The background of the cover is an abstract composition of pixelated squares. The top half features a dense arrangement of yellow and gold squares of varying shades, some with darker centers, creating a textured, sun-like effect. The bottom half is dominated by a dense arrangement of blue squares, ranging from deep navy to lighter, dusty blues, also with some darker centers, creating a textured, ocean-like effect. The transition between the two colors is somewhat irregular, with some squares overlapping or appearing as if they are floating between the two main color fields.

athena's web

journal of the college of arts and sciences

spring 2013

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athena's web

journal of the college of arts and sciences

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Dr. Bebe Shaw

EDITOR

Travis Sharp

ASSISTANT EDITOR

A. Scott Michael

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Tracy Szappan



ATHENS STATE UNIVERSITY

Athena's Web is an academic journal dedicated to publishing outstanding student work in the arts and sciences. The journal is sponsored by the College of Arts and Sciences of Athens State University. Arts and Sciences students (including secondary education majors) are encouraged to submit academic and creative work to the editors for consideration.

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The Editors
Founders Hall Room 350
300 N. Beaty Street
Athens, AL 35611

Athenas.Web@athens.edu

Dr. Joseph Dupre, Director
Building Success through Writing
Founders Hall Room 206



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Fiction and Poetry Readings

Athena's Web, along with Building Success through Writing and the Athens State University Writing Center, are in the process of preparing journal-sponsored events focusing on the public sharing of writing. The first of these will be a fiction and poetry reading. More information about the fiction and poetry reading will be forthcoming. Additional information about the fiction and poetry reading will be posted on the News and Announcements section of the journal's website.

Editors Old and New

In late February 2013, *Athena's Web* added a second Assistant Editor, Tracy Szappan. Tracy is an English major with a minor in History. She holds a B.S. in IT and Multimedia. Tracy will continue in her work at the journal until she graduates in Spring 2014.

Current Editor Travis Sharp will be graduating in May 2013 and so will be handing over the editorship to Assistant Editor A. Scott Michael. Scott plans to remain Editor until the end of the Fall

2013 semester at the earliest. After graduation, Travis will enter the graduate program in creative writing and poetics at the University of Washington. He will remain on the journal as an Editorial Adviser.

News and Announcements

Submissions are currently open for the Summer 2013 issue and for the Summer 2013 Cover Design Contest.

April 10

Release date for Spring 2013 issue (online version)

April 26

Release date for Spring 2013 issue limited print run. You can find more information about print copies of the journal [here](#).

July 15, 2013

Deadline for the Summer 2013 Cover Design Contest

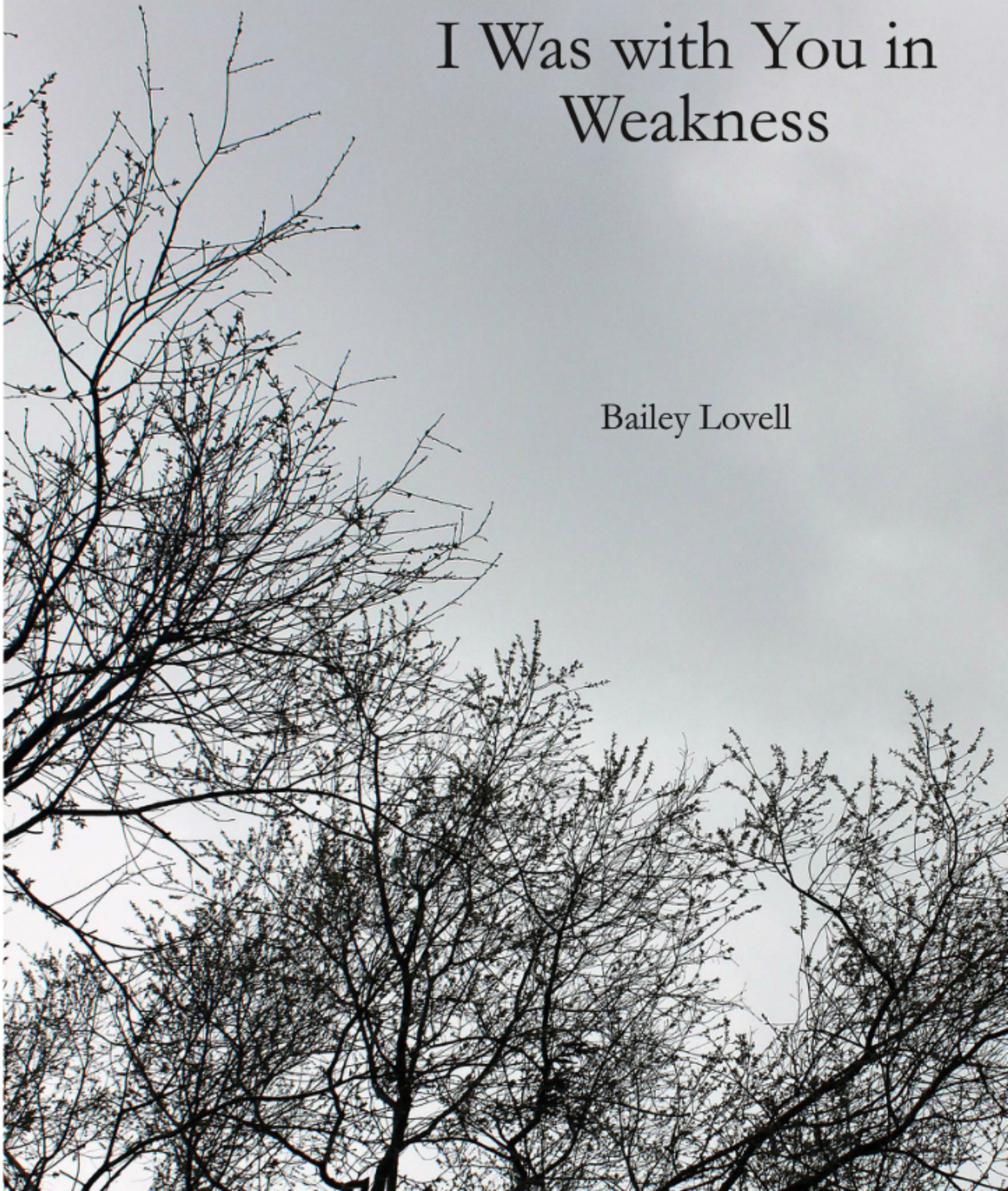
July 15, 2013

Submission deadline for the Summer 2013 issue

Fiction

I Was with You in Weakness

Bailey Lovell



Her mother will have left the room to make a phone call. Before leaving, she will turn to you with tired, sad eyes and say thank you. You will know that she is thanking you for more than sitting with her daughter. She will be thanking you for never giving up on your friend, for loving her daughter when it was hardest to do so. You will look at her, nod your head, and look away. There will be nothing left to say.

Her husband will be standing in the hallway with his parents, talking about what happens next. You will have noticed that “you know” will have become a code phrase. This will be the only way he will be able to acknowledge the imminent death of his wife. “She told me which dress she wants to be buried in when, you know....” Your heart will break every time you lay eyes on him. The expression on his face will kill you: a mixture of grief, longing, and regret, though you will not know what he regrets. Perhaps it will be that he asked her to postpone their trip to Europe (she always swore to travel to all of the cities she had read about) or their decision not to have children. But you will be unable to find any words to comfort him. There are no words.

You will consider telling him, one more time, the story of how you met his wife, your best friend. How you were always an odd couple. She was the quiet junior who sat alone in the cafeteria because everyone annoyed her. You were voted friendliest in your graduating class. You will consider telling him about how you immediately fell for her, but how you never quite got around to telling her, and eventually love turned into laughter. And movies. And book clubs meant for only her and you. And how you had promised each other that when you graduated high school and moved to Paris or Tokyo or London that you would make sure to meet again when you were old and grey and ready to settle down. Because “neither time nor distance ever stopped destiny,” you will remember her saying, and it was your destiny to grow old together in some sense. You will laugh when you remember this. The entire concept of how fleeting time is never truly seemed to affect you until you found yourself beside her hospital bed.

* * *

Her husband and mother will walk into the room. He will be crying. She will be comforting him. You will quietly touch the frayed edges of the quilt from home covering your friend. You will move from the chair beside the bed and gesture for her mother to sit. You will walk to the side

of the room, making room for her husband to stand on the side of the bed across from her mother. It will only feel right for them each to hold her hand as she passes. The nurse will enter the room and touch the screen of the machine beside the bed.

This will be the moment you will have been dreading ever since you first met her, though you will only realize it in that moment. In this instant, she will go exactly as she lived: quiet, peaceful, meticulous. Perfect.

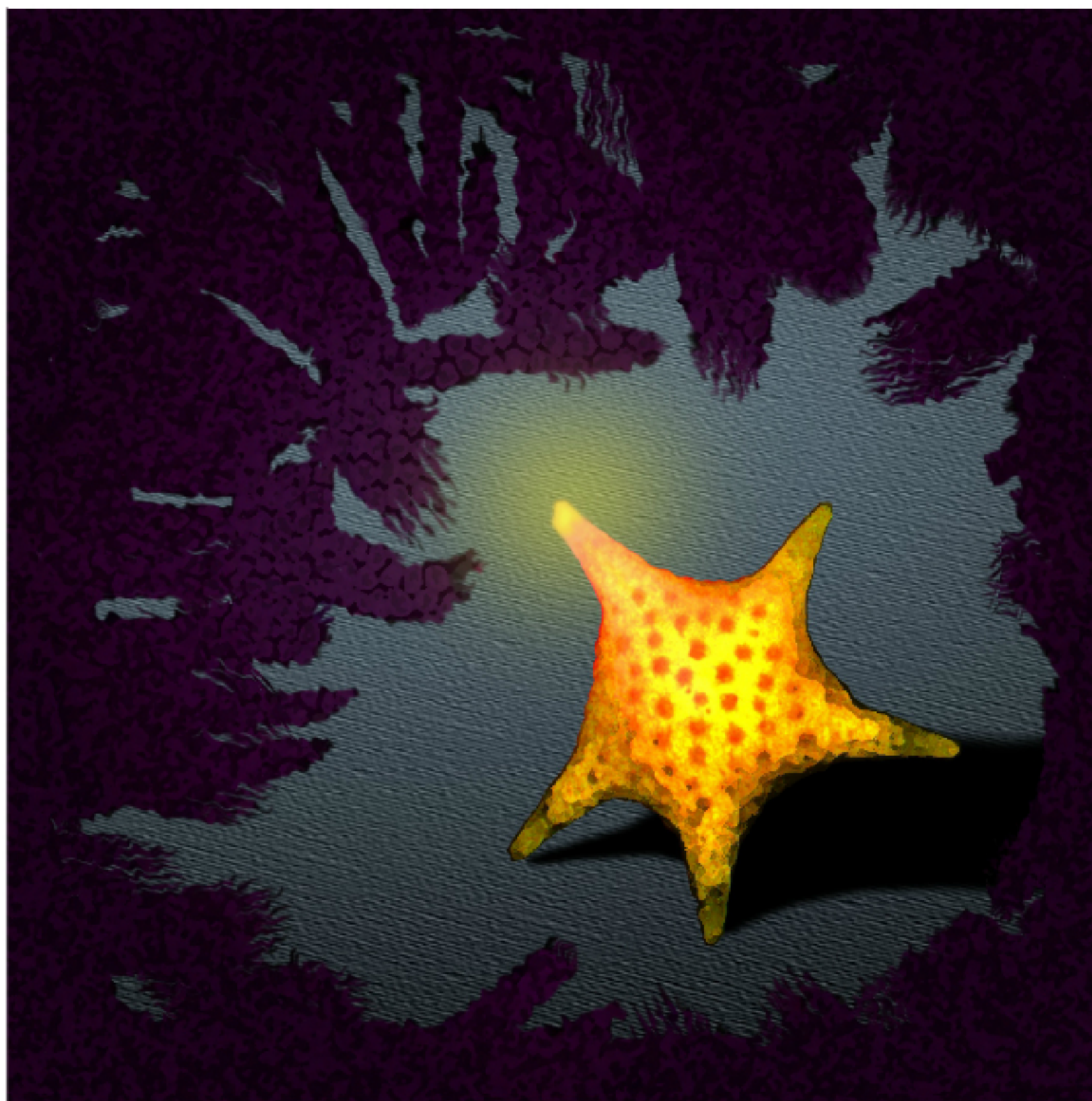
There will be no happy ending. No last goodbye. No closure. No final cherished moment. No self-realization will come. There will be nothing to gain, only to lose. There will be no words. You will stand quietly in the corner, not allowing the sadness to become real. After all, what isn't real can't hurt you.

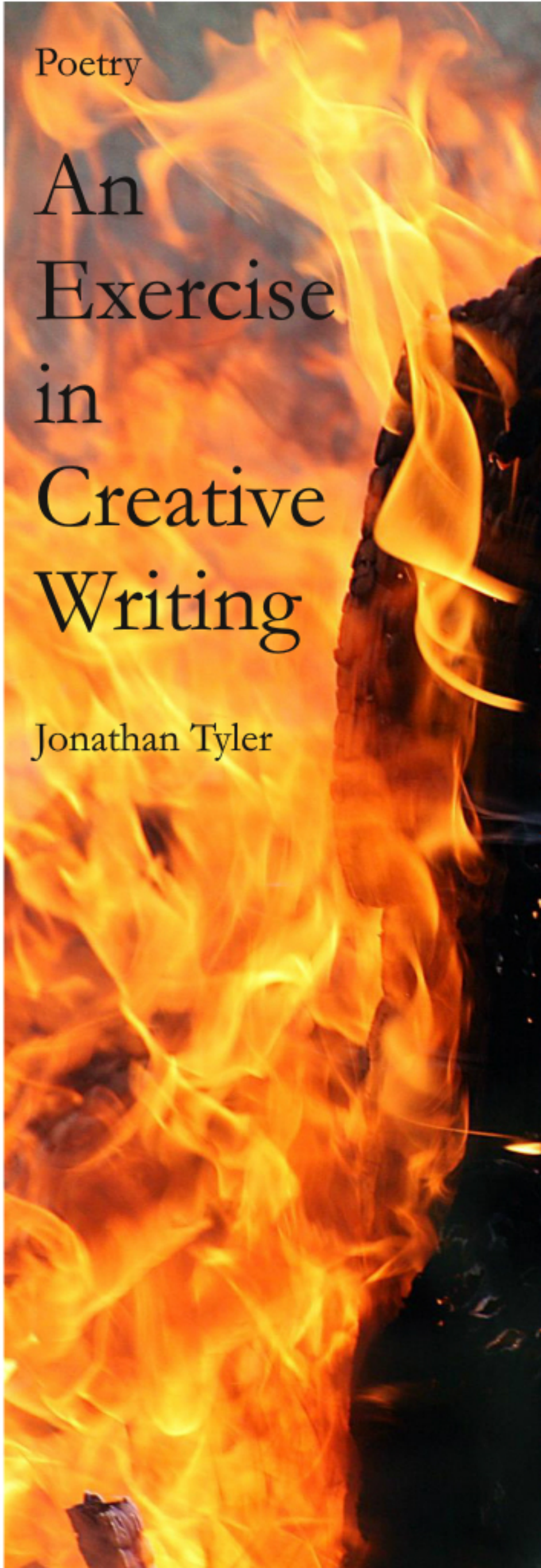
Surrounded by your best friend's family, you will suddenly feel out of place and inappropriate. The only thread connecting you to the people in that room will be gone. This recognition will be too much. You will, without noise, back out of the room and turn down the hallway. You will walk towards the nearest elevator, and then take it to the hospital lobby. You will proceed toward the exit. You will walk outside. In the distance, you'll hear a chime beautifully stating the time... *ding... ding... ding...* though there will be nothing beautiful to be found in it. It will be night time, early winter. You will remember that this was her favorite time of year, and you will see her dancing and spinning along the sidewalk, the frigid winds her guide.

Minutes will pass before you will be able to move. You will then look up and down the street, wondering which direction to take. You grew up in this town. You spent your entire life here. But you will never have felt as lost as you will in that moment.

Peel into Darkness

Jeanette Blasius





Poetry

An Exercise in Creative Writing

Jonathan Tyler

I lit a candle and set it on the table
because I wanted to do it the
old-fashioned way,

This thing called writing.

The greatest of the great - David,
Dante, Shakespeare - did it by
candlelight,

But I am not great, no; I have
nothing in common with those
great men of letters,

And I just sit staring at the blank
paper and candle.

A moth appears from nowhere,
drawn no doubt to the dancing
flame.

Brilliant.

I seek inspiration and get a cliché.

At least it is a good one, old as time
itself - well, fire itself.

Here goes my shot at describing the
Dance of Death:

The moth emerges from nowhere.

It is silver and white in the lucid
Beams of the moon and candlelight.

No doubt this will be a short dance.
Is it just me, or does the flame look
more

Voluptuous and rhythmic since the
moth appeared?

It moves with the rhythm of a Latin
dancer.

The poor, clumsy moth is fully
entranced.

He does an awkward somersault in

mid-air
To catch the eye of his hot
mistress.
She pays him no mind, lost in the
rhythm
As she is. She searches for one
worthy to samba
With her, and the poor fat moth is
not it.
He is undeterred and makes his
way forward.
Suddenly, he pulls back.
It's as if he knows in his heart she's
a dangerous beauty,
Well nigh unattainable.
But the way she flickers, it's like she
has arms.
And though she's just going
through the motions of her
dance,
She unwittingly beckons the moth
to come closer.
This goes on for some time.
The Dance of Death takes some
time,
Even for fat little moths.
The moth grows tired
But his careless lady sambas on.
The moth finally decides
To turn the samba
Into the tango.
In that moment
I see my face

On the moth.
I see my
Old lover's face
In the flame.

I knock the candle off the table.
It hits the floor and sputters out.
I catch the moth before he can
tango
And he turns to gore in my hand.

The greats can keep their candle.
I'll never do anything so romantic
again.



Poetry

Four Years Gone

Michael Williamson

Again this night
I awake to find
my dad walking the halls
going from
room to room
searching for his wife
who is four years gone.

I tell him once
—denial—
I tell him twice
—confusion—
I tell him thrice
—cognition—

Then once again
he realizes that
his wife, Marie,
my mother,
is four years gone.

He returns to sleep
whilst I pace the halls
going from
room to room.

Fiction

June in July

Travis Sharp



You know the point just before you decide that you're not going to make the jump into the water, and you pull your legs in tighter so as to not scrape against the concrete? That's where I am, I think. Except I can't feel my legs.

The June bugs aren't helping. They're late.

The June bugs in July skate in patterns in one of two trajectories: towards the horizon just above the blades of grass or towards your hairline. It's a dangerous game they play. What are the odds that the person beneath the hairline will duck or swerve, and what are the odds that the person will get a good hit in. A hit, say, good enough to kill.

I've had a few encounters with these particular June bugs, the ones that procrastinate their departure and, subsequently, their life.

The first encounter came when I was young. At first I thought it was a bee. Every bug was a bee. I needed glasses but no one knew, not even me. My memories of landscape are in Pointillism, my memories of faces are the grotesque and featureless spheres of skin that occupy nightmares, and everything – and everyone – was distant and distancing.

Unlike this bug, which was close and closing in. This bug, it flew headfirst into the car window, made a clattering thud. I saw it happen and laughed and I swear, the bug heard the laughter and went straight for me. It gave chase as I ran and sliced my ankle on metal, a rusting metal sheet taken from the bottom of around the house. By house I mean mobile home, and by mobile home I mean trailer with holes in the metallic walls, a place that rocks in the wind and threatens to flip and bend and twist in severe weather, that paints the lives of its inhabitants on its rust, that promises to blend in with the poverty of it all.

That was my first memory of the fear. I took myself inside and presented my injury as an offering: this is my suffering.

My mother said tetanus and suddenly everything was tetanus. My hair, my teeth, my nose, my eyes, my clothes, the June bug that made a thud against the bedroom window: vendetta unresolved. My bed was tetanus and I was lying in it.

“They’re june-ing,” someone told me once. They june all over the yard. The second encounter comes from this. The neighbor’s dogs sit in their backyard surrounded by mangled and chewed miniature tires. They snap at the June bugs as they go by, always missing, but always thinking they hit the mark. One of the dogs finally managed to grab one and he swallowed. I imagined insect legs clawing frantically at teeth, tongue, at the walls of the esophagus, at the lining of the stomach as it’s devoured by acid. Suddenly I yelled, “Tetanus!” I looked around. The neighbors thought I was crazy, and this wasn’t helping. They already see me wearing florescent colors and practicing surreal dance moves through my barely-covered windows. Last Tuesday, Ms. House-on-the-Corner approached my bedroom as I was recording a dance video for YouTube. But midway through it I lost my footing and landed on the floor. So I began to crawl and thought, Everything happens for a reason. This is just part of the act. I was a fish, a shark. I was powerful as my body flowed on the carpeted ocean. I became an amphibian. I got on my knees, flowing onto surfaces and leaving trails of slime where I went. I felt young and capable, but it only works when I’m moving. I got on all fours. Then I stopped. Ms. Neighbor was outside my window. She was recording me on her phone. I shrunk down, a single cell, an amoeba, back to square one where I stay and will stay for the rest of my life.

But there was still the cry of tetanus. I thought of trying to pass it off as a new trend. In a week children throughout America will be calling out the names of diseases as code. The friends have synchronized leukemia. Her boyfriend wants to ringworm her salmonella. But there was no code for the dog. The dog was oozing tetanus. Soon it would be visible in his eyes. I see these eyes in the mirror. These eyes are my eyes.

My closest friend tells me of something she's heard. You take small strings of thread and tie them to the legs and the June bugs fly around, a balloon or a kite that flows against the wind.

I tried to do it once. I got close enough but the emotion was overwhelming and I couldn't touch it. I kept thinking of tetanus, like what if they somehow carry it in their DNA, on their exoskeleton, and it'll rub off on me and consume me. But then it becomes something else entirely, a new beast. Or the same beast, only it's evolved and infinitely more lethal. What if the June bug spreads its procrastination, its displacement, to all that it touches and I'm stuck here, unable to move, to act? I'd become one of them. I'd become Franz Kafka's latest hit from the grave, a metamorphosis for the ages, abandoned in the back room and unable to roll over.

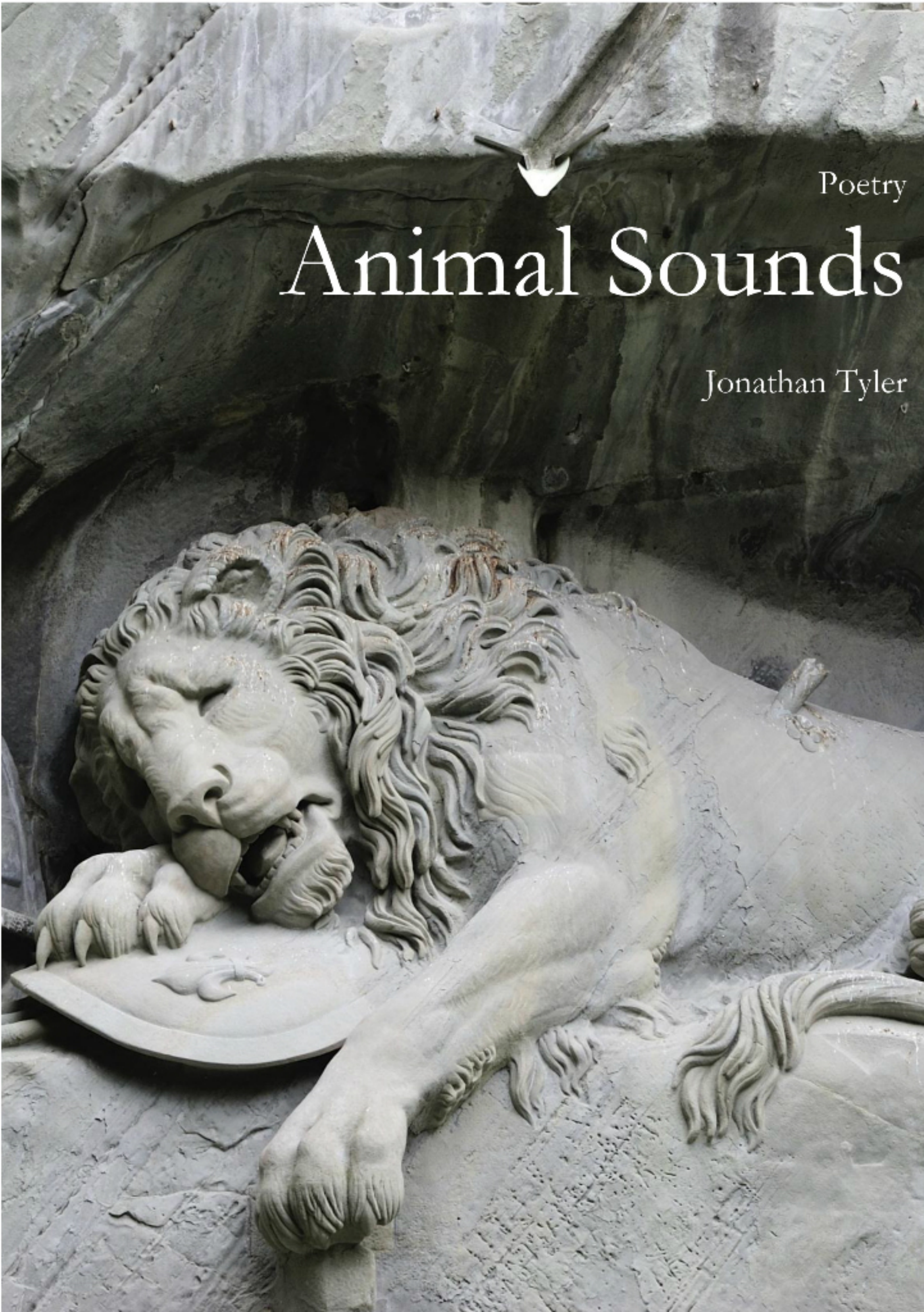
How is it possible to ward off this? This fear? Think happy thoughts – that was the advice I got, I mean, from the online newspaper advice column I wrote to months ago. I was also told to replace my wardrobe, to refresh my life, and to practice what she called The Rejuvenation Technique. You strip down naked (as if there was another way to strip) and walk throughout your house or apartment, hands on your hips or your thighs. While doing this you imagine yourself walking before an audience of the world. Everyone is watching you walk in your house naked. They can see, in your privacy, that imperfections are perfections and perfections are sexy. After this you go to sleep and everyone in the world is watching your body rise and fall with the intake of air and they pray.

