in the practices that lead to these disturbingly high statistics. The strategies the prison system employs to deter psychopaths from crime demand attention, for such punitive policies are ineffective.

We argue that instead of blaming callous-unemotional juveniles for the failure of certain treatments to decrease recidivism rates, those very treatments are at fault. Current treatment practices employed by juvenile correctional institutions, which emphasize group therapy and positive punishment, only cause callous-unemotional juveniles to push back harder against authorities and restrictions. At a



certain point, the defiant behavior of these juveniles follows a circular, recursive pattern: the juvenile is imprisoned or placed in a correctional facility; the juvenile responds to these sanctions with aggression; and then additional restrictions are imposed, only resulting in greater defiance (M. Caldwell et al., 2006). As this happens, “the youth is further disenfranchised from conventional goals and is increasingly ‘compressed’ into a behavior pattern that is actively and antagonistically defiant” (M. Caldwell et al., 2006, p. 577). These juveniles are trapped and confined by current legal practices, and the perpetual nature of this cycle only serves to continually reinforce the belief that such juveniles are unchangeable.

Moreover, the court fails to recognize that current practices are ineffective. In a 1991 study, for example, Harris, Rice, and Cormier found that a group of psychopaths who underwent group therapy had higher violent recidivism rates than those who underwent no treatment at all. Therefore, not only do specific kinds of treatment not work, but some forms of treatment can actually be *more* detrimental. The focus of the court system must be shifted from persecuting juveniles for the failure of legally-imposed treatment methods towards acceptance of the need for a new measure, which will be the first step towards providing *effective* treatment for juvenile offenders. The most effective types of treatment for callous-unemotional, violent youth appear to be multisystemic programs that place emphasis on “family functioning, behavioral treatment programs, interpersonal skills, and community integration” (Caldwell & Rybroek, 2001, p. 470). While there are many institutions applying this research, one in particular has consistently displayed promising results: the Mendota Juvenile Treatment Center (MJTC), which pioneers novel treatments for callous-unemotional juveniles. This treatment, which is based on positive reinforcement, is called decompression therapy, as it seeks to push juveniles to break this oppressive cycle of disenfranchisement, confront problems with authority, and address ways to improve and assimilate back into society.

Decompression Therapy

In order to better understand the underpinnings of this decompression therapy approach, we contrast the methods used by MJTC with those used by traditional institutions. In both its resources and its philosophical

approach, the MJTC reigns superior over traditional programs. Though we acknowledge that the research studying decompression therapy approaches is preliminary, this treatment takes into account the neurobiological and behavioral basis of juvenile psychopathy, and as such, should be investigated as a potential alternative to current traditional methods.

First, the MJTC possesses far more resources than traditional institutions, as the former “had one psychiatrist on staff for every 28 youth, one psychologist for every 26 youth, one social worker for every 14 youth, and a psychiatric nurse assigned to the day shift.” In contrast, mental health professionals in traditional establishments are not tasked with overseeing a specific group, as one, part-time psychiatrist typically treats 300 to 500 youth (M. Caldwell et al., 2006,

p. 577). The qualifications of people interacting with the residents are also noteworthy, as the MJTC employs a psychiatric nurse to take care of the regular operations of the center, while traditional institutions employ non-health, security professionals to oversee juveniles (M. Caldwell et al., 2006). Thus, juveniles in the MJTC will receive more personalized attention from professionals, ensuring that they do not fall into



the cracks and become more dangerous as a result of the treatment. The MJTC places a great deal of importance on mental health, reinforcing the idea that the brain provides the basis for behavior; thus, changing behavior requires changing the brain. More specifically, adolescence marks a time of immense brain development, but in those juveniles exhibiting callous-unemotional traits, the structure of the brain begins to diverge from normal amygdala function and connectivity. Therefore, such emphasis on the neurobiological basis of behavior through well-developed mental health programs distinguishes the MJTC program as effective in changing ways of thinking, and in turn behaviors, which decreases crime.

Secondly, the philosophy guiding the MJTC distinguishes these methods as more effective than those applied by the traditional institutions. The correctional philosophy of these traditional establishments centers around holding juveniles responsible for their decisions, which “serves their rehabilitation needs and provides the necessary incentive to deter institutional misbehavior” (M. Caldwell et al., 2006, p. 577). Since the youth transferred to the MJTC already failed to respond positively to traditional institutions

and their community-based programs, there was no alternative for the MJTC besides pioneering a new treatment. Learning from this failure of positive punishment, the MJTC employs positive reinforcement strategies, such as rewarding juveniles for improved behavior with video game time or candy bars (Kiehl, 2014). By applying “what is termed the ‘Today/Tomorrow’ program, youth learn that if they are good today, they earn positive reinforcement tomorrow. The rewards are graduated, in that if a youth is fantastically good today, the rewards will be fantastically good tomorrow” (Kiehl, 2014, p. 222). This treatment is based on neurobiological findings; as stated earlier, callous-unemotional youth typically possess a dysfunctional amygdala, which renders fear conditioning and positive punishment ineffectual. Instead of punishing the adolescents in the program for their undesirable actions, the MJTC does the opposite by rewarding juveniles for desirable actions. The essential difference is that the traditional institution *punishes* juveniles for *negative* actions and the MJTC *rewards* juveniles for *positive* actions. The second is much more effective because it acknowledges that unlike neurotypical adolescents, callous-unemotional juveniles do not respond to punishment. Therefore, the MJTC utilizes a novel method in treating these juveniles, aiming to replace the existing unconventional perceptions juveniles hold of authority and restrictions with more conventional perceptions of respecting authority and fulfilling societal expectations.

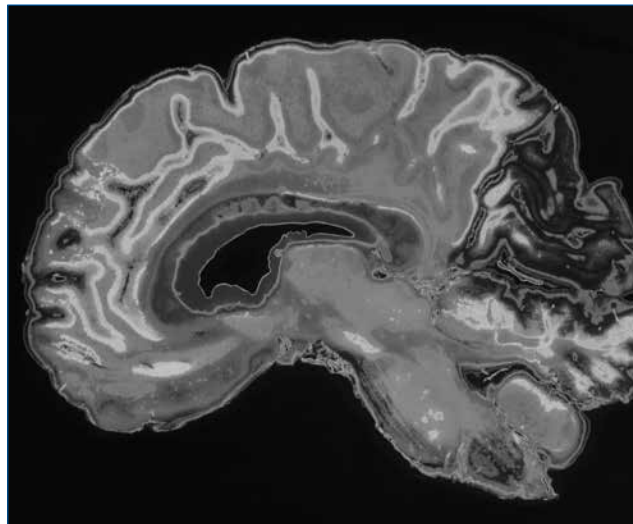
Furthermore, these treatments differ in their effectiveness at preventing future recidivism, as “MJTC-treated youth were 2.7 times less likely to become violent in the community than those who did not participate in this intensive treatment program” (M. Caldwell et al., 2006, p. 590). Even more encouraging, juveniles who committed more serious offenses, with the most extreme being homicide, benefitted more from MJTC treatment, for they displayed lower rates of future recidivism than juveniles who committed less severe crimes. These findings indicate that violent juveniles, previously considered untreatable, respond to the treatment of the MJTC. However, Caldwell et al. acknowledge the limitations of this program, stating that “the greatest challenge to effective treatment of psychopathic individuals may be in the implementation and management of a treatment program that addresses safety issues without sacrificing the continuity of treatment” (M. Caldwell et al., 2006, p. 593). Accepting a treatment based on the ability

of humans to change certainly presents a challenge, as one person ultimately cannot force another to change. Furthermore, the courts must balance the well-being of society with the well-being of a maturing juvenile. Though balancing these two seemingly opposite interests remains difficult, decompression therapy is not a naïve approach, for it benefits society and callous-unemotional juveniles by taking into account their neurobiological differences, promoting healthy and legal behaviors in callous-unemotional youth and protecting society through decreased violent crime.

In addition to decreasing future recidivism, the MJTC decompression treatment also has the potential to yield enormous economic benefits. Imprisoning criminals is extremely expensive, as state tax dollars are directed toward the maintenance of the penitentiary system. Although the price of decompression treatment is \$7,000 more per inmate than traditional treatment, its effectiveness quickly outweighs the costs, ultimately saving more than \$43,000 more per inmate (Kiehl & Hoffman, 2011). Future recidivism is similarly expensive; thus, money can be saved by decreasing these rates. The MJTC capitalizes on this concept, for the program saves \$50,390 per youth in recidivism costs: \$8,176 saved from avoiding processing fees within the juvenile court and \$42, 214 saved from avoiding the cost of prison (M.F. Caldwell et al., 2006). Therefore, in deciding on a future plan of action, the legal system should take into account both the cost-effectiveness and overall efficacy of the MJTC model, which establish this program as superior to traditional punitive methods.

Limitations and Conclusions

Neuroscientific research provides one way to empirically identify psychopathy, but that does not mean that this evidence should be applied to the legal system immediately. Currently, the field of neuroscience stands ill-prepared to defend its claims regarding this subject. For example, most of the evidence cited above on the effectiveness of decompression therapy originated from Dr. Michael Caldwell, a researcher closely connected to the operation of the MJTC program. Due to the lack of literature on the proper way to treat callous-unemotional juveniles, we emphasize that no definitive conclusions can be drawn at this time. Moreover, the technology these studies utilize, primarily fMRI and PET scans, is unreliable at best. While



neuroimaging can provide us with a wealth of information on the structure and connectivity of a juvenile brain, it cannot predict behavior. Given this, some may claim that society should simply imprison all juveniles displaying signs of psychopathy because neuroscience cannot definitively prove that they will not become violent.

Such uncertainty begs the question of the validity of the solutions raised in this review. We argue, however, that while the field of neuroscience continues to develop, the advances made in the past decade alone should justify a renewed sense of hope in the future of this science. Furthermore, the numerous aforementioned studies which demonstrate the benefits of intervention-based treatment methods for juveniles reinforce the value of these treatments. For now, we contend that the legal system should remain informed about the development of neuroscientific evidence related to psychopathy, but such evidence cannot yet be applied to the court. Before this can happen, neuroscientific researchers and legal experts must agree on a way to identify psychopathy in juveniles, which will promote the increased use of new treatment methods such as decompression therapy,

reinforcing the concept that psychopaths are treatable.

The debate over the proper way to identify and treat psychopathic juveniles affects all of society, as the community itself also suffers from the current practices of the court. Not only are callous-unemotional juveniles adversely impacted by the policies of state penitentiaries, but taxpayers lose exorbitant amounts of money funding such programs. As we have seen, psychopaths are capable of improved behavior, but only if intervention methods, such as decompression therapy, are employed sufficiently early. We implicate the legal system in recognizing those juveniles who could potentially be rehabilitated through positive reinforcement, as well as neuroscience in discriminating between developmental factors, which could be considered temporary, and neurobiological factors, which could be considered a permanent diagnosis. Therefore, we foresee change in the interdisciplinary field of neurolaw in the near future, but each discipline involved must be willing to redefine previous notions to recognize that psychopaths are not as dangerous as they seem, for they are living, breathing human beings capable of change.

References

- Archer, R. P., & Wheeler, E. M. A. (2013). *Forensic Uses of Clinical Assessment Instruments*. Routledge.
- Caldwell, M.F., & Rybroek, G.J. (2001). Efficacy of a Decompression Treatment Management of Violent Juvenile Offenders. *Int J Offender Ther Comp Criminol*, 45(4), 469-477. DOI: 10.1177/0306624X01454006.
- Caldwell, M. F., Vitacco, M., & Van Rybroek, G. J. (2006). Are Violent Delinquents Worth Treating? A Cost-Benefit Analysis. *Journal of Research in Crime and Delinquency*, 43(2), 148-168. <https://doi.org/10.1177/0022427805280053>
- Caldwell, M., Skeem, J., Salekin, R., & J. Van Rybroek, G. (2006). Treatment response of adolescent offenders with psychopathic traits: A two year follow-up. *Criminal Justice and Behavior*, 33, 571-596.
- Gao, Y., Raine, A., Venables, P. H., Dawson, M. E., & Mednick, S. A. (2010). Association of Poor Childhood Fear Conditioning and Adult Crime. *American Journal of Psychiatry*, 167(1), 56-60. <https://doi.org/10.1176/appi.ajp.2009.09040499>
- Goshen, I., & Yirmiya, R. (2007). Chapter 16: The Role of Pro-inflammatory Cytokines in Memory Processes and Neural Plasticity. In R. Ader (Ed.), *Psychoneuroimmunology* (vol. 1, 4th ed., pp. 337-377). New York, NY: Elsevier.
- Hagerty, B. B. (2017, June). When Your Child Is a Psychopath. *The Atlantic*. Retrieved from <https://www.theatlantic.com/magazine/archive/2017/06/when-your-child-is-a-psychopath/524502/>
- Harris, G., Rice, M., & Cormier, C. (1991). Psychopathy and violent recidivism. *Law and Human Behavior*, 15, 625-637. <https://doi.org/10.1007/BF01065856>
- Hart, S. D., Kropp, P. R., & Hare, R. D. (1988). Performance of male psychopaths following conditional release from prison. *Journal of Consulting and Clinical Psychology*, 56(2), 227-232.
- Jones Bartoli, A., Laurens, K., Herba, C., Barker, G., & Viding, E. (2008). Amygdala Hypoactivity to Fearful Faces in Boys With Conduct Problems and Callous-Unemotional Traits. *The American Journal of Psychiatry*, 166, 95-102. <https://doi.org/10.1176/appi.ajp.2008.07071050>
- Kiehl, K. A. (2006). A cognitive neuroscience perspective on psychopathy: Evidence for paralimbic system dysfunction. *Psychiatry Research*, 142(2), 107-128. <https://doi.org/10.1016/j.psychres.2005.09.013>
- Kiehl, K.A. (2014). *The psychopath whisperer: The science of those without conscience*. New York, NY: Crown.
- Kiehl, K. A., & Hoffman, M. B. (2011). THE CRIMINAL PSYCHOPATH: HISTORY, NEUROSCIENCE, TREATMENT, AND ECONOMICS. *Jurimetrics*, 51, 355-397.
- Myers, D.G. (2013). *Psychology* (10th ed.). New York, NY: Worth.
- Thijssen, S., & Kiehl, K. A. (2017). Functional connectivity in incarcerated male adolescents with psychopathic traits. *Psychiatry Research: Neuroimaging*, 265, 35-44. <https://doi.org/10.1016/j.psychres.2017.05.005>

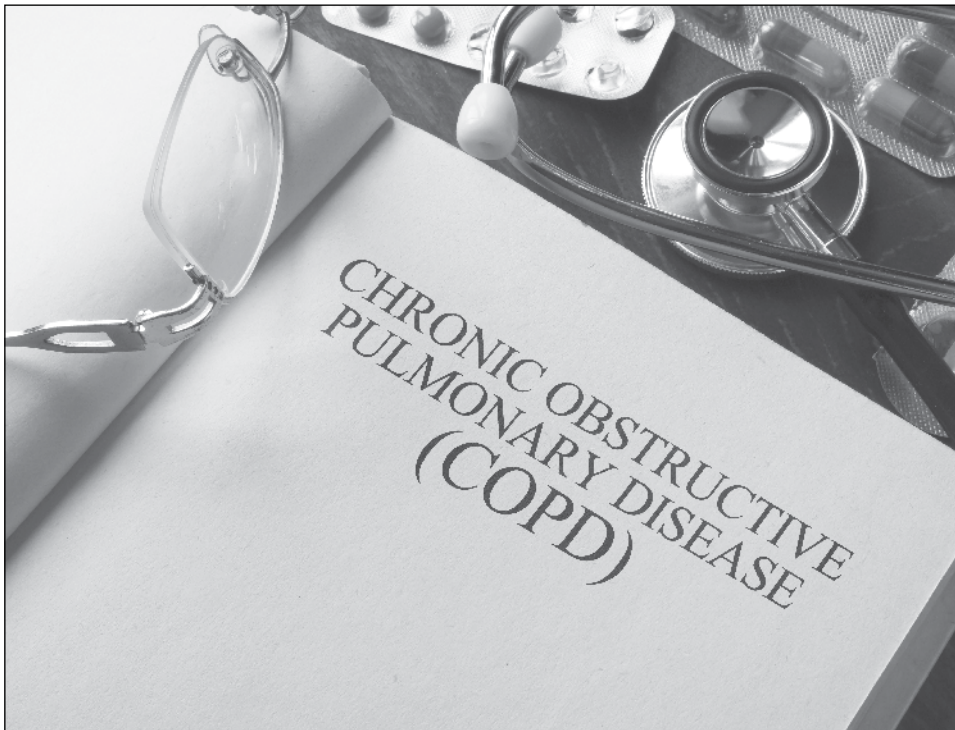
COPD:

Are Lung Bacteria to Blame?

Amy Zhao

Writing 101: The Ecology of Disease

Instructor: Miranda Welsh



Frequent coughing, wheezing, increased breathlessness, and a tightness that radiates throughout the chest, making each short breath a forceful gasp of air: these symptoms aren't simply a normal part of aging. Rather, they are characteristic of chronic obstructive pulmonary disease (COPD), a progressive and currently incurable inflammatory disorder that results in blocked airflow to the lungs ("What is COPD"). It's presently the third-leading cause of death in the United States and the fifth-leading cause of death worldwide, with total deaths projected to increase by more than 30% in the next 10 years ("Burden of COPD"). Of these deaths, more than 90% occur in low and middle-income settings ("Burden of COPD"). Most cases of COPD are caused by inhaling pollutants, including tobacco smoke and second-hand smoke (Laniado-Laborín, 2009), and long-term exposure to air pollution (Li et al., 2016).

But what if such irritants are not the direct cause of the disease? Despite the high prevalence of the COPD, not much is known about the biological mechanisms of its progression. Sequencing of lung microbiota, now possible with metagenomics and innovations in next-generation DNA sequencing, may provide insight into the



Amy Zhao

Although I have been interested in both human and environmental health, it wasn't until my Writing 101 class *The Ecology of Disease*

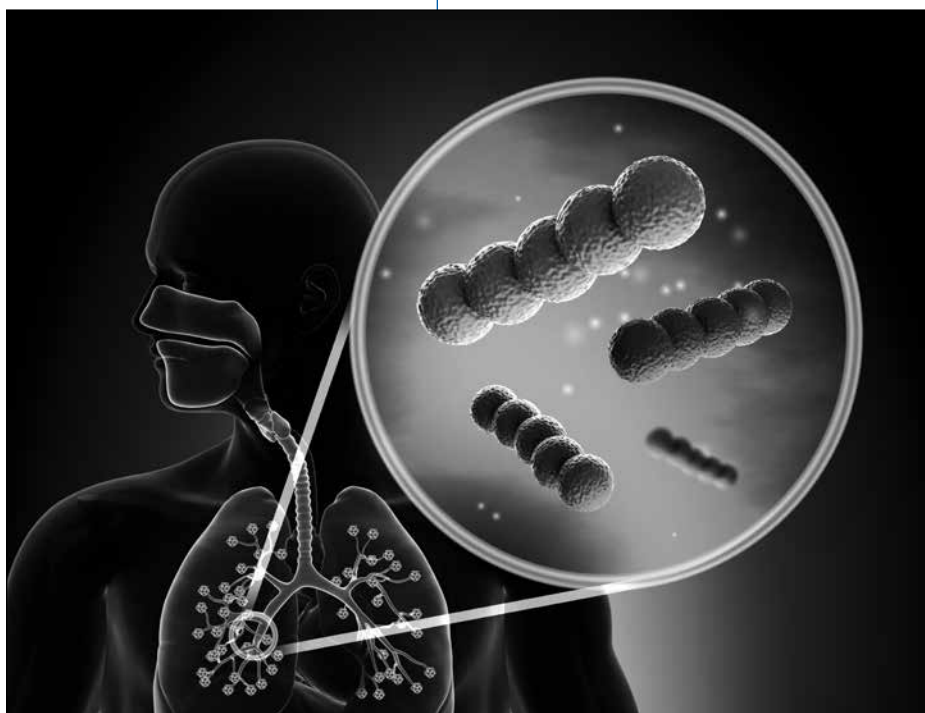
that I truly saw the importance and need of a highly interdisciplinary approach to understanding how species' interactions and abiotic components of the environment affect disease patterns and processes. As disease ecologists do in their research, we discussed and analyzed a wide range of texts that explored various factors in the environment, both natural and constructed, and their interactions with one another to explain human diseases. From Lyme disease to zoonoses to cholera, we critically considered webs of interaction from all different levels of ecological organization to understand issues with both human and environmental health implications. The ultimate goal was to involve a system of effects with a focus on the interaction between host and pathogen to better understand health and disease.

