

LOYOLA MARYMOUNT UNIVERSITY  
*PRESENTS*

# ATTIC SALT

2016




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PRESENTS

ATTIC  
SALT

2016



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## **ATTIC SALT**

is an interdisciplinary journal which accepts submissions in any genre, form, or medium — original research, creative writing, videos, artworks, etc — from the entire LMU undergraduate and graduate community, published annually each spring.

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# EDITORS' LETTER

This year's edition of *Attic Salt* marks the end of our stewardship of the journal. For us, the co-Editors-in-Chief, our Assistant Editor, and our Media Editor, the chapter is coming to a close, as we are graduating and thus relinquishing the journal to a new set of hands. *Attic Salt* has been a defining part of our undergraduate careers at LMU, and we can look back and say we have developed something that we are proud of. From implementing a functioning online portion of the journal, to attending the National Collegiate Honors Conference to learn from the staff of other national journals, to increasing our distribution and reach to all parts of campus, we leave *Attic Salt* better than we found it, and couldn't ask for anything more gratifying than that.

In the following pieces we felt a unifying energy—something powerful, at times unsettling, and often even reflective of our own impending transitions. In some of this year's pieces, the past reflects something ugly, something to which we were once perhaps blind. In one piece, an ugliness resides in the very city the narrator inhabits, while another piece launches a critique of faceless war and the terror it exacts on distant populations. Some pieces register a disquiet about a mere object—a plastic cup, a cactus, a cartoon character—because these things find themselves imbued

with meaning, nagging and lingering like ghosts of the mind. Yet a spirit of rebellion permeates the words of these authors; they refuse to accept the hands they've been dealt, and they recognize the multiplicities of reality—nothing is set in stone. These authors inspire us with their determination and their charge towards the future, whether that future be escaping the suffocating clutches of an alcoholic parent or healing a human with waves of sound.

In the creation and publication of our final edition of the journal, we would first like to thank our staff members, without whom this journal would never have gone to press. We are also grateful for the guidance of our faculty adviser, Dr. Alexandra Neel. We want to thank the Honors Program of Loyola Marymount University, specifically Dr. Vandana Thadani, Dr. John Dionisio, and Sara Alongi, for their enduring support and enthusiasm for *Attic Salt*. Finally, we are thankful to Professor Garland Kirkpatrick for giving us the chance to work with the talented and creative Sean Eckhardt, who crafted the powerful and beautiful design of this year's journal.

And to our readers: we invite you to be stirred as you read through these pages.

Stay Salty,

THE ATTIC SALT EDITORS

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## NATHAN PIHL

is a senior Biochemistry major from Seattle, Washington. Besides photography, he enjoys traveling, biking, hiking, and pretty much anything that will distract him from doing homework. He sincerely hopes that you don't take life too seriously either.

**UNTITLED #3**  
**BY NATHAN PIHL**





Clouds rush toward us in late morning,  
Covering the piercing sun's sequential seconds.  
We reach from our fuselage,  
Attempt to peel away empty sky-screen wallpaper,  
Only for a moment, believing we are  
Ready to tackle another day before  
Another day.

Behold the apostolic criminal,  
Riding a pony of bones  
Through a metabolic race;  
His high systolic blood pressure  
Unsure of what the days  
Will purchase for a dollar.  
An alcoholic who frolics,  
A maverick who  
Keeps stupid things, seat pocket:  
The concupiscence cupcakes offer,  
Molten acrylic masterpieces,  
Omniscient revelations of the oracular Mirror.

On the other side of the blank paperless walls

She forgot the joy in Plumeria trees,  
Exchanged for subtle sounds  
Of Boardwalk creaks,  
A mouthful of lobster and chowder  
And secrets in the eaves.  
Others moan in that sanctuary,  
A cold song; Take action,  
Thrust through to find the other side.  
The solid wall's weight sags around her wrists  
Her hair melts into waterfalls of sorrel.  
Pinch the corners of her pillows  
In the ecstasies of spirituals, death being relief.

What more are we than this  
Inevitable concoction of a pair?  
We see nothing in Wednesdays.  
Rather, the natural garden  
Remains hidden from view  
Contaminated by our  
Careless smokes.

# THE SURREALIST'S WINDOW

BY MARGARET BUTTERFIELD

## MARGARET BUTTERFIELD

is a soon-to-be double alumna of LMU, currently agonizing over her Masters thesis on the genre of theological apocalyptic literature. When she is not focusing on eschatological crisis, she enjoys escaping into writing magical realist fiction and fanciful poetry, reading Dante, a good cup of jasmine green tea, and ambient chillstep music.



## JASON JOYCE

grew up in Cheyenne, Wyoming and now lives in Los Angeles, where he is in his last semester of LMU's MBA program. He co-owns the lifestyle clothing company Weekend Society, serves on the coaching staff for the LMU Lacrosse team, plays keyboard in the band The Rubbish Zoo, and is working on his first full-length collections of short stories and poetry.

You can follow @jasonrjoyce on Instagram for his latest adventures, and read previously published work at [jasonrjoyce.tumblr.com](http://jasonrjoyce.tumblr.com).

# PARANORMAL LOG OF THE BELFAST BED AND BREAKFAST BY JASON JOYCE

## PARANORMAL LOG FOR THE BELFAST BED & BREAKFAST GETTYSBURG, PA 2005

*April 15th*

The footsteps began again. Distinct boots passing overhead in the upstairs foyer.

It has been exactly two months since the Pennsylvania Paranormal Group conducted their investigation here, and this is the first sign of activity reoccurring.

*April 19th*

Sweaty tourists.

It is not yet summer.

*May 1st*

Hired a new housekeeper named Katherine. She swears to have seen two men with beards talking on the second floor balcony beside the hot tub.

~~What kind of parents can't spell Catherine the normal way?~~

*May 4th*

A retired accountant from Maine has taken up a summer long residence here to work on his novel. Every other visitor I meet is writing a novel.

*May 12th*

The retired accountant ties strings from his fingers to all of his important things at night so that no one can take them from him while he sleeps.

He will never be able to have more than ten essential objects in his life.

*May 20th*

I have learned that Katherine the housekeeper is attending the nearby community college to become a dental hygienist.

*May 30th*

It was five years ago today my husband Glenn drove his El Dorado into a lake and never came back. He was a determined soul.

*June 1st*

Today we begin wearing our period dress to build excitement for the battle reenactment next month. My dress is too short. You could follow my veins like longitude lines.

*June 3rd*

The spirits become more restless when they see us pretending to be them.

*June 21st*

I feel as though I've been in this house over a hundred years.

*June 28th*

If there were a tornado I would want to gather all the guests in the basement and play spin the bottle while we sat on the pool table.

*July 2nd*

The second day into the reenactment, Katherine the housekeeper has ruined our staged battle. During the high point of the afternoon, when the Confederates were beginning to fall back, she came out onto the field lugging the good vacuum cleaner. She couldn't figure out how to put a new bag in it.

*July 8th*

One of the dining room chandeliers fell today. It shattered atop the long mahogany table. It looks as though someone ripped it from the ceiling.

*July 12th*

I met a woman that enjoys writing poems and then having them glazed onto decorative plates. This is an expensive process she says, but how else can she be certain her words will outlast this weather.

*July 17th*

During front desk duty last night I tied a string from my finger to the front door in case I fell asleep.

I wasn't scared that someone would sneak in while I slept. I just wanted to know who was leaving.

# COLONIALISM AS VIOLENT PENETRATION

BY CATHERINE PERL

## CATHERINE PERL

is a senior History major with minors in Women's Studies and Theology. Her main historical interest is in the religious and intellectual history of medieval Spain, for which she plans to begin doctoral work after graduating from LMU. She spends most of her time in the History TA office, where she works with other History majors. When she is not on campus, she likes to hike, knit, read, and be around as many animals as possible.

When Europeans began to inhabit the land that they had been conquering since the late fifteenth century, they engaged in settler colonialism, which is a form of colonial power in which settlers make a home in a land that is already home to indigenous peoples.<sup>1</sup> Settler colonialism constructed Native lands and bodies as “rapable” by feminizing nature and naturalizing Native people in the context of a modern Western ontological binary which interpellated<sup>2</sup> Native lands and bodies as penetrable “others.” Native feminist praxis developed theories and strategies of resistance by forming organizations that were primarily anticolonial and that recognized the intersections of racism, heteropatriarchy, and environmental degradation in the struggle for sovereignty. In this paper, I work primarily with the scholarship of Anne McClintock and Traci Brynne Voyles to discuss historical and recent cases of colonial violence and native resistance.

Binaries are characteristically Western ways of conceptually organizing the world in opposing terms; they are understood in modern Western ontology to be universal, relational, oppositional, and hierarchical.<sup>3</sup> In this construction, the features on each side of the binary all come to be associated with each other, and those on one side are superior to and antagonistic toward those on the other side. For the purposes of examining settler colonialism, the binaries to focus on are gender and racial ones. On one side, maleness, whiteness, rationality, and dominance are all associated qualities; on the other side fall femaleness, non-whiteness, irrationality, and inferiority. These constructions caused European male colonists to understand themselves to be superior to Native people and consequently, to be entitled to capture and exploit those people and their land.

In order to reify these binaries and construct land as “rapable,” settler colonists participated in the feminization of nature. In 1492, Columbus constructed a geography of power<sup>4</sup> when he described what he thought was the earth’s shape by comparing it to the shape of a woman’s breast, with a nipple at the top toward which he was sailing.<sup>5</sup> In this way, Columbus feminized the earth; more specifically, he characterized it as something that produced nourishment in abundance for him to consume. Furthermore, he eroticized the earth because in Western constructions of gender, women’s breasts were associated with sexual reproduction, and non-Western lands were associated with “monstrous sexuality.”<sup>6</sup> By depicting the earth as a distinctly feminine, erotic, and fertile body part, all of which were features of the inferior side of the binary, Columbus constructed the earth as exploitable by male conquerors.

While Columbus’s description conjures the image of a map in the mind of the reader, the rhetoric of settler colonialism provokes a more specific visualization of nature as feminine. “Explorers called unknown lands ‘virgin’ territory,”<sup>7</sup> and they imagined those lands to be simultaneously passive and wild, inviting penetration by and insemination with male dominance. Although passivity and wildness are seemingly oppositional, they both fall on the same inferior side of the binary because their opposites, agency and disciplined rationality, are on the dominant side. The construction of the land as “virginal” on the part of settler colonists also meant that indigenous people could not claim territorial rights,<sup>8</sup> since, according to colonial thought, no one had penetrated the land before those colonists. The imaginary void of human (and specifically masculine) presence and rationality, which constituted set-

set- tler colonial discourse about unfamiliar land, served to construct that land as feminine and inviting of rational male dominance.

When colonists began to explore the lands they encountered, they described them as either abundantly reproductive or as barren. Both terms are deeply gendered, and they indicate a colonial construction not only of nature as feminine, but also of the feminine as valuable exclusively for male consumption. In colonial New England, settlers participated in a “discourse of abundance” which featured myths of a “land without labor” and a year-long “strawberry time.” This discourse created an assumption among potential colonists that they would be able to live for a time on the bounty of the land.<sup>9</sup> Given that reproduction, which was characterized by notions of physical abundance and a nurturing nature, was associated with the feminine, the lure of settler colonial discourse to penetrate the land was based on the feminization of that land.

In contrast with abundance discourse, settlers in the southwest participated in “wasteland discourse,” which is the cultural construction of certain landscapes as barren and deserted, and consequently as marginal and worthless.<sup>10</sup> As a result of this discourse, deserts have been the sites of environmentally destructive industries.<sup>11</sup> Since the word “barren” can refer to an infertile woman as well as to seemingly infertile land, and since both women and wasteland are inferior “others” in the binary,<sup>12</sup> wasteland discourse feminizes nature and justifies its exploitation. To refer to land in either positive or negative terms of female reproduction is to imply that both land and women’s bodies are only valuable in their ability to reproduce for male consumption and for the perpetuation of a male-dominated society. The feminization of familiar and unfamiliar

land in terms of the binary of oppression was to construct all land as “rapable.” To complete that construction, settler colonists needed to naturalize the people native to that land.

The naturalization of Native peoples is most evident in the colonial myth of empty land. To characterize land as “virginal” was to claim that no one had yet entered it and that it was devoid of human (again, specifically male) presence. However, colonists spreading this myth had to wrestle with the problem that the lands they were describing were “visibly peopled.”<sup>13</sup> To solve this problem, colonial discourse constructed Native people as being part of the landscape, and by consequence, as not being fully human. Simply ignoring their presence in colonial discourse had already relegated Native peoples to their position as part of nature because, according to the binary, humanity and nature are oppositional. Therefore, the absence of humans in “virgin” land discourse by necessity labeled Native people as part of nature rather than humanity.