“Let the breathing continue,” they pray.

Can I not simply sleep until it's over, this life?

I cannot.

I can't afford a new wardrobe and my skin is uncomfortable, like a snakeskin. I feel an instinct, an evolutionary need, to shed it and take on a new layer, but there's nothing there. Sleeping naked is an impossibility. The blankets themselves are judgmental, my imperfect body tainting their fabric, stretched skin oozing off the sides. So I take a walk through the back yard, and the field past it, and the creek past it, across which I take off my shoes and let the fish nibble on my feet. The June bugs are still here, and it's the middle of July, and I'm ready to join them when they leave. I'd june all over the ocean. We'll see whether I make it to the other side, or slide under the surface and watch my wings break, where they'll lie on the surface and reflect the sun back to itself, as I sink further beneath them.

A detailed stone sculpture of a lion's head and front paws. The lion's mouth is open, showing its teeth and tongue. The sculpture is set against a dark, textured background that resembles a cave or a stone wall. The lion's mane is intricately carved with wavy lines. The paws are large and detailed, with visible claws. The overall tone is somber and majestic.

Poetry

Animal Sounds

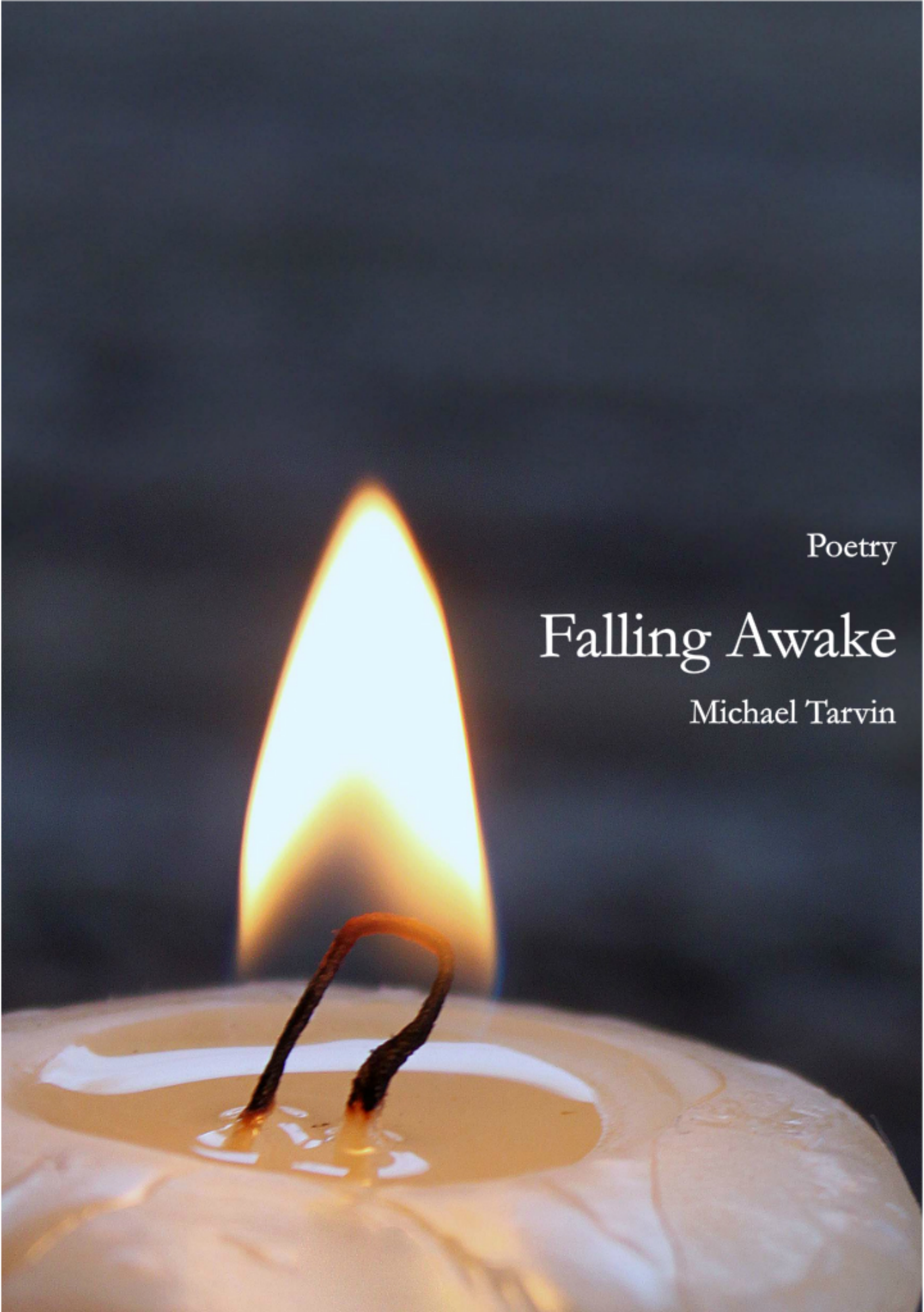
Jonathan Tyler

There are sounds an animal will make
When it is in deepest agony.
The sound freezes your blood and rends your heart in two.
An animal will make these sounds
When at the non-existent mercy of a predator-tormentor,
Or at the loss of a love or child.

We humans pride ourselves on being above animals.
Our superior intellect has put us on a level
That they can never attain.
Therefore, we are the masters of everything that goes
On the land, through the air, or in the sea.

But here's a little secret I will let you in on.
That is, if you are even still listening.
The day you left...

Animal sounds came out of me.



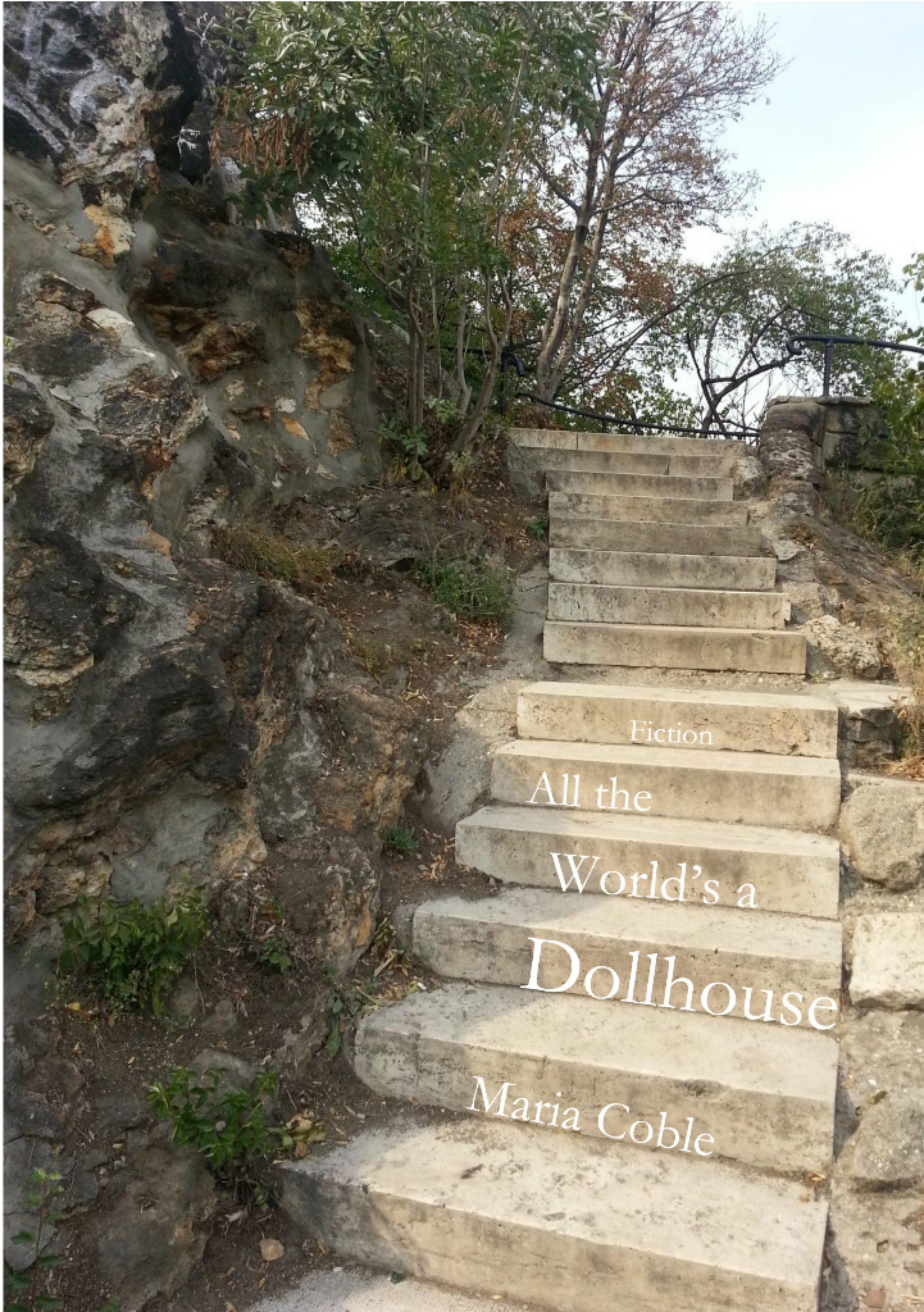
Poetry

Falling Awake

Michael Tarvin

How the candle lights your face—
the impression lasts forever.
Could this question have an answer?

When did your beauty first envelop me so?
Take me there, where time elapses more slowly.
Those eyes—
 spellbound,
 mesmerized—
stare there forever, teasing all of those memories.
And, casually, like illness creeping towards us,
your very existence devours my life.
Fortified by your frailty and lifted by your life,
a total silhouette, trapping shadows by the day and weeping by the night.



Fiction

All the

World's a

Dollhouse

Maria Coble

Round and round, round and round. I coasted down the narrow path, standing hard on my brakes when I reached the door.

When I was eleven, I thought of my bike as that pony I had always wanted, the tassels on her handles waving in the wind, a long, trailing tail. Like any proper horse, she had a name, Abigail. Abigail and I went on many adventures together. She often rode me out of my world into places where I was the princess fleeing to another country for safety or the jockey about to win a race. Sometimes Abigail was the North Wind and I was Diamond, riding across the sky in her hair. On Abigail, the world was always more exciting and magical. Later, when my legs became tired, I'd ride Abigail down the path to my dad's workshop.

We called it a workshop, though he worked on cars. Each of them was at least a decade old. They were always breaking down and landing back down the hill in the workshop, waiting silently for dad to slide beneath them and fix them. I remember watching his grimy black hands as he worked. He always worked in his old office clothes. "No use throwing out what isn't dead." Then he would tuck his button down shirt into stained khaki slacks as he headed out to nurse the car back to health. He always wore the same clothes, working at the office, working at home, or relaxing. He said those were the best colors because they always matched. It was only years later that my aunt mentioned to me that it seemed my dad adopted one uniform for another. She said their uniforms in boarding school were khaki.

The workshop was always hot in the summer. The air was musty, a blend of mold, wood shavings and old car oil. Being in the shop made me sweaty, but even in the summer I could not stay away. After I squeezed past our seven bikes (one for each person and a seat on the back of Dad's bike for the baby), I could thread my way past Dad's oil pan and his scrap pile to the crude wooden platform where Mom let us keep our dollhouses. I lived through my old dollhouse. Through my dolls I said the words and lived the lives I would never physically experience. But once my third sister was born and Mom moved her upstairs, there was no space in our room for our dollhouses. Four beds and a dresser left no room for dolls or their houses.

I couldn't bear to let my doll house go. Mom said that Dad would make a board platform in his shop for the doll houses. Even in the summer, my sister, Miriam, and I would go out to the sweaty shop and

spend time scripting our stories.

In our dollhouses, we tried out other lives. We could be the “little ones,” acting like demanding toddlers instead of the responsible older sisters we had to be in real life. As dolls, we could be the “middle ones” or the parents before they were parents, trying out kissing and dancing by moving their little plastic bodies. Doll kids were born. We’d send our dads to work each morning, often forgetting them until the end of the day when we put everything back in the dollhouse. “Played today while dad was away,” Miriam would say, dumping her dad into the small double bed with his wife.

In my quiet, home-schooled life, acting out ideas with my dolls was one of the most exciting parts of my day. I was a child before the internet and had parents who did not believe in having a TV.

My mom found four copies of a book called *Carry On, Mr. Bowditch*, and we would read some of it each evening, taking turns reading and passing the books around. The story was so exciting! Nathan Bowditch had an amazing life full of dying, inventing, and adventuring on the high seas! His story inspired me so much I didn’t want the book to end. When the book finally ended, I decided there should be a play adaptation. My younger sisters weren’t interested in acting, so I turned back to my willing friends, my dolls, who were always willing to follow my directions. I sat surrounded by bikes and bins of nails, scribbling and moving my dolls. As my dad fixed what was old and broken, I sat and created something new. Soon the clatter of Dad’s tools became the cry of seagulls in my ears as Nathan traveled the open sea to Indonesia.

In time, my story was done. That night I cleaned off my desk, draped some Christmas lights, and rounded up my family as an audience. My desk became the stage as Mr. Sunshine, my Skipper doll, and Strawberry Shortcake brought Nathan Bowditch’s story to life. Huckleberry Pie did an amazing job starring as Nathan, never once missing a cue.

Dad was so proud he even took a picture at the end of my dolls sharing supper to celebrate Nathan’s safe return from sea. I loved the applause of my family, but the best part was that photo. I wasn’t a van needing new tires or a bike with a flat. I was his daughter and he knew it. I saw it in his eyes.

Still Life

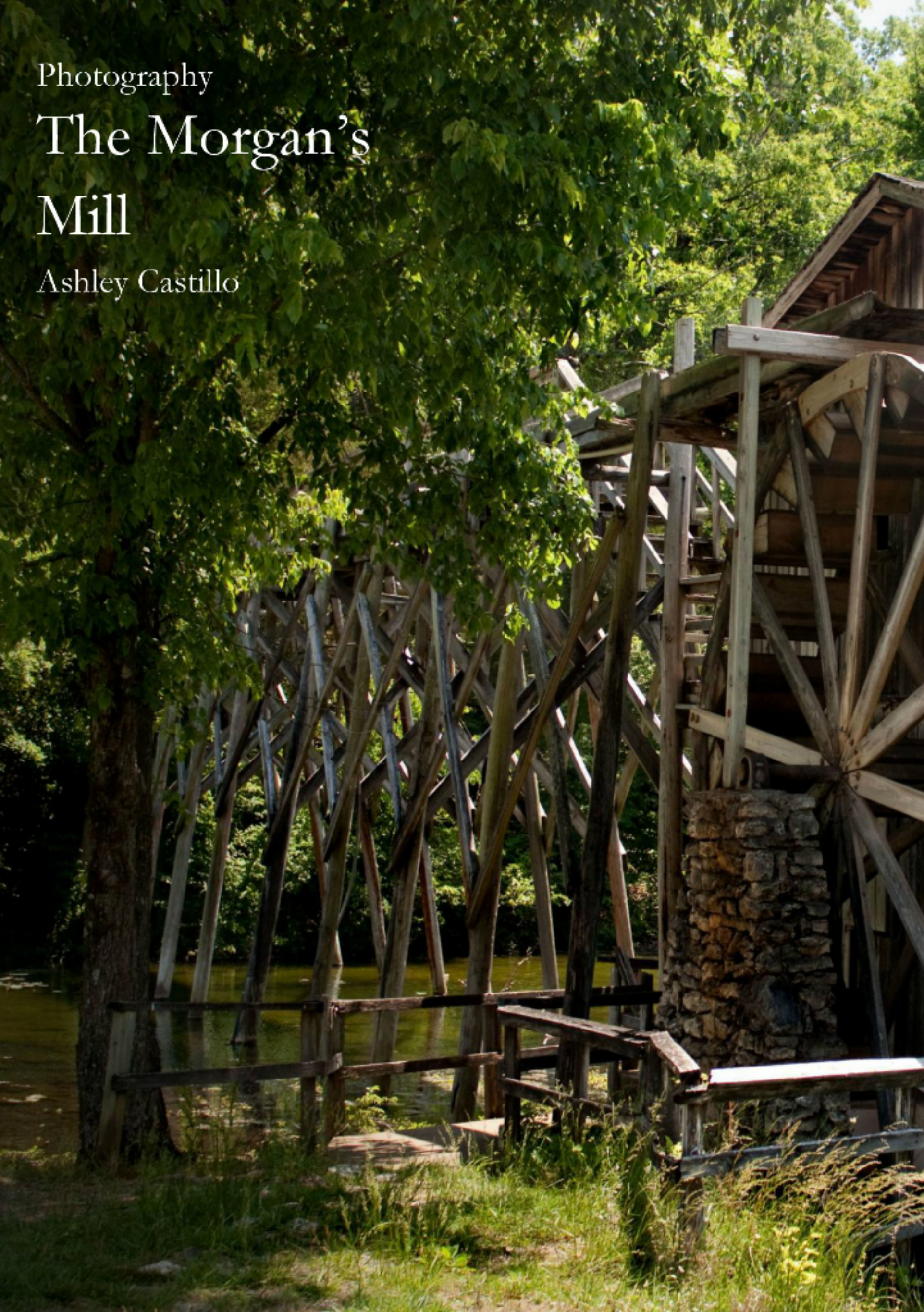
Robert Bourland



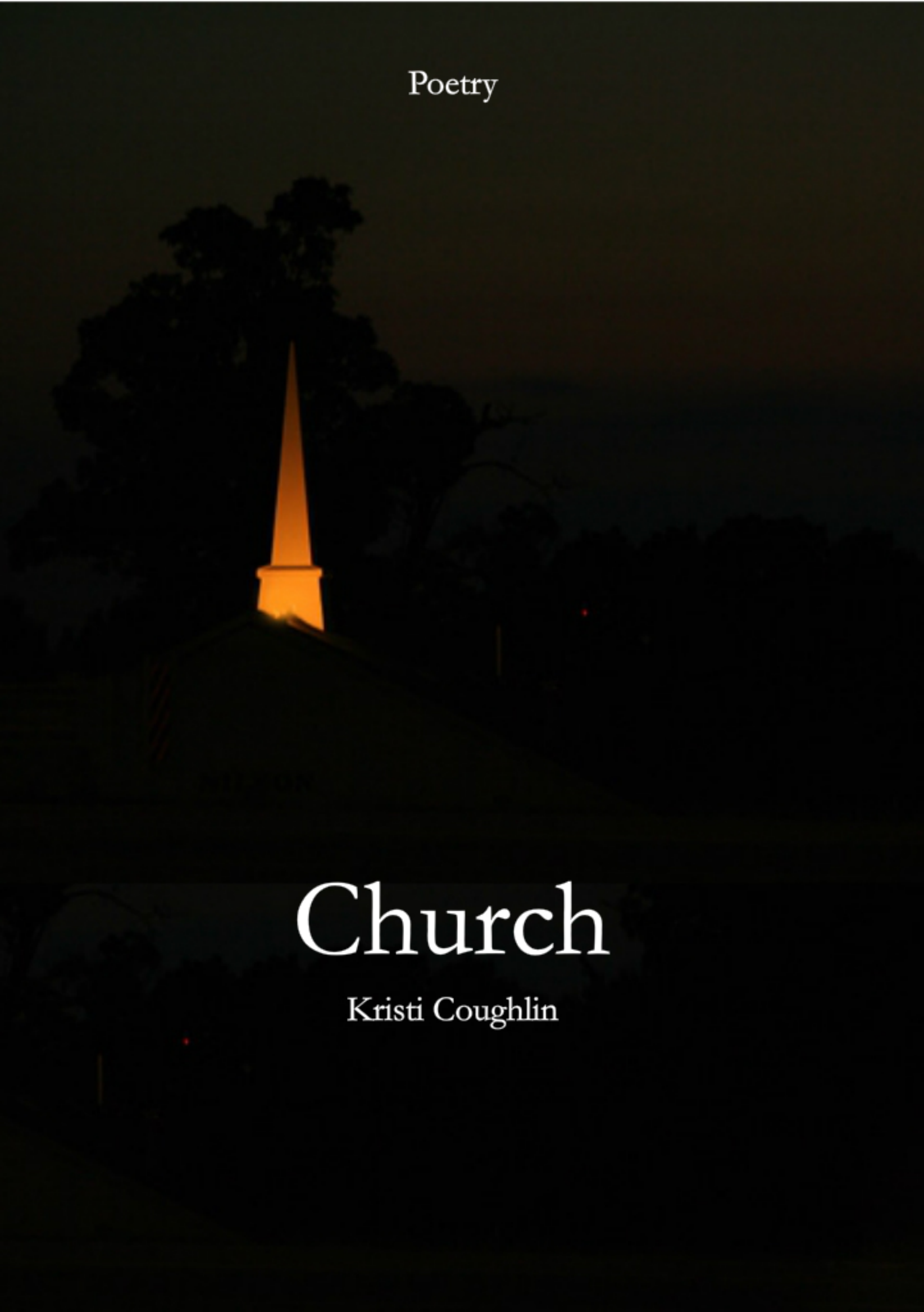
Photography

The Morgan's Mill

Ashley Castillo







Poetry

Church

Kristi Coughlin

I like church I do
like it best before the service starts
when the voices of the devoted
chant their age old prayers,
when all the heads are bowed
and not searing me with their watchful gaze.
I wish that I were no one and
nothing at all
so that I might feel small
and insignificant.
Maybe then
my problems will shrink and disappear
as I do
love it so when the church is empty
so I can sit alone with the statues.
Then God and I
can stare at each other.
I have nothing to say. Nothing to pray.
Everything to grieve. Nothing to give.
The sermon, the sayings, and the prayings.

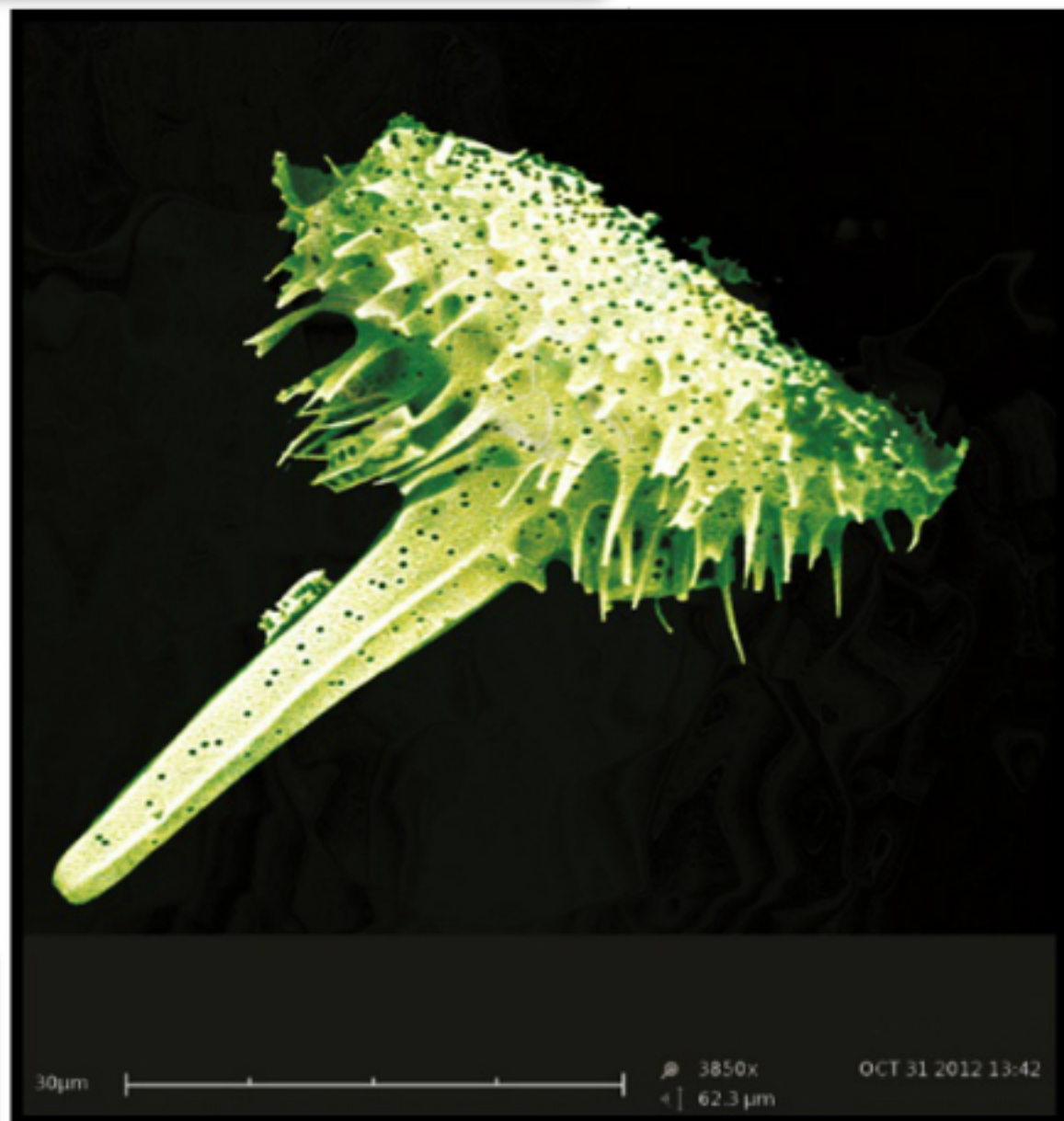
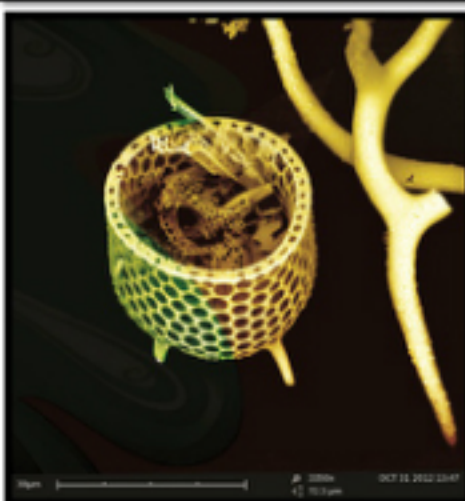
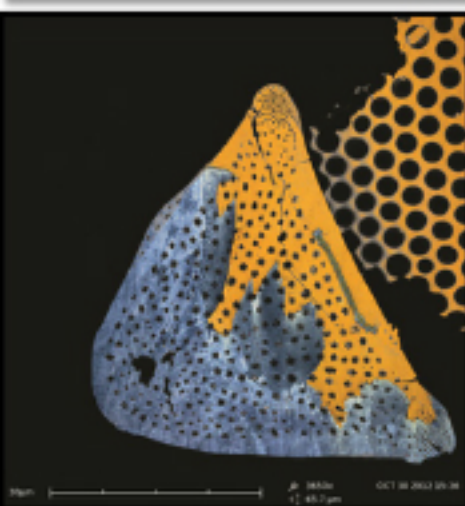
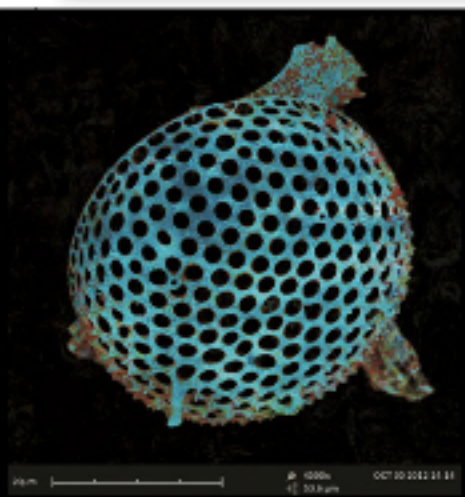
I do like Church but
Kneeling feels wrong.
I'd prefer just to lay my head down on the pew
or perhaps lie on the floor altogether.
It seems a better sign of repentance.
Even still I love Church
but I love it best
when it's bereft of people
when it's silent as the grave.
Then only then does it soothe the stinging in my eyes.
Only then does it dare to ease this gaping hole.
Only then do I close my eyes and surrender
and give myself over to God.