For my final project, I decided to look into the human microbiome, the full array of microorganisms that live on and in humans, and, more specifically, the collection of microbial genomes that contribute to the broader genetic portrait of a human. I thought that it was fascinating how such organisms, and the conditions that facilitate or suppress their growth, could play an important role in human health and explain disease progression in ways that genetics, physiology, etc. could not explain alone. Already familiar with studies of the gut microbiome and its significance in digestive health and mental health, I was curious as to whether the lung microbiome, which was not even considered to have existed until the last decade, could also affect pulmonary health and disease, such as COPD. Reading through numerous journal articles and reviews, I discovered surprising differences between lung bacterial communities in healthy patients versus patients with COPD. This allowed me to study new areas of microbiology and disease ecology, which I am hoping to explore further through hands-on investigation and applied research.

I would like to thank Professor Miranda Welsh for all of her guidance through the analysis, brainstorming, and writing process. I am also grateful to all of the editors on the Deliberations board for this opportunity, and to Professor Sheryl Welte Emch for her insight and suggestions throughout the revision and editing process. Lastly, I am ever grateful for all of my research mentors and high school English teachers for helping me establish a strong foundation for writing and scientific communication.

factors contributing to COPD severity (Cameron et al., 2016). These advances allow the exploration of the biological links between the lung microbiome, risk factors, and the disease, with the eventual goal of developing new preventative therapies. It seems that microflora in the lungs change significantly during severe COPD and could potentially be the mediators between risk factors and disease severity, making them a possible target for new interventions.

For many years, scientists have widely considered the lung to be a sterile organ. In the last decade, however, new studies have shown that a diverse and dynamic community of microbes exist in the healthy lung (O'Dwyer et al., 2016). For instance, Dickson et al. identified 190 unique bacterial species among all samples collected in a study of the lung microbiomes of healthy subjects (Dickson et al., 2015). Furthermore, Hilty et al. found that the bronchial tree of healthy subjects contained a mean of 2,000 bacterial genomes per cm² surface sampled (Hilty et al., 2010). In fact, more than 30 published culture-independent studies have found bacteria in the lower airways (Dickson and Huffnagle, 2015). These studies largely utilized sequence analysis of the 16S rRNA gene, which contains regions that can provide species-specific signature RNA sequences, making it useful for the identification of bacteria. In addition, studies of the healthy lung microbiome have been consistent in their account of the dominant taxonomic groups. The most abundant phyla are *Bacteroidetes*, *Proteobacteria*, and *Firmicutes*, and prominent genera include *Prevotella*, *Veillonella*, and *Streptococcus* (Hilty et al., 2010; Erb-Downward et al., 2011; Beck et al., 2012). Although scientists aren't sure what role these bacteria play in the healthy lung, especially since they are subject to a constant level of immigration and elimination from the oral microbiome (Dickson and Huffnagle, 2015), new studies suggest that these microbes may be associated with lung immunity (Dickson et al., 2018). Along with regional growth conditions, a balance of these factors maintain a dynamic host-lung microbiome homeostasis in healthy people (Dickson and Huffnagle, 2015; Venkataraman et al., 2015).



Comparisons of the lung microbiota in healthy individuals and in individuals with COPD show that the lung microbiome changes in composition during disease states, disrupting such a homeostasis. For example, in studies of the lung microbiota of patients with moderate to severe COPD, bacterial sequencing has shown a significant increase in the *Firmicutes* phylum as well as greater microbial diversity compared to healthy control patients (Pragman et al., 2012; Sze et al., 2012). Additionally, in a study of patients with severe COPD, sequencing of bacterial DNA in lung samples also suggested a significant increase in the *Firmicutes* phylum, attributable to the *Streptococcus* genus (Cameron et al., 2016). Another study revealed an increase in abundance of the *Firmicutes* phylum with *Streptococcus*,

Veillonella, and *Prevotella* characteristic of the COPD state (Zakharkina et al., 2013). Studies have also found shifts in community richness towards the *Proteobacteria* phylum in individuals with severe COPD (Hilty et al., 2010; Erb-Downward et al., 2011; Dickson and Huffnagle, 2015). Overall, more than a dozen studies using

culture-independent techniques and 16S rRNA gene sequencing have characterized a distinct bacterial community in the lower airway of COPD patients and suggested that changes in the lung microbiota are associated with disease progression (Wang et al., 2016). These studies used similar lung tissue sampling and bacterial sequencing and identification methods; thus, taken together, there is a large amount of evidence that suggests that the composition of the lung microbiome changes in patients with COPD and may be associated with disease severity.

Currently, tobacco smoke is considered the primary cause of COPD, as toxins from smoke stiffen air sacs, thicken and inflame airway walls, and increase the production of mucus, causing airflow obstruction (Laniado-Laborín, 2009). However, only approximately 20% of adults with substantial tobacco exposure develop clinically significant COPD (Pragman et al., 2012). Thus, the progression of COPD likely involves mediators between known risk factors and inflammation, and bacterial colonization may play a role (Han et al., 2012). In a study of lung samples of a Korean twin-family cohort, bacterial sequencing showed an increase in the abundance of *Veillonella* and *Megasphaera* in smokers compared to non-smokers (Lim et al., 2016). *Veillonella* has been shown to be more plentiful in COPD patients (Zakharkina et al., 2013), which may suggest that smoking could alter the lung microbiome to a state that contributes to the progression of COPD. Such a change in the *Veillonella* genus was similar to that reported by Charlson et al., who compared the lower respiratory tract of cigarette smokers and non-smokers (Charlson et al., 2010). However, some studies do not find differences in the lung microbiota of smokers and nonsmokers. For example, in a study of the composition of lower respiratory tract microbiota in a multicenter cohort, bacterial sequence analysis did not detect significant changes in lung communities attributable to smoking (Morris et al., 2013). These equivocal observations leave some uncertainty as to whether tobacco smoke contributes to an altered lung microbiome.

Air pollution is also implicated as an important cause of COPD, as pollutants induce oxidative stress and inflammation, resulting in airway injury and dysfunction (Li et al., 2016). Similar to tobacco smoking, studies suggest a role of the lung microbiome in mediating the effect of air pollution on airway obstruction. In a study of adults in Malawi, bacterial sequencing showed that adults exposed to high levels of particulates had more *Neisseria* and *Streptococcus* in lung tissue samples compared to adults exposed to low levels of particulates (Rylance et al., 2016). *Streptococcus* has been shown to be more common in COPD patients (Cameron et al., 2016), which suggests that air pollution can alter the lung microbiome to a state that contributes to the progression of COPD. In addition, in a study of the influence of fuel and motor vehicle exhaust particles on the lung microbiome of rats, greater bacterial abundance and diversity was observed in rats exposed to air pollutants compared to rats that were not (Li et al., 2017). However, the number of studies that have been conducted to understand the possible effects of air pollution on the lung microbiome is quite limited, which leaves some uncertainty as to whether air



pollution and changes in the lung microbiome are actually associated.

Given the strength of evidence suggesting that changes in the lung microbiome are associated with the progression and severity of COPD, it seems logical to target lung bacteria in interventions to prevent disease. Current treatments for COPD, such as pulmonary rehabilitation, supplemental oxygen, and palliative

care, only include measures to alleviate symptoms (“How is COPD Treated”). Treatments that alter the microbiome or work to restore the microbiome would directly target the bacterial communities that may be attributed to COPD progression and severity. One proposed intervention is to treat the bacteria abundant in COPD states with narrow-spectrum antibiotics or with vaccination and then replace them with healthy bacteria (Myers, 2017). Some individuals may argue that focusing on reducing causative risk factors themselves, including smoking and air pollution, is more important. However, smoking is often a social, cultural, and political issue. For decades, African Americans, low-income neighborhoods, LGBTQ communities, and those with mental illness have been disproportionately affected by tobacco use as a result of targeting by the tobacco industry (Kristin Voigt, 2010). Although smokers “choose” to smoke, many individuals from



disadvantaged populations have constrained agency in regard to such a “choice.” In addition, reducing air pollution is dependent on policy at the national and international levels. From the perspective of an individual, air pollution is a largely non-modifiable risk factor. Therefore, particularly in places where it may be difficult to quickly reduce smoking and air pollution, targeting the lung microbiome may be a more effective and inclusive approach to COPD interventions.

Over the last decade, a growing number of well-supported studies have found correlations between alterations in the healthy lung microbiome and the progression and severity of COPD. These alterations may be influenced by risk factors such as tobacco smoke and air pollution; however, the link between smoking, air pollution, and alterations in the lung microbiome is currently equivocal. Future investigation into the degree to which the lung microbiome mediates the effects of these factors may offer new insight and further elucidate how known risk factors contribute to COPD progression and severity. Interventions that directly target the lung microbiome may be a promising direction for future COPD treatment, especially for low income or underrepresented populations. For this to be possible, however, resources must first determine if a causal link between an altered lung microbiome and COPD exists, and then uncover the mechanism through which certain bacteria contribute to COPD. Given the difficulty of altering current causative risk factors, this area of research should therefore be the focus of future work on respiratory bacteriology and disease.

Bibliography

- Beck, J.M., Young, V.B., Huffnagle, G.B. (2012). The microbiome of the lung. *Translational Research*. 160(4): 258-266.
- “Burden of COPD.” WHO, World Health Organization. <https://www.who.int/respiratory/copd/burden/en>. (accessed March 27, 2018).
- Cameron, S.J.S., Lewis, K.E., Huws, S.A., Lin, W., Hegarty, M.J., Lewis, P.D., Mur, L.A.J., Pachebat, J.A. (2016). Metagenomic sequencing of the chronic obstructive pulmonary disease upper bronchial tract microbiome reveals functional changes associated with disease severity. *PLoS One* 11(2): e0149095.
- Charlson, E.S., Chen, J., Custers-Allen, R., Bittinger, K., Sinha, R., Hwang, J., Bushman, F.D., Collman, R.G. (2010). Disordered microbial communities in the upper respiratory tract of cigarette smokers. *PLoS One* 5(12): e15216.
- Dickson, R.P., Erb-Downward, J.R., Freeman, C.M., McCloskey, L., Beck, J.M., Huffnagle, G.B., Curtis, J.L. (2015). Spatial variation in the healthy human lung microbiome and the adapted island model of lung biogeography. *Annals of the American Thoracic Society* 12(6): 821-830.
- Dickson, R.P. and Huffnagle, G.B. (2015). The lung microbiome: new principles for respiratory bacteriology in health and disease. *PLoS Pathog* 11(7): e1004923.
- Erb-Downward, J.R., Thompson, D.L., Han, M.K., Freeman, C.M., McCloskey, L., Schmidt, L.A., Young, V.B., Toews, G.B., et. al. (2011). Analysis of the lung microbiome in the “healthy smoker” and COPD. *PLoS One* 6(2): e16384.
- Han, M.K., Huang, Y.J., LiPuma, J.J., Boushey, H.A., Boucher, R.C., Cookson, W.O., Martinez, F.J. (2012). Significance of the microiome in obstructive lung disease. *Thorax* 67(5): 456-463.
- Hilty, M., Burke, C., Pedro, H., Bush, A., Bossley, C., et al. (2010). Disordered microbial communities in asthmatic airways. *PLoS One*. 5: e8578.
- “How Is COPD Treated.” American Lung Association, American Lung Association, www.lung.org/lung-health-and-diseases/lung-disease-lookup/copd/diagnosing-and-treating/how-is-copd-treated.html. (assessed April 11, 2018).
- Laniado-Laborín, R. (2009). Smoking and Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease (COPD). Parallel Epidemics of the 21st Century. *International Journal of Environmental Research and Public Health* 6(1): 209–224.
- Li, N., He, F., Liao, B., Z, Y., Li, B., Ran, P. (2017). Exposure to ambient particulate matter alters the microbial composition and induces immune changes in rat lung. *Respiratory Research* 18: 143.
- Li, J., Sun, S., Tang, R., Qiu, H., Huang, Q., Mason, T.G., Tian, L. (2016). Major air pollutants and risk of COPD exacerbations: a systematic review and meta-analysis. *International Journal of Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease*. 11: 3079-3091.
- Myers, Maxine. “How the Microbiome Could Tackle Antibiotic Resistant Infections in the Lungs.” Imperial News, Imperial College London, 10 Aug. 2017, www.imperial.ac.uk/news/181027/how-microbiome-could-tackle-antibiotic-resistant/. (accessed April 11, 2018).
- O’Dwyer, D.N., Dickson, R.P., Moore, B.B. (2016). The lung microbiome, immunity and the pathogenesis of chronic lung disease. *Journal of Immunology*. 196(12): 4839-4847.
- Pragman, A. A., Kim, H.B., Reilly, C.S., Wendt, C., Isaacson, R.E. 2012. The lung microbiome in moderate and severe chronic obstructive pulmonary disease. *PLoS ONE* 7(10): e47305.
- Sze, M.A., Dimitriu, P.A., Hayashi, S., Elliott, W.M., McDonough J.E., Gosselink J.V., Sin, D.D., Mohn, W.W., Hogg, J.C. (2012). The lung tissue microbiome in chronic obstructive pulmonary disease.
- Venkataraman, A., Bassis, C.M., Beck, J.M., Young, V.B., Curtis, J.L., Huffnagle, G.B., Schmidt, T.M., McFall-Ngai, M.J. (2015). Application of a neutral community model to assess structural of the human lung microbiome. *MBio* 6(1): e02284-14.
- Voigt, K. (2010). *Smoking and social justice*. Public Health Ethics 3(2): 91-106.
- “What is COPD.” American Lung Association. 1 Nov. 2016, <http://www.lung.org/lung-health-and-diseases/lung-disease-lookup/copd/learn-about-copd/what-is-copd.html> (accessed 30 June, 2018)



Nicole Lindbergh

I grew up in Charleston, but there's a lot about it I didn't know. Before writing this paper for my Writing 101 class,

Race and Inequality in U.S. Cities, I only remembered Hampton Park as the place where they had the Suicide Remembrance Walk and the Annual Kids Run. I'm not sure I ever realized Denmark Vesey's statue was there; Vesey's monument, just like the Confederate monuments and streets named for slaveowners across town, was simply part of the backdrop of my childhood. As a white child, I never had to notice them. After the massacre at the Mother Emmanuel AME, however, the whole world was forced to see these monuments in a new light.

I'm not the first South Carolinian to write about memorialization and the context behind it in Charleston. I'm not even the first South Carolinian from Duke to write about the "hate vs. heritage" debate in this very magazine. In her 2015 essay, *Taking Down the Confederate Flag: A Learning Process?*, my friend Annie Janick analyzed the psychology and science beneath this discussion. In my 2018 essay, I hope to provide insight into the context and history.

Writing about one's hometown can involve much self-exploration. While *Remembering Hampton Park* does not feature any of my own personal reflections, this piece has definitely forced me to critically reexamine my own background. As a white woman from Charleston fascinated with my city's history, I follow in the footsteps of many of the women I critiqued in this paper. My goal in writing this paper was to reject the tender remembrances they chose to commodify and see my hometown as it really is. My Writing 101 class was instrumental in helping me do this, and I have only my professor, Benjamin Holtzman, to thank for that. I'm so grateful to him, the Deliberations staff, and the Duke community for helping me grow.

Remembering Hampton Park:

Contextualizing the Conflict Over Black and Confederate Monuments in Charleston, South Carolina

Nicole Lindbergh

Writing 101: Race and Inequality in U.S. Cities

Instructor: Benjamin Holtzman

On June 17, 2015, white supremacist Dylan Roof walked into a routine group Bible study at the Emmanuel African Methodist Episcopal (AME) Church with a handgun and murdered nine black parishioners to ignite a race war. The attack occurred in an auspicious location on an auspicious date in a city with a long and storied past rife with racial conflict, the so-called Birthplace of the Confederacy, Charleston, South Carolina. Some thought that in the wake of the violence, other white supremacists would rise from the woodwork and join Roof in his race war, but when the sun rose the morning after the attack and the world turned its eyes to the city of Charleston, there were flowers on the church's steps. Unlike after other instances of racial violence in the city's history, Charlestonians of *all* races held vigils in the wake of the tragedy, donated to the victims' families, and even dedicated an official memorial in the Charleston Airport to commemorate the lives of the victims and universally condemn Roof's act of violence.

It seemed that a new age of unity was dawning in South Carolina until photos of Roof wearing the Confederate flag emerged, rekindling a dormant yet omnipresent discussion in the state and the country about the role of Confederate symbols in modern society. Confronted by demands from the black community to remove Roof's appropriated symbols of hate, Charleston and the state of South Carolina made a historic decision on July 10, 2015 to remove all Confederate flags from public spaces, but declined to remove the monuments¹. This precipitous moment in South Carolina's history, criticized by social justice activists as too little, too late and condemned by Southern Heritage advocates as an attack on Southern culture, is only the latest installment in a bicentennial struggle in Charleston between communities across race and class over the commemorative landscape of the city, a struggle that has less to do with individuals and their merits than competing visions of Charleston and its history. What the Confederate flag represents and the commemorative landscape reflect is a fundamental conflict over the very ethos of the South, a conflict that cannot be understood without contextualizing it within the city's historic preservationist movement.

¹ Stephanie McCrummen and Izadi, Elahe, "Confederate flag comes down on South Carolina's state-house grounds," *Washington Post* (Washington, DC), Jul. 10, 2015.

