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THE FORUM

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This column carries reports of the Executive Committee of Phi Sigma Iota. Please send comments to contact@phisigmaiota.org to the attention of Joan Marx, President.

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FROM THE ROSTRUM **page 8**

Phi Sigma Iota exists to recognize students who excel in language learning. The experiences of learning a new language or of becoming better acquainted with a culture other than one's own are unique to each student. *The Rostrum* offers student members of Phi Sigma Iota the opportunity to publish their original writing about these experiences.

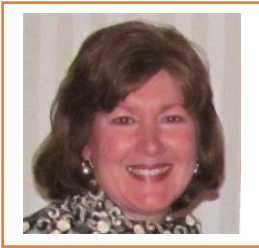
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In this section, we publish your chapter news and photographs. We also report new chapter charters. Let us hear from you! Send news and pictures to Administrative Director Roz Macken at contact@phisigmaiota.org.

Editor, Kajsa C. Larson
Associate Professor of Spanish
Gamma Phi Chapter #222
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FROM THE COMITIUM: President's Letter



¡Hola! As I think back over my first year as President of Phi Sigma Iota, I cannot help but be impressed by the commitment of the members of our organization to the study of language and to the understanding of other cultures in our country and around the globe. Such an endeavor has never been more important in our multicultural world.

In the last year, due to the strong financial health of the Phi Sigma Iota organization, the Executive Board increased the amount of money for scholarships, and in April PSI granted awards to students whose proposals included study abroad, graduate school and special cultural projects in this country. We also welcomed new Chapters such as SUNY Brockport and Brigham Young University as well as numerous new members who have been initiated into our organization during 2016.

At the September meeting in Pittsburgh, the Executive Board began discussions on arranging a future undergraduate research conference for Phi Sigma Iota members along with the technology needed to involve national participants from PSI Chapters both on site and long distance.

I am confident that the coming year will bring a renewed sense of dedication to the value of cross cultural understanding and that Phi Sigma Iota will continue to be a positive force in this regard through the promotion of excellence in foreign language education. On behalf of the Executive Board, I applaud the efforts and accomplishments of Chapter Advisors and student members in foreign language programs in the many PSI Chapters across this country. ¡Saludos!

All the best,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Joan F. May".

January 2017

Phi Sigma Iota Scholarships

Application forms for both Collegiate and Alumni/Professional Members can be found on the “Scholarships” link on the Society’s website, <http://phisigmaiota.org>. The submission deadline for all applications is March 31, 2017.

Federal Civil Service Benefits

Phi Sigma Iota is a member of the Association of College Honor Societies (ACHS), and as such, **members of our Society are eligible for a higher, GS-7 starting salary rank for positions in the Federal Service.** Here's a link to the Operating Manual page for the US Office of Personnel Management that gives the details. <http://www.opm.gov/qualifications/policy/ApplicationOfStds-04.asp>. **See the annual salary chart to compare what a difference this makes!** <http://www.federaljobs.net/salarybase.htm>

If you work full-time in a public service job, you may qualify for Public Service Loan Forgiveness!

See if you qualify here: <https://studentaid.ed.gov/repay-loans/forgiveness-cancellation/charts/public-service>

Scholarships and Awards for Members of Honor Societies

Phi Sigma Iota’s Member Resources page also has information on scholarships and awards available to members of any honor society belonging to the Association of College of Honor Societies (ACHS), a coordinating organization that maintains high standards, monitors, advises, and certifies the quality of member honor societies. For additional information, see also www.achsnatl.org.

We invite you to our new online skill-share and mentoring community

What is VineUp and How do I Join? To join the community simply visit <http://phisigmaiota.org> and click on the VineUp link. You will have the options to register manually or connect via your Facebook or LinkedIn accounts, making registration and updating of your profile information easy. During your registration process you will be prompted to enter the special access code provided to you in an email. This code will only be requested once and you will not need to memorize it. Once you have completed the steps you will have to verify your email address then, once your profile has been approved by our administrators, you will be able to access the community. The platform has a mobile ready interface, so there is no need to download any apps. It works smoothly and easily on all devices and browsers.

Beware of Bogus Organizations

from the Information Committee of The Association of College Honor Societies

This letter addresses the issue of “bogus” organizations claiming to be honor societies, which has posed very real problems over the years not only for our own societies, but for students who are confused and paying fees to groups they did not intend to pay. This letter also promotes the value of ACHS standards and certification.

Honor Societies have existed as a part of the higher education tradition since 1885. In 1925 the Association of College Honor Societies (ACHS) was established to help colleges and universities assess the value and credibility of these organizations.

Over the past few years there have been several groups that have emerged that are calling themselves an honor society but do not meet the standards to be certified by the Association of College Honor Societies. Based on the calls and questions that come to the ACHS office, these organizations are marketing themselves as honor societies and possibly creating confusion for students.

In order to help students and administrators make more informed decisions, the Association of College Honor Societies asks that you ask or assess these basic questions before determining any organization to be an honor society:

- **ACHS certification** – this link lists all member honor societies that are certified and meet the standards: <http://achsnatl.org/member-directory.asp>
- **Minimum scholastic standards for membership** – make sure there is a reason that the student is being honored and is not just being invited to join a group with no standards or criteria for membership.
- **Non-profit status** – a certified honor society will always be a non-profit, 501 c3, organization. Don't be deceived by the organization having a .org website address. These groups often don't disclose that they are for-profit in their marketing materials. You have to ask them, or you can check here: <https://www.guidestar.org/Home.aspx>.
- **Campus chapters** – make sure the organization is a registered and recognized chapter on your campus with on-campus leadership from students and/or faculty.
- **Fees** – all collegiate honor societies have a membership fee. The fee may be solicited from the invited student or, in some cases, paid for by the institution. Having a fee is comparable to your institution having tuition. The key factor is that the student should be paying to affiliate with an organization that has been certified to meet high standards the same way your institution has been accredited.
- **Transparency** – check the organization's website to make sure that it states it is a non-profit and that there is a phone number and address listed. Is there a listing of a functioning board who provides oversight to the organization?
- **Member participation in governance** – are members of the organization involved in governing the organization?

You can find more information about legitimate honor societies at www.achsnatl.org

Please help us share this with individuals on your campus who can help students make better informed decisions.

Show pride in your Society membership with the purchase of a variety of logo merchandise from our new on-line CafePress store at <http://www.cafepress.com/phisigmaiota1>.



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Pack it all up in our tote bag, send a note to a friend with our note cards and display a Phi Sigma Iota ornament.



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FROM THE CURIA:

A Dreamy Afternoon: Jimi @ San Francisco State

Dr. Frederik Green

Executive First Vice President & Advisor for Eta Alpha Chapter #142, San Francisco State University

The chapter was the recipient of a Phi Sigma Iota “Small Grants” award to help support this extraordinary event.

Yes, dreamy it was, that afternoon at SF State in late October of 2016. Dreamy, and filled with sunshine, and the sparkle of stars, and the sound of the forest. And there were tears, and plenty of laughter, and the sand in the hourglass seemed suspended while Jimi took us on a journey through time and space. It was an afternoon hard to forget...

It was an afternoon long in the making. Jimi, or Jimmy Liao, as he is known in English, is one of Taiwan’s most beloved authors and illustrators. Jimi is the author of over fifty books, many of which have been adapted for the screen or the stage. His works have been translated into Japanese, Korean, and most European languages. His artwork adorns Taiwanese postal stamps and subway stations in Taipei, and in 2013, a statue park honoring his work was opened in his hometown of Yilan. Jimi is a superstar all over the Chinese-speaking world whom New Zealand’s *Studio Magazine* named one of Asia’s “most creative people.” Would it not be wonderful to have him come to San Francisco State one day?

I had long fostered that hope, probably ever since I first discovered his books on a trip to Taiwan five or six years ago. I had been browsing the children’s books section at an Eslite bookstore in search of a gift for my three nieces and inevitably had run into a shelf entirely filled with books by Jimi. This had been my first visit back to Taiwan in many years, and I had been completely oblivious to the “Jimi-craze” that had gripped the island and, as I would later learn, mainland China, Hong Kong and Singapore. I left the store with a half-dozen titles and began to immerse myself in them at once after I got home. I soon discovered that by way of his colorful dreamscapes or monochrome drawings, accompanied by sparse, yet intensely poetic prose, Jimi explores a wide variety of topics that speak to a broad audience: first love, the deep bonds of friendship, the beauty of dreams, the hardships of growing up, living with disability, or the challenges of old age. On every subsequent trip to Taiwan, my collection of books grew by another three or four titles. Naturally, I also started to use his books for teaching Chinese, and as a result turned countless of my students into Jimi fans, all of whom had become just as obsessed with the idea of bringing Jimi to San Francisco State.

Last fall, I was back in Taipei, and after another shopping spree at a local bookstore, I casually mentioned to an old friend of mine that I really would love to invite Jimi to San Francisco State. I asked my friend, half in jest, whether he knew anyone who might be able to put me in touch with Jimi. “Jimi?” My friend looked at me in surprise, “Well, I know Jimi. Let me see what I can do.” A few days later, I received an email from Jimi’s editor, inviting me to a public reading held at a local library where Jimi was presenting his latest book, *Kiss & Goodbye* (忘記親一下, 2015), a story about a young child traveling alone on board a train from the city to the countryside to visit grandpa. The audience of close to 500 people of all ages was mesmerized by Jimi’s voice, and by the colorful images that were projected on a giant screen above his head. After the lecture, I waited in line to have my copy of *Kiss & Goodbye* signed by Jimi. When it was finally my turn, I told him that I greatly admired his work and that his beautiful books had for years been an inspiration for my students and for me to improve our Chinese. When I asked him if he had been to San Francisco, he shook his head. I told him that there were countless enthusiastic fans of his work in the Bay Area, all of whom would be thrilled to meet the famous Jimi. Besides, San Francisco had inspired many famous children’s book authors and illustrators before him. Would he not like to come for a visit? He smiled, and continued to sign books for the long line of fans still waiting while I went on my way, proudly clutching my signed copy of *Kiss & Goodbye*, convinced that he would not turn down my invitation.

His editor’s reply to my email from a few days later in which I had repeated the invitation was more sobering. Jimi, Mr. Lin told me, did not like to travel abroad. In fact, the two previous times he had done so, the trips were

a disaster. When he went to Italy to receive a medal from the Ministry of Culture, he got food poisoning. Later that year, he went to Sweden, where he gave a lecture series at the Swedish National Library – in the middle of November! The moment he stepped off the plane into the freezing Swedish winter, Mr. Lin explained, he caught a terrible cold. I should not get my hopes too high, Mr. Lin wrote. I sent a last desperate plea, telling him that the weather in late October is at its best in San Francisco, that we have the best food in the world, and that Jimi surely would find inspiration while gazing at the Golden Gate Bridge or taking a cable car to Fisherman’s Wharf. He should think about it for a while, I said.

The reply came sometime in April. Had it been the promise of great weather? Tasty food? A ride in the cable car that had made him change his mind? Planning got under way right away. The biggest hurdle was to raise enough funds for an event of this scope. To all our delight, China Airlines, Taiwan’s national carrier, generously offered to fly the two of them to San Francisco, and later even chipped in a ticket for Jimi’s wife. The Argonaut Hotel, San Francisco’s finest boutique hotel right by Fisherman’s Wharf, generously sponsored accommodation for the three of them, and Phi Sigma Iota provided us with a special event grant that helped cover various miscellaneous costs. And then, after months of frantic planning and fundraising and event preparation, *A Dreamy Afternoon*, the name we had given to the event, was finally here!

On Saturday, October 22, audience members started to pour into Knuth Hall well before the official starting time. By the time Jimi finally stepped onto the stage, almost all of the 700 seats had been filled, and the crowd erupted into enthusiastic cheers when he humbly smiled and whispered into his microphone “hello, I am Jimi.” Jimi then shared with the audience the story how he had become a children’s book illustrator. Exhausted from his work as a graphic designer for a Taipei advertising company, he had long craved a change, he told us. He went to consult a fortune teller, who told him that big changes were coming his way



Image 1: *Secrets of the Forest* (森林裡的秘密, 1998)

and that everything would eventually fall into place. Big changes were indeed coming his way: Two years later, Jimi was diagnosed with leukemia. Suddenly driven by the urge to leave behind something meaningful for his recently born daughter, he drew *Secrets of the Forest* (森林裡的秘密, 1998), a book whose lithography-like black-and-white images tell the story of a little city girl who in her dreams befriends a giant rabbit. Together they to explore the marvels of nature on a journey deep into the forest (image 1).

Jimi read the story aloud while the images were projected onto a giant screen above the stage. *Secrets of the Forest* is a dreamy tale full of warmth and happiness. It was only on the very last page, Jimi told the audience, holding back his tears, that he revealed a little about his true feelings at the time when he drew the story. It shows a child standing on a withered tree, staring into a gloomy nothingness.

His next book, *A Fish with a Smile* (微笑的魚, 1998), was no longer monochrome, but full of shining colors. The story is about a lonely adult who finds peace with himself and the world the moment he lets go of his beloved aquarium fish that



Image 2: *A Fish with a Smile* (微笑的魚, 1998)

craves nothing more than to return to the open sea (image 2). Mildly Buddhist or existentialist in nature, the story has another sublayer that Jimi shared with the audience after having read it out aloud and showing an animated silent-film version of the book

(https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5ig9OW8Vw_A). “During my months in the hospital,” Jimi said, when friends and family came to visit me, but could not come close because my immune system was weakened, I felt like that fish, trapped forever in a glass jar, longing for the open sea. I wrote that book to thank my doctor and my nurses.”

The next book that Jimi read out while the book’s illustrations appeared on screen was *Starry Starry Night* (星空, 2009), one of his most famous works and, by his own admission, his personal favorite. *Starry Starry*



Image 3: *Starry Starry Night* (星空, 2009)

Night, which was turned into a major motion picture by Tom Lin in 2012, captures the hardships of adolescence and the magic of budding love between two teenagers who for a few precious days escape their mundane surroundings and find true happiness during a trip into the mountains (image 3).

The last work that Jimi shared with his audience that day was *Kiss & Goodbye*, the book from which I had heard him read the previous fall in Taipei. This touching tale with its hauntingly beautiful illustrations takes the reader on a magical journey through a marvelous dreamscape. While probing into the at times painful process of growing up and leaving behind childhood, it also tells of the marvels that await each young traveler: “If luck has it and you travel on an empty train,” we heard Jimi whisper as he read out the last lines of the book, “you might just encounter a miracle” (image 4).

And miraculous it was, that dreamy afternoon. Miraculous, and dreamy, and filled with sunshine, and the sparkle of stars, and the sound of the forest. And there were tears, and plenty of laughter, and the sand in the hourglass seemed suspended while Jimi took us on a journey through time and space. It was indeed an afternoon hard to forget.



Image 4: *Kiss & Goodbye* (忘記親一下, 2015)



Image 5: Jimi signing books at the San Francisco State bookstore, flanked by two Phi Sigma Iota members.

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FROM THE ROSTRUM

The Rostrum offers student members the opportunity to publish their original writing about language experiences.

Hacia la oscuridad: El derrame de petróleo

Ayana Williams

Member Chi Omega Chapter #263, University of South Alabama

Una gota de tinta en el mar, negra y peligrosa. Como un ladrón a las dos en la mañana, roba la vitalidad del mar en una muerte silenciosa y larga. El alga marina y el coral se transforman en la oscuridad de la gota. Ya no se ven los colores brillantes de los peces y otra vida marina. Todo lo traga la sombra del derrame de petróleo.

Han pasado seis años desde el derrame de petróleo, y actualmente las pesquerías y las personas que viven por el mar, están viviendo con los impactos permanentes del derrame. La vida marina se fue transformando por el derrame porque el petróleo cambia el latido, y eventualmente afecta la producción de los órganos. El derrame de petróleo tenía un impacto económico e íntimo en la vida de todo que depende en el mar para la vida en general. El impacto del derrame BP de petróleo ha sobrado en la gente de la costa del golfo con una variedad de problemas que persisten aún hoy. El grupo que sufrió lo más durante esta tragedia fue de las pesquerías y las personas que viven por el mar. Todavía, experimentan los reverses de este desastre en forma de la falta de producto, la pérdida de clientes, y el daño duradero del medio ambiente.

La vida marina recibiría el choque del derrame. Los animales que sufrieron el más del mar eran los pájaros del mar y las nutrias del mar. Sin embargo, ninguno de los dos grupos habría contribuido al mercado pesquería. En general los cangrejos, los camarones y, en el caso de Nueva Orleans, las ostras son los productos con mayor demanda en el mercado, y el derrame interrumpió un mercado que ya estaba prosperando. Para estar más conciso, el derrame vino durante un momento menos conveniente para los pescadores. Byron, un pescador, dice, “No usé los barcos por tres años después del derrame del petróleo porque no podía ir al pantano a causa del petróleo”. En continuación relata con mucho desaliento la historia de esta época, “Nuestras ostras, todas, se murieron. La comunidad sufrió en general y el espíritu de la gente desaparecía”.

También sufrieron mucho los residentes que consideran el mar como su hogar. El espíritu de la gente común nunca recuperará su nivel original. Una residente de la isla de Dauphin, Courtney, recuerda el verano después del derrame de petróleo como un verano de las sombras. Ella habló de los días en la playa, “El petróleo llegaba a las orillas continuamente, cada día. No puedo mirar el mar sin ver la sombra del petróleo”. Luego confiesa, “Tenía miedo. Recordé el daño de Katrina y no podía imaginar la lucha que vendría en el futuro. No concebía la seguridad de una vida tranquila”. La gente que vive por el mar está consciente de la amenaza de los huracanes y las inundaciones. Pero no había nada que la preparara para el derrame de petróleo.

Las personas, que recibieron el mayor daño en aquella época, todavía están en la oscuridad. Cada peso las hunde en el petróleo y las lleva más lejos de la luz de la época antes del derrame. La verdad es que las cosas nunca volverán a ser lo mismo. Los que no fuimos directamente afectados podemos olvidarnos de la crisis económica que ha producido esta catástrofe para la comunidad que depende del mercado de mariscos. La dura verdad, sin embargo, es que a la larga cada persona tendrá que llevar la carga de esta tragedia, y cada persona tiene que vivir con sus consecuencias.