When colonial discourse did recognize the existence of Native peoples, it characterized that existence as bestial, irrational, and permanently primitive. European travel lore featured “visions of the monstrous sexuality of far-off lands, where...women consorted with apes, [and] feminized men’s breasts flowed with milk.”<sup>14</sup> These racialized gender constructions feminized Native men and suggested that Native women engaged in bestiality; such constructions horrified Europeans because they polluted the binary which clearly separated humans and animals, and male and female biologies. Further, the mythical trope of the Native cannibal served to shock Europeans and to invite racialized violence<sup>15</sup> because of their fear of being “engulfed by the unknown.”<sup>16</sup> The cannibal trope also crossed boundaries on the

binary because it blurred the distinctions between human and animal and between the consumer and the consumed. By depicting Native peoples as cannibalistic, as Theodore Galle did in an engraving titled “America” around 1600,<sup>17</sup> he interpellated them as being wildly irrational and animalistic, and consequently, as in need of taming, rationalizing, and humanizing by means of the violent penetration of colonialism.

Finally, European colonial rhetoric described Native peoples as “the living embodiment of the archaic ‘primitive’” and as existing “in a permanently anterior time within the geographic space of the modern empire as ‘anachronistic humans,’” effectively “spatializ[ing] Time.”<sup>18</sup> European colonialism was based on the notion that “human history can be imaged as naturally teleological, an organic process of upward growth, with the European as the apogee of progress.” Since primitiveness, proximity to nature, and pre-modernness were associated with the lack of progress, and since all of those features fell on the inferior side of the binary, European rhetoric constructed Native lives as in need of the “progress”<sup>19</sup> which colonialism inserted violently.

Although Native peoples have resisted European settler colonialism since it began, one of the most cohesive and intersectional Native environmental justice movements has been the struggle by Native women activists against uranium mining in Navajo land. This struggle took place in the context of the Red Power Movement and the American Indian Movement which emerged in the 1970s and fought for Native sovereignty and environmental justice. The Navajo women activists recognized the intersectionality of their oppression by positing “their work as, first and foremost, anticolonial, paying heed to the gender and sexual implications

of the process of colonization.”<sup>20</sup> European settlers had colonized and destroyed Navajo land and bodies by designating them as “wastelands,” by forcing Navajo people into the wage labor of extracting toxic minerals from the land, and by imposing European standards for gender relations on Navajo society.

Navajo women activists recognized the racist, heteropatriarchal, and environmentally degrading nature of colonialism, and they attacked those intersectional injustices primarily by engaging in legal struggles against the federal government and uranium companies and by testifying to the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights.<sup>21</sup> Their struggles targeted the racism of colonialism because the activists attempted to achieve justice for the exploitation they faced since they were non-white “others” on the inferior, “rapable” side of the binary. Simply by asserting their existence and their humanity, they fought their colonial interpellation as non-human parts of nature. Navajo women targeted heteropatriarchy by asserting the political legitimacy and agency they had according to traditional Navajo gender roles. They had been forced to assimilate into the European heteropatriarchal family model, which had made them more dependent on their husbands and more vulnerable to domestic violence and to economic destitution upon their husbands’ deaths.<sup>22</sup> By refusing to accept the European construction of women as passive, invisible, and obedient to husbands, they asserted their sovereign identities as women and as Navajos, thereby polluting the binary which required assimilation to white heteropatriarchy.

While the broadest cause for Navajo women’s resistance was colonialism, they were driven immediately by the environmental degradation wrought by uranium mining. This degradation dispropor-

tionately affected Navajo women,<sup>23</sup> making it a convergence of environmental racism and sexism. Native feminists' praxis in asserting their humanity, their social and political sovereignty, and their right to health was the culmination of their resistance as it was based on the recognition of and opposition to intersecting forms of colonial violence.

As part of the Red Power and American Indian Movements, Native women across the country participated in intersectional anticolonial resistance which they situated in opposition to "a national context of sexually violent colonial practices, where the frontier, like the concept of 'Nature' in general, is constructed as feminine, and colonial ventures into it are 'penetrations' that can be understood as deeply sexualized acts of violence against the natural environment and indigenous peoples alike."<sup>24</sup> Native women activists' understanding of the feminization of land and the naturalization of Native peoples as the bases for sexualized colonial violence indicates that they recognized colonialism to be the normalized and extended rape of people and land made acceptable by the reification of colonial binaries.

### Footnotes

1. Traci Brynne Voyles, *Wastelanding: Legacies of Uranium Mining in Navajo Country* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2015), 7.
2. According to cultural theorist, Peter Brooker, interpellation "describes the process by which ideology addresses the individual." Peter Brooker, *A Glossary of Cultural Theory* (New York: Oxford University Press, Inc., 2002).
3. Voyles, "Women and Environmental Justice," Lecture, 2/23/15.
4. Anne McClintock, "The Lay of the Land: Genealogies of Imperialism," in *Imperial Leather: Race, Gender, and Sexuality in the Colonial Conquest* (London: Routledge, 1995), 23.
5. Ibid., 22-23.
6. Ibid., 22.
7. Ibid., 24.
8. Ibid., 30.
9. Voyles, Lecture, 2/27/15.
10. Ibid., 3/13/15.
11. Voyles, *Wastelanding*, 8.
12. Ibid., 9.
13. McClintock, "The Lay of the Land," 31.
14. Ibid., 22.
15. Voyles, Lecture, 3/25/15.
16. McClintock, "The Lay of the Land," 27.
17. Ibid., 25.
18. Ibid., 30, 37.
19. Ibid., 37.
20. Voyles, *Wastelanding*, 144.
21. Ibid., 146-147.
22. Ibid., 126, 143, 148.
23. Ibid., 138.
24. Ibid., 149.

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- McClintock, Anne. "The Lay of the Land: Genealogies of Imperialism," in *Imperial Leather: Race, Gender, and Sexuality in the Colonial Conquest*. London: Routledge, 1995.
- Voyles, Traci Brynne. "Women and Environmental Justice." Lectures, Loyola Marymount University, Los Angeles, CA. Spring 2015.
- Voyles, Traci Brynne. *Wastelanding: Legacies of Uranium Mining in Navajo Country*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2015.



## ALI IMANI

is a senior Biology major at LMU, excited by health technologies and all things startup. During his sophomore year, while building the first prototype ultrasonic levitator in his dorm room, Ali was simultaneously leading an effort to raise a venture capital fund for student founders. More recently, Ali helped an LA renewable energy startup, CAGIX, in raising \$1.2M in seed financing. Currently, he is working with Dr. Nancy Fujishige to genetically engineer an edible Chickenpox vaccine into a tomato, while also working with Dr. Hossein Asghari to build an iPhone based blood glucose meter. In his free time, Ali is an avid skier, devout bibliophile, and mediocre chef.

# ULTRASONIC BIO-LEVITATION

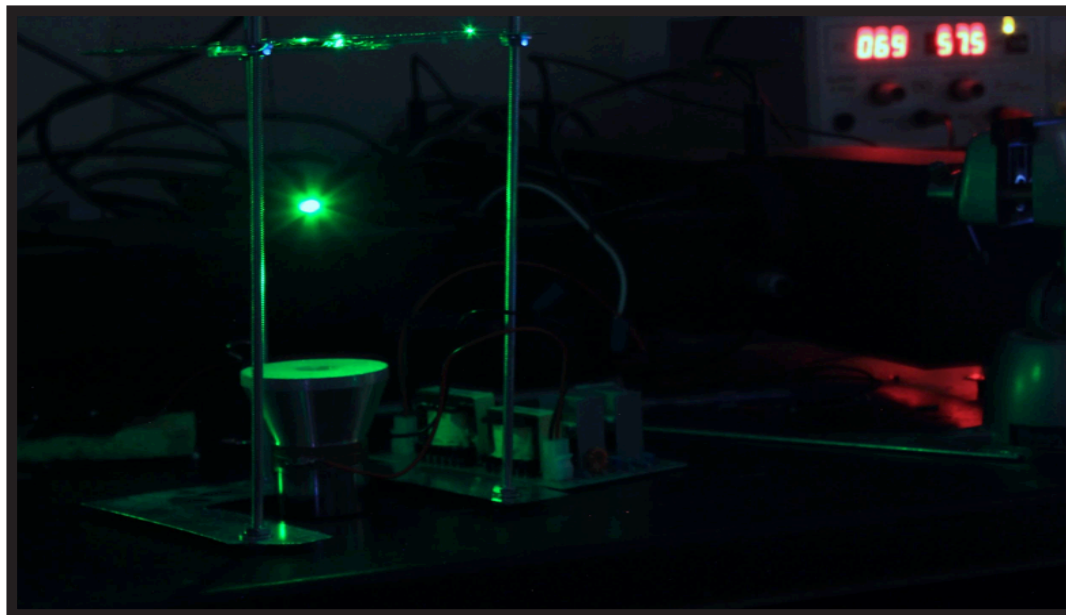
BY ALI IMANI

*The following is an excerpt. To see the work in full please visit [www.atticsaltmu.com](http://www.atticsaltmu.com)*

Ultrasonic levitation is a phenomenon driven by the reflection of an ultrasonic wave perpendicular to its angle of incidence, resulting in the formation of a standing wave. At the nodes of this standing wave ( $\lambda/2$ ), pressure differentials within the ambient medium allow for the levitation of objects.

Basically, this means that when sound is bounced back on itself, it forms a figure-eight form. When this beam of sound is refined, points of levitation can be established.

A proof of concept prototype low-power levitator was successfully built in the spring of 2014, dubbed the “Lion 1.” A 100W ultrasonic transducer emitting a 40kHz frequency powered the Lion 1, delivering a wave with a 20 micron amplitude (figure 1).



*figure 1*  
Lion I  
Ultrasonic  
Levitator  
suspending a  
polystyrene  
sphere

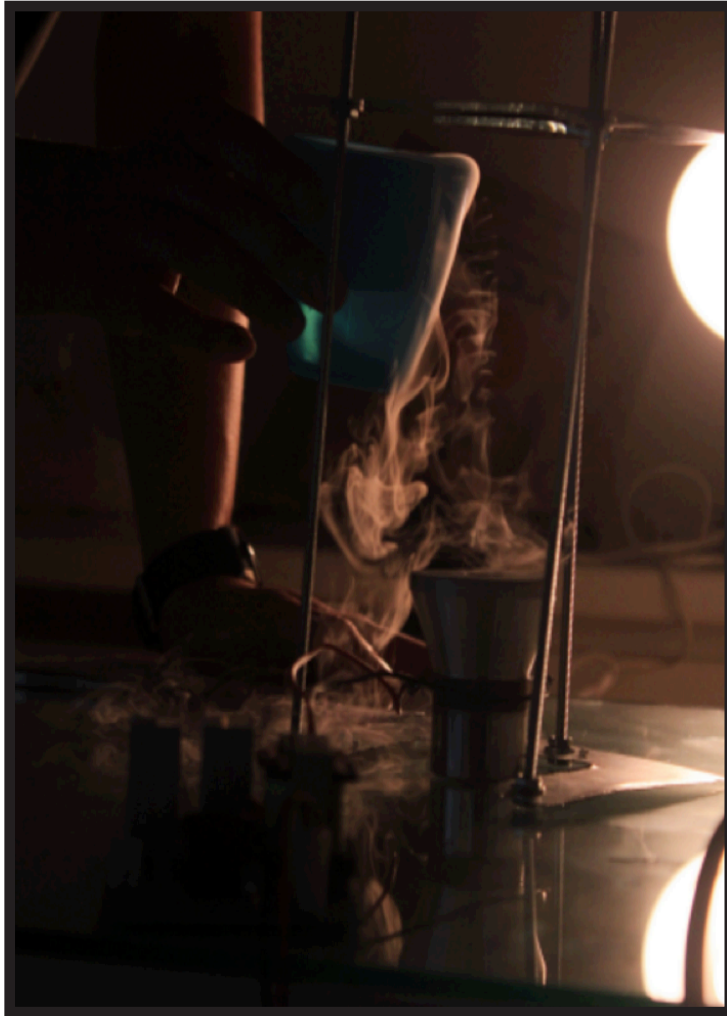
The aim of Ultrasonic Bio-Levitation (UBL) was to develop a non-invasive device designed to manipulate objects within humans using high-power ultrasound based levitation. More specifically, this device would not only allow for the physical movement of objects inside people, but will also have the ability to increase drug absorption within cancerous cells. In a sense, the UBL device would act as a pair of non-contact tweezers for inside the body. The defining characteristic of this new device would be power.

Transnodal pressurized volume, proportional to power, can be described by an integral I've written, where  $\Sigma$  is equal to transnodal pressurized volume in meters cubed is equal to the wavelength of the ultrasonic wave in meters, and  $A$  is equal to the amplitude of the ultrasonic wave in meters.