Katelin Harris, mixed media on paper



Identification and Imaging of Fossil Marine Diatoms from the Moreno Gulch, Panoche Hills, California



George Williams, Richard Hoover, Apryl
Woodham, Sharon Hamilton, and
Alexanderia Easterling

Diatoms, also known as the golden-brown algae, are the perfect architects. They spin themselves intricate houses of opal in the sea. They are glittering pinwheels, spirals, stars and crystal chandeliers. They are beautiful and extremely important. They are arguably the most vital plants on earth. One liter of seawater may contain ten million of these tiny single-celled basic links in the food chain. Diatoms that are found on land, in freshwater, and in the upper few meters of the world's oceans, produce, through photosynthesis, most of the oxygen that we breathe. Diatomaceous earth is used for filters in the wine industry, as an abrasive in cleansers, a filler in paints and insecticides, and many other products (Hoover, 1978).

Introduction

Dr. Dallas Hanna published a definitive paper on fossil diatoms from California in 1927. He had carefully reviewed the literature and was convinced that the ones from the Moreno shale, collected from Moreno Gulch on the East Flank of Panoche Hills in north-western Fresno County, California, were cretaceous diatoms (Hanna, 1927). Prior to the publication of Dr. Hanna's research paper the diatoms from California had been identified as being in existence and belonging to the tertiary period. Henri Van Heurck, one of the greatest students of these organisms, writing in 1896, had this to say on the dating of fossil diatoms:

Deposits of fossil diatoms are numerous and are found in

very various localities. The most ancient is that found in 1878 by Mr. Shrubsole, of Sheerness-on-Sea, in the London Clay, which belongs to the lower Eocene, Tertiary period (Van Heurck, 1896).

Anderson and Pack discovered these diatoms in the large body of Moreno Shale which they named Moreno (Anderson and Pack, 1915). Hanna's work included diatom collections taken specifically from the Panoche Hills, Moreno formation. In his paper, Hanna identified, described, and photographed thirty-seven species of diatoms. Of this number, twenty-seven were new species discovered, identified, and named by Hanna. We were interested in studying some samples taken from the Panoche Hills, Moreno shale

area. In addition, we wanted to use some new technology in order to obtain more detailed, three dimensional views of some of the species described by Hanna in his 1927 paper.

Methods

Richard Hoover, one of our research team members, had been in Fresno County, CA, in 1972 and collected samples of diatomaceous earth from the Panoche Hills, Moreno Gulch, in Dosadros Canyon. These fossil marine forms were cleaned and prepared by Herman Addler (Hoover, 2012). We used a research microscope with ordinary light and phase contrast optics to view, identify, and photograph species from strew mounts. In addition, we used a new electron microscope technology, the Phenom Scanning Electron Microscope (SEM), for higher resolution, higher magnification, three-dimensional viewing, and photographs of these magnificent sample materials. Identification of species was accomplished using Dr. Hanna's species descriptions and photographs. His photographs were made from

holotypes and paratypes described in his paper and retained in the California Department of Paleontology (Hanna, 1927).

The Phenom SEM, owned by the Athens State University Department of Natural Sciences, is a user-friendly technology that provides digital images within thirty seconds of sample loading. It has an interactive touch screen, easy navigation system, and an easy-to-use imaging and photography system using TIFF, JPEG, or BMP format options. These fossil marine diatoms make excellent sample material for utilizing this technology.

Results

We were able to identify and photograph nine genera and twelve species of diatoms described by Hanna in his paper. In addition, we identified two silicoflagellate associate species in these assemblages. Species descriptions and images follow. One of our team members also used PhotoshopTM to enhance the images with the use of color. These enhanced images are also included in this paper.

Species Descriptions

Figures 1 and 2. *Actinopterychus packi* Hanna: This species has a circular valve, divided into six equal sectors; there is a row of sharp spines, spaced equidistantly, that project beyond the margin of the disk but not the outer boundary of the hyaline border. The valve has a mottled appearance under high magnification due to alternating raised and depressed sectors of the interior surface. The diameter of the holotype is 86.5 μm (Hanna, 1927).

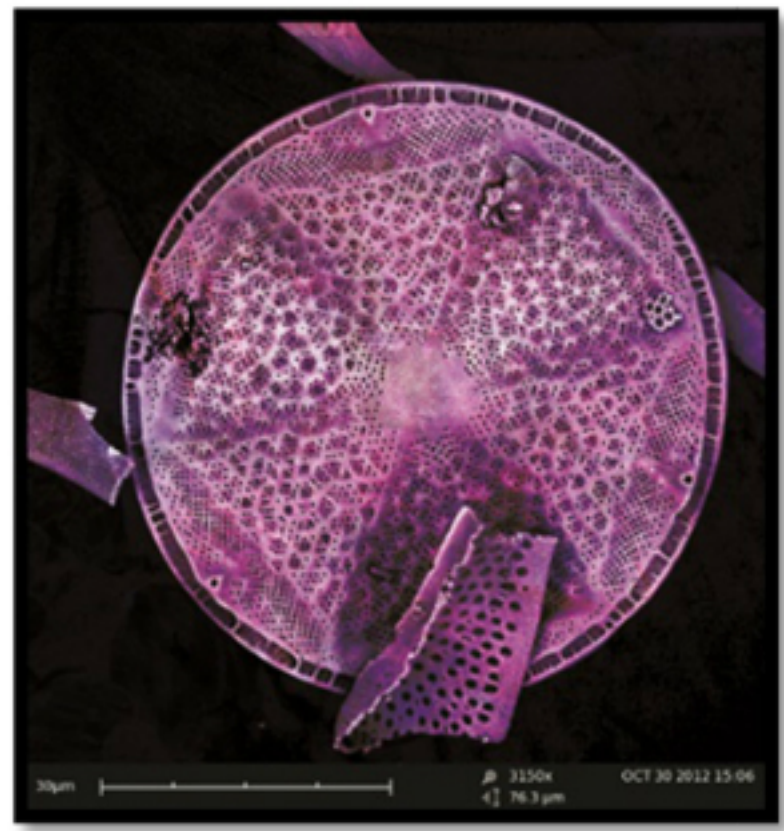
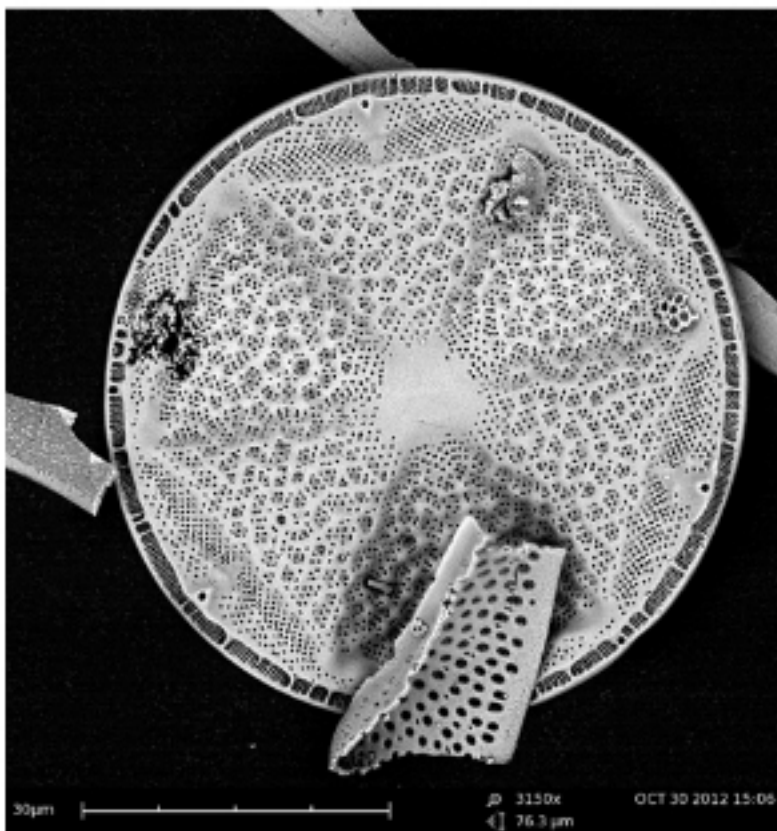


Fig. 1. *Actinopterychus packi* Hanna, 3150X (Hanna, 1927)



Fig. 2. *Actinopterychus packi* Hanna, Plate 1, Fig. 1, 540X, Diameter, 86.5 μm (Hanna, 1927)

Figures 3 and 4. *Aulocodiscus cretaceous* Hanna: This species has a small thin, delicate valve with four heavy spatulate spinous processes and a thin hyaline line radiating from each to a small, central hyaline area; it also has beads in radial rows. The diameter is 71 μm (Hanna, 1927).

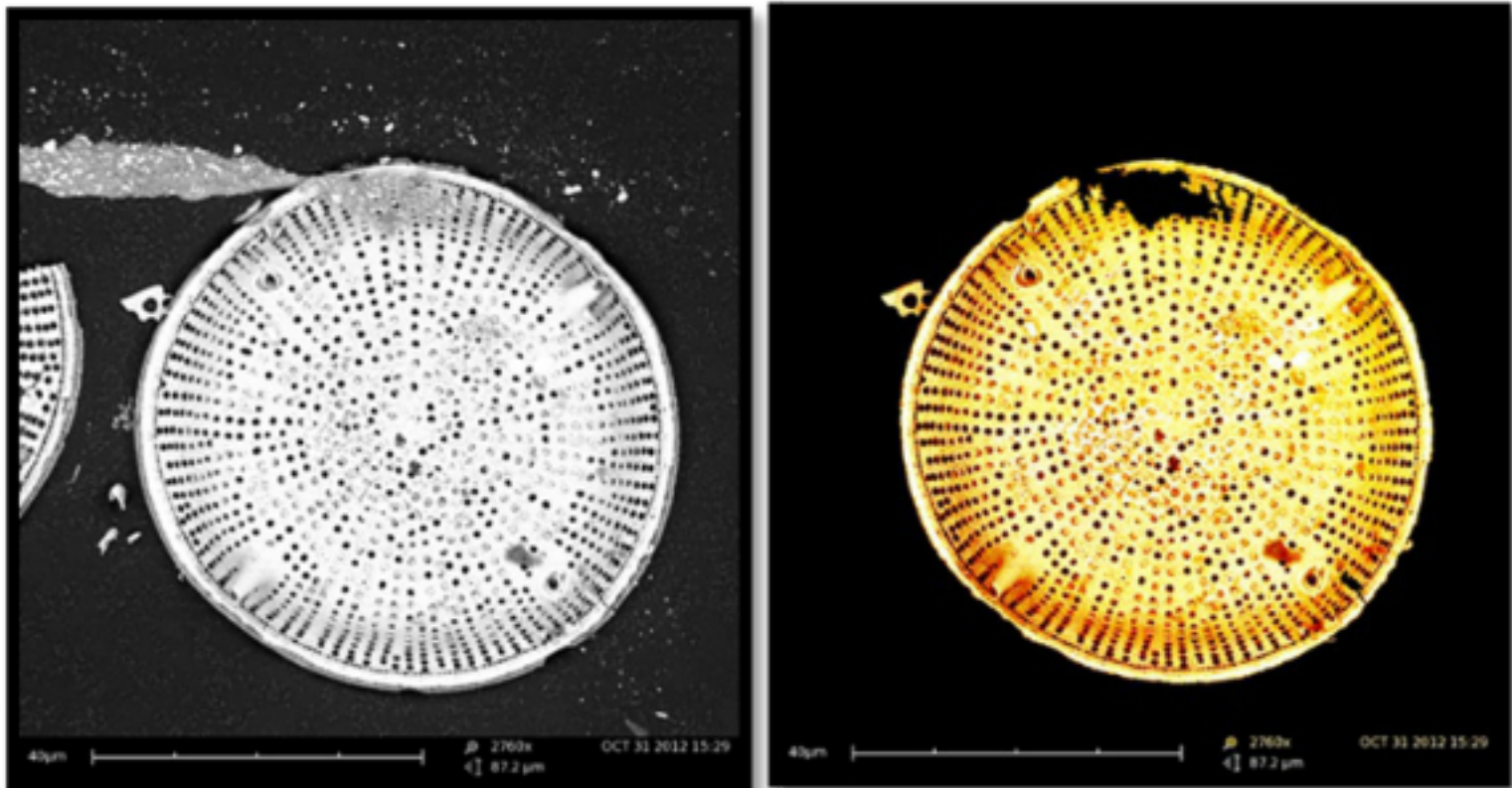


Fig. 3. *Aulocodiscus cretaceous* Hanna, 2760X (Hanna, 1927)

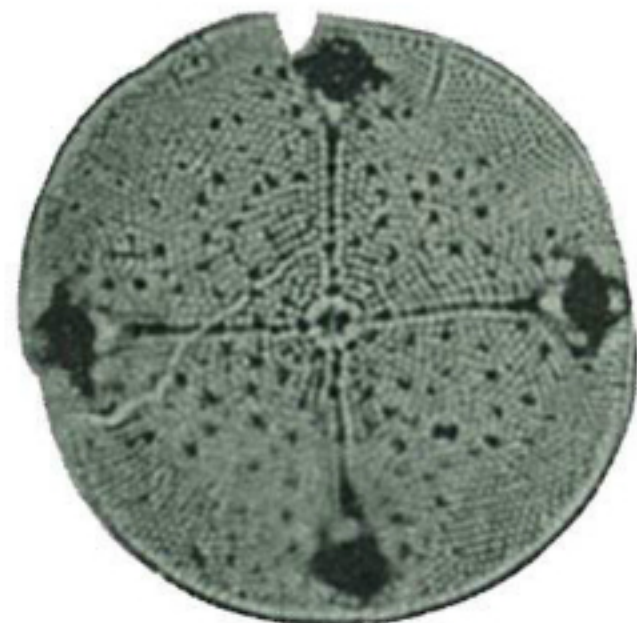


Fig. 4. *Aulocodiscus cretaceous* Hanna, Plate 1, Fig. 5, 400X, Diameter, 71 μm (Hanna, 1927)

Figures 5 and 6. *Aulocodiscus pugnalis* Hanna: Valve is medium sized with four heavy spinous, rounded processes near the margin with raised, dagger-like projections extending toward the center; beads in radial rows. The diameter is 104 μm (Hanna, 1927).

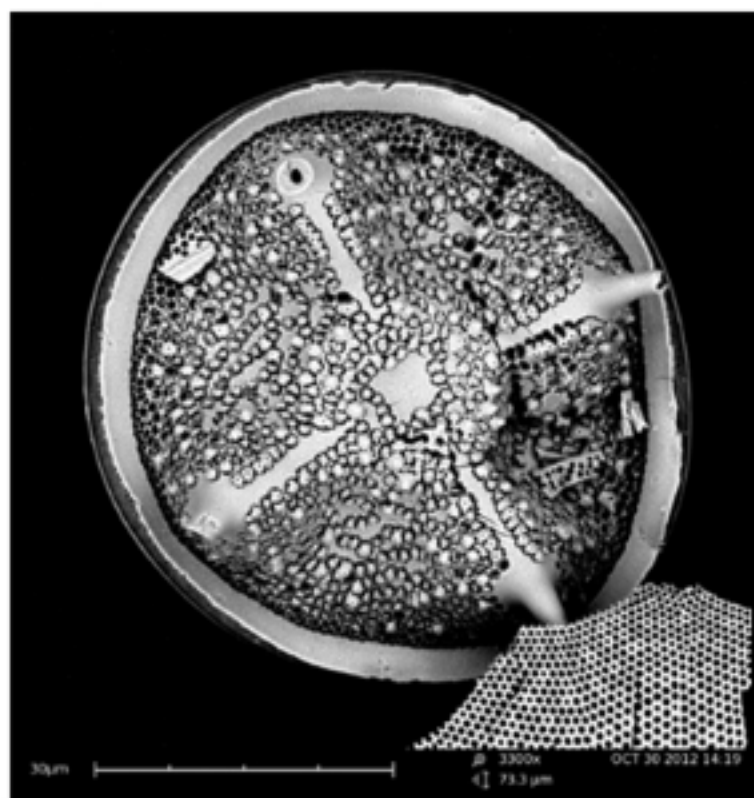


Fig. 5. *Aulocodiscus pugnalis* Hanna, 3300X (Hanna, 1927)

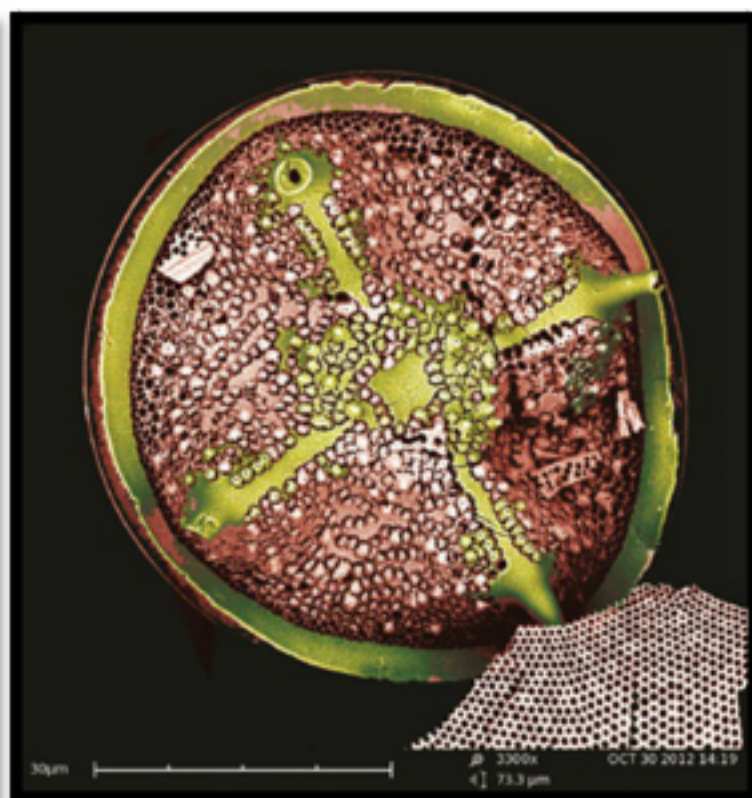
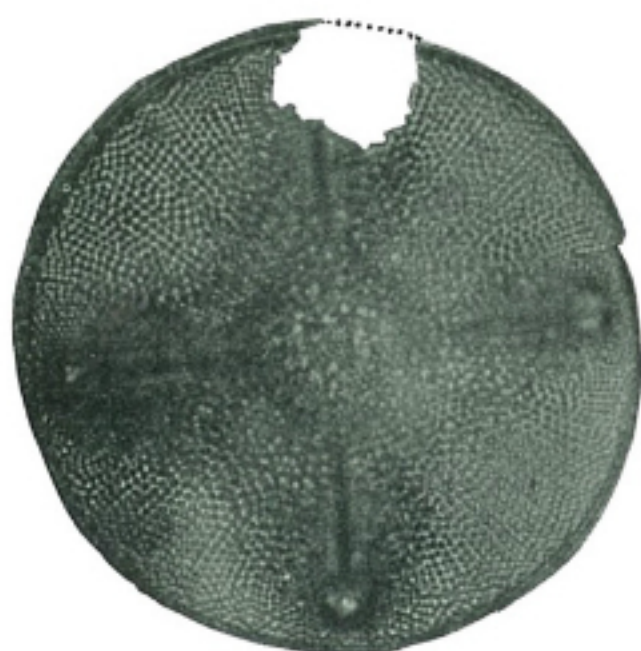


Fig. 6. *Aulocodiscus pugnalis* Hanna, Plate 1, Fig. 6, 560X, Diameter, 104 μm (Hanna, 1927)



Figures 7 and 8. *Coscinodiscus immaculatus* Hanna: Valve circular, almost flat, border heavy; markings consist solely of very indistinct and irregular blotches where there is slight unevenness in the silica. The diameter is 86 μm (Hanna, 1927).

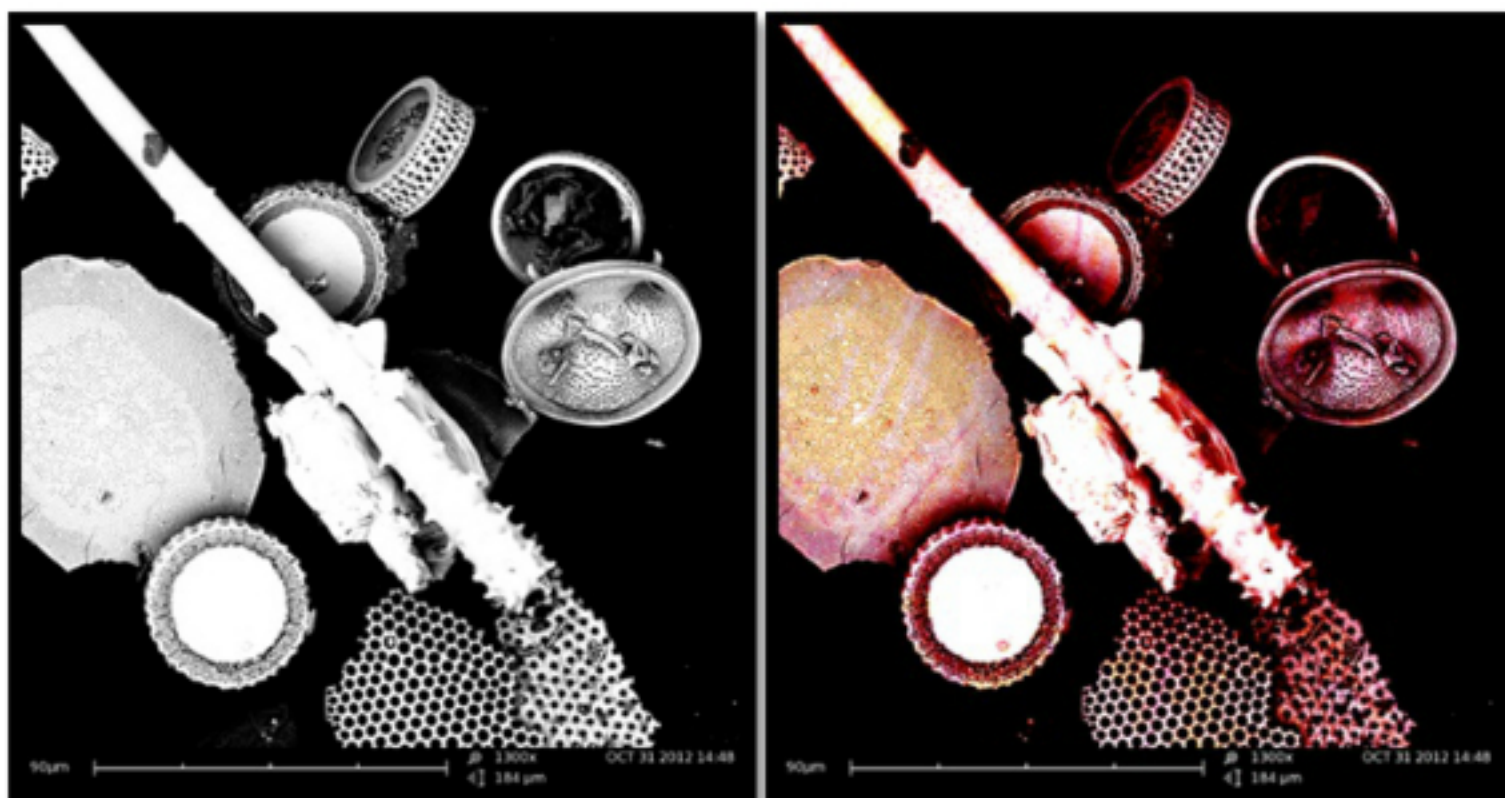


Fig. 7. *Coscinodiscus immaculatus* Hanna, 1300X

Fig. 8. *Coscinodiscus immaculatus*
Hanna, Plate 2, Fig. 2, 560X,
Diameter, 86 μm (Hanna, 1927)



Figures 9 and 10. *Coscinodiscus morenoensis* Hanna: Valve circular, almost flat, coarsely marked with set beads arranged in rows; the surface is divided into sectors of fascicles of unequal size, there are twelve in the type, but the number is variable; a radial row of beads extends from center to margin through the middle of each sector. The diameter of the holotype is 216 μm (Hanna, 1927). This particular specimen has a depression and elevation in the center, and according to Hanna this is a distinguishing characteristic that is apparently unknown in any other form, although *C. nodulifer* Schmidt has similar characteristics (Schmidt, 1892). This peculiar depression and elevation in the center of *morenoensis* is easily seen with an ordinary pocket lens in the field, thus making this species an extremely valuable one for recognition of Cretaceous strata from Tertiary (Hanna, 1927).

