

DELTA WINDS

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A Collection of Student Essays



LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

In the fall of 1991, the first volume of Delta Winds appeared for sale for \$2.00 in the bookstore of San Joaquin Delta College. Newly-hired English faculty member Jane Dominik created the magazine with the intent of publishing student essays that “merit a wider reading audience.” Five years later, while standing in line for the commencement ceremonies, she asked Robert Bini and William Agopsowic to take over the reins of her project, which by then had become well-received in the English Department. They agreed under the condition that her biannual publication become an annual publication. They knew they could never keep up with Jane’s pace, but they figured that two of them could do half the work that she did. And even so, it would be a challenge.

Over a year period, Bob and Will continued to identify student essays deserving of a wider reading audience. Thanks to a sabbatical leave in 2000, they were able to create an online version of Delta Winds to complement the print version. In doing so, they expanded the audience from those obtaining the locally distributed 800 print copies to an unlimited number of readers on the Internet. With that came easier distribution, and in time publishing houses were regularly knocking on their door, requesting to reprint Delta Winds essays in their textbooks.

It has been a real privilege to carry on the rich tradition that Jane, Bob, and Will have passed on to us. It has also been an honor to meet some of the students who comprise this current volume (number 33) of Delta Winds, and we know many readers will find their stories heartfelt and inspirational. We hope this magazine serves as a tribute to these gifted student writers, and we hope that their work will be shared in English courses not just here at Delta but at other institutions of higher education.

Each volume of the magazine would never have been published without the help of personnel in the print shop, the backing from the administration, the cooperation from the staff and faculty in the English Department, and, of course, the courage of the numerous students who cautiously submitted their personal creations. We would also like to thank Phil Hutcheon, Jeff Pressnell, and Sarah Antinora for encouraging their students to submit their essays for publication.

Enjoy,

Kathleen Gallup and Eric MacDonald

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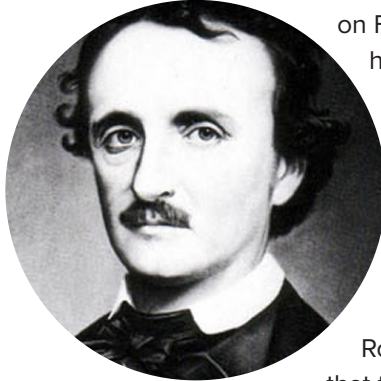
A Psycho-analytical Approach to Andrew Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress"

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You Are Who You Surround Yourself With

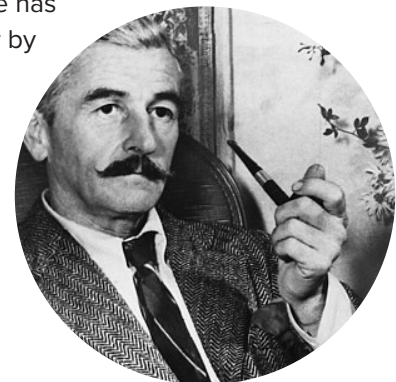
When considering a typical Sunday afternoon, one might fondly picture themselves lounged on the couch in their underwear, with fingers caked in Cheeto dust and eyes tired from countless hours of binge-watching their favorite TV shows. This luxurious and glamorous lifestyle that Americans know and love today has not always existed, however. Rewinding two, three centuries earlier, young America was but an assorted variety of farmers and planters, working the fields from dawn till dusk under the beating sun. Just as with the “advancement” of American society, the setting of a story has a great impact on its characters and its development. This is seen in stories such as “The Cask of Amontillado” by Edgar Allan Poe, a short story that is exemplary of the importance of setting in literature. It takes place in a setting that reinforces its unique and horrific storyline, helping to execute Poe’s gruesome story. In addition, other authors such as William Faulkner and Shirley Jackson utilize various aspects of setting to influence readers’ perceptions about the story and its message.

Setting allows Edgar Allan Poe to immerse readers in the dark atmosphere of “The Cask of Amontillado” as well as the twisted mind of the villain protagonist, Montresor. It sets the tone of his interactions with his mortal enemy, Fortunato, as seen in the following quotation: “It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend” (Poe 385). The story takes place during a carnival, creating an ironic environment where it would be least expected for someone to conduct a murder. The festive setting is used to contrast with Montresor’s dark intents, and helps show readers Montresor’s cunning and intelligence in choosing the most ample time to murder Fortunato, when everyone is out drunk and partying. Moreover, the description of the catacombs of Montresor’s house adds to the overall development of the story. According to Poe, “We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together upon the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors...Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris” (387-388). From this quotation, readers can visualize the



eerie place that contributes to the chilling atmosphere, and see how strategically Montresor has planned his revenge on Fortunato, in a familiar, secluded environment on his own turf, where no one will be able to hear Fortunato’s screams. These physical attributes of setting aided Poe in describing his dark tale of murder and revenge.

In addition to physical setting as seen in “The Cask of Amontillado,” the historical setting of a story can greatly influence the outcome and the motivations of characters. This is seen in “A Rose for Emily” by William Faulkner, a short story that takes place in the South during Reconstruction, after the Civil War. As stated by Faulkner, “But garages and cotton gins had encroached and obliterated even the august names of that neighborhood; only Miss Emily’s house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps—an eyesore among eyesores” (243). This quotation helps emphasize the changing times during this story, and contrasts it with Miss Emily’s unchanged ways and ideals. Faulkner uses Miss Emily and her old, rotting house to represent the dying of the ideals of the Old South, surrounded by the impending change and innovation ushered in by industrialization. Furthermore, the time period of “A Rose for Emily” also helps explain how the characters in the story act towards her and feel about her, as described by Faulkner in this quotation: “Alive, Miss Emily had been a tradition, a duty, and a care; a sort of hereditary obligation upon the town, dating from that day in 1894 when Colonel Sartoris, the mayor—he who fathered the edict that no Negro woman should appear on the streets without an apron—remitted her taxes, the dispensation dating from the death of her father on into perpetuity” (244). The townsfolk in Jefferson during this time feel compelled to be chivalrous to her, as a symbol of the Old South, and treat her as if she has special privileges granted to her by her social status. The historical setting in this story helps explain to readers why the townsfolk must protect Miss Emily’s withering reputation, but at the same time, secretly pity her sad reality.



When considering a typical Sunday afternoon, one might fondly picture themselves lounged on the couch in their underwear, with fingers caked in Cheeto dust and eyes tired from countless hours of binge-watching their favorite TV shows.

Another aspect of setting that authors use in writing can be seen in Shirley Jackson's "The Lottery". Setting helps demonstrate why many of the townspeople find comfort in tradition, and avoid change. As stated by literary critic Lenemaja Friedman, "Old Man Warner, who miraculously has survived seventy-seven lotteries...wholeheartedly believes in the lottery and is convinced that the ritual is necessary for the welfare of the corn crop...He does not want to go back to living in a cave, although in terms of civilization and humanity, he has never emerged from one" (231). From this quotation, one sees how much easier it is to adopt a mentality resistant to change than to disagree with familiar tradition, and it explains why the people are reluctant to give up the lottery. The setting reveals that farming is the only lifestyle their small village knows, and they believe the lottery is what makes their harvests successful. Additionally, Jackson uses setting to create her unique writing style, and create a narrative unlike most others in the horror genre. The following quotation from her short story makes this apparent: "The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green" (Jackson 509). Shirley Jackson paints a vivid, blissful atmosphere in the minds of readers, creating an ironic setting uncharacteristic of the murderous ritual that the townspeople partake in. It even makes readers question the various facades and masks people don, which many naively perceive as innocence. Setting is utilized here to deceive readers, and slowly allow them to realize the dark reality of what the lottery actually is. It shows how a horror story of human evils can exist anywhere—even on a pleasant,

summery day in June—in group conformity and an unwillingness to change, rather than the cliché of a dark, stormy night or the catacombs of a vengeful madman.



Authors such as Edgar Allan Poe, William Faulkner, and Shirley Jackson are only three of many others that incorporate different aspects of setting into their works, to enhance their overall message and provide readers with a descriptive background and a plausible explanation for characters and events. Setting may be physical, such as in Montresor's damp catacombs in "The Cask of Amontillado". It may be described in a historical aspect, such as the dying values of chivalry of the Reconstruction era of the South in "A Rose for Emily". It may also be starkly contrasted as a pleasant environment to a gruesome, fatal ritual as in "The Lottery". Setting can make a very large difference in the development of the characters and events in a story, and how it will influence the opinions and values of readers, whether it takes place in the fields, tending to crops and livestock all day under the burning sun, or even three centuries later, sitting on the couch in underwear, covered in Cheeto particles and watching TV, on a lavish Sunday afternoon.

Faulkner, William. "A Rose for Emily." *Literature Reading, Reacting, Writing*. Laurie Kirszner and Stephen Mandell, Wadsworth Cengage Learning, 2011, pp. 243-250.

Friedman, Lenemaja. "The Short Stories." *Contemporary Literary Criticism*, edited by Christopher Giroux and Brigham Narins, vol. 87, Gale, 1995. *Literature Criticism Online*, https://link-gale-com.ezproxy.deltacollege.edu/apps/doc/LIGOTS289643905/LCO?u=sjdc_main&sid=L-CO&xid=622bd247. Accessed 21 Sept. 2019. Originally published in Shirley Jackson, Twayne Publishers, 1975, pp. 44-77.

Jackson, Shirley. "The Lottery." *Literature Reading, Reacting, Writing*. Laurie Kirszner and Stephen Mandell, Wadsworth Cengage Learning, 2011, pp. 509-515.

Poe, Edgar Allan. "The Cask of Amontillado." *Literature Reading, Reacting, Writing*. Laurie Kirszner and Stephen Mandell, Wadsworth Cengage Learning, 2011, pp. 385-390.