Fall 2016 Study Abroad in Cuba - "You had to be there"

Kiva Talty

Member Zeta Epsilon Chapter #248, Spring Hill College

If I had been asked to write this two months ago, I believe you would be reading something very different. Two months ago would place me at the end of September, beginning of October. My classes would have been in full swing, the warm Havana weather persisting, and I would have been anticipating our upcoming trip to Oriente, where we climbed Pico Turquino, enjoyed the beaches of Guardalavaca, experienced Afro-Cuban music, took overly-zoomed photos of the U.S. Military Base in Guantánamo Bay from the town of Caimaneras and of course indulged in Cristal and *mojitos*. I would have described to you a beautiful Cuba - filled to the brim with under-exposed talent for music and art, where people smiled no matter their situation, where the Revolution was more than a political movement; rather it would be described as a religion, a part of the family, a type of air you breathed in and lived for, a phenomenon that was justified and understood completely, it's truthful graphics aired out for all to see on billboards and sides of school buildings and murals and restaurants. I would have painted a fantastic image of Castro's Cuba, and I wouldn't have thought twice about it.

But I was asked to write this on Sunday, November 27th, 2016. Fidel Castro passed away the night of Friday, November 25th. The New York Times published his obituary on the 26th. And so, between Friday and Sunday, my little learned bubble of the Revolution burst as I was snapped back to reality with a 30-minute read.

I am not hinting at that by reading a U.S.-published article, arguable unbiased, I was checked back into reality. I am saying that. After months of being exposed to readings, presentations, projects, activities, billboards, radio shows, movies, television, news, and so many more outlets of Cuban propaganda, I embarrassingly admit I was brainwashed. I wasn't brainwashed in the sense that my chemical composition of brain matter has been altered forever, goodness no! But after reading an article, one that didn't mourn and idolize the Cuban hero and El Comandante Fidel Castro, but one that combined his Latin American "successes" of totalitarian rule, oppression and undying support from Fidelists with his horrendous acts of mass-execution of opposition, lack of self-criticism and lack of economic and political foresight, I had to think twice about every justification I made for the man, before and after this experience.

Sure, Fidel was a major prominent figure in Latin America, and he probably will continue to be; he might even be idolized like Ernesto "Che" Guevara. His face will remain on billboards. "Fidel entre Nosotros," they say, accompanied by a progressing display of Fidel from all walks of life: as a Moncadista, in army fatigues in the Sierra Maestra, with a white dove on his shoulder, in front of a podium and finally with a graying beard. His presence will be missed, people will mourn him for 9 days; 9 days in which alcohol cannot be purchased nor will bars be open, for fear of minor celebrations of his passing most likely, in which melancholy music and records of the guerrillero's voice from interviews and speeches will play non-stop on every radio channel, in which speeches honoring the man upon processions upon ceremonies will continue. And sure, he established many a connection with Latin America: Bolivia, Venezuela, Ecuador, and Colombia. Between socialist ties, instilled sense of inspiration and dignity for Latin America, financial relations and peacemaking moves, Fidel's Cuba has managed to reestablish itself after the rougher times of the '90's, desperately attempting to prove itself before its sole leader passes on his own terms. It's impossible to say he did not have a presence. The category of that presence can definitely be debated, however, but not here. Here, he is a hero.

I have just under three weeks left, and when I leave this country on one of the first few domestic flights from La Habana to Miami, I wonder what I'll feel about my four months here in the political sense. I wonder if I'll look back on them with nostalgia or with internal embarrassment, if I'll have recorded my important moments here correctly in case anything big happens again, if I'll be able to explain to friends and family who ask why certain things happened, or what the background was. I hope I have it all down in case, when I die, they can use this historical context in some archive, where another student can be able to rely on my records for a snapshot of history. After all, we were here to see the first actions of the 54-year-old embargo being lifted, which ironically legalized the famous vices of Cuba, rum and cigars; the election of president-elect Donald Trump, whom possibly had illegal business transactions in Cuba throughout said embargo as reported by Newsweek; and the death of Fidel Castro, which speaks for itself.

And so, four days later, I am left with the above impression—an incomplete compilation of Cuba learned and Cuba realized. It is a compilation rooted in academic sources and informal conversations on the *malecón*. It is based on active field research and unconsciously-documented exposure in passing. I wonder, when I return to my thoughts about this experience, I'll be able to have a summed-up conclusion, packaged nicely with a little bow, that I can easily share with friends and family who asked, like a well-rehearsed punch line. Honestly, I think I might stumble over words with my explanation, say some things and go back on them, and most likely end with the cliché phrase of, "You had to be there." Because in all truth, you had to be.

Building Global Awareness in Germany

Ibsen Powers

Member Alpha Theta Chapter #111, Lebanon Valley College

One of the most eye opening experiences I had while studying abroad this summer in Würzburg, Germany was visiting the local refugee housing and getting to speak with refugees from a number of different countries such as Syria, Afghanistan, Iraq, and Ethiopia. This was a very unique and educational experience. Each week during July on a Wednesday we would meet students from the university and then we would take a bus to the refugee housing complex. Once we arrived there we would set up one of the rooms with tea and some snacks for people to share. Then some of the residents of the complex would arrive and we (the students) had the opportunity to speak with them in German about their experience in a new country, their experience getting there, as well as personal anecdotes. The purpose of this time was to give the refugees an opportunity to speak German and encourage them to discuss their time in Germany. It also provided the university students a chance to hand out surveys and gain information about how the residents felt their housing and general experience was going.

So, what is the purpose behind holding this tea time with refugees? To give a little background, there is a lot of political and ethnic unrest in the Middle East and Africa. In Syria a brutal civil war has been raging for five years, and in many other countries, aggression among conflicting religious, ethnic, and political factions has caused extreme hardship and displacement. This greatly affects Germany, AND the entire WORLD because many people are trying to escape the violence, and Germany has stepped up as the most willing country to accept these refugees. Germany has taken in more than 476,000 new asylum applicants in 2015 alone, according to the BBC¹. The total number of refugees has topped one million. Therefore, it is very important for people who live in the cities and communities where there are refugees to help them feel as comfortable and as welcomed as possible during this difficult time.

The refugees were very open and interested in talking about their experience. I was fortunate enough to make friends with one of the younger guys there named Ayman. He is seventeen and arrived in Germany about eight months ago with his father. Unfortunately, the rest of his family is separated from him and his father, as he told me. They are in a different refugee center in Chemnitz several hours away. I got to learn about him and his family, his interests, and how his experience in Germany was going. Interestingly enough, our first conversation began discussing his job as a mechanic, which interested me because at home I help my neighbor work on cars. It was really interesting to be able to find a common interest with someone from a completely different background, and then build a relationship on that.

The greatest part of this experience is that as students we were able to have a positive impact. It was clear through their smiles and willingness to talk that these people who have experienced so much difficulty and so many obstacles were happy to have conversations with new people. Some of them described how hard it is for them to talk outside of their community in the housing complex, because of language barriers and prejudices. It was wonderful to know we could offer comfort to these people by just being there. Of course it could be

¹ <http://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-34131911>

awkward when the language barrier prevented us as students and them as refugees from getting across certain thoughts or ideas. However, in general I think it was a useful and positive experience for these people.

This time was a very important experience for me because it was very relevant to current global events, and I was able to speak first hand with individuals directly impacted by these global events. This related directly to a course I had taken in the spring called Global Issues in German Society. In this course we discussed the refugee crisis in Europe, and specifically how it is affecting Germany. It was incredible to hear the stories each person had and how they traveled from their native countries to Germany.

Another important question to address is what significance does this experience have for myself and everyone else here in the U.S.? Currently in the U.S. we are not accepting refugees largely out of fear. That is why this was so significant because these refugees, like us, are simply people trying to do what is best for their families. Of course there is always a fear of the unknown, and the fear of terrorism. By ostracizing an entire portion of the globe because the destructive actions of a few risks alienating friends and allies in our global community. As a country with as much power and influence as we have, it is critical we remember all people are human beings in times like this.

La Compassion pour le diable, une analyse de *Dom Juan*

Cameron Bo Graham

Member Chi Omega Chapter #263, University of South Alabama

Rarement, un auteur nous présente un personnage dualiste, ni tout à fait maléfique ni entièrement bon. Molière, ce grand maître de son métier, le théâtre, nous construit un tel héros en créant le personnage titulaire de son *Dom Juan*. Il utilise cette figure presque mythologique afin de montrer les conséquences de l'incongruence entre la substance et l'apparence dans un être humain à l'échelle de la morale religieuse et sociale. Discutons donc la dualité de Dom Juan, ce qui le condamne à l'enfer, et la manière dont ce personnage se rapporte à la société de Molière et à celle de nos jours.

Débutons par les traits de Dom Juan souvent oubliés, ceux de la morale aristocratique de la noblesse au XVII^{ème} siècle. D'abord sachons que son sens du devoir le pousse au danger, et son courage l'aide à y aller jusqu'au bout. Par exemple, sans savoir qu'il s'agit de son ennemi Dom Carlos, Dom Juan risque sa vie pour sauver un homme quelconque en train de se battre contre trois malfaiteurs de la rue, malgré le risque de s'affronter contre une force plus considérable. Cet événement montre son courage et son respect pour l'égalité par rapport au combat honorable. Plus tard, le courage indomptable de Dom Juan lui fait subir sa punition divine. Lorsque la statue du commandeur vient l'inviter à souper chez soi, Dom Juan proclame à Sganarelle, «...rien ne me saurait ébranler» (Molière 76). Quand il arrive au lieu prévu, son audace le conduit à rejeter sa chance de se denier et se repentir; au lieu de se sauver, il attaque le spectre qui lui offre le salut et, sans peur, prend la main de la statue qui le brûle. Donc, cet esprit autrement héroïque fonctionne chez Dom Juan comme un orgueil fatal. D'ailleurs, dans une scène aussi courte que blasphématoire, le personnage principal exige qu'un mendiant renonce à sa foi en Dieu pour un louis d'or. Malgré le refus du pauvre de blasphémer, Dom Juan lui donne la pièce de monnaie, montrant un peu de la charité qui contredit son mauvais caractère.

Maintenant, voyons les défauts irrépréhensibles qui envoient ce «diable» à l'enfer. Non seulement est-il libre-penseur d'une époque où il n'est pas acceptable de l'être, mais le libertinage imprègne l'esprit de Dom Juan. Une de ses grandes tragédies est le fait qu'il partage son impiété—il infecte les femmes qu'il séduit avec sa lâcheté et il tente de faire jurer un pauvre extrêmement dévoué. C'est-à-dire qu'il n'agit pas seulement comme un homme manquant de mœurs; il prêche le Mal en tant qu'émissaire du Diable. Pour lui, il ne suffit pas de suivre un chemin matérialiste et immoral, mais il essaye d'y entraîner les autres personnages aussi. Cependant, il pêche plus gravement quand il agit en hypocrite, et ce péché élimine pour lui toute chance d'amitié et d'amour. La contradiction entre son apparence et sa substance, entre ce qu'il dit et ce qu'il fait, est mise en scène à partir du quatrième acte, où quatre visiteurs viennent donner à Dom Juan des chances à se repentir de ses crimes. Mais il ne fait que des fausses plaisanteries, mais sa vraie intention ne reste pas cachée aux autres. Un de ses

serviteurs M. Dimanche vient pour être payé, pourtant Dom Juan se sert d'une amitié fausse en le recevant avec une courtoisie extrême et en lui disant «Monsieur, je suis à vous de tout mon cœur» (Molière 70). Evidemment, Don Juan joue le rôle d'un ami pour que M. Dimanche n'ait pas d'opportunité de lui exiger l'argent. Quand son père, Dom Louis arrive et l'admoneste, Dom Juan, n'ayant rien entendu, lui offre une chaise sous prétexte qu'elle lui permet de parler plus aisément. Avant et après ce discours, Dom Juan se fâche contre son père, cachant le fait qu'il rejette cet amour familial. À la suite, Dome Elvire lui rend visite pour le prier de se renier, et, voulant éviter le «discours superflu» qu'elle attend, elle quitte son fiancé d'autrefois vite après avoir donné son avis (76). Quand le dernier hôte de Dom Juan, la statue, entre dans la salle à manger, Dom Juan lève servilement un verre; pourtant ni la statue ni même le serviteur Sganarelle ne soutiennent cette folie. Enfin, il prétend de respecter la statue, représentant de Dieu, mais cette hypocrisie lui coûte tout l'amour possible y compris la compassion divine.

Mise en contexte historique, cette hypocrisie nous apparaît en premier plan, dans la pièce, parce que c'est le thème central de la plupart des chefs-d'œuvre de Molière (Doolittle 515). Il est probable que Molière s'est inspiré par *La Comédie divine* de Dante dans laquelle un des cercles les plus épouvantables de l'enfer est destiné aux hypocrites. Molière a écrit *Dom Juan* pour remplacer *Tartuffe*, pièce qui était censurée en raison de la moquerie de la foi insincère des jésuites. Si nous considérons que les autres personnages n'ont raison que par ignorance pieuse et que Dom Juan est puni parce qu'il prend conscience du fait que l'apparence de la piété fonctionne comme outil de bénéfice social, nous verrions que Molière suggère que le clergé est bien conscient de son hypocrisie; et cela est une critique beaucoup plus profonde et scandaleuse (Doolittle 515). Sachons que ces idées mettent en question tant les mœurs d'antan que celles d'aujourd'hui. N'y-a-t-il pas toujours des évangélistes materialists ou politiciens manipulateurs?

Pour conclure, revenons à la description du dualisme de Dom Juan. Molière lui donne des qualités et des défauts, et ses actions contredisent son esprit. Ce symbole de l'hypocrisie doit nous faire peur comme il l'a fait aux jésuites du XVIIème siècle. Sommes-nous coupables de nos mensonges qui nous sauvent la face? Ou pouvons-nous être à l'aise tout en sachant que chacun porte son masque qui le protège des regards du monde?

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Gracias, Luis

Amelia Eppard

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Amelia Eppard is a senior majoring in Marketing with a concentration in Spanish. After graduation, she is planning to take a gap year to teach English in Spain, where she will be able to immerse herself in the culture and learn valuable skills (plus enjoy their delectable desserts and coffees).

El proceso de aprender un idioma puede ser frustrante, y había veces cuando quería rendirme. Aprender un idioma requiere mucha paciencia, muchas horas de leer, y muchas actividades de verbos. Pero, la satisfacción no está en las clases de español o francés, o italiano. La está en los momentos simples, pequeños, y bonitos en la vida. Para mí, este momento ocurrió con un niño de 6 años.

Ahora, soy una voluntaria en una escuela de Rhode Island. Muchas de los estudiantes necesitan ayudan con su inglés o su español porque ellos son de familias hispanohablantes. En la clase de primero grado, hay un niño pequeño se llama Luis. Luis no puede hablar inglés y por eso, él es muy tímido y no tiene mucha confianza. Sin embargo, Luis se convirtió en un amigo mío. Cada martes y jueves, cuando yo voy a la escuela, Luis tiene una voz un poco más alta. Cada vez, Luis está más emocionado y quiere mi ayuda. Le he enseñado las matemáticas

y le he dicho que “Repita estas palabras en inglés.” Me importa mucha nuestra amistad y antes de esta experiencia, no sabía que un niño de 6 años puede enseñarme en una manera tan especial e imprescindible.

Luis es mi razón para continuar este viaje a fluidez. El proceso de aprender es gratificante solo si puede usar el conocimiento en una manera impactante. Espero que cada estudiante de un idioma pueda encontrar su propio Luis. Doy muchas gracias a mi maestro pequeño.

A mi retrato

The two original poems that follow were written by literature students, in the style of “A mi retrato” by Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz.

Danielle Wood is a senior International Business major concentrating in Management and Spanish with a minor in International Affairs at Bryant University. She has studied and worked abroad in Chile and Argentina and hopes to continue her love of the Spanish language after college by working abroad for a few years.

Taylor Scholefield is a junior from New Hampshire, majoring in Finance and minoring in Spanish at Bryant University. She has always loved studying Spanish, especially in the context of analyzing Hispanic Literature. She hopes to continue to improve her Spanish abilities at Bryant and to one day incorporate Spanish into her future employment.

A mi retrato

Danielle Wood

Member Chi Zeta Chapter #262, Bryant University

Es una chica de sueños.
Es un vaso de Coca Cola, llena de la vida.
Es una flor que va a florecer.

Es un juguete, llena de diversión.
Es una muñeca nueva.
Es una memoria que no va a repetir.
Es joven, es estudiante, es adulto, es perdida.

A mi retrato

Taylor Scholefield

Member Chi Zeta Chapter #262, Bryant University

Es un retoño en un bosque nuevo,
Es una persona después de tres tazas de café,
Es una niña que tiempo no ha tocado:

Es descuidado como el viento,
Es la sol en el medio de la día,
Es brillante, es blanco, es la juventud.

Translation of Spanish poem, “Mujer negra” into German
Sonya Smith
Member Chi Omega Chapter #263, University of South Alabama

Schwarze Frau verdeutschte von Sonya Smith
aus *Mujer negra* von Nancy Morejón

Ich reiche noch den Schaum der See, dass ihr mich überqueren
gemacht habt.

Die Nacht, ich kann es nicht erinnern.

Oder das gleiche Ozean würde sich nicht daran erinnern.

Aber ich vergesse der erste Pelikan nicht, dass ich aus der Ferne sah.

Hoch, die Wolken, wie unschuldige Augenzeugen.

Vielleicht habe ich nicht vergessen weder meine verlorene Küste
noch meine Ahnensprache.

Ihr habt mich hier gelassen und hier habe ich gewohnt

Und weil ich arbeitete wie ein Biest,

hier bin ich zurückkommen zu geboren.

Zu wieviel epischer Mandinga versuchte ich zurückzugreifen.

Ich rebellierte.

Ich bestickte den Mantel meines Herrs und ich kalbte ihm einen Sohn.

Mein Sohn hatte keinen Namen.

Und mein Herr durch die Hand von einem fehlerlosen englischen

Lord starb.

Ich ging.