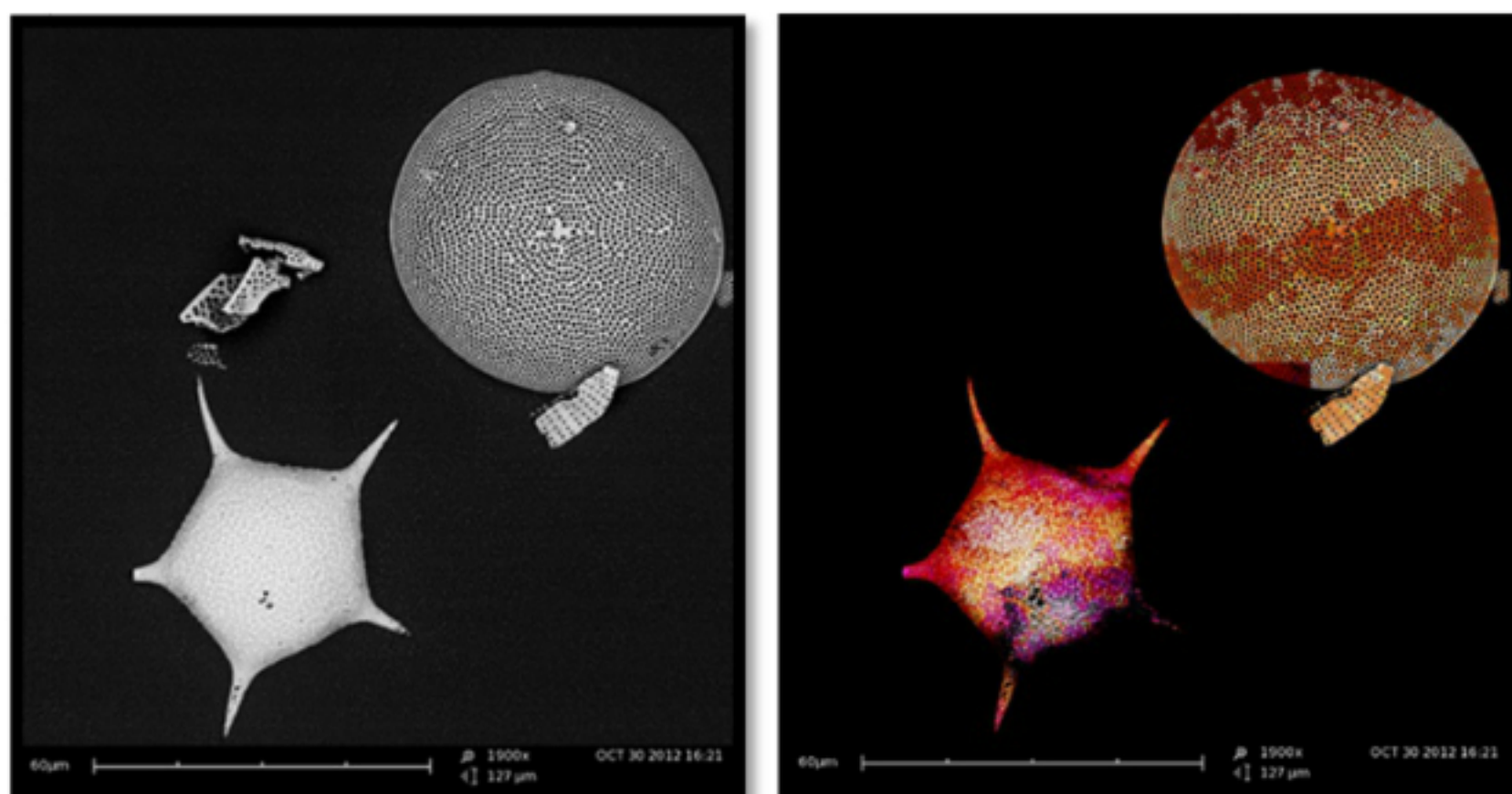


Fig. 9. *Coscinodiscus morenoensis* Hanna, 1900X (Hanna, 1927)

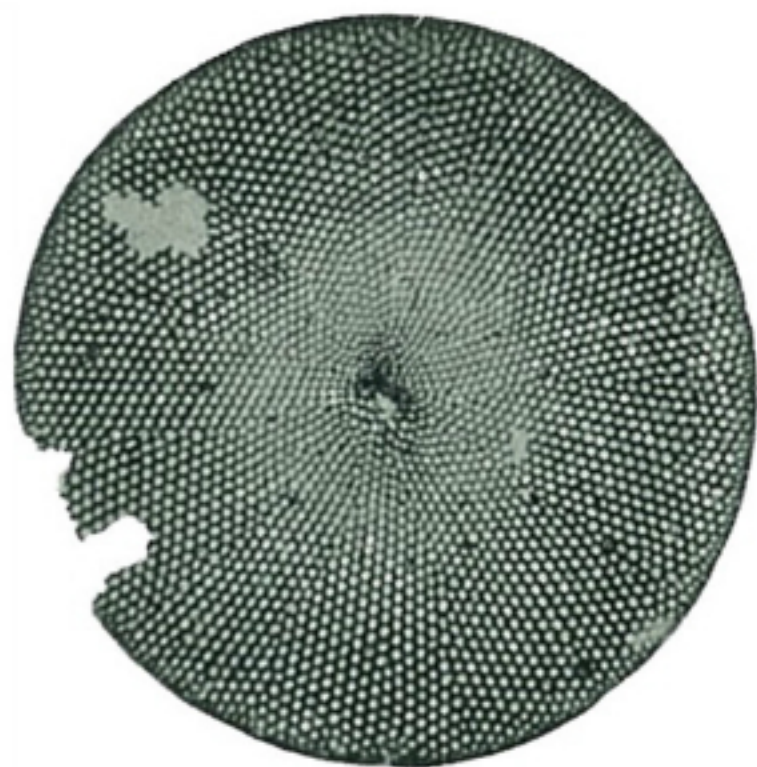


Fig. 10. *Coscinodiscus morenoensis*
Hanna, Plate 2, Fig. 3, 200X,
Diameter, 216 μm (Hanna, 1927)

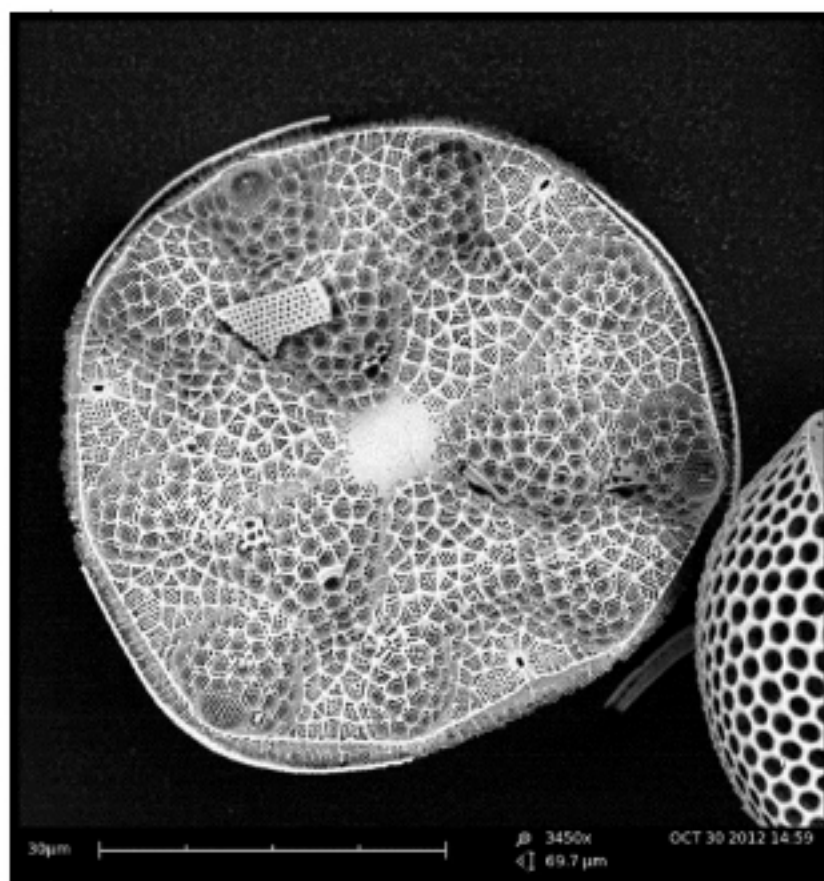


Fig. 11. *Gloriotychnus callidus* Hanna, 3450X (Hanna, 1927)

Fig. 12. *Glorioptychus callidus* Hanna, Plate 2, Fig. 7, 810X, Diameter, 68.1 μm (Hanna, 1927)

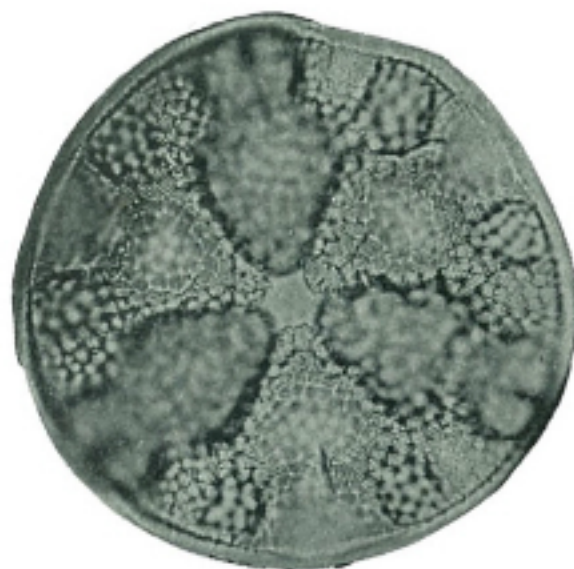


Fig. 11 and 12. *Glorioptychus callidus* Hanna: Valve circular with a central hexagonal, hyaline area; divided into six alternately depressed and elevated compartments; the region from the outer ends of the sectors to the margin is divided into eighteen alternately elevated and depressed areas, with three to each of the central sectors; this diatom is similar to many species of *Actinoptychus* diameter is 68.1 μm (Hanna, 1927)

Figures 13, 14, 15 and 16. *Kentrodiscus andersoni* Hanna: The frustule has two unequal valves; one has a long blunt spine somewhat curved from the central axis; the point of attachment of spine and cone is marked with numerous short spines; the inferior valve is without the large spine and is much less convex than the superior; diameter is 36.2 μm (Hanna, 1927).

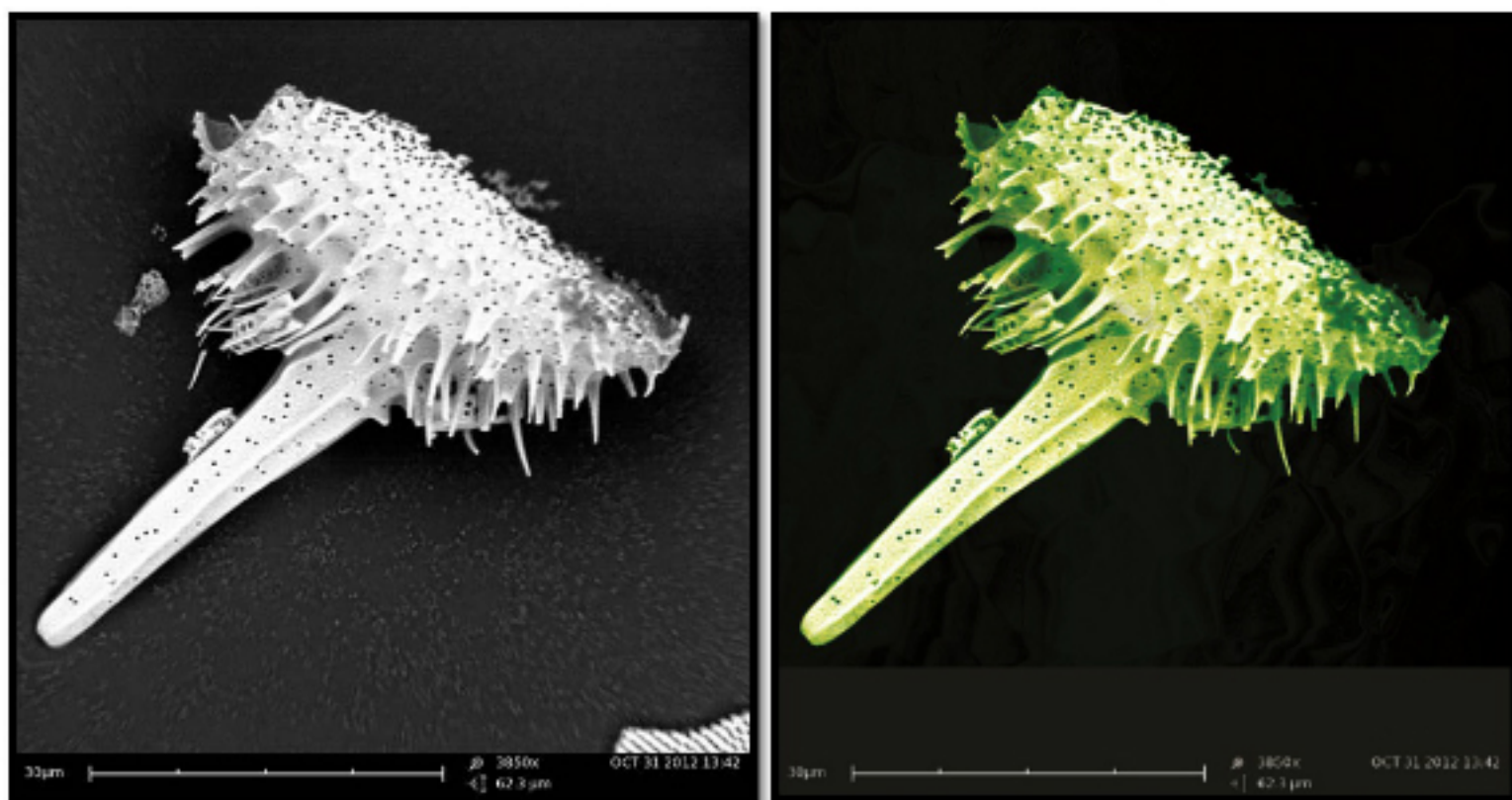


Fig. 13. *Kentrodiscus andersoni* Hanna, 3850X (Hanna, 1927)



30µm



3850x
62.3 µm

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Fig. 14. *Kentrodiscus andersoni* Hanna, Plate 3, Fig. 7, 1000X, Diameter, 36.2 μm (Hanna, 1927)

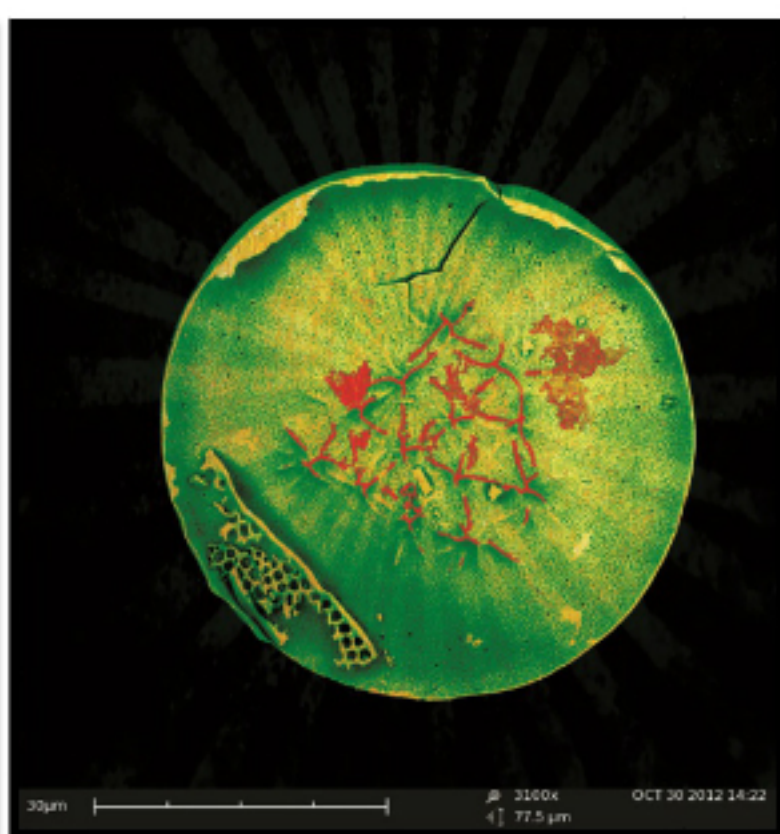
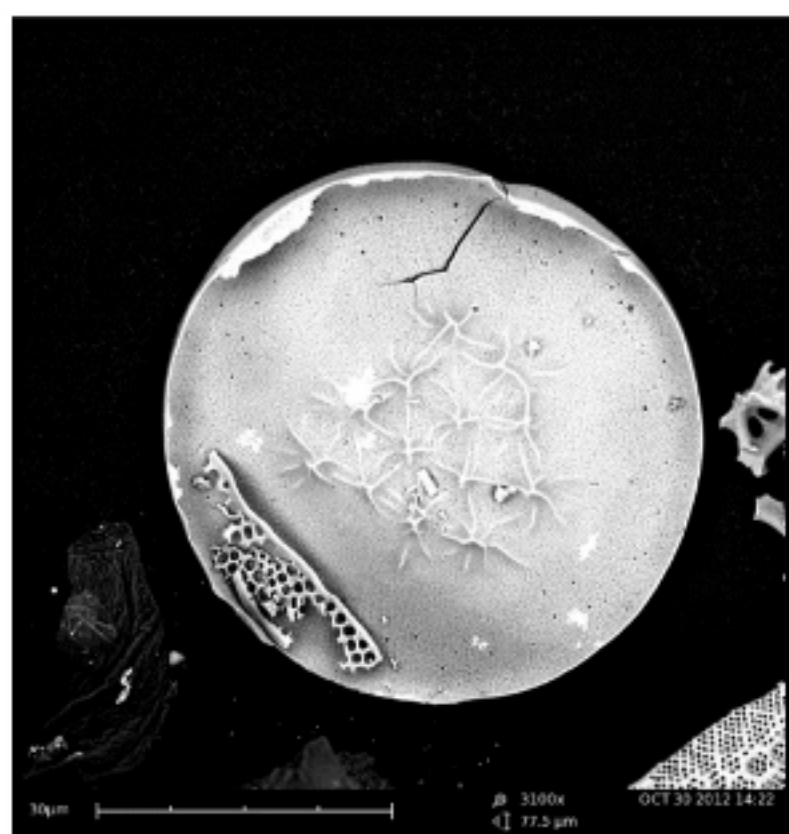


Fig. 15. *Kentrodiscus andersoni* Hanna, 3100X (Hanna, 1927)

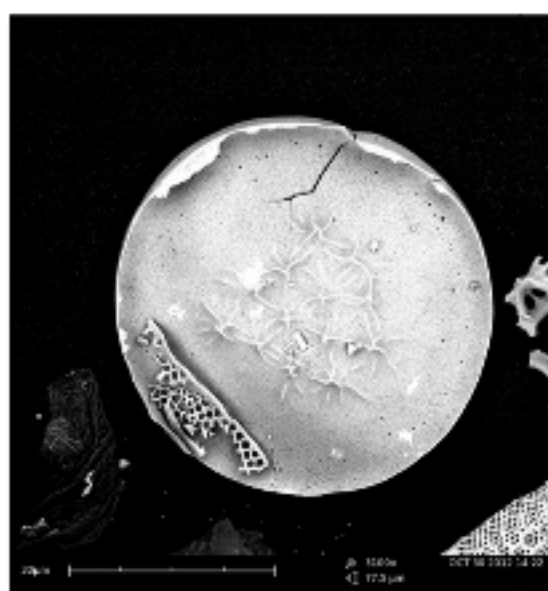


Fig. 16. *Kentrodiscus andersoni* Hanna, Plate 3, 670X, Diameter, 40 μm (Hanna, 1927)

Figures 17, 18 and 19. *Melosira fausta* Schmidt: This species was distinguished by Schmidt by the blank space between the interior, radically marked portion and the coarsely sculptured border. Diameter is 34 μm (Schmidt, 1892).

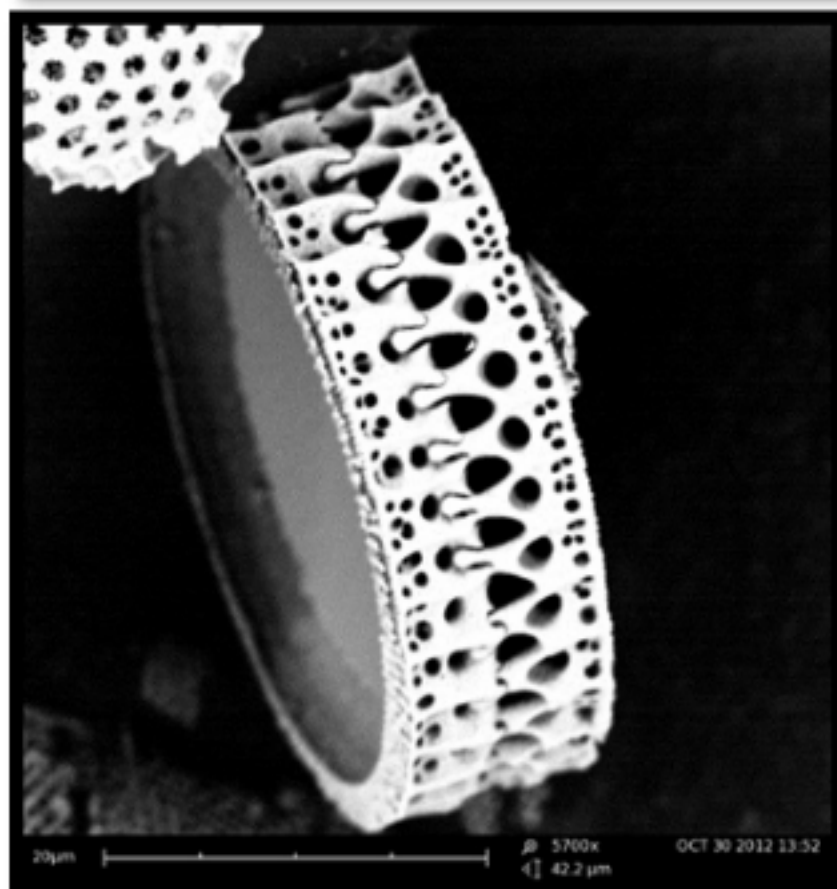
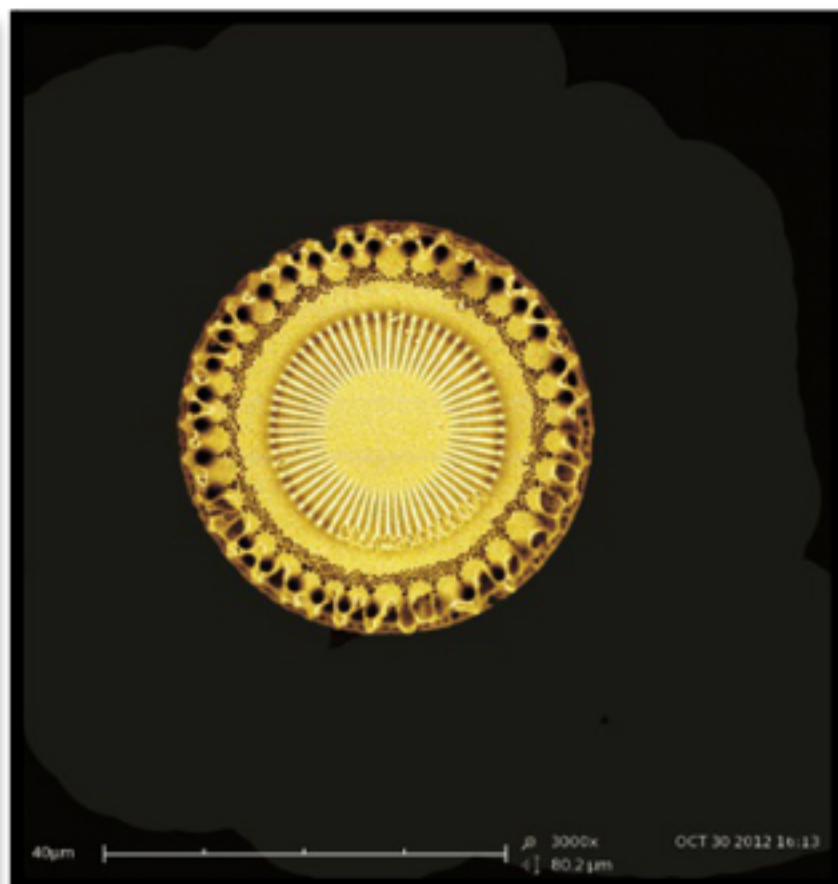
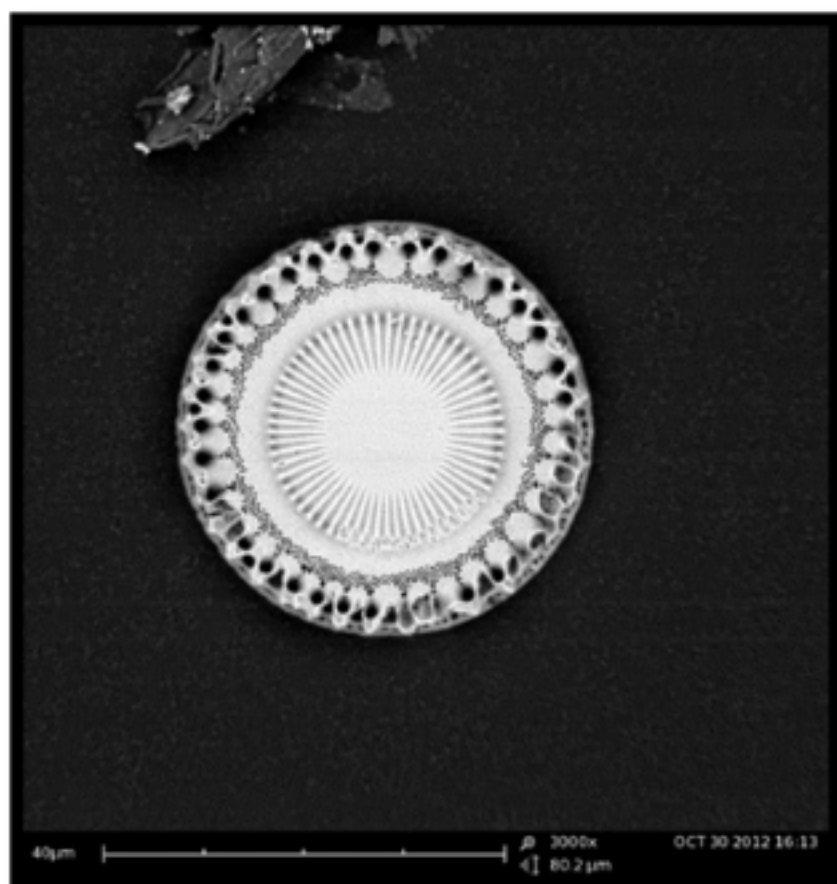