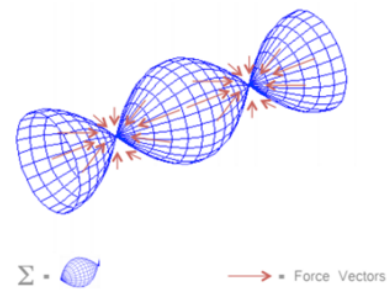
Given the definition of this power function, and with the help of numerous CEOs, PhDs, & experts

within the ultrasonic industry, preliminary designs for the more powerful biolevitator were completed in summer of 2014, dubbed the "Lion Alpha" BioLevigator. This device was calculated to be 40X more powerful than its predecessor, and designed with two distinct purposes: A) moving objects within people, without touching them, and B) increasing drug absorption within targeted areas through cellular membrane permeability enhancement. This would in turn amplify a variety of drug treatments, with specific aptitude to cancerous regions.

Although the biolevitator was never constructed, its implications remain outstanding. Non-contact, high intensity focused ultrasound (HIFU) therapies are already being used to destroy superficial cancers in US hospitals; it's a matter of time until standing waves techniques can be similarly adapted.



*Figure 2.*  
Points of levitation as  
shown by CO2 gas



*Figure 3.*  
Integral  
describing  $\Sigma$

$$\Sigma = \pi \int_0^{\frac{\lambda}{2}} (A \sin(t))^2 dt$$

*Figure 4.*  
Visual depiction of  
 $\Sigma$  in sound beam

## **SOFIA LEGGIO**

a graduating senior English and French double major. She likes reading, writing, being outdoorsy, and chatting. She will be moving to New York in the fall to serve with the Jesuit Volunteer Corps, and will surely take advantage of LA beaches this summer.

# 4TH PERIOD

BY **SOFIA LEGGIO**

Ok guys I'm handing them out now, you can start as soon as you get it. Good luck and come and ask me if you have any questions.

*she said we can start right? name first ok ok ok here we go,*

*Chromosomes are located in a nucleus in which of the following?*

- I. Viruses*
- II. Prokaryotes*
- III. Eukaryotes*

*fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckityfuckity fuck*

*I don't know. shit I should know this one it's the first fucking question ok just move on why is she even asking about viruses we didn't do viruses this quarter god I just wanna get this done I have so much other stuff I have to finish before Monday and ok Meiosis of a diploid cell results in—easy four haploid cells ok I got this maybe this isn't so bad just push on through keep on truckin ease on down ease on down the roooooad shut up no Wiz right now this is no time for show tunes numberrr thrrree Which of the following best describes the primary function of chlorophyll in an organism? well it's uh how they get energy soooo, yeah c. c. looks right ok next*

-----

*Human blood pressure data, such as 120/82, provide which of the following kinds of information?*

- A. The force needed to open the heart valves*
- B. The force of the atrial contractions*
- C. The pressure of the blood against the walls of the arteries*
- D. The pressure of the blood as it travels in veins*
- E. The rate of blood flow in the aorta*

*C. This is so stupidly easy I don't know why I'm even in this class I could be teaching it. Yep..yeah...ok that one... it's B...C...B...A...D...ceeee? Okay that one's kinda hard. No, yeah it is C, because we did that thing on uh zones of physiological stress, yeah stress this is dumb she always gives us dumb questions. She should have just listened to me it would have been over already she never listens to me I mean I guess I love her she is just so damn annoying always*

wants things from me B D C A fuck all of this we're only seventeen I wanted to move for school she can't make me stay here C C D B this isn't even my problem though is it I always handle everything hold everyone's hand through everything A B B A she should have been more careful

-----

goddamn ms. finch is looking fine today I love when she wears that little red polka dot blouse fuck her tits are insane in it ok chromosomes are located in my pants...C meiosis of a dipshit cell ah who cares anyway I'm staying here after graduation anyway B maybe Carly will too I could get with that for sure, she's kind of a slut but she's hot and she's definitely not smart enough for college gotta start planning now my son plan for your future ha yeah that's what I'm doing pops planning way ahead D

-----

why does this test have to be on chromosomes and genetics and blood it's not funny, God, okay? I'm not ready for this at all I mean I know this stuff but I can't focus ugh I'm always getting shit I'm not ready for he doesn't have any idea what this is like for me. I don't care what meiosis of a diploid cell results in just circle shit and turn it in A B B A D C C D B A D I've got actual problems I have to work out D C A D C C A A A B C D B A D why is he acting like this is a surprise anyway D A B C it's equally his problem he pushed me to do it. I wasn't ready B A D B A D B A D

Ok, guys. You have ten minutes left. Now's probably a good time to start looking over your answers to make sure you read through the whole question carefully. There are some tricky ones in there. If you finish before time, please just sit quietly and wait for everyone else.

aww c'mon finchy I'm not even close to done. why don't you come over and help me finish ha ha

-----

ahhh ok ok circle yeah yeah that one good yeah yeah yeah right cool

-----

why do teachers always say that? no one ever actually goes through every question again. if you didn't do it right the first time, you're not gonna get it the second time around ok? that's what I should have told her. maybe I will after we get out. I'll tell her lunch

-----

they don't care about this test, angie. you should have given them more time on the unit they're all freaked out about graduating and getting into schools remember how scared you were as a senior? you really aren't cut out to be a teacher oh shut up stop telling yourself that you're doing fine everyone's first year is hard. but is it supposed to be this hard? I feel like everyone else is settled and happy and im single and teaching to kids who don't want to be here. I'm afraid im setting them up for failure I just want to make a difference in their lives. I really do care about them. well mostly. that CJ is a little prick. God I'd love to fail him shouldn't be hard though he never turns anything in on time. oh shit, time!

Aaand pencils down. Please come drop your tests off at my desk and have a good weekend

# CANTO 12.5 - COMIC VIOLENCE

BY KATARINA KLASK

## KATARINA KLASK

is a senior Animation major and a Computer Science/Dance/Studio Arts triple minor from San Jose, California. She had a wonderful time learning about Dante Alighieri's *Divine Comedy* last semester and is delighted that her playful condemnation of famous animated characters in the style of *Inferno* made it into *Attic Salt*. She aspires to one day be able to swing all the way across the monkey bars.



1           As Nessus retreated whence he came, I stumbled,  
2 for a shade that my eyes had not yet seen blocked my  
3 path.

4           In a flash, my good master prevented my fall,  
5 which, had it developed into a complete descent into the  
6 soil, would have marked the end of me.

7           A sharp frame akin to those that encompass great  
8 paintings surrounded the shade, while four and twenty  
9 sharp scraps of scrolls devoured its skin, which  
10 was marked every which way with deep, ruby  
11 wounds; and it became apparent that my ears should  
12 have recognized its presence before my feet.

13          When restricted, a body of water forces its way  
14 through its captor's most fragile outlet and pours out in  
15 excess until no more pressure remains:

16          So too a noise that shook the soul's shoulders  
17 and rattled its chest forced its way through its mouth  
18 with every bite the angry papers took.

19          I must have looked puzzled, as I did not  
20 recognize the noise, for my wise teacher interjected his  
21 voice into my silence.

22          "Make not that face," he said. "This sound often  
23 escapes the joyous living above, only it has been twisted  
24 past the point of recognition in this realm below."

25          I pondered my master's truth. The more I  
26 listened, the more I understood that this shade, as well as  
27 his tortured neighbors, were laughing,

28          but in a way that was as uncontrollable as an  
29 endless stream of water that had the power to make them  
30 all gasp for air and bleed at the lips.

31          "These cackling, convulsing souls suffer for  
32 making joyous the pain of others," continued my master  
33 as he gestured towards their figures.

34          Their shapes resembled those of humans mixed  
35 with other creatures, and it must have been by some  
36 other form of divine punishment that their features were  
37 exaggerated to the point of deformation; their  
38 eyes large and unnaturally round, their bodies gummy  
39 and bendy, their heads too fat, their limbs too thin.

40          Their facades varied as much as one artist's pen

work to another's so much so that for a time I was convinced that I was surrounded by living drawings.

"I am drawn out of curiosity to speak to one of them and to know their story, for, despite each soul's animated nature, I recognize not one of them.

That one there, with the face of a mouse, lets loose a guffaw that drowns out the rest. If I introduce myself, will he let loose speech as well?" I asked.

My teacher smiled and replied: "We shall see, for I am not familiar with these characters either. Let us not stop our motion until we reach him."

I placed myself in front of the mouse man, but I could tell from his uncontrollable squeaks that he was not aware of my presence.

I began: "Oh wretched soul, who were you in your living days and why have you secured such a miserable fate for yourself?"

I did not think the soul had heard, for nothing revealed itself through his voice. But slowly, an audible effort sank in-between his lips and into the miserable air.

"Up there, in the world above, I was a cherished family name; it was I who first brought joy to countless people through the medium of moving drawings.

For a time, I had no voice by which to speak my own name; therefore only my actions could convey my earliest stories."

His speech halted and gave way to a more drastic burst of laughter, accompanied by coughing and burning tears. I had never before seen such a twisted face,

its pained expression should have matched those of Medusa's most grotesque statues had they been allowed to continue moving.

He struggled to suppress his chuckles, and he continued: "My first name was Steamboat Willie, and since then I have been known as Mickey.

In hard times, I found that audiences were most easily cheered by the pain of others, and so I sought to create joy for the multitude at the expense of the few.

I lived for the laughter, but now here I die by it. I would ask if you had landed here by the same fate, but

81 by your looks you do not appear to belong.”  
82 He sputtered in agony as the laughter yet again  
83 became more violent, and I took this as a plea for a well  
84 needed pause.  
85 I turned my gaze to face other writhing creatures  
86 that together created a silly symphony of unyielding  
87 vocal distress.  
88 I thought to ask about the more notable figures,  
89 but before I could turn back to face that aching mouse,  
90 he began to speak of his own accord:  
91 “Don’t tell the tale of my torture down here  
92 when you return to the land of the living, for I sense by  
93 your shadow that’s where you still belong.  
94 But if you must make my current state known,  
95 do not leave out my companions and their parts in  
96 securing their own fates.  
97 At one walk cycle straight ahead lies Jerry the  
98 mouse, who made children laugh at horrible atrocities  
99 that he bestowed upon his neighbor, Tom.  
100 So too did Road Runner and Bugs Bunny  
101 endlessly torture their targets in search of laughter, but  
102 now their own laughter endlessly tortures them.  
103 Those three yellow fiends, the bird, rat, and  
104 sponge, all caused pain to others who already suffered  
105 for reasons they refused to see.  
106 And all of these, including myself, chose to  
107 maim, scar, and distress others of our kind to fulfill  
108 desires that would make us smile.”  
109 And smile he did, though it resembled no smile  
110 born out of joy. But, like a full moon that quickly wanes,  
111 it soon gave way to the howling from before.  
112 I turned back to my teacher, who asked, “Have  
113 you gleaned enough knowledge for us to move on? We  
114 have much to see within the coming hours.”  
115 I nodded and turned left to follow him safely  
116 through the field of unknown souls, for they still left me  
117 at a loss.  
118 Though close in space, they felt far away in time,  
119 and I doubted that I would see more of their kind once I  
120 had departed from their ring in hell.

## Notes

4. *In a flash*: Adobe Flash is a commonly used animation software.

7-9. *A sharp frame ... four and twenty sharp scraps of scrolls*: In film, each still image is called a frame. Animations are played at twenty four frames per second.

33. *gestured towards their figures*: Figure drawing and gesture drawing are two common exercises for animators. Figure drawing refers to any drawing done of the human figure from life, and gesture drawing refers to a quick drawing from life that seeks to capture the action in a model's pose.

51. *stop our motion*: Stop motion is a type of animation in which still objects are repetitively photographed and moved so that they appear to be moving when the photos are placed in a sequence and played at twenty four frames per second.

60. *sank ... his lips*: Lip sync is a technique in animation that refers to using drawn or formed mouths to match pre-recorded speech and/or sounds.

60. *in-between his lips*: In-betweens are an animation term for the drawings that go between the main poses in any animated action.

64-66. *I had no voice ... only my actions could convey my earliest stories*: Mickey Mouse's first short, *Steamboat Willie*, was released in 1928 and it had sound, but the characters did not actually speak. The first time Mickey spoke was in 1929 in *The Karnival Kid*. His first words were "hot dogs."

86. *silly symphony*: The name of Disney's early collection of cartoons that were set to music.

97. *walk cycle*: A technical animation term for the drawings that can be infinitely looped to make a character walk.

103-104. *three yellow fiends, the bird, rat, and sponge*: Tweety Bird from *Looney Toons* and *Merry Melodies*, Pikachu from *Pokémon*, and Spongebob from *Spongebob Squarepants*.

## JESSICA AQUINO

is a junior Biology major and English minor from Sun Valley, California. A fan of T. S. Elliot and Emily Dickinson, Jessica initially brushed aside her interest in poetry to focus more on Biology. She is no stranger to writing, however, as she finished 2nd place in the Freshmen Academic Research Paper Contest here at Loyola Marymount University. After attending an English poetry class, Jessica reignited her passion for poetry and writing and has continued to write ever since.