Denmark Vesey (1767-1822) looms large as one of the most controversial figures in Charleston's history, but he stands simply and unadorned in Hampton Park, memorialized in bronze atop a humble pedestal. A co-founder of the Emmanuel AME Church, the oldest in the South and the very same made a site of violence in 2015, Vesey was as much of an anomaly for his status as a black free man in antebellum Charleston as he was for his unusual piety. Enraged by the enslavement of his people and his own children, as well as the constant harassment of the churchgoers by white Charlestonians paranoid of black independence, Vesey drew upon the Old Testament to justify a slave revolt that would result in the murder of every white man in the city. Black men in the thousands were to rise up on Bastille Day, July 14, and flee to Haiti on boats, but were foiled weeks before the event on June 17, 1822 by white militia. Upon discovery, he and 34 other black men, enslaved and freed, were tried and hung by a Court of Magistrates in one of the largest and most brutal public executions in the South.²

Vesey's death demonstrated a crucial divide in the city's public memory. White Charlestonians remember him as a menace that had to be stopped; black Charlestonians remember him as a hero fighting against the injustice of slavery all too often forgotten or swept under the rug. For over a century and a half, Vesey's name was hardly spoken by city leaders until newly-elected white progressive Mayor Joe Riley made the bold decision to hang a commemorative portrait of him in 1976, despite the volatile backlash against perceived civil rights activists at the time. Before the erection of his monument in Hampton Park, this portrait in the Gaillard Municipal Auditorium was the first and only monument to a black Charlestonian in the city proper, but it was not without its own storied past. Only days after it was hung, the controversial portrait was ripped from its post and stolen by white vandals, ransomed back by Mayor Riley only after he promised to commission another.³ Likewise, the National Register of Historic Places recognizes 56 Bull Street as a historic site for its dubious status as Vesey's former home, but no government organization has stepped up to preserve it, and as of 2018, it is the only Historic Place registered currently up for rent.⁴ Vesey's monument in Hampton Park, erected and relocated from Marion Square after 18 years of deliberations a full 192 years after his death, is one of two standing monuments in the city proper where residents can sit and reflect on the life of a slave. The other is in the Mother Emmanuel AME, where despite the outside world dragging its feet, black Charlestonians have erected a private monument to Vesey's life.⁵

It would be impossible to understand the contemporary debate over Confederate monuments without contextualizing the 200 years of conflict and contested memory in Charleston. As the ideological capitol of the Confederacy and the heart of the American international slave trade, Charleston, South Carolina was the cultural epicenter of the antebellum South and possesses a crucial historic legacy as the quintessential example of Southern white supremacy. In the 150 years following the Civil War that decimated and nullified this identity, communities within Charleston have fought over what should and should not be remembered as the city has struggled to redefine itself. Public monuments and spaces, Confederate or otherwise, have reflected this struggle as the historic preservationist movement, led by daughters of elite planter families, has sought to ensure the tender remembrance of an idealized



*Photo compliments of Flickr Commons:
<https://www.flickr.com/photos/milt/16772349959/in/photolist-ry7Fiz>*

² Sarah Katherine Dykens, "Commemoration and Controversy: The Memorialization of Denmark Vesey in Charleston, South Carolina" (master's thesis, Clemson University, 2015).

³ Ibid, 59.

⁴ Ibid, 49.

⁵ Ibid, 11.

vision of Charleston and replace agriculture with tourism as the city's primary industry. Meanwhile, black Charlestonians have sought to hold former slaveowners accountable for injustices committed during slavery and after it. To illuminate this competition, this paper explores the debate over monuments and public spaces in Charleston by focusing on one locale: Hampton Park, which throughout its 250-year history, this small fifty-acre plot has exemplified the struggle of contested memory in Charleston. The commodified narrative of Charleston's history today is a reiteration of 150 years of efforts by white moneyed persons to whitewash black resistance and forgo racial nuance, undermining the unimaginable horror of slavery and appeasing white demands for tender remembrance.

A Place and A Symbol: The Old Washington Race Course

Antebellum Charleston was known for two non-mutually exclusive things: excessive wealth and the largest international slave port in the United States. Of the 308,189 Africans who were dragged into the United States in chains, 149,429 of them entered through the port of Charleston. Every inch of the city except the Charles Towne Market and the Old Exchange Building had once been used as a slave auction as the rabid selling of life spilled uncontained onto the streets. The bodies of dead slaves were thrown carelessly into the rivers, their decomposing bodies composing the surrounding marshland. Meanwhile, Charleston became a favorite destination for passing European sailors as one of the most fun and luxurious places to stop for its plethora of amenities, parties, and pastimes.⁶

Infamous as a pleasure center and regional darling for the rich plantation owners that searched perennially for entertainment and finery to spend their wealth on, Charleston boasted shops, parks, and evening pastimes unparalleled in the South. This emphasis on pageantry defined the city's culture, distinguishing it from its Northern counterparts.

This spirit was exemplified by the Washington Race Course, which sported excess and racy pastime in form of horse racing. Guarded by two enormous gateposts that conveyed

the grandeur of the horse races and the pageantry of antebellum society, the new Washington Race Course hosted two elaborate events every year attended by Charleston's finest, who were in turn attended to by their enslaved valets.⁷ A beloved symbol of the planter elite, the horse races symbolized the genteel, white upper class that dominated Charleston politically while drawing upon the thousands of enslaved for their wealth and



The Washington Race Course courtesy of the Preservation Society of Charleston (url: <http://www.halseymap.com/flash/window.asp?HMID=29>)

debauchery until the start of the Civil War, which these same planters watched with glee atop their East Bay mansions begin with the Battle of Fort Sumter in the Charleston Harbor.

The Civil War dramatically altered the physical and cultural landscape of Charleston, transforming the leisurely pleasure city that plantation owners frequented to escape "dull" plantation life into a gritty, starved place populated by urban black slaves and terrified white residents who were unable to fight for Confederacy. As the war continued, nowhere was this decay reflected more than in the old Washington Race Course, where thousands of captured Union soldiers were housed in dismal conditions, left starving and naked along the old track. Passersby averted their eyes at the scene. Confederate soldiers did not even have to patrol the emaciated Union prisoners; they merely formed a perimeter around the camp with bonfires and watched the soldiers die of starvation, exposure, and disease.⁸ Five-thousand Union soldiers were imprisoned on the racecourse from 1862 to 1865, their only relief coming from the black women who would risk their lives to bring bread and water into the prison when the guards were distracted.⁹ Otherwise, the captured black and white Union soldiers sweated their lives away in the hot Charleston sun, the flies and famine settling on their emaciated bodies as the apathetic Charlestonian elite averted their eyes. The 249 prisoners that died were buried by the

⁶ Gregory O'Malley, "Slavery's Converging Ground: Charleston's Slave Trade as the Black Heart of the Lowcountry," *The William and Mary Quarterly* 74, no. 2 (2017).

⁷ Kevin Eberle, *A History of Charleston's Hampton Park*, 31.

⁸ Blain Roberts and Ethan J. Kytle, "Looking the Thing in the Face: Slavery, Race, and the Commemorative Landscape in Charleston, South Carolina 1865-2010," 648-649.

⁹ Eberle, *A History of*, 40.

racecourse in unmarked graves, forgotten and ignored by the city's populace.¹⁰ If the Old Washington Race Course, like the city itself, once stood for Southern civility and spectacle, it now reflected the state of Charleston as a whole. Hollowed out for the Confederate war effort, the racecourse was stuffed with dehydrated, dying boys and men, while every day news came from the North that a new day was dawning

“Slavery is Dead”: Redefining Monuments and Remembering Slavery during Reconstruction

As the central pillar of white supremacy, the collapse of slavery seemed to signal an unprecedented and unpredictable era of change that upended the social structures that had defined Charleston since its founding. Whatever this new world would hold, however, black residents rejected the planter class's attempts to return to business as usual. After Sherman's devastating March to the Sea in 1864, the surrender of Charleston was inevitable. Emboldened by the impending arrival of the Union Army to the capitulated “Cradle of the Confederacy,” black Charlestonians, both free and enslaved, rejoiced in the streets, determined to not let the injustice of slavery be forgotten by the city's white residents. On March 21, 1865, black citizens took to Marion Square in the shadow of Calhoun's Monument to hold a fake slave auction and parade the hearse carrying the corpse of slavery itself with a sign on it proudly declaring “Slavery is Dead!”¹¹ Later, after the formal surrender of the Confederacy, black Charlestonians from local African Methodist Episcopal churches, including Denmark Vesey's own Emmanuel AME, usurped the ownership of the abandoned Washington Race Course and financed its conversion into a cemetery for the slaughtered and unnamed Union soldiers who had fought for their freedom¹². Calling themselves the “Friends of the Martyrs” and the “Patriotic Association of Colored Men,” they cleaned the burial ground and enclosed it with a white picket fence with wood from abandoned white homes¹³. On May 1, 1865, ten thousand Charlestonians, most of them black, came to the dedication of the cemetery to the “Martyrs of the Race Course” on what became the annual celebration of Decoration Day, later known as Memorial Day.¹⁴ On every following 4th of July and January 1st, Emancipation Day, black Charlestonians flocked to the city's public parks to celebrate their freedom and independence, “laying claim” to the city's



The Race Course sketch from Harper's Weekly, courtesy of The Chicago Crusader ([url: https://chicagocrusader.com/memorial-day-was-founded-by-blacks/](https://chicagocrusader.com/memorial-day-was-founded-by-blacks/))

public spaces and taking an early role in shaping Charleston's commemorative landscape after the Civil War.¹⁵ In this post-emancipation ecstasy, the Memorial to the Martyrs of the Race Course was a testament to the vitality of the black Charlestonian community that had endeavored to “sustain the prisoners while they lived and their memories once they died” in the same way they endeavored to remember their own.¹⁶

This early victory for the black community, however, was short-lived as post-emancipation optimism withered. Reconstruction presented new challenges for Charlestonians, especially black residents surrounded by hostile whites seeking retribution for their humiliation by early parades. Within three years, the Martyrs of the Race Course cemetery showed signs of abandonment and decay, and by February 1870, the board of the South Carolina Institute and the South Carolina Jockey Club, both white organizations populated by elites, had begun to plan the restoration of the Old Washington Race Course.¹⁷ On November 1st, white elites eager for a return to normalcy flocked to the races to enjoy in the pomp and pageantry of the old days, irrespective of the carnage that had been wrought on the ground only five years before.¹⁸ Despite the Jockey Club's initial success, however, support for it waned quickly; by its own admission, the Club's insistence on racing only well-bred horses alienated “the patronage of the humble citizens,” and the planter class whose patronage the races had once depended on for their survival

¹⁰ Roberts and Kytte, “Looking the Thing,” 646.

¹¹ Ibid, 647.

¹² Eberle, *A History of* 41.

¹³ Roberts and Kytte, “Looking the Thing,” 647.

¹⁴ Ibid, 647.

¹⁵ Ibid, 648.

¹⁶ Ibid, 645

¹⁷ Eberle, *A History of*, 45.

¹⁸ Ibid 47.

no longer had the extravagant wealth to fund it.¹⁹ Thus, the Old Washington Race Course withered to nothingness before the end of the 19th century, and the gateposts, the only remnant of the quintessential feature of antebellum Charlestonian culture, were uprooted and imported to the new center of horse-racing in Belmont Park, New York.²⁰ The symbol of this transplant from the disgraced and abandoned crown of the South to the economically vibrant industrial center of the North was not lost on Charleston's white elite, who began to fear that this new world seemed intent on leaving them, and their city, behind.²¹



*The Race Course Posts courtesy of the
Preservation Society of Charleston*

(url: <http://www.halseymap.com/flash/window.asp?HMID=29>)

Imagining Charleston's Future: The South Carolina and West Indian World's Fair

The collapse of the South Carolina Jockey Club in 1899 was another example of the city's economic and cultural devastation after the war. Charleston, a slow-paced Southern port city with customs and culture out of step with modern aggressive industrialization, had no obvious economic alternatives to the plantation economy outside the shipyard and tourism generated by the pageantry Charleston was known for yet no longer seemed to be able to afford. Despite futile enterprises to mine the recently discovered phosphate deposits off the Ashley River and attempts to build textile mills, Charleston saw no economic revitalization following the end of slavery.²² Compounding Charleston's economic

crisis was the city's cultural identity crisis. White elites, now burdened with the task of "[outrunning] the legacy of treason" their ties with the Confederacy won them, sought to avoid the negative connotations surrounding Southern heritage by rebranding Confederate memorials and the city.²³ Whereas Charleston was once known for its lazy, even "carefree," culture of entertainment and finery, the city now faced pressures to assimilate to the aggressive wave of industrialization moving southward, only compounding the city's overall struggle for identity.²⁴ In other words, Charleston "had to find a niche for [itself], a way for the city efficiently to fit into the nation's commercial's currents," and the South Carolina and West Indian World's Fair seemed like a way to accomplish all these goals.²⁵

Popular in the late 19th and early 20th century, attracting both tourists from across the country and attention from around the world, the practice of World's Fairs and City Expositions showcased regional pride, culture, and a localized mission. Local whites eager to "alter both the reality and the image of the South" demonstrated overwhelming support for the Charleston Exposition, ultimately deciding to locate the South Carolina and West Indian World's Fair on the empty Old Washington Race Course.²⁶ Even the name conveyed a statement; by linking South Carolina with West Indians, which referred not to Native Americans but white sugar plantation colonies in the West Indies, the fair planners associated Charleston once again with plantation slavery. In 1901, the Fair began receiving visitors. Unlike other Expositions in Southern cities like Nashville and Atlanta, which featured patriotic displays meant to distance their communities from the agricultural past and reimagine themselves within the industrial America of tomorrow, Charleston's Exposition instead sought to demonstrate its commitment to foreign trade as a central port as well as its dedication to the old days of the Confederacy. It featured two main fairgrounds, the "Nature" section located on an idealized farm landscape reminiscent of plantation life since past, and the "Art" section, located on old Washington Race Course, soon to be known as Hampton Park.

The Art section featured the sides of Charleston's history white elites wanted to remember, particularly through the main exhibit: Charleston's Palaces of Agriculture, Commerce, and Cotton, known collectively as the "Court of Palaces," or the "Ivory City."²⁷ Sequestered on the "Nature" section, away from the advancements of the white men, were the

¹⁹ Ibid 48.

²⁰ Ibid 49.

²¹ Bruce Harvey, "Architecture for the Future at the Charleston Exposition, 1901-1902," 115.

²² Harvey, "Architecture," 119.

²³ Ibid 118.

²⁴ Ibid

²⁵ Ibid 120.

²⁶ Ibid 117.

²⁷ Harvey, "Architecture," 122.

Negro and Woman's Buildings, whose pastoralized position amidst the park's natural beauty served to link the two with baser, uncivilized life in the minds of fairgoers. More so, the architecture of the South Carolina and West Indian Exposition's buildings drew upon Spanish colonial influences, an intentional parallel to the white supremacist regime in Spain. The hope among the business leaders desperate to revitalize the sluggish Charleston port was that Charleston would replace Spain as the imperialist overlords of the newly emancipated nation of Cuba, a country many of Charleston's sons had fought to free in the recent Spanish-American War.²⁸ This whitewashed remembrance of history in the celebrated Agriculture, Commerce, and Cotton buildings, coupled with the artistic decision to model Charleston's Exposition after Spain, revealed that even forty years after the Civil War, white Charlestonians still thought of themselves as masters. These decisions to seclude the Woman's and Negro Buildings and emulate Spanish colonialism reflect a vision of Charleston that was centered on masculine, white imperialism.

The Exposition's clumsy creation of the Negro Building attracted the ire of the already incensed local black population. At the start of the 20th century, as segregation and Jim Crow began to officially separate Charleston by race, lynching and black voter disenfranchisement reached "epidemic proportions" while violent race riots led by white supremacists deposed black political leaders and their Fusionist white allies across the Carolinas, establishing a horrid new world order upon the South.²⁹ Specifically, the *Negro Group*, the statue located outside the ill-fated Negro Building, was so bitterly protested that the white administrators of the Exposition, while flabbergasted yet unable to understand the complaints against it, withdrew the monument from the site. The statue featured three figures: a white woman in blackface with a basket of cotton perched on her head, the only standing figure of the bunch; a shirtless laborer with a plow in hand, whose face was modeled after the only black man the white sculptor knew, Booker T. Washington; and finally, a black banjo player, surrounded by bananas and tobacco.³⁰ These

caricatures, created by a white sculptor in New York ignorant of Charleston's black residents' culture and customs, ignited immediate and wide-spread backlash from the whole of the black community even before the Exposition opened.



The vandalized Confederate Defenders of Charleston, courtesy of
[url: https://www.democraticunderground.com/10026876910](https://www.democraticunderground.com/10026876910)

White romanticization of the "loyal slave" dutifully serving his loving white master was embodied in the characterization of the three black archetypes in the *Negro Group*. The sculptor had drawn upon stereotypes of black musicality and supposed base simplicity, outright ignoring the individuality of black women by slapping blackness onto a white archetype, creating insulting racist caricatures (Roberts and Kytte 667). Critics complained it romanticized plantation life and slavery's devastating impact on slaves, recognizing it for what it really was: "a symbolic check on black ambition and ability," a physical manifestation of white supremacy's limitations for black people.

Outside the Charleston Exposition, the fledgling preservationist movement began to take off. A prominent contemporary to the *Negro Group* was the new, Romanesque statue of secessionist and infamous U.S. Senator John C. Calhoun in

Marion Square Park, less than a mile away from Old Race Course. This monument, known to white Charlestonians as "Calhoun's Monument" and black Charlestonians as "Mr. Calhoun and he Wife," was created by the Ladies' Calhoun Monument Association (LCMA) in 1887, featuring a rising Senator in mid-argument, leaping out of his chair to defend the South, which sat embodied at his feet with a simple Romanesque woman. This early monument was notable for two reasons. First, it was notable for the universal backlash of the black community. Black vandalism, specifically of Calhoun's nose, became so frequent that the LCMA removed and redesigned the monument so that Calhoun instead of sitting down now towered prominently over Marion Square, safely perched upon a 40-foot spire where angry black hands couldn't reach.³¹ Second, it was the initial installment of a fifty-year wave of historical preservationist and reclamation

²⁸ Ibid, 122.

²⁹ Roberts and Kytte, "Looking the Thing," 662.

³⁰ Ibid 665

³¹ Roberts and Kytte, "Looking the Thing," 660.

movement that decidedly redefined the Charlestonian commemorative landscape for white remembrance.

The Charleston Exposition, while drawing in an estimated \$5 million for the city itself, was a financial disaster for the Fair's investors, and all the Fair's elaborate buildings were torn down and sold for parts.³² Still, the South Carolina and West Indian Fair had captured the imaginations of the fair's attendees, especially the young daughters of prominent Charlestonian families who would lead the historic preservation movement in the following decades. Recognizing the life that the fair had brought to the city with its half government began setting aside lands for public parks and hired notable architects like John Charles Olmstead to prepare for what they believed to be the inevitable rebirth of Charleston. In 1903, the Old Washington Race Course was rechristened Hampton Park, after the Confederate General and South Carolina Governor Wade Hampton, irrespective of the dead Union soldiers buried there.³³ This park would become one of many that was designed for pleasure strolling and light entertainment for both the city's residents and future tourists.