Das ist das Land, wo ich erlitt Schläge und Prügel.

Ich befuhr voller Länge alle seine Flüsse.

Unter seine Sonne habe ich gesät und geerntet und die Ernten, die ich
nicht aß.

Als Haus hatte ich eine Hütte.

Brachte ich selber die Steine, um sie zu bauen,

Aber ich sang zu den natürlichen Takt von den Volksvögel.

Ich zettelte einen Sklavenaufstand an.

Auf ein gleichen Gelände habe ich das feuchte Blut

und die verfielen Knocken der vielen anderen berührt,

Und ich stellte mich nie ein Weg nach Guinea wieder vor.

Kam ich aus Guinea? Aus Benin? Kam ich aus Madagaskar? Oder aus
Kap Verde?

Ich arbeitete viel mehr.

Ich erklärte mein tausendjähriges Lied und meine Hoffnung besser.

Hier baute ich meine Welt.

Ich ging zu dem Berg.

Meine eigentliche Freiheit war die Palisade
und ich ritt zwischen die Truppen von Maceo.
Nur ein Jahrhundert später,
neben meiner Nachfahren,
von einem blauen Berg,

Ich verließ das Gebirge

um die Hauptstädte und Wucherer ein Ende zu setzen,
auch Generäle und Spießbürger.
Jetzt bin ich: nur heute wir haben und schaffen.
Nichts ist uns ausländisch.
Unser Land.
Unser Meer und unser Himmel.
Unsere Magie und Phantasie.
Genau wie meiner, hier sehe ich ihr um
den Baum herumtanzen, den wir für Kommunismus pflanzten.
Schon ertönt sein reumütiges Holz.

El Cid: El hombre justo de la Edad Media

Jessica Paradysz

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El Cid era un soldado valiente y padre muy cariñoso. Los enemigos de el Cid lo acusaron de robar dinero del reino español por los tributos, y, por esto, el Cid perdió el favor del rey, Alfonso VI. En vez de vivir muy enojado, el Cid aceptó su destino con gracia, pero determinado de restaurar su honor. Durante su exilio, sus hijas fueron víctimas de la brutalidad de los Infantes de Carrión. Sin embargo, como un hombre valiente y justo, el Cid no se vengó de los Infantes con sus propias manos. El Cid demostró su honor como hombre respetado del pueblo en la manera que trató a los Infantes, y un hombre de familia y modelo para otros durante la Edad Media por la dedicación y el amor que tuvo hacia su familia. Al principio del poema épico popular, el Cid estaba muy triste por el exilio que tenía que sufrir, pero a la vez con esperanza para volver a su pueblo. Durante un momento muy importante de su destierro, al salir de su pueblo Vivar y al entrar en Burgos, una chica joven le dijo al Cid, “Campeador que en bendita hora ceñiste la espada el rey lo ha vedado, anoche a Burgos llegó su carta, con severas prevenciones y fuertemente sellada. No nos atrevemos, Cid, a darte asilo por nada, porque si no perderíamos los haberes y las casas, perderíamos también los ojos de nuestras caras.”(Mujica 11.) La chica habló con el Cid usando lenguaje con mucho respeto. Se puede ver el respeto y la fama de el Cid con el uso del nombre “Campeador.” Estas palabras son muy emocionantes porque la chica del pueblo le dijo que la gente lo quería, pero no podía ayudarlo porque sería traición ante los ojos del rey. Sus palabras demuestran la sensación de terror por qué no se podía hacer nada en contra el deseo del rey. La gente de su pueblo admiraba a el Cid pero no podía ofrecer sus casas como asilo porque no quería vivir con el castigo real. Por estas palabras profundas, se ve claramente la fama y la reputación de el Cid entre la gente de Burgos y de los jóvenes en la Edad Media. La voz de una niña de nueve años prueba el valor de el Cid y la importancia de la justicia.

Aunque es importante que la gente sepa del valor de él, el Cid demostró su justicia y su gracia en sus acciones directas. Cuando el Cid estaba con sus seguidores y los Infantes, los Infantes estaban muy avergonzados de su cobardía porque los Infantes se escondieron y se escaparon corriendo de un león. En vez de burlarse de los Infantes, el Cid les dijo a sus hombres que dejaran de hablar mal de los Infantes para calmar la situación. A continuación, el Cid domó el león, y, cuando al fin encontraron a los Infantes, sus rostros estaban sin color por el susto, “Tanto broma y tanta risa nunca en la corte se vio, tuvo que imponer silencio Mio Cid Campeador.”

(Mujica15.) Los Infantes de Carrión tenían mucha fuerza social durante esta época, pero la gran diferencia entre ellos y el Cid es que el Cid utilizó su reputación y poder para demostrar gracia.

Todavía, los Infantes estaban resentidos sobre el evento, aunque el Cid demostró misericordia hacia ellos. Lamentablemente, los Infantes buscaban venganza contra el Cid con la meta de dañar a sus hijas. Los Infantes probaron su maldad y cobardía en sus acciones horribles. Ellos estaban avergonzados y decidieron hacer daño indirectamente a el Cid a través de sus hijas. El Cid confió en los Infantes cuando ellos le pidieron las manos de sus hijas. El Cid nunca les habría dado las manos de sus hijas a los Infantes si hubiera sabido lo que querían hacer. Un hombre honesto y justiciero, el Cid nunca receló nada de los Infantes, teniendo confianza en su bondad. Después de casarse con las hijas de el Cid y durante un viaje a Carrión con sus esposas, los Infantes “les pegan sin compasión, hiérenlas con las espuelas donde sientan más dolor, y les rasgan las camisas y las carnes a las dos, sobre las telas de seda limpia la sangre asomó” (Mujica 25.) Cuando el Cid supo de las acciones de los Infantes, no utilizó violencia contra ellos, en cambio, el Cid confió en el sistema jurídico de España para castigar a los Infantes y dejó el caso en las manos de las Cortes. Esto probó su mente justa durante un episodio muy terrible. El Cid probablemente quería matarlos por su traición y su plan premeditado de dañar y matar a sus hijas, sin embargo las acciones del héroe son un ejemplo de su dedicación a la justicia y la moderación. Al final, los Infantes son acusados del crimen por las Cortes y sufrieron el peso de la justicia.

El Cid Campeador siempre antepuso a su familia a todas las otras cosas. Cuando él necesitaba salir de Burgos en desgracia completa, su familia se fue con él. El le amaba a su esposa Jimena, y a sus hijas, Doña Elvira y Sol. Aunque parece increíble que él no se vengara de los Infantes por sus injusticias, él fue un hombre valiente que sabía cuando se debe usar la fuerza y cuando se debe usar la moderación. El Cid era un hombre muy bueno que siempre protegía a su familia de una manera honorable. Por ejemplo, el Cid le dijo a su esposa ,Doña Ximena, “Quiera Dios y con El quiera la Santa Virgen María que con estas manos pueda aún casar a nustras hijas y que me quede ventura y algunos días de vida para podersos servir, mujer honrada y bendita.”(Mujica 13). Ella también quería a su esposo y sabía que era una injusticia considerar a el Cid un criminal. Tuvieron que separarse cuando el Cid las dejó en un monasterio por su seguridad, pero se reunieron después. Aunque fueron tiempos duros, él demostró su honor en todas las situaciones y al final Alfonso VI le restauró la gracia perdida a él.

En conclusión, el Cid fue un guerrero fuerte y honorable. Sin embargo, él tenía mucha paciencia y compasión. Cuando fue acusado de robar dinero de su reinado, fue a su exilio con su familia sin resistirse. Su meta era demostrar su lealtad al rey. El Cid no utilizó violencia cuando no era necesaria y demostró misericordia a la gente. Creía en el sistema de justicia especialmente cuando los tiempos eran difíciles. Sobre todo, vivió para su familia. El Cid era un hombre muy justo en la Edad Media y fue un personaje que sirvió de inspiración por muchos siglos.

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Feminismo en *La casa de Bernarda Alba*

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La casa de Bernarda Alba por Federico García Lorca consiste en los personajes de Bernarda Alba, una mujer muy fuerte y controladora, sus cinco hijas, su madre, y sus dos sirvientas. Naturalmente, una obra llena de personajes femeninos como estos es rica en comentarios feministas de la sociedad. Primero, se puede discutir que el personaje de Bernarda es una representación temprana del feminismo, por su fuerte voluntad e independencia. También puede ser discutido que todas las mujeres en la obra son figuras simbólicas de diferentes partes de cuestiones feministas. La caracterización de las mujeres hace mucho comentario en feminismo y mujeres en las primeras décadas del siglo XX, particularmente los años después de la primera

Guerra Mundial. Durante toda su obra, Federico García Lorca usa diálogo, simbolismo y la caracterización de sus personajes femeninos, como Bernarda y sus dos hijas, Adela y Angustias para hacer un comentario profundo y feminista en las normas y la opresión de las mujeres en el principio del siglo XX.

Primero, la libertad de mujeres era una idea que ganó mucha circulación en España en el principio del siglo XX. Por ejemplo, en su ensayo “Federico García Lorca’s Theater and Spanish Feminism,” Roberta Johnson dice que “feminism was definitely a movement that had achieved major government legislation under the Republic” (33). Esta circulación de feminismo temprano causó la aparición de una “New Woman,” como llamado por Johnson, “who worked, lived an independent life, and manifested her modern status in her dress and hairstyles” (34). La capacidad de trabajar permitió a las mujeres a vivir independiente y se eliminó la necesidad para casarse. Por consiguiente, la mujer nueva tenía una libertad sexual polémica que era la opuesta de la tradición para mujeres a casarse y depender en sus maridos. En el principio del siglo XX, particularmente en los años veinte y treinta después de la primera Guerra Mundial, había una separación distinta entre la mujer nueva que rechazaba las normas y la mujer tradicional que conformaba como resultado de la opresión de la sociedad.

El personaje principal, Bernarda, es posiblemente el más complicado en la obra, y también es el personaje más contradictorio. En el nivel de la superficie, Bernarda es aparentemente un personaje feminista por su fuerte voluntad e independencia. Por ejemplo, durante toda la obra, Bernarda es caracterizada como una persona que es en control de todo y que se dicta todas las cosas que sus hijas lo hacen. Para la gran mayoría de la obra, sus hijas y las criadas son casi miedo de Bernarda y hará cualquier cosa que ella exige. Además, línea 1001 de la obra, “Bregando como un hombre” (García Lorca 361), muestra Bernarda como una persona feminista, porque ella es independiente y no necesita un hombre o un marido para hacer los quehaceres de la casa. De este modo, parece que Lorca está caracterizando Bernarda como un ejemplo de feminismo, porque ella es muy independiente y fuerte sin su marido.

Por lo contrario, hay muchas más ejemplos en la obra, así como en las discusiones académicas que pueden apoyar la idea que Bernarda es una representación de la opresión de mujeres a principios del siglo XX y el pensamiento que mujeres son dependientes en hombres. Por ejemplo, en su artículo “Of Mothers and Freedom: Adela’s Struggle for Selfhood in *La casa de Bernarda Alba*,” John P. Gabriele explica que “Mothering, for Bernarda, involves enforcing certain traditional beliefs or conventions with regard to gender roles, namely submissiveness or obedience for the female and permissiveness for the male” (190). La aplicación de esas creencias en la obra cambia completamente la visión de Bernarda, porque ella está haciendo cumplir y continuando las opresiones de la sociedad patriarcal en el siglo XX. De este modo, Bernarda simboliza la fuerza opresiva de la sociedad en las mujeres.

En la obra, hay muchas líneas que muestra Bernarda como una representación de opresión. Por ejemplo, en el acto primero, Bernarda dice “Las mujeres en la iglesia no deben de mirar más hombre que al oficiante” (García Lorca 339). En esta línea, Bernarda está haciendo cumplir la idea de modestia y suprimiendo la sexualidad de mujeres. También, un poco después, Bernarda y Magdalena están hablando de los ocho años de luto, y Bernarda dice que “no ha de entrar en esta casa el viento de la calle” (García Lorca 340). Esta separación distinta entre la calle y la casa es común en el teatro de Lorca, y en esta obra, la separación demuestra la opresión de la sexualidad de las cinco hijas de Bernarda (Johnson 254). Para continuar, en la misma escena, después de Magdalena expresando su descontento con estar encerrada en la casa, Bernarda dice que “eso tiene ser mujer” (García Lorca 340). Esta respuesta es un ejemplo perfecto de la modalidad de Bernarda de la opresión de la sociedad en mujeres, porque ella está diciendo claramente que ser una mujer es el mismo que estar encerrada, cual puede ser relatado directamente a la opresión de mujeres. En los siguientes actos, hay muchas otras líneas que muestra Bernarda como un símbolo de la opresión sexual de las mujeres en este periodo, como cuando La Poncia dice a Bernarda “tú no has dejado a tus hijas libres” (García Lorca 357), cuando Bernarda dice a Angustias “Tú no tienes derecho más que a obedecer” (García Lorca 359), y la línea “No le debes preguntar. Y cuando te cases, menos. Habla si él habla y míralo cuando te mire” (García Lorca 363). Todas de estas líneas son ejemplos de la simbolización de Bernarda como la opresión de mujeres en el principio del siglo XX, en matrimonio, sexualidad, y la vida en general.

La hija menor, Adela, en contraste, es todo lo contrario de su madre. Como se describe por Gabriele, “Adela’s character develops in direct opposition to her mother’s” y es “her mother’s most ardent and persistent rival” (193). Mientras Bernarda representa la opresión de las mujeres en el siglo XX temprano, Adela representa la

libertad de mujeres y la “New Woman” que se discute en el ensayo de Johnson. Johnson dice explícitamente que “Adela is the ‘new woman’ who would like to work and does not believe marriage is necessary in order to have sexual relations with a man” (273). Hay muchos ejemplos de esto durante toda la obra. Por ejemplo, en el acto primero, Adela dice “Yo no puedo estar encerrada” (García Lorca 346). Esta línea simboliza la libertad de la “New Woman,” porque Adela está diciendo que ella no puede estar encerrada por las exigencias de Bernarda, tal como la mujer nueva no puede ser oprimida por las exigencias de las normas de la sociedad. Además, inmediatamente después, Adela también dice que ella se pondrá su vestido verde y se echará a pasear por la calle (García Lorca 346). Esta línea es llena de simbolismo que expresa la libertad de la “New Woman.” Por ejemplo, otra vez, Adela está rechazando las expectativas y las exigencias de su madre por su intento para salir de la casa y llevar un vestido verde en lugar de ropa negra. También, en esta línea, el símbolo de la calle reaparece, donde la calle representa la libertad sexual y la casa representa la opresión. Igualmente, el color verde puede simbolizar lujuria y sexualidad en la cultura hispana. Por lo tanto, Adela llevando un vestido verde y saliendo de la casa contra las exigencias de su madre representa el rechazo de las normas de la sociedad y la opresión sexual de las mujeres en los años veinte y treinta. Finalmente, la elección de Lorca para caracterizar Adela de esta manera, así como su elección para llamarla “Adela” (una alusión a la palabra “adelantar”) podría ser un comentario feminista en la opresión de las mujeres y la lucha contra las normas opresivas para mujeres en el principio del siglo XX.

Siguiente, la hija mayor, Angustias, es una representación de los peligros de conformando a las normas tradicionales para mujeres. En la obra, Angustias está conformando a las normas porque ella está dependiendo en matrimonio a Pepe el Romano para ganar independencia de su madre y salir de su casa. Durante toda la obra, es claro que Angustias piensa que el matrimonio a Pepe es su mayor esperanza para ser feliz y escapar la opresión de la casa de Bernarda, pero hay muchas amonestaciones contra este pensamiento. Por ejemplo, en el principio del acto segundo, Angustias dice, “Afortunadamente, pronto voy a salir de este infierno” (García Lorca 348). Esta línea demuestra la idea que Angustias piensa que su matrimonio será liberarla. Sin embargo, hay muchas otras líneas que contrastan con este pensamiento, prueba que matrimonio no siempre ofrecer un escape de opresión e infelicidad. Por ejemplo, cuando hablando con Prudencia sobre su matrimonio, Prudencia mira a las perlas en el anillo de Angustias y dice “En mi tiempo perlas significaban lágrimas” (García Lorca 362). Esta línea, y también el hecho de la nombre de la mujer que dice es “Prudencia,” significa que el matrimonio para ganar independencia y escapar del “infierno” de la casa de Bernarda terminará en lágrimas, o en general, tristeza y tragedia. También, un poco después, Angustias a sí misma dice, “Debía estar contento y no lo estoy” (García Lorca 363). Esta línea ilustra claramente que casarse proporciona mujeres con esperanza falsa y no libera mujeres, porque ellas todavía vivir en opresión. Finalmente, el nombre “Angustias” simboliza que las mujeres que conforman a las normas de casarse y ser dependiente en hombres experimentarán angustia.

En general, en todo de su obra de teatro *La casa de Bernarda Alba*, Federico García Lorca usa diálogo, simbolismo, y especialmente la caracterización de las personajes de Bernarda, Adela, y Angustias para discutir las cuestiones feministas y los problemas de la opresión de mujeres en la sociedad de España en el principio del siglo XX, particularmente en los años veinte y treinta después de la primera Guerra Mundial. Para resumir, *La casa de Bernarda Alba* demuestra la idea que mujeres en este periodo experimentaban constante opresión, porque ellas se esperaban que casarse, depender en sus maridos, y esconder y suprimir su sexualidad. En esta obra, el personaje terriblemente opresivo de Bernarda, el personaje progresivo de Adela, y el personaje de Angustias con esperanza falsa crea un comentario social y feminista en favor de la liberación sexual de mujeres y la terminación de la dependencia de mujeres en hombres para vivir.

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Translation of a German poem, “weihnachten in huntsville, texas” into English

Michael Win Ritchie

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Jan Wagner

weihnachten in huntsville, texas (German)

*„Es ist so, als ob man an einem Bahndamm wohnt.
Zuerst achtet man noch auf jeden Zug, dann hört man
sie einfach nicht mehr.“*

- ein Einwohner von Huntsville -

als der strom an diesem abend
zusammensackte, flackerten die lampen
am weihnachtsbaum, erloschen. in der ferne
der spätzug. wir, die nacht, der bratenduft -
die gänse schwammen friedlich in den seen
aus weißem porzellan. im mondlicht
die abgenagten knochen der veranden.
wir lauschten auf die leicht bewegte wiege
des großen waldes, der die stadt umfängt,
dann kehrten die choräle ins radio zurück.
in jedem fernseher saß ein prääsident.
der bahndamm, ohne anfang, ohne ende.
der gänsebraten.