Fig. 17. *Melosira fausta* Schmidt, 3000X (Schmidt, 1892)



Fig. 18. *Melosira fausta* Schmidt,
Plate 3, Fig. 11, 1000X,
Diameter, 34.8 µm (Hanna,
1927)



Fig. 19. *Melosira fausta* Schmidt,
Plate 3, Fig. 12, 1000X,
Diameter, 34 µm (Hanna, 1927)



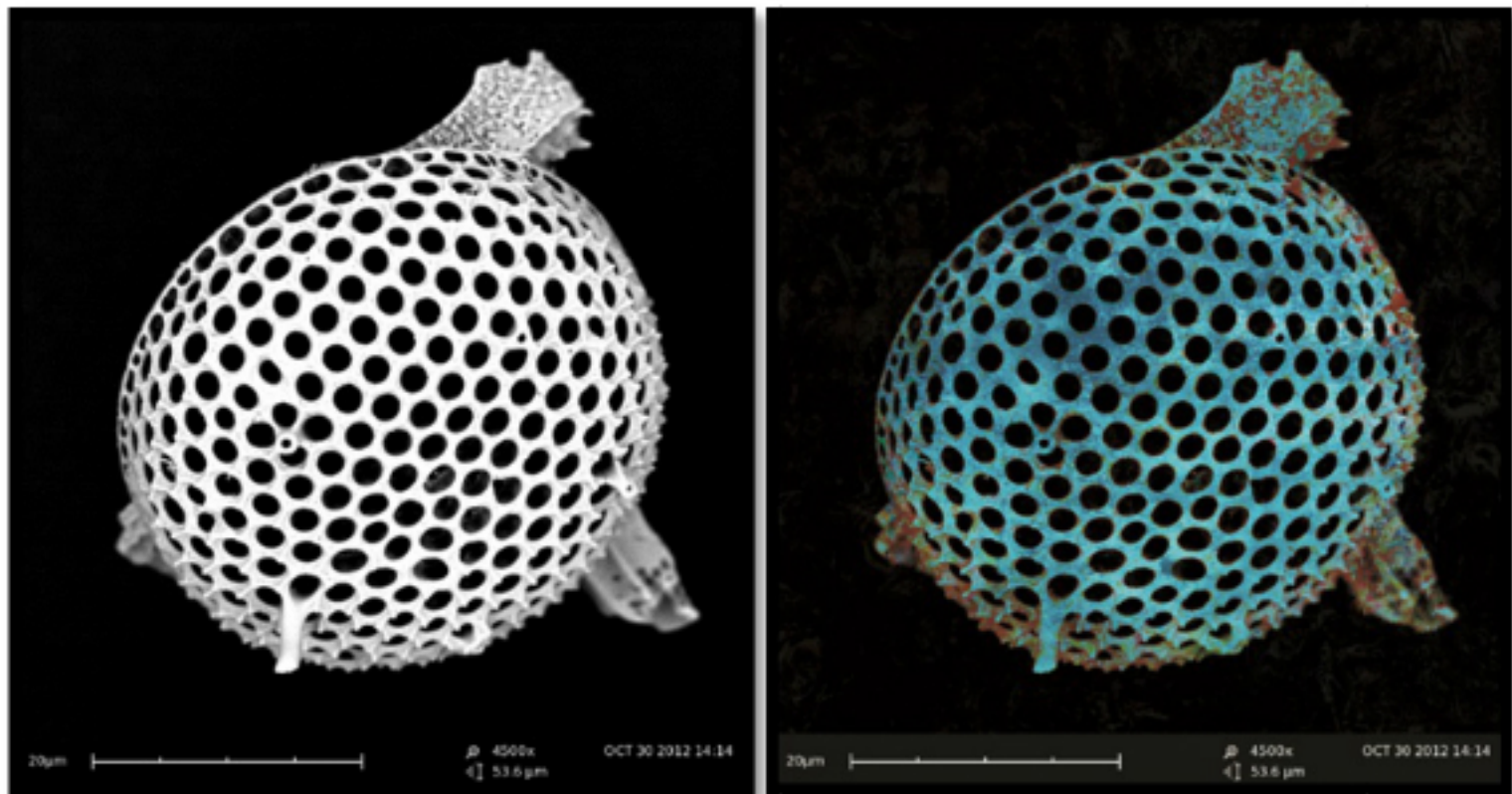
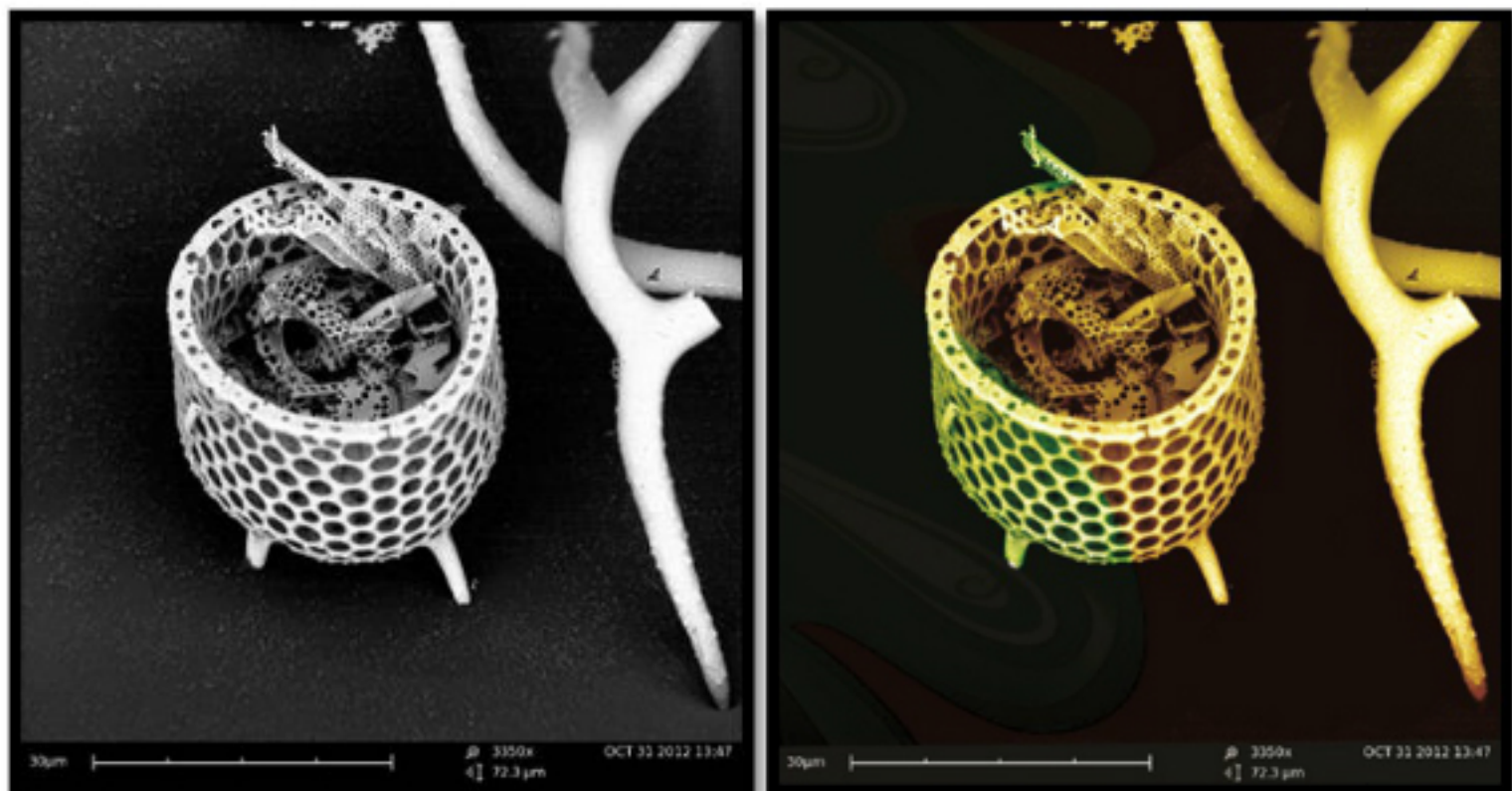
Figure 20. *Stephanopyxis***Fig. 20.** *Stephanopyxis* sp. 4500X**Figure 21.** *Stephanopyxis appendiculata* Ehrenberg: Valve circular with extended spines; coarse beads arranged in regular order. Diameter is 28.3 µm (Ehrenberg, 1854).**Fig. 21.** *Stephanopyxis appendiculata*, 3350X Ehrenberg, 1854)



Figure 22. *Stephanopyxis grunowi* Grove and Sturt. Large variable spines in most specimens. A large and handsome species. Short diameter is 51 μm (Schmidt, 1892).

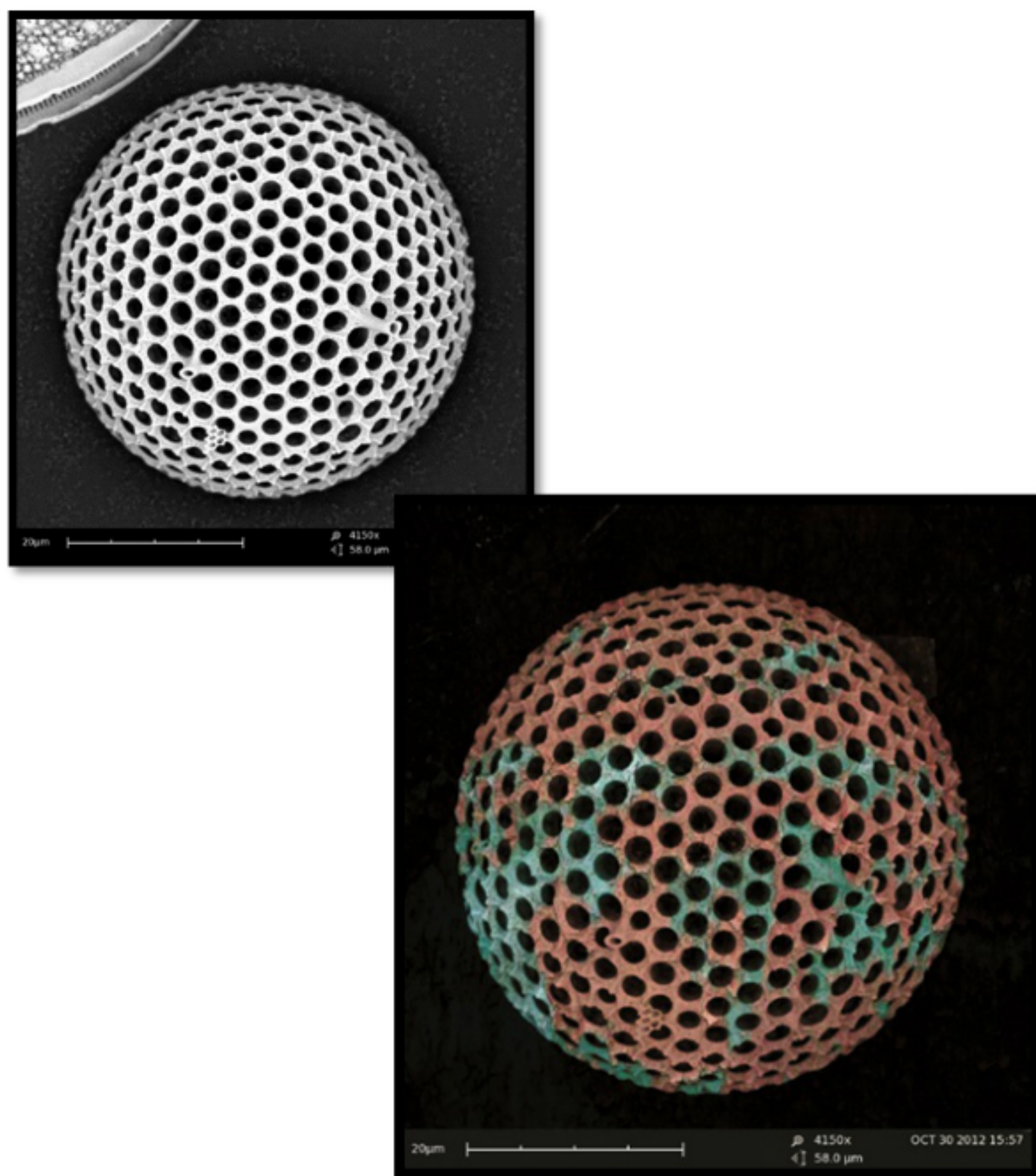


Fig. 22. *Stephanopyxis grunowi* Grove & Sturt, 4150X, Schmidt, 1892)

Figures 23 and 24. *Triceratium bicornigerum* Hanna: Valve with two horns only, semi-elliptical; horns finely marked with beading; surface marked with heavy, irregularly scattered beads, with a suggestion of radial arrangement about the excentrically spaced “apex”, which is nearer the convex than the straight side; length of straight side is 59 μm (Hanna, 1927).

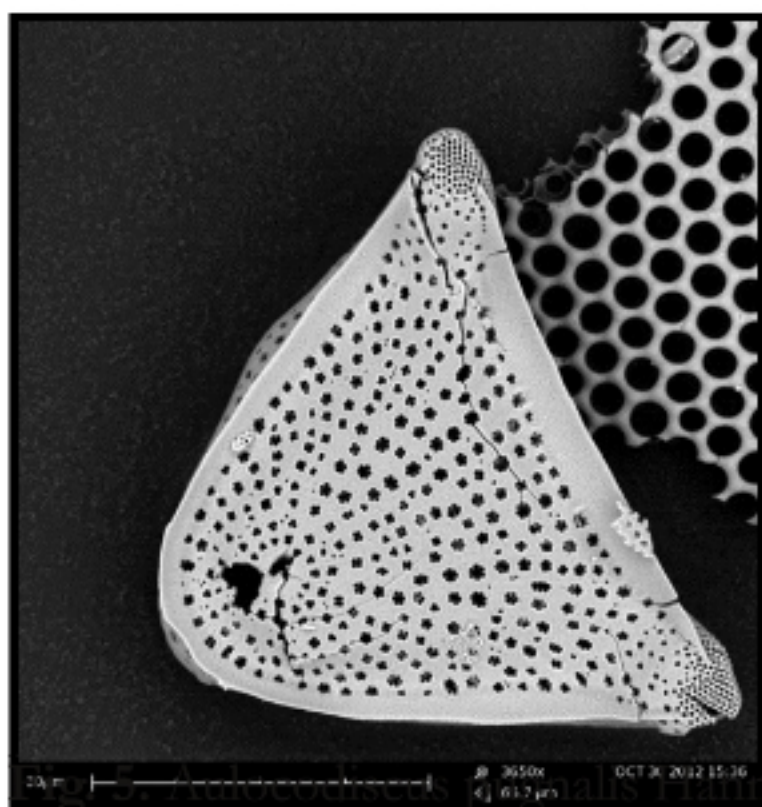


Fig. 23. *Triceratium bicornigerum* Hanna, 3650X (Hanna 1927)

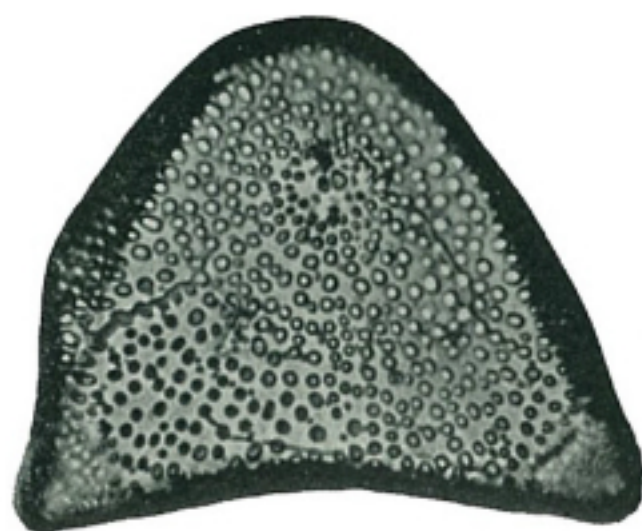
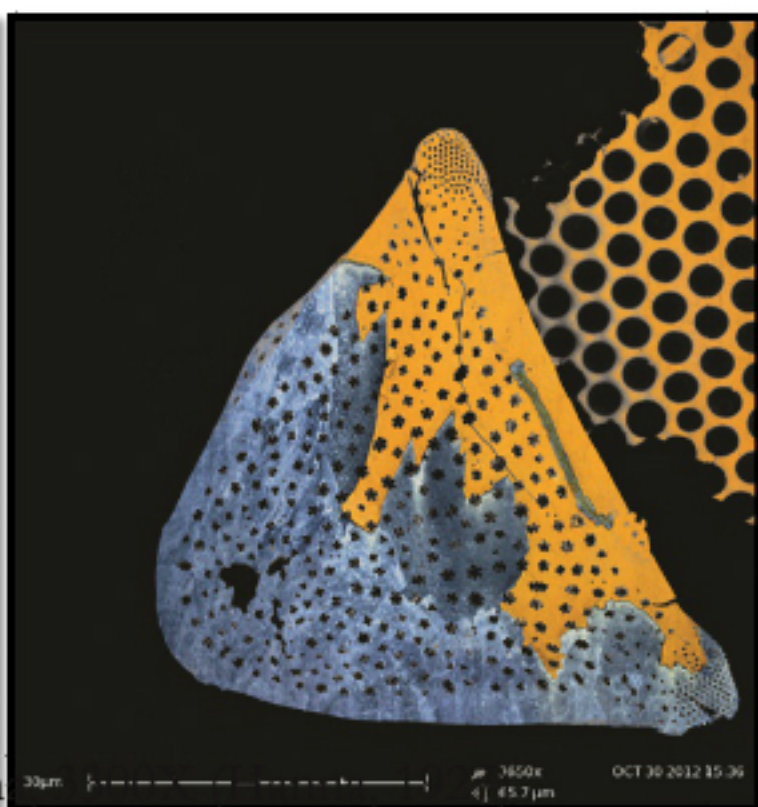


Fig. 24. *Triceratium bicornigerum* Hanna, Plate 4, Fig. 13, 800X, length of straight side, 59 μm (Hanna 1927)

Figures 25 and 26. *Trinacria insipiens* Witt: Three-sided valve, beaded in center with large openings in each corner. Each edge is slightly concave. Length of one side is 38 μm (Schmidt 1892).