# SCRABBLE WAS THE COUP DE GRACE OF PHILIPPINE SUMMERS BY JESSICA AQUINO

Scrabble was the coup de grâce of Philippine Summers

His name is the murmur of rain on a tin roof,  
the breath of wind chimes at dawn,  
the *purrr* of a jacket zipper,  
the crunch of gravel underfoot.  
A name too wild and delicate  
to say out loud.  
With a voice that only mumbles and fumbles honest words.

Ears, his ears,  
that bloom open like roses and  
burn like stargazer lilies.  
Calloused hands that whip chicken scratch into sketches dying  
to jump into this life.  
Hands lay down the 70-point Scrabble tiles  
and feed quarters to the Big Blue  
carousel for that hour-long ride.  
Feet to keep mine warm from the Marina chill  
Feet beat in time while M\*A\*S\*H 4077th explodes  
in shells of confetti.  
A mind that works and works,  
in a million different ways.  
A mind meant for shaking hands  
midday meetings  
6:00 am coffee  
shifting, planning, alert and aware  
in a million ways

*Wait, where'd we leave the car again?*

That straight nose, that Boy Scout nose that steals  
the air straight from my lungs.  
That Adam's apple yo-yo's with every joke,  
every new idea erupting like lava,  
the sky opening up under an observatory,  
unclenched fists with three little freckles  
in the middle of his palms,  
like ink blots on the wall,

Hands that fill mine like water poured into a cup  
full of stones.  
Lips that hide my secrets and tempt me  
with new ones to keep.  
Lips that drive me so far from a mind  
that's become a dusty vacation home.  
Adoring with eyes like the ocean  
after a storm but before a sunrise.

And from that mouth that makes any laugh  
bubble through my lips,  
or wrings tears out of me like a ragdoll after rain,  
  
comes that same pitter patter against the roof.  
*As— You— Wish—*

## IAN MILLER

is a senior Psychology major and Art History minor. He has developed a strong appreciation for the historical significance of art and artistic movements. In addition, his psychology background has prompted his investigation into the psychological effects of events and their implication on artists' lives and works. Easily fascinated, Ian continues to explore different realms of psychology, art history, and history, influencing his interdisciplinary approach to research.

# DELIVERING HUMANITY FROM THE MENACE OF WAR: COMMEMORATING WEIMAR BY IAN MILLER

*The following is an excerpt. To see the work in full please visit [www.atticssaltmu.com](http://www.atticssaltmu.com)*

*“Memory is heavily contested terrain. Long after a drama has ended, long after the actors have departed, the audience, and the audience’s descendants, debate the drama’s meanings.”<sup>1</sup>*

Defeat in World War I plagued German society with uncertainty, resentment, and despair on a long road to recovery. In the midst of a collapsing Empire, Germans’ call for democracy, equality, and unity prompted the embattled country to begin its ascent as the Weimar Republic. Politically, socially, and culturally, Weimar was a place of thriving new ideals competing with more traditionalist standards. Cultural movements flourished in this atmosphere and produced new concepts of artistic, cinematic, and literary devices that portrayed Weimar in different ways. Within this vigorous culture, however, lay underpinnings of death and grief that manifested in various forms. Members of veterans groups and political parties memorialized and sometimes even glorified the loss of German soldiers through ceremonies and other commemorative demonstrations. By contrast, prominent artists such as Otto Dix, Max Thalmann, and Käthe Kollwitz critically depicted the death of soldiers and civilians of Germany. Accordingly, these multifaceted outlets for

ideologies and sentiments fashioned a unique death and mourning culture within Weimar Germany that filled emotional voids and eased the pain of war, but subsequently reflected the ways in which the memory of the war was itself contested terrain.

The times of revolution and instability in Weimar’s newborn stage facilitated open questioning of the devastated nation’s involvement in the war. *Why did we fight it? How do we deal with this total loss? What was my son killed for? Is the preciousness of human life lost?* The death and mourning culture attempted to bring meaning to each of these questions and, in doing so, offer consolation to citizens of Weimar at a most personal level. As Jay Winter writes, anyone approaching the cultural history of the war who does not acknowledge the private, solitary level of the search for meaning cannot understand what was at the heart of war for millions:

“Their war was imprinted with the wrenching experience of loss, the ‘meaning’ of which was sought at least as much in the existential as in the artistic or political spheres. It is true that the Great War introduced political issues to every dimension of social life, but some issues in wartime were both political and more than political.”<sup>2</sup>

Winter’s statement expresses the greater cultural issue of the mourning process by empha-



sizing the importance of understanding the cultural history of Weimar Germany through an understanding of the meaning of wartime losses. Bereavement, he argues, offered closure to German people and served as one of the most diverse aspects of Weimar culture, with different people ascribing different political and cultural meanings to the war. This diversity is seen in large-scale political ceremonies and extravagant processions that glorified the fallen and also worked to advance partisan ideologies and influence memories of the war. Contrarily, on more personal levels, artists worked to answer the questions and convey the critiques that they and their German kin shared.

Weimar society showed no reservations in expressing its dissatisfaction with the First World War. More than any other aspect in Weimar culture, war commemoration stoked vibrant debate in the political realm. The Weimar Republic was born in a time of ideological conflict, and the competition among communists, socialists, centrists, and conservatives fashioned Weimar into a uniquely chaotic country, emerging in a broader context of cultural change. Subsequently, discrepancies arose in respect to how fallen soldiers were remembered, resulting in a wide variety of political war commemorations. For groups such as the Reichsbanner, an organization ideologically affiliated with the Social Democratic party (SPD) and largely comprised of anti-war ex-servicemen, war memorials served a purpose greater than remembering the lost. These memorials functioned as platforms for survivors of the war to “frame the meaning of the past and connect the fallen to political collectives of the present” and simultaneously advance anti-war sentiments.<sup>3</sup> They defined the legacy of war and its victims in an attempt to “reinstat[e] the dignity of the individual,

which was a pertinent task, given the fact that the ‘radical devaluation of the individual’ was one of the most substantial effects of mass death in the First World War.”<sup>4</sup> As an organization primarily comprised of war veterans, the Reichsbanner placed great importance on the dignity of the individual. In doing so, it also criticized militaristic principles and pushed for peace. The veterans did not simply address the viciousness faced by German soldiers, but also memorialized fallen enemies, for they had endured many of the same hardships. It is evident that loss of human life took precedent over loss of territory or ideological influence.

Commemoration did not always come easily, however. The Reichsbanner often encountered opposition from opposing political groups regarding their involvement in commemorations. For example, leaders of the Bayerischer Kriegerbund and Kyffhäuserbund barred Reichsbanner members from attending an unveiling of a war memorial of over 12,000 fallen German soldiers.<sup>5</sup> The Kyffhäuserbund, a strong nationalist political league, specifically opposed the Reichsbanner because of its anti-war sentiments. As a nationalist organization, war and militarism served as an important aspect of Kyffhäuserbund ideology and, thus, it opposed those who affirmed anti-war beliefs, such as the Reichsbanner. This case points to the conflicting nature of commemorations; even over fellow soldiers, opposing political groups failed to see eye to eye because of deeper ideological underpinnings. Such jostling for position highlighted the conflicts of Weimar political parties’ fights “to claim the fallen for themselves alone, and to use them for political bargaining.”<sup>6</sup> The importance of partisan war commemorations and mourning culture of Weimar highlights a larger issue than simply grief.

These disagreements point to the fundamental political divisions that once created and consequently destroyed Weimar.

The Communist party, or KPD, was also heavily involved in this aspect of Weimar culture. In comparison to the Reichsbanner, the KPD focused more on politicizing mourners by building a “revolutionary community,” which emanated extravagance and pompousness.<sup>7</sup> This is best conveyed following the murders of Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht, the founding members of the USPD and KPD, respectively, in June 1919. Though not directly a result of the war, these casualties *were* the consequence of the revolution immediately ensuing the war. On the day of their funerals, tens of thousands of people processed through the streets of Berlin, while cars draped with funeral wreaths transported the martyrs to a small cemetery adorned in red flags, more wreaths, and revolutionary standards. As intended by the parties, the funerals of their founding members were nothing short of an overstatement. Similar to the Reichsbanner, for the USPD and KPD, the commemoration of the dead signified more than commemorating loss. As Sara Sewell argues, “burial practices have often served as the cultural underpinning for ideologies.”<sup>8</sup> Whether commemorating the fallen on the battlefield of war or martyrs in the political arena, communist funerary practices, signs, and symbols aimed to create a truly united revolutionary community. In many ways, the commemoration of Luxemburg and Liebknecht did just that. There were, however, other spheres that approached this theme differently. Individualistic and personal mourning processes drew a striking contrast to the extravagant political commemorations. Even as they were individualistic and personal however, these mourning processes

drew a striking contrast but continued to critique German involvement in the war. As Jay Winter argues, “Some issues in wartime, were both political and more than political. The experience of mass bereavement was one such issue.”<sup>9</sup>

These primarily individualized processes and critiques, nonetheless, allow for a deeper analysis of the sociopolitical and cultural questions and issues of the time. Many of the previous commemorative ceremonies focused heavily on group participation and relaying broad sweeping ideas. The political implications of commemoration were important, but their large-scale extravagance often took away from the personal significance of remembrance. Furthermore, these politically fueled ceremonies often failed to recognize memory and mourning as personally as artists and their work did. Even on this intimate level, however, mourning advanced political critiques.

As a result of the ragged and demoralized state that German society was left in, opponents of the war were easy to come by and thoroughly expressed their dissatisfactions through artistic mediums.<sup>10</sup> Otto Dix, one of the most important artistic figures of the time, captured the brutality and facelessness of mechanized warfare. His significance in war remembrance was unparalleled because, as a war veteran himself, “he knew how a shell could tear a man apart.”<sup>11</sup> Created in 1924, his print *Dying Soldier* (Figure 1, p. 42), from *Der Krieg* [The War] series, reflected on the sheer brutality and ruthlessness of the war he experienced. It displays how death awaited its next victim, as though at any minute that life could have been taken away without warning. Large gashes in the unrecognizable soldier’s face, chest, and arms, heighten the uncensored depiction of the soldiers’ devastating fight.

“It was Dix who showed how to capture the infernal character of the Great War, for in this task allegory was far more powerful than photographic realism,” Jay Winter writes in *Sites of Memory, Sites of Mourning*.<sup>12</sup> His commemoration of the fallen was representative of what he experienced first hand on the front lines. Dix’s strong anti-war message throughout this series is also evident in the grotesque figure of the wounded soldier. This warrior was obviously in tremendous pain and Dix used him to depict the devastating effects of war on a German man. By consciously unveiling the physical damage done to this soldier and implying emotional heartache through the facial expression, Dix criticized what the war did to millions of young German men, both dismembering and demoralizing them.

Dix’s entire *Der Krieg* collection told a story about war at its most gruesome points and remembered the fallen in uniquely realistic ways. He “used splintery ‘lines of force’ and heavy distortions to convey his brutally twisted vision” of war.<sup>13</sup> In another piece titled *Corpse in Barbed Wire- Flanders* (Figure 2, p. 43), Dix used a distinctive technique of acid washing to create an imagery of decaying flesh. This distorted skeleton acted as a clear critique of what he had encountered during the war. Dix also introduced the concept of the faceless soldier, a national symbol of every fallen man, later termed as the Unknown Soldier.<sup>14</sup> This combatant was nameless, faceless, had no rank, no regional or social background, but yet he epitomized the fallen soldier. Interestingly, Dix shared this ideology with the Reichsbanner. His stance explicitly rejected nationalist interpretations of the war by disregarding national affiliation and emphasizing that all fallen soldiers deserved commemoration for the brutality they endured. The brutality in these critiques

also displayed techniques and representations of the body and emphasized the imaginative nature of Weimar culture. Dix’s uncensored portrayals served as examples of this imaginative characteristic that, without the freedoms of expression laid out in the Weimar Constitution and social acceptance of critiques, would not have otherwise existed. Furthermore, Dix and artists alike presented their work to society and encouraged other creative minds of Weimar to interpret meanings and messages of the cruelty man endured. Thus, in unveiling his work to Weimar society, Dix projected his personal mourning processes onto the masses.