Parable of the Sower Character Words

In the book *Parable of the Sower*, readers are introduced to many characters with different personalities and traits. The author, Octavia E. Butler, creates characters who react differently to the world they live in. The protagonist Lauren puts her neighborhood first and sees the future realistically. On the other hand, Lauren's father, Reverend Olamina, tries to ignore the future in order to keep the community calm. Lauren's brother, Keith, lives life on the edge and is comfortable getting into trouble. These characters all have different characteristics and views on life and their neighborhood.

Out of all the characters, Lauren thinks the most practically, which is why the word that describes her best is "prepared." She has the idea of making emergency kits in case her community would have to evacuate, but her father shuts her down. Lauren states, "We could make Earthquake packs, I suggested. 'Emergency kits that we can grab in case we have to get out of the house fast...'" (Butler 69). Lauren pushes for a safety plan for the town in case of an emergency. She has the neighborhood's best interests at heart and thinks of ways to get out of worst case scenarios. Lauren even tries to convince her father that having a back-up plan is necessary to keep the community safe. Lauren remarks, "Maybe it's time to look down. Time to look for some hand and footholds before we get pushed in" (Butler 66). She is trying to tell her dad that the community will be safer if they looked at the future realistically. Lauren looks at life differently than her dad and the rest of the neighborhood. She sees the reality of what can happen to the community and knows the citizens can no longer



lie to themselves about a positive outcome in the future. Lauren is right, and when the attackers destroy the town, she grabs her emergency pack and grabs a gun off the floor while she is running. Butler writes as Lauren stating, "During the day the sight of the bulge

in my pocket would be enough to make people think twice about robbing or raping me" (156). This quotation reveals that Lauren is already thinking about ways to protect herself in the future. Lauren thinks realistically and always finds a way to be prepared.

Although Lauren's priority is preparedness, Reverend Olamina values the community first. The word that best characterizes Lauren's father is "community"; he dedicates his life to better the neighborhood and the people around him. Butler emphasizes that Reverend Olamina is a caring person by writing, "He's a Baptist Minister, and even though not all of the people who live within our neighborhood walls are Baptists, those who feel the need to go to church are glad to come to us" (7). People in the community depend on him, and even if they are not part of the neighborhood, he will accept them no matter what. Although Reverend Olamina dismisses Lauren's realistic ideas, he does it because he thinks it is best for the community. Reverend Olamina says, "It's better to teach people than to scare them, Lauren" (Butler 65). He makes the wrong decision for the community but only because he thought the truth would scare the other people in the neighborhood. Instead of creating a "plan b," Lauren's father wants to protect the neighborhood by setting up a patrol. "Dad says we have to set up a regular watch. He tried to call a neighborhood association meeting for tonight..." (Butler 68). He takes the time to organize a watch patrol, lead meetings, and take on shifts to participate in watching over the neighborhood. Reverend Olamina's first priority is to ensure the safety of his neighborhood from thieves and danger. He is kind hearted and prioritizes the community's feelings before himself.



Lauren looks at life differently than her dad and the rest of the neighborhood. She sees the actuality of what can happen to the community and knows the citizens

can no longer lie to themselves about a positive outcome of the future.

Unlike his father, Keith puts himself before anyone else. A word that characterizes him is “unpredictable.” Keith repeatedly runs away and keeps himself a mystery. Butler explains what the character thought of Keith by explaining, “Marcus says he thinks Keith went looking for the guys who beat him up. I don’t believe it. Not even Keith would be looking for five guys...” (95). There is not one character in the book who truly knows Keith or understands his actions. He is mysterious and does not easily let anybody into his personal life. In addition, Keith escapes the wall without telling anybody beforehand that he is leaving. Lauren explains the absence of her brother by stating, “No sign of Keith. I think Cory has gone into mourning for him...” (Butler 96). This quotation proves that Keith does not mention to anybody that he will take off; in fact, his own mother has thoughts that he might even be dead. Then, when Keith returns home, he acts as if it is normal. Lauren says, “Keith came back last night. He just walked into the house during dinner, as though he’d been outside playing football instead of gone since Sunday” (Butler 99). He has his whole family worried, yet he believes he does not owe them an explanation of where he has been. He ignores his loved ones’ thoughts and has no consideration for the care his family shows him. Keith makes unexpected decisions that heavily impact his family and friends around him.

In spite of the fact that Keith is selfish, other members of the family like Reverend Olamina and Lauren are selfless. Reverend Olamina and Lauren prioritize the safety of the neighborhood, while Keith values exploration and adventure. All the characters have different opinions on the future, themselves, and the community. The book, *Parable of the Sower*, creates a contrast of characters who view their town differently.

Butler, Octavia E. *Parable of the Sower*. Grand Central Publishing, 1993.



The Loyalty of the Youngers

It is common knowledge that wolves roam in packs like a family. Their extreme loyalty and devotion bring them closer together, even though there are times of violence or limited prey. Similarly, in the play *A Raisin in the Sun*, written by Lorraine Hansberry, the Youngers represent a family identical to that of wolves. Like any other family, the Youngers go through many obstacles and challenges, but they always end up facing them as a team. Throughout the play, the author puts the family in many different settings and situations; nonetheless, this tough family always lets their loyalty shine through in a variety of ways. Because of these instances, it is safe to say that the one word that sums up the Younger family is “loyal.”

In the entirety of this play, Mama, or Lena Younger, seems to be the most loyal person in the family. She never fails to embrace loyalty to her kids and she is the definite backbone of the Youngers. A prime example in the play is when Mama says, “...You should know all the dreams I had about buying that house and fixing it up and making a little garden in the back, and did not any of it happen” (Hansberry 1.1.48). Mama’s words tell us how much she is willing to sacrifice and put away because of the loyalty she feels for her family, which becomes more and more clear throughout the play. When Mama says this, it becomes evident that most of her loyalty and faith in her family derive from the way her husband would do things before he passed away, which explains why Mama takes loyalty so seriously. The way she explains how she gave up her dreams and chose to be

selfless for her family goes to show how much she is willing to hold herself back for the financial and general upbringing of her family. In addition to this, Lena offers her home to Joseph Asagai in act 1. She says to him, “I bet you don’t half look after yourself, being away from your mama either. I spec you better come ‘round here



from time to time to get yourself some decent home-cooked meals...” (Hansberry 1.2.67). When she says this, Mama is showing the audience the hospitality and comfort that the Younger household is capable of providing, even in their mild state of poverty. Her words also show that Mama is not just loyal to her immediate family, but she also stays loyal to her community and people, which are her extended family. A lot of this play has to do with holding grounds as African people in a white neighborhood, and Mama does exactly that by maintaining her loyalty. Accepting sacrifices that will eventually benefit the family is a trend throughout the play that leads up to the final scene, and overall this creates a very loud theme of loyalty.

Like his mother, Walter is extremely loyal to his family as proven by the end of the play, regardless of how he struggles to make this realization. Although it is clear that he has his ups and downs, Walter is able to show us bits of loyalty throughout the play before he surprises us with his big gesture of loyalty in the final act. For instance, Walter says, “You are in it – Don’t you get up and go work in somebody’s kitchen for the last three years to help put clothes on her back?” (Hansberry 1.1.40). Regardless of how Ruth feels towards her in-laws, Walter’s loyalty shows when he points out the hard work that everyone, including his wife Ruth, puts into the family. By mentioning this to Beneatha, he is proving to her how loyal everyone in the family is and that she needs to start being just as loyal, respectful, and appreciative. Walter represents someone who holds the loyalty in his family together by constantly reminding everyone, not only by words but also with actions, that the Younger family is loyal. As Walter’s loyalty has its ups and downs, in the final act, Walter rightfully redeems himself when he says, “We come from people who had a lot of pride ... That’s my sister over there and she’s going to be a doctor—and we are very proud— ... And we have decided to move into our house because my father—my father—he earned it for us brick by brick” (Hansberry 3.1.147). In the turning point of this event, Walter shows clear loyalty to his people, his family, and his father by standing up to Lindner. Previously, it was clear that Walter believed having a family to take care of is an obligation, which caused him to feel bitter toward his family for holding him





back from his dreams. But, eventually, each character, especially Walter, is able to understand that ultimately finding the hope they were looking for in their future was not in money but in their loyalty as a family.

Ruth is one of the most unique characters in *A Raisin in the Sun*. Although at times it is apparent that her feelings toward her husband and her in-laws are indifferent, she shows extreme loyalty as a part of being a Younger. For instance, Ruth and Travis get into an argument in act 1, and after this mild dispute, the author writes, “(She finally laughs aloud at him and holds out her arms to him and we see that it is a way between them, very old and practiced ... She holds him back from her presently and looks at him and runs her fingers over the features of his face ... Now – whose little old angry man are you?” (Hansberry 1.1.30). While the argument previously got a bit heated, the Youngers’ actions show that they love one another even when they fight. Even when they argue, they are still loyal to one another to the point where no matter what, they will always put their differences aside. This goes to show that although the Younger family may have it tough, they will continue to love each other deeply and stay loyal. But, when it comes to Ruth, no matter how much they argue, she is always the most loyal to her husband, Walter. For example, in the play, Ruth says, “Mama, something is happening between Walter and me. I don’t know what it is – but he needs something—something I can’t give him anymore. He needs this chance, Lena” (1.1.45). When she says this to Mama, it becomes clear how much she cares for and pays attention to Walter, and that she truly does want him to be happy. While it is known that Walter is especially unsatisfied with his life, he is clearly taking it out on his family rather than himself. But still, Ruth’s loyalty shows when she goes out of her way, regardless of how their relationship is, because she is afraid to see what will happen if Walter is not able to follow his dreams.

It is evident that the word “loyal” easily sums up the Younger

family through Mama’s constant sacrifices, Walter’s pride for his family, and Ruth’s caring and giving heart. According to a literary critic, “*A Raisin in the Sun* is set up to demonstrate the dreams, a clash between generations, between men and women ... it is a Negro play—the clash between black and white,” which is exactly the message that the story conveyed (Lewis 221). Through this description, the art of loyalty is embedded in each theme and proves to be an extremely significant aspect of the play. After all, the Younger family and their rich, luminous loyalty shoot far beyond that which a wolf pack could ever match.