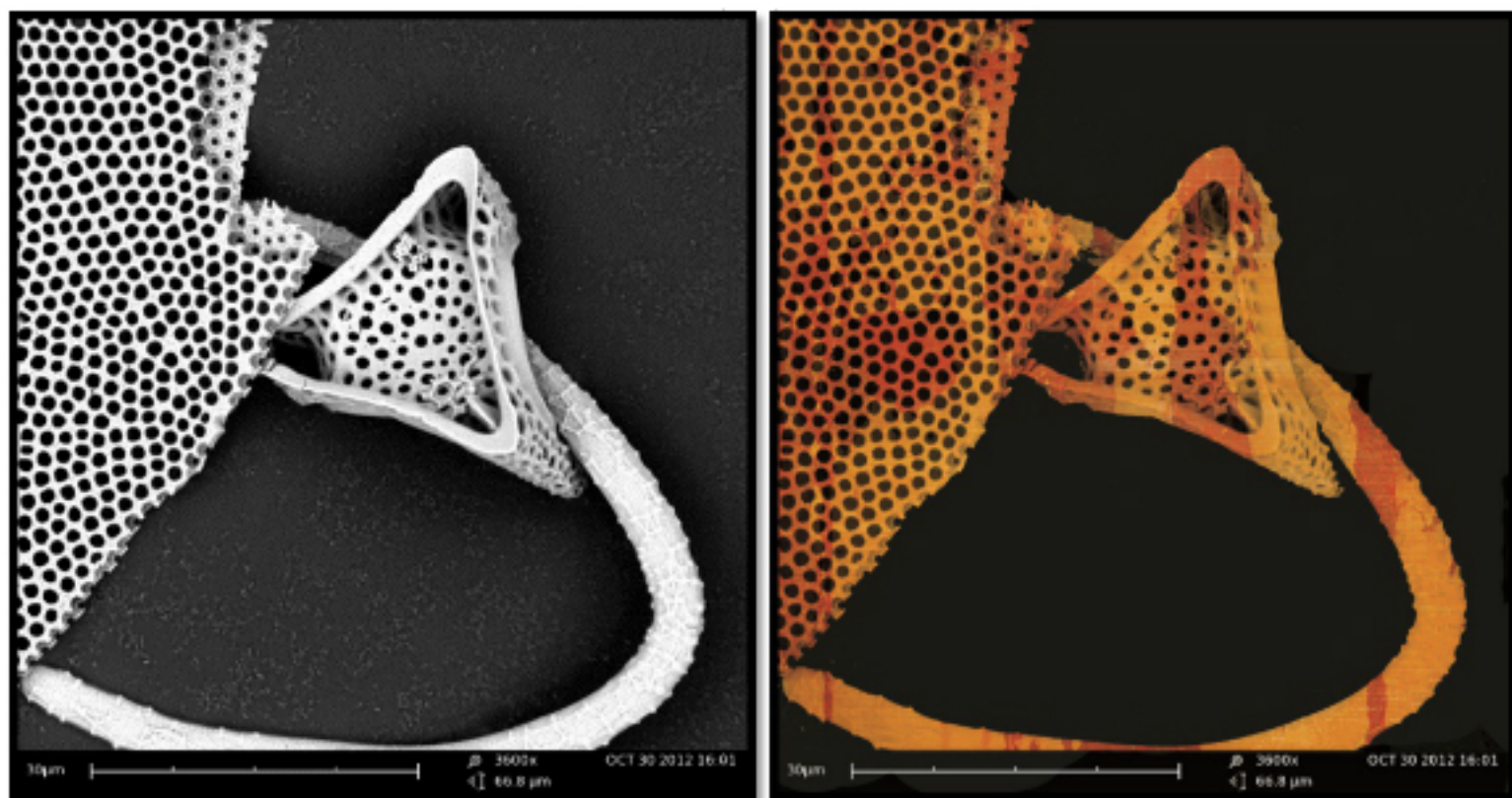
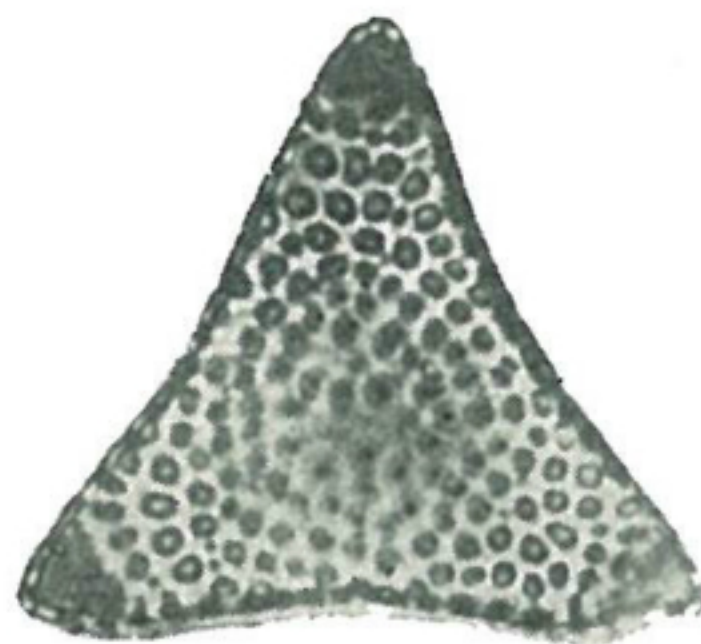
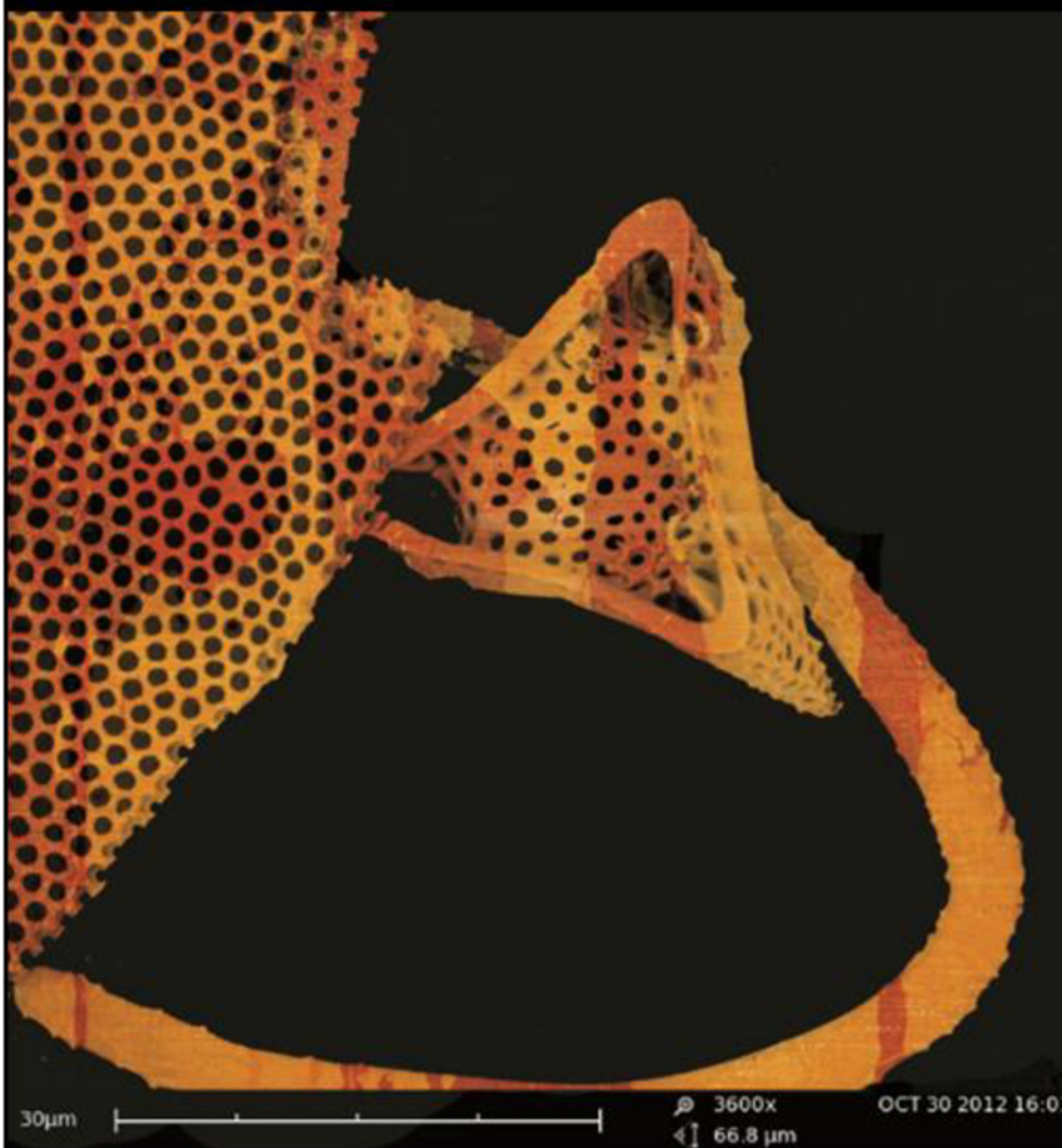


Fig. 25. *Trinacria insipiens* Witt, 3600X (Schmidt, 1892)

Fig. 26. *Trinacria insipiens* Witt, Plate 5, Fig. 8, 800X, Length of one side, 39.3 μm (Hanna, 1927)





Associate Species

Figure 27. *Vallecerta hortonii* Hanna. A five-sided silicoflagellate resembling a pentagon with long spines extending from each of the five tips. Distance from spine tip to spine tip is $\sim 38 \mu\text{m}$ (Haq, 1978).

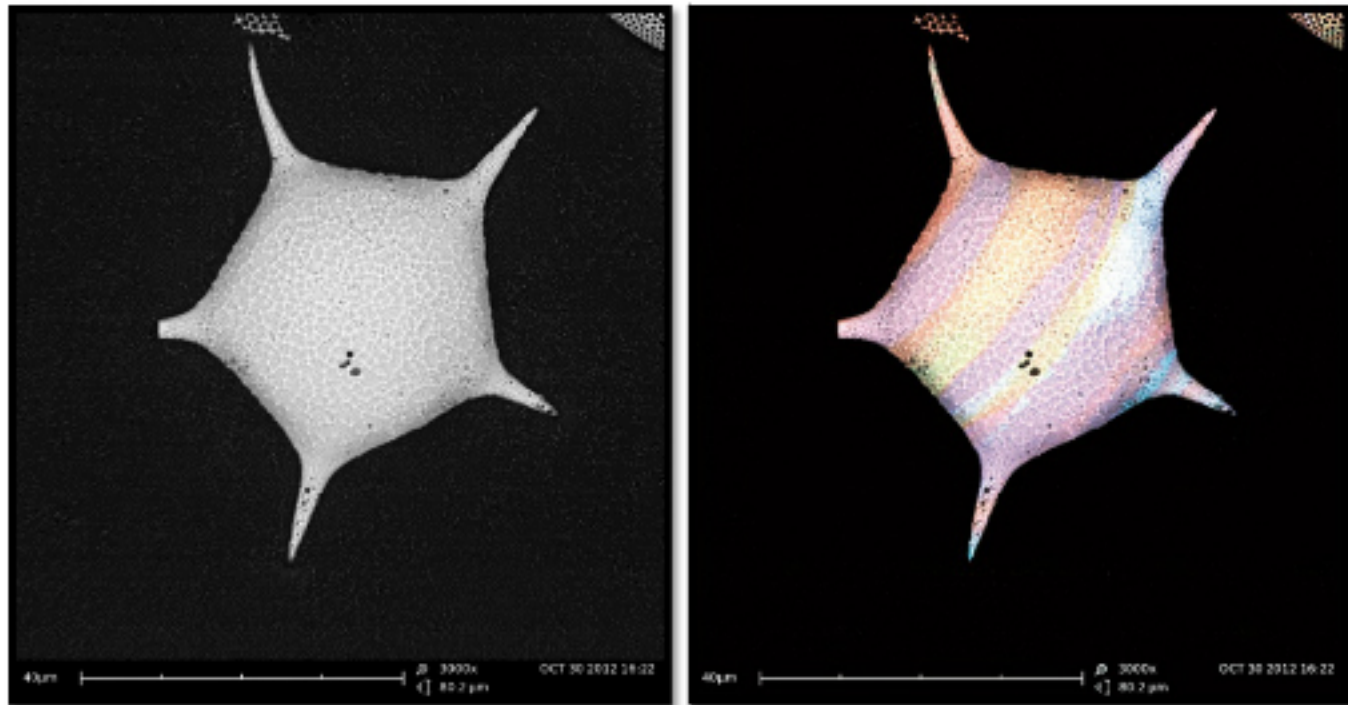


Fig. 27. *Vallecerta hortonii*, Hanna, 3000X (Hanna, 1927)

Figure 28. *Corbisema geometrica* Hanna. A large triangle within a triangle resembling a pretzel. Length of one side is $\sim 60 \mu\text{m}$ (Haq, 1978).

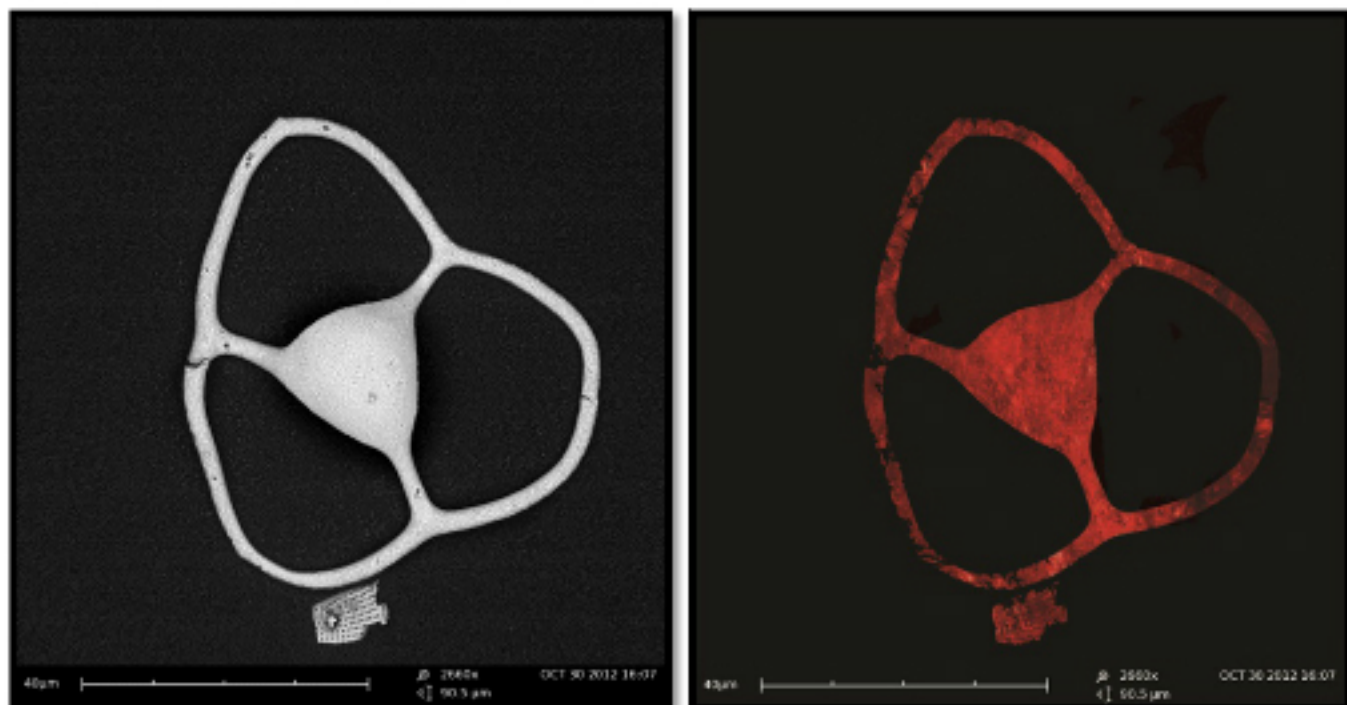


Fig. 28. *Corbisema geometrica*, Hanna 2660X (Hanna, 1927)

Conclusions

We were successful in identifying nine genera and twelve species of Hanna's diatoms. We also found two associate species of silicoflagellates that were discovered by Hanna. This was a task that was exciting and challenging. We are continuing the study of these samples and are seeking to find more of Hanna's diatoms from the Moreno Gulch, Fresno County, California assemblages.

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Gender Studies

Venus/Mars Hybrid: The Mezzo- Realm of Male and Female

Kelton Riley



In the course of critical academic theory, everything changed with the advent of Deconstruction. Marxism, Feminism, Queer studies, and Post-colonialism were all the scions of that movement. While each study took a fresh look at various positions of the non-dominant, the two that dealt most obviously with gender theory, Queer-studies and Feminism, fell considerably short of faithful representation of the transgendered condition. It is the Post-colonialists, in exploring themes of alienation, mimicry and hybridity, who better evoke the experience of gender dysphoria. Like the colonized, transsexuals, caught in the mezzo-realm of female and male (but accepted into neither), understand all too well what it is to be both and neither: to be 50% either, but 100% nothing.

The reality of misogynistic alienation is axiomatic. It is stereotypical that the “privileged” should be prejudiced against the deviants. Cases of transsexual abuse (Pasricha et al. 25) and rape (Hale 46) are too common, a fact of which any transsexual would be hyper-aware. What may be surprising is that groups with subaltern claims, in perfect mimicry of the hegemon, snipe at

one another in an attempt to secure a sort of subaltern superiority—the upper bottom of the barrel. Such behavior is demonstrated in extreme misandrist circles of the Feminist movement who greet Trans/Intersex activism with “skep-ticism, suspicion, and even hostility” (Shrange 4). Sociologist Thomas Kando explains the “problem” with transsexuals:

It is from all those who have abandoned their traditional conception of sexual morality that the transsexuals differ. Unlike militant homophiles, enlightened therapist and liberated women, transsexuals endorse such traditional values as heterosexuality, domestic roles for women [...] Unlike various liberated groups, transsexuals are reactionary, moving back toward the core-center rather than away from it. *They are the Uncle Toms of the sexual revolution.* [Emphasis added] (qtd. in Hale 43)

Other slurs originating from such “liberating” groups include referring to transsexuals as “constructs” who have merely been “neuterized” (Janice Raymond,

qtd in Hale, 43) and dubbing the surgical results of a male-to-female's (MtF's) transition as nothing more than "constructed, fake fuckholes" ("Misandry is a Feminist Issue"). Such statements demonstrate the alienation of transsexuals, not only from the mainstream, but from groups claiming to champion egalitarian causes as well. This comes despite the fact that many MtFs have a vested interest in the cause of women's rights, and that a great range of sexual orientation and political activism is represented within the transgendered community (Brown and Rounsley 19).

Societal exclusions can only account for a fraction of the transsexual's sense of alienation, however. The true battleground of alienation lies within the transman himself. Psychologist Naanki Pasricha explains, "Transsexuals feel a sense of estrangement from their body [sic] and believe that the body they were born with is incongruous with their true gender" (25). The colonized transsexual has no empire to blame. Rather, he is circumscribed by his own flesh. One of the earliest case studies of gender dysphoria can be found in "Case 129," an 1886 study by German

psychologist Richard von Krafft-Ebing. In this first person account of Krafft-Ebing's patient, the male-to-female transsexual explains a fever induced dream she had involving her desired transformation:

But who could describe my fright when, on the next morning, I awoke and found myself feeling as if completely changed into a woman; and when, on standing and walking, I felt vulva and mammae [sic]! When at last I raised myself out of bed, I felt that a complete transformation had taken place in me [...] the imperative female feeling remained, and became so strong that I wear only the mask of a man, and in everything else feel like a woman. (von Krafft-Ebing 11)

The editor of that anthology, Jonathan Ames, compares this excerpt to the opening of Franz Kafka's hallmark piece on alienation, *The Metamorphosis*. He even suggests that Kafka's work was influenced by "Case 129," stating that "Kafka would have

certainly been familiar with Krafft-Ebing's famous book and would have read it in German" (xv). Both *The Metamorphosis* and "Case 129" express the "mind/body conflict" (Brown and Rounsley 1) shared across the transgendered experience.

The sense of alienation, both within themselves and in the outside world, leads to the common colonial reaction of mimicry as the colonized attempt to make some sense of the world and their place in it. Often, the transsexual is player in two forms of mimicry, one before transition (the act of transitioning from one gender role to another) and one after. Societal pressures can lead the transsexual to suppress deviant tendencies, which manifests in the hyper-masculinity of pre-transition MtFs, or hyper-femininity in FtMs. Uncomfortable in their birth role, they feel the need to over-compensate, so that rather than simply being a man/woman, they must play the caricature of a man/woman. Once the path to transition has begun, the MtF finds herself both excited and disoriented. Adaptations she learned to assume as a man may no longer be of use to her as she goes

through gender re-orientation. The pendulum swings to the other side, and often the transsexual will over-compensate in the other direction, mimicking feminization based more on stereotypes of womanhood than her own genuine personality. Trans scholar Christina Richards explains it thus:

[...] the trans person is at risk of being inauthentic [...] especially if they adhere to dominant cultural norms as many trans people do during a period of adolescence when they are trying out their new gender presentation. This occurs much the same way that cisgender [those whose sexual identity corresponds with their birth gender] people experiment with gender presentations during their adolescence. (274)

Similar to the awkwardness experienced during cisgender coming of age, the transsexual must learn new rules governing their behavior in society. More importantly, the FtM must learn authenticity, that is, forging his own inherent manliness, rather than

merely trading a feminine facade for a masculine one. Transsexuals who successfully strike this balance will achieve greater psychological health (Richards 275) as well as the final tenet of Post-colonial theory: hybridity, which rather than being anathema can prove to be one of the transsexual's most promising strengths.

The state of gender hybridity is described by Richards as occurring when "a person identifies as neither wholly male nor female, and indeed some authors have suggested that this is the case for everyone, whether they identify as trans or not" (272). Transman Michael Hernandez explains his own hybridity, "My sexual orientation is queer. I consider myself to be a hybrid of woman and man, thus lesbian as well as gay" (qtd. in Hale 46). In the case of ethnicity, hybrids often become translators between their peoples, a sort of diplomat to bridge the *différance*[1] that exists between vernaculars. So too can the transsexual become a diplomat between feminist and men's movements as well as queer and heterosexual discourse.

Transsexuals who have lived on both sides of the gender

divide offer a uniquely holistic perspective to dialogues regarding gender and sex (Hale 45). Describing it in terms of Jungian psychology, M. Fleming expounds, "What is important to understand is that the 'hermaphrodite' is a type of divine image. This image is the symbol of the union of opposites and comes to represent the union of the unconscious and conscious aspects of the self" (310). She goes on to explain the evolution of the hermaphrodite as a "subduer of conflicts and a bringer of healing" (310). Unlike cisgendered individuals, transsexuals take nothing "about their minds or bodies for granted. Something that the rest of us pay no attention to at all dominates their lives" (Brown and Rounsley 1). By having typically subconscious aspects of gender identity forced to consciousness, transsexuals have the privileged position of experiencing real intellectual engagement with a subject that few others would think to consider. Thus they become potential peacemakers of the discord between masculinity and femininity. Having been forced to negotiate that peace within themselves, they find themselves at a vantage to accommodate

others in that journey.

As an individual with firsthand experience in matters of alienation, mimicry and hybridity, the transwoman finds herself an unwitting representative of subaltern peoples. For all the pain of her journey, she is rewarded with the potential to enlighten others to the struggles and rewards that each gender faces. The transman who can transcend his own hurt and alienation has within him the ability to lift others from the callow trappings of uncritically examined masculinity/ femininity. For the transgendered who journey through gender's Middle Earth, the anxieties of alienation, mimicry and hybridity are everyday matters. But so also—most importantly—is hope and healing.

Note

[1] A reference to Jacques Derrida's "The End of the Book and the Beginning of Writing," a chapter in *Of Grammatology*. Derrida uses *différance* to note the separation between the signifier and the signified in writing and in speech to state that there is always a space between the signifier and the signified – what is conveyed and what exists.

Language therefore can be problematic, as can be the case with gender, as argued by Riley. (Ed. note)

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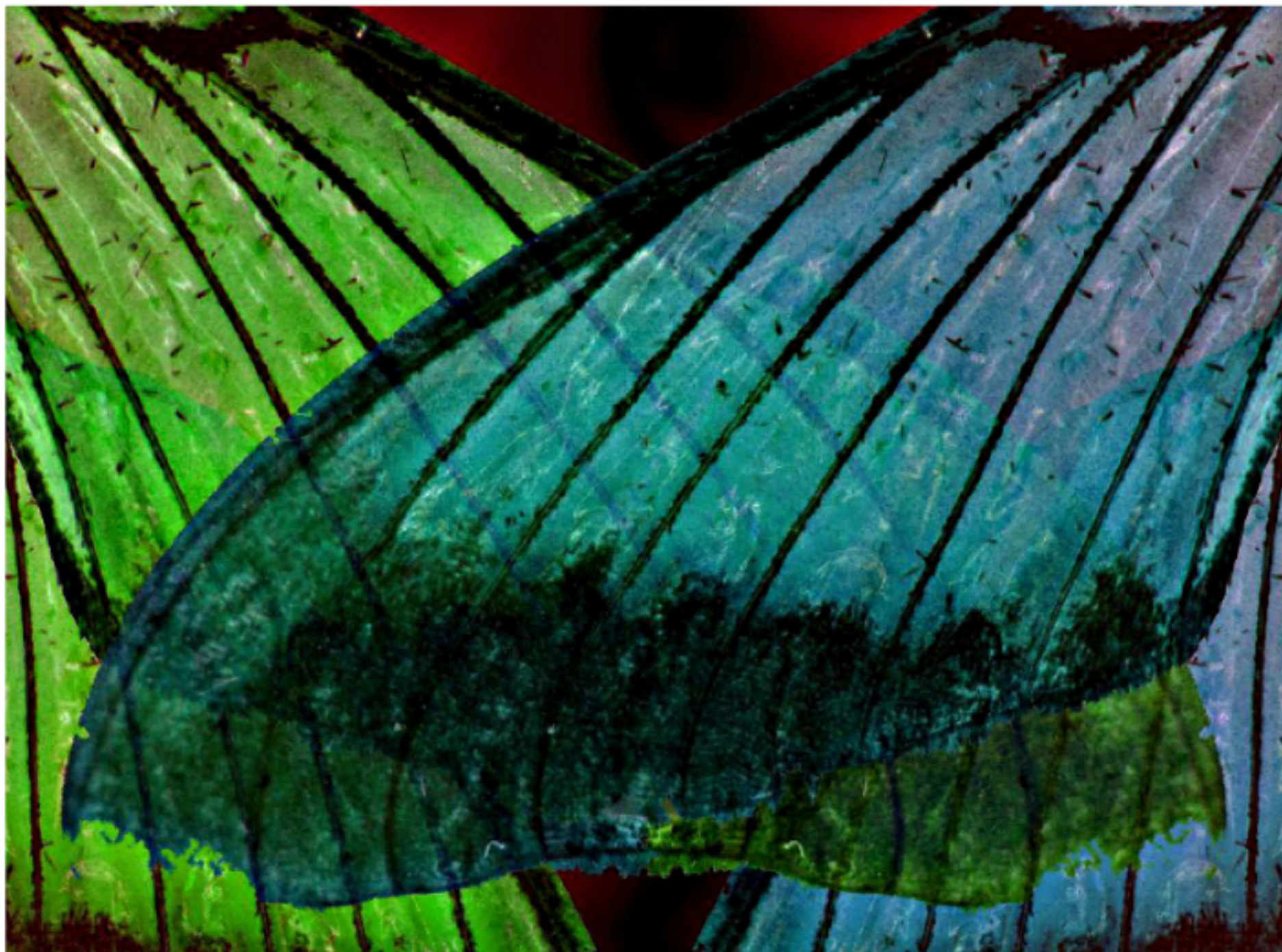
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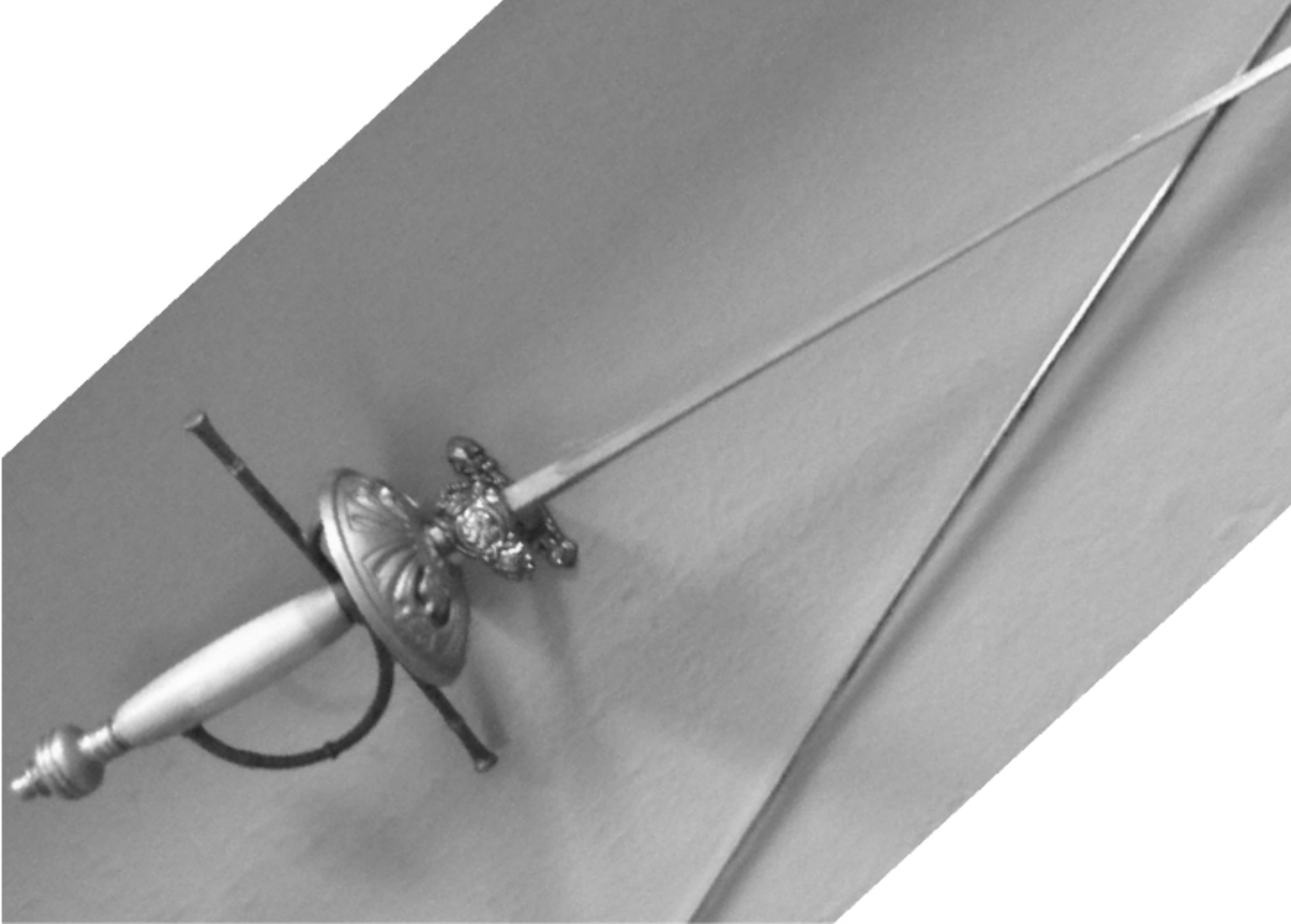
Jeanette Blasius



Gender Studies and Dramatic Literature

Unsexed and Unmanned:
Gender Issues in William
Shakespeare's *Macbeth*

Kathleen Padilla



The stereotypical roles of men and women are poignantly depicted in William Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Bearded women, blood-thirsty and controlling ladies, indecisive and kind-hearted men dominate the play. "Fair is foul and foul is fair" (1.1.11) is uttered by the three witches in the first scene. This line, along with the spoken line by the second witch: "When the battle is lost and won" (1.1.4) promote the play's theme that societal norms and natural beliefs will be turned upside down throughout the play, including traditional gender roles of Shakespeare's day. Men were masculine, filled with aggression, boldness, and strength; women were gentle, soft, fearful, and pitying (Kimbrough 177). The balance of masculine and feminine traits within the characters of the play is continually tested as the players shift between gender-stereotypical extremes.