Translation by Michael Win Ritchie

Christmas in Huntsville, Texas

*“It’s like living next to the railroad. At first you notice every train, then you just don’t hear them
anymore.”*

-A Huntsville Resident-

the power of the electricity shutters,
lights waver on the christmas tree, dissolving.
the late train follows suit as it is swallowed by
the solvent night. the geese swim freely on the porcelain lake.
the gnawed bones of the veranda show in the moonlight.
We listened closely to the gentle swaying
of the deep forest that surrounds the city,
the escaped melody from the radio returns.
in every television sat a president.
the railroad embankment showed no beginning, no end.
roast goose.

***Le Commandant Chaka* by Baba Moustapha**
Translated by Emese Hajdamár Chmielewski
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For my senior honors thesis, I translated an act from Chadian playwright Baba Moustapha's award winning *Le Commandant Chaka*. I find that it is important to translate literature in order to show not only the beauty of a different culture, but its different mannerisms and values as well. *Le Commandant Chaka* takes place in an imaginary Spanish colonized African country. Throughout the play, Moustapha uses the political rivalry between sister and brother Argelia and Jose, symbols denouncing fascism and the Chaka character in order to bring about a powerful postcolonial work. *Le Commandant Chaka* urges readers to denounce the values and mannerisms another culture has forced upon them and to bring back their autochthonous culture to the core of their identities. Although I translated the entire first act of the play, I would like to submit the first five pages to The Forum.

FIRST ACT

The stage opens to the interior of a vast living room, furnished with taste and without ostentation. Somber colors predominate. The armchairs covered in dark brown velvet are arranged around the coffee table in the middle of the room, leaving downstage a bit clear. One can make out the doors behind the dark brown curtains, matching the armchairs. A few pieces of furniture in the back. On the walls, pictures as large as possible: facing the audience, a portrait of the family. Grace stands in the middle; at her side, Capitan José in officer's uniform and his sister Argélia. The picture is hung between a wooden mask representing a patriarchal figure and an ivory scepter. On the wall, to the right of the audience, a photo of Captain José in the company of his friend Captain Sila Agostino, both in uniform. Next to the photo, are hung various objects of war: guns of the period, sabers, knives, all artfully fashioned as like coming out of an old, aristocratic, European home. On the left wall is hanging the portrait of Argélia in a golden wooden frame: the actress, on stage, standing, in hand a sickle, that she brandishes in a theatrical gesture. Capitan José enters, dressed in his ceremonial uniform. He finishes buttoning his vest, sits in the armchair and fastens his shoelaces.

It's Argélia's turn to enter. She is wearing a red dress, a collar and pearl pendants shaped as a hammer and sickle. She holds a manuscript in her hand and is ready to recite.

ARGÉLIA

(Leafing the manuscript)

Act I... Act II... Scene 1... Scene 2... Here it is.

(Reading :)

Christina approaches the exhausted communist followers.

(She lightens her voice then recites :)

Yes, comrades, you are right. The road is long that leads to victory, but that road there, others have traveled it and I can tell you, it is not a marble paved road in the middle of the roses of Eden. Remember the verses of the poet Elvio Romero:

“One day we understood the Revolution,
Is not only words
Of juvenile violence; the revolution is made from clear water
For the constant thirst of men
Which could bring dignity, difficult and profound
And the attachment to life
And the innocent beating
Of the sacred exchange of emotion between beings?
She is like the faithfulness of two loving hands under the moon,
She is like opening a fountain on a dried out land under the moon,

She is like the tepid milk of a mother under the moon
Or the cry of a new born under the moon,
So we understood ...
We knew that by rebelling we would open
The closed locks, twilight's heels somber and painful..."

JOSÉ

*(Interrupting her in an indifferent tone, all while
continuing to fasten his shoelaces)*

While waiting to open the twilight's heel, and if you insist, my little sister, on wanting to perform this shameful and anarchist play, you will rot in the Gardancha prison for at least thirty years and I am being generous.

ARGÉLIA

I was not expecting praises from you, Captain Muana José, my brother... Prison...

(Annoyed :)

...The prisons, my brother, the chicanos know them by heart: the gray walls of Gardancha, streaked by the blood of suffering, by the slow agony of a hand that falls and trembles...

JOSÉ

(Finishing tying his laces, in the same nonchalant manner.)

Declamations of an actress. Argélia, keep your stances for the theater.

ARGÉLIA

I could quote you them, the trembling words that run quivering on the walls of your prisons:

Freedom...

Justice...

Carved early in the gray morning at the time of capital punishment, furtive deaths at twilight...

*(Capitan José rises and arranges his outfit.
The martial appearance bears impeccably
to that of a perfect officer. Argélia starts
her text again)*

And so we understood...
That we could realize love,
The pure valiance,
The song
The smile
And the fertilization of waters
We understood, we
The unknown of the earth!

JOSÉ

(Ironically.)

Words! Bright and hollow, nothing but words... Fortunately!

ARGÉLIA

(Annoyed)

Bright. You say bright! But look at yourself, Captain Muana José, you who speak of bright and of hollow. Look at yourself, flashy, dapper in your ceremonial uniform, your golden buttons, and your waxed boots. Bright and hollow! And these words that they instilled within you? Honor, loyalty, motherland, respect for established order, etc. What is brighter and hollow? You would arrest your fathers and mothers out the respect of established order!

JOSÉ

(In a closed tone)

Watch out, Argélia: I am okay with the fact that your anarchist tendencies find themselves on the stage of the Popolo Theatre, a ground where they spread. After that, you are an actress. Otherwise, I do not agree. All this revolutionary verbiage annoys me and if I were the police, if nothing but for the peace of the honest citizens, I would put all of you all in jail.

(Calming himself and in a condescending tone :)

Oh well, one catches certain ideas with the first pimples of puberty...

ARGÉLIA

But anyway, the chicanos, we disturb.

JOSÉ

(Laughing)

You? Oh no, my little sister, you do not disturb, you annoy! Bumblebees, that's what you are.

ARGÉLIA

So we will annoy!

JOSÉ

Annoy, annoy... And in your revolutionary logic, you do not even realize that it is this fascist regime of General Dos Santos Bagoza, sold to imperialism, which lets you indulge your whims.

ARGÉLIA

Oh, that's a luxury that you pay, like your Constitution, your pseudo-democracy and so on.

(A pause)

JOSÉ

I dreamed of a different life for you Argélia.

El infinito en Cantos I y IV del poema *Altazor* por Vicente Huidobro

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Para la mente finita del ser humano es difícil comprender lo infinito aunque tales conceptos y objetos llenan el mundo y forman parte de la vida cotidiana. Muchas veces lo infinito despierta asombro y curiosidad en el ser humano. En el primer y cuarto canto de su poema *Altazor*, el poeta chileno Vicente Huidobro explora el espacio, el tiempo, las emociones y el lenguaje como aspectos infinitos del mundo e invita que otros los exploren con él.

El primer lugar al que el altazor debe caer en el primer canto del poema es “[e]l fondo del infinito” (Huidobro 347). Varias veces el poeta repite esta idea con imágenes que evocan extensiones sin fin del espacio. Por ejemplo, menciona los astros que llenan el cielo de la noche. A causa del gran tamaño del cielo mismo y la distancia inalcanzable entre las estrellas y la tierra, estas luces pequeñas crean una impresión de inmensidad. Este planeta, también, es sumamente vasto. Con respecto al planeta, el poeta hace referencia a los mares, cuerpos de agua enormes. La vastedad del mar es más evidente en un barco en medio de ello cuando no se puede ver la tierra y las únicas cosas al alcance de la vista son el cielo y el mar. Y esto es solo la superficie. El abismo, una grieta que desciende hasta las profundidades de la tierra que no ha podido visitar nadie y sobrevivir, también da una impresión de nunca terminar aunque sí tiene fondo. Esta impresión es creada por la gran profundidad y por la incapacidad de ver el fondo a causa de la oscuridad. Cada una de estas imágenes tiene en común con las otras que es, en parte, misteriosa y desconocida a causa de su inmensidad.

Además del espacio, este poema expresa la calidad infinita del tiempo. El poeta usa conceptos como edades, infancia y vejez para aludir a esta parte intangible de la vida. Primero, habla de edades para representar el transcurso del tiempo desde el principio del mundo. El tiempo continúa inexorablemente sin fin. La primavera, el verano, el otoño y el invierno pasan y regresan en un ciclo interminable. Las dos etapas, infancia y vejez, del viaje por el mundo a las que hace referencia sirven para simbolizar el curso de la vida humana que se cumple a lo largo de unos años del tiempo y los cambios que ocurren durante este trayecto del nacimiento hasta el envejecimiento.

El tercer aspecto infinito de la existencia del que trata este poema son las emociones que un ser humano experimenta durante la vida. Los anhelos se refieren a los deseos y sueños que cada persona tiene mientras los naufragios se refieren a las tragedias que ocurren. Las lágrimas pueden representar o la felicidad profunda o la tristeza. Las risas se refieren al gozo y al divertimento. Estas reacciones a los eventos del mundo no se entienden completamente porque son tan complejas como los seres humanos mismos porque muchas de estas emociones provienen del subconsciente de las personas y la mente del ser humano es muy intrincada. Cada persona tiene tantas facetas de la personalidad y tanta capacidad para una variedad de acciones que ninguna comprende a las otras por completo. La gama de emociones representa estas características, las cuales no es posible medir, de las que las personas son capaces.

En el *Canto IV* del poema *Altazor*, Huidobro demuestra la versatilidad del lenguaje. Juega con las palabras partiéndolas y combinando las partes con las de otras palabras para crear vocablos que no existen. Así, mezcla las dos partes de “horizonte” y “montaña” intercambiándolas para formar “horitaña” y “montazonte” (Huidobro 348). Más tarde en este canto, Huidobro encuentra palabras entre las partes de nombres y las usa para describir a las personas creativamente. Según Huidobro, Rosario es un “río de rosas” y para Raimundo las “raíces del mundo son sus venas” (349). Idiomas son muy grandes y, si se los sabe bastante bien para manipularlos, son muy flexibles y Huidobro provee solo unos ejemplos de las posibilidades infinitas de palabras.

En este poema, Huidobro manda que el altazor caiga al fondo del infinito, del tiempo y de sí mismo. Continúa ordenando que el altazor caiga, usando muchas imágenes que tienen alguna relación con o el espacio, representado por el infinito, u otras cosas insondables e incomprensibles. Con la repetición del mandato “cae” en el primer canto de su poema, Huidobro exhorta que investiguemos los misterios de los aspectos infinitos del mundo. “Déjate caer sin parar tu caída sin miedo al fondo de la sombra/Sin miedo al enigma de ti mismo,” dice Huidobro (347).

Entre los misterios del universo, hay descubrimientos que se puede hacer y cosas que se puede aprender. Parece que Huidobro cree que vale la pena explorar lo inexplicable. Los misterios del mundo son lo que hace la existencia interesante. El poema comunica que no es suficiente pasar por la vida inconsciente de lo que no se ve. La gente debe dejar lo conocido e investigar lo desconocido sin temer y rehusar estar satisfecha con lo normal. Debe regresar a la curiosidad y fascinación de la niñez. “¿[P]or qué perdiste tu primera serenidad?” pregunta Huidobro al principio del poema, evocando la imagen de un niño (346). El niño está contento absorber todo sin las preocupaciones que distraen los adultos hasta el punto de solo curiosear cosas nuevas sin examinarlas o aún ignorarlas. El gran tamaño de la tierra crea una riqueza increíble que la gente puede perder si no le presta atención.

Entre todos los elementos de este poema, el infinito se destaca como un tema central. Desde el tiempo y el espacio hasta el lenguaje y los seres humanos este mundo ofrece una selección variada de exploraciones posibles de sus profundidades. Con la presencia de lo infinito, este poema intenta captar la inmensidad del mundo, lo cual es grande y contiene tantas cosas que son más allá que cualquier persona que lo habita.

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La imaginación frente a la realidad en *El laberinto del fauno*

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En la vida, hay tiempos de felicidad y hay tiempos oscuros. Al enfrentarse con estos esos momentos difíciles, alguna gente trata de superarlos sumergiéndose en un mundo de fantasía. Pero la evasión no sirve como una manera de supervivencia. No se puede inventar una solución real en la mente, solo posponer los problemas. Los problemas, sin embargo, siguen existiendo más allá de su imaginación. Por eso es mejor comprometerse con la realidad en vez de evadirse de la realidad.

La película *El laberinto del fauno*, dirigida por Guillermo del Toro sirve como ejemplo de este conflicto entre la imaginación y la realidad. Los eventos de la película suceden después de la guerra civil de España mientras rebeldes guerrillas están luchando contra el ejército del nuevo gobierno fascista. Al margen de esta lucha, la hijastra de un capitán, que se llama Ofelia, está tratando de entrar en un reino subterráneo y volver a ser una princesa allí. Para poder recuperar su herencia, ella primero tiene que completar tres tareas para demostrarse digna de ocupar esta posición.

No está seguro si este mundo de fantasía es un invento total de la imaginación de Ofelia o si surge de referentes reales. Aunque ninguno de los otros personajes de la película está consciente del mundo mágico en el cual Ofelia entra, a veces ellos interactúan con ello, como cuando Capitán Vidal encuentra la raíz de mandrágora debajo de la cama de la madre de Ofelia. Desde que Ofelia la puso allí según el consejo del fauno, la salud de su madre había empezado a mejorarse. Sin embargo, cuando su madre echa la raíz en el fuego, empieza a decaer de nuevo casi inmediatamente y ella muere en parto. Luego, cuando está encerrada en su cuarto, Ofelia usa el pedazo de tiza, dado a ella por el fauno, para dibujar una salida cuando hay ninguna otra manera posible para que ella escapara. Por otro lado, en la escena final cuando Ofelia lleva a su hermanito dentro del laberinto y está hablando con el fauno, Capitán Vidal la persigue pero sin ver a la criatura mágica. En todo caso, sean ficticios o no el fauno y su mundo, lo que sí sabemos es que no constituyen la realidad en que participan todos los demás.

Es cierto que este mundo es nuevo y fascinante para Ofelia y la deja olvidar de sus problemas por un rato. La posibilidad de ser una princesa le da esperanza en su vida sombría con el capitán despiadado. Usando el caso de Ofelia como ejemplo, se puede decir que es importante que los niños imaginen y exploren mundos de fantasía para aprender, ensanchar sus mentes, y divertirse. Por todas estas razones, la imaginación es algo genial. Sin embargo, hay instancias en las cuales fingir y no participar en el mundo real no son las mejores maneras para tratar con dificultades.

Volvamos a la historia de Ofelia. Aunque el mundo que encuentra nuestra protagonista es un lugar mágico, es un lugar peligroso también. Está lleno de criaturas terribles y exige acciones arriesgadas de ella. Esto refleja el conflicto que la rodea en realidad. A veces sus compromisos con la fantasía le ayudan como cuando el fauno le da una raíz de mandrágora que mejora a su madre, pero generalmente ellos causan tensión como cuando ella arruina su nuevo vestido, regalos de su madre, mientras trata de completar una de las pruebas. En última instancia, Ofelia no puede evadirse de la realidad y la fantasía le cuesta su vida. Si ella no hubiera intentado entrar el laberinto, no habría sido asesinada, sino salvada por los rebeldes. O sea que la imaginación puede posponer la realidad, pero no te puede rescatar de ella.

La evasión de Ofelia de su realidad compara con la evasión de España de las repercusiones de su guerra civil y de su pasado dictatorial. La ley de amnistía de 1977 creó una realidad alternativa para España que le permitió postergar sus problemas por unas pocas décadas, pero no evitarlos a largo plazo. Se debate si este aplazamiento era crítico a una transición pacífica a democracia. Algunos intelectuales argumentan que las violaciones de los derechos humanos que ocurrieron bajo el régimen de Franco debían haber sido procesadas. Otros responden que estas retribuciones podrían haber causado más guerra y la democracia era más importante que la justicia. En todo caso, lo importante es que hoy, España se ve obligada a confrontar su pasado difícil. Igual que Ofelia, quien al final no pudo eludir los problemas de su entorno real, España tampoco pudo enterrar su pasado para siempre. Ha tenido que hacer frente a la violencia enterrada en su historia. En fin, *El laberinto del fauno* ejemplifica el conflicto entre reconciliarse con la realidad y tratar de eludirla y también encarna la obligación de enfrentar el pasado y el camino desafiante de llevarlo al reposo.

Reflections on Translating “The Bread Maker”

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Translating “The Bread-Maker” by Fabiola Mejia was an enriching and bonding experience for me as a writer, translator and Latino. I chose these two adjectives to describe my experience of translating this story because through this process I confirmed my desire to become a translator, and hopefully at a long term, a writer too. Also, I reconnected with my roots, my traditions and mysticism. It enriched my life.

“The Bread-Maker”, *La panadera* in Spanish, is a short story written by Salem State University student Fabiola Mejia. Fabiola is of Mexican descent. Her parents were born in Mexico and immigrated many years ago to this country. In this story, Fabiola narrates her mother’s tradition of making bread, *pan de muerto*, during the entire month of October to commemorate El Día de los Muertos, November 1st. In the story, Fabiola’s mother talks about her life back in Mexico and how the Day of the Dead is celebrated in that country.

I am from Guatemala. Guatemalan culture shares multiple similarities with Mexican culture and traditions. *El Día de los Muertos* is one of those. Translating this story re-bonded me with the spirit of Latin America. It re-bonded me with the souls of my deceased loved ones. Recalling my own *Día de los Muertos* through Fabiola’s writing evoked feelings of nostalgia in me. I remembered how this festivity is celebrated in a dichotomous way in my home land. Some people observe it with the greatest devotion and sacredness, while others celebrate with fervor and jubilation. But no matter how people choose to live this day, *El Día de los Muertos* is an essential piece of our Latin American culture. It is the day when we can coexist with the spirits. It is the day when we can share food, drinks and offerings with our dead.