The next fifty years of Charleston's history were defined by segregation, racial subordination, and the increasing institutionalization of white supremacy, reflected in the explosion of new public monuments. Despite progressive business leaders' dreams for industry and imperialism, it was becoming increasingly clear to white business leaders that only two factors could fuel Charleston's economy after the Civil War: the tourism industry and the military.³⁴ In the newly christened Hampton Park, the city government casually began keeping native animals like alligators, bears, and other predators in pens by the park concession stand starting in the 1910s, an inauspicious beginning to zoo ill-documented but well-remembered in oral histories of the time. By the 1950s, the zoo was so popular that, the segregated Hampton Park Zoo boasted exotic birds, monkeys, and even a lion, whose roar Citadel cadets remembered fondly as their early morning wake-up call. Segregation, however, was the cornerstone of the Hampton Park Zoo's success; between white flight from the surrounding neighborhoods and the increasing shabbiness the diminished tax base produced, some white patrons gawked at having to share the zoo with black co-residents.³⁵ In 1975, the zoo closed its doors for the last time, the same year that progressive mayor Joe Riley, nicknamed "Little Black Joe" for his tolerant stance towards black Charlestonians, was elected, and a year before Denmark Vesey's portrait first hung.³⁶

The times were changing, along with the Old Washington

Race Course. Hampton Park had been reborn in the first half of the 20th century as part of a wave of historical sanitation led by children and grandchildren of Confederate veterans who grew up listening to the tender remembrances of the genteel ways of the South and wanted to rebrand and sell it. In the '20s, for example, daughters of Charleston notables Alice Smith, Susan Frost, and Nell Pringles played a substantial role in the romanticization and commodification of Charleston's history, forming groups such as the Society for the Preservation of Old Dwellings (SPOD) and joining others such as the Daughters of the Confederacy. These groups aimed to restore and preserve historic areas in Charleston, yet how they sought to preserve the city's history was tainted by the stories they heard from home of an idealized history that airbrushed the horrors of slavery and exaggerated the wealth and chivalry of the Confederacy. Focusing on restoring "historic homes" and neighborhoods, Frost and Pringles Frost and Pringles cultivated an image of Charleston based on their families' remembrances and then sold that image to the tourists they housed, getting public funds from the city to restore their old family and friends' homes and petitioning the city to create the "Old and Historic District of Charleston," where their own families resided.

In seeking to memorialize the genteel life of their forefathers, the preservationist movement institutionalized it, creating a symbolic and economic cash cow that dramatically reimagined the political context of Charleston. While Frost and Pringles notably did not profit from tourism personally, their efforts laid the groundwork for the tourism industry as it is today with its romanticization of plantation life. These loyal daughters pointedly did not focus on preserving "common, smaller dwellings once occupied by the city's white working-class and free or enslaved black population," such as the unique architecture of the Charleston freeman's house like the very same Denmark Vesey once lived in, but only the houses of wealthy planters and their own families.³⁷ Through restoring rice mansions and housing tourists in the finery of planter life, these women propagated the idea that "nowhere in America was slavery a gentler, kinder thing than in the Carolina Low Country," where such high levels of civilization could be attained side-by-side with nature, completely ignoring the invisible agony of the black slaves.³⁸ Thus, these houses, art, and literature, coupled with the rising monuments, "reinforced the standard plantation mythology" of adoring, faceless black slaves and their right and proper white masters, an idealized paternalistic characterization of race relations that white

32 Eberle, *A History*, 66.

33 Ibid 75.

34 Steve Estes, *Charleston In Black and White: Race and Power in the South after the Civil Rights Movement*, (UNC Press: 2015), 135.

35 Cohen, Susan, "Hampton Park was once home to bison, otter, and even a lion," *Charleston City Paper* (Charleston, SC) Feb. 13, 2013.

36 Estes, *Charleston in Black and White*, 120.

37 Stephanie Yuhl, "Rich and Tender Remembering: Elite White Women and an Aesthetic Sense of Place in Charleston, 1920s and 1930s." (University of North Carolina Press, 2000) 242.

38 Yuhl, "Rich and Tender Remembering," 241.

paternalists in Charleston consistently sought to recreate after the Civil War.³⁹ Meanwhile, 56 Bull Street was being passed from renter to renter, ignored as a historic site until 1975, fifty years later.

What is a monument?

On July 10, 2018, the third anniversary of the removal of Confederate flags from public spaces in South Carolina, readers from all over the world voted Charleston the #1 U.S. city in Travel+Leisure Magazine for the sixth year in a row. Announced on the “Today Show”, the magazine critics praised Charleston’s “well-preserved historic environment” and “vibrant cultural scene.”⁴⁰ Tourists everywhere adore the city’s restaurants, clubs, and historical attractions, including and especially the homes restored by Frost, Pringles, and Smith almost a hundred years before. The horse carriage rides and the beautiful women dancing in hoop skirts, the tours of the exquisite haunts of the old Confederacy—all of it paint a picture of a lopsided vision of Charleston that on the best of times ignores stain of slavery and at the worst exploits it. In the Southern Living Magazine Store in Mount Pleasant, a suburban offshoot just outside the city, browsers can buy tea grown on Charleston plantations and festively arranged cotton stalk wreaths to bring a bit of the South home with them. Who do they think picked that cotton?

The discussion of removing Confederate monuments

would be incomplete without considering all that makes up a commemorative landscape. Monuments are part of that equation, for sure, but everywhere from the streets named after slave-owners to the merchandise on the stands make up a public conscience and can distort a public memory. For years, the conflicts between various white and black communities in Charleston have not been battles over individual monuments or locations, but battles over the very ethos of the city, over what should and should not be remembered and what should and should not define us. The tender remembrances of a Dixieland long past have dominated the narrative of Charleston’s history for decades, but they have not been uncontested. Black Charlestonians and racial progressives throughout the past 200 years fought to add nuance and perspective to an otherwise uneven history, and the landscape of monuments Charleston has and has had reflect this changing balance. Plantations, historic homes, and hoop skirts *are* a part of our history. The Confederate monuments are a part of our Southern heritage. Yet, to ignore the critical imbalance of history and let them stand as they are would be to accept a carefully constructed narrative spoon-fed to us by generations of white supremacists. To blindly accept this narrative outside of these monuments in our merchandise and our culture is equally as bad. Today, our challenge is to deepen our understanding of Southern heritage, and to remember the complexities of the past while reconciling them with a bright future.

³⁹ Ibid 241

⁴⁰ https://www.postandcourier.com/business/charleston-ranked-no-us-city-by-travel-leisure-readers-for/article_f1ead056-83ac-11e8-9176-cb-f9af4b2c16.html

Works Cited

- Cohen, Susan. “Hampton Park was once home to bison, otter, and even a lion.” *Charleston City Paper* (Charleston, SC), Feb. 13, 2013.
- Dykens, Sarah Katherine. “Commemoration and Controversy: The Memorialization of Denmark Vesey in Charleston, South Carolina.” Master’s thesis, Duke University, 2015.
- Eberle, Kevin R. *A History of Charleston’s Hampton Park*. Charleston: The History Press, 2012.
- Estes, Steve. “Pater Familias.” In *Charleston In Black and White: Race and Power in the South after the Civil Rights Movement*. University of North Carolina Press, 2015. North Carolina Scholarship Online, 2016. doi: 10.5149/northcarolina/9781469622323.003.0003.
- McCrummen, Stephanie, and Elahe Izadi. “Confederate flag comes down in South Carolina’s statehouse grounds.” *Washington Post*, (Washington, DC), Jul. 10, 2015.
- O’Malley, Gregory. “Slavery’s Converging Ground: Charleston’s Slave Trade as the Black Heart of the Lowcountry.” *The William and Mary Quarterly* 74, no. 2 (2017): 271-302.
- Roberts, Blain, and Ethan J. Kytte. “Looking the Thing in the Face: Slavery, Race, and the Commemorative Landscape in Charleston, South Carolina, 1865-2010.” *The Journal of Southern History* 78, no. 3 (2012): 639-84.
- Weyeneth, Robert R. *Historic Preservation for a Living City: Historic Charleston Foundation 1947-1997*. Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 2000.
- Yuhl, Stephanie. “Rich and Tender Remembering: Elite White Women and an Aesthetic Sense of Place in Charleston, 1920s and 1930s.” In *Where these Memories Grow*. University of North Carolina Press, 2000.



Barbara Xiong

For almost half my life I have followed Asian-American YouTubers, looking for a way to connect with others who shared the same peculiar intersection of identities.

Although by doing so I gained some understanding of who Asian-Americans are today, I was virtually unaware about the nuanced history we have. In my 1500-page AP US History textbook, only approximately 15 pages were dedicated to Asian-American history. By the end of junior-year, I could write a 3-page essay on the culture and origins of each of the thirteen colonies by memory, but I could probably only write a paragraph on that of my own race.

My Writing 101 class *Asian American Narratives* finally introduced me to the history and stories that have shaped the community I live in today. In addition, I have learned that the same experiences of immigration and exclusion mirror the struggles of other races in recent events. For my final project, I chose to focus on an instance of human rights violation and identity conflict: Japanese internment. Moreover, I wanted to explore the graphic novel medium, introduced to me by another course I was taking. When I came across an interview with former internee, Helen Harano, I knew I had found the perfect narrative, with a wealth of opportunities for visual metaphors, to utilize the graphic novel medium. In "Topaz", I aimed to examine the dichotomy between America's expectation of loyalty versus the deprivation of freedom of Japanese-Americans, and the resultant identity conflict in a war rhetoric that made being both Japanese and American seemingly impossible. In addition, I wanted to counter that and several other aspects of the war rhetoric and propaganda--from the painting of Japanese-Americans as dangerous enemy aliens, to the government's attempted dissociation of itself from its violation of human rights, to the censorship of the reality of concentration camps.

I would like to thank Dr. Thananopavarn for sharing with me the intricate history that high school never taught me, for aiding in the formulation and editing of *Topaz*, and for helping me develop into a better writer over the semester. In addition, I would like to thank Kelsey Graywill and Omar Khan for bestowing me with their wisdom on the graphic novel medium, and the *Deliberations* committee for the extensive feedback and help on my graphic novel and artist's statement.

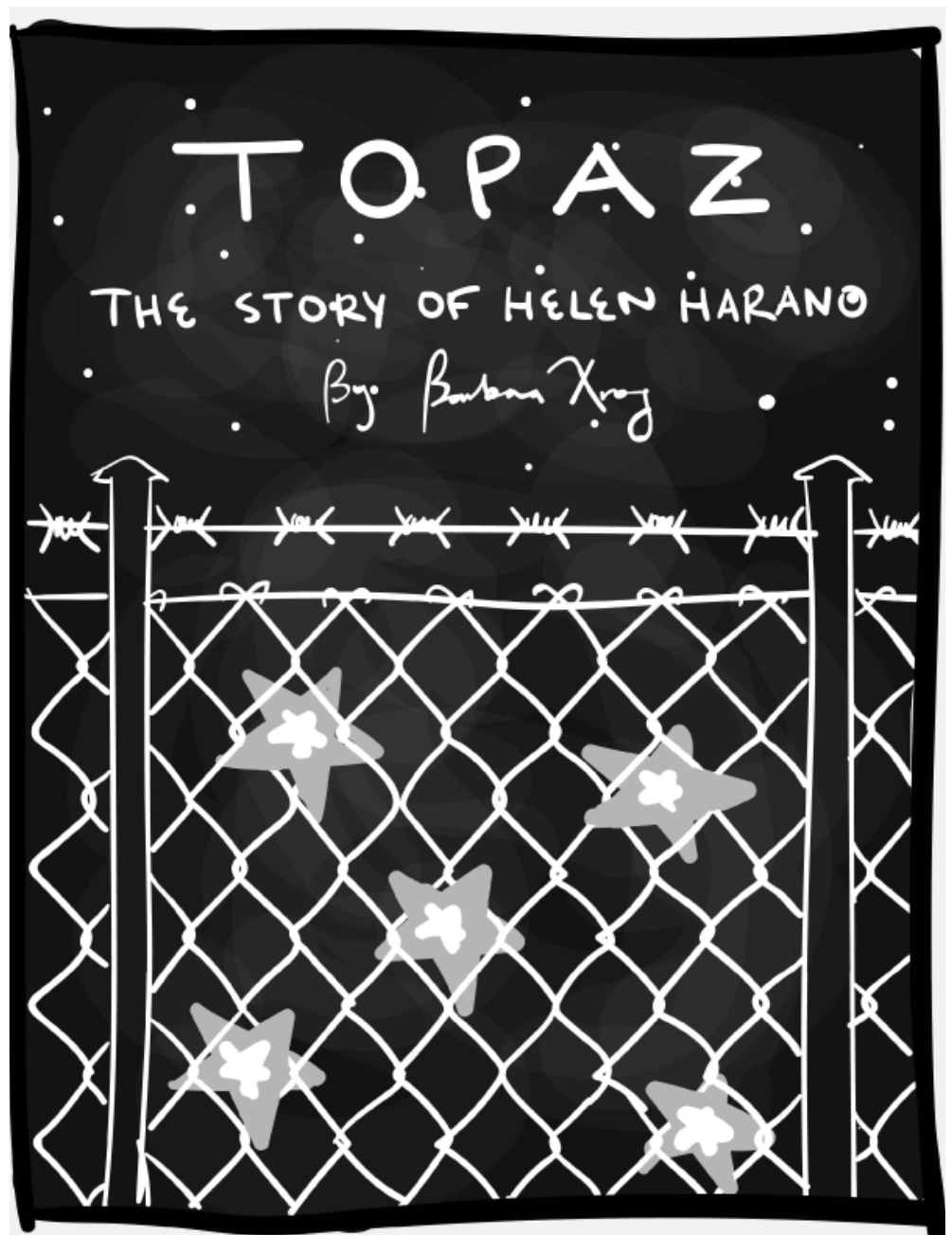
Topaz:

The Story of Helen Harano

Barbara Xiong

Writing 101: Asian American Narratives

Instructor: Susan Thananopavarn







I HAD MANY QUESTIONS



NOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN?

THINGS CHANGED QUICKLY...



DURING THE
RIDE, WE
PASSED BY
THE LIGHTS
OF THE
GOLDEN
GATE BRIDGE



I WILL NEVER SEE
THOSE LIGHTS AGAIN.



MY MOTHER GAVE ME AN ORANGE
SHE PURCHASED BEFORE WE LEFT.



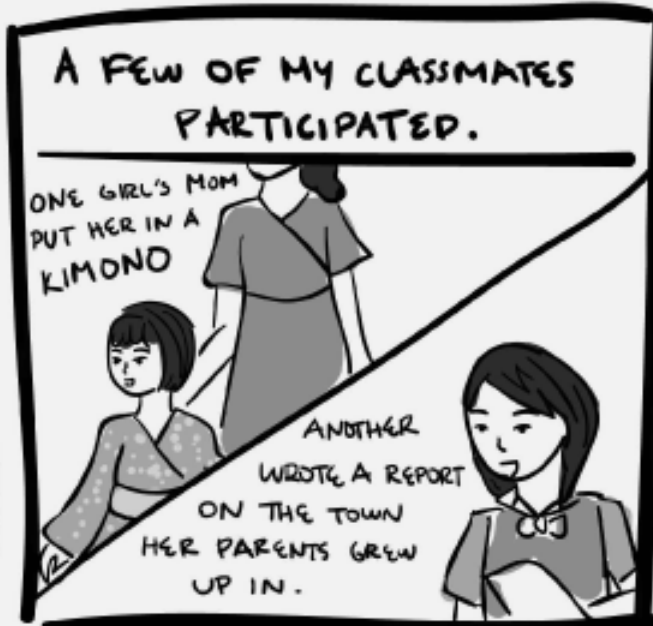
I SUCKED
ON IT SO

IT
WOULD
LAST A
LONG TIME



THE NEXT MORNING WE
ARRIVED IN
TOPAZ





NOT ALL OF US FELT
THAT WAY



I'M
JAPANESE,
SO WHY SHOULD I
PLEDGE TO THE
AMERICAN
FLAG?

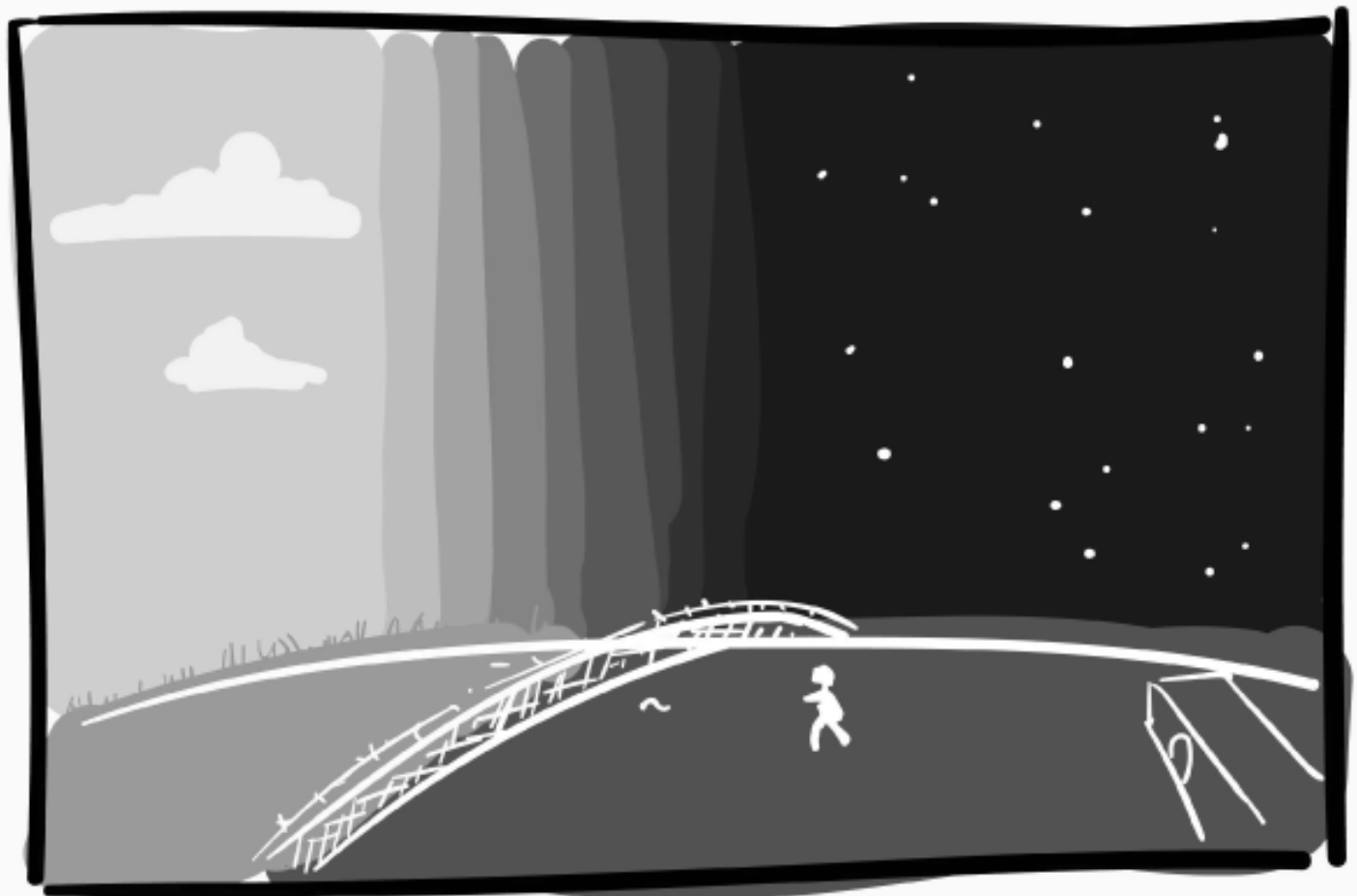


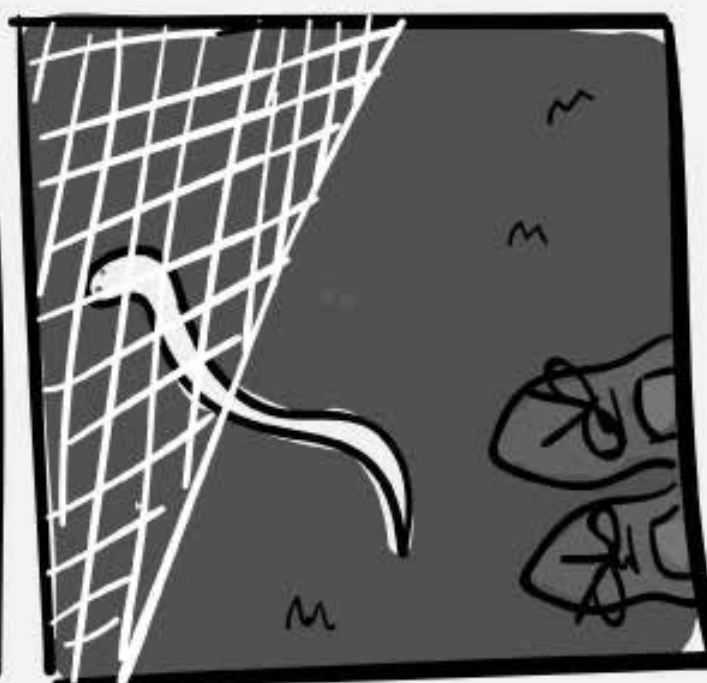
THEY DON'T
RESPECT ME,
SO WHY
SHOULD I
RESPECT THEM
?



I DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT TO FEEL...

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE AMERICAN?





Artist's Statement

On December 7, 1941, Japan launched a surprise attack on the Hawaiian military base Pearl Harbor. The enemy—and World War II—had finally arrived on American soil, consuming the lives of the American populace eager to demonstrate their nationalism. However, this nationalism excluded 122,000 Japanese-Americans, as they, too, had become the enemy. Under Executive Order 9066, all residents of Japanese ancestry, including naturalized citizens, were to be expelled from their homes and incarcerated in various internment camps across the country (Lee 212). Their property, livelihood, and constitutional liberties were taken away, all under the justification of “military necessity” (*Final Report*).

The subject of “Topaz”, nine-year-old Helen Harano, was one of these thousands of Japanese Americans as were her family; their story and values reflected those of many others in the community. Since the majority of the first Japanese-Americans were men, Helen’s father was the first to arrive in America. As he settled down, he, like many others, wanted to start building a family, so he searched for and found Helen’s mother through the picture-bride system, which paired immigrant grooms with prospective brides back in Japan via a matchmaker who would exchange photographs between them (“Picture Brides”). While the women were sometimes in circumstances that obliged them to undergo the process, or became disappointed upon finally meeting their partner-to-be, the story of Helen’s parents’ union was a romantic and idealistic one. Helen’s father was a kind, gentle pacifist, qualities that inspired her mother to fall in love with him. Despite their aspiration to cultivate a family and life in America, and desire for peace, they, too, fell under the label of “enemy aliens” (*Executive Order No. 9066*).

The label of “enemy aliens” highlights two notions by which Japanese-Americans became rejected by American society following Pearl Harbor: (1) they were viewed as disloyal, and (2) they were considered eternal foreigners; these beliefs persisted despite over half of the Japanese-American population being naturalized citizens (Ivey et al. 15). Even the U.S. government-led reports indicated that “90 percent of *nisei* [second-generation Japanese-Americans] and 75 percent of original immigrants were completely loyal to the United States”, some even being called “pathetically eager to show their loyalty” (Lee 213). The government assessed internees’ loyalty through the 1943 “loyalty questionnaire”, from which two questions, 27 and 28, particularly stood out. The former asked if they were willing to serve in the U.S. armed forces if ordered to do so, while the latter asked if they would swear absolute allegiance to the United States and renounce any form of allegiance to Japan. Both questions placed Japanese-Americans in insecure positions. It was ambiguous as to whether or not “willingness” in Question 27 implied volunteering, and it was risky for non-U.S. citizens to renounce their only citizenship. Those who answered “no” to both questions, or refused to answer them entirely, were labeled as disloyal and segregated into concentration camp Tule Lake. However, to be expected of such loyalty as laid out in Questions 27 and 28 by the government, would have been especially complicated for one whose freedoms had been taken away by that same entity. Japanese-Americans wanted to be accepted as American, but following rejection, loss, and betrayal, were reluctant to establish what exactly they owed to America.

For many internees, the first stop on the road of lost freedoms was a temporary detention camp, such as Tanforan Assembly Center in San Bruno, California. Tanforan, formerly a race track, held 7,816 inmates, the majority of whom were from the Bay Area (“Tanforan Detention Facility”); 26 of its 180 barracks were converted from horse stalls. After being processed at Tanforan for a few weeks, the inmates were then sent to the Topaz Relocation Center in Delta, Utah. Topaz,

named after a nearby mountain, was located in the Sevier Desert, a “flat, desolate place with temperatures ranging from 106°F to below 0°F”, where dust storms were frequent and foliage was minimal. The camp consisted of 42 residential blocks, each comprised of 12 barracks surrounded by barbed wire and military police (“Topaz”).

While well-known photographers, such as Ansel Adams and Dorothea Lange, were invited by the War Relocation Authority to photograph the camps, images of the barbed wire and guards were off limits. The government commissioned these photographs to be propaganda, to not only support their stance of military necessity, but also present the camps as “idyllic villages”, rather than infringements of constitutional liberties (“Ansel Adams, Dorothea Lange”). Instead of barbed wire and barracks, they encouraged photographs of smiling internees busy at work, school, and leisure activities, patiently waiting their time until the war ends. While following the regulations set for prohibited imagery, Ansel Adams sought to portray the camps as honestly as he could, capturing the harsh barrenness of the landscape and shadows of the police. Lange approached the task by taking portraits that aimed to “compress intense human emotion into carefully composed frames”. Such photographs included those of schoolchildren

sitting on their knees while working on a makeshift table, as well as those of weary, solitary men suffering from the lack of activity. Due to Lange’s known opposition to internment, and to sentimentalize her photographs to fit the government’s narrative, her work ended up censored.

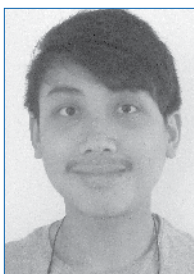
Barbed wire is featured in “Topaz” to counter the censorship and propaganda that served to justify the dismissal of supposed American freedoms, the thwarting of the American dream that was so-called “evacuation” (*Final Report*). This betrayal by America fueled the confusion underlying Japanese-American identity, surrounded by a war rhetoric that described being Japanese and American as mutually exclusive and that also avoided responsibility for the nation’s violation of its own moral code. In the disarray of feelings and uncertainties, Helen, along with thousands of Japanese-Americans, struggled with their identity, asking the question, “What does it mean to be American?” Were they American? Stripped from their homes and livelihoods, and denied the freedom so emblematic of American identity, they certainly weren’t treated as such. How could they become American in a society that wouldn’t let them—that entangled “foreign” with “enemy”? How could they be expected of loyalty from those who betrayed them?

LISTEN TO THE FULL STORY AT

[HTTP://DDR.DENSHO.ORG/INTERVIEWS/DDR-DENSHO-1013-6-1/](http://ddr.densho.org/interviews/ddr-densho-1013-6-1/)

Works Cited

- “Ansel Adams, Dorothea Lange, Clem Albers & Francis Stewart’s Censored Photographs of a WWII Japanese Internment Camp.” *Open Culture*, August 11, 2017, <http://www.open-culture.com/2017/08/censored-photographs-of-a-wwii-japanese-internment-camp-by-ansel-adams-dorothea-lange-clem-albers-francis-stewart.html>. Accessed 10 June 2018.
- “December 7, 1941.” *Densho Encyclopedia*, n.d., http://encyclopedia.densho.org/December_7_1941/. Accessed 10 June 2018.
- “Executive Order 9066.” *Densho Encyclopedia*, n.d., http://encyclopedia.densho.org/Executive_Order_9066/. Accessed 10 June 2018.
- Ivey, Linda L. and Kevin W. Kaatz. *Citizen Internees : A Second Look at Race and Citizenship in Japanese American Internment Camps*. Praeger, 2017.
- Lee, Erika. *The Making of Asian America: A History*. Simon and Schuster Paperbacks, 2016.
- “Picture Brides.” *Densho Encyclopedia*, n.d., http://encyclopedia.densho.org/Picture_brides/. Accessed 10 June 2018.
- Stewart, Francis. “Topaz, Utah. A panorama view of the Central Utah Relocation Center, taken from the water tower.” 1943. U.S. National Archives and Records Administration, College Park, Maryland. <http://www.discovernikkei.org/en/nikkeialbum/items/2309/>
- “Tanforan Detention Facility.” *Densho Encyclopedia*, n.d., http://encyclopedia.densho.org/Tanforan_%28detention_facility%29/. Accessed 19 April 2018.
- “Topaz.” *Densho Encyclopedia*, n.d., <http://encyclopedia.densho.org/Topaz/>. Accessed 19 April 2018.



Dang Nguyen

Throughout my life, the articulation of my feelings regularly feels incredibly inadequate, often rephrasing sentences mid-conversation in a muddled attempt to express myself

truly. Despite my love for poetry, I struggle greatly to replicate its concision and passion without overwhelming my readers with scrapped, nonsensical lines or- to the dismay of my email, birthday post, and essay recipients throughout high school-pages of run-on sentences. However, my Writing 101 class, *The Creativity Lab*, reintroduced me to a more freeing writing environment that allowed me to explore different methods of communication without intense pressure to impress a college application reviewer.

As I clawed my way through lecture notes or sprinted across campus to labs, I frequently found myself contemplating the next project for the class: a delirious poem about ice cream and eating disorders or a stream-of-consciousness narrative on mental health. I enjoyed thoroughly fleshing out random ideas to address the liberating yet socially relevant and introspective demands of the class, but the idea for this essay was significantly more difficult. At every assignment, thoughts on my family and culture had goaded me rather persistently, but I mostly ignored addressing it, until being asked to write on my relationship with race. I racked my head over what to say, contemplating what emotional turbulence I would spill by monologue or what brash rebuke I would spit by call to arms. But eventually, I instead cowardly wrote about my father's racial insecurities stemming from the Vietnam War. Slowly, that assignment blossomed into a larger project, in which I confronted a lot of misgivings of my culture and sought some sort of confessional relief for both myself and my father.

Quietly, this essay has been writing itself since the beginning of Writing 101, and without the incredibly supportive and informative guidance of Nancy Mullenneaux, I would be unable to imagine chasing a truer version of myself so publicly. For all the quirky in-class activities and assignments and all the out-of-class meetings and chats about personal stories and my work, I dedicate an enormous amount of thanks to my Writing 101 professor, Nan. Furthermore, I am forever grateful to Dr. Sheryl Emch and the Thompson Writing Studio for helping me through the final stages of this publication, with fantastic edits that captured my remaining concerns. I also wish to thank my wonderful parents and friends for watching me change and looking out for me as much as they can, each contributing in various ways throughout my life and this writing process. I hope you guys can forgive me. Thank you.

Vietnamese Pears:

The Fruit War Bore

Dang Nguyen

Writing 101: The Creativity Lab

Instructor: Nancy Mullenneaux

Whenever idle summers thawed the Carolina chill, my father would grow anxious over the fragile sand pear trees haunting our backyard. Oftentimes, I found him standing, staring blankly out the slant back windows in anticipation, as if waiting to heroically dive in and save any falling fruit before they hit the ground burst open, littering sticky bodies across his backyard. In remembrance, the succulent pears flooded our home with delightfully crisp snaps, like the swift cracks of exotic durian rinds lining the street stands my parents frequented as children. The pears were perfectly suited to my father's tastes: mellow, reservedly sweet, just delicately intoxicating enough to devour, to subdue, to crush like the native cry of a burning paradise. The paradise from which my parents fled, into tropical Agent Orange forests, escaping on boats sailing across foreign seas.

On a voyage abandoning home, my father, Minh, was one of the first refugees of the Vietnam War, surviving unspeakable terror and brutality as a savior, a leader, a warrior, a protector, a soldier, a refugee, a victim. Minh Râu lived vividly-- cooking for soldiers, enlisting to protect his father, donating his scant rations, luring away enemy troops from villages, and freeing hundreds of POWs from Viet Cong barracks. But I do not remember such a legendary father, foreign as the glamorous Saigon streets only my parents recall, streets I now find crumbled and dirty. I have known only the cruelty of history plaguing the vestiges of that war, the aftermath which violently splinters not streets, but the mind, the survivors, and their lives. Subtle cracks, weathered by time along the wrinkles of his tired face and his shell-shocked brain. In contrast, Minh Nguyen lived mutedly-- wandering America's paved jungles, submitting to automated assembly lines, and protecting fruitless pear trees.

From the negative consequences of veteran combat exposure to the spread of post-war cynicism in America, and even the social difficulties of filial generations, the mental and emotional trauma of many American Vietnam veterans has been well documented. However, the same research presents only vague immigration analysis and sterile Vietnamese casualty and economic statistics, offering little recognition of the aftershocks facing Vietnamese veterans and exacerbating the isolating immigration experience.^{1,2} Ultimately, the Vietnam War's effects persist through its survivors as tremendous social and psychological scarring, echoing within their legacy; lingering violence, twisted nationalism, and socioeconomic

strain cursing traumatized families, such as mine. I, too, know the Vietnam War.

"You revealed my location!" my father furiously screamed as he pointed his whip, staring into the terrified eyes of the 5-year-old who told the house's architect on the phone, "He isn't here right now, he's at the bank!" I desperately climbed the hanging sheets of the nearby bed and ducked beneath my mother's pillow, feeling its thump against the whip stop my heart, and crawled over the other side and under the mattress, quivering silently under the bed.

Unfortunately, a disparity in attention between American and Vietnamese veterans leaves refugee stories mostly unheard, even persisting in the present-day with a notable absence of first and second-generation narratives. Nonetheless, for many refugees, exposure to violence and stressful events throughout the war led to the development of mental disorders, which subtly reframed lives and behaviors. As Brian Handwerk records, approximately 270,000 American Vietnam War veterans still grapple with post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), showing the staggering effect of the witnessed bloodshed from the American perspective Smithsonian.³ While lack of sophisticated censuses, attention, and mental facilities has inhibited research on the war's mental repercussions on the Vietnamese, the brutality and terror undeniably disturbed wider percentages of Vietnamese civilian and militant refugees. In accordance to the DSM-V, mental disorders such as PTSD can dramatically rattle an individual's lifestyle because it exposes emotional sensitivity that could elicit flashbacks and sudden episodes of distress.

Furthermore, those suffering from PTSD, especially having witnessed or participated in enormous violence, can display dangerous and erratic behavior, endangering themselves and those around them. Consequently, several generations past the war also feel the war's impact, dealing with the instability left on unhinged grandparents and parents. Oftentimes, this means living through traumatic war experiences secondhand when family members entered violent episodes at seemingly random but triggering events. These memories trapped both my parents and me, seizing our everyday lives so often I easily forgot who and where I was.

Suddenly, a piercing scream. Then, a thunderous slam against the door. You shove and bolt your way out of the schoolhouse and past the rice fields, where your "allies" are ravaging the women, devouring the crops, the animals, the land -- all awash in Agent Orange. You turn your head and heave your legs forward, until you reach home. Your elementary school graduation ends with the silhouettes of your teacher, friends, and grandfather all diving into the same plashy grave- crudely dug where your classroom was by cold, foreign arms of mutual destruction -as you watch, quivering silently under the bed of your rape. Caught, you are dragged up and as your thrown body crashes into the racing sheets, you wake from his nightmare.

However, despite these shocking effects of war-time trauma, some might argue that PTSD's primary depressive and passive symptoms are far more common and less impactful on younger generations. Although PTSD indeed includes negative outlooks and mental states, these emotions often drastically damage quality of life for the veteran and surrounding individuals, only further augmenting the struggle of those coping with PTSD's aggressive symptoms. Psychological surveys demonstrate that those with PTSD experience more pessimistic traits, with overall lower self-esteem, gratitude, and feelings of positivity, which can hamper their interactions with loved one.⁴ Purposelessness from early retirement and guilt from the war significantly contributed to my father's depression, which conflicted greatly with his irritability, causing drastic and reactionary mood shifts. This created an unpredictable childhood where I could only adapt to his current behavior, matching my emotions to the same inconsistencies of his personalities.

The pear trees enjoyed enthusiastic floods of food and water, drought and



neglect, and whimsical pruning within the same week, raising irregular budding on stunted branches. From tenderly microwaved frozen dinners to quick snack packs, he lovingly spoilt me in the same hour that he would simply yet audibly sigh, grab the car keys, and drive away for a day. Alone at home, I tended to chores like any 7-year-old kid: washing dishes, folding laundry, cleaning rooms, cooking dinner, answering calls, scheduling appointments, drafting emails, filing taxes, fixing machines, organizing supplies, and feeding the pear trees nutrient pellets so that they would grow nice and big as soon as possible to bear fruit for us to eat.

Although psychological effects, such as PTSD, from the war are a major source of many refugees' suffering, the political and socioeconomic environment of 1970s United States contributed heavily to post-War stress and long-term fatigue for recovering workers. As hundreds of thousands of refugees immigrated in waves throughout the 1970s and 1980s, the American perspective of the Vietnamese slowly shifted negatively across many communities. While the general public became disdainful of the "reminders of a war that Americans should never have fought," several minority communities saw the Vietnamese as competitors for scarce government services and jobs.⁵ Consequently, many individuals faced feelings of isolation and loneliness, generated from tension between demographics, unless they coalesced into larger Vietnamese communities. However, children were non-stigmatized; schools and daycares indiscriminately welcomed, taught, and loved the new generation, like myself. They had potential, and thus became the hope of refugees to assimilate into working society, introducing America to immigrant families. So upon my birth, I quickly learned the language and the culture; I made the calls, the orders, the advertisements, and the business signs- all before other children solidified their handwriting.

The external resentment and internal lingering self-preservation caused large clusters and communities of refugees to form in central locations across America, socially isolating these communities from America, as Gail Kelly argues in her article "Coping with America."⁶ Although Kelly claims that these subsocieties smoothly facilitated Vietnamese immigration into America, their partition from other demographics rekindled ideas of nationalism and boundaries that were ravaged in the civil war, complicating full assimilation into a socially turbulent America. As uniform populations also fostered easier

stereotyping, increased struggle and tension between groups returned paradoxical notions of racism that many would believe were irreconcilable with the Vietnam War pitting a race against itself. Furthermore, there were many isolated individuals who never settled into those communities. For my father, this displacement caused him to suffer an unrecordable ambiguity as he migrated across different corners of the US looking for his pear orchard's new home.

Nobody reached out to my father. White. Black. Brown. Not even other Asian Americans from other countries. Alone. Nobody to teach. English? He only spoke broken simple sentences. To non-Vietnamese employers. To neighbors. To McDonald's cashiers, he said "same as man before me" and ate whatever that person ordered. To himself, an eloquent native tongue webbed with fine-spun tones and familiar inflections that cursed stranger and countrymen alike.

Kelly's analysis regarding the presence of high-density Vietnamese communities throughout the nation strongly corresponds with my own experiences in California, Texas, and even my hometown in South Carolina ; however, it omits the refugees who actually fought in the war and are thus disengaged from those communities. While my father remained physically near the communities due to a reliance on the shared culture and language, there was a lack of trust and attachment to the individuals within that community, just as he had with other demographics. For decades, he roamed the continental United States with his select

comrades, seeking comfort from a community like the one that had turned against itself and slain his friends and family in the war. But without trust for even his own people, he was skeptical of everyone, even upon settling down in South Carolina for its warm climate reminiscent of Saigon. He attempted to teach me his skepticism, brainwashing me ?to think that sweet people, like sugary food, are bad for you, trust nobody, people have ulterior motives, bad is



VUNG TAU, VIETNAM - APRIL, 1975: Refugees from Da Nang and Hue, north of Saigon, pour ashore from navy barges at Vung Tau, south of Saigon. (Jack Cahill/Toronto Star via Getty Images)

everywhere, and nothing is free. For my father, Buddhism transformed from seeking good to avoiding evil, and so I lived my childhood isolated from other families in my fenced off home tending the separated pear trees in their own plots.

In the dark, I close my eyes and dream of the days where he loves me. The days he buys me tea I cared not for, fans during the winter, and trinkets I pawn. Does he truly care for me? Why doesn't he see me? Does he see anyone past the scheming fraud who squandered years of accumulating wealth and documentation and stole the right of my ancestors to their

land, immigration, and lives? What does he see of the local restaurant's "amigos!"? What of the "black gangster" teachers, "smelly, needy" Indian friends, and "loud, insensitive" white neighbors? Why is the Vietnamese woman raising my sister "manipulative" when she sends me emotionally thoughtful birthday gifts? When he barges in later with outreached arms that bear flimsier gifts but withhold apologies, what sort of bruised figure does he make of me? Bruised, like the pears that fall to the ground - unobserved with his brothers and sisters, what does he see? What of race? What of love? What of trauma? What does he see of himself, who wrongs me and my compatriots in the same way his country wronged him?

Many Vietnamese congregations suffered from socioeconomic shocks and influences due to a 1980s recession tandem with the massive influx of immigrants, increasing tension and isolation of the Asian populations. Although many selected refugees had American ties or marketable skills that allowed their passage into the US, an incredibly disproportionate few came with both the affluence and education to succeed financially, because of social discrimination and language barriers. For the majority of immigrants, regardless of their occupations in Vietnam, minimum-wage, blue-collar work and physical labor were the sole jobs available. Such economic dispositions placed many families and individuals in limiting circumstances that prevented financial growth.⁷ This created a trapped socioeconomic environment where Vietnamese immigrants populated the poverty line, creating sentiments of helplessness and desperation for welfare aid that trap child generations with poor resource stratifications that inhibit their potential for growth beyond the sharp smell of acetone and foot scrubs that swallowed my mother up to keep the family just barely above the poverty line.



*"Liberation" of Ho Chi Minh, Vietnam in July, 1975-Street scenes. ** NB 77991 ** (Photo by Jean-Claude LABBE/Gamma-Rapho via Getty Images)*

\$100 is the amount my mom brought home for a 12-hour workday. \$115 is the cost of the particular sand pear tree my father loved. \$690 is the cost of the six trees which he bought to replace the older, sickly ones one winter. \$300 is the cost of all the food we ate that winter. \$20 is the cost of all our gifts. \$110 is the cost of the New Year gift sent to support family in Vietnam. \$1000 is the cost of the four iPads I returned the day after my dad impulsively? bought them. \$80,000 is the amount he wants for a dream car. \$30,0000 is the amount I desperately needed to save for college. \$0 is the amount he wants spent on his funeral.

One day, you will cry when I die and you will feel loss.

One day, at his funeral, I will spend zero dollars. When I think of his death, I wonder indeed what emotions will well up? Will I remain confused, with a vague presence of loss without grudge uncertain whether to prod my heart or my heritage? I personally know the impacts of a war I have never felt, fought in the aftermath of a man's residual dreams. Vietnamese refugees have undoubtedly suffered immensely in their immigration, emotionally devastated from the physical consequences of war and mentally drained in a socioeconomic recession. And while the direct impacts of casualties and socialism are glaring, so too are the lasting consequences of the ambiguous

anguish facing the surviving generations. Ultimately, the unheard residual trauma facing Vietnamese refugees continues to plague their children, until properly addressed and included in the legacy and wounds of the Vietnam War.

And then, when my last physical connection to Vietnam dies, will I finally understand the grief of my unknown home, and cry. Simple tears that water my dad's once beloved pear trees, shading me from a tropical summer heat.

Notes

1. DeFazio, Victor J. "The Vietnam Era Veteran: Psychological Problems." *Journal of Contemporary Psychotherapy* 7, no. 1 (1975): 9-15. Accessed June 29, 2018. <http://psycnet.apa.org/record/1975-25308-001>
2. Parsons, John, T. Kehle, S. Owen. "Incidence of Behavior Problems Among Children of Vietnam War Veterans." *School Psychology International* 11, no. 4 (1990): 253-259. Accessed June 29, 2018. <http://journals.sagepub.com/doi/abs/10.1177/0143034390114002#articleCitationDownloadContainer>
3. Handwerk, Brian. "Over a Quarter-Million Vietnam War Veterans Still Have PTSD." *Smithsonian.com*. www.smithsonianmag.com/science-nature/over-quarter-million-vietnam-war-veterans-still-have-ptsd-180955997/.
4. Kashdan, Todd B., G. Uswatte, and T. Julian. "Gratitude and hedonic and eudaimonic well-being in Vietnam war veterans." *Behaviour Research and Therapy* 44, no. 2 (2006): 177-199. Accessed March 5, 2018. www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/pii/S0005796705000392.
5. Kelly, Gail P. "Coping with America: Refugees from Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos in the 1970s and 1980s." *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* 487, (1986): 148. Accessed March 5, 2018. www.jstor.org/stable/1046059.
6. Kelly, Gail P. "Coping with America: Refugees from Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos in the 1970s and 1980s." *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* 487, (1986): 138-149. Accessed March 5, 2018. www.jstor.org/stable/1046059.
7. Masuda, Minoru, K. Ling, and L. Tazuma. "Adaptation Problems of Vietnamese Refugees II. Life Changes and Perception of Life Events." *Arch Gen Psychiatry* 37, no. 4 (1980): 447-450. Accessed March 5, 2018. <https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/7362430>.



Jessica Zhao

During my senior year of high school, I took a course called “Essays of Reflection”, in which we wrote personal essays on

a weekly basis and read them aloud to our classmates and teacher. Although initially nerve-racking, this process taught me invaluable lessons about honesty, openness, and reflection with myself and others.

When it came time to choose my Writing 101 course, *Memoirs and Obstacles* seemed like the obvious choice, and a fantastic opportunity to both read more personal stories and develop my own. After reading three award-winning memoirs, we were tasked to write our own on a topic of our choice. I had written about my father before, so I resisted addressing our complicated relationship again, but the subject was too pressing to ignore. Although the piece begins on a more negative, resentful note, the process of writing, revising, and researching opened my eyes to a more forgiving and heartfelt understanding of my relationship with my father. The more I reflected and researched, the more I realized that I, too, had built a wall around myself. This memoir changed my life and redefined the end of another’s, soon proving to be more important than I could have anticipated.

While some stories come naturally and easily, prompting little to no scrutiny, others – like this one – require digging deep and having the courage to bring experiences to light. I was initially hesitant to share this story, first with my classmates, then with my family, and now with the Duke community (and possibly beyond), but it was the best way for me to process events in my life both prior to and following this memoir. I therefore thank my family, classmates, and professors who guided me towards this peace of mind and heart. Professor Maxwell, thank you for showing our class endless dedication and support; and Sheryl, editor of *Deliberations*, thank you for guiding me through the most difficult moments of this process. These past few months, I’ve felt incredibly connected to and humbled by the stories of my peers – stories of adversity and strength – and thank them for their vulnerability and courage in sharing their most difficult life experiences.

Finding Forgiveness

Jessica Zhao

Writing 101: Memoirs and Obstacles

Instructor: Leslie Maxwell

“Jonathan, PLEASE.” I let out an exasperated sigh, too exhausted to argue with my brother’s refusal to fetch my father for dinner. We had both just returned from an exciting day of scuba diving, admiring Thailand’s sapphire blue waters twinkling under the sun and swimming with schools of brightly colored fish weaving in and out of violet coral beds. A stunning break away from the first semester of college, I rejoiced as the cool air whipped my hair around on the boat ride back. Still, the best part of the day seemed to be the fact that we scored eight full hours away from our father’s embarrassing antics.

It didn’t always used to be like this. My brother, who is five years older than me, works and lives in Boston, coming home only on major breaks to visit me and my mother in New Jersey. My father, on the other hand, moved across the world to Shanghai, China four years ago, marking the final transition from married to single life. His move away from our family and his American life sparked the changes I’ve continuously witnessed since then. The rudeness towards waiters and other public workers, increasingly offensive remarks, fluctuations of mood and energy, the list goes on. Yet one thing that hasn’t changed is the pile of empty bottles, clinking against each other as they fall into the little hotel trash cans. “I’m on vacation,” my father happily exclaims whenever we bring up the topic, as if that acts as an excuse for drinking every night.

For the last few years, my brother and I would spend the first half of winter break celebrating Christmas and December 26th, my mother’s birthday, at home. Immediately after, we would travel to meet my father on a tropical island somewhere between the U.S. and China for the second half. In 2016, for example, the three of us rode horses, snorkeled, and hiked on the beautiful island of Oahu, Hawaii – easily my favorite and most memorable vacation. This past winter break, however, my father had his heart set on Thailand, a destination that would take three full days of travelling from the U.S. and back, requiring us to leave before Christmas if we wanted to maximize our time there. This forced me and my brother to choose between celebrating our mother’s 50th birthday at home and flying to Thailand. My mother, gracious woman that she is, assured us that seeing our father together once a year trumped the importance of her birthday, but I couldn’t escape the guilty feeling of betrayal. I would never let my daughterly duties to my father outshine the love I have for my mother, yet here I was, indulging in paradise out of obligation more than choice.

Leading up to the trip, I anticipated and dreaded the impending stress of being around my father, but I never could have predicted this. My brother and I usually chose not to question his nighttime drinking habits, but it began bleeding into earlier hours and his behavior became hard to ignore on this vacation. He shouted at people, caused embarrassing scenes, and even tried to drive us back home once, clearly intoxicated. From his obnoxious clapping and whooping during a show to yelling in the middle of a restaurant, even to cursing at pedestrians from inside the car, his actions shocked me. Rather than spending quality time with either of my parents that break, my brother and I purposefully scheduled time away from my father, instead of finding activities all three of us would enjoy like in previous years. Meanwhile, I constantly felt a pull towards home and hoped that my mother knew we would rather be with her. At this point - only a few days in - my brother and I were ready to go home.

My father's drinking loomed in the background of our relationship for many years, but he kept it under control until this trip. Power et al.'s study, which explores the relationship between marital status and heavy alcohol consumption, offers some insight into my father's changed behavior. The study found that when compared to single and married men, divorced men had the highest intake level, which is likely a consequence of marital separation, financial hardships, and lack of parental responsibility (Power et al.). I wonder if drinking alcohol fills an emptiness for love and affection. I tell myself my father's extreme actions are a desperate cry for our attention, his speech slewed with offensive remarks, just a sad attempt to make us laugh. But I've run out of excuses. I would rather stay home than lie in waves like these. Waves that crash relentlessly, drowning me in a tumble of stress and guilt, weathering my compassion until it's just another piece of dust.

Burdened with this emotional and mental load, I would turn to the poetry book I brought along, reading it on the beach, before bed, and on the plane ride back. The genius of Madisen Kuhn's work is the generality and applicability of her poems, whether relating to romantic love or coming of age. Flipping through it again this time, the stanzas of "Cheerwine" seemed almost too relatable.

*i worry about you
(more than you know)
i see the decisions you make
(all the things you've done
that you'll soon see were mistakes)*

I check my watch again, even though I know what it will tell me: almost thirty minutes late for our dinner reservation. I give my brother one more snide glance before entering the restaurant alone and plopping down at a table. The manager approaches me cautiously, a polite smile on his face.

"Hello ma'am, how are you doing today?" I smile back, assuring him that my



family members would be joining me shortly. He checks the dinner reservation and must have recognized the room number. "No worries, but I just wanted to inform you of a little situation. A street vendor came by around 3pm and accused your father of walking away without paying for some items. I told him to come back later because your father seemed a little...intoxicated. Please, ask him subtly, I don't want to offend anyone."

"Yes, of course, of course." I look at him, shocked and slightly confused. We left my father for a few hours and this is what he did with his time? 3pm? I impulsively blame my father without even hearing his side of the story. But before I can fully register the news, my father stumbles into the restaurant, followed by my brother and his attitude.

The next few minutes are still blurry in my memory.

Fluorescent overhead lights reflected off of the white, marble table tops. Hotel guests occupied two to three tables closer to the glass wall, an illusion dividing the safe, tranquil atmosphere from noisy tourists, blinking lights, and vendors lining the streets. We browse through the menu at the selection of Thai dishes.

Suddenly, a man barges through the glass door at the opposite corner, beelining toward our table. He shouts



foreign obscenities and points at us, his finger and whole being practically shaking with rage. Before I can put two and two together, he's behind my father, yanking his necklace and shouting, prompting everyone in the restaurant to turn around. The necklace gives way and beads fly in every direction, bouncing off and rolling across the tiles. I sit there frozen, but my brother jolts up, his fist finding the man's face like a magnetic target. My father jumps up too, but his words speak louder than any weak and uncontrolled action could.

"Who the hell are you" he frantically demands, "get him out of here. GET HIM OUT." At this point, I find my speech back and grab my brother, trying to relay what the manager told me, but my words are lost amidst the desperate confusion of the scene. Waiters usher the combative stranger

out, apologize to other guests and to my father, who continues to yell like a child demanding answers.

With the stranger out of sight, my father begins directing his threats at the manager.

"Where are the police? CALL THE POLICE. Isn't it your job to protect your guests?" My father continues to shoot English and Chinese out of his jumbled, bilingual mouth as the waiters exchange orders in Thai and English, three languages shooting around the room.

"Sir, we've already called them, please calm down." The manager tries to assure him, but I know the effort is futile. My brother, muttering "unbelievable" under his breath, detaches himself from the situation yet again, refusing to acknowledge any relation with the belligerent tourist everyone seems to be staring at. I notice other foreigners - parents and their children - staring, frightened by the commotion unfolding before them.

*do you know who you are?
(i don't think you do)
you're boundlessly wandering,
trying to find something (anything)
to mask your pain*

Alone now, I begin pushing my father away from the manager, taking everything in me to get him through the lobby and up the stairs. I ignore the piercing stares of other guests, the confused and almost hurt look on the manager's face, my mind focused only on getting him out of public. I meet my brother in our hotel room and urge him again to help me, his muscular build no comparison to my small frame.

"Jonathan, please. The police are coming." Finally, my brother channels the inner anger and antipathy I've seen many times before. He locks the door and roars at my father, commanding him to sit down. Shaken by his son's sudden authority, my father stands still for a second, then snaps back into defense as Jonathan pushes him towards the chair. He laughs, congratulating my brother for his quick reaction back in the restaurant.

"Do you not understand the gravity of the situation?" My brother says through clenched teeth, his jaw popping, eyes black as fire.

"I was attacked! I need to tell the police I was attacked!" I scowl at my father's attempt to look innocent.

"Who do you think they'll side with? A local businessman or a drunk tourist who robbed the place? Huh? Sober the fuck up."

For the rest of the night, we draw the curtains closed so that the vendors across the street cannot see into the

room. I peek every so often and see red and blue flashes, spot an officer searching through one of the stores. I give my father water, gum, anything that will make him slightly more presentable and mask his breath, nervously glancing at the locked door as if barricades of policemen would barge through at any second. My brother, the hero of the night, returns downstairs to apologize to the manager yet again and clears up the situation with the officer. Meanwhile, I stay with my father, who tries again and again to escape, calling for the police and claiming he was “attacked”.

Throughout the whole night, I never considered my father the victim. If it hadn't been for the alcohol, maybe I would've tried to protect him like I have before. But from the moment the manager approached me, I suspected my father was the one to blame. If anything, I was the victim here, imprisoned in a foreign country, wishing for my mother, for the comfort of home, and racking my brain for what to do if he were arrested. In fact, I almost wanted the police to take him. I wanted him to finally understand his actions have consequences. That night, my brother and I decided we would never go on another family vacation with him. No amount of coconuts, tropical sand, or lavish meals would heal the embarrassment and shame he inflicted on us. The guilt clouding my apathetic emotions seemed to clear a little.

*i know
you know
that how you're living
will never quench
your thirst*

I'm caught between the obligation to care simply because we share blood and wanting to strip him from any familial ties, hoping this would ignite an inner spark of realization. But I fear that with no one in his life, my father will continue to spiral downwards, his stubbornness like an anchor pulling him into a dark hole. When I imagine momentous events in my life - graduation, my wedding, the birth of my first child - I only see my mother there. And honestly, I only want my mother there, the woman who has rebuilt her life, exuding love and positivity through the cracks in her heart my father caused. How do you do it though, reject a family member? What he would do if he realized he were completely alone in the world? How could I live with myself if something happened to him?

Year after year, I recognize my father less. I see myself in Dina Nayeri, an Iranian-American writer and refugee, as she describes her limited relationship with her Iranian father, who she has only seen four times over thirty years. Upon the fourth time, Nayeri recounts how “he looked in another world,” his age a jarring change, apparent in the “unnatural arc of his back and hashish smell.” Similarly, my father's face

becomes more rigid each time we meet, the skin under his eyes seems darker and puffier, his laugh more cynical. Even more than his physical changes, I worry that the distance from his family has weathered his hope and good morals - it's hard to live a good life without people to live for, to act as a role model when no one is watching. Maybe cutting him off would “end him, his big personality, his glorious sense of himself,” as Dina Nayeri speculated would happen with her father, but maybe that's also exactly why I *can't* turn my back on him.

*i know
(deep down)
your soul is pleading,
“please, someone save me
from myself.”
(Madisen Kuhn)*

A thought my brother let slip in passing has stuck with me ever since: *There's a reason grandma and uncle don't talk to him anymore.* They, too, tried time and again to reach him, to voice some reason, sympathy, and rationality into that thick skull, but even his own mother and brother have given up. Someday, maybe I'll be strong enough to rid myself from the negative blood too, or maybe strength means loving and fighting for one's family endlessly, regardless of who they are and what they've done.

I still struggle to understand how our relationship became so distant - how the literal distance has created mental and emotional space I seem to keep getting lost in. An article published on the National Parents Organization website offers me insight into the causes of a damaged father-daughter relationship and methods to “repair” it (Franklin). Before reading the article, I always partly blamed my father for moving away from us, for not trying harder to contact me, and for not developing an open relationship with me like my mother has. Franklin, however, reveals how fathers are not granted the same opportunity to share their feelings about divorce-related events that mothers are. The legal system favoring child custody with the mother, coupled with a mother's negative opinions about her divorced husband, often lead to daughters having skewed perceptions of their fathers. Instead, Franklin encourages young women to “seek contact with Dad”, and asks them to question why they may be fearful of doing so: “What are you afraid of?...would you feel worse than you do now with a strained or uncomfortable relationship with your dad?” (Franklin).

When my father first moved to China four years ago, I constantly expressed sorrow and concern for his well-being,

but he never let me in on his experiences. His life became a mystery, and my sorrow slowly turned sour. Since then, I have tried to stay patient and chip away at his hard shell until I can find some real emotions. The effort often seems futile to “seek contact with dad”, as he puts up a wall, perhaps a protective barrier between himself and the world. I may be afraid of this continual rejection, but I’m more afraid of losing him.

Every time I call my father, I search for a thread of love I can hang on to - sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn’t. Unlike Cheryl Strayed, a memoirist whose mother would say, “We’re rich in love” and embrace her children with an “all-encompassing” hug, I find my father’s love hidden and difficult to detect (13-14). It comes in short bursts of clarity, rare I love you’s over the phone, but most of the time, I find conversations exhausting. I realize now, in spite of all of this, that relationships are a two-way street. I thought my father was the one who kept me at a distance, but to my surprise, our message history reveals many “sorry I’m busy” or “I’m not in my room” texts on my end, attached to missed calls from him. If I want a real father-daughter relationship, I need to play my part too.

With the end of my freshmen year fast approaching, I bought plane tickets to China in anticipation of visiting my cousin’s baby, born in December to my mother’s side of the family. With this trip, as with every trip to China, I began feeling anxious about the obligation tied to visiting my father.

That feeling changed a few days ago, when he called me to ask again whether he would see me this May. He began listing places he wanted to take me, and activities we could do: seeing the terracotta army, an hour long walk around a historic city wall, watching the landscape on a high-speed train. Although I still have reservations about spending three days alone with my father in yet another foreign destination, I’ve realized that I, too, have built a shell around myself, perhaps to shield my own heart from any more pain.

Every time he calls, he asks “How’s Rachel?”, my roommate, followed by a few of my other closest friends. This time, to my complete and utter shock, he added “How’s Matthew?” I held the phone in silence for a few seconds, stunned that he remembered the name of my former boyfriend. I had mentioned him to my father only once over the span of our almost two-year relationship. Once. It had never even occurred to me that I forgot to tell my father we were no longer together, simply because he never knew

Matthew. I see the fact that he remembered his name and expressed interest in my personal life for the first time in years as a revolution, maybe even a starting point for a closer relationship.

I sincerely hope that one day my father will realize the damage that alcohol has caused - to his own life, and to ours. That our relationship will revert back to love and support, not one of money and guilt. “Cheerwine”, the poem by

Madisen Kuhn, accurately reflects the complicated and worried emotions I feel towards my father. I think he is “boundlessly wandering” and has lost sight of himself, but that is no reason for his children to turn their backs on him. Even though sometimes it seems easier to stop seeing him, I know that the consequences would be impossible to live with. So, I actively remind myself to stay patient and understanding, and trust that working on our

relationship gives him an incentive to improve his own life. In fact, he purposely avoids alcohol during my stay whenever I visit China. My brother and I cannot monitor him from across the globe, but maintaining contact means keeping him in touch with not only us, but reality.

Love is helping to find people when they have lost themselves. Love is not giving up.

Epilogue

On June 27th, 4pm in Shanghai (which is 4am EST), my father passed away from a sudden heart attack. I woke up late that morning, recovering from my recent jet lag, expecting just another lazy summer day. Instead, my phone bombarded me with texts from concerned relatives and family friends - revealing a message to which I immediately became numb,

Later that day, I thought again and again about how grateful I was to have seen him just a month earlier in Xi’an, China, doing all of the activities he so excitedly listed during our phone call in April. I may have initially agreed to the visit out of obligation, but by the end of the trip, I felt closer to my father than I had in years, maybe even since middle school. Over tea, and during an hour long walk around the historic city wall, we discussed my first year at Duke, new and old friends, summer plans, and long term aspirations. In return, he expressed how much happier he felt in his new living situation and job, finally settling into this initially tumultuous chapter of his life.



Although he still drank, I only saw him do so at a formal dinner with acquaintances, a beer with lunch, or evidenced by a half empty bottle of wine in his hotel room. Knowing he only had three days with me, each crammed with activities, he seemed to limit the consumption as to not interfere with his driving abilities or our time together. He said things like, “I should drink more tea,” which made me hopeful things would change.

I also called him two days before his passing. We talked for an hour - admittedly longer than our usual conversation - about my recent trip to Spain. He seemed genuinely excited to hear about all of the details and people I met, even asking me to send him a personal travel blog or slideshow of photographs. After we hung up, I told myself to call him more often; I thought the warmth of our conversation built upon our recently improved relationship.

The truth is, my father’s death does not have an overwhelming effect on my everyday life. For four years, I trained myself to depend more on those in my immediate vicinity, such as friends, teachers, and, of course, my mother. I let the physical distance create mental and emotional space between us. In retrospect, certain lines in this memoir pain me to read. For example, “When I imagine momentous events in my life - graduation, my wedding, the birth of my first child - I only see my mother there. And honestly, I only want my mother there.” The fact is that now I *will* only have my mother.

My father’s friends, relatives, and colleagues constantly reassured me once I arrived in Shanghai, just a few days after his death. A common thread tied all of their condolences together – the message that my brother and I were my father’s pride and joy. They showed me pictures and videos that my father had sent of us, sharing our accomplishments and rejoicing in moments we spent together. Throughout his apartment, I found the 50th birthday card I wrote, my graduation picture, countless hats with my high school and college emblems sewed on, a proud display of his children. Despite difficult challenges in my father’s life, some within his control and some not, he never stopped loving us.

Coincidentally, the decision to publish this essay fell during the same week that I heard about my father’s death. My hesitation to share these personal experiences came with the concern of dishonoring my father’s memory. Rather than just focusing on the unfortunate truths of our Thailand vacation, I hope this essay also reveals the complications in our relationship aside from alcohol. Distance, time away, lack of emotional vulnerability, are all challenges that I faced in my relationship with my father that I do not with my mother. Through the process of writing this memoir last spring, I found the strength to overcome reservations and fears about seeing my father. More importantly, I found forgiveness and a more understanding perspective on our relationship. Life does not always align with our hopes, but my change of heart lives on with his memory.

Works Cited

- Franklin, Robert. “Repairing Father-Daughter Relationships Post-Divorce.” NPO, NPO, 19 July 2017, www.nationalparentsorganization.org/blog/23558-repairing-father-daughter-relationships-post-divorce.
- Kuhn, Madisen. “Cheerwine.” *Eighteen Years*, 2015, p. 56.
- Nayeri, Dina. “My Father, in Four Visits over Thirty Years.” *The New Yorker*, June 2017, <https://www.newyorker.com/culture/personal-history/my-father-in-four-visits-over-thirty-years>.
- Power, Chris, et al. “Heavy Alcohol Consumption and Marital Status: Disentangling the Relationship in a National Study of Young Adults.” *Addiction; Abingdon*, vol. 94, no. 10, Oct. 1999, pp. 1477–87, <https://search.proquest.com/docview/199567091/abstract/A1FF4B1B04434058PQ/1>.
- Strayed, Cheryl. *Wild: From Lost to Found on the Pacific Crest Trail*. New York: Vintage Books, 2012. Print.
- Zhao, Bruce. Phone call. Received by Jessica Zhao, 18 April 2018.
- Zhao, Bruce. Text messages. Received by Jessica Zhao, 13 November 2017.



Santiago Orozco

It wasn't until I became truly aware of myself that I realized hate is not the opposite of love. Aware of myself? Am I saying I had never realized I was here, in flesh, in presence? In some ways, yes, I am saying that. My imagination constantly manufactures scenarios – some good, some bad – and fear keeps me trapped within the multiplex of my mind. Fear takes my eyes as hostages and transforms them into projectors, running a second story over the picture that I see in front of me. I've held fear close to my heart all my life; though a little part of me knew it to be toxic, I was too unconscious to perceive it as the true antithesis to love.

When I first heard of *Coming of Age*, I thought 'what kind of pre-arranged marriage am I getting myself into?' You see how not-funny I was before taking this class? (I still am), but this class helped. I've noticed that humor comes from empathy and self-understanding. Sitting in a class, listening to dozens of fascinating, yet overwhelming life-stories was a complete slap-in-the-face to my ego. Both my ego and my fear have always told me that I'm not enough, that there's always someone better than me, but this miracle of a class made me question my obsession with dramatizing my life; I really don't have it that bad. My story tackles real struggles I still have with self-acceptance, my parents, and God, but let it serve as a piece of sardonic advice to never take yourself too seriously. Loosen that fist you're holding, and just let go.

I just want to say thank you so much, not only to God but to Jesus. Wouldn't be here without them. I'm also grateful for my family, ¡los amo! Oh, and Sheryl! You are a pretty cool professor. Lastly, I want to thank you: reader. If a student publishes a story with no eyes to read it, does it send any message? Think about it.

Cage The Daydream

Santiago Orozco

Writing 101: Coming of Age at Duke

Instructor: Sheryl Welte Emch

'NIGHT'

If only Dawn were not so fragile.
 If only its hollow shell would not crack at
 the breath of dying dreams, or its silence
 not surrender to the chaos of songs in flight.
 If only it took more than the Sun's urge to
 rise from an idle darkness -
 or the craving for its beams to dance through
 windows and homes and faces -
 to awaken Dawn from its anxious sleep.
 If only it weren't so anxious to unmask itself.
 Slowly,
 like autumn leaves dwindling down a frigid air,
 piling atop each other,
 one by one,
 rusting at their grave,
 Dawn ascends.

It seems hesitant, as if it did not know
 even where to ascend to.
 As if yesterday's scars had not yet faded
 from the sorrow that already engraved its eyes.
 As if not even its brightest rays could
 scorch away a world's pain.
 As if it never wished to climb,
 to kiss an untouched sky,
 to soar free like a silence lost to the wind,
 or have its flames tower over a frozen world.
 It never wished for that world to glare
 back at its scars,
 to grimace at an enslaved
 reflection with regret.

So it dies, buried beneath the horizon.

THE CHARACTERS

IN DESCENDING ORDER OF POWER

CONSCIENCE
A struggling voice

ANTI-CONSCIENCE
A deceptive and illusory voice

MOM

DAD

DREAMER DUSK
Me; a very handsome – nay, gorgeous – yet polarized kid

ACT I

The Moon rises on a late evening early in August. Gray clouds, peering down into an empty road in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, conquer the cold air. Drops of rain slide across the vacant street as pools of water reflect the dancing thunder and lightning above. A wrecked car, flipped against the road's edge, entraps an unconscious body. DREAMER DUSK, a kid of only seventeen years, remains ignorant of the blood seeping into his faded black shirt and ripped jeans. In an attempt to awaken DREAMER, a war wages in his head as his CONSCIENCE and ANTI-CONSCIENCE try to make meaning of the events leading up to his tragedy:

CONSCIENCE:

Dreamer, you need to wake up!

ANTI-CONSCIENCE:

Wake up to what? The exact same thing that put him in this place? Do you really think he wants to live another day with that toxic family? Do you really think he's waiting to be fed another spoonful of lies from those ignorant, close-minded parents of his? If those Catholics want him to live a life in God, then there's no wonder he's enslaved in a lie! I know you want power over him, Conscience. I know you want to show him this cruel, twisted world. You must think I'm as dumb as him! Just look at how he lies there, alone just like before. He wouldn't last a day outside of this lie; the Sun would set on the same person it arose to: a lonely, meaningless dreamer.

CONSCIENCE:

You poison his mind with comfort. Can't you see how the thoughts you flood into his head leave it desolate? Can't you see the lie you constantly bellow at him leaves him deaf to the truth? I don't want power, I only want his freedom. He may die now without having ever lived.

ANTI-CONSCIENCE:

Then he will die happy! Don't you want him to be happy, Conscience? You do nothing but lie to yourself if you think he'll find happiness in the truth. The truth is the reason why he's so weak in the first place; I'm only here because he would rather escape the truth than do anything to fix it! It's honestly disheartening to see you fight for such a coward.



CONSCIENCE:

You know nothing of happiness! You mistake it with hate! Every time he reaches for it, you tie his wrists in chains. Every time he gazes for the truth, you blind him with hatred! Hatred for his family, his past, himself! That's what you've wanted all along for him. A crumbled family to feel lonelier, a fixation on the past to forget about the present, a disgust of himself to annihilate hope. How do you expect him to have any dreams when you lock him deep inside of one?

ANTI-CONSCIENCE:

Oh, how you love to shove culpability in my face. All this is his own doing! He left himself brokenhearted. He left himself neglected from his family. He left himself abandoned within his own skin. Why do you think he's constantly wanting to be someone he's not? It's hilarious to see someone so lonely, so unloved – someone who's done nothing but wrap his wicked hands around the hearts that have been handed to him and crush them into a worthless ash – dream of filling the bottomless void that he dug himself! I am his greatest – no, his *only* friend! I am the only one who loves him, cares for him enough to punish him with the power of guilt. That's why he needs to live in the past: to endlessly stare into the mistakes he can never change, but constantly wants to alter.

[silence]

Ha! You know I'm right! The bottom line is that he's never known anything but isolation and abandonment, and you do nothing but perpetuate it! He's lonely with his family, his friends, his faith, all because he pushed them away! We are all he's got! This vermin knows nothing of himself; we need to be the ones who define him!

[Light glows and a smooth, melodic tone erupts from DREAMER's right front-pocket. A cracked screen rings. And rings. And continues to ring until its final echo withers to a crude death. If he had picked up, DREAMER would have heard the following voicemail:]

MOM *[sobbing]*:

My God, Dreamer, please come home; I hope you're OK! No, I know you're OK; *Dios* cannot take you away from me right now; I'm certain that your Guardian Angel has kept you safe. I know your father got carried away saying a lot of things he didn't mean, but we're both extremely worried driving around Ft. Lauderdale looking for you. *[Sternly]* But we are also worried about your faith. We did not invest seventeen years into you for you to side *con el Demonio*. Do not make us feel like your life has gone to waste. We only want you to live a saintly life, carrying out the traditions that we tirelessly taught you. *[Now bawling, her voice layered with a simultaneous fear and anger]* You are everything we have, Dreamer, everything we've worked for and begged for and prayed for; do not repay us by damning yourself!

[Her quivering mouth and rainy cheeks quiet her for a moment. She calms]

Please, mijo, listen to the holy spirit when he calls your name.

[The call expires. A deafening silence takes its place.]

ACT II

The Sun sets on the same adverse evening, only a few hours before the car wreck. Its last few flares release their enflamed grasp from the fleeting twilight, coloring the sky a timid, tender pink. A white suburban home remains in the shadows. A discussion between DREAMER and his parents can be heard through the home's closing front door, a discussion which only grows louder and louder:

DAD *[to Dreamer]:*

Son, now that we're back home from mass, it's time to pray. Go grab your Rosary and meet us in the family room.

ANTI-CONSCIENCE *[to Dreamer]:*

Are you blind, Dreamer? God, religion, prayer, it's just a lie you've been forced to live in, a lie that corrodes and numbs you. It is nothing more than a story told enough times to become tradition, and a tradition practiced enough times to become culture. This is all they know; you do not need to inherit their ignorance. For once in your life, think for yourself!

CONSCIENCE *[also to Dreamer]:*

Focus on me, Dreamer. I need you to think about this. You may have lived your entire life assuming God's existence to be true, but that doesn't mean it's false. Your parents have sacrificed everything they've ever had to make sure you grow up loved; they have only ever wanted what's best for you; do not judge them for incorporating God into that love and care. Whether or not he exists is up to you, but do not bite the hand that fed you or crush the home that sheltered you.

DREAMER *[at first hesitantly, but then with confidence]:*

Dad, mom, I don't think I want to pray today.

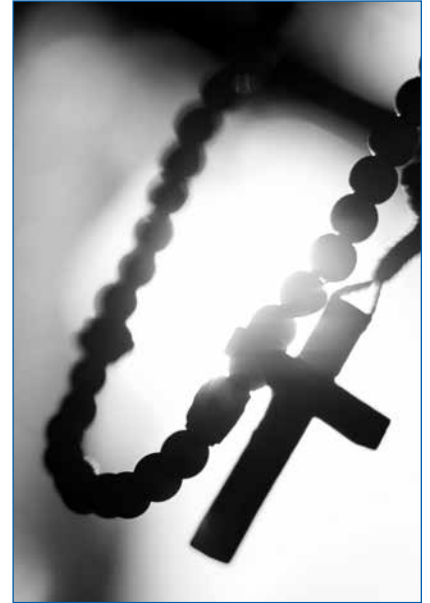
[silence]

I've thought about all the things you've taught me about being Catholic: love God, love you both, never sin. But when I think about what God views as 'sinful,' I can only be... *[he's uncertain of whether or not to continue]* disgusted. *[Now in rage]* I can't love God when he gives me free will, then damns me if I don't abide to his laws. I can't love God when he tells me that I'm only 'normal' if I'm heterosexual. I can't love God when he tells me using contraception is a sin when I'm pretty sure I'm the one and only person who gets to decide when – or even if – I want children; It's even worse when he would rather me get an STD through 'natural sex' than use contraception. I can't love God when he makes me a hypocrite!

ANTI-CONSCIENCE *[lustfully, almost with a hiss]:*

Yes. That's exactly what we needed.

[Expression leaves his parents' faces, their hearts now a cold void. Anger quickly fills the abyss within his father. His metal mouth spews insults at DREAMER almost as quickly as bullets fire from a gun. The back of DAD's hand transposes the color on DREAMER's cheek with a painful, scarlet red.]



The agitated atmosphere distributes tears into the eyes of all parties, the only thing prevailing from this dividing family. DREAMER desperately races to grab car keys; the engine's roar strikes despair into his parents' hearts.]

ACT III

The Sun and Moon battle for power in the sky. Meanwhile, a confused DREAMER speeds almost unconsciously down an unpredictable asphalt:

DREAMER *[crying possibly only to himself]:*

God! Anyone! Please, if you're listening, help me!

CONSCIENCE:

Dreamer, it's not too late to turn around. Your family will always need you, just as you will need them!

ANTI-CONSCIENCE:

No one listens, you helpless coward! You are more alone now than you've ever been!

DREAMER:

I don't want to live like this anymore, I don't want to lie to myself in appeasement of my parents. I don't want to dishearten my parents by questioning everything they've taught me!