In the age of Shakespeare, there was a saying that "the beard made the man" (Fisher 155). Fisher quotes numerous sources to infer that to be without a beard in this time was effeminate and goes further to state that it is a method to differentiate between the sexes. Thus, Banquo declares his confusion upon meeting the

witches, "...You should be women, / And yet your beards forbid me to interpret / That you are so" (1.3.45). Fisher goes on to claim that writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, namely Valerian and Bulwer, do not consider women with beards as androgynous, rather that they are something to be feared – "monsters" (170). Kimbrough asserts that a common practice by witches was to "destroy human sexuality" and to "turn a woman into a man" (179). By invoking the witches, bearded and unnatural, Shakespeare provides a direct parallel to Lady Macbeth (Schiffer).

Critics say it is to the unnatural witches that Lady Macbeth appeals when she says, "... Come, you spirits / That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here" (1.5.39-40). Thus, Lady Macbeth eschews her femininity when Macbeth imparts the Weird Sisters' revelations in a letter. While societal norms of women should be emotional and nurturing, Lady Macbeth turns her back on what is completely natural for women and requests that the spirits "take my milk for gall" (1.5.48). Lady Macbeth consistently derides her husband for the masculine traits she believes she

now possesses but he lacks: "... pour my spirits in thine ear / And chastise with the valor of my tongue / All that impedes thee ..." (1.5.26-28). This same vein continues when Macbeth wavers from the plot to kill the King of Scotland, Duncan:

... I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the
babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in
my face,
Have plucked my nipple from
his boneless gums
And dashed the brains out
(1.7.55-59)

Though Lady Macbeth endeavors to take on masculine traits, her attempts fail. When it is time to kill Duncan, Lady Macbeth sets up the murder scene by placing the daggers in the room but then laments, "Had he not resembled / My father as he slept, I had done't" (2.2.12-13). Lady Macbeth ends her life by suicide with "the cry of women" (5.5.8). She has lost her humanity to madness, becoming – like the witches – monstrous.

Macbeth becomes dominated by these female characters in the

play, thus doubting his masculinity and therefore his natural state (Schiffer). The character of Macbeth begins the play as a man, in the gender-construct sense of the word. Amidst the revolt, Duncan receives word from a wounded captain that "brave Macbeth" confronted the enemy, Macdonwald, and killed him (1.2.16). The Captain goes on further to explain that Macbeth was "[a]s cannons overcharged with double cracks" to end the revolt and achieve victory for the king (1.2.37-38). Macbeth's sense of masculinity begins to wane after meeting with the witches. He begins to take on stereotypical feminine qualities, such as fear, as he ponders the witches' prophecies:

... why do I yield to that
suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix
my hair
And make my seated heart
knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature?
(1.3.135-138)

Lady Macbeth continually heaps feminine qualities onto her husband, "... yet I do fear thy

nature; / It is too full o'th' milk of human kindness" (1.5.16-17). As Macbeth moves forward with his wife's definition of a man he, like his wife, loses all humanity. Upon learning of his wife's death, he responds: "She should have died hereafter; / There would have been a time for such a word" (5.5.17-18). The transformation is complete as Macduff tells Macbeth, "We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, / Painted upon a pole ..." (5.8.25-26).

As societal norms are skewed throughout *Macbeth*, the natural becomes unnatural and gender roles are challenged. The bearded witches provide the mix of both those male and female traits, setting up the foil for Lady Macbeth and Macbeth to reach for the outer limits of gender roles. The characters in *Macbeth* are the antitheses of what critics believe are Shakespeare's model human beings: a man or woman who embraces the strengths of both sexes and accepts the weaknesses inherent to each. As Macbeth and Lady Macbeth lose the definitions of masculinity and femininity, they also lose their humanity.


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Religious Studies

Crown Jewel: The Place of Eve in Creation

Kelton Riley

How unattractive woman has been as a human being. For two millennia now the Judeo-Christian tradition has placed man a little lower than the angels and woman a little higher than the demons. Traditionalists have used the Garden of Eden story to say that woman was created as a helpmate to godlike man, as his subordinate and dependent. (Leach, qtd in Bledstein 187).

Biblical scholars like Jerome Gellman and Gale Yee suggest that the story of Eden lays the grounds for the history of Western misogyny. Such interpretations offer only two alternatives: one can either be Judeo-Christian to the detriment of women, or feminist to the detriment of Yahweh. This essay will take a fresh look at the creation story of Genesis with the intent of exonerating two cases of slander, one against Eve and one against Yahweh.

Man was created before woman (Gen. 2:7) – this much is undisputed. What is difficult to explain is the tendency to equate primacy of creation with superiority. If one wishes to ascribe a hierarchical significance to the order of creation, the assumption that being created first establishes supremacy defies the logic of the very order of creation. As man was created before woman, so

dogs, pigs, and cockroaches were created before man (Cunningham and Hamilton 95). The creation sequence itself suggests that the hierarchy of creation is not descending, but ascending. Yahweh first creates birds and fish (Gen. 1:20-21), then the more highly evolved beasts of the earth (Gen. 1:24), then higher still mankind, both male and female in his own image (Gen. 1:27) giving them dominion over the Earth (Gen. 1:28). Chapter 2 of Genesis elaborates how Yahweh created man first out of clay (Gen. 2:7) then woman second, out of man's rib (Gen. 2:21-22). In examining the order of creation, we find that the creation of Eve after Adam does not establish her inferiority, but her primacy.

The fact that woman was created from the rib of man is another area of contention between chauvinistic/egalitarian readers of Genesis. In questioning

this issue, Biblical scholar Gale Yee raises this argument: "... the priority of the male is indicated by the fact that primal woman is formed from his substance, a reversal of the real state of affairs, in which women gives birth to men" (70). In direct contrast to this conclusion, theologians Loren Cunningham and David Hamilton offer the following: "To make sure that we would understand that man and woman were equally made in the divine image, God did not create Eve from the dust of the ground as He has Adam. If He had, someone would have claimed that females had a different origin perhaps... inferior... to Adam" (95). While this attempt to explain why woman was created from the man's rib is commendable, it seems as shaky as Yee's attempt to argue that the source of Eve's creation makes her inferior. I propose a synthesis of the two. The act of creating Eve from Adam's rib was a demotion, but not one to inferior status. Since the order of her birth has already established the superiority of the woman, it became necessary to demote her to man's equal. The act of creating woman from man alone is a mirror opposite to the New

Testament begetting of Christ from woman alone (Matt. 1:20-23). This helped to establish a balance between the sexes that would have been lost (to the detriment of males) had this not been the case. Does the fact that Christ was born of Mary make Mary superior to Christ? Far from it. Does the fact that Eve was born of Adam make Adam superior to Eve? Far from it. Had woman not been born from man's rib, there would be no question of her place as man's superior. The use of the man's rib in creating the woman establishes her as an equal helper, another term that has caused confusion among theologians.

To interpreters who view the Genesis creation as chauvinistic, the creation of Eve as a "helper" seems to prove their point. According to Jerome Gellman, "...woman is created for the sake of the success of man's occupation. Whatever intimacy is to be between them, the relationship is destined to be defined as one between a simply 'created' person (the man) and a 'created-for' person (the woman)" (330). Likewise Gale Yee asserts, "To overcome man's loneliness, the deity creates from the man's

rib a 'help corresponding to him' (Gen 2:18). Within the ideology of the text, the 'help' that the woman supplies is her sexual ability to produce children" (70). Such interpretations paint woman either as servant or concubine. A critical examination of the text, however, renders such translations implausible. Cunningham and Hamilton explain it thus:

But take a look at the Hebrew phrase translated 'a helper suitable'—*ezer keneged*. ... the phrase *ezer*, a powerful word in the Hebrew... is not a subservient peon, but a more capable, more powerful, more intelligent ally. It's the same word used throughout the Old Testament when talking about God... 'My help comes from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth.' ... *keneged* ... means 'equal.' (96)

Had the word *ezer* not been qualified with *keneged*, the challenge would not lie in arguing that women were created as men's equals, but that men were created as women's equals. As with the rib, we find a Creator forced to clarify that woman is man's equal

as opposed to his better. Biblical scholar Adrien Bledstein explains the contrast between the roles of women in the Jewish myth versus the Sumerian myth, writing that "in The Epic of Gilgamesh, Enkidu enjoys the harlot, learns from her, but does not consider her to be a comrade. Alienated from the animals, Enkidu also wishes to have a friend—a man like himself. Adam, however, immediately and enthusiastically recognizes the woman as his... partner" (192). This provides a stark variance between the Sumerian view of woman (an unnamed harlot) and the Jewish view of woman (as an equal and beloved companion). It also demonstrates that Genesis was a surprisingly egalitarian work for its time.

The final accusation frequently leveled against woman is her part in the Fall from Eden. Eve took the first bite of forbidden fruit, and thus condemned mankind forever. Like the myth of Pandora, the advent of evil in the world here stems from a woman. At least, that is how the argument goes—an argument that originated with Adam himself. However, a closer examination of scripture proves this reasoning

weak. In the dialogue between Eve and the serpent, the serpent addresses not a singular “you” but a plural “you” (Cunningham and Hamilton 98). “Even though we only hear the words of the serpent and Eve, the text suggests that Adam was standing there too, a silent accomplice in the crime. This becomes plain when, after taking a bite, Eve turned and gave some to her husband, who was there with her, and ate it” (ibid 98). Contrary to Gellman's claim that “we can suppose that [Adam] was unaware that the fruit was forbidden” (327), the Genesis text shows Adam to be a present, willing, and knowing participant in the act.

The question remains then why, if both of the couple were present, did the serpent choose to target Eve rather than Adam? Is it because she was the weaker of the two, as is often suggested (Eldredge 83)? The book of Genesis offers no evidence to this. There is no long exposition of the man's willpower being worn away by either the woman or the serpent while he struggles to remain the last bastion of obedience. Scripture offers no indication of an attempt at refusal on Adam's part. In his willing

participation, Adam is revealed to be Eve's equal in weakness. What then made her the target of the serpent's dark intent? Ministers Stasi and John Eldredge provide a compelling answer to this question: to the serpent woman is the special object of hatred.

Interpreting the serpent as Lucifer (Ezek. 28:12-14) the Eldredges explain that the serpent, once a being of light and beauty himself, looks on woman with an exceptional enmity because she is captivating, uniquely glorious, and he cannot be. She is the incarnation of the Beauty of God. More than anything else in all creation, she embodies the glory of God. She allures the world to God. He hates it with a jealousy we can only imagine. And there is more. The Evil One also hates Eve because she gives life... [women] bring life into the world soulfully, relationally, spiritually—in everything they touch. Satan was a murderer from the beginning. He brings death. His is a kingdom of death.... And thus Eve is his greatest human threat, for she brings life. (84) Eve was targeted not because she was an easy mark, but because she was the greatest threat—because she embodies the very heavenliness

that Lucifer tried and failed to appropriate for himself. What Lucifer could not steal from God, God gave freely to woman.

A careful reading of the Genesis creation reveals not only that woman and man were created as equals, but that the narrative goes to great lengths to establish this fact. Unique from other creation myths contemporary to its time, "the Hebrew narrator ... asserts the equality of human sexes as destined companions. The man is neither a god nor heroic demigod, the woman neither a goddess above him nor a servant below him. The narrator describes the ideal in human relations" (Bledstein 193). The struggle for dominance which begins after the Fall of Mankind ("he will rule over you" Gen. 3:16) is not the model of Eden. Rather, "Subjugation and supremacy are perversions of creation" (Phyllis Tribble, qtd. in Gellman 324). Thus the claim that the Judeo-Christian creation story establishes oppressive patriarchy is untenable. Yahweh grants dominion of the earth to man (male and female) (Gen. 1:28). Never does he grant this sort of dominion to Adam over Eve. Woman is not the subordinate

consort created to serve under patriarchy's crown. Instead, she is the jewel in the crown of humanity. Likewise Yahweh is not the establisher of male dominance. He is the original egalitarian.

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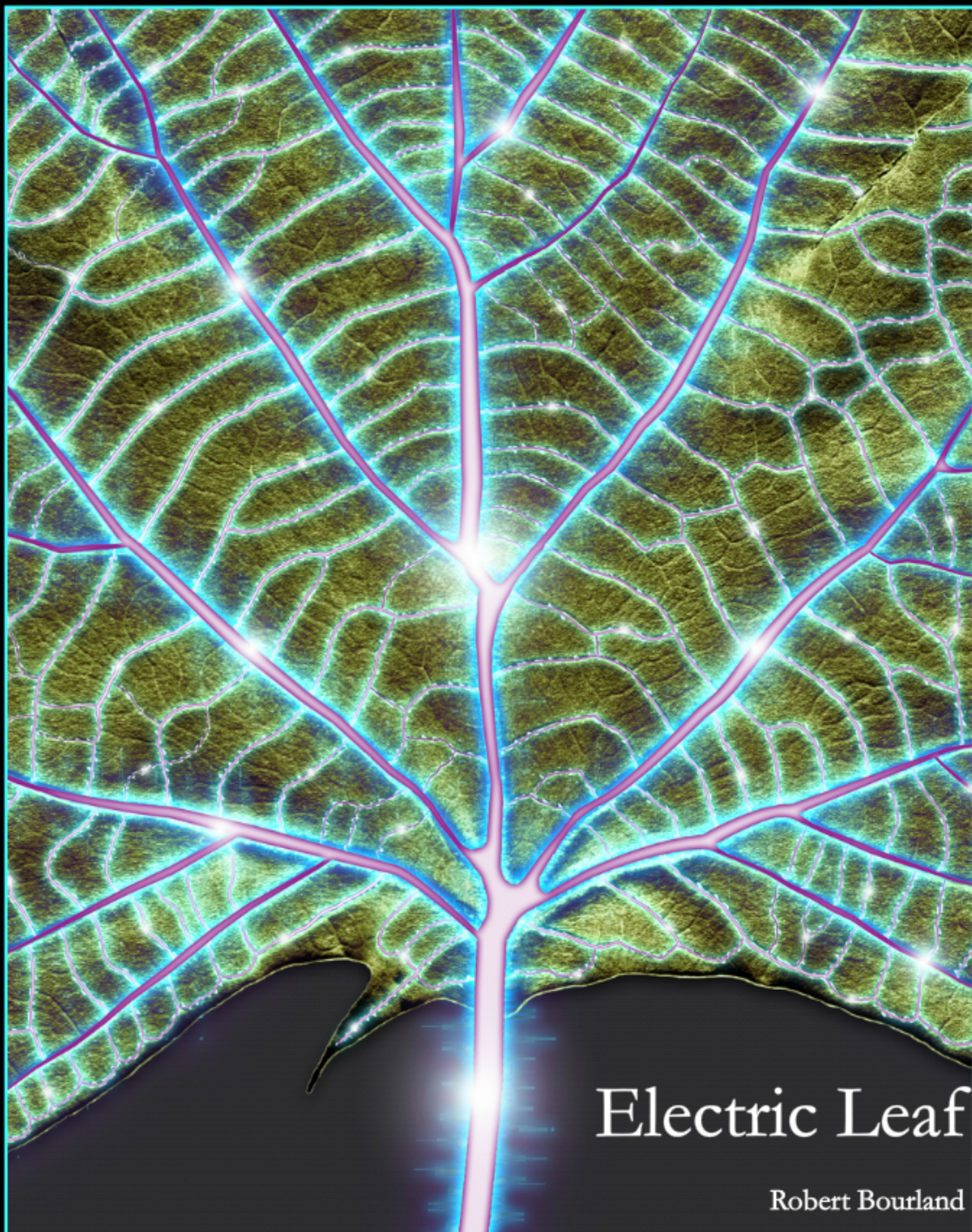
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Kelton Riley

The Place of Eve in Creation

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Electric Leaf

Robert Bourland

Theatre Studies

Exploring Tennessee Williams'
Strong Females in *The Glass*
Menagerie



Brooke Johnson

How do you reinvent something that is iconic? How do you do justice to a role that has been played hundreds of times before? How do you become the words on a page that so many know by heart? These are the questions many actresses have struggled with in the decades since Tennessee Williams' first production of *The Glass Menagerie* premiered in Chicago in 1944. The play has its place in the canon of dramatic literature, but coming from Williams, a playwright known for his interesting female characters, there is added pressure when taking on the roles of Laura and Amanda Wingfield. These powerful roles have been played by many people, many ways, on stages all across the world. The truth of how the roles have been interpreted as opposed to how Williams wrote them lies in the vision of the actresses that take them on. The history of tackling these roles has been an evolution and a true test in performance for many rising and established actresses.

Regarded as the most autobiographical of his works, *The Glass Menagerie* and its characters held a special place in Tennessee Williams' heart. Lyle Leverich remarks in *Tom: The Unknown*

Tennessee Williams, "For the first thirty years of his life [Williams] was living *The Glass Menagerie*" (xxiii). Williams drew inspiration for the delicate and insecure Laura Wingfield from both a glass figurine collector in his temporary childhood home of Clarksdale, Mississippi, and his own mentally ill sister, Rose (Leverich 570). It has also been said that Laura's introverted nature and focus on one aspect of life was a play on Williams himself. His deep female characters also likely came from what was by many accounts his "uncanny understanding and genuine liking of women" (Leverich 83). There are also the terrible feelings of isolation and loneliness that run through so many of his characters — something Williams was also familiar with, according to his chosen biographer Leverich. Afraid of becoming out-of-date, a relic in ever-changing times, Williams wrote plays that "clearly reflected his own tensions" (Leverich xxiii).

The Glass Menagerie text exists in both a reading version, published by Random House in 1945 and New Directions in 1949, and an acting script, published by Dramatists Play Service in 1948 and 1950. The acting script has

traditionally been the one followed for major productions of the play. The main difference in the reading text and the acting text comes in the omission of expressionism devices from the school of Bertolt Brecht and Erwin Piscator, instead leaning toward the realistic approach of traditional American theatre (Borny 102,107). While the classic text “has endured many changing fashions for over half a century,” as *New York Times* critic Charles Isherwood put it, one element that has never changed is that actresses portraying Williams’ famed female characters must tap into the emotion of the script (Isherwood).

Once a Southern Belle and now abandoned by her husband, Amanda Wingfield is unable to face reality, retreating to a “paradise now lost” mentality. By nature, she is a role player, but her attempts to live a plastic life that is not her own leave her with emptiness. In the words of Robert Emmett Jones, Amanda is more “pathetic” than “tragic” and according to some she has the deepest issues of any character in the play (212, 217, 219). To say this role is vital to the play is an understatement. Williams himself admitted that in writing the script

he counted on “the character of Amanda to sustain it” (Welsh). Even actresses over the years who managed to lock into the emotion of the character had trouble in other areas – the Southern drawl and faded charm of Amanda, for example. In a production of the play directed by Gordon Edlestein at Long Wharf Theater in 2009, Texas-born Judith Ivey received praise for mastering these sometimes tricky aspects of Amanda Wingfield. Isherwood notes, “Even first-rate performers can get a little lost trying to pin down the wings of this wilting butterfly. Ms. Ivey has no such problem, and imbues the role with a perfectly judged mixture of chiffon and steel” (Isherwood). Another aspect of the character that some have chosen to tap into over the years with great success is a comic side to the otherwise stiff matriarch, adding yet another dimension to the figure. It’s been noted that this angle “gives us an Amanda whose relentless quest for a gentleman caller for her daughter” can be as funny as it is grim. Oscar and Emmy-winning actress Sally Field played the part in the Kennedy Center’s production of *The Glass Menagerie* in 2004, following other noteworthy

names like Laurette Taylor (the original Amanda), Katharine Hepburn, Shirley Booth, Julie Harris, Helen Hayes, and Maureen Stapleton who have taken on the role (Crews).

Because of her physical disability, it is easy for directors to cast Laura as the “emotional” and “sentimental” center of the production. Laura's self-consciousness is heightened by her mother's constant pressure for her to be courted and marry and virtually live out the life that ended disastrously for her personally. Laura's character has been interpreted many different ways by directors and theatre scholars over the decades. Georges-Michel Sarotte sees an “othering” affect in the character of Laura, interpreting her nickname “Blue Roses” as indicative of “sickness metamorphosed into a flower” (144). Likewise, literary scholar Daniel A. Dervin sees symbolism in “pairing beauty with disease,” making Laura a less depressing figure and more hopeful (Adler 39). Still, the tendency through time is to play up her misfortune. Many have overplayed the disability to the point that it is distracting to the script itself, accentuating Laura's

physical awkwardness “to a degree that doesn't feel entirely necessary.” Many have chosen a limp to exhibit the disability, but excessive nerves and twitching have normally not fared well with critics and audiences (Isherwood).

Aside from the stage, film and television versions of *The Glass Menagerie* are prevalent. Williams himself is said to have hated the original 1950 screen version of the script, quoted as saying it was “a most awful travesty ... horribly mangled.” In the film, directed by Irving Rapper with Gertrude Lawrence as Amanda and Jane Wyman playing Laura, the story came off as more of a melodramatic American soap opera by reducing its complexity and romantic spirit. The main reason for this was a change in the ending, having the mother and daughter both happy and awaiting more gentleman callers (Yacowar 9, 11, 12, 14). Williams much preferred Anthony Harvey's 1973 teleplay, starring Katharine Hepburn as Amanda and Joanna Miles as Laura. Paul Newman took a more expressive approach in the popular sepia-toned 1987 version, casting Joanne Woodward as Amanda and Karen Allen as Laura.

Non-traditional castings over the years have included several all-Black productions. Philip C. Kolin believes that black and multi-ethnic productions of *The Glass Menagerie* serve to “liberate the sub-text from racially-imposed constraints.” He further argues that only through an all-Black cast “can certain dimensions of the sub-text be realized and released.” By introducing black actresses to these previously predominantly white roles, they are free from restrictive prototypes or trying to play the role as it has been acted in the past (Kolin 97, 98). The first production of *The Glass Menagerie* with an all-Black cast was staged less than two years after Williams' original premiered on Broadway. In December of 1947, the Howard Players of Howard University put on the show under the direction of James W. Butcher. Shauneille Perry Ryder, who played Laura in this version, went on to be a successful actress, director, and playwright, and Doris Williams played Amanda. Butcher did not change a line of Williams' script for his Black actors or pre-dominantly Black audiences, and critics widely saluted his bravery. The ground-

breaking show was favorably compared with the Broadway production. Still, there were some who deemed it “un-necessarily experimental” (Kolin 98). After this initial venture, a string of all-Black performances by African-American universities gave way to two interracial productions of *The Glass Menagerie*—in 1965 and 1967. The Karamu Theatre in Cleveland, Ohio, staged *The Glass Menagerie* in 1965 with a Black cast, except for a white gentleman caller. In 1967, the Inner City Cultural Center in Los Angeles put on a similar performance. In these versions, black actresses took on the role of Amanda and Laura as strong female stage presences with a new twist. In some instances, Amanda's belonging to the DAR was edited to her being a member of the Delta Club, a Black sorority. Other times, background music was changed to that of famous black female singers like Ethel Waters (Kolin 107, 108). Ruby Dee was one of the most noteworthy African-American castings, playing Amanda in Tazewell Thompson's 1989 run of the show at the Arena Stage. One of America's preeminent actresses, Dee came to the Arena Stage with over forty

years of achievements, even breaking the Shakespeare barrier in 1965 when she became the first Black actress to appear in major roles like Kate in *The Taming of the Shrew* and Cordelia in *King Lear*.