This whole translation will always be memorable for me, but I have chosen a paragraph in particular that I find significant and representative of my feelings towards *El Día de los Muertos*:

It’s November 1st. Tomorrow is *El Día de los Muertos* in Mexico, so my mother is making bread in celebration. She has made it a custom over the years to bake bread the whole month of October, leading up to the Day of the Dead. It has been a tradition that my siblings and I cherished as we grew up. It was exciting to know that we were about to eat the sweetest bread on earth accompanied with cold glass bottles of Coke, which were only bought on this occasion. We’d crowd around the table to watch my mother sculpt crazy shapes and designs out of dough, but she was careful that we didn’t get in the way or frustrate her. She always said that anger was the worst component in making food. The bread was likely to burn or remain flat. (Mejia 1)

Hoy es el primero de noviembre. Mañana será el Día de los Muertos en México, así que mi madre está haciendo pan en celebración. Ella ha vuelto el hacer pan durante todo el mes de octubre una costumbre a través de los años que nos prepara para el Día de los Muertos. Ha sido una tradición que mis hermanos y yo apreciábamos con mucho cariño mientras crecíamos. Era muy emocionante saber que íbamos a comer el pan más dulce sobre la tierra, acompañado con Coca-Cola en frías botellas de vidrio, las cuales solamente eran compradas en esta ocasión. A veces, nos reuníamos alrededor de la mesa para ver a mi madre esculpir figuras y diseños locos con la masa, pero ella ponía mucho cuidado de que no llegáramos a frustrarla. Ella decía siempre que el coraje era el peor componente al cocinar. El pan podría quemarse o desinflarse. (Mejia 9)

This paragraph depicts the intimacy and sacredness of this festivity. It shows how Latinos keep their culture alive through simple things such as making bread or sharing stories of the homeland with their families on days like *El Día de los Muertos*. I believe that telling our stories passes on the values and traditions that we learned and that make our culture so diverse and colorful.

I learned valuable lessons from Fabiola’s story that helped me be a better person and translator. I learned about how Latinos keep their culture alive through storytelling and living their traditions. This inspired me to start telling my stories as well through writing. I had the opportunity of doing a translation at a professional level and

confirm my area of specialization in translation, literature. I learned about Mexican culture and also about their vernacular words. This story enriched my life.-

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La panadera

Por Fabiola Mejia

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En la cocina, mi madre desocupa la mesa y la limpia con manos rápidas y firmes. El trapo húmedo limpia la superficie de madera con una moción amplia, de arriba hacia abajo. Ella lo hace de nuevo, pero esta vez de derecha a izquierda, asegurándose de cubrir la mesa completa; luego la deja secar. "Nunca lavas la mesa con jabón el día en que vas a hacer pan," ella dice "el pan podría salir con sabor a jabón. Es un sabor horrible. Ayer la lavé con jabón. Hoy sólo la limpio con agua." Arroja el trapo en el lavamanos y comienza a reunir los ingredientes.

Hoy es el primero de noviembre. Mañana será el Día de los Muertos en México, así que mi madre está haciendo pan en celebración. Ella ha vuelto el hacer pan durante todo el mes de octubre una costumbre a través de los años que nos prepara para el Día de los Muertos. Ha sido una tradición que mis hermanos y yo apreciábamos con mucho cariño mientras crecíamos. Era muy emocionante saber que íbamos a comer el pan más dulce sobre la tierra, acompañado con Coca-Cola en frías botellas de vidrio, las cuales solamente eran compradas en esta ocasión. A veces, nos reuníamos alrededor de la mesa para ver a mi madre esculpir figuras y diseños locos con la masa, pero ella ponía mucho cuidado de que no llegáramos a frustrarla. Ella decía siempre que el coraje era el peor componente al cocinar. El pan podría quemarse o desinflarse.

Mi madre rápidamente se amarra el cabello antes de bajar dos bolsas de harina del gabinete sobre el lavamanos, donde mantiene la mayoría de los chiles. Ella es una mujer de corta estatura, pero aun así se rehúsa a usar un banco, prefiriendo estirar su cuerpo completamente para poder alcanzar la harina, lo cual le toma unos cuantos intentos aun con la ayuda de una cuchara de madera que usa para alcanzarla. También agarra un par de huevos, azúcar, sal, manteca, un tazón grande lleno de agua y un paquete de levadura. Los ordena a un lado de la mesa y, como siempre, prende tres velas en el centro. Las prende en memoria de sus padres y de su difunto hermano, Felipe. Si no fuera por mí presencia en la esquina, todo estuviese callado y sombrío.

Antes de empezar, se asegura de cerrar las cortinas sobre las ventanas de la cocina. "No me gusta que nadie me observe cuando estoy haciendo pan, excepto por la familia," –explica. "Cuando vine a los Estados Unidos en 1, 993 sentí que esta fue la única cosa útil que traje conmigo, mi amor por la panadería. Mi único talento, si lo quieres llamar de esta manera; así que es algo que me hace sentir vulnerable cuando lo hago." Ella ha comenzado por poner una bolsa de harina sobre la mesa. "Me ha sido muy útil. Nos dio de comer cuando no nos alcanzaba para mucho, y usualmente tenía mucho éxito vendiéndolo si lo necesitaba, así como lo hacía en México."

Mi madre nunca mide los ingredientes. Calcula con la vista cuanto de cada ingrediente necesitará. Después de que ha vaciado una bolsa entera y la mitad de la otra, una polvorosa montaña de harina se forma sobre la mesa. La admira por un momento y empieza a excavar con su mano en el centro, haciendo un hoyo ancho y profundo que se parece a un nido de pájaro. La piel de su mano es varios tonos más oscuros comparados con el blanco de la harina, como caramelo caliente.

"Pero en México, yo tenía mi propia panadería de la cual estaba muy orgullosa," dice al mismo tiempo que rompe un par de huevos en el centro de la harina y entonces comienza a mezclar un poco de sal y azúcar en el tazón con agua. La prueba un poco para asegurarse de que esté dulce, pero con suficiente sal antes de poner un

poco en el “nido” de harina el cual la contiene como un tazón. Empieza a revolver todo, empujando la harina de arriba hacia el centro para espesarla con el agua y los huevos.

“¿Cómo aprendiste a hacer pan? pregunté. “Solo le agarré el modo cuando era una niña. Probablemente en la casa de una de mis tías. Yo era la única hembra en la casa, con mi padre y mis tres hermanos mayores. Mi madre falleció al poco tiempo de yo haber nacido, por lo que tuve que aprender a cocinar mientras crecía. Pero hornear pan era más emocionante que cocinar.”

Ella abre el paquete de levadura que parece un ladrillo de arcilla gris en una envoltura blanca. Parte un pedazo y lo deshace en sus manos, dejándolo caer en la mezcla. Añade una cantidad considerada de manteca, un poco más de agua y la revuelve hasta que se hace lo suficientemente consistente para amasarla. “De todos modos, mi padre y mis hermanos siempre estaban afuera trabajando en el campo, así que yo me quedaba en casa o ayudaba en la casa de un primo. El pueblo donde vivía era muy seguro cuando yo crecí, no como aquí. Al hacerme mayor, me levantaba a las cuatro de la mañana y llevaba al molino más cercano el maíz que mis hermanos traían a casa, donde lo molía para luego hacer tortillas durante el desayuno antes de que se fueran a trabajar.”

Ella amasa la mezcla hasta que alcanza una buena consistencia y corta la bola color amarillo pálido con un cuchillo para revisar si por dentro luce bien. Hace una cara de desaprobación y entonces comienza a amasar de nuevo. El amasado es la parte más importante del proceso porque determina cómo se horneará, cómo quedará al final. Se pasa una buena parte del tiempo amasando y pensando. Sus dedos gruesos agarran la masa; la estira con fuerza, sus brazos van de adelante hacia atrás, trayendo la masa hacia adentro y fuera de sí misma. Los vigorosos movimientos hacen la mesa temblar. Con sorprendente fuerza, mi madre levanta la gran bola de masa y le da vuelta para asegurarse de que la está amasando uniformemente. Se necesita de muchos músculos cuando se trabaja con una bola así de grande. Se convierte en un verdadero ejercicio.

“¿Y cómo empezaste a hacer pan por ti misma? –pregunto. “¿Cómo fuiste capaz de empezar tu propia panadería?”

“Pues yo comencé en casa cuando tenía cerca de catorce años o quince. Le pedí algún dinero a mi padre para poder comprar algunos ingredientes que necesitaba. Él estaba muy escéptico sobre esto; él pensó que sólo desperdiciaría el dinero. Él no tenía idea que yo había formulado un plan para hacer dinero.” Ella quita una mano de la pila para apuntar hacia su cabeza. “De cualquier manera no tenía que preocuparme por el dinero, los hombres lo hacían, pero era muy poco y siempre había estado celosa de verlos ir al campo juntos todos los días. Así que me inventé mis planes absurdos.” Mi madre continua amasando la mezcla con determinación, pero sus esfuerzos se tornan notablemente tensos y gradualmente se desaceleran. Le ofrezco mi ayuda pero la rechaza inmediatamente con un severo movimiento de cabeza y con los labios presionados.

“Claro, *era* una idea absurda, una mujer haciendo dinero,” se detiene para respirar y sonríe, poniendo un brazo en su frente para mover el flequillo que le cubre los ojos. “Quería mostrarle a mi padre que yo podía trabajar tan duro como mis hermanos y que era capaz de hacer más que sólo tareas del hogar.” Sus manos comienzan a trabajar en la masa de nuevo. “Pero era muy terca como mi padre, por lo que habría podido encontrar una manera de empezar a hacer pan aun si él no me hubiera dado el dinero.”

Al fin mi madre parece satisfecha cuando prueba la masa con el cuchillo otra vez. El interior de la gran bola de masa está espeso y ligeramente poroso. La rueda sobre la mesa hasta que se pone tan lisa como una piedra de mar y la palmea por encima con las dos manos. Ahora la masa debe reposar por un momento para que crezca. “Debería de alcanzar para al menos una docena de bandejas de pan,” exclama mientras limpia la mesa de los sobrantes.

Mi madre guarda las pesadas bandejas de metal adentro y detrás de la estufa cuando no están en uso. Ahora las saca y limpia. Enciende el horno a la temperatura adecuada y finalmente toma asiento a la mesa, secándose la frente con una servilleta.

“¿Era más fácil hacer pan en México o lo encuentras más sencillo aquí?” “Oh, hacer pan es siempre una tarea laboriosa. Pero me gustaba más en México,” responde. “Sí, inclusive tenía un sabor distinto allá, probablemente porque los ingredientes estaban siempre frescos. Una vez mi padre empezó a ver que mi pan se estaba vendiendo bien, lo convencí de construirme un gran horno de ladrillo. Esta fue una de las cosas más especiales que él hizo por mí; pude hornear el doble del pan en la mitad del tiempo. Él construyó el horno con orgullo y él sabía que yo era más inteligente de lo que aparentaba ser.” Pone sus ojos en la pila de masa de nuevo y comienza a cortarla en pedazos más pequeños para que pueda hacer diferentes tipos de pan con cada pedazo.

“Mi pan tuvo mucho éxito. Recuerdo que todo el pueblo estaba muy agradecido de poder comprar pan fresco a la vuelta de la esquina en vez de tener que ir hasta la ciudad para adquirirlo. E incluso gente de ciudades vecinas comenzó a venir para comprar mi pan. Tenía una muy buena reputación en mi pueblo.” Su sonrisa se hace más grande conforme habla.

De los pedazos que dividió, separa pequeñas bolas del tamaño de la palma de su mano. Las rueda sobre la mesa hasta que se vuelven completamente redondas y lisas y las pone a un costado en grupos. “Estos serán ángeles de azúcar,” –dice, “estos serán gusanos rayados y aquellos serán conchas con puntas.” Ella le pone nombres muy graciosos al pan, usualmente el de algunos animales u objetos. “Estos tendrán un glaseado de chocolate y aquellos de vainilla. A estos otros les daré un color rosado y el resto serán amarillos o simples.” Ella hace señas con su mentón al grupo sobre la orilla derecha de la mesa.

“A mi negocio siempre le iba tan bien, sin embargo mi pueblo era muy pobre. En ocasiones me llegaban familias con muchos niños, y solamente les alcanzaba para muy poco pan. Sabía que todos ellos no podían comer con lo que compraban, por lo que a menudo les daba más ya que siempre había algunos sobrante al final del día.” Ella empieza a darles color a las bolas de masa con una capa de manteca para que no se peguen en las bandejas o en la mesa y así también sean más fáciles de manejar. “A veces, ciertas familias no podían ni siquiera pagarme con dinero, así que hacíamos trueques. Algunos intercambiaban huevos por pan, otros me podían dar leña para mi horno y algunos hasta se ofrecían para acarrear baldes con agua del río a cambio de pan, lo que me ahorra muchas molestias. Llegábamos a un acuerdo de una u otra manera por lo que mi negocio fue bien querido y próspero por un largo tiempo.”

Después de que termina con la manteca, quita las velas de la mesa y rocía un poco de haría sobre ella, preparándose para formar figuras de los pedazos de masa. Para esto, toma un rodillo de madera y un cuchillo pequeño de un gabinete cercano al lavamanos. Aplana las bolas de masa y cubre algunas con los diferentes glaseados que hizo anteriormente. Se tienen que secar un poco antes de que pueda cortar diversos patrones en ellas, por lo tanto son reservadas a un costado.

“Este tiempo del año me recuerda a mi padre,” –ella comienza, su sonrisa se mengua lentamente. “Recuerdo las primeras ganancias que hice de vender pan, un gran frasco lleno de monedas. Le iba a regresar su dinero a mi padre, pero en vez decidí ir a la ciudad y comprarle algo. La fruta era cara en ese tiempo, pero aun así le compré un par de mangos. También logré comprar una botella de Coca-Cola, la cual era aún más cara, pero sabía que le iba a gustar.” Sus húmedos ojos traicionan su voz mientras trata de escucharse alegre por el recuerdo. “Él todavía estaba fuera trabajando, así que corrí a encontrarlo en el campo; estaba descansando a la sombra de un árbol en el calor. Le presenté la canasta de mangos y la Coca-Cola y nunca olvidaré la mirada en su rostro, una mezcla casi de orgullo y de tristeza. Aun así, yo estaba solamente tan feliz de verlo disfrutar de ellos.”

Ya ha comenzado con los ángeles de azúcar. Empieza por aplanarlos en óvalos como antes, pero corta dos líneas diagonales en los lados y dobla los pequeñas bordes en el medio, para que se vean como un par de manos entrelazadas en oración. También corta una línea en la parte baja para que parezcan tener un par de piernas. Con el pulgar hace dos pequeñas huellas en la parte de arriba para crear un par de ojos. Finalmente rocía azúcar que ha coloreado de rojo sobre la superficie y con suaves golpes remueve el exceso de azúcar cuidadosamente antes de ponerlos sobre una bandeja.

“Cuando mi padre fue asesinado, creo que sucedió en el año 1, 989, yo apenas tenía veinte años. Fue la pérdida más grande que he experimentado, lloré por días y maldije al mundo y aún cuestioné a Dios. Él era un buen hombre, un simple agricultor. Fue asesinado, creo, por algún asunto político, pero nunca me contaron exactamente por qué. Un par de oficiales portaron su cuerpo a casa después de un día que fue a la ciudad; le dispararon varias veces. Yo era ignorante y sin educación, por lo que no habría podido entender la razón aun si me la hubieran explicado, ya que no podía aceptar ninguna. Estaba totalmente acongojada del dolor que golpeé a los hombres y los insulté.” Su voz se ha vuelto áspera de cólera y se quiebra de tanto en tanto. Baja la cabeza mientras habla para que no pueda ver el dolor en su rostro, pero los movimientos de sus manos se mantienen consistentes.

“Pienso que su muerte causó que todo se derrumbara. Mi hermano más cercano, Anatolio, partió de casa justo después y los otros dos litigaron por la pequeña herencia que mi padre había dejado y por quién iba a hacerse cargo de la tierra. Inclusive mi negocio comenzó a fracasar. No vendía tan bien y ni tenía ya las ganas para hacer

pan. Sólo lo mantuve funcionando porque algunos de mis primos habían comenzado a trabajar para mí y ellos necesitaban el dinero también.”

El horno suena con un pitido muy agudo, señalando que está listo y previniendo que a mi madre se le salgan las lágrimas. Camina hacia él lentamente y abre la puerta para meter adentro las primeras dos bandejas. El calor del horno nos calienta instantáneamente, llevándose el frío de la habitación.

“En México, el Día de los Muertos era una gran celebración. La gente desfilaba en las ciudades con las caras pintadas y entraban a los cementerios para llevar alegría a los muertos y a sus ancestros. El día no era para guardar luto, sino para estar feliz, recordar y traer comida y regalos a sus seres queridos que habían fallecido. Creíamos que los espíritus bailaban con nosotros, o que nos tocaban de alguna manera, así que teníamos que estar felices en ese día. Pero después del fallecimiento de mi padre nunca más participé en las celebraciones, sólo me quedaba en mi panadería y trabajaba.”

Mi madre ha sacado el colorante de nuevo y pinta de rosado un par de las bolas de masa. Estas las tuerce y forma una “S” gruesa con ellas, para que parezcan gusanos. Les pone encima otra capa delgada de masa y hace algunos cortes sutiles para que se vean como gusanos blancos con rayas rosadas por debajo. Entonces les rocía encima azúcar blanco y las coloca en una bandeja separada.

“Me enoja mucho ahora el tener artritis porque no puedo hacer pan durante todo el mes como lo hacía antes o todo el año como lo hacía en México. Tengo miedo del día en que no pueda hacer más por culpa del dolor. No es tan severo ahora, ya que he puesto mis manos a descansar por algunos días esta semana.” Se detiene para estirar sus dedos cubiertos de masa y girar las muñecas un par de veces, “pero siento como si le hubiera fallado a mi padre de esta manera. Espero que él no esté entristecido por ver en lo que su hija se ha transformado, si es que me está viendo ahora.” Su rostro luce melancólico mientras completa las últimas tandas de pan. Sus ojos se han vuelto tan rosados como el azúcar de los ángeles, y cada uno de los rasgos de su rostro parece pender lánguidamente. Un aroma cálido y delicioso llena la habitación, y el calor del horno se ha vuelto más fuerte. A través del transparente vidrio podemos ver que el pan se ha inflado muy bien.