#### Footnotes

- 1 Robert Whalen, “Review of Contested Commemorations: Republican War Veterans and Weimar Political Culture,” *German History* (2013), accessed November 19, 2014, <http://gh.oxfordjournals.org/content/early/2013/07/02/gerhis.gh1036.full>.
- 2 Jay Winter, *Sites of Memory, Sites of Mourning: The Great War in European Cultural History* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998), p. 224.
- 3 Benjamin Ziemann, *Contested Commemorations: Republican War Veterans and Weimar Political Culture* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2013), p. 128.
- 4 Ziemann, *Contested Commemorations*, p. 162.
- 5 Ziemann, *Contested Commemorations*, p. 136.
- 6 Ziemann, *Contested Commemorations*, p. 136.
7. Sara Sewell, “Mourning Comrades: Communist Funerary Rituals in Cologne during the Weimar Republic,” *German Studies Review* 32, no. 3 (2009): 527-58, accessed October 14, 2014, <http://www.jstor.org/stable/40574865>.
8. Sewell, “Mourning Comrades: Communist Funerary Rituals in Cologne during the Weimar Republic,” p. 536.
9. Winter, *Sites of Memory, Sites of Mourning*, p. 224.
10. Eric D. Weitz, *Weimar Germany: Promise and Tragedy* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 2007).
11. Jay M. Winter and Blaine Baggett, *The Great War and the Shaping of the 20th Century* (New York: Penguin, 1996), p. 370.
12. Winter, *Sites of Memory, Sites of Mourning*, p. 161.
13. John Willett, *Art and Politics in the Weimar Period: The New Sobriety, 1917-1933* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1978), p. 20.
14. Ziemann, *Contested Commemorations*

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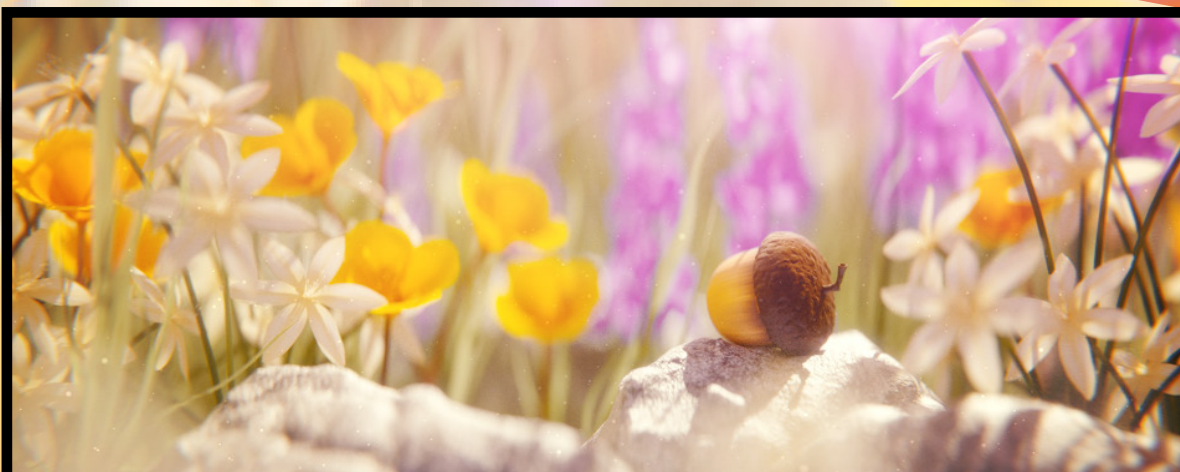


Figure 1.  
*Dix, Otto. Dying Soldier [Sterbender Soldat], 1924. The  
Online Otto Dix Project. Accessed October 10, 2014.  
<http://www.ottodix.org/index/catalog-item/133.026.html>.*





Figure 2.  
*Dix, Otto. Corpse in Barbed Wire – Flanders [Leiche im  
Drahtverhau – Flandern], 1924. The Online Otto Dix  
Project. Accessed October 10, 2014.  
<http://www.ottodix.org/index/catalog-item/133.016.html>*



NEUTRAL

HAPPY

SAD

ANGRY

SCARED

BORED

*John Muir*

Rig Development | Muir Expressions  
7/15/15 | Michael Conti Productions LLC

ASSON ADAMS  
ANIMATION



# THE UNRULY MYSTIC

BY ANSON ADAMS

## ANSON ADAMS

is a sophomore Computer Science major and Animation minor from Boulder, CO. He freelances 3D animation, creating digital scenes for projects like ROAR's *My Imaginary Fred* and a Yosemite documentary. Anson hopes to study and conduct research with artificial intelligence after his undergraduate studies.



## MICHAEL ROBINSON

is a second-year graduate student in the great republic of English at LMU. His poetry has appeared in *LA Miscellany*, *Black Book*, *Poetica* and previous volumes of *Attic Salt*. His poem “On This Bluff, We All Shine” was a finalist in the LMU Inaugural Poetry contest, and his “16 November... 8 9” won the 2013 University Writing Award.

# (A)SYMMETRY

BY MICHAEL ROBINSON

A dirge. A scratch, scratch dirge. A  
drag along the box bottom, drag  
(a)cross snare skin, across  
drags of your piecemeal heart. Scratch, scratch. Their small scratching drags  
across your thigh, more a cross  
than a tickle. Too bare the skin under the thin slacks, barer than  
near-newborn fingers, toes you knew bore near-  
ly no vigor for trees, still marshaling their grasp of the world, barely  
able to climb the tomato vines, trellises enabl-  
ing your deed, their ending.

You refuse even one look inside the box, you  
evade the chance for full disclosure of the invas-  
iveness you cannot but do through submissiveness  
agree to, despite that voice yours of disagree-  
ment, you proceed. That too-human monument  
to momentum that drives you to(o)

make easy what never should be easy to make

In retrospect, be honest about what you let in  
yourself to do what you know, introspectively, yourself:  
where discussions drove round where  
more than whether. More  
about the illusion of better pastures than a bout  
of conscience. Leave them by a tree. In nature. No question of  
their survival in a wild without their

mother who after you will see Mother  
sift through the backyard grounds, sift  
through the cacophony of scents of chicken, dog shit, dirt until through  
done with whatever thin hope possums hold with. All done.

When you spill them from the box, dice from a cup. When  
At last you see how small, how so small, at  
that then, when you see they will last no longer than the bits of tomato that  
they shared their box/car ride with, you could have brought them back. They  
might yet have rejoined their mother, might  
demurely have bleated over the raucous murder of, for  
crows that added notes to the dirge at your empty-handedness, crow-  
ing, beaks down blackboards, as you watch the Mother, scurrying  
away, away.

# CACTUS AND LOST EARRING

BY MICHAEL ROBINSON

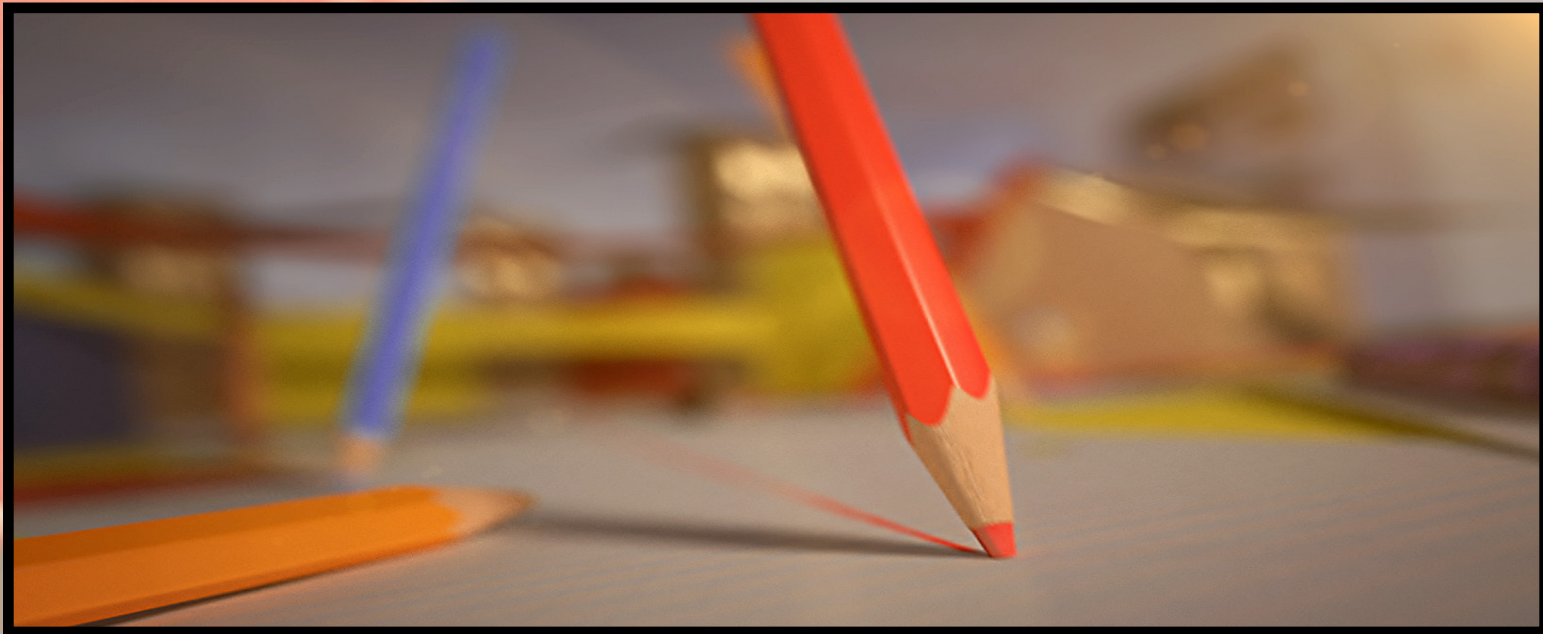
That cactus.  
There.  
Prickly as a change of heart,  
a passion-  
aggressive of spikes  
there,  
a bauble a lone earring:  
chocolate beads,  
black, white, yellow  
a folk trinket.  
Mesoamerican. I think  
someone lost,  
someone thought,  
it, whimsical,  
to put it  
there  
where no one likely  
would find it

small: in this  
overwhelm of daylight,  
dar-  
ing the noise of char-  
coal streets, gnarled, brown  
trees, burnt power poles  
pocked, here and  
there,  
with tar-dark amber.

So unexpected-like  
dare-  
devil Smart cars barn-  
storming down Gonzaga,  
Golgotha fools going where  
Pope's angels fear. Too thread-  
bare in conceits.  
A Dali painting, melting  
with icons clean  
of iconography.  
I'm framed.  
There. Then, that time  
the pearl earring you loved,  
you thought forever  
lost, we found

there  
caught in the tight knit sweater  
that caught the shape  
of your torso.  
We laughed, then and  
there  
satisfied no clues remained

there.  
Was a time of laughter  
between us?!  
A way back when  
you, in and out of that sweater,  
that mid-thigh gingham  
skirt and the incongruity  
of those earrings then. And  
there  
I was, three days unshaven,  
prickly, in that cactus-  
green suit, pearl vest, gingham  
bow-tie bought to reflect  
something of our connection.  
Bought used.  
there,  
on Melrose  
in a mock hipster then and  
  
Now, over  
there  
a cactus wears an earring  
and there you are  
then.





# **MY IMAGINARY FRED**

BY **ANSON ADAMS**

The following is a multi-media excerpt. To see the work in full please visit [www.atticssaltlmu.com](http://www.atticssaltlmu.com)



## ELISE CIMINO

is a senior English major and Art History minor. When she's not getting lost in a museum or stopping traffic with her in-car lip-synching performances, you can find her in her pajamas watching funny animal videos with her friends.

# NUMBERS WE WILL NEVER CALL

BY ELISE CIMINO

Take it a word at a time:

*sapphire*  
*sandalwood*  
*saint*

A phrase:

*comfortably numb*

An image:

*Our sloppy smiles widen as we close the distance between  
our bodies and your hands find my skin*

A city:

*Venice*

A hemorrhage:

*Your words echo through the hollow of my frame  
and between our kisses I curse myself for choosing the temporal once again  
for in a few days I will feel as empty as ever*

*\*Inspired by “Four Legged Girl” by Diane Seuss*





## PATRICK FOSTER

is a senior Electrical Engineering major with a Computer Engineering emphasis from Windsor, California. He is thrilled to finish off his last year at LMU by publishing his photography in *Attic Salt*, since his camera has been an indispensable part of his college experience.

He would celebrate by drinking a piña colada while getting caught in a rain, but he got pneumonia last time he did that, so he'll stick with coffee, thanks.

# OVERHEAD VIEWS

BY PATRICK FOSTER



## ALYSSA VENEZIA

is a senior English and Mathematics double major. After graduation, she plans to build the library from *Beauty and the Beast* and read more than Belle.

# NO PICTURES PLEASE BY ALYSSA VENEZIA

## WITHHELD PHOTOGRAPHS IN DOYLE AND ELIOT

Despite the popularity and accessibility of photography in the 19th century, many authors chose to forego including photographs in their works, electing instead to verbally reproduce images. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and George Eliot are among the authors who use photographic language in their texts without actually including photography. In *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*: “Adventure I A Scandal in Bohemia,” Doyle withholds the photograph Holmes seeks from his readers, never allowing them to see the key element of the story. In *The Lifted Veil*, Eliot describes Latimer’s visions with photographic language, but relies on the popularity of photography to reproduce the images she details outside of her novella. In order to understand why these pictures may have been withheld from audiences, it is helpful to be familiar with Victorian interactions with photography and consider reasons that later authors, such as Roland Barthes, gave for not reproducing images. By looking at historical contexts and scholarship, one may discover how Victorian interests in cabinet photographs, spirit photography, detective fiction, and literature impacted Doyle’s and Eliot’s writings. Thus, by looking at Doyle’s “A Scandal in Bohemia” and Eliot’s *The Lifted Veil* through the lens of Barthes’ *Camera Lucida* and contemporary culture, one may attempt to understand why these authors withheld photographs from their works and if the

decision led to a successful reception among their Victorian peers.