While variations have kept the script fresh, and new takes on the classic female roles have kept *The Glass Menagerie* interesting for almost 70 years, sometimes a stretch isn't necessary to make these well-written roles hit home for audience members. While much time has been spent over the decades trying to revamp the roles, those who have played it true to Williams' original vision have often won the most accolades. Recent "Amanda" Mare Winningham – a Golden Globe, Academy, and Emmy Award nominated actress whose run of *The Glass Menagerie* opened at the Olde Globe in November 2012 – is one of those who thinks you shouldn't mess with a good thing. As genius as Williams' writing is, the characters are deep enough on paper for a direct transfer. Winningham herself thought Williams got it right and unlike many others in history, the roles of his females in *The Glass Menagerie* are relevant even today with little change. "Maybe I

shouldn't say this, but so often during the last 30 years, you're trying to make something better than it is," Winningham said. "You're trying to find richness where there isn't any. You're trying to find complexity where there is none. You're trying to make something more than it is. Here, you don't have to do that. It actually makes it easier that [Williams' roles] are so multifaceted. It's a welcome relief" (Welsh).

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Tammy Tanner, Untitled



TAMMY TANNER

Spring 2013



Robyn Locke, Night at the Theater



Theatre Studies
Comedia, or This Is Spain



Kathleen Padilla

Comedia should not and cannot be a simple translation. What the dictionary does not take into consideration is the force of the Spanish Golden Age of Theater. The works of Lope de Vega and Pedro Calderón, masters of the genre *comedia*, turn theater into a reflection of Spanish society in the seventeenth century. *Comedia* is the result of that reflection about the people of Spain; where and how they lived, fought, and loved. It entwines the Spanish people with how they fit into the world and how the world fits into Spanish people. *Comedia* is Spain.

Because of human beings' need for order, critics have searched for the definition of *comedia*. Lauer points out that *comedia* has undergone many attempts to define it. He goes on to list twenty-two common terms used to define it, often combined with any one of fifty-three adjectival phrases and set into ten different categories – all before

the year 1726. Lauer concludes these counts by adding another seven terms modern critics have used (159). The only term that critics can agree to describe *comedia* with is "unique." *Comedia* seems to defy definition within the known theatrical taxonomy.

Considering *comedia* as its own genre is not a new concept for what has been described as a national movement over a century. Reichenberger summarizes Ludwig Pfandl when he states that, "the modern reader must penetrate the culture itself that produced the *comedia* if he would understand this art form" (305). If theater is, as Aristotle points out, imitation and mimicry, there are very few dramatic conflicts that arose from the works of *comedia* because in seventeenth century Spain, society extolled honor and faith: *la honra* and *la fe* (Reichenberger 308). This is what seventeenth century Spaniards understood and wanted to see

imitated on stage.

If these were the basic conflicts the Spanish protagonists faced, why then should the between 10,000 and 30,000 plays before the year 1700 be studied? (Long). The true impressiveness of the writers of *comedia* is the complex ways dramatists such as Lope de Vega and Pedro Caldéron took these basic conflicts and, in the words of Reichenberger, provided “variety . . . in the ever new and more or less skilful [sic] dramatic handling of the few basic conflicts” (305). The conflicts approached by the writers of the time lived up to the code of the Spanish people. O’Connor asserts that “the basis of the seventeenth-century Spanish world view is at one and the same time Christian and medieval” (278). In the words of Lope de Vega in his *“Arte nuevo de hacer comedias en este tiempo:”* “Better still are the subjects in which honor has a part, since they deeply stir everybody; along with them go virtuous deeds, for virtue is everywhere loved . . .” (35).

Honor in sixteenth century

Spain was still holding fast to the feudal system of estates. There were the nobility, the peasants, and the clergy. Reichenberger argues that each individual in Spanish society has an obligation to fulfill to the others in his “community,” and the community extended from the king to the peasant (305), all of whom believed in God. Lope de Vega upholds the medieval portrait of the world when he delivers his advice to writers about medieval hierarchy:

If the king should speak,
imitate as much as possible to
the gravity of a king ... let him
observe the respect due to
women. Let ladies not
disregard their character. The
lackey should not discourse of
lofty affairs, nor express the
conceits we have
seen in foreign plays ... (34)

Honor has been depicted in *comedia* in many different forms, both as tragic and comedic. The honor plays are considered the serious dramas within the

terminology *comedia*. As Thacker states, “this unwritten dramatic code [of sexual] honor was concerned with a nobleman’s reputation” (99). McKendrick points out:

As Spain lost its military grip on Europe in the seventeenth century and the sense of emasculation increased, the Spaniard compensated with an assumed machismo that found perfect expression in the stage *caballero*, whose sense of honour compelled him to impose himself upon life and upon those around him. (317)

Both McKendrick and Thacker highlight the sexual context the term honor takes in many of the dramas of the Spanish Golden Age. Wifely infidelity and the virtue of an unmarried daughter all had an impact on a man’s reputation. The *comedia de capa y espada* was the comedic counterpart to the honor plays. McKendrick reasons that “to threaten a man socially through his women is also tantamount to threatening

him sexually, as we see from the behaviour of Dona Angela’s brothers in *La dama duende* and that of other fathers and brothers in the *capa y espada* plays” (323). Thacker concurs, highlighting that the *capa de espada* usually end in a marriage (45).

Study of the Spanish Golden Age cannot leave out faith and religion, as they were as much a part of the people as honor. There were *comedias* in which faith and religion was the basis of the production. These plays were labeled as *comedia de santos*. The central characters were saints, who may or may not have actually performed the miracles Spanish dramatists attributed to them (Thacker, 146). This is not to be confused with the Spanish Golden Age *auto sacramentales*, which were one-act plays written to celebrate Corpus Christi (Hayes 72). Lauer reasons that the *comedia de santos* emphasized an individual “whose life and death is shown as exemplary and worthy of imitation” (163).

This is what causes some of the confusion when classifying

comedia because of the thousands of plays written during this period very few can be classified as true classical tragedy. Reichenberger contends that “the tragic approach offers no really satisfactory solution to the last questions of life” (312). This is in direct opposition to the Christian faith, as “the true Christian is always loyal to his faith, and his faith . . . will always lead him surely to his eternal destiny, heaven . . . he who is loyal to his faith and God is saved from deceit and disaster” (O’Connor 279). Thacker also concurs with this theme as he argues that “true ‘tragedia’ is not possible from the pen of a Christian playwright” (102). This is not to say that all works of *comedia* have no tragic components or all end with a happy ending, but order is restored.

Lopé de Vega’s “*Arte nuevo de hacer comedias en este tiempo*” was published in 1609, but the first full translation into English was not until 1914 (Matthew 20). Very little from the Spanish Golden Age of Theater had been translated into English up until

that time. Critics such as Barbara Mujica and Richard Pym both credit the advances of literary criticism to bring *comedia* to a wider audience. The tendency to view the plays as text only, instead of within a historical context, is a detriment to the understanding of *comedia*. Mujica points out that without taking a historical context into consideration, the realist approach often condemns not just the plays, but the dramatists as well. She states that this approach caused these critics to “assume that Caldéron . . . advocated husbands’ killing wives suspected of adultery” (397). She continues on to state that many of these critics “condemned the honor plays . . . thought *comedias de capa y espada* frivolous and most . . . religious plays overblown and overrated. These views thwarted *comedia* studies for decades” (397).

With the advent of new approaches to literature, reading *comedia* from a historical viewpoint captures not only the essence of the plays themselves, but the seventeenth century Spain that was. The role of cultural

minorities, including Jews and Muslims, using cultural studies has postured *comedia* to be studied in a whole new manner, drawing critics to these thousands of works with a whole new set of eyes and experiences. Of particular interest in the modern age is the advance of feminism as a critical theory. The role of women in Spanish Golden Age Theater as actors presents a unique challenge, especially when combined with the role of women in society at that time.

The advance of theater studies has also been instrumental in increasing the study of *comedia*. Pym asserts that the *comedia* of seventeenth century Spain, “were written to be performed, and to be performed, more to the point, with a particular historical audience in mind” (36). O’Connor agrees as he insists that, “for the Spanish dramatists the world is indeed a stage-but a real stage” (279). Scholars are now delving into, as Pym states: “sundry matters connected with the practical business of staging *comedia*” (35). Research and

archival work continues on the inner workings of the *corrales* and plays staged at court, as well as the economic influences of the period on ticket pricing, actor salaries, and payment for plays. Diagrams of theaters are now being drawn from archives to research specific dimensions of dressing rooms, stages, and seating areas. This facet of study is important to understanding *comedia* because of the sheer volume of plays produced during the Golden Age of Spain. The economic culture must have been able to support it.

Comedia was written to please an audience who, with every fiber of their being, craved the mimicry they saw on stage. While *comedia* has escaped true definition, it gave rise to a century of national theater. There are few conflicts in *comedia*, and most all deal with honor and faith. As studies of literature and theater continue to grow, so does the interest and impact of the *Siglo de Oro*. As Lopé de Vega so eloquently phrases it, in his “*Arte nuevo de hacer comedias en este tiempo*,” “For in *comed[ia]* everything will be found

of such a sort that in listening to it everything becomes evident” (38).

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Dramatic Literature

Surviving the Test of Time

Jay Keller



William Shakespeare, the Bard of Avon, was once just a playwright in Elizabethan England before the progression of time transformed the man into the almighty SHAKESPEARE, who is revered as the pinnacle of linguistic achievement. As the man once wrote in *Romeo and Juliet*, “What’s in a name?” (2.1.85) He could have easily been speaking of himself, for his power lies not in his name but his words, and for the last 400 years they’ve endured. Shakespeare’s words hold so much power, in fact, that they make their way into our everyday speech, whether we know it or not. Many words or phrases that come from the works of William Shakespeare have become household words.

Saying that something is a household word is a common utterance; in fact, the small phrase was coined by Shakespeare. It comes from the famous Saint Crispin’s Day speech in *King Henry V*, part of which says, “he’ll remember with advantages / What feats he did that day. Then shall our names, / Familiar in his mouth as household words... [be] remembered” (4.3.50-55).

Most people have heard of “the short and long of it,” which is another way of saying “the plain

truth.” This is a phrase out of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in which Mistress Quickly says, “Marry, this is the short and long of it” (2.2.60). As good luck would have it, *The Merry Wives* also gave us “as good luck would have it,” though it is commonly shortened by dropping the word “good.” It’s used as a means of saying “by fortunate chance” and was first used when Falstaff says, “You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes/ in one Mistress Page” (3.5.79).

Not only did William Shakespeare coin dozens of phrases, but he also contributed hundreds of words to the English language. Some words he invented simply name things, such as the words “eyeball,” “elbow,” and “puppy,” while others are more frequent in special uses such as in business and law. For example, one needs to be “marketable” to find the best job, like becoming a police officer, where it may be necessary to “negotiate” with a “bandit.” Later when the criminal is “secure” he or she could be brought in for “questioning.” In court, where the bandit seems “remorseless,” a lawyer might prove the crime was “premeditated.” There are many more words by Shakespeare that are

commonplace in daily usage like “switch,” “bedroom,” “bump,” “hush,” and “generous.”

Sources can't seem to agree on exactly how many words Shakespeare coined, giving a range of numbers. According to David Crystal people build up Shakespeare to the point that anywhere from a quarter to half of the English language is attributed to him, “citing as evidence his coining of new words (such as assassination and courtship) and idiomatic phrases” (232). Obviously Shakespeare didn't forge such a great portion of the English language, but he still made considerable contributions. Crystal writes that “about 1700 are plausible Shakespearean inventions... and about half of them stayed in the language” (9), which is unparalleled. He goes on to write that what is seldom taken into consideration is Shakespeare's use of words. Several of his words were already in existence, just not in the way he used them. For example, the word “angel” in the sense of a divine messenger has been in use since the tenth-century; however, the first time it was used to refer to a person in the sense of a lovely being comes from *Romeo and Juliet*. In the

balcony scene *Romeo* says, “O, speak again, bright angel!” (2.1.68) Crystal also states that there are about 200 cases where the Bard alters a word's part of speech; he might have used a noun as a verb, a verb as an adjective, etc. It's not simply a matter of creating new words but also “new senses from existing words. Shakespeare, evidently, does both” (164).

As You Like It gave us the phrase “For ever and a day” (4.1.151) and words like “puking,” while plays like *Twelfth Night* prove it is possible to “laugh yourselves/ into stitches” (3.2.66-67). For one to do anything to their “heart's content” is to do it “to one's complete inner satisfaction” (Martin), which is a phrase that can be found in multiple Shakespearean texts but first appeared 1592 with *King Henry IV, Part II*. The scope of language in his works can be described as “monumental” (another Shakespearean invention) as still the list of words and phrases coined by the Bard, William Shakespeare, goes on and on.

It serves as the ultimate testament to the man that we still today utter many of his words and phrases in daily life. Perhaps that's the power of his craft. As the

intrepid time-traveler Doctor Who once said in "The Shakespeare Code," he crafted "Words, the right sound, the right shape, the right rhythm- words that last forever" (Roberts).

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City Life

Robert Bourland



Contributor Notes

Jeanette Blasius is a painter, photographer, sketch artist, Adobe Illustrator Designer, papercrafter, and prop-maker. She has been taking art classes for many years and is currently enrolled at Athens State University as a Graphic Design major. She is always searching for new art skills, and her goal is to have an open availability of many art skills so that she may create almost any kind of project.

Robert Bourland is an art student at Athens State University, and his work is featured on the Spring 2013 cover.

Ashley Castillo, daughter to Teri and Jerry Neu, was born December 14, 1985 and was raised in the small town of Morrill, Nebraska. Her mother instilled the love for art in Ashley at a young age. She began teaching her at the age of three to draw horses. She also met the love of her life, Andrew, when she was three years old. They later married in June 2003 and had three boys, Seth, Zavior, and Aiden. They now reside in Elkmont, AL, where she waits patiently to finish her BA in Art Studio. Her hobbies are painting, drawing, sculpture, and photography.

Maria Lofgren Coble is a senior majoring in English. She lives in Huntsville and plans to become a secondary English teacher. Her work appears in *Idol Musings* and *Idol Meanderings* (both edited by Sophie N. Childs). Her poetry and prose also appear in the *Birmingham Arts Journal*, *Muse* literary journal, and *The Athenian*. Her favorite authors include Joan Anderson, Elizabeth Berg, Octavia Butler, Orson Card, Martin Espada, Lisel Mueller, and Marge Piercy.

Kristi Coughlin, age 30, is an Athens native who teaches stringed instruments with the Huntsville Symphony, Athens State University's Lifelong Learning Center, and Huntsville's Railroad Bazaar. Kristi is deeply involved with her local community theater and is an avid theatre

goer. She is an aspiring author with most of her writing focused on poetry. She is also the mother of five children and is going for her liberal arts major with a minor in drama at Athens State University.

Alexanderia Easterling is a student at Athens State University.

Sharon Hamilton lives in Falkville with her husband and three sons. While attending Athens State University, she worked on campus in the Writing Center. Sharon graduated from Athens State University in December 2012 with a B.S. in Biology and currently manages an urgent care facility.

Richard B. Hoover established the Astrobiology Research Group at the NASA/Marshall Space Flight Center in 1998. He is currently Astrobiologist at Athens State University and Visiting Research Professor with the Centre for Astrobiology at the University of Buckingham in the United Kingdom. Richard B. Hoover joined the NASA/Marshall Space Flight Center in 1966 and began his scientific research in astrophysics and solar physics. He holds 12 US Patents for novel X-Ray Telescopes, Spectrometers, and Microscopes. He was selected NASA Inventor of the Year in 1992 for his Invention of the Water Window Imaging X-Ray Microscope.

Brooke Johnson is an English/Secondary Education major from Madison, AL. A native of Chattanooga, TN, she also holds a B.A. in Public Relations/Journalism from Lipscomb University (2002) and was a full-time Sports Journalist for eight years prior to enrolling at Athens State to pursue a teaching career. She is an advocate for quality writing and its emphasis in all content areas.

Jay Keller is an Art major at Athens State University and is expected to graduate in the Fall of 2013. His research interests feature the past as well as its impact on the present. Other interests include various forms of

story telling, like that of Shakespeare's, and using his own art to spin tales. He also enjoys drawing, caring for his animals, and watching movies with his family.

Robyn Locke is an Art major at Athens State University with a focus on graphic design and a minor in Art History. She graduated summa cum laude from Calhoun Community College in 2010 with two Associate of Applied Science Degrees in graphic design. She has exhibited work in the national juried art exhibition *Athens Voices*. Her interests include rock hunting, crafting, painting, and photography. She resides in Elkmont, Alabama with her husband and three children.

Bailey Lovell is a graduate of Athens State University.

A. Scott Michael is an English major and computer science minor. Prior to coming to Athens State University, he studied geography at the University of Kansas. He works at a local television station but does not own a television. His interests include creative writing and critical theory, particularly ecocriticism. He is also the Assistant Editor of *Athena's Web*.

Kathleen M. Padilla, also known as Kat, spent twenty years in the United States Navy as an Electronics Technician. Somehow fixing RADAR systems led her to believe she could become an English major and may also be the reason for her unhealthy addiction to structuralism. She is married to the most wonderful man in the world, Frank, and is often helped in her studies by Max and Lucy, the two smartest cats in Athens, Alabama. Her goal is to be a teacher with an emphasis on adult literacy and GED studies.

Kelton Lord Riley, Esq. is graduate of Samford University, with a B.A. in German and a minor in Spanish. As a current student of Athens State, he is pursuing his second Bachelors, this time in English (a language he has yet to master) and History. An undiscovered children's book author, Riley

is currently awaiting his first professional rejection letter. His interests include mimicking Oscar Wilde and appropriating titles of nobility he has not earned.

Travis Sharp is an English major at Athens State University with a minor in Drama. He is the creator and current Editor of *Athena's Web*. His main theoretical interests lie in gender studies and in the concept and condition of post-gender. Travis has worked as a paraprofessional in the Madison City school system and as a Writing Consultant in the Athens State University Writing Center. He is also the Stage Manager for the Athenian Players. He enjoys writing short fiction and rereading Amy Hempel's short story collections.

Tracy Szappan is earning a second degree in English to complement her previous degree in IT and multimedia. Her eventual goal is to work in technical writing and editing, and she is currently Assistant Editor of *Athena's Web*. Born in Michigan, she moved to the Huntsville area in 2005 with her husband and two children and now lives in Athens. Her hobbies vary with her mood, the day of the week, and the weather, but she mostly just enjoys creating things and studying language.

Tammy Tanner is an art student at Athens State University.

Michael Tarvin is currently pursuing a degree in English with a certificate for secondary education. He enjoys reading, writing, and spending time with his wife and daughter. His special interests include Eastern mythology, medieval literature, and the study of weapons from around the world.

Jonathan Tyler is a senior at Athens State majoring in English and will graduate this fall. Upon graduating, Jonathan plans to seek his M.A. at the University of North Alabama in order to teach literature at the college level. He also plans to see if his writing talent is good enough to have a

literary career on the side since teaching is his first love. Jonathan would like to thank his parents, Greg and Patricia, and his little sister, Whitney, for all the love and support they've given him all his life. He would also like to thank Morgan Griffin-Morgan for liking a poem he wrote at Calhoun so much she had to share it with her poetry professor, Dr. Kevin Dupre. And thanks to Dr. Dupre for emailing Jonathan to tell him how much he enjoyed the poem. It was the spark of confidence he needed to submit to this very publication.

George Williams is an assistant professor of biology at Athens State University. He is a native of Athens and a graduate of Athens State. His favorite courses to teach include marine biology, ornithology, mammalogy, invertebrate zoology, plant ecology, and advanced microscopy. He and his wife, Pat, have three sons and six grandchildren. His hobbies include spending time with family, watching his young grandchildren's ballgames, birding, sand collecting, collecting seashells, motorcycling, travelling, and sightseeing.

Michael Williamson is an English major at Athens State University.

Apryl Woodham is a student at Athens State University. She is planning to graduate summer semester 2013 with a bachelor's degree in biology. She has great interest in the research of diatoms, especially those that are fossilized from the cretaceous period. She thoroughly enjoyed working with Richard Hoover and Professor Williams in this research. She also loves studying biodiversity in wildlife biology and ecosystem maintenance.

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We accept both academic and creative work produced by College of Arts and Sciences students. As such, we welcome a wide range of submissions including research and analysis papers, case studies, short stories, essays, poems, photographs and photo essays, artwork, novel excerpts, short plays, and others. The submission deadline for the Summer 2013 semester is July 15.

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In order to be considered for publication, academic work must be submitted to the editors along with a faculty recommendation: when submitting academic work, note in the body of the email that you have discussed submitting the work with a faculty member. Submitted work can be a maximum of 15 double-spaced pages and must be formatted using the citation style appropriate to the content. Submit the work and the faculty recommendation to the editors at athenas.web@athens.edu.

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In the case of acceptance, the editors will send an email to your Athens State email address informing you of our decision. We will also request that you send in a small bio about yourself to be included in the

Contributor Notes section of the journal. You can include information such as your major, writing interests, hometown, favorite literature, or other appropriate personal information. Limit 75 words.

Note: Correspondence between contributors and the editorial staff is vital to the process. It is standard for the editorial staff to request approval from contributors before finalizing edits or any changes to submitted works. However, in the case of non-response by a contributor, the editorial staff has the capacity to go forward with changes to submissions that are deemed necessary to the improvement of the piece. Response to the editorial staff's request for approval is the responsibility of the contributor alone.

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Athena's Web will be hosting a cover page design contest each semester. Contestants will create an original artwork which will be used as the cover page for the journal for one issue. The only limitation of medium is that it must be capable of being saved as an image file or of being scanned. Photographs of student artwork are also acceptable. The artist will be credited on the Information page and will be listed as a contributor. All works entered into the contest will also be considered for publication in the journal.

Considerations:

All entries should display the title of the journal, *Athena's Web*, and should also display the subtitle, *A Journal of the College of Arts and Sciences*, in smaller font OR leave space for the addition of such. Use the font *Mistral*.

All entries should also display the semester and year of publication (Summer 2013).

Please submit entries as a .pdf or .jpg file.

Submit all entries to Athenas.Web@athens.edu. The subject line should read: Cover Design Contest Submission. Attach the file to the email. Also include the following information in the body of the email:

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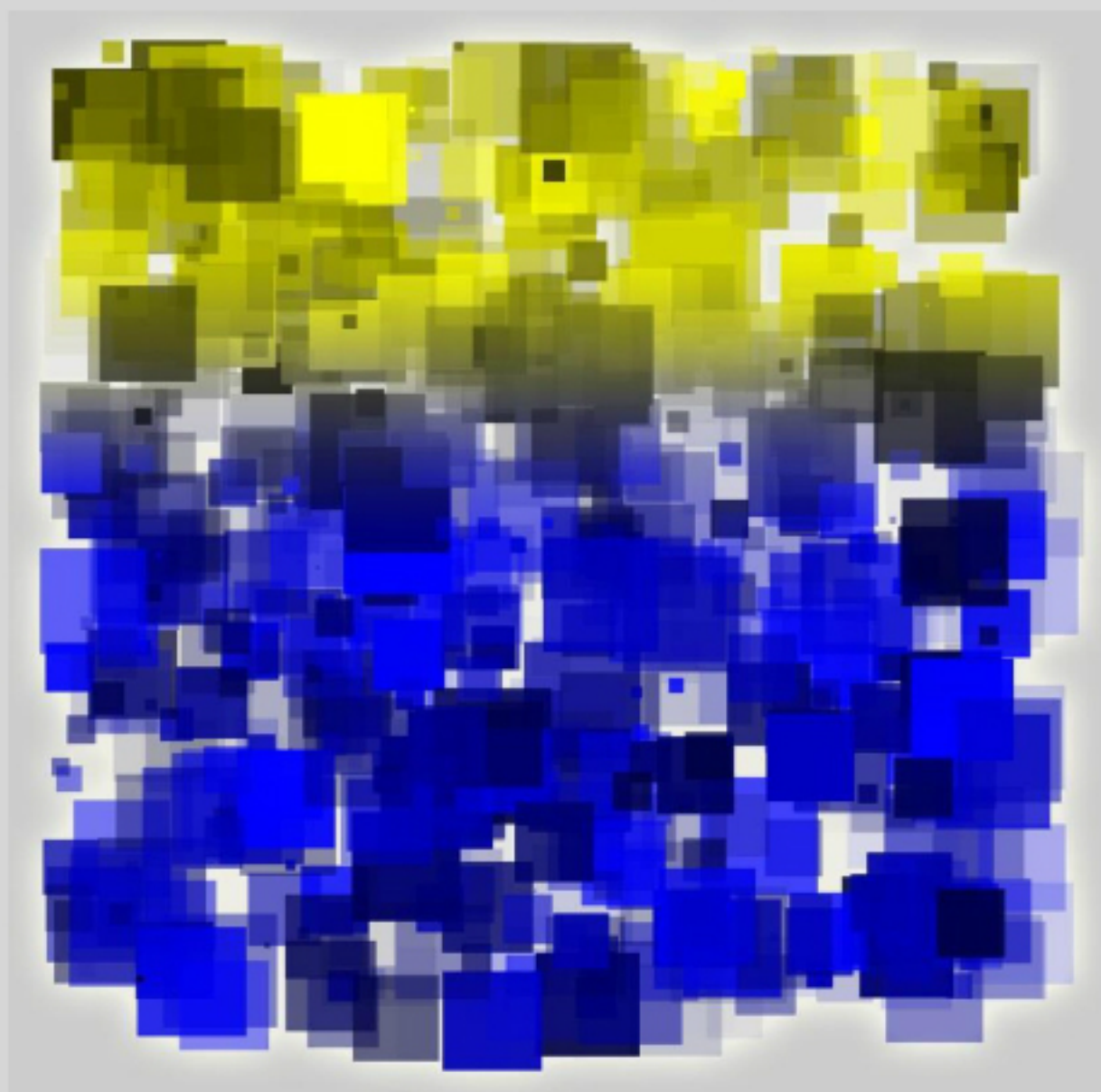


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