Hansberry, Lorraine. *A Raisin in the Sun*. Weebly, www.khdzamlit.weebly.com/uploads/1/1/2/6/11261956/a_raisin_in_the_sun_-_lorraine_hansberry.pdf. Accessed 14 Apr. 2019. Online.

Lewis, Theophilus. “Social Protest in a Raisin in the Sun?” *Contemporary Literary Criticism*, edited by Roger Matuz and Cathy Falk, vol. 62, Gale, 1991. *Literature Criticism Online*, http://link.galegroup.com.ezproxy.deltacollege.edu/apps/doc/INZARM965097272/LCO?u=sjdc_main&sid=LCO&xid=540aecf1. Accessed 15 Apr. 2019. Originally published in *The Catholic World*, vol. 190, no. 1135, Oct. 1959, pp. 31-35.



Mahwash Mustafa, 19, was born and raised as a Texan but recently moved to Tracy, CA almost 4 years ago. Currently, she is pursuing her second year at San Joaquin Delta College and is getting ready to transfer as a communications major. While passionate about writing, she also enjoys reading poetry, watching the rain, and living life moment by moment.

Crazy Bosses

In most cases, at the age of sixteen, Americans throughout the country are eligible to apply for work or even be employed. Many walk into new jobs and are very optimistic about it, thinking that they will have a good time, gain experience, and even earn some money. While this is ideal for most employees, it is never just that simple. Something as simple as having a bad boss can ruin the whole experience for an employee. This is something I can personally relate to, as my first job working at a restaurant named Rubio's did not completely meet my expectations. In some ways, my boss, Patricia, was similar to the character Michael Scott from *The Office*, and different in other ways.

In a working environment, it is important for bosses to give their employees constructive criticism. This is not the case with Michael Scott. Throughout the episode "Safety Training," he is constantly talking down to his employees. An example of this is when he tells his employees that they are just going to "Mess up things like they always do" ("Safety Training"). By telling his employees that they will just mess up like usual, he is putting them down instead of encouraging them to do better. While working at Rubio's, I also experienced similar treatment from my boss, Patricia. Each time that she saw me at work, she would have a list of all of the things that I had not done correctly in her eyes. An example would be when she told me I did not correctly wash the dishes from the night before. Instead of telling me how to properly wash the dishes, she continued to discourage me as she told me multiple other things that I did not do correctly. This shows a similarity between Michael Scott and Patricia, as both of them would rather discourage their employees, instead of helping them to improve or do better the next time.

Often times, many bosses focus on enforcing store policies to keep the company up to certain standards, but they choose not to follow the rules themselves. In *The Office*, Michael Scott never wants to follow the rules because he feels like he does not need to. For example, he knows that one of the rules is that no one is allowed to drive the forklift unless permitted to do so by authorities, but because he feels that he is entitled, he attempts to drive it anyways ("Safety Training").



This shows the employees that the rules are flexible and encourage them to break the rules as well. Instead, though, when other employees attempt to drive it, they are told no. Similarly, Patricia acted the same way at Rubio's. A prime example would be when employees were allowed and sometimes not allowed to use their discounts. Unless an employee was ordering food for him or herself, no one else would be allowed to use their discount. This was something that was constantly enforced by Patricia. Although, when someone she knew or really liked came in to the restaurant, she would use her discount for that person. After the rest of the employees saw this, they would attempt to use their discounts for others but would be written up and punished. Both Michael Scott and Patricia are hypocritical and show bad leadership skills as bosses.



Safety in the work environment is also really important, and good bosses will always put the safety of their employees first. Michael Scott shows the exact opposite of this throughout the episode "Safety Training." An example would be when an employee is standing on a ladder attempting to fix something and as a result, Michael kicks the ladder out from underneath him ("Safety Training"). This shows that he does not value the safety of his employees and is willing to put them in situations where they could get seriously injured. On the other hand, Patricia was the exact opposite.

For example, she would always make sure that every employee was in uniform to protect themselves from accidents and that everyone knew how to properly use the equipment in the kitchen. This shows a difference between Michael Scott and Patricia, because Patricia valued the safety of her employees more than Michael.

Additionally, referring to employees by their real names, makes the working environment more enjoyable for everyone. This is something

that Michael Scott failed to do. For example, he purposefully calls one of his employees “sea monster” (“Safety Training”). By doing this, he is bullying the employee and putting him down. This was something that Patricia never did. For example, each time there was a new employee, she always made it a priority to know that person’s name. She even learned some of the customers’ names to make them feel more valued and welcomed. This shows a difference between the characteristics of both Patricia and Michael, and what they truly value as bosses.

Overall, while working at the restaurant, Rubio’s, my expectations were not met due to the treatment from my boss, Patricia. While this is true, I am still grateful for the experience as she was not a terrible boss, like Michael Scott from *The Office*. There is no perfect boss in the workplace, and both Michael and Patricia are great examples of this. Although this may be true, it is important to use these skills and learn from these experiences as they can improve one’s experiences at future jobs.

“Safety Training” *The Office*, Season 3, Episode 19, NBC, May 17, 2007. Netflix.



The Arnewi and Wariri

In the book *Henderson the Rain King*, Eugene Henderson travels to Africa in hopes of getting away from his problems and finding himself. When he arrives, he comes across the Arnewi and Wariri, local tribes that take him in and introduce him to their ways of life. They help him immensely, and as a few authors point out, "...the wisdom of life from the two tribes especially his encounter with the king Dahfu all help Henderson gain a second chance of life instead of avoid it and dreaming of death" (Wang and Zhang). Even though they are able to help Henderson with turning his life around, both tribes are actually very primitive in nature and have their own customs and traditions that are followed and passed down through generations. In spite of these similarities, the two tribes have key differences between them. While the Arnewi are friendly and simply herd cattle, the Wariri are much more violent and are a warrior tribe. Despite having similar backgrounds, the tribes are drastically different in the ways they carry out their lives, and throughout Henderson's journey, these differences become more apparent.

One major similarity between the tribes is that the Arnewi and Wariri both share a primitive mindset. They are quite behind in terms of advancements and are far from what is seen as conventionally intelligent. Due to this primitive nature, they have kings or queens as leads of the tribes rather than having elected officials or a counsel as seen in most modern civilizations. This way of ruling allows for only one or two people to oversee the entire tribe, and absolute power, which opens the possibility of tyranny. Another example of their primitive behavior is how the tribes determine what makes a man, a man. The Arnewi and Wariri both see physical strength as a defining quality of manliness, rather than a person's personality or character traits. Dahfu of the Wariri even states, "You are indeed a person of extraordinary strength. I could not have more admiration" (Bellow 186). This is in reference to Henderson after lifting the idol the strongest man in the tribe could not lift himself. Their views on the matter are shallow and narrow-minded when compared to what is typical of a more modern or western society. While these tribes do have



intelligence and a functioning community, they are far from the standards of modern day civilizations.

One other similarity the tribes share is their use of customs and traditions. The customs are not the same between the tribes, but they still have their own beliefs that they practice regularly. The Arnewi have the tradition of wrestling each other as a show of respect and strength. Itelo, the prince of the Arnewi, even goes on to say, "New arrival, got to wrestle. Always" (Bellow 59). This indicates that this is a tradition that is always conducted with new guests. Meanwhile, the Wariri have a rain ceremony centered around lifting an idol. Whoever lifts the idol then becomes the Sungo, or the Rain King. In addition to this, they believe that humans tend to share traits to that of animals. According to Dahfu, "Horse people had bangs and big teeth, large veins, coarse laughter; dogs and masters came to resemble one another" (Bellow 228). Both tribes take their respective traditions and beliefs very seriously, and while modern civilizations have their own beliefs and customs, they are often more developed and centered around logical behavior. The tribes have more simplistic beliefs and do not follow what we would consider normal by contemporary standards.

Despite having similar backgrounds, the tribes grew to become drastically different in the way they carry out their lives, and throughout Henderson's journey, these differences become more apparent.

When looking at the differences between the Arnewi and Wariri, the tribes both carry out different ways of dealing with their own people and outsiders. The Arnewi are a friendly and inviting tribe that welcome Henderson with open arms and hospitality. They are also





“...very sensitive to the condition of their cattle, whom they regarded as their relatives, more or less, and not as domestic animals” (Bellow 44). The Arnewi are very caring and considerate of the feelings of their livestock when most people would never care. In contrast to this, the Wariri are a hostile and violent tribe that

force Henderson into a hut with a

corpse and outright neglect him on the day of his arrival.

When asked to see the king, Henderson says, “My request was ignored” (Bellow 127). Afterwards, Henderson was “... then conducted to a hut and left alone” (Bellow 127). First impressions are everything, and based on Henderson’s first reactions to these tribes, it is clear to see they differ drastically regarding their treatment of others. Despite both tribes being of African origin and having antiquated beliefs, they both branch off into different paths of customs and ways of life.

Another major difference between these two tribes is what they believe makes a man. The Arnewi have wrestling matches to determine a man’s worth and if they are worthy of respect. Henderson speculates this when he says, “To regain his respect I must activate myself, and I decided to wrestle him after all” (Bellow 61). This is very different from what the Wariri do, which is determining a man’s worth by the number of women they have. More specifically, Dahfu, the king of the Wariri, has several wives, showcasing the Wariri’s stance on women being the defining factor on whether someone is a man or not. Dahfu is the king, thus he has the most women following him and even goes as far as reducing them to nothing more than objects when he says, “There is dancing first. My ladies are entertaining” (Bellow 245). He does not see them as people and only sees them as things to be used for entertainment or pleasure, much unlike the Arnewi that respect their women just as much as they respect their cattle. For the Arnewi, all life is seen as equal.