“Me pregunto si la gente del pueblo todavía recuerda mi pan. Todos ellos deben de estar mayores ahora,” dice con una débil risita. “Había esperado, que al dejar México con tu padre, pudiera haber sido capaz de empezar otra panadería aquí. Pensé que sería más fácil en la “tierra de las oportunidades” como todo el mundo la llamaba, pero nunca lo fue.”

Suspira mientras toma los guantes de cocina y abre la puerta para sacar las bandejas. Las coloca sobre la estufa para enfriarlas e introduce las dos siguientes. “Pero supongo que el no tener que hacer pan para vivir ahora es una bendición por sí misma. Mi pan no se vende tan bien aquí, así que estoy agradecida de que tu padre y yo tengamos empleos. Al menos ahora puedo hacer pan solamente para mi familia.”

Mi madre camina hacia el refrigerador y toma dos botellas de vidrio de Coca-Cola y las pone sobre la mesa frente a nosotros. Ahora, completamente cansada, se sienta con pesadez. Su cabello negro, el cual había sido amarrado con firmeza en un moño, se ha aflojado, con un par de hebras cayendo sobre sus hombros. Hay harina impregnada por toda su ropa, sobre su mejilla y ligeramente encima de su cabello, haciéndolo parecer gris. Con una mano temblorosa e hinchada abre las botellas de gaseosa con la ayuda de un destapador. Gotas de agua rápidamente se condensan y se deslizan hacia abajo sobre la superficie del vidrio a causa del calor en la cocina. Nos sentamos sin beber mientras esperamos que el resto del pan se hornee.

The History of the Spanish Language

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While learning Spanish as a second language, many native English speakers wonder why many of the words they are learning seem so similar to words that they already know in English. The answer is simple: many of the world’s languages stem from one, ancestral language dating back 8,000 years or more. Linguists have used a variety of methods to compile a vast amount of comparisons that show connections between many living as well

as dead languages across the globe. Spanish in particular has a lineage with influences from various different languages throughout history that have influenced other languages, leading to the similarities observed today. Furthermore, the constant geographical and political changes throughout European history as well as the history of the Iberian Peninsula, occupied by much of modern-day Spain today, have contributed to the mixture of various characteristics of many different languages that has led to the Spanish language that is now spoken in twenty-one countries across the globe.

Before fully discussing the history of Spanish, it is important to know its ancestry, or family tree, as a language. Primarily, the ancestry of the Spanish language can be traced back to a language linguists call the Proto-Indo-European language. This language acts as the common ancestor for all Indo-European languages, including Spanish and a vast array of other commonly spoken modern languages, making up about 7% of all of the 6,500 languages spoken across the world, and being spoken by roughly 3 billion people (Balter 1).

Next, the Proto-Indo-European language eventually developed into the Proto-Italic language, steering away from other language groups that developed from the same ancestor such as Celtic, Germanic, Indo-Iranian, and Balto-Slavic languages (Curzan and Adams 21). Finally, the Spanish language is most closely related to languages such as French, Italian, Portuguese, Rumanian (or Romanian), Catalan, Romansh (spoken predominantly in Southeastern Switzerland), and Provençal (spoken in Southern France). These languages, as well as Spanish, can all be classified as Romance languages, meaning they are each directly descended from Latin, one of two Italic languages, the other being Oscan-Umbrian, which was spoken in Central and Southern Italy before it was replaced by Latin during the expansion of the Roman Empire.

According to Balter, evolutionary biological studies taking place in 2003 determined that the Proto-Indo-European language originated in the Middle-East at least 8,000 years ago, possibly more. The means by which this language was spread is a source of controversy among modern linguists. For example, on one hand, some believe that the language was spread by Central Asian nomads about 6,000 years ago throughout Europe and Asia. On the other hand, others believe that early farmers from modern-day Turkey spread the language along with their agricultural knowledge beginning about 8,500 years ago, and various other theories have been discussed. Various statistics have been brought to light in attempt to argue for both sides, including intensive linguistic studies, computational analyses, and biological studies such as samplings of DNA.

Lately, intensive studies have provided results that seem to support the first theory, titled the Kurgan Hypothesis. For example, by using the comparative method which involves looking at various words for the same objects across a multitude of languages, linguists were able to trace the history of these words back to their Indo-European roots. As a result, these linguists were able to find words that were a part of the Proto-Indo-European lexicon, and use this information to hypothesize peoples, cultures, and regions that could be linked to the language, such as the Copper Age Kurgan culture of the Pontic steppes region north of the Black Sea as hypothesized by Marija Gimbutas (Balter 1). Next, archeological studies of ancient remains of horses in these areas have shown that horses could have been domesticated as far back as 6,000 years ago, and have shown possible evidence of the use of various ancient technologies, such as chariots and other wheeled vehicles that could be attached to domesticated horses (Balter 1). These findings provided evidence of nomadism among the original speakers of the Proto-Indo-European language that most likely led to the rapid spread of the language in various directions across Europe and Asia. Various studies, from the purely linguistic to intensive genetic studies of DNA, have aimed to prove this hypothesis. However, the exact origin of the Proto-Indo-European language is still the source of heated disputes. What is known, however, is that half of the world's population speaks languages descended from the Proto-Indo-European language through various subfamilies. In the case of Spanish, this subfamily is the Italic subfamily.

The Italic subfamily includes all languages developed from the Proto-Italic language, which has been loosely reconstructed also using the comparative method. The Proto-Italic language developed out of the Proto-Indo-European language, most likely due to typical causes of language change such as geographic separation, cultural environment, as well as other causes. This new language was then brought into the Italian peninsula around the second millennium BC (Lehmann 75). After being brought to the Italian Peninsula by the Italic people, two subgroups developed between 1000 and 500 BC: the Sabellic and Latino-Faliscan subgroups, including languages such as Oscan, Umbrian, Faliscan and Latin. However, the vast and rapid expansion of the Roman Empire eventually led to Latin overpowering and virtually wiping out the other three languages as well as any

other Italic language variations (Slocum 1). It is this sweeping expansion of Latin that eventually led to the widespread use of Romance languages, including Spanish.

While the lineage of Romance languages as a whole developed throughout Europe, the Italian Peninsula, and the Roman Empire, other migrations and political events were taking place on the Iberian Peninsula that created the movement of various languages that influenced Spanish. Remnants of these languages are still seen in Spanish today. For example, the Ligurii people who lived on the Iberian Peninsula before 1000 BC spoke a non-Indo-European language, and were eventually displaced by the Iberians, for whom the peninsula was eventually named, and the Celts. While the Ligurii people eventually migrated to modern-day northwestern Italy, some parts of their language lingered and have endured through to modern-day Spanish, such as the words “páramo,” meaning a barren landscape, and “lama,” meaning mud, as well as various surnames and the suffix “-asco/a” (Burt 9).

At about 600 BC, the Iberians finally settled in the Ebro Valley in the northeastern region of the Iberian Peninsula after invading the peninsula in large numbers at around 1000 BC, presumably from Africa (Burt 9-10). The presence of the Iberians, or the presence of the Iberian language, had a lasting impact on the Spanish language that would come to be the official language of this region. The Iberian influence on the Spanish language is evident in words that include the “-rro/-rra” suffix, such as *cachorro* (puppy or cub), *becerro* (calf), *perro* (dog), *guijarro* (pebble), *garra* (claw), and *zorro* (fox). Furthermore, other words have endured such as *brujo/bruja* (sorcerer/witch), *conejo* (rabbit), and *manteca* (lard) (Burt 10). Additionally, many words in the fields of toponymy, such as *arroyo* (stream) and *carpio* (hill), are also pieces of the Spanish language derived from the Iberians. These words most likely come from the fact that the Iberians were faced with new objects and phenomena as their environment changed as they settled in the Ebro Valley, close to the second longest river in the Iberian peninsula.

The Celts were also an influential group in the history of the Spanish language, migrating west toward modern-day southern France, invading the Iberian Peninsula in both the 9th and 6th centuries BC. In the time after this period, the Celtic and Iberian cultures mixed to form the Celt-Iberian race. It is this race that dominated the Iberian Peninsula up to and during the time that the Roman Empire invaded and took over the region. As a result, many words in modern Spanish have Celtic origins, including *cabaña* (cabin), *camisa* (shirt), *camino* (road, way), *carro* (car), *cerveza* (beer), and *gato* (cat), among others (Burt 10).

Two other groups that had influenced the Spanish language during this time were the Greeks and the Phoenicians. However, this influence is not a result of invasion and/or widespread settlement throughout the Iberian Peninsula, but rather processes such as trading and smaller settlements in coastal areas. For example, the Phoenicians, who founded the city of Carthage in the ninth century BC, brought many words such as *mapa* (map) into the region that still exist in modern Spanish (Burt 11). The Greeks, on the other hand, settled on the eastern and northeastern coasts. Greek made its way into the Spanish language through its influence in other languages, such as Latin. This influence is evident through words such as *baño* (bathroom), *bodega* (cellar), *cada* (each, every), *cámara* (camera), as well as many words of the Christian lexicon, such as *biblia* (Bible), *Cristo* (Christ), and *iglesia* (church) (Burt 11).

Possibly the most influential language on modern Spanish is its “mother-language,” Latin, according to the Indo-European language family tree found in Figure 1.2 of *How English Works* (Curzan and Adams 21). As stated before, when Italic languages first developed, many of them were spoken across Italy. However, by the fourth century BC, the Roman Empire had expanded across all of Italy and even beyond, eventually stretching as far west as modern-day Spain and England, including much of Europe as well as some parts of Northern Africa and a large portion of the Middle East (John and Slocum). As a result of the vast expansion, many dialects of Latin developed due to geographical separation, with the dialect of Florence being the basis for what was considered standard language (Lehmann 75). These dialects would eventually become even more distinct, eventually becoming the Romance languages.

Retrospectively, linguists have determined that during the period in which Latin was widely used due to the expanse of the Roman Empire, there were two types of Latin: Classical Latin, or the written representation of the language, and Vulgar Latin, or the spoken language of the common people. The second, Vulgar Latin, was most commonly spread throughout the Roman Empire, and is considered “the basis from which the Romance languages developed” (Lehmann 76). The example given by Ralph Penny in his *A History of the Spanish*

Language uses the word meaning “horse” to show that much of the Romance languages are actually descended from this spoken form of the language. For example, in Classical Latin, the word meaning horse is *equus*, while in Vulgar Latin the word is *caballus*, which is much more closely related to the synonymous words *caballo* (Spanish), *cavalo* (Portuguese), *cheval* (French), *cavallo* (Italian), and *cal* (Romanian). However, a common misconception to be noted is that Classical and Vulgar Latin are two completely separate concepts or versions of Latin, similar to dialects. In contrast, the reality is that these forms of the language were parts of a “spectrum of linguistic registers” in which Classical Latin was one extreme of this spectrum, similar to our academic language in modern written English, while Vulgar Latin was the majority of the remainder of the spectrum, incorporating various registers of spoken language (Penny 3).

The influence of Latin in the Spanish language dates back to its presence in the Iberian Peninsula during the conquests of the Roman Empire. Romanization of this region began in 218 BC when Roman troops entered northeastern Spain to fight against the Carthaginians in the Second Punic War (Penny 5). In the years to follow, particularly 206 BC, Roman settlements and colonies began to spread toward the west and northwest. By 19 BC, the Roman Empire had spread to include the northern coastal areas of the Iberian Peninsula, such as modern-day Galicia, Asturias, Santander and part of the Basque Country (Penny 6). Along with this spread of the Roman Empire came “latinization” beginning toward the end of the third century BC, in which Latin, particularly Vulgar Latin, was learned by local populations from Romans entering the region. However, due to the fact that the Iberian Peninsula is so geographically distant from Rome, spoken Latin on the peninsula developed differently from the normal Latin spoken by the upper-class in the heart of the empire (Penny 6). In fact, Burt explains that “Roman senators often made fun of the accents of Iberian writers and representatives” (14). Some examples of the phonetic differences between Roman Latin and the Latin of the Iberian Peninsula are outlined in *From Phonology to Philology: An Outline of Descriptive and Historical Spanish Linguistics*: the initial /f/ sound in Latin developed into an aspirated /h/ in early Spanish, eventually being deleted from the phonology of modern Spanish, remaining only in the “orthographic conservatism of writing,” evident in words such as *humo*, which in Latin is *fumo* (Burt 12). Also, the confusion between /v/ and /b/ is unique to Spanish compared to other Romance languages. Furthermore, this development also brought the addition of definite and indefinite articles, as well as the conditional and perfect tenses. On the contrary, Spanish lost many aspects of Latin, including the reduction of declensions from five to two (masculine and feminine), the deletion of eleven grammatical cases leaving only three, the deletion of half of the Latin vowels leaving a, e, i, o, and u, as well as a change in the method of creating the passive voice and future tenses. It is this unique development that eventually led to Spanish becoming a distinct Romance language.

The next wave of changes to influence the development of the Spanish language took place from the fifth to the early eighth century in which Spain was controlled by the Visigoths, who invaded the Roman Empire during the fourth century and “sacked” Rome in 476 AD, which for many scholars signals the end of the Roman Empire and the beginning of the Dark Ages (Burt 17). The Visigoths were largely bilingual during this period, speaking both Latin and their native East Germanic language. However, Latin dominated as the language used in culture and administration through writing, and therefore the language of the Visigoths was eventually lost, and their influence on the language of the region was minimal, although Burt cites a few words with Visigoth influence that are still used today, such as *brotar* (to sprout, spring forth), *espeto* (a spit for roasting), and *rapar* (to shave, to trim), among others.

In the following years, various other invasions and conquests of the peninsular region had enormous linguistic effects that led to the development of the Spanish language. Firstly, the Islamic invasion of 711 acquainted Hispanic Latin with Arabic, leading to lexical, semantic and morphological borrowing as well as the modification of Hispano-Romance syntax (Penny 13). According to Burt, the Arabic people kept control of at least a part of the peninsula until 1492. As a result, some argue that after Latin, Arabic is the second most influential language on modern Spanish; however, this influence is almost purely lexical (20-21). The examples given by Burt include words such as *almacén* (warehouse) or *algodón* (cotton), in which the definite article prefix *al-* in Arabic was included with the word as it was borrowed into the Spanish language. Other words contributed by Arabic are specific to areas such as agriculture (*aceite*, or oil and *zanahoria*, or carrot) and science (*alcohol* and *algebra*), among others (Burt 21). Another conquest that influenced the Spanish language were the Moorish conquest that is said to have changed the entire “dialectal map” of Spain. The only parts of

the Iberian Peninsula not affected by these invasions were parts of the extreme northwest, which had also resisted changes in the past while under Roman and Visigoth control. This resistance eventually led to the development of the unique Castilian varieties of Spanish.

The Christian Reconquest taking place up until the fifteenth century facilitated the spread of Castilian Spanish toward the south, southeast and southwest, as Castilians populated territories reconquered in parts of Andalusia. Eventually, the Castilians, along with their language, spread across at least half of the Iberian Peninsula. As a result, Castilian began replacing other languages in the region, such as Arabic and Mozarabic. The mixture with Mozarabic during this time led to some changes within Castilian, mostly as a result of borrowing between the languages. However, the transfer between the languages had much more of an effect on Mozarabic in these areas (Penny 14). By 1492, when this area came under the rule of monarchs Ferdinand and Isabella, Castilian had taken over the majority of the Iberian Peninsula, leaving only the Galician and Catalan speaking areas untouched (Penny 14-15).

The standardization and spread of modern Spanish was mostly sparked by the intellectual and scholarly work of the thirteenth century king, Alfonso X. Much of his scholarly writing and “output of scientific, historiographical, legal, literary, and other work, was bound to lend great prestige to the chosen medium, Castilian, by contrast with other varieties of Hispano-Romance, such as Leonese or Aragonese” (Penny 15). This began the establishment of Castilian as the standard language used for scientific, legal, administrative, educational, and other forms of writing, thus causing a rapid spread of the Castilian language. This spread was only increased by the use of Castilian as the main language used in literature during the Golden Age (Penny 17).

Spanish has since been carried outside of the Iberian Peninsula to various parts of the Americas and other locations around the globe as a result of an era of imperialism. Penny lists these areas as the Canaries, America, the Mediterranean and the Balkans, and the Philippines (17). Firstly, the conquest of the Canary Islands largely relied on Andalusian ports, and as a result the Spanish used here adopted many characteristics from Andalusia. Furthermore, the Canaries were utilized greatly in trading with the Americas, and therefore represents aspects of American Spanish that are virtually non-existent in Spain, such as the use of the word *guagua* meaning “bus” (Penny 17-18). Spanish was carried to the Americas by Columbus during his expedition that led to the discovery of the New World, and first spread to the islands of the Caribbean. Later, conquests in Mexico completed by Hernán Cortés brought Spanish to much of North America. Finally, Francisco Pizarro’s conquests of the Incas spread Spanish throughout South America (Penny 18). The Christian Reconquest forced many of Spain’s Jewish inhabitants to flee from the peninsula. Eventually, these groups settled and brought Spanish to the Mediterranean and the Balkans (Penny 21). Finally, the Philippines was under Spanish rule from the sixteenth century until 1898. Therefore, much of the “ruling class” adopted the Spanish language. However, the language did not have much of an impact in this area, but remains an official language along with English and Tagalog (Penny 24).

Overall, the migration and geographical movement of countless groups of people throughout the world’s history, as well as political and social changes in the Iberian Peninsula have created unique mixtures of languages that have traded many characteristics, ultimately leading to the final product of the Spanish language that is spoken throughout the world today. The study of the history of the Spanish language is an excellent example of the various changes language goes through over time, and how it is influenced by the very societies for which it serves as the foundation.