Before delving into the details of Doyle’s and Eliot’s work, one must understand how Victorians interacted with and understood photography. Without this analysis, one would be unable to make a conclusion on the reception of each text. In “A Scandal in Bohemia,” Holmes attempts to obtain a cabinet photograph that could ruin the King of Bohemia’s marriage prospects. Modern readers may not know what a cabinet photograph is, but Victorian audiences would immediately know the stakes of Holmes’ task. Cabinet photographs followed cartes de visite (business cards), which were popularized “in 1851 by the French photographer André Disdéri [and] enabled a domestic trade in images among individuals of all classes” (Novak 10). The popularity of cartes de visite soon created a demand for celebrity photographs, allowing figures such as Queen Victoria to be present in many homes. Cabinet photographs emerged with this celebrity trend, as actors wanted to use a larger alternative to the cartes de visite as a form of self-promotion. A cabinet photograph was “a print 5 ½ by 4 inches on a mount 6 ½ by 4 ½ inches, introduced first in England in 1866” (Newhall 57). These prints owe their name to their typical placement on cabinets, much like modern desk photos. Through the popularity of cartes de visite and cabinet photographs,

the accessibility to photography increased and allowed Victorians to describe “photography as a process that evacuated identity rather than fixed it,” as the objectivity and uniqueness of photography was beginning to wane (Novak 147). With the rise of photography came a rise in manipulation, allowing retouching to become “an important art and branch of the profession” of photography (12). While retouching may have begun as a way to shave off a few pounds and present a more attractive version of a person, it quickly began to test the evidential reputation of photography.

With the development of retouching photographs came another popular Victorian practice: spirit photography. Many Victorians believed that the sensitivity of the photographic plate allowed the photographer to capture ghostly appearances. Thus, cameras were considered mechanical objects capable of capturing paranormal activity in an evidential way, as photographs were meant to be objective. Since retouching was a new technique, people were only just starting to question the authority of photography and recognize the distortion of this evidential medium. Those who did not question photography’s objectivity were often the ones who believed in spirit photography. Many Victorians even believed that spirits used the photographic medium to communicate with the living from beyond the grave. One of the most famous proponents of spirit photography was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who supported the notion until his death. If someone with as much scientific training as Doyle “was so susceptible to the hoaxes these photographs turned out to be,” it is no wonder that other Victorians supported the idea that “the photograph ... [was] a virtually unassailable form of evidence” (Thomas 180). Thus, spirit photography became one of the most successful deceptions of the 19th century

and allowed manipulation to continue to plague the medium and revoke nearly all of its evidential status.

Photography also became tied to literature in the 19th century, as photographs were beginning to be published alongside captions, connecting images and text for the first time, as seen in popular travel books at the time. Two ties between the mediums can be seen in the fields of literary photography and detective fiction. Literary photography is the merge of literary and photographic techniques. Eliot commented on the trend and seemed to suggest that “a true literature and a true realism should *not* aspire to the meaningless detail (and vulgarity) of the photograph” (Novak 29). Overall, it appears as if Eliot recognized that there is both a true literature and a true photography, but one medium is abused to achieve the truth in the other (93). The division and connection between literature and photography discussed here may help reveal why Eliot employed photographic language in *The Lifted Veil* but did not include actual photographs. Similarly for Doyle, the popular conventions of detective fiction may allow one to deduce why he did not reproduce a photograph in “A Scandal in Bohemia” when the object of interest in the story is a photograph. In the Victorian era, a key aspect of detective fiction was the “process that involves these detectives’ validations of photography as a form of surveillance and discipline as well as a form of affirmation and authentication” (Thomas 128). If a detective did not use a photographic technique, he would be ignoring the process of gathering evidence idealized at the time. However, “detective fictions [also] remind their readers that, like the narratives that contain them, photographs are representations in need of interpretation,” citing the literary elements necessary to truly understand a photograph (180). Rather

than providing a photograph for the audience to interpret, Doyle elected to write about a photograph that even Holmes did not see, allowing language to trump photography. The connection between literature and photography in the Victorian era may be the key to understanding why Doyle and Eliot were influenced by photography, but withheld its actual form, in their works.

Roland Barthes' work of theory, *Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography*, helps reveal the implicit connection between literature and photography, which may be applied to Doyle and Eliot, as he discusses the "genius" of photography as well as his emotional interactions with the medium. In order to understand his later argument for withholding a photograph, it is necessary to understand some of his notes on photography. Among the first part of his work, Barthes classifies two aspects of a photograph: the *studium* and the *punctum*. The *studium* is the expected response of the audience to a photograph, including the obvious meanings the photograph conveys. It is affected by the culture of the spectator (Barthes 26). The *punctum* "break[s] (or punctuate[s]) the *studium*" and is based on the subjective response of the spectator (27). It is an accidental detail that "wounds" the viewer and makes the photograph effective. In the second part of his work, Barthes presents a palinode in order to adapt his definition of the *punctum* from a detail to a matter of time: the *noeme* or "that-has-been" of photography (96). Barthes also mourns the loss of his mother in the second part of his book. He details his inability to find an accurate representation of her in a photograph until he stumbles across the Winter Garden Photograph of her as a child, in which "*the impossible science of the unique being*" was finally conveyed (71). However, Barthes refuses to reproduce the Winter Garden Photograph for his

audience, providing a parenthetical reason for his choice. He states that "it exists only for [him]" and "at most it would interest [the audience's] *studium* ... but in it, for [the audience], no wound" (73). Since each spectator uniquely experiences the *punctum*, Barthes recognizes that his readers will not get the same impression from the photograph, prompting him to withhold it from his work. If he had published the photo, Barthes would have lost the emotional investment of his audience, who become attached to his journey to find an accurate representation of his mother. By withholding the Winter Garden Photograph, Barthes is actually more successful in his argument because his audience is left to feel his frustration in their inability to see his mother. Had he delivered the photo, each reader would have seen the *studium* of the image and Barthes' argument about photography would have fallen on deaf ears.

Barthes' reasons for withholding the Winter Garden Photograph may point to the grounds Doyle and Eliot used to make the same decision. With Barthes, the audience feels frustration when they are barred from the photograph of his mother. With Doyle and Eliot, audiences feel suspense because the stories progress on a basis they cannot know. Both techniques create a tension between the author and audience that would be lost if a photograph was reproduced. The tension in *Camera Lucida* arises when Barthes denies a photograph-spectator relationship by withholding the Winter Garden Photograph. Doyle and Eliot create tension in their respective works by withholding an author-reader connection when they withhold images, as the audience never fully understands the basis for the words they are reading and cannot uncover the truths the authors deny. It leaves the audience wondering what the images might be and



why they are not published. The emotional frustration and fictitious suspense only exist in these works because photographs are withheld from the readers who seek to devour them and gain the closure Doyle and Eliot deny.

In “A Scandal in Bohemia,” Sherlock Holmes is hired by the King of Bohemia to obtain a cabinet photograph that jeopardizes his impending marriage. It is appropriate that this is one of the detective’s first tasks written by Doyle because of the contemporary scandals occurring with “detective cameras,” which allowed “amateurs and journalists alike to secretly take candid snapshots of people without their consent” (Thomas 170). Although the King of Bohemia posed for his picture with Irene Adler and knows exactly what was captured on the plate, this photographed content is never revealed to the audience. Indeed, the closest thing to a photograph that the audience experiences are the illustrations done by Sidney Paget that accompany the text. Paget is the artist most connected to the Sherlock Holmes stories and “he definitely shaped the image the Victorian public built up around the famous investigator” (Gelly 109). However, this image of Holmes is almost unidentifiable, as Paget never gave Holmes any defining features in his illustrations. Instead, he employed an illustrative censorship that never reflected exactly what was in the text. For example, his pictures “appear as much less gruesome than what the text would suggest” when conveying fight scenes, and they also allow Holmes to appear as a completely different figure every time he is disguised (119). Readers are essentially forced to believe in the “impossibility of recognizing him behind that disguise” even though Paget “drew some entirely different character” rather than trying to actually disguise Holmes (128). It seems as if readers can either believe in Holmes’ reality of

complete transformation to fool his enemies or recognize the fragility of their own reality where they know that a character is beyond their recognition, causing them to question the authenticity of the illustrations (126). In order to retain Holmes’ fluidity, Paget used his unique illustrative censorship to toe the line between giving readers an identifiable Holmes and an unrecognizable Holmes, supporting the plausibility of his transformations as described by Doyle, a feat photographs would never convey.

Since illustrations rely on interpretation, Paget was able to add more suspense to the story than photographs would have allowed, permitting the illustrations to act as a form of censorship that cloak the story in mystery. It was also far more conventional at the time to provide illustrations with short stories rather than photographs. However, this would not have withheld Paget from illustrating the photograph of Irene Adler and the King of Bohemia. The closest a reader gets to seeing a photograph at all is in the final illustration, which shows Holmes holding the taunting photograph Irene left behind, which the reader only sees the blank back of. To make it more suspenseful, the only detail given about the original image is that they “were both in the photograph,” making it impossible for the King to deny that he knew Irene (Doyle 66). Yet, by the end of the story, Irene has still not been pictured, despite leaving a “photograph ... of ... herself in evening dress” to taunt the men she outsmarts (74). By withholding both photographs from the text and illustrations, Doyle supports the plausibility of the events by keeping the reader at a distance from the truth. Through the lack of full disclosure, the audience feels suspense and becomes more invested in Holmes’ adventure than they would if they possessed his full knowledge of the photographs. In fact, through his endless pursuit of evidence,

Holmes acts as the photographic apparatus in the story through his machine-like observations, which he does not require mechanical technology to capture. Doyle employs more photographic language describing Holmes than he does for the actual photos in the story. Holmes even tells Watson about his capabilities by noting that he knows “that there are seventeen steps [in his home] because [he has] both seen and observed,” capturing every detail as objectively as a camera. However, unlike a camera, he cannot reproduce what he observes for others to look upon. Thus, Doyle withholds photographs from his publication in order to support the idea that Holmes captures the same evidential qualities as a photograph without the necessity of reproduction to support the plausibility of the story. Since his audience would have begun to question the authority of photography, Doyle succeeds in creating a more reliable work by veiling his characters and key plot point in Paget’s censored illustrations than by anchoring them in photographs.

Eliot was also influenced by photography when writing *The Lifted Veil*. The novella is set in the 1850s, around the same time as the Great Exhibition (1851), which George Eliot attended and where she would have likely heard discussions on the advancements in photography as a visual medium (Johnson 1). Eliot was able to draw on what she learned at the Great Exhibition to mirror the transition in art forms (painting to photography) with the transition in Latimer’s visions, the sensitive protagonist of her novella. Many of Latimer’s early visions conform to the more romantic ideals of “poetic imagination” through the sensory language used to describe them, and are more chaotic than a photograph would be (2). The state of his visions complies with the state of his character, which begs the audience to think “that [he] must have been a poet”

(Eliot 7). However, as the novella progresses, Latimer’s visions become more realistic, essentially becoming photographic reproductions and mirroring his scientific training in life. Indeed, Latimer’s vision of Prague is “a snapshot of reality” (Johnson 4). Also, the image of Prague Latimer sees was such a popular travel photograph at the time that Eliot did not need to reproduce it. She simply had to mention “the unending bridge ... [and] crumbling pomp of the palace” for her Victorian audience to know exactly what Latimer had envisioned (Eliot 9). It was quite unnecessary for Eliot to include a photograph because the popularity of travel books would have already brought the image to her audience. Instead, she was able to be influenced by photography and allow Latimer to function as her camera, much like Doyle uses Holmes. Both characters are passive receivers of photographs, like cameras, but cannot reproduce what they see for others. Furthermore, both Holmes and Latimer are rendered incompetent detectives because Latimer’s foresight does not correctly predict his interactions with Bertha (the antagonist he loves), and Holmes fails to detect Irene Adler’s disguise. Thus, like Doyle, Eliot is influenced by photography in her language without actually including visual reproductions in order to support the plausibility of Latimer’s visions.

Eliot’s novella also includes a spiritual element through the haunting foresight of Latimer, which also haunts the reader (Johnson 3). Her Victorian audience would have understood the connection between photography and the occult, or “belief and technology,” due to the popular notion of spirit photography at the time, even though Eliot expressed “skepticism toward Spiritualism” (6). Eliot most likely withheld photographs to emphasize the plausibility of Latimer’s visions, as it is much easier to accept them if one believes in spirit photography.