The Arnewi and Wariri are very similar in the sense that they both have primitive traditions, customs, and beliefs, as well

as shallow views on what a man must do to be respected and taken seriously. The tribes are not unintelligent per say, and they are lacking in common sense as they view the world with basic or outdated beliefs. In terms of differences, the Arnewi and Wariri are very different from each other in the way they carry out their traditions and viewpoints, and how they treat outsiders. The Arnewi are friendly and light-hearted, while the Wariri are violent and hostile, but in the end, both helped Henderson in their own way despite their distinct differences.

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The Day I Buried My “Santa Claus”

I was nineteen the day we buried my ‘Santa Claus’. The air had a crisp bite, the breeze a swift chill, the sky showcasing a Mother Nature scorned. The goosebumps stood on stand-by, like a dog ready to attack, if the wind somehow found itself in the large jackets that covered our skin. A Wisconsin winter miraculously hit in what was usually a sunny California’s January. I looked at the slew of children with faces similar to mine. Our noses shared the same slope, our lips had the same curves, but the rest of our canvasses were filled with the features of our respective mothers. Their eyes, different from mine, were broken dams of water. I looked at the youngest child, a year old, whose eyes remained bare, the only similarity to mine. Maybe because I was older the charm of ‘Santa Claus’ had long been lost. I realized the laugh he gave was an auto recording on auto pilot; the house he visited during Christmas, was just an address to check off; and the phone call he made once a year to ask if I was being good, was an imbedded slogan he said to every child. Maybe that’s why that day at my father’s funeral no tears left my eyes.

I was only eight years old the first time I ever doubted the wonder of my ‘Santa’. It was Christmas day, and I stood staring out of my living room window waiting for him to arrive. The crosswalks were filled with Christmas lights and blown-up snow men, streets were littered with kids who had gotten bikes that year, the lights hung around the tree dimmed through the curtains of the windows. Fathers got out of their wheeled and rap blaring sleighs to see their children. It was the only time of year our neighborhood of single mothers resembled a happy North Pole. I tried to listen for the sound of a familiar engine, to see a glimpse of a silver hood, the emblem of a BMW that would have all the children staring in envy. As I stood enchanted by the scene outside, looking for my own sleigh ride to arrive, I could barely hear the phone ring and see my mother go into the next room for privacy. However, the two-inch wooden door couldn’t keep the secrets she was trying to hide from me. My father had a new daughter, a daughter he found more worthy to spend his time with that Christmas, an address



added to a list that would soon be followed by others. My mother dragged me from the living room window to see Santa at a local church—he was white. Nothing like the ‘Santa Claus’ I had come to expect to see that Christmas morning. As I left the house, I found myself envious of the Fords and Toyotas that were aligned on the street’s curbs. Their engines sputtered but managed to make the journey here. Their paint was chipped, but they were here to be seen.

Santa Claus, to most children, is a holiday figure that’s usually displayed as a white, plump, jolly old man sometimes seen with a pipe. Well, my Santa Claus was a tall, thin, black man that had a frequent attraction to a different kind of pipe. However, just like the fictional character, he visited once a year, with a bag of gifts and a promise to be back again. Their difference of appearance never mattered to me. They both shared the magnetism to sweep people into a fantasy, to nestle their way into a child’s heart. The promise of Santa coming to town was all it took for the kids at my school to study a little harder, to behave a little better, or to clean a little more often to impress the old man. I studied, behaved and cleaned in hopes of him coming to my birthday party that following year. While cookies were eaten the night before as a symbol that Santa had come, mine weren’t unpackaged till the next day. Fresh cookies were used as bargaining chips in hopes my ‘Santa’ would stay a little bit longer than when the last present was unwrapped. It was after Christmas, when the feelings the two men left me with, differed. While other children’s Santa left them excited for the next year, mine left me feeling alone and neglected. The years after I turned eight, the list of addresses grew, the roster of children became too tedious to check twice, and the promise of return was forgotten.

Fathers got out of their wheeled and rap blaring sleighs to see their children. It was the only time of year our neighborhood of single mothers resembled a happy North Pole.

At thirteen I stopped visiting the living room window. The feeling of disappointment turned into indifference, and the moments I cherished turned into memories forgotten. I had gotten used to Christmas with just my mother and me. I no longer had presents with stickers decorated with glittery elves and singing snowmen that read 'From Dad'. My presents were only adorned with my mother's delicate cursive or the signature of close family and friends. All that was in the driveway was my mom's old, reliable '95 white Chrysler LeBaron. It wasn't fancy, nor did it purr like the reindeer my father rode on, but it was there, every day, parked in the same spot. Cookies were no longer saved for the day after but were eaten the night before. The milk glass didn't have the traditional markings of a beard but instead the stain of a ruby red lipstick. Underneath the wrapping paper, where formerly laid the latest gadgets and overpriced toys waiting to be uncovered, now only rested the gifts a single mother could afford: a new pair of pants, a blue scarf, and an art kit-an art kit that she pulled extra shifts at work to afford, an art kit that left her tired and sore. A present for a hobby that I never mentioned I was interested in, but she noticed the drawings I kept hidden and the doodles that embellished my notebooks. Santa Claus may have no longer visited my house, but Christmas still lingered.

Well, my Santa Claus was a tall, thin, black man that had a frequent attraction to a different kind of pipe.

As I sat there that day, next to my siblings, I realized I was burying a man-a man that I did not know, a man that had long lost the fantasy in my eyes to be called 'Santa Claus,' a man that was no martyr to be called Saint Nick, a man that had long lost the right to be called Father. As I listened to the stories that people retold, I compared it to people describing Greek Gods. Zeus was fearless, God of the Gods. No one mentions that Zeus constantly cheated on Hera or that Hercules was abandoned by his own father. The stories all sounded the same. He was

a great husband. To which one? He was a great father. To whom? I stared at the oldest of the children, I realized her tears didn't flow as freely as the others, that her face didn't appear as a sullen and I recognized the look. It was the same look I had when I was her age, the look I had when I realized that the man, I built in my head was a fictional character that children idolize into inhuman proportions, just like Santa Claus. I looked at my youngest sister, only a year old, giggling and laughing with no awareness of the situation. Maybe this was for the best. She'd never have to know what it's like find out that 'Santa' was only human-that 'Santa Claus' only visits children.

As I saw my mother waiting for me, I noticed the wrinkles that framed her eyes. I could see the callouses on her hands, as thick as the novel that told the stories of the jobs she worked. I noticed the shallow pools under her eyes that were filled with late nights and early mornings, the permanent crevices cemented into her temples that read like lines of a book. There was no fantasy to her, no childlike idolization. She was just my mother. She was the woman that worked three jobs to provide for me. The woman that got home when the morning still looked like night, only to wake up to take me to school in the sun's glory. She was the woman I argued with the most because she was there, the woman that took every 'I hate you,' door slam, teen rebellion, with a gentle smile and an unwavering 'I love you.' I never questioned her love for me, nor did I ever think she would leave me. I never had to imagine

her as Mrs. Claus or someone else because she was always there, never allowing me to forget who she was. As I sat in the car my mother flashed me her same old smile and said, "Let's go home."



Can She Even Lift That?

In the 1950s, a woman's main role in society was that of wife, mother and cook. Her main purpose during the day was to clean the house, tend to the children and make sure her family always had a well-prepared meal on the table for dinner. This meal was usually not something simple; usually it involved an in-depth, difficult recipe that resulted in a feast every night. As a wife, she was expected to be a hostess and cook when people came to visit. Often preparing elaborate dishes that most people today would not even take the time to make. As a homemaker, she would work all day on making sure her home was immaculate, her children were presentable and that anyone who stopped by for a visit would be welcomed with a fresh pot of coffee and a recently made coffeecake. This was the 1950s woman's only job. Even though women back then were the masters of their culinary skills and what they made was beautiful and delicious dishes, these talents went unrecognized. It was just part of being a homemaker and was never seen as anything more. Most people today who try to replicate their great grandmother's recipes or even their grandmother's recipes usually fail due to the complexity and the detail of the recipes. Fast forward to 2019, where women's roles has changed, especially in the kitchen. No longer are women at home making dinner for their families. Nowadays we will find women in the kitchens of Michelin star restaurants and luxury hotels. The irony is that now instead of receiving no respect for the meals they prepared or developed at home, women now have been given very little respect for their skills in the culinary industry as well.

One might wonder why some things have changed and yet remain the same? It is because of the stereotype that has formed around women that says women are not welcome in the industry and still belong at home. The culinary industry has become more an art form, just like the theatrical industry, it is full of competition. Women, who want a career in the culinary arts, or those who wish to become head chefs, must overcome constant obstacles and must always be proving themselves. Men dominate the culinary industry, like most industries. It is like stepping into the lion's den to try to reach the top and gain respect. Females trying to become chefs must overcome obstacles such as sexual harassment, harassment in general, sabotaging and constant backlash. Women must go through an extremely toxic environment to get to their goal of success. These

females need to know that just because these stereotypes against them in this industry exist, that they can make it. All women can become chefs in this male dominated industry if they can push through the terrifying obstacles and push past the negative and harmful stereotypes.

The stereotype against women in the culinary industry negatively affects them in many ways. There will always be a negative stereotype about women in the culinary field. Women have gone through so much in the past to make them feel that they are inadequate in what they do. It is because of the past of how women were treated that there still is this stigma around them they must face each and every day.

Even though women back then were the masters of their culinary skills and what they made was beautiful and delicious dishes, these talents went unrecognized. It was just part of being a homemaker and was never seen as anything more.

Women throughout history have tried to prove themselves equal. Back then, there was the women's rights movements that exploded, and women were taking charge of their equality and not letting men run them out. Women came together to let their voices be heard. Women were not allowed to vote, work jobs that were harmful to their morals, use contraception, keep their wages, keep their citizenship, work while being pregnant, sue for sexual harassment, enlist in the army, get divorced from their husbands, serve on a jury, refuse sex with their husbands and many more. Women were not allowed to use their voices or were thought of as irrelevant. Now in the present, and time has changed there are still issues of inequality for women.