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2015-2016 Scholarship Award Recipients

**Dr. Henry Ward Church
Scholarship**

Elsie Hendricks
Alpha Chapter #0
Allegheny College

**Dr. Anthony S. Corbiere
Scholarship**

Taylor M. Bonora
Beta Tau Chapter #197
California State University Chico

**Dr. Santiago Vilas
Scholarship**

Scott K. Reagan
Alpha Theta Chapter #111
Lebanon Valley College

**Dr. Marie-France Hilgar
Scholarship**

Raquel Mattson-Prieto, Professional
Beta Tau Chapter #197
California State University Chico

**Dr. Cleon Capsus
Scholarship**

Lauren A. Heim
Chi Omega Chapter #263
University of South Alabama

**Dr. Dorothy I. Mitstifer
Scholarship**

Amanda Keating
Sigma Upsilon Chapter #62
East Carolina University

**Phi Sigma Iota
Scholarship**

Delaney E. Jones
Gamma Tau Chapter #220
Ashland University

**Phi Sigma Iota
Scholarship**

Thea Miller
Omega Alpha Chapter #260
Salem State University

**Phi Sigma Iota
Scholarship**

Maureen E. Koets, Professional
Psi Chapter #88
St. Norbert College

**Phi Sigma Iota
Scholarship**

Kelsey Zalac
Gamma Phi Chapter #222
Northern Kentucky University

Reports From The 2015-2016 Phi Sigma Iota Scholarship Recipients

The Dr. Henry Ward Church Scholarship
Elsie Hendricks, Alpha Chapter #0, Allegheny College

I write to extend my deepest gratitude for the award that you so generously gave me last April, and to make you aware of the impact that this money has had on my travel plans. Since my study abroad semester in Angers, France, officially starts in January of 2017, I will send a more detailed letter about the opportunities that this money has given me next term.

For now, I would like to stress the significance of the grant. I will be able not only to buy my plane tickets, but also settle Allegheny College's study abroad fee and handle any visa costs that may arise. I also plan to save a portion of the money for trips aimed at discovering more regions and cultures within France. I of course plan to take the train up to Paris to explore its many cultural sites, and I hope to journey to other cities as well, such as Lyon, Rennes and possibly Montpellier. This grant will allow me to help my parents pay for part of my tuition as well, since my younger sister is now also in college.

This year, I am delighted to hold the position of Vice President of Allegheny College's chapter of Phi Sigma Iota. We are striving to promote the organization on campus: we have held a talk with an Icelandic medical translator already this term, and we plan to arrange language and culture mingle nights very soon.

Thank you again for your generous support. I will be in touch next semester with a more detailed letter about the impact of the Dr. Henry Ward Church scholarship on my travel plans.

Dr. Santiago Vilas Scholarship
Scott K. Reagan, Alpha Theta Chapter #111, Lebanon Valley College

Since I was awarded the Dr. Santiago Vilas Scholarship in April, I have been able to achieve the goal I outlined in my application: acceptance into the Ethnomusicology/Musicology MA program at the Julius-Maximilians-Universität Würzburg, in Würzburg, Germany. By mid-October I will have officially enrolled as a student in that program. When I finally read that I was accepted, although I had really only waited about one month after I sent my application in the mail, I could not have been more relieved. The application process for German universities turned out to be much more complicated than I had first imagined! However, with the financial peace of mind granted me by the PSI scholarship and my determination, patience and organizational skills, I successfully executed each requisite step. The scholarship money funded travel to and from New York City, where I participated in the Goethe Test and visited the German Consulate. One of the few official German tests available in the USA, it was absolutely necessary to take this test and submit the ensuing results/certification with my application to the University of Würzburg. My scholarship covered the fees for participation in the Goethe Test and for another application requirement - official authentication of my bachelor's degree and undergraduate transcript, among other documents (achieved completely *auf Deutsch* at the German Consulate). With the assistance of my PSI scholarship, I was also able to send my entire application packet to the International Office of the University of Würzburg via USPS, and then, after receiving my acceptance letter, to book my flight to Frankfurt, my train ride to Würzburg and a temporary place to stay until I find an apartment or dormitory. Whatever remains will go towards paying university semester dues, monthly German health insurance (required for enrollment as a student), living expenses and school supplies. The Dr. Santiago Vilas Scholarship has greatly aided me in punctually and successfully realizing my dreams and goals, *sans souci*. Not only was I able to secure admission to my desired graduate program, thus unlocking the gateway to my future and career, but I was also able to arrange for transportation there and to comfortably and easily prepare myself for a new and exciting adventure. It is fitting that PSI will have helped me on the way to receiving my Master's degree in ethnomusicology: like PSI's motto, I will use and bolster my German language skills in courses taught completely in German and in daily life, I will conduct lots of research during the two year program, and I will make many new friends; as an ethnomusicologist, I will make use of previously learned

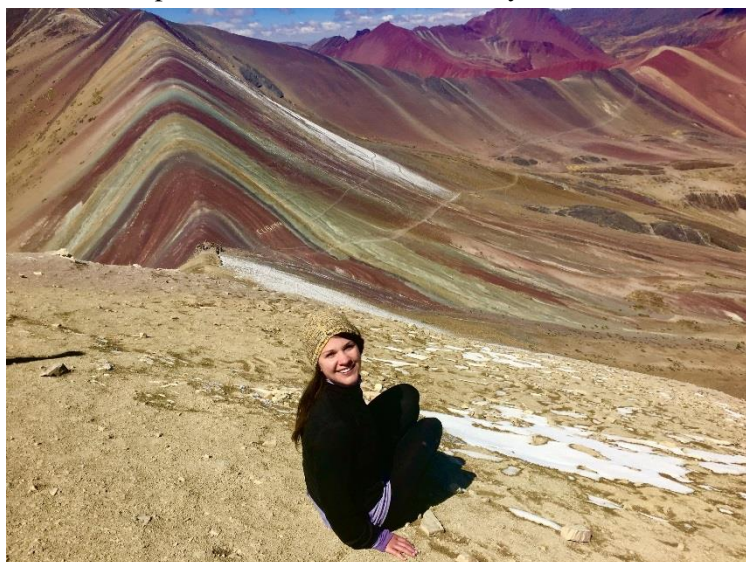
languages and acquire new languages, I will professionally and academically conduct research, and I will continue to make new friends and maintain friendships across the globe. I will certainly be a friend of Phi Sigma Iota for years to come.

The Dr. Cleon Capsus Scholarship
Lauren A. Heim, Chi Omega Chapter #263, University of South Alabama

Thanks to the PSI scholarship I received this past Spring, I was able to embark on a trip to Cusco, Peru and be immersed in its culture for almost three months. This experience was life changing and has had a tremendous impact on my life and on my journey of learning the Spanish language.

In Cusco, I had several adventures that were typical of tourists. Of course, I went to see one of the Seven Wonders of the World, Machu Picchu. Although I have seen pictures and heard of its beauty, it was above and beyond anything I ever imagined. Not only were the old Incan ruins magnificent, the mountains surrounding them were just as breathtaking. Hearing the history surrounding each building intrigued me and made me hungry to know more about this ancient city.

Another one of my little adventures was to a place three hours outside of Cusco city to a mountain called Rainbow Mountain. This experience, although hard to believe, probably trumped Machu Picchu. The mountain's name is Vinicunca, which is Quechua for 'seven color mountain,' named for the color it has due to its eroding sedimentary rock. With a Peruvian breakfast and lunch, a horse ride up the mountain, the hospitality from the local villages, and the stunning scenery of snow-capped mountains, llamas, and alpacas, this hidden gem could not have been a better find.



Although I traveled to these postcard places and had an amazing time, there's something about truly learning a country's culture by experiencing the flow of everyday life that really turns a trip into an adventure. For the majority of my time, I lived with a woman and her daughter who did not speak a lick of English. There were definitely moments of frustration when I could not fully express myself to them, and vice versa, but this forced me to expand my language skills and get out of my comfort zone so that I could truly learn. While living with these two, I was able to see first hand what it means to be Peruvian, learning what they eat, how they communicate, what they celebrate, and how they perceive the world. One of my favorite experiences was when I took a step of faith and tried some food that would never be seen in a restaurant in the States: the guinea pig (or *cuy* in Castellano). The first *cuy* I ate was at one of their biggest festivals in June, Inti Raymi, which is a celebration honoring the Inca god Inti (Quechua for 'sun'). This is also when I realized that they serve their *cuy* with the head, eyes, claws, whiskers, and teeth all still intact. Although a little frightening to look at, it was probably one of the tastiest meats I've ever eaten.

While in Peru, I didn't just travel around the whole time, but I was a volunteer at a church and medical clinic called La Fuente. I am pursuing becoming a bilingual midwife or obstetrician in an underdeveloped country where the maternal mortality rates are higher. So, while at La Fuente, I observed their obstetrician, Luordes, and assisted in translating during a two-week medical campaign. This helped me gain more experience in both the

area of women's health as well as the application of my Spanish skills in the medical setting. My eyes were also opened to the great need for medical professionals in Peru, especially when it comes to maternal health. After seeing many patients in need, and knowing that there are thousands more outside of the clinic, my passion for women's health grew along with my motivation to continue my education in this field.

I could go on for hours about my adventures in the Andes. Not only did it reinforce my knowledge I gained during my years at the University of South Alabama, but it also better equipped me for my future as I continue my journey. I am so grateful to have had this opportunity and for the PSI scholarship that helped make it happen.



Phi Sigma Iota Scholarship Delaney Jones, Gamma Tau Chapter #220, Ashland University

I wanted to take this time to thank you all for choosing me to receive the Phi Sigma Iota scholarship. It was an honor to receive it, and it certainly went to good use. Personally, this scholarship helped to alleviate financial burden coming into my senior year of college. It also allowed me to travel to Spain this summer to work as an *au pair*, which was a wonderful experience. Professionally, this scholarship benefits me also because it allows me to finish my education and to spend a significant amount of time abroad, which truly helped my fluency in Spanish. Upon my return, I took the Oral Proficiency Interview and I received an Advanced Mid on both the speaking and writing sections. Because I did not have to worry about finances this summer, I was truly able to enjoy my trip to Spain and to make connections that will help me in my future career. I was offered a job as an English teacher in Guadalajara, Spain, and I am planning on returning to get my Masters in Teaching English as a Second



Language. I was very lucky to make plenty of personal and professional connections while abroad, and I was even able to meet the Prime Minister of Spain, Mariano Rajoy (pictured). I hope to be able to give back as an alumni of Phi Sigma Iota someday so that I can help give other students the same opportunity that I had.

Phi Sigma Iota Scholarship
Thea Miller, Omega Alpha Chapter #260, Lebanon Valley College

First, I would like to extend my thanks and appreciation again for awarding me this prestigious scholarship. My summer abroad was a dream come true and this scholarship played a huge roll in making it possible. I used the scholarship funds primarily for living expenses and traveling to different cities within Italy.

As part of my program, we lived in a local apartment building, with the kindest property manager. We were responsible for our own travel around the city, maintaining the apartment, and our own food. One of the biggest concerns my family and I had before leaving was the cost of groceries for six weeks. Thanks to this scholarship, I received peace of mind knowing that this concern would no longer be an issue. I was able to walk to the local grocery store and try various local meats, veggies, and fruits. Cooking is a passion of mine, and while I was there, I also tasted the best eggplant I have ever had.

I was also able to travel to numerous different cities using these funds. Over the course of the six weeks, I visited Cortona, Venice, Murano, Burano, Torcello, Pisa, Castiglioncello, Greve, and Lucca. I was able to speak with locals, see various different attractions, and meet amazing students from all over the world. I learned many new facts about places such as Australia, and we had fun learning each other's slang phrases while making friends. Some of the places I visited were on school-affiliated trips, which gave me the opportunity to speak and spend time with study abroad officials from different schools all around the world as well.

I mentioned in my scholarship essay that being aware of different cultures is essential to my future career in medicine. I believe that I was able to make advances in my knowledge of the Italian culture, but also in my skills of interacting with people whose culture I was not familiar with, such as those from Australia, Germany, and Sweden. Overall, I met great people, embraced the culture I hold dear to my heart, and practiced the language I love learning and using.

Thank you once again for making this unbelievable experience my reality.

Phi Sigma Iota Professional Scholarship
Maureen E. Koets, Professional, Psi Chapter #88, St. Norbert College

Thank you so much for awarding me the Professional Member Scholarship this year. Without the additional financial support, my French studies at the Sorbonne would not have been feasible this past summer, especially after receiving notice a few days before departure that the student housing costs had risen by about a third of what had originally been reported. Almost instantaneously upon receiving the news, my stomach grumbled hollowly, knowing that it would have an exceptionally high and exclusive dependence on (thankfully delicious) French bread, my heart fluttered a little with shock, but my thoughts remained calm. With the scholarship, I knew I had a little cushion to help absorb the extra cost. I knew that I would find a way to work around it and still have a wonderful time. It was the first in a series of surprises during a summer that went by too quickly, and that I know has changed my life forever.

In the course of an 8-week intensive French at a foreign language course, I went from barely being able to make daily conversation, to living and interacting with ease – and on more than one occasion, even passing as a local. Having audited two intro-level classes and taken an advanced literature course prior to my studies in Paris, I will be the first to admit that my path to French proficiency has never been... typical. As a result, if you had put a poem or history book in front of me, with a little time, I could elaborate about it in intense detail. Again, with time, I could write great papers too. But when it came to spontaneously talking about other things... I could understand what was being said or asked. Usually. Parisians do speak quickly though, and it took a while for me to catch onto the liaison patterns. As had always been the case, my French often comes out in Spanish. Or more often: German. (Why not English, I don't know). Consequently, my confidence with speaking French was rather low upon arrival in France. But I was persistent, and patient, and with so much opportunity to interact with others and the language, literature, history, food, and culture, within a few weeks I had caught on to French phonetics, learned a ton of practical, less-academic vocab (thereby reducing my dependence on "frenchifying"

Spanish to survive), and got in the habit of using French sentence structure (instead of German, which messes even with my English). I have come to accept that I will never be able to properly pronounce the French “r.” That is okay. For all of the other polyglot “problems” that I have overcome, and all of the confidence that has blossomed in the process, I really do not mind. I was even able to rid myself of my clueless American accent... for the most part. About four weeks into courses, I was talking with a friend in English and I finally slipped into French, fretting a little about how strong my American accent was. He laughed heartily and informed me that I “didn’t have an American accent.” I called his bluff. He continued, “no, you don’t have an American accent when you speak French. You have a German one.” I laughed, slightly mortified. He gave me phrases to practice saying, phrases that I guess the French like teasing Germans with... and we both laughed. He was right. I have an accent that I now proudly call “Germurican.” Once coming to terms with my “condition,” I actually began speaking much more French... and I noticed that I often received additional discounts at museums, apparently blending in even more as an E.U. citizen.

I packed each day with as much affordable, informative fun as possible. I attended conferences (in French) on topics ranging from the “Asterix and Oberlix and the French National Identity,” to “The Origins and Evolution of Impressionism,” to all things Albert Camus. I spent a lot of time in museums and developed an even deeper appreciation for Art Nouveau and Surrealism, and found interesting but subtle connections between the artists and the haute courtièrs at the time. I went to fashion museums, which as a seamstress, I found fabulous. I found so much inspiration there that I visited Paris’ fabric markets, and took inventory of my options. After reading “A Moveable Feast” by Hemingway, and a book about Zelda Fitzgerald, I decided to return. I affordably acquired one-of-a-kind fabrics to attempt making a flapper dress for a dance this upcoming spring. Personally, I don’t care much for the boxy style. But I am very excited to try something new and see it as a symbol, a souvenir, of my expanding sense of the historical and continued friendship between France and America. After four day-long visits, I can finally say that I have checked out all of the exhibition rooms in the Louvre! I even visited it with one of my former Religious Studies professors, who was visiting Paris for a few days. He showed me the artifacts that were of most importance to him, and when quizzed, I was surprised to prove that I could still read a bit of ancient Hebrew, despite not studying it in a few months, and not getting very far with the language in any case. I visited several churches and parks too, in an attempt to continue to save money. I never thought too much of gothic churches. They always struck me as so cold and dark and dull. But they are also very peaceful – an environment I often needed when overwhelmed by classes or the city. They are now my favorite style of church, and I have seen and photographed some of the most beautiful (and lesser known) rose windows in Paris.

I would like to quick mention, because I at times can hardly believe it: for my class final, I gave a half-hour long presentation in my French class – all in French – about Napoleon, with specific regard to things I had seen related to him in my travels across 13 European countries over the past two years. It was an in-depth discussion of the lasting evidence of his reign, and lesser known stories and connections between them. I am extremely proud of myself, and easily could have talked for at least another half hour. This feat was unthinkable when I arrived in Paris, too bewildered to form basic sentences in my first few days.

By the end of my two months studying in Paris, despite my best and SUCCESSFUL attempts at restraint, my money had grown scarily tight. And I still had one month left in Europe. And nowhere to go. My student lease was fast expiring. When I had booked my flight several months prior, I intentionally left myself extra time in Europe. I had hoped to be able to visit another new country, and to make my way back to Germany to strengthen connections and perhaps find a job. That goal now seemed financially impossible.

I had effectively, unknowingly, stranded myself in Europe. With the move-out date fast approaching, I was in a state of panic. But after researching the costs of cancelling and/or booking a new flight home to the U.S., I realized that it was actually cheaper to try staying in Europe. So I asked around, found a few friends with free couches, asked my parents for a small-ish loan, and was on a plane to Vienna within an hour of leaving my apartment in Paris.