Had Eliot included a photograph, the audience may have begun to question its authority and doubt the reliability of the narrator and his visions. Instead, Eliot used ekphrasis, or the verbal rendering of a visual object, to detail Latimer's visions. She also connects Latimer to spirits by classifying him as a man with "half-womanish, half-ghostly beauty," allowing spirit photography to manifest itself in his form (Eliot 14). Though she used photographic language to convey his haunting foresight, Eliot did not have to attempt to provide evidence for what Latimer saw because he is the incontestable camera. Thus, she used her notion of "literary photography" to employ the medium of photography and discover a truth in literature, namely that Latimer did possess foresight in her novella. Therefore, like Doyle, Eliot was able to support the plausibility of her story by denying her audience full access to Latimer's visions, which were influenced by photography but not represented by it.

Like Barthes, Doyle and Eliot both had reasons to withhold photography from their works. By only alluding to photographs and never reproducing them, Doyle was able to add suspense to Holmes' adventure, support the plausibility of the plot, and fashion Holmes into a photographic apparatus. By creating photographic visions for Latimer verbally rather than visually, Eliot added suspense to Latimer's future, supported the plausibility of his foresight, and allowed spirit photography to manifest in a human form. Furthermore, the decision of each author led to successful receptions of both "A Scandal in Bohemia" and *The Lifted Veil*, as their Victorian audiences were able to interact with notions of photography they practiced: trading cabinet photographs and believing in spirit photog-

raphy. Both texts also continued the contemporary discussion of photography, as Doyle and Eliot use the evidential qualities of photography to progress their stories, but force their audiences to question its authority by not reproducing photographs for further interpretation. Additional research might reveal that other contemporary authors used photography in a similar manner, which would suggest that authors created an overarching divide between the literary and photographic mediums at a time where the two were beginning to be used together by photographers. For now, it appears that the distance Barthes created between the verbal and the visual by withholding the Winter Garden Photograph was a technique Doyle and Eliot had perfected first. Overall, Doyle and Eliot were successful in their decisions to withhold photographs because their stories are more plausible, as they were able to lend photographic evidence to literature that would have been ruined with the reproduction of actual photographs.

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# ON THE ALTAR OF HIMSELF

BY **BETH McLAUGHLIN**

## **BETH McLAUGHLIN**

is a sophomore Classics and Archaeology major. She spent ten spectacular years being homeschooled in Northern Virginia and now lives in the Bay Area. Her interests include languages, film, and traveling, and her future plan is to find a way to combine all three.

I cannot sail to the new world,  
Cannot bid farewell to this shore.  
The well runs deep and the well is clear  
and the well swore it would outlast the war.

Break the bottle, hoist the sail  
Flap your hands and drink the ale  
The ships with joy cut loose, depart  
Worship the new and mangled art  
Deep pain surfaces in my heart  
I stand alone and pale.

Stand on the shore in a peasant's veil  
Prayer beads. Took off the chain mail

Kill a father: lose yourself.

Return identity to the shelf

Cut and paste and paste and stitch  
And stitch and paste and zip, unzip  
And cut and gasp and haunted breath  
And no one sleeps the sleep of death  
And daughters weep and sons grow stiff  
He sits there, cuts them all adrift.

Hears their cries but does not stir  
Does not kiss the baby's cheek  
Above the altar prays for self  
And on the altar, bloody, meek  
The baby daughters, scared and hurt  
They face it, brave: his words are curt  
Their tears left paths through grimy dirt:

"You must die, but I shall live."

Takes the knife and makes a cut  
A crowd erupts in cheers and lauds  
The emperor claims his clothes no more  
He proudly curses them to the floor  
And stands, quite nude, walks through the door  
Not a blemish is upon him.

The ship's lights will soon grow dim  
A light may break out on sky's rim  
Upon a sandbar stand the guests  
Sailors ignore the last requests  
Waves they come and waves they crash  
And bodies on tough rocks they dash  
And dash and cut and bludgeon now  
And bleed and die and don't ask how  
And hurt and sob and cry for help  
And help can't come, can't come, can't come!

For help is on the shore, help sobs  
Help breaks and rips and wails  
Help bleeds from hands all pierced with nails  
Walks the water, walks unchecked  
Pulls the bodies from the wreck  
Breathes back life and curse' the deck  
Of the new world's ship.

A father stood, did not relent  
A man ignored his babe's lament  
A father claimed no ill intent:  
Is now a man no more.  
Killed a father: lost himself.  
Identity back on the shelf  
He cut and pasted, stitched and zipped  
And stitched and pasted: zipped, unzipped.  
He cut and gasped; his haunted breath  
Will sleep a ragged sleep of death  
The daughters wept and sons froze stiff  
And Father is so far adrift  
And Father's dead upon the rocks  
Left at last to life's hard knocks  
Wished he'd never left the docks  
All too late.

And children are too sad to cry  
His children only said goodbye  
Yet still he left them there to die  
On the altar of Himself.

The victors may write history;  
They still can't change the truth  
That underneath this figurehead  
There was a sobbing youth  
And everything must end in pain  
And never trust the human brain  
And no one is quite fully sane:  
But a man is dead.

I was seven when I realized there was something different about my mom. The other mothers talked to each other after school, picked their kids up early. My mom screeched into the parking lot at a different time every day and yelled at us to get in the car quick sharp. But that wasn't it. The other kids came to school with combed hair and neatly ironed uniforms; we came to school having combed each other's hair, yielding variable results, and clean but rumpled uniforms. But that wasn't it either.

My mom had a big plastic coffee mug she took everywhere. It was tall and white, and had a wide-mouthed red lid. It rattled with ice in the morning when she dropped us off and sloshed lazily in the afternoon when she picked us up. Sister Mary Christina helped me figure out that this cup was what made my mom different one day after First Communion class. She kept me behind and told me that our mother's drinking was a real blessing because we could offer it up to Jesus for the souls of the little dead babies in purgatory; Father Tom said Sister Mary Christina was an idiot. He told me that while our mother needed a little more help than other mothers, she loved us and that we ought to trust that God would keep us safe. Safe from what, I didn't quite know, but I nodded and piously accepted a mint out of the cut glass dish on his desk. He paused and then told me that sometimes God also needed a little help though, so I should call Aunt Bev or the police if God was busy somewhere else when we needed him.

I resolved to get rid of the cup, since it was clearly the source of Mom's trouble. And it was down to me to do it, because my siblings didn't have the secret information from Father Tom about God needing help. Only I knew that, so only I could destroy the cup and save our mother.

One evening after school, after dinner, after dishes, after Mom kissed us and went to sleep, I went

back into the kitchen and grabbed the cup off the drying rack. I stuffed it under my T-shirt and ran back to Lucy's and my room. She was eleven and up late reading as usual. She looked up inquisitively, since I'd come into the room quietly for once.

"What you got up under there?" she asked. I didn't answer. Lucy closed her book with a humpf, hopped out of bed, and looked hard at me. She grabbed the scruff of my shirt with one hand and reached under it with the other, pulling out the cup. Her face softened and fell. "You were gonna hide it? From Mom?" I nodded defiantly. She sighed and said, "You can't hide it from Mom. She's a grown-up." She told me to go put the cup back on the rack, that it would be harder tomorrow if I didn't. When I got back to our room, she hugged me once and turned the key in the special porcelain ice-skater music box Dad got her that I wasn't allowed to touch. I got into bed and tried to fall asleep to its tinkling tune. I could tell Lucy was awake too. But we didn't talk about the cup again.

Up until that day with Father Tom, I guess I had figured that Mom was an adult, and adults got to do what they wanted because they were grown up. So if Mom wanted to drink in the morning, that was perfectly normal behavior. If drinking in the morning meant she was meaner to me in the afternoon, well, I was just a dumb kid and there was probably something I had messed up; if she was being mean to me, there was definitely something I'd done to deserve it. I'd just have to be better, work harder.

By this time, I was eight, and TJ was in high school at St. Cecilia. So now, he drove us around in a battered Malibu he'd bought with the money he'd earned doing yardwork around the neighborhood. He'd take me, Lucy, and Mikey to St. Martin's extra early, then drive crosstown to get to class in time. We'd wait for him in the afternoon at the afterschool

# HAIL HOLY QUEEN

BY **SOFIA LEGGIO**

program where Mrs. Salinas, the wrinkly old teacher's aide, gave us lukewarm milk and stale crackers. Then we would do our homework sheets and play with the old kickballs in the shed, throwing them at each other's heads, examining each other's scabs when we got tired of that. TJ would show up around five, after hockey practice, and we'd go home together. Sometimes he'd stop at MacDonald's for us and we'd share fries or an apple pie.

We loved driving with TJ because he let us listen to music without the bad words bleeped out, and we'd all merrily scream along with the dirty lyrics. But I started to dread coming home. I'd hold my hand on the front doorknob for a second before opening the door, holding my breath. Who would she be today? Good mom or bad mom? Would I be allowed to tell her what I'd learned about snails in science, or would I get yelled at for leaving my sneakers at the door?

And every time I heard her key turn in the lock, my heart would stop and my stomach would tighten. I'd drop what I was doing and make myself busy with homework or chores, preparing myself to pretend that I hadn't heard her coming, so that I could be surprised by whatever mood she presented me with. If it was a good day, she'd come in whistling Dolly Parton, arms full of groceries, come give each of us a sloppy kiss. She'd bustle around the house and ask us about our days and help us with unfinished

homework. If it was a bad day, she'd slam the door, drop her purse on the coffee table, and tell Lucy to brush her filthy hair goddammit, we weren't raised in a barn. I couldn't stand to talk to her like that. She wasn't my mother when she was like that. But after a while, even on the good days she couldn't hide it. After a while I didn't know which person I'd be talking to. I didn't know my mother at all.

On Mikey's fourteenth birthday, we were, all five of us, gathered around the old honey-colored breakfast table, specially decorated with cards and balloons. In the middle was the cake mom had made for him the night before; it had been a good day. It was a Dr. Pepper cake, rich and luscious, off of which I had tried to sneak fingerfuls of chocolate frosting. Mom had swatted my hand away, but later called me back into the kitchen to lick the spatula. She stroked my hair and called me her little Baboo like she used to when I was really young. I stood there, holding tight onto my mother, trying to breathe in the true essence of who she was, trying to burn into my heart the real mother she was trying to be so I could hold onto her for safekeeping when the other mother lashed out.

We were gathered around this beautiful cake, all of us singing as Mikey sucked in his chest, preparing to blow out the candles. He closed his eyes tight. And we all wished for the same thing.

## HANNAH GIOIA

is currently a junior studying Political Science and Philosophy. Her hobbies can all be summed up into one single pursuit: the attempt to broaden her understanding of the human experience. This usually consists of constantly consuming literature, occasionally diddling on her guitar — who is affectionately named Stella — and endlessly engaging in productive dialogue with fellow human beings.

# FIGHTING TERRORISM WITH TERRORISM: BY HANNAH GIOIA LIKENING U.S. DOUBLE-TAP DRONE STRIKES TO TERROR ATTACKS

*The following is an excerpt. To see the work in full please visit [www.atticsaltmu.com](http://www.atticsaltmu.com)*

There is a normative importance to label terrorist activity as such because of the growing political significance of the term. Terrorism has become an increasingly “emotive term” that conjures strong sentiment against the individual or group accused of such immoral behavior (Claridge 1996). The label itself signifies much more than an activity, rather, since to call someone a terrorist stands as the “ultimate condemnation” (Claridge 1996). It quickly places one side in the wrong and the other in the right. Associating terrorism with the bad, evil, and immoral creates legal justification and a moral imperative for forming and executing policy to combat these “evil” groups. With all that said, what would the political and social ramifications be if drones were shown to be a form of terrorism? By proving a link or association between drones and terrorism, the public can transfer their feelings of disgust toward terrorism toward the drone program. This normative shift would force the U.S. to rethink its controversial drone program because of the legal and moral implications of utilizing weapons as a form of attack that parallels exactly what the U.S. is supposed to be combatting. However, if the link appears nonexistent, then this research will further

reinforce the drone program as a legitimate option to combat terrorism. Either way, this test should be conducted in order to hold the U.S. drone program accountable to legal and moral standards.

The United States, along with all other actors, state and non-state alike, should be held to the same standards in practice that they advocate in theory. If drone strikes share common features with terrorist attacks, counterterrorism policy of the United States should shift away from hypocritical, immoral, and illegal military actions. This change in counterterrorism policy will assist in maintaining or regaining a moral high ground and avoid, or more accurately mitigate accusations of legality regarding the drone program, two factors integral to winning any war.