Women are still not being heard, and still are facing cruel stereotypes just because their gender is female.

Women constantly are stereotyped as overly emotional, weak minded, crazy, and delicate. Women are treated differently when they wear makeup and get more attention than when they do not wear any. Females get cat called and yelled at as objects on the street when simply walking home. Most women feel unsafe in the environment they are in when walking home or in situations where they are alone. Women have gone through the worst and continue to be demoralized as human beings. Females constantly must prove themselves to gain respect. Women try not to conform to their identity society has given them. Females face identity contingencies, which are according to Claude M. Steele in the book *Whistling Vivaldi* “The things you have to deal with in a situation because you have a given social identity, because you are old, young, gay, a white male, a woman, black, Latino, politically conservative or liberal, diagnosed with bipolar disorder, a cancer patient, and so on” (5). Women feel the need to change their behaviors or their identities in situations because they know they have this stereotype around them. Even since women must face all of these hardships, the women in the culinary industry must endure more than just the ordinary stereotypes about women in general, they must go through harsh backlash for not being a male as well.

The bias against women in the culinary industry has been around forever and is brutal. As soon as the culinary industry picked up and became a popular profession immediately, a stigma was birthed that it was a tough man’s career. Women were promptly excused from this career because they seemed unfit to lift heavy stockpots or were not intelligent enough to cook these profound recipes. In the article “With the World’s Best Female Chef London Has Come a Long Way; Editor’s Reply,” Melanie McDonagh interviews Clare Smith who is London’s best chef. In the interview, Clare Smith talks about the culinary industry stating:

Of course it’s still true that as long as husbands won’t babysit at night there will always be fewer women than men at the top of the tree, but at least head chefs now know women can do the job. When I came to London in 1960, hotels and grand restaurants never hired women, however good they were. Silvano Trompetto, famous chef at the Savoy,

told me ‘Over my dead body. They will distract the young men, and they cannot lift a stock-pot.’ And then the killer blow: ‘At a certain time on the month, they will curdle the mayonnaise.’

With what Clare Smith states in this interview, it has always been a constant battle for women in the culinary industry. One can only imagine what it is like to hear those words from someone. Men would label women trying to enter this profession as crazy. Back then it was a rare sight for a female to want to even step foot in this field. This bias was created because men wanted to excuse women from the kitchen in the industry. Men felt as though the rigid aspect of the new culinary field was not meant for the dainty, poised and polished wives from home. It is a messy, intimidating, fast-paced, and hard-working environment to be in, and a woman’s role according to men, is to never get their hands dirty and always be pleasant. This bias has increased tenfold into the present.

Nowadays, women in this industry must prove themselves to be one of the “guys” so she is taken seriously. She must over exert herself in a “manly” way for the men she oversees, so they do not laugh and disrespect her. Women in the kitchen must think about every little detail while they are in there to be thought of as professional. In the article “The Academy as Kitchen-Subversive Perspective on the (Prehistoric) Paradigm of Women-in-the-Kitchen,” Rosland F. Croucher who is a head chef states:

Dressing in the right kind of apron communicates certain messages: credibility and authority. And it matters more for women than for men. Why? Because by harnessing the stereotypical form of apron it serves the attainment of ‘neutrality’. It is not about making women not gendered, it is about finding the way in which our value is maximized, and for a purpose: to change the kitchen.



This effect has become crucial for women; they must try everything in their power to create the effect of equality even down to how they speak around men. Even wearing a simple apron establishes authority so it is safe to say that every detail indeed does count. Rosland Croucher also states in that same article that “Listen to the voices of the cooks you know and respect. If they are tenors, it may be confusing. The pitch of the voice is part of a neutralizing effect. If you are a soprano in a speaking pitch it works against you-you sound ‘female’. If your voice is too deep-you sound like a man-then you sound ‘male.’” It is clear now that females must use any advantage or tool, they can to gain respect down to how they dress in the kitchen and how they speak. Having a girly voice and trying to establish authority over men you oversee gets you nothing but a laugh in the face.



The culinary industry is all about earned respect. It is a world full of people trying to be better than the person standing next to them. Constant competition is the goal of each day, and who can prepare the best tasting dish that no one else has created is a tremendous hurdle to try to overcome. With all that stress comes anger, and with anger, normally harassment tends to break out. Women that enter this lion’s den must have thick skin and get ready for the jokes about women in a disgusting manner. The kitchen in the culinary industry is a cesspool of sexist jokes and dirty behavior. Men do not care if there is a female in the kitchen to hear these jokes; it makes it a game for them to get away with it. The men will constantly try to break them down and get them to crack. The men tend to like to prey on the females who look like they are trying the hardest to fit in. Women at some point in their life in this industry will get sexually assaulted or sexually harassed. It is inevitable.

Women will get attacked physically, mentally and emotionally throughout their entire career. Most women get sexually assaulted in the kitchen in the “walk-in” which is the huge fridge where all the food is kept. Most women get called whores for working their way up to the top because to men, that is the only way she can achieve a promotion is if she slept with someone above her status. In the article “Does the Restaurant Industry Still Have a Sexism Problem?” Morrissy-Swan Tome interviews a female chef who states, “At seventeen I was nominated for a young chef of the year award, one of the only female nominees. Someone said it was only because I had slept with the chef, who was sixty at the time.” What this female chef had to face constantly in her career was degrading and harmful to her whole

existence. She worked just as hard and equal as anyone else in that kitchen, and all her hard work earned her these comments. The stereotype she faced has long lasting negative effects on her life, and that memory is constantly with her. The hard work she endured did not matter anymore because people degraded her.

The fact that women must go through these trials is heart breaking because it shows how much society is messed up in the head. There are these errors in the brain called mindbugs that make people perceive certain aspects about certain objects that are not there. Two amazing psychologists, Mahzarin R. Banaji and Anthony G. Greenwald in their book *Blind Spot* state that “Mindbugs are ingrained habits of thought that lead to errors in how we perceive, remember, reason, and make decisions” (4).

These men in the kitchen have developed over time these mindbugs in their brains about women in the kitchen. Their perception has become distorted and their biases have increased immensely. Society has taught these men how to treat their opposite gender as unequal simply because society has taught men how to feel about female’s in a “man’s” position. There are many jobs out there that are considered a “man’s” job and women are fighting for respect there too. Women in technological fields or women in management positions the list could go on.

It is like stepping into the lion’s den to try to reach the top and gain respect. Females trying to become chefs must overcome obstacles such as sexual harassment, harassment in general, sabotaging and constant backlash.

This stereotype effects society in a tremendous way. There is a significant gender pay gap in society today. Women make twenty to twenty-five percent less money than men do. This effects the economy because when fifty percent of society has reduced pay, it affects taxes and buying power for property and other expenses. In “Why and When Does the Gender Gap Reverse? Diversity Goals and the Pay Premium for High Potential Women,” Lisa Leslie states, “More direct evidence comes from research on a variety of mechanisms that produce a female penalty, despite equivalent skills, behaviors, and experiences. Compared to men, evaluators perceive women as less competent,

believe women experience more work–family conflict, and assume women value pay less each of which limits pay, and other career rewards.” These researchers have touched the surface of why women make less than men do, but in all reality, women are still fighting for their rights to make the same amount and have equality. One must think, “When will women’s voices be finally heard?”

In many careers, even if women have the same position as a man, the man will be paid more. This is completely harming our economic status as a community because if the man is the only one in the house that is making the larger portion of the incomes then that is harming their household freedom. If the woman of the house could be making the same amount of money as her husband that means they could be more financially stable in case anything was to happen. Also, this stereotype effects society because since women are not going into the culinary field for fear of the backlash from the men, that there is less diversity in the culinary field. Society is missing out on female culinary artistry. Women bring a whole new perspective in the culinary field. Having less women to have a different perspective is harmful to society because they could be missing out on culinary masterpieces.

Women were promptly excused from this career because they seemed unfit to lift heavy stockpots or were not intelligent enough to cook these profound recipes

There needs to be a change in society were everyone makes the same amount of money in their profession no matter what their race or gender or age is. Since times have become more progressive, women need to be finally recognized as equal. There should be no reason that men make more than women in the same position doing the same exact job. Since this stereotype has negatively affected society, what women can do is to push past these stereotypes and get into the culinary field. In Whistling Vivaldi Claude M. Steele’s father once gave him exceptional advice stating “I hear you, son, stereotype threat can be pretty bad, but you should use it to motivate you; get out there and prove the stereotype, and those who hold it wrong” (98). One must take it upon themselves to be the voice of the voiceless. One must face their aggressor and say enough.

It is evident that many people throughout the world are stereotyped and have identity contingencies about them. Society is fueled by trying to get people to be a certain way or harms them mentally if they are not. It is all about

fitting in and not standing out. There are so many people in this world that hold themselves back from their talents and skills that could contribute to society in a major way. This is including women in the culinary field; they can contribute so much but are afraid. Back then, there was no respect for women’s talents in the kitchen and now there still is no respect. There will always be a negative stereotype about women in the culinary field, but women must learn to be brave and show these men that they indeed can lift the stockpots.

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A Man's Love for Children

“When I pushed the wooden door, I saw you crying and crawling on the muddy ground alone in a dark room, with wet clothes and dirt from head to toe. You might’ve cried a long time”. My step father was sitting in a chair, staring at somewhere in front of him. It was as if he saw that three-year-old girl again. After a moment of silence, he turned back to me and spoke in a silent tone, “my heart was stung.” He frowned and continued, “Anyways, you’ve grown up now.” I saw a relaxed smile on his face as if he had been relieved of a heavy load on his shoulders and accomplished an important mission.

That was an afternoon when I was eighteen. My stepfather recalled the feelings when he met me for the first time. He was a man of few words and was always serious. I’ve had feelings of estrangement and fear towards him. Since that conversation, however, I understood my stepfather has a merciful heart under his strong constitution. I understood the drive and love for children with which he overcame many hardships.