I was in Vienna for two days. I spent my time indulging my newfound love for Art Nouveau, and consuming all sorts of nostalgic sweets, coffees, and wines. Like the first time I was in Vienna, I spoke more Spanish than German (as I was staying with friends from Latin America). But unlike last time, I had to struggle to suppress my French ability. An ability that I did not have, not even remotely, the year before. But now, it had oddly become my... natural language. I did not care for Vienna particularly much the first time I was there. It was

winter then. But to visit it during a warmer, friendlier summer month... my heart thawed towards the city. And I am so grateful that I did. Over the course of the next week, I visited distant family in Bavaria, then went to visit friends at my old university town of Marburg. It was surreal to revisit both places. I felt truly as though I had never left. Germany has, however, changed a lot within the last year, especially with regards to the Syrian crisis. It was interesting, sometimes encouraging, sometimes heartbreaking, to discuss the state of affairs with the locals. At one point, I got to know a group of American expatriates while at a Plärrer – so Bavarian for: “mini Oktoberfest.” That led to me getting tons of insider tips on how to relocate to Germany and navigate the visa and housing situation. It also led to me staying a week longer in Germany than I had planned (thanks to friends and their open couches), and to me getting a JOB INTERVIEW in Augsburg with one of Germany’s two leading English as a Second Language teaching programs. The job interview went very well and if I can find my way back to Bavaria in the next year or two, there will be work for me as an English teacher for adults who are trying to improve their skills for fun or company training. I never foresaw this coming, but I have been ecstatic about it for weeks. It confirmed, in my very happy heart, that I must (and that I WILL) someday soon return to Germany. Paris may be the city I have felt most at home in. But Germany remains the country that I feel most at home in, and the only one for which I feel homesickness.

Since returning to the States a few weeks ago, I have applied for a Fulbright scholarship. I have considered applying for one for a long time, but was not sure if I wanted to do one for research or one to be an English teaching assistant. The decision to apply for the teaching assistantship is due in large part to the job interview that I had in Augsburg, as well as my many afternoons spent perusing the foreign language section of bookstores in France. While trying to find the many required textbooks for French as a Foreign Language, I often found English as a Foreign Language books. I found the methodology of teaching the language interesting – an approach that I had never consciously taken to my native language. One of the five professors that I had at the Sorbonne seemed to have a background in etymology. She often got hung up on French words, then mentioned the often similar English equivalent, and explained the history as to why the meanings were nuanced, or spellings different. “English is not English” she would say. I too became intensely interested in etymology, and was often drawing parallels to German words. I have so much more curiosity about English now. I have for so long neglected it in pursuit of other languages. My last two days in Paris, I spent at a museum of language. I think now that I would like to get a masters or PhD in linguistics, and I know that I would like to do any graduate degree in Germany. I hope that becoming an English TA in Germany (or anywhere really) will give me more teaching experience, a platform to explore my newfound respect for the English language, and help me choose a studies program once and for all... as well as the language abilities to pursue it confidently.

I never would have guessed that my first apartment would be in Paris... the first city that I visited last year before beginning my studies in Austria and Germany. The city that I fell in love with as it taught me how to be an independent traveler, alone for the first time on a new continent. And the city that I dreamed and promised to return to within a year’s time. I had the confidence in myself then, and I am so grateful for the confidence that others had in me too.

Thank you, Phi Sigma Iota. You made my apartment possible and kept me from starving too badly. You enabled me to focus my energy and money on more important things, like learning French, visiting museums, and amassing what might be the Midwest’s biggest personal collection of French-language grammar books, Albert Camus, and Simone de Beauvoir. It will be a while before I ever have the money to contribute to finance grants and scholarships for future students. I certainly have the intent of doing so when it becomes affordable for me.

In the meantime, I will be paying back my opportunities and education by paying it forward. When in Paris, two students from my alma mater contacted me and asked if they could crash at my apartment for a few days before beginning their semester in Lille. I happily agreed to host them and had a lot of fun showing them around Paris and teaching them the ropes of public transportation and other things in Europe. Just as I rely on, and hope, for hospitality when I travel, I am dedicated to being reliant and hospitable to other travelers. Nowadays, friends and family frequently contact me for travel tips or destination suggestions. It feels great to not only reflect on my own study abroad experiences, but to also help others get the most out of their traveling. Apparently I have gained a bit of a reputation, as students at my alma mater reach out to ask questions about how to initiate the study abroad process with the school (and government offices). I have given speeches at my high school,

encouraging students to study abroad either in college or as a gap year (something that I also considered), and I show them websites and other programs that may give them the opportunity to do so. I remain committed to promoting cross-cultural experiences and mutual understanding. It is almost impossible to escape a conversation with me without hearing of my love and encouragement for foreign languages learning – truly one of life’s greatest joys. I will continue learning and trying to teach myself French. I love the language too much and have invested too much in books to simply quit. (And when I no longer have immediate need of my French books, I plan to donate them to a public or university library so that the resources are more available in the public domain. Since coming back to the States, I have noticed tragically few books in French available at public libraries – even in my large metro area of Minneapolis).

As I try to make my way back to Germany and find my place in the world of graduate studies and professorship, I am still devoted to Paris. When I was there before, it taught me how to be a traveler. When I was there again, it taught me French and how to be an adult, independent to an extent that I had thrillingly (and terrifyingly) never been before. It is a place that I will always return to. There is still so much to learn. And still so much of the world to see. I cannot wait to see where the path of life leads me.

Phi Sigma Iota Scholarship
Kelsey Zalac, Gamma Phi Chapter #222, Northern Kentucky University

They say experiences in life mean everything, and it’s true. My semester in Ecuador was one unforgettable experience that will continue reap its benefits throughout my life. Thanks to the Phi Sigma Iota scholarship, I was able to study abroad in Quito, Ecuador for the fall semester of 2016. It was everything I had dreamed and more. I stayed with an amazing host family of caring parents, two fun sisters, and a nice brother. I found my second home. They treated and loved me as their own child. I was immediately immersed into their home and culture. They found it necessary that I try every Ecuadorian food they had to offer. I wasn’t complaining. I tried a mountain of new foods every week.

When I wasn’t trying new foods with my family, I was at the university taking classes all taught in Spanish. I became accustomed to Spanish fairly quickly. I could feel myself getting more confident when my brain would switch into Spanish mode. I was also fortunate enough to take a baking class where I learned to bake all different kinds of bread and to talk to my Ecuadorian classmates more proficiently. My Spanish listening and speaking was improving day by day.

I was also able to improve my Spanish by traveling to different regions within the country of Ecuador. With the help of the scholarship, I was able to afford a trip to the Amazonian rainforest with a few of my classmates. Being able to be so far deep into the jungle was unlike anything else I had ever experienced. Professionally, this further deepened my need to protect the environment. I was able to go into an indigenous community and see their way of life. We harvested yuca alongside them. It opened my eyes to the indigenous communities not only in Ecuador, but all of Latin and South America. It was a once in a lifetime trip.

I can’t thank Phi Sigma Iota enough for the opportunity it has given me. I will continue to be curious about other cultures, better my language skills, and develop professionally through my travels. As the Ecuadorians say “ama la vida,” I will always love life.

2014-15 Dr. Cleon Capsus Scholarship
Nan-Nan (Téa) Jiang, Member, Eta Alpha Chapter #142, San Francisco State University

Greetings from China!

I’ve been in China for about nine months so far, spending the first five months at Nanjing University in Nanjing, and currently interning at a technology investment firm in Shanghai.

During my time at NJU, I took intensive language courses and graduate-level courses, as well as participated in a number of extracurricular activities, including language exchange, badminton, and Sanda (Chinese

kickboxing). During that semester, I also wrote my second undergraduate thesis – this time in Chinese! For my thesis, I researched the socio-economic effects of the rehabilitation of historical buildings in urban China. My semester in Nanjing has not only improved my Chinese language abilities, but also deepened my understanding of China as a whole.

I was able to apply all that I've learned in the first semester of the Flagship Capstone year during the second semester, which is the internship phase. During an average workday, I'm working on projects with my coworkers, networking with other Chinese companies, and talking to potential clients. It's great being exposed to so many different aspects of the Chinese professional world.

Of course there were some bumps along the road, but overcoming each obstacle made dealing with the next obstacle so much easier. I wish I could think of a comparable metaphor to the "rollercoaster" one, but as cliché as it sounds, a rollercoaster is exactly how I would describe my year. I say this, of course, in the best way possible. It isn't quite time to go home yet, but I'm already nostalgic for my time here.

The Phi Sigma Iota scholarship has helped tremendously with my living expenses. While the Chinese Flagship Language Program has provided a generous scholarship, it is only enough to cover the basics. To be able to afford emergencies (replacing a lost phone, having to pay for medical checkups that your insurance doesn't cover, etc.), extracurricular activities, social outings with friends, travel a bit around the country, etc., was completely imperative. It's difficult to focus on your work or enjoy your time in China if you're constantly worried about money. Thanks to the additional scholarship I got from Phi Sigma Iota, as well as some help from my parents, I was able to get through this year focused primarily on what I needed to focus on.

Thank you so much for helping grant me an opportunity to study and work in China for a year, it has been nothing short of exciting and humbling.

***IT'S ALL ABOUT US!:* CHAPTER REPORTS**

Please welcome these new chapters awarded since the last issue:

Chi Epsilon Chapter #271, Lee University, Cleveland TN
Chi Iota Chapter #272, Brigham Young University, Provo UT

Lambda Chapter #11, Muhlenburg College, Allentown PA

Muhlenburg College inducted French and Spanish students inductees as well as faculty from both programs and our invited speaker, alumna Maetal Henig who gave an inspiring talk about the many opportunities that have come her way thanks to knowing a second language.



Mu Chapter #12, Lake Forest College, Lake Forest IL

The Phi Sigma Iota induction at Lake Forest College was held on April 14, 2016. Thirty-four new members joined the Mu chapter at the college this year.



Upsilon Chapter #16, Birmingham-Southern College, Birmingham AL

The Upsilon chapter conducted an alumni panel on Thursday, March 8, and it was quite successful! It was well attended by Chinese and Spanish students, faculty, and staff. In addition to our alumni panelists, we also had the director of our study abroad program present to share information about the value of studying abroad and how



easy it is to do. We hope to continue having events such as these to stimulate interest in foreign languages and cultures and increase the visibility of Phi Sigma Iota on our campus. Thank you for the generous grant that helped make this event possible.

Phi Theta Chapter #26, William Jewell College, Liberty MO

The Phi Theta Chapter of William Jewell College inducted ten new members of the Phi Theta Chapter on April 23, 2016. Inductees this year represent majors and minors in four languages: French, Japanese, Latin, and



Spanish. The faculty of the Department of Languages, friends, family, and current Phi Theta Chapter members celebrated the induction of these new members: Hilary Alden, Johanna Alpert, Meredith Graves, Molly Hutson, Ciara Rucker, Meara Von Malottke, Tiffany Eldridge, Claire Etzenhouser, Shea Marcinski, and Aubrey Stewart.

The Chapter also approved newly-redacted chapter by-laws and voted in three officers. Shea Marcinski will take a leadership role as President of the chapter. Meredith Graves and Johanna Alpert share duties of Vice President.

Beta Gamma Chapter #128, Rhode Island College, Providence RI

On April 28th, 2016 the Beta Gamma chapter # 128 at Rhode Island College held its annual initiation ceremony. Thirteen outstanding new members representing French, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish were inducted into membership. Faculty advisor Maricarmen Margenot together with professors Olga Juzyn and Miriam Gorriaran conducted the ceremony. Family and friends, together with students from all languages in the Department of

Modern Languages enjoyed a Cinco de Mayo culinary reception and celebration following the ceremony. Congratulations to all!



Eta Alpha Chapter #142, San Francisco State University, San Francisco CA

San Francisco State University conducted their annual initiation ceremony on April 29, 2016. It was a wonderful event! Dr. Ana Luengo Palomino, Asst. Prof. of Spanish in the Dept. of Modern Languages & Literatures at SFSU, pictured on the far right, delivered a speech on how knowing a foreign language has enriched her private and professional life. Next to her is Ava, one of the two students who can be seen on the photo of the book signing with Jimi on page of this issue of The Forum. The new members proudly present their certificates.



Beta Tau Chapter #197, California State University Chico, Chico CA

Beta Tau Chapter Faculty adviser Dr. Char Prieto, California State University, Chico, California, organized the Phi Sigma Iota Induction Ceremony April 12, 2016. Grant donor and alumnus Mr. Bix Whitcomb attended the ceremony to present the PSI Study Abroad Award to PSI vice-president Daniel Caravez. Alumnus Memo

Keswick was the invited speaker. His talk was entitled "Languages, Commitments and Relationships." Luciano Marazzo, Chico alumnus and PSI member, played classical guitar music and performed an aria from the opera Rigoletto.



Beta Omega Chapter #202, Binghamton University, Binghamton NY

On April 10, 2016 Binghamton University's Phi Sigma Iota chapter inducted its newest members. Thirty of the fifty-four 2016 inductees were present at the commemorative ceremony celebrating their achievements in the



study of foreign languages. Ten languages were represented in this year's ceremony: Arabic, Chinese, French, Japanese, German, Hebrew, Korean, Russian, Spanish, and Italian. The ceremony also celebrated the achievements of students studying Linguistics. Dean of Harper College at Binghamton University, Anne McCall, and Binghamton University Alumni Thomas Egan were the distinguished speakers at the ceremony. Both speakers highlighted the importance of knowing a foreign language in today's globalized world.

Gamma Xi Chapter #215, Cabrini College, Radnor PA

On Friday evening, April 29, 2016, the Gamma Xi Chapter at Cabrini College inducted seven new members into the honor society: Dr. Natacha Bolufer-Laurentie, Erica Abbott, Sarah Bedard, Natasha DaSilva, Samantha Jacobs, Jessica Paradysz, and Camille Thomas. Student officers and members prepared and directed the



initiation by lighting the ceremonial candles as they read the contributions of world languages to universal culture. In closing the ceremony, the current President, Thomas Hale, shared with the group his personal journey with the study of languages. The keynote speaker for the evening, a 2012 Cabrini graduate, Lisa Gomez, talked about the transformational experience gained during her four-year involvement in the community engagement project with Latino students. In celebration of such a momentous occasion, the evening concluded with a delicious international dinner shared by parents, students and faculty.

Gamma Sigma Chapter #219, Mercyhurst University, Erie PA

The Mercyhurst chapter of Phi Sigma Iota, the international honor society for the study of foreign languages and literatures, will hold its 19th annual induction on Thursday, May 12 at 5:00. Thirteen students pursuing majors or minors in language-related areas will be inducted: Casey Bluel, Archaeology and Spanish; Taylor



Bookmiller, Hospitality Management and Spanish; Kyle Briggs, Criminalistic Forensic Science, Spanish; Kathleen Castonguay, French Education; Sean Crowley, Intelligence Studies, Russian; Dhedra Danudoro, Intelligence, Studies, Chinese; Kyle Hill, Intelligence Studies, Asian Studies: Mandarin and Japanese; Austin Kaminsky, Intelligence Studies, Spanish; Alexandra Kleckner, Spanish Education; Mariana Mathewson, Music Education, French; Sarah Mitchell, Intelligence Studies and Psychology, Arabic and Islamic Studies; Janelle Newman, Instructor of English as a Second Language; Nadia Robtoy, Applied Forensic Science, Chinese; Matthew Yoch, Intelligence Studies, Arabic and Islamic Studies. Also being inducted will be Hayat Douhan,

Fulbright Teaching Assistant from Morocco, and Virginie Ruiz, Fulbright Teaching Assistant from France as well as Ju Tao, Confucius Institute Teaching Assistant in Mandarin. Janelle Newman, director of the Center for English Language Studies at Mercyhurst will be an honorary inductee and will present a talk that evening on her personal language journey.

Epsilon Beta Chapter #227, University of Evansville, Evansville IN

The Epsilon Beta chapter of Phi Sigma Iota at the University of Evansville held its initiation ceremony on Sunday afternoon, February 28th in the Ridgway University Center. Six students representing four languages were inducted into membership. New members include Amanda Alexander, Megan King, Clarissa Eckert,



Stephanie Marcotte, Haley Grubbs and Jennifer Riedford. Faculty advisor Ann Baker gave the welcome and opening remarks. PSI president Hannah Mitchell and vice-president Alex Schmitt conducted the ceremony along with members Jamelyn Wheeler, Holly Sanders, Lauren Littlepage, Sara Gensler, Tessa McLinden and Kaylynn Carver. Mr. Shengwei Fei, director of Transportation, Logistics and Supply Chain at Owens Corning Composites in Hangzhou, China, served as guest speaker for the event. A dessert reception for members, initiates, faculty and friends followed the ceremony. The UE Epsilon Beta chapter has initiated 174 members since it was installed here in April 2000.

Zeta Alpha Chapter #241, Southeastern Louisiana University, Hammond LA

On Tuesday, April 12 Department of Languages and Communication inducted a new group of students into Zeta



Alpha Chapter of Phi Sigma Iota. This is the eleventh time when the Department recognizes the outstanding ability of its students. This year inductees are students who major or minor in Spanish, French, and Latin. After the initiation ceremony faculty, students, and their guest enjoyed a dinner together. The initiation ceremony took place in the restaurant Michabelle and was presided by Dr. Lucia Harrison, Head of the Department of Languages and Communication and Dr. Agnieszka Gutthy, Phi Sigma Iota faculty advisor. Inducted into Phi Sigma Iota were: Amairielle Cordova, Hannah Furlan, Jonathan Koeppel, Micaela Lanus, Ruby Mosquera, Aurora Olvera, Angele Thibodaux, and Jessica Williams. Congratulations!

Iota Chi Chapter #258, Chicago State University, Chicago IL

Iota Chi Chapter #258 at Chicago State University held its annual initiation ceremony on April 15, 2016. Three undergraduate and two graduate students were inducted to the membership. The memorable ceremony started with a brief history of the Society by the Chapter Advisor, Dr. Virginia Shen. Guests of honor invited to make remark included the President of the University, Dr. Thomas Calhoun, and the Dean of College of Arts and Sciences, Dr. Leroy Jones, Jr. The ceremony concluded with the lighting of students' candles by Dean Jones and faculty of Foreign Languages to symbolize the passing of friendship, research, and Languages on the new generation. A reception, well attended by faculty, students, family, and friends, was held immediately following the ceremony.



Chi Zeta Chapter #262 Bryant University, Smithfield RI

Chi Zeta Chapter #262 at Bryant University hosts an annual event called an Afternoon Abroad, during which students can “travel” to various countries to have their passports stamped while they eat traditional foods and learn more about local culture. Various student-run language and cultural organizations on campus each sponsor one country. Here are Chapter President Midori Knowles, Vice President Megan Kimball and Secretary/Treasurer Kayla Nikosey ready to hand out passports!