## *Findings*

Most of the more compelling arguments defending the accuracy of drone strikes and the legality of targets become irrelevant when discussing the tactic of double-tap strikes. The concept of a double-tap strike, which differentiates it from a targeted killing, is when there is an initial strike and a follow-up strike shortly after. The follow-up can be within minutes, hours, or days, but the most concerning aspect is when the second strike comes sooner rather than later. The argument that drones



allow for good intelligence gathering, as they can stalk their targets for days or weeks, locating an ideal time to target someone with minimal threats of collateral damage, are inapplicable when considering double-tap strikes. The U.S. government cannot adequately account for who rushes to the sight of the initial drone strike. From this scenario, there are two avenues the government could take: categorize the casualties of the second strike as militants or argue that the intended targets assured death was more militarily advantageous than the subsequent collateral damage. More often than not the former approach is taken, where the government uses an unofficial standard of who qualifies as a combatant i.e. military aged males to justify the double-tap strike. Double-tap strikes in particular should be thoroughly examined, then, given the drone operator's willingness to attack targets that the government has little to no intelligence on.

The specific tactic of double-tap drone strikes is likened to a terror attack in that it creates fear among the local population and, specifically concerning the secondary strike, aims at unlawful targets. First and foremost, evidence that secondary attacks fall under the category of a terror tactic comes from the FBI, who in 2004 released an official alert stating that "terrorists may use secondary explosive devices to kill and injure emergency personnel responding to an initial attack" (Greenwald 2012). This link, by the U.S. government, between the tactic of double-tapping and terrorist groups conjoins the notion that double-tapping is a tactic utilized by terror groups. Even the specific term "double-tap" was first used in 2007 by the U.S. Department of Homeland Security in reference to terrorism, specifically the terror tactics of Hamas (McCleskey et al. 2007). According the study by the

Homeland Security Institute, Hamas sets off an initial explosion and then "when police and other first responders arrive, a second, larger device is set off to inflict more casualties and spread panic" (McCleskey et al. 2007). The U.S. makes its own connections between double-tap tactics and terrorism, therefore there seems to be an initial overlap between double-tap tactics used by U.S. declared terrorist organizations and the U.S.'s own double-tap drone strikes.

Multiple verified narratives have arisen of double-tap drone strikes killing the first responders after an initial drone strike, whether purposefully or incidentally. . On May 24th, 2012, the Bureau of Investigative Journalism, via their Pakistani field reporter Mushtaq Yusufzai, found that a double-tap strike occurred in Mir Ali, North Waziristan. The initial strike took place around 4:00am, hitting a mosque and killing four people. Locals responded to assist the injured and while they were pulling bodies from the rubble, four follow-up strikes struck the same location, killing eight more Pakistanis (Woods and Yusufzai 2012). The Associated Foreign Press reported that at least three civilian casualties resulted from the double-tap strike. On June 4th, 2012, the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) conducted three drone strikes on one location, Mir Ali, North Waziristan, within an hour of one another. The first strike occurred in the early morning, hitting a house, and killing five people. When rescuers showed up to collect the bodies and assist the wounded, two follow-up missiles killed ten rescuers, only some of whom were confirmed militants. The last strike hit the CIA's intended target, Al-Qaeda leader Yahya al-Libi, who was reportedly near, but not at, the location of the first two strikes (Woods and Yusufzai 2012). According to

Amnesty International, these strikes resulted in the deaths of four to six civilians. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, the Congressional Oversight Committee was only shown evidence of the last strike that hit the CIA's intended target (Dilanian 2012). The June 4th scenario, in other words, details multiple questionable actions by the CIA, highlights concerns regarding the accuracy of drones, but also brings the justification of military advantage into the discussion.

On July 6th, 2012, CIA drones struck a house full of tribesmen eating dinner in Dattakhel, North Waziristan. Nearby locals waited until the drones could no longer be heard hovering overhead before commencing rescue work. Soon after that work began, however, the drones returned and killed 12 more people, resulting in a total number of casualties between 13-24 (Woods and Yusufzai 2012). A separate investigative source, Reprieve, found that this incident resulted in the deaths of eight innocent people whom they were able to name. Amnesty International's own investigation found and named 18 civilian casualties. These three events, although not the only incidences of double-tap drone strikes, depict the alarming outcome of follow-up strikes, i.e., the targeting or indirect killing of first responders and noncombatants.

Two important concerns, relating to the parallels with terror tactics, arise when examining these cases. Firstly, by what basis is the U.S. justifying the second strike? Secondly, how are double-tap drone strikes affecting the behavior of the local population? One of the commonplace arguments advocating the effectiveness of drones is their ability to surveil targets for long periods of time. This period to gather information both reassures the government that this target is legitimate and allows for the

CIA or military to judge when an attack will produce little or no collateral damage. This argument for drones becomes irrelevant in regards to double-tap drone strikes because it is highly unlikely the U.S. can adequately judge who will come to help after the initial strike. The twenty minute period following the first strike is not enough time to gather intelligence on who the U.S. is targeting the second time around and whether or not those new targets are legitimate.

A common response given by the U.S. government to these concerns is that targets are combatants and drone strikes rarely result in civilian casualties. This response should meet skepticism, however, because it begs the question, who is a combatant? The U.S. government legally defines terrorists as "unlawful combatants," specifically "a person who has engaged in hostilities or who has purposefully and materially supported hostilities against the United States or its co-belligerents... (including a person who is part of the Taliban, al Qaeda, or associated forces)" (*U.S. Manual for Military Commissions* 2007). However, in practice the U.S. government has adopted an even broader definition of a combatant. Scholars, journalists, and anonymous government officials have revealed that the unofficial guideline for who is a combatant can be defined as a "military-aged male" within a hot zone (McKelvey 2013).

The logic for this, offered in an extensive *New York Times* article, states that "people in an area of known terrorist activity, or found with a top Qaeda operative, are probably up to no good" (Becker and Shane 2012). This seems like an unsubstantiated claim, but the idea behind it is that an insular, paranoid organization like Al-Qaeda would not surround themselves with untrusted individuals;

therefore, to be near Al-Qaeda implies that one is trusted by Al-Qaeda. This standard, while logically adequate, is legally, morally, and practically problematic. This standard noticeably lacks the necessity of proof, neglecting further intelligence gathering in favor of assumptions of guilt by association. While transparency and accountability would assist in answering these questions, the lack of cooperation by the U.S. government to provide justifications leaves these questions unanswered. However, when it comes to human life, scholars should adopt a skeptical stance rather than give the U.S. government the benefit of the doubt.

The second concern, the behavioral effects on the local population from double-tap drone strikes, requires anecdotal evidence. Noticeably, in the third case presented above—the attack on Dattakhel on June 6th, 2012—the rescuers waited until they suspected the drones were gone before assisting the dead and wounded. This alone depicts a behavioral effect where the local population has learned over time that rushing to the scene of a drone strike endangers one's own life, “secondary strikes have discouraged average civilians from coming to one another's rescue” (International Human Rights and Conflict Resolution Clinic and Global Justice Clinic 2012). An interview with Faheem Qureshi, a survivor of a drone strike, provided similar insight: “when a drone strikes and people die, nobody comes near the bodies for half an hour because they fear another missile will strike” (International Human Rights and Conflict Resolution Clinic and Global Justice Clinic 2012). Qureshi is a seventeen-year-old Pakistani, who, when he was fourteen, endured a drone strike that targeted his home. From this attack, he lost sight in his left eye, suffered a fractured skull, and lost hearing in one

ear. Based on his own experience, Qureshi “believes that he would likely not have survived if he had not managed to walk out of the smoking rubble of his hujra on his own, because his neighbors would have waited too long in coming to rescue him” (International Human Rights and Conflict Resolution Clinic and Global Justice Clinic 2012).

Qureshi's narrative depicts the mortal consequences of the fear double-tap drone strikes create: the wounded go unassisted and, as a consequence, may not survive. A journalist from the area, Noor Behram, reports on the perceived aim of these drone strikes, writing that “what America has tried to do is attack the rescue teams” (International Human Rights and Conflict Resolution Clinic and Global Justice Clinic 2012). Noor is a Waziri journalist who investigates and photographs drone strikes. He reiterates much of Qureshi's sentiment that drones have inhibited the ability to help the wounded out of fear that a second strike will kill the first responders.

Lastly, a deterred rescuer in North Waziristan, Pakistan, Hayatullah Ayoub Khan, recounts a story in which a drone strike struck a car in front of his own. As he moved closer to assist what he perceived to be a flailing body inside the burning car, another drone strike struck again (International Human Rights and Conflict Resolution Clinic and Global Justice Clinic 2012). Some humanitarian organizations have delay policies in which they are not allowed to go to a scene of a drone strike for a few hours because of the potential for “follow up strikes” (International Human Rights and Conflict Resolution Clinic and Global Justice Clinic 2012). These reports of double-tap incidents depict the negative effects these particular tactics have on peoples' willingness to aid the wounded, since “the

threat of the ‘double-tap’ reportedly deters not only the spontaneous humanitarian instinct of neighbors and bystanders in the immediate vicinity of strikes, but also professional humanitarian workers providing emergency medical relief to the wounded” (International Human Rights and Conflict Resolution Clinic and Global Justice Clinic 2012). Double-tap drone strikes put fear in the nearby population that they could be next. This fear coerces the population by deterring their willingness to help the wounded. Not only does this call into question legality, for international law does not consider wounded combatants lawful targets for further attack, but it very much likens double-tap drone strikes to tactics of fear and coercion.

In summation, the term double-tap was adopted by the Department of Homeland Security in reference to a terror tactic adopted by Hamas. This correlates the notion of double-tapping with a terror tactic. There are multiple reported and verified cases of the U.S. using the double-tap tactic via drone strikes. From these cases, the results of double-tapping — i.e., who is killed, whether or not they qualify as a combatant, and how the population is effected by these repeated incidents — resemble the effects of terrorism, i.e., violence, noncombatant targeting, fear, and coercion.

### Conclusion

This study attempts to correlate, parallel, and depict the overlap between double-tap drone strikes and the common criterion of terror attacks. While this study is far from definitive, it does offer insight into the relationship between double-tap drone strikes, the generation of fear, and coercion. It raises many questions regarding legality and morality. Most importantly, the obvious conclusion to draw

from the evidence presented is that there needs to be more transparency and honesty from the government regarding the standards used to justify a targeted killing and, specifically, the logic behind double-tap strikes. From the inferences drawn in this study, the U.S. government should be held accountable for double-tap drone strikes by the international community. Double-tap drone strikes are no different than other forms of successive explosions utilized by terrorist groups; therefore, the U.S. government should be held to the same level of culpability. Double-tap drone strikes act as a form of state terrorism because of their correlation to terror tactics of a similar nature and because they result in fear and coercion of the local Pakistani populations.

### Footnote

1. The author is not making a moral judgement on the method of terrorism, rather referring to the common perception that terrorism as an immoral means of reaching a political goal.

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# LOS ANGELES 2015

BY **DANNY BIRMINGHAM**

I. Los Angeles is a dry city, full of dirt and dead skin. Grocery store shopping carts crowd parking lots and all the trashhhhhh of coffee cups and McDonald's bags slither around on a dusty ground that won't be washed aside from a spilled Sprite. Heavy haze hesitates on half-had horizons across foggy waters filled with salt. A suit and tie hello goodbye with a few bucks for a caffeine-crazed air-conditioned packed-lunch white-walled work day.

II. You walk past a dispensary at dusk with a security guard and you're not going anywhere in particular. The road beside with horn honks and whizzing wheels scratching asphalt as frowns faces horse races rush against the hour up the hill to the place with a couch and a beer and a long awaited ahhhh-hhhhh next to a foot rest.

III. But where are you going? Dusk or twilight it doesn't matter because the sun is gone and the moon is out and the Venice canals remain gross or indifferent or placid between fast-talking free CD's and unappreciated expensive paintings. But where are you going? Lincoln Boulevard is the artery and you want the veins on your cheap bike under western ivy crawling shrubbery artificial fences flowers leashed dogs and more parked cars. Too late to surf to write to read or run for dinner is another drive-through organic shop stop at Whole Foods where the self-conscious self-righteous next-step in human evolution converges to

congratulate one another with condescending recommendations.

IV. Stretching palms deserted parks and maybe a star crawl across the sky as you motionlessly wander through these sinking streets. It doesn't matter where you're going as long as you're going and look like you have a place to be. But all the places to be have all the people they need and someone like you needs to have an answer before arriving at some door looking for one. Which is why your hair looks like that your clothes like this and his friend's music is the best; so is that little restaurant around the corner or that one microbrew which is just so hard to find.

V. Toes stretch in the sand golden hair golden breeze bon fire citadels with their small distant gatherings illuminate this night away from neon OPEN signs where waitresses wear pants with plates in delicate hands holding margaritas, salty margaritas with ice cubes. Rushhhhhhhh the white water inches on the shore reaching for more, your toes, calling and demanding that jeans roll up hairs rise skins splash, washed, not dead. Throw away your flask unlock your bike (but where are you going?) to grab her hand hold her hand feel real, something real, washed, washed, torn away from the artery, the blood spills, you're the blood, your blood, free, free, free...

But where are you going?





# REFLECTION

BY **PATRICK FOSTER**