My biological father died when I was two years old. Four of my mother’s siblings, who would have been my aunts and uncles, starved to death during the Great Cultural Revolution, a political movement in China that began in the 1960s. My mom had to keep me at home because she had only one of two choices: hold me tight and risk starvation for both of us, or put me down and go out for work. I couldn’t walk at the age of three because of the lack of nutrition.

It was in these conditions that my stepfather had seen me home alone. When I was almost five, he married my mom. In fact, he saved my broken family. There were far more responsibilities than benefits for him. Life was too hard for him during those years because he had to support not only himself and my mom but also two little girls and his own son. I often heard he say “too tired”



and more often he dropped his head quietly after heavy loads of labor.

He never abused family members or abused any alcohol in order to release the pressure of life.

I wonder why he married my mom. Why didn’t he leave my broken family to look for an easy life? He said he couldn’t let children endure hardships. After I learned more about my stepfather, I finally understood him more.



His parents died in Class Struggle in the Great Cultural Revolution. He became an orphan and homeless at age nine. Even as a child, he had to face many misfortunes to survive by himself. Most of the country people at that period endured poverty and hunger. It was a miracle that he survived. He once told me he would catch fish in the lakes, find finless eel under mud, and pick wild fruit on the hills. Sometimes he stole vegetables and beans from the field. If he was caught, he was usually beaten. He couldn’t remember how many days and cold nights he had to bear with an empty stomach. Some years later, a stoneman hired him as an apprentice. Since then, he relied on the skills of cutting stone and hard work to support himself. As a stoneman, he built bridges, roads, houses, and other buildings everywhere. He didn’t have a fixed dwelling until he married with my mom at age thirty-two. He yearned for a warm home, a lovely woman, and his own children. He longed to be loved. These were the meanings of his life and the reasons he married my mom. Once he had a family, it didn’t matter how hard the life was. He wasn’t alone anymore.

He was illiterate, and he was not very eloquent. He never outwardly taught me

good manners, but his character has unconsciously

influenced my life. I

didn’t have a favorable marriage.

I thought about leaving

I took this photograph during our family trip in last summer, in Chengdu, China. The people in the photo, from left to right, are my mom, niece, nephew, son, stepfather, and daughter. After lunch at a restaurant, the children were showing something fun on internet to their grandfather. They are close. My stepfather likes watching his grandchildren playing together, while I like recording some moments that my stepfather watches them. These moments always let me feel peaceful, warm, and happy.

my husband and child or being a single mother for a long time. His words always jumped into my head. I realized the pain that I bore in my childhood or my step father bore in his childhood would happen in my child's life. After I persisted in my marriage some years, I became stronger, and life became easier. I thanked my step father who gave me a good example of courage to face hardships and responsibilities to family and children.

He became an orphan and homeless at age nine. Even as a child, he had to face many misfortunes to survive by himself.

Later, my sister and brother married and now live in different cities and have children. Our big family has four kids and one new born baby. We visit our patriarch every summer and Chinese New Year. I ask him what gifts he needs that I can buy for him. He always responds, "Nothing, just you and my grandchildren." I am moved by his simple words again. I am still his child, no matter how old I am. The children run back to grandfather's house. They can always get anything they want from grandfather, such as food, clothes, toys, and red envelopes. They are free. They could do anything they want to do. When they make a big mess, grandfather still is happy and never blames them. He likes sitting in a chair with a smile, watching his grandchildren running, playing, laughing, jumping, screaming, and crying around him. Sometime he laughs at them. I have never seen him so happy: like a child who receives his simple gifts as if he gained the whole world.

The children are his source of happiness. He is satisfied with his children and grandchildren. He found the happiness that he spent his whole life to look for. After our family climbed out of the abyss of poverty, he knows how to cherish the people he loves, enjoy his life, and grab on to happiness. When I am old, I hope I have children and grandchildren around me as my stepfather does, and nothing else will matter.



Lequn Peng is 45 years old and a mother of two. She and her family moved to the United States from China in 2012. She became an ESL student at Delta College in 2016 and now majors in accounting. She will graduate in the spring of 2020 and plans to transfer to UOP. Meanwhile, she also works full-time during her years as a student to support her family. She has made many foolish decisions in her life, but one decision she made correctly is to never give up educating herself and her children, no matter how hard life gets. Her daughter graduated from high school as a distinguished scholar this year and now attends UCSD. Lequn is proud of her daughter for being the first university student in the whole family after eight generations of illiteracy. Lequn takes pride and pleasure in being a lifelong learner.

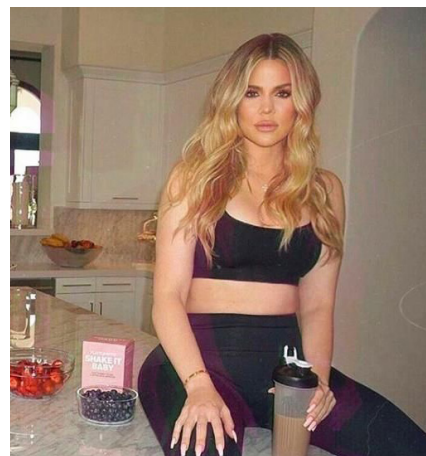
Instagram: The Marketing of You

“Engagement on social media—getting more likes, more comments, more followers—can give a quick boost to your self-worth. But unless the self you share with the world is real, genuine encounter will be beyond your reach” (Staub). Instagram immerses us in a fictionalized reality where we are forced to perform our best selves and intake ideals of beauty that are harmful to our self-image in the long-term; it misuses our insecurities and desire for social status to sell to us products that can be dangerous to our health. The medium of Instagram values the superficial over the genuine through its image heavy format which influences people to perform “The Good Life” for likes and follows. Posting only the highlight reels of our lives and seeing the same performed can have a derealizing effect that creates a divide between our public self and our true self. This creates self-esteem issues and internal feelings of alienation that only grow the more we try and mask them with filters. We can begin to think we are alone in our insecurities when other people’s lives appear to be perfect. The medium was not built to sustain long-form conversations about our true self because of its quick-fire stream of images demanding us to keep scrolling.

The medium dictates what can be expressed with its limited format; in the case of Instagram, there is not much room for deeper dialogue. As Neil Postman *Amusing Ourselves to Death* says, “the medium is the metaphor” because it represents a certain reality through how it edits itself (10). A new reality forms where we expect to consume information constantly, quickly, in a simplified way. By design, this is addicting. Our brains begin to ceaselessly crave this information without much time to stop and evaluate what harm its doing to us. Neuroscientist Chadrick Lane confirms that we receive a rush of dopamine when we intake information, especially social information, because it is based in our biological need to survive by adapting to new situations. Instagram takes this biological need and satiates it at breakneck speeds. This affects the amount of attention we are willing to give to anything before moving onto the next interesting thing. This is a danger to our own education as we begin to seek immediate satisfaction, rather than pursuing deeper knowledge. This medium allows people to create their own echo chamber through the “follow” function that then suggests to us more accounts who

post similar topics, further stunting our ability to learn new challenging ideas. We can choose to only follow people who confirm beliefs we were indoctrinated into. This cult of personality suppresses any critical thinking in favor of likability. We do not live in a world where we can trust that our wants and needs are self-made. At any given moment, various factors are influencing what we think and feel.

People may not question if they are being advertised to on Instagram and can get caught up in the manipulation tactics used by brands. The goal of advertisers, nowadays, is to not appear to be selling something. Influencers tend to be of similar ages to their target audience in order to seem more relatable. Brands partner with young influencers because they are cheaper to pay, says John Lorinc, journalist specializing in business and culture, “It’s one thing to pay a supermodel or a star athlete millions of dollars to promote a product, and quite another to avoid those outlays by offering a few dollars or t-shirts to students with lots of social media followers.” Using relatable Instagram influencers creates the illusion of accessibility. The illusion of accessibility is the belief that these celebrities are your friends who love you and just want the best for you by giving you 10% off your next purchase. Many people, not just teenagers, want to know what celebrities eat for breakfast, their favorite Starbucks drink, what overpriced yoga pants they buy. Instagram provides endless opportunities for brands to monetize the lives of social media influencers.



 **khlouekardashian** • Follow
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khlouekardashian #ad If you've been wondering what I've been doing... I've been out here working my a** off. I've been working out and using @flattummyco meal replacement shakes to help me get my tummy back to where it was. I know it's not going to be an easy journey, but I'm feeling SO ready to do this and after using the shakes, I'm feeling really good and definitely feeling the difference. Baby weight is no joke! If you're wanting to try them you should get on it because there's a 20% off sale going on right now!
Load more comments

melysugar79 @khlouekardashian . Mama how long will it take me to get a flatter stomach if I stick w this plan? I regularly love to workout, yoga and other physical activities. I just needed a time frame. If I have a 2 month supply of the flat tummy.

