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THE FORUM

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The Forum
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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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Editor, Kajsa Larson
Assistant Professor of Spanish & Advisor
Gamma Phi Chapter #222
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Phi Sigma Iota Scholarships

The Executive Committee has again increased the scholarship funding pool for the 2015-16 academic year. 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, 2016.

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.

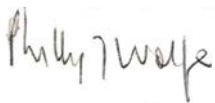
FROM THE COMITIUM: President's Letter

As my term as president of the Executive Committee of Phi Sigma Iota comes to an end and as Professor Joan Marx of Muhlenberg College succeeds me, I take this opportunity to extend to all members of Phi Sigma Iota the best wishes of the Executive Committee for a happy and prosperous 2016. It is, however, my sad duty to announce the death of Dr. Dorothy Mitsteifer, the recently-retired president of the Association of College Honor Societies, and on this unhappy occasion I want to acknowledge the debt that our society owes her.

Ten years ago the affairs of Phi Sigma Iota were not in good order. In fact, when Dr. Mitsteifer visited the then-headquarters to try and make heads or tails of what was happening, she was greeted by a police detective who told her that the matter was being treated as embezzlement and that a criminal investigation had been opened. The situation appeared so hopeless and confused that Dr. Mitsteifer considered the very real possibility that Phi Sigma Iota might just disappear. She nevertheless decided to try and save the society, and inquired if Allegheny College, where Phi Sigma Iota was founded in 1922, might become its next headquarters. At Allegheny, she was fortunate to meet Roz Macken, the secretary of the Department of Modern and Classical Languages, who selflessly took on the position of Administrative Director in addition to an already heavy workload. We all know what we owe Roz Macken. Dr. Mitsteifer was also fortunate in her choice of a new Administrative Board, in that three out of the four people she selected went on to become its president and serve a key role in the leadership and success of the society.

During an epic week-end in Pittsburgh, Dr. Mitsteifer attempted to whip the new board into shape as it completely revised the by-laws and handbook of Phi Sigma Iota. The academics present found certain aspects of bureaucratic style and procedures difficult to swallow, but in the end we saw the justification for Dr. Mitsteifer's approach to conducting business, which we have continued to follow in a general way and which has served us well. In subsequent years, she continued her interest in Phi Sigma Iota, always answering our e-mails promptly and expressing her pleasure that Phi Sigma Iota was back on its feet.

The members of the Executive Committee who had worked with her felt a true sense of loss when her death was announced in November. If Phi Sigma Iota exists today, it is because of her. At its last meeting the Board voted the creation of the Dorothy Mitsteifer Scholarship to honor her memory.



Phillip Wolfe
January 2016

FROM THE CURIA:

Hope of Deliverance: Some Personal Reflections on German Guilt and the Value of Literature and Study Abroad

Dr. Frederik H. Green

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

I was born in 1975 in a small town in the north-German state of Schleswig-Holstein. Germany in the late 1970s and early 1980s was a good place for a child to grow up in. Free schools, free universities if you could pass your high school diploma, the *Abitur*, universal health care, a strong economy, zero unemployment, a stable currency, and a soccer team that was almost invincible.

I do not remember when I first began to learn about World War II and when I began to become conscious of it. Was I six, seven, eight years old? Since it would have been a gradual process, resulting in some guided and some uncontrolled exposure, I cannot say for sure, but what I do remember clearly is that any mention of the war filled me with terror. There was no grandfather to visit on my father's side, for he had fallen in Belgium during the last weeks of the war, and once, on a bright summer day, when my older brother asked our granduncle about his time as a POW in Siberia after being captured in Stalingrad, this reticent giant silently started to cry on our terrace. And there were those black-and-white footages from wartime newsreels that occasionally could be seen on TV or old photographs in text books, which, precisely because devoid of color, seemed all the more frightening to me. And then, at some point, we learned about concentration camps, and about showers out of which came no water, but poisonous gas.

In 1975, the year of my birth, thirty years had passed since the end of World War II. By the time when the war started to become a reality in my young mind, those thirty years that lay between my birth and the end of the war seemed like an eternity. At least that terribly frightening war, so it seemed to me at that young age, was something of a different era, intangible, frozen in those black-and-white footages and images of the past. This year, I turned forty, and the length of thirty years has become something very tangible. Suddenly, the thought that a measly thirty years lay between my birth and the end of the greatest catastrophe ever brought upon mankind sends shivers down my spine.

Both of my parents were born during the war. My father was born in May of 1938 in the Baltic port city of Kiel, my mother in January of 1942 in Leba, a spa on the Baltic Sea not far from Gdańsk (Danzig) in today's Poland. My parents were part of the first generation of Germans that had to learn to live with the weight of the crimes that had been committed by their parents' generation, but that were so immense that it would be impossible to ever atone for them. They nevertheless tried. With the knowledge they gained in history classes, they accused their parents for what had happened during the 1000-Year-Reich and vowed never to forget. Like many others of their generation, they had pen friends all over Europe, learnt English and French, and later even worked in France for a while. Subsequently, our family often spent the summer holidays in Brittany or Normandy. In retrospect, this seems like a brave undertaking. As a child of six or seven, I had no idea by who or why those ubiquitous grey concrete bunkers that line the entire Atlantic coast had been built. They of course did. And in due time, they told us.

It was only much later that I realized that in 1975, the year of my birth, my seemingly peaceful homeland still filled others with fear. Only a few years before, Tom Lehrer in a witty little song called "MLF Lullaby" about a proposed multi lateral NATO force to be armed with nuclear missiles had rhymed "we have the weapons peace to determine, and one of the fingers on the buttons will be German." And while this sent giggles through his US audiences, on the other side of the Atlantic, Germany's neighbors watched its every step with suspicion. I still remember that at age fourteen on a trip to France, an old French lady staunchly refused to sit next to us on the train.

At school in Germany, my exposure to the war and the holocaust mirrored that of most, if not all, Germans of my age. Slowly, in increasingly heavy doses, we were taught about the terror of the Nazi period and lectured that we must never forget. The first novel I read about the period was *Friedrich* by Hans Richter, a work we

read in fifth grade. It chronicles the