ANTI-CONSCIENCE:

The only good your parents have ever done is awaken you from their paradoxical ways. Do not fight it!

DREAMER:

Ground me in reality! Unlock this prison of a daydream I'm endlessly enslaved to!

ANTI-CONSCIENCE *[frantically]:*

You have no control here! Quit this pointless battle!

CONSCIENCE *[urgently to Dreamer]:*

You need to turn around now!

DREAMER *[yearning]:*

Remove me from the past that I've irrationally been unable to let go of! Shove me into my fears, my worries, my insecurities so I can conquer them; I have lived too long in this distraction; I need to quit ignoring this pain!

ANTI-CONSCIENCE:

Reopen the scars of your broken heart so you never forget the pain you've inflicted on those who've trusted you!

[And DREAMER, before he could make up his mind, becomes hostage to skidding tires. He then sits in the vehicle – flipped – unconscious. Scarlet red blood covers his head and hands.]

Fin.

SPOTLIGHT

The sound of dying chatter and dimming lights cue an entrance. Santi steps onto a stage. An innumerable number of eyes are delighted to finally stare at something other than a wooden stool and microphone stand. The eyes gaze with curious judgement, for they have prepared an interrogation. Santi sits on the stool and prefaces the questioning with a poem given to him not too long ago about a psychiatrist assessing residents at a psych ward.

“What about the imagination?’ asks a resident, puzzled.
‘That’s something for art,’ the psychiatrist answers.
‘And science, and religion,’ he adds, ‘but not for us.’
And they all turn and depart the room in a brawl.
The woman drawing on her sketch pad rotates it,
rotates it again, as if trying to find herself inside it.”



Staring into the poem, he introspects. The piece of paper starts to look like a mirror. As he finishes the poem, he hesitates in showing his heart to the world:

“I want to start off by saying that it’s going to be extremely difficult satisfying questions about my identity when I am yet to even find the answer. I want to know just as badly as y’all, so hopefully this talk helps all of us out.” An awkward silence erupts. A brave man, stepping to the audience mic, drowns the quiet. “My name is Matthew James and I just wanted to say that your play was wicked awesome. I bet if you showed it to a class or something they’d really like it. Anyways, I just wanted to know more about ‘the lie’ that you mention a lot in your gnarly play; like, the one that Anti-Conscious really wants you to be in. Like, I was a bit confused about it while reading your sick play.”

Matthew James was really tooting Santi’s horn. “Matthew, *bro*, to be completely honest,” Santi replies, “‘the lie’ has to do with me lying to myself about my happiness. As you’ve probably guessed already by reading the play, I’m depressed. Sure, I’m doing better now than I was when the play’s events took place, but it’s definitely still there and will probably never go away. I still struggle with self-esteem sometimes, I still look at myself in a really cruel way, I still hate myself for who I was and who I am.

All this hate just became extremely emotionally draining. After a while, it became a lot easier to just ignore it. I really couldn’t accept who I was, so I began to daydream about who I knew I could never become. The pictures in my head were completely different from what was actually going on. I’d spend nights just thinking about how I’d change my body if I got the chance: change my hair, my eyes, my height, my weight, my skin-color, anything, even my personality. I’d play scenarios in my head where I was the funny guy in school, or the athlete, or just the guy that everyone wanted to be. Because in reality, I thought that I could never be any of those things.

Even to this day I daydream about releasing art to the world and being loved for it, being famed for it. I hadn’t loved myself, so I lived in a fantasy where everyone else did. Maybe if I took myself less seriously I’d be better able to cope. I

should take myself less seriously.” Santi cries, just as he may cry if he were to read this later in his life.

Matthew James unites his shaking hands with his tearing face and returns to his seat. A couple walk up to the microphone. “My name is Aglo,” says the woman, “and my name is Nanreh” says the gentleman. Aglo decides to do the talking. “Each time I look back at your play,” she begins, “your parents always stand out to me. Every time. What’s your relationship with them and their connection with God? Do you love any of the three?”

Wow. What a loaded question. “Well, Aglo, a lot of my fraudulence actually stems to both my parents and religion. I was raised in an extremely Catholic household. My family is very active at our church; my parents are both Eucharistic Ministers and both my siblings and I were altar servers– the kids in white robes who help the priest out. Or whatever. For a long time, we would all pray the Rosary every day. For an even longer time, we would do what ‘good Catholics’ do and confess, fast during Lent, pray before meals and before bed; you know, stuff like that. But now that I think about it, religion was just as much of a lie as my daydream was: a bunch of doctrine and teachings that my parents forced me to accept, and that *force* was what made it so unappealing.

Before I got to college, I never really had the opportunity to question my faith; it was impossible while living with my parents. If, for example, I told them I stopped believing, they’d practically disown me as a child and kick me out. God is *very* important to them. My problem now is two-fold: with my parents and with God. My parents already have suspicions that I’m drifting from my faith – hence the end of Act I and the entirety of Act II – but I don’t think I’ll ever tell them how I truly feel. I don’t want to disappoint them. I don’t want to throw away everything they’ve invested in me. I love them unconditionally, I just don’t agree with the way they want my faith to be, but I know that defiance would only bring me shame. I can just imagine seeing the look of anger, hopelessness, regret on their faces. I don’t think I could ever tell them that I stopped going to mass after moving out, or stopped praying, stopped confessing, stopped practicing Lent; so, I lie to them.

I lie about everything that has to do with my faith, maybe even about believing. And that’s where He comes in. When you’ve had someone like Him attached to your life for so long, constantly hanging over your head, believing Him to be as real as the heart that beats inside you, letting go becomes a lot harder than it seems. I constantly find myself feeling that I *want* to believe in Him. The whole point of Act III was to show this; I find comfort in knowing that there’s someone there to help. But all this just makes me feel more like a hypocrite. I don’t want to be religious but still want to believe in something. Maybe not the same Man in the Sky that my parents preach about, but something.”

Aglo and Nanreh unite their clenched fists with their angry, hopeless, regretful faces and return to their seat. No one else stands up.

The light returns, and the eyes have left. He still cannot find peace.

ESSAY: ON THE DECAY OF COMFORT

Thoughts clutter his cranium; Oh what to do? he thinks as his thoughts grow heavier and heavier in his head. He can’t handle the weight anymore. He draws a pencil from his desk, puts it to his temple, connects it to his brain, and evicts those ideas out of his head and onto a sheet of paper.



After countless, utterly grueling hours of work, Santi's progress seems promising:

The

Good work, Santi. By now, his boredom has evolved into exhaustion. He heads to the little boy's room and He stares at himself in the mirror. A familiar presence catches him off guard. A deceptive and illusory voice emerges, but he cannot escape its noise.

"What? You don't like who's looking back?" it scoffs. "How could you? Look at him. Look how ugly he is. If you think that's bad, you might as well die when you find out how dreadful he is inside." Santi, with deep, nervous breaths, closes his eyes frantically, but this was a different kind of vision. "I know you want to remember," the voice insists.

"I just want to move on—"

"The only way toward progress is in the past, you idiot. It is in memory. Keep remembering. Keep that frame blazing in your sight. Remember their faces when you disappointed them, when you crushed their love into a neglected ash.

"I just didn't want to feel lonely—"

"And nothing has changed! You're disgusting! I know your secrets, and they're all your fault! No matter how much alcohol or drugs or lies, you'll never be able to drown them out. You are nothing. You are worthless. Why does loving you have to be so complicated?"

Maybe the voice was right...Santi returns to his desk and finishes what he had started.

The thing is, I really have no idea how to let go of the past, how to allow regret and growth to coexist because my past is, well, it's me, it's my identity, it's the collection of all my experiences. Whether they've tortured me or nurtured me, I love these memories, but the crazy thing is that I really tend to dwell on the torturous ones, the ones that strike a scorching sorrow in me, I don't necessarily like the pain, I guess I'm too much of a coward to love myself and forget all the mistakes I've made; I guess I've let those imperfections get to me. Yes, I know I'm taking these imperfections too seriously and I just end up hurting the people I love in life. For example, I've always been jealous of my friends whose parents would let them be free, let them explore and fail and learn and coalesce into a collective and evolving identity.

Wow, it honestly feels like my parents were always pretty adamant about not letting me have those things I now so treasure. Like that one time they told me to run away from the fireworks. They said it would bring them comfort; it would bring me comfort. But I don't want comfort, I want real danger. I want freedom. I want sin.

God, I want you, too. I can't handle these lost questions of creation that shove a mirror in my face and make me look like a crystal on a star, like a snowflake on a ski slope. I've never gone skiing, and I've never gone to heaven, but I'm sure they're a lot alike; I'm sure the white is blinding and the whole trip is way overpriced. But hey, in this ascent I am closer to the stars and further from the control of my parents. You see, they've always hovered over me like dead autumn leaves hover over their graves on the ground and lay there waiting to be taken by the wind. I hope that wind lets me levitate on my own, I hope it blows me to the moon and lets me build a home of my own design. Yes, I'm sure my parents wouldn't like it. No, they wouldn't; I'm sure they'll hate every last brick.

I love my mom and dad, but it seems like they hate it whenever I want to think for myself. Whenever I want to question them, they only respond with



punishment and cruelty is not something I enjoy a whole lot. So, it makes sense for me to associate my parents with punishment and punishment with religion. It seems like every question I have for them clarifies the blind faith they have in the whole system and how they want to cope with the same confusion I have, the very same lack of control I feel about my origin and legacy. They just want me to have a good afterlife, even if it means this life is shit.

Well, I guess we live by different philosophies because I think the capital-T Truth of this whole thing is not life after death, but life before death. Yes, but don't get me wrong, I'm not an atheist. There's no such thing as atheism; everyone believes in something, everyone worships. I don't really blame my parents for worshipping religion when worshipping money or power or beauty or anything else will eat you alive. And I don't want to sound preachy or anything, but I need my parents to understand that choosing to worship something outside of their immediate comfort zone or expectation for me is not such a bad thing. I want them to know it's ok to worship this life, to become so infatuated with poetry and passion and sin, because without these, how else would we learn? I want them to know it's ok to worship the darkness, because without it, the light is powerless. I guess what I'm trying to say is that I love you God. I have no idea why, but yeah, don't let me decay. Look after me and my family; they have no idea what they're doing. But then again, I probably don't either. I'll see you tomorrow.

EPILOGUE

The moon is above me. It looks pretty cool; a thin, orange crescent runs around its bottom. My neck hurts from looking at the constellations. I am cold since the wind is very chilly, but I like introspecting outside.

By now, it's become a lot easier to accept: accept me, my past, my present. It's become a lot easier to see that some things are just out of my control. In a lot of ways, I can't control who I am or what I look like, so it makes a lot more sense to just make the best of what I've got instead of being static and frustrated over it.

I know this shift in thought seems sudden, but I've been gradually working towards it for a while. Going back home for winter break was the first time after I left for Duke that I returned to the site of my suffering. Walking through my home, school, favorite park, or any other nostalgic environment, I was overwhelmed with sadness. My problem with ruminating was already bad, but it only intensified by standing in the very same places that those memories occurred. Luckily, this saturation of pain made it easier to recognize its solution; the augmented urgency to rid myself of this aching led me to reach for clarity. I already knew that the problem was in my head, so all I had to do was figure out how to finally control my thoughts. I did a lot of research. Be it meditation or general emotional hygiene, I was learning to move on. I was like a sponge absorbing all the advice and knowledge I received. I learned ways to rid guilt, to rid the past, to rid my past self. I remember the last few days of the fall semester, I sat on the Epworth dorm bench making a pact with a close friend to go to the counseling center as soon as we got back from break. But after the cathartic process, I genuinely felt like that was unnecessary.

This story isn't happily-ever-after just yet. I've come to realize that depression is a process. Without making it a habit to stay emotionally cognizant and remain in-the-moment with my thoughts and actions, depression and rumination tend to creep back into my day-to-day. I am currently in the less ideal part of this process. Despite second semester so far being utterly cathartic – being welcomed to a pretty wonderful community of supportive friends – it's like I've either forgotten

everything I learned over winter break or simply shoved it to the back of my mind; lately I've been feeling like Prison Mike (but without the dementors): fake, helpless, and constantly thinking of the past. I've put up this façade again where, on the surface, I try to act more fine than I really am to compensate for how I'm feeling within.

My parents, too, are still a challenge. They still call me about mass, and I still lie to them about going. It still devastates me. On the bright side, I recently let them know about my depression and they were very supportive and understanding about my situation, even if they constantly told me that God would be the only one to purge me of it. I still don't know if I will ever tell them about my true feelings towards religion. I still have no idea what my relationship with God is.

Despite my doubts, I am still like one who is spiritual: slowly looking for the answers, faithfully reaching into the void and expecting to encounter the truth. Despite my sorrows, as long as the Sun sets, and as long as the moon is there to take its place, I will have hope...

'MORNING'

Dawn and Dusk are no different,
like mirrored Geminis,
so it's the moon glaring back at me tonight.
It keeps the ocean on a leash
and reigns it into its
 lonely dark side.

There violence creeps down cratered
cracks and rusts against dying dreams.
 The waves go back and forth.

There lies tell the truth of misery,
they feed a ghost hungering comfort.
The ghost stares back at me,
 and the waves go back and forth.

There memory remains callous, looking
back at the moon's astronomical origin,
looking back at the meaningless war of
fire and rock, mocking the collided ash
that now masks the victor.
 Yet the waves go back and forth.

Here relief guides me.
The stars are my canopy.
A hazy sliver of sun kisses the moon's crescent.
Maybe it reminds me of how little we all know.
How little we all are.
My footprints in the sand are fossils
waiting to be drowned by the wind.
As I look back,
 the birds laugh at me, singing to the waves
 gone silent.



DISCUSSION OF SOURCES

The creative process behind this story resembles the game I used to play during thunderstorms: a lightningbolt stretches across the clouds, and then we would count. 1, 2, 3, counting the distance of the strike, each second feeling like a secret unit of safety.

As I ran into spontaneous, momentary sources of inspiration, I studied them – though they flew past me like lighting – and waited to see how I could incorporate them into this essay. I practiced patience. I drew on an interestingly diverse set of sources, both artistic and scholarly. Regarding the former, I primarily listened to two hip-hop albums while writing, keeping them on a loop, observing these dogs spin in circles until they finally caught their tail. The music threw a bone, I just needed to bite. Kanye West's *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy* inspired the name of my piece, for I wanted to interpret the darkness behind my own fantasies and daydreams. The album boasts a formidable scrutinization of duality and dilemma. In Kanye's case, fame is the struggle; in

my own, uncertainty of self becomes the vehicle for polarity. The second LP is Kendrick Lamar's *To Pimp a Butterfly*, a poetic, genius narrative discussing the degradation of identity as one steps away from home and into the unknown. Lines used throughout my essay strongly parallel Kendrick's own sentiment and style. Lastly, I discuss my love for *Lady Bird*, a film that shows how it is ok to distance myself from religion, but also gives me hope that my relationship with my parents will eventually heal. I cherish this the most.

As for the journal entries, I mainly looked at psychological studies and evaluations concerning helicopter parenting and young adults' journeys toward independence. Though I did not directly cite these sources in my case study, they nevertheless comforted me by displaying the normality of my emotions.

Articulating the experience of creating this work would have been incomplete without acknowledging and appreciating the sources that not only guided and shaped my creative process, but also pushed my thinking and shifted the perspective I have of myself.

References

Berko, Katherine. "Duke Is Not A Good Place To Be, It Is Just A Good Place To Be From." *Odyssey*, 3 Nov. 2015, www.theodysseyonline.com/duke-is-not-good-place-to-be-it-is-just-good-place-to-be-from. Accessed 22 Mar. 2018.

Gilligan, James. "Shame, Guilt, and Violence." *Social Research*, vol. 70, no. 4, 2003, pp. 1149–1180.

Jaffe, Dennis T., and James A. Grubman. "Acquirers' and Inheritors' Dilemma." 2007.

Lamar, Kendrick. *To Pimp a Butterfly*, Top Dawg Entertainment, 2015, Spotify <https://open.spotify.com/album/7ycBtNsMtyVbbwTfjwRjSP>.

Lady Bird. Directed by Greta Gerwig, performances by Saoirse Ronan and Laurie Metcalf, A24, 2018.

Stafford, Mai. "Overly-Controlling parents cause their children lifelong psychological damage." *University College London*, 4 Sept. 2015, www.ucl.ac.uk/news/headlines/0915/040915-controlling-parents.

West, Kanye. *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy*, Roc-A-Fella Records, 2010, Spotify <https://open.spotify.com/album/20r762YmB5HeofjMCiPMLv>.



THE END.

First-Year Writing at Duke

Writing 101, Duke's one-semester, first-year course in academic writing, is the only course taken by all Duke undergraduates and offers a seminar environment with no more than 12 students per section. Writing 101 faculty have doctorates in a variety of disciplines—including biology, English, history, literature, anthropology, ecology, and philosophy—and have expertise in the teaching of writing. From gothic literature to religious mysticism, militia movements to bioethics, students have a rich array of courses from which to choose. While specific reading and writing projects vary, students in all sections learn how to engage with the work of others, articulate a position, situate writing for specific audiences, and transfer writing knowledge into situations beyond Writing 101. All sections offer students practice in researching, workshoping, revising, and editing.

Call for Submissions

Deliberations is dedicated to publishing the writing of first-year students in Duke University's Writing 101 courses in order to make it available to a broader audience. We invite writers enrolled in Writing 101 during the 2018-19 academic year to submit written work to be considered for publication in the 2019 issue. We seek exemplary writing of any length, and we encourage submissions from the natural sciences, social sciences, and humanities. For instructions on how to submit writing for consideration, please visit our website at <http://twp.duke.edu/deliberations/submission-information>

Colophon

The text of *Deliberations* is composed in Minion Pro with the display set in Myriad Pro and Helvetica. All photos and images not credited were purchased from Gettyimages.com. All student photos were submitted by Melissa Pascoe. Allegra Marketing • Print • Mail of Rocky Mount, NC printed 500 copies. We would like to thank Denise Sharpe at Allegra, who is primarily responsible for the layout and graphic character of *Deliberations*.

Acknowledgments

Thanks to J. Clare Woods, Ph.D., Director of the Thompson Writing Program, and Arlie Petters, Ph.D., Dean of Academic Affairs of Trinity College, for their continuing support of this publication. Appreciation also goes to this year's Editorial Board, the Thompson Writing Program Staff, the Duke University Libraries, and the students, and faculty of First-Year Writing who provided such a diverse and interesting set of essay submissions this year – and every year. Special thanks to the TWP Writing Studio tutors and Director Eliana Schonberg, who immeasurably enhance the quality of projects produced in First-Year Writing courses. Finally, thanks to Van Hillard and Elizabeth Kiss who launched *Deliberations* in 2000.

Deliberations is an annual publication of the Thompson Writing Program at Duke University. Correspondence and requests for additional copies may be sent to

Deliberations

Thompson Writing Program
Box 90025
Duke University
Durham, NC 27708-0025
writingprogram@duke.edu

Copyright © 2018
By Duke University
All rights reserved.
ISSN 1529-6547



Visit *Deliberations* online at <http://twp.duke.edu/deliberations>