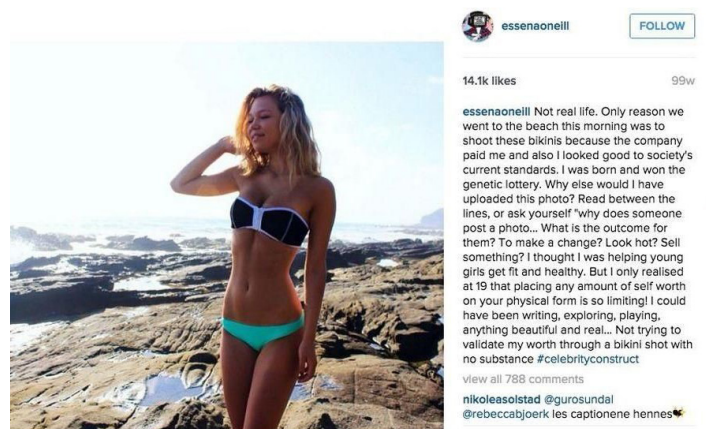
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JUNE 19

Maria Abundis-Herbert

We see examples of celebrities like the Kardashians advertising products that are not recommended for healthy weight loss. Flat Tummy Co. is one of the main culprits, and their main vehicle is Instagram. They sell non-FDA approved hunger suppressants, marketing it as an easy and miraculous form of weight loss. In reality, the drinks cause diarrhea and only temporary water-weight loss, acknowledges Steven Salzberg, a professor at John Hopkins School of Medicine in a conversation with Forbes Magazine. There have been reports of people experiencing pain and missed periods after using this product and prolonged misuse of diuretics can cause metabolism issues. Yet, people like the Kardashians are selling these products to their impressionable audiences as symbols of faux-empowerment. To be beautiful in restrictive ways is in no way empowering. The deeper insidiousness is that young people are the primary target being fed these lies. Recently, there has been controversy over hunger-suppressant lollipops, clearly with younger audiences in mind. There is amorality to this advertising; celebrities and influencers wipe their hands clean of any accusations of manipulation because young people “choose” to purchase the products. Our knowledge about the development of the prefrontal cortex, which is in charge of functions such as decision-making and impulse-control, does not fully develop until our mid-20’s. This means teenagers are especially susceptible as their prefrontal cortex makes them more likely to make immature choices like taking risks with their health to be relevant on Instagram (Arain, et al). It’s not all easy for influencers, they too feed themselves the idea that this is okay until it begins to take a toll on their self-image and personal morals.

Many people, not just teenagers, want to know what celebrities eat for breakfast, their favorite Starbucks drink, what overpriced yoga pants they buy. Instagram provides endless opportunities for brands to monetize the lives of social media influencers.

It might sound ideal to live an “easy” life of looking pretty and being paid thousands of dollars per sponsored post. Yet, more and more Insta-famous influencers have publicly denounced their fame. People who were getting enviable brand deals to post pictures became so disillusioned by their fake public life that they expose themselves as frauds. One such user is former Instagram model Essena O’Neil who became known for publicly exposing her fake life built around brand deals. She went back and re-captioned once performative pictures to reflect her inner turmoil while taking them. As can be seen in the following Instagram post, she was only 19 and was already burnt out by the polarization of her true feelings and what she felt forced to present to the world.



We can all feel the pressure to perform on social media. It goes unspoken that Instagram is our unofficial social resume. With our Instagram, we are communicating key things about ourselves like how comfortably we live, our social status, and our attitude toward life. On one hand, it makes a person seem more likable which can be beneficial when meeting new people to impress. On the other hand, those performing “The Good Life” feel unable to share their inner insecurities or the behind-the-scene struggles, causing deep unease the more drastically different those two identities become. Those viewing this performance can become disillusioned by their own life not meeting these expectations. People can feel “othered” by the unattainable beauty and luxury they see because they feel locked out of a life they wish they could live. We can internalize what

makes someone worthy, which oftentimes seems to be predestined by uncontrollable factors. Those who benefit most from this type of platform usually fit western beauty ideals of being thin and white. The seed of insecurity spreads and takes root in our psyche.

This preying of people through their insecurities has real life effects. Girls are expected at younger and younger ages to look attractive, when they should be putting their focus on their education. Middle schoolers and high schoolers are watching videos to change their facial features with make-up so they can post highly-constructed pictures of themselves for likes on Instagram. They understand what parts of their faces are problem areas and what angles minimize those areas. They use filters that change the shape of their faces so much so that it becomes difficult to see themselves unaltered. Women are trained to objectify and detach themselves from their natural features in this way. Many women, even in their adulthood have a hard time walking out without being fully made up. Instagram sets them up for further disappointment when they don't live up to their manipulated digital faces. This beauty obsession shifts what people value in themselves.

Instagram puts a metric on self-worth using the "likes" and "followers" someone is able to amass. Likes are the incentive for performing perfection. They signify approval in concrete ways never before seen. Likes have an addictive nature that people can become susceptible to. There is a hunger to get more and more and there is a stigma in not getting enough. Anything below 15 or less is considered low engagement when most people don't have that many close friends to begin with. It becomes impossible to be a full participant of one's own life when every activity becomes a photoshoot to show how interesting they are, every photo becomes a production, every feeling becomes relatable content to get engagement from. It is a new reality and we've yet to see how it evolves as people age.

Although there are many pitfalls to metric-based social media platforms, Instagram can be used as a form of genuine self-expression. Not everyone decides to perform. Some turn truth-telling into their life's mission and give permission to others to be more genuine, helping to cause social shift. When someone subverts harmful societal expectations they foster more empathy for themselves and others by saying that it is okay to be complex. The more something reflects reality, the more honest we can be toward ourselves so we can do right by each other. Otherwise, who will we be when no one is watching anymore?



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Maria Abundis-Herbert is an artist mainly working in digital portraiture and character design. I'm passionate about mental health advocacy, learning, and self-expression, whatever form that may take.

"I've learned that people will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel."

– Maya Angelou

Innocent by Association

Most adults in American society have been summoned for jury duty at some point or another, and as a result are familiar with the legal principal that a defendant in a criminal trial had the right to be judged by a group of his or her own peers. The legal process of trial by jury ensures that trials proceed with impartiality. Now ask yourself. What happens when the justice system attempts to exploit social, and cultural factors in order to influence the outcome of a criminal trial? Does that sound impossible to you? It may come as a surprise to many of my readers that biases; even the abhorrent one I previously mentioned, can be cleverly disguised as an ordinary court proceeding. Furthermore, these particular biases- being preconceived notions about a person's social group- undermine the very principal meant to govern a process intended to create justice for individuals based on impartiality. In order to counteract the implications of these stereotypes, and pre-judgments, it is sometimes necessary to prove certain biased viewpoints false. My account is an example of how to deal with a situation in which one has to counter false beliefs held, simply because of one's outward appearance.

In the winter of 2006 I received a summons in the mail to appear for jury duty. I did what any responsible citizen would, and decided to fulfill my civic duties. I fought the urge to throw away my summons, and I showed up to the San Joaquin county courthouse on my day off for jury selection. I sat in the bright florescent lighting of the waiting room with its dull furniture seated among a perfect cross-section of society, with people from all walks of life, who ranged in age from about 18b to

75. Since I had no vehicle at the time, I had to catch the 90 bus from Tracy at 5:00 a.m., and I had instant coffee from the cantina for breakfast. I looked disheveled and ungroomed, but I was otherwise alert, and ready to get on with the day. The room

was filled with 100 or more people, who were excused in groups to the main courtroom where jury selection was beginning.

When my group was called, I began to realize that the jury selection process involved excluding, or in my case, including individuals based on race and social status. Questions were asked of us by the district attorney, such as "Have you or any of your family members ever been the victims of gun violence?", and "Do you have any relatives involved in law enforcement?". As he asked more personal questions I watched as he scrawled notes after each response on post-it notes arranged in columns on the courtroom desk. The D.A. looked at me, then he looked at the defense attorney, gave an affirmative nod, and checked something off on his notepad. Throughout the jury selection process the columns of post-its became a pattern of 15 squares on the desktop with names on them, one being mine. Why was I one of the lucky ones? When the identity of the defendant was brought to our awareness, it became clear why my post-it was left on the desk, and what that curious nod was about.



What happens when the justice system attempts to exploit social, and cultural factors in order to influence the outcome of a criminal trial?

The defendant- whose name I will not divulge for sake of privacy- was on trial for a laundry list of offenses which included: 8 armed robberies, 2 attempted armed robberies, drug trafficking, trafficking with the intent to distribute, possession of illegal firearms, and resisting arrest. When the defendant was brought into the courtroom, I was expecting to see a tatted-up gang member; however, who I saw was



an alternate version of myself sitting across the room, not the tattooed gang member I had envisioned. Just like me, he was a Mexican / American in his mid-20s; similarly, he was from a large family with low income, and neither of us were college bound at the time. It was at that moment I suspected that

the only reason I was allowed to serve on that jury, was because the defense attorney hoped I would persuade my fellow jurors to sympathize with the defendant because of our shared identity. In retrospect, I can associate this example of bias with the phenomena of “social mind bugs”, which is a form of stereotyping explained by Mahzarin R. Banaji & Anthony Greenwald in their book, *Blind Spot*. In it they write “When judging peoples character, we hardly recognize just how “right” assessment feels- even when based on a smattering of information.” (15). This is why I believe I was singled out, because the defense attorney falsely believed that I would be a safe bet for the sake of his defense strategy. What they did not realize is that our similar appearances were exactly where our similarities ended.

The trial continued over the course of six weeks, and the case was held in court twice per week. The process was very slow, and we jurors had to remain impartial as more evidence was gradually presented, until deliberation. Witnesses took the stand, and recounted the robberies they were subjected to. He used a laser sighted MAC-11 automatic handgun in the commission of the robberies. The violence of the confrontations described was difficult to listen to, and many of the witnesses who identified him in court could not manage to look directly at him. While still remaining impartial, I found it difficult

not imagining that scenario happening to someone I cared about. I believe that the expected behavior from the defense attorney was for me to be a bystander, and let my familial sympathy towards the defendant influence a decision for me to defend a fellow Latino despite his offenses. As a result, I made use of a method known as an “identity contingency”, which is described by Claude M. Steele in his book *Whistling Vivaldi*. In his book, Steele writes “We know what people could think.” We know that anything we do that fits the stereotype could be taken as confirming it.” (5). I wanted to undo the unfairness of the situation I found myself in, so I resolved to act in a less expected way in order to correct the bias I was seeing play out. My decision was to be fully involved, and attentive to the details of the case. I believed that this contingency plan would disprove the notion that all minorities defend each other because of a shared identity.

When the identity of the defendant was brought to our awareness, it became clear why my post-it was left on the desk, and what that curious nod was about.

Eleven jurors and I sat in the deliberation chamber eating Chinese takeout while discussing the past month and a half of note taking, forensic evidence, and witness testimony. We determined, based on the forensic evidence, as well as the expert witness testimony, that there were no other possible suspects who could be guilty of the crimes committed. At first the defense tried to claim that there was another suspect, but surveillance footage placed him at the scene of the crimes. Expert witness testimony then tried to explain his criminal actions as meth induced psychosis; however, the defendant’s accurate recollection of events, amounts of money stolen, etc. shot down that theory. To the surprise of the Judge, we reached a verdict within five hours of beginning deliberation. Since I was



the foreman on the jury I had the displeasure of reading the verdict out loud in court. I felt conflicted then, and I still feel sadness when I recall reading “We the jury find the defendant... guilty on all counts.” and hearing the weeping of his parents, who were in attendance throughout the whole trial. In spite of my feelings, I had to consider with seriousness what might have happened if I had lived up to the lawyers who hoped to sway the jury’s opinion with their subtle manipulations. I believe that I recognized the red flags of social stereotyping, and thereby used a method which confounded efforts of certain authority figures to generalize ethnic, or social groups. In conclusion, if we as a society can manage to discern where some subtle biases lie, we can do a better job of preventing the pre-judgment of others. When it comes to determining the guilt or innocence of a member of our social group, it can be tempting to become emotionally compromised and fall in to the pattern of acting predictably, but we must always question situations like the one I mentioned. Coming up with your own way to prove unfair criticism false is likely the surest way to avoid being the victim of bias when we encounter those situations in our life.



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A Psychoanalytical Approach to Andrew Marvell

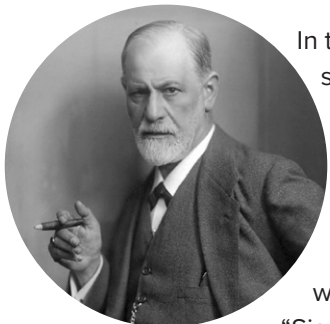
The task of analyzing a poem from a critical point of view requires the reader to scrutinize it from different perspectives. One of the most important perspectives from which a poem can be analyzed is the psychological aspect of its speaker and/or characters. Andrew Marvell, known for his frequent use of irony in his poetry, wrote a poem with a speaker that has a clear motivation that he tries to disguise into different emotions, which makes this poem rich for psychoanalysis. The poem communicates the urgency of a man for taking his lover's virginity using a speech that exerts pressure on her by mentioning time, aging, and death. Furthermore, the poem is evidence of how the dynamics of romantic interaction between genders has not changed since the 17th-century world because men believe that an aggressive or microaggressive approach to a woman might be effective to attract her. In Andrew Marvell's poem "To His Coy Mistress," the speaker of the poem reveals his desires of lust and sexual urgency towards his lover through sparks of aggressive figurative language while disguising it with positive literary figures intended to manipulate her to fulfill his desire. The psychological analysis on this essay will be based on Sigmund Freud's model of psyche theory that divides the mind in three parts ID, ego, and super ego, terms that will be developed later in the essay.



"the predominantly rational, logical, orderly, conscious part" (Murfin 242). Also, as the logical part of the mind, the ego uses logic to fulfill its inner desires, as Thurschwell explains, "The ego constantly has to devise little plans to satisfy the id in a controlled way" (67). Based on this, by analyzing the first part of the poem, it is possible to identify that the speaker uses pressure as a logical mechanism to obtain what he wants. The speaker uses two elements to develop a pressure strategy against his lover. The first element is to label her as coy to address her refusal to maintain sexual intimacy with him, giving this word a negative connotation that exerts indirect pressure on her. For example, when the speaker says, "Had we but world enough, and time/ This coyness, lady, were no crime" (1-2), the speaker of the poem associates the term coy with the word crime in the form of the literary device of irony. A crime is a condemnable action; therefore, the speaker intends to make her feel guilty because of her refusal to have sex with him. Also, a second element to exert pressure can be identified in these lines, and it is the creation of urgency by mentioning time. The speaker reinforces the negative connotation that he gives to her shyness using time to create a sense of urgency in the form of hyperbole to make her concede to his advances.

The speaker reinforces the negative connotation that he gives to her shyness using time to create a sense of urgency in the form of hyperbole to make her concede to his advances.

Additionally, time is also used by him as a mechanism for exerting fear in his lover. At a certain point in the poem, he mentions explicitly that her beauty is going to end at some point in her life, and no one will have interest in her anymore. For example, the speaker says, "Thy beauty shall no more be found" (25). In this line, he establishes an eventual and inevitable scenario where she is not attractive anymore. Furthermore, the speaker makes an implicit threat by saying that even himself is not going to be interested in her when time has taken her beauty. For instance, when the speaker says, "Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound/

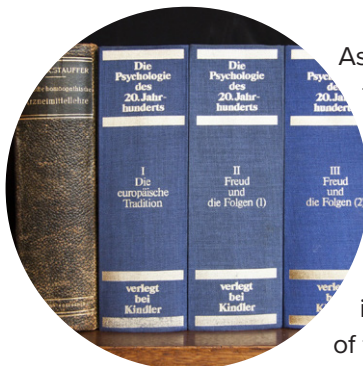


In the first part of the poem, the speaker operates under his ego psyche using a rational strategy based on the use of negative statements to fulfill his internal desires. The discussion about the operation of the psyche spheres will be based on Pamela Thurschwell "Sigmund Freud," and Ross Murfin

"Psychoanalytic Criticism and Hamlet,"

texts that analyze Freud's theory in detail. From a psychoanalytical perspective, the ego could be defined as

My echoing song" (26). An interpretation of this metaphor could be that he threatens her implicitly by saying that she will die alone, and he will forget her. Manipulation requires logical thinking, and it is evident how the ego sphere of the mind of the speaker uses it through negative statements with the intention of fulfilling his inner desires.



Another aspect of the ego psyche of the speaker that is revealed through the poem is his intention to fulfill his desires by making positive statements that, in context with the negative ones, become obviously forced. The speaker bases the strategy of convincing his lover to have sexual relations with him in a positive speech structured by two elements. The first element on which the speaker bases his strategy is to convince her of his deep devotion towards her appealing to the literary devices of the hyperbole and the allusion. For example, the speaker says, "I would/ Love you ten years before the Flood/ And you should, if you please, refuse/ Till the conversion of the Jew" (7-10). The speaker uses biblical allusions to create hyperboles of time to explain his devotion to his lover as a mechanism of magnifying the nature of his romantic feelings, which are, actually, different in essence. Then, he continues with statements such as "An hundred years should go to praise/ Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;/ Two hundred to adore each breast, / But thirty thousand to the rest" (13-16). In this fragment, the speaker continues to use hyperboles to try to represent his love towards her. However, it is interesting how he starts revealing that his lust is stronger than his claimed love by prioritizing parts of her body linked to sex (like breast, and "the rest"), over less sexually related parts. Another positive element that he uses to convince her is to flatter her to try to make her believe that she is extremely valuable to him by positioning her as a trophy. For example, the speaker says, "For, lady, you deserve this state/ Nor would I love at lower rate" (19-20). The speaker appeals to elevating his lover's self-worth by telling her that she deserves no less than all the previous exaggerated promises of love that he has mentioned. The positive speech that the speaker uses reveals a logic that is motivated by underlying desires that, perhaps, makes his arguments to lose credibility because of their noticeable exaggeration.

As the poem goes on, the speaker's speech turns irrational and aggressive revealing the id psyche sphere. The poem is conducted by the ego of the speaker that uses logic and reasoning to draw a strategy intended to reach a goal that for the speaker is to have sex with his lover. However, at some points in the poem, a different sphere of the psyche of the speaker is revealed, and it is the id. The id could be defined as "the predominantly passionate, irrational, unknown, and unconscious part of the psyche" (Murfin 242). The id is mainly composed of primitive desires such as sex, and it shows in the form of aggressive behavior. Also, because it is a mainly unconscious part of the mind, it is disconnected from logic, as Thurschwell explains, "The id is inseparable from the unconscious - id wants and desires in the here-and-now, it doesn't make plans for the future" (80). There are sparks of aggressive behavior that reflects the speaker's id psyche sphere that can be identified inside the poem in the form of metaphors. It is evident that this is a different part of the psyche because his speech becomes aggressive and loses effectivity, which reveals that the instinct is prevailing over the logic. For example, the speaker says, "Then worms shall try/ that long preserv'd virginity" (27-28). In these lines, he uses a metaphor to tell his lover that if she does not lose her virginity with him, time will make her die alone, and worms will take her virginity instead. In his urgency to fulfill his sexual desires, he lets his instinct speak in the form of an aggressive speech that would potentially have a contrary effect than the desired. Moreover, he continues with an aggression-based speech by saying, "Like am'rous birds of prey/ Rather at once our time devour" (38-39). The speaker uses the birds of prey as a metaphor to symbolize his urgency to fulfill his desire without losing more time. However, birds of prey are closely linked to an aggressive behavior related to death and that does not fit properly as a representation of love, but on the contrary, it could potentially cause fear. Furthermore, motivated by an inner instinct of lust, the speaker reveals explicitly the nature of his intention by saying, "And tear our pleasures with rough strife" (43). It is evident how, motivated by an unconscious sphere of the psyche, the initial speech that was based on devotion



and flattering denaturalizes itself and becomes a figure of aggressiveness and explicit lust.

Manipulation requires logical thinking, and it is evident how the ego sphere of the mind of the speaker uses it through negative statements with the intention of fulfilling his inner desires.

The richness of literature is the capacity to represent different aspects of human life through words. The task of representing the ambivalence of the behavior of human beings is certainly complex. Andrew Marvell created a poem that expresses in a truly authentic way the duality with which the mind operates. Furthermore, he used the powerful device of irony to criticize the dynamics of romantic courtship of his time, but what is more interesting, is that even today, it is possible to identify the behavior of the speaker of this poem in the modern world, where people constantly use manipulation to fulfill their inner desires, which makes them struggle in a constant battle between the ego and the id psyche.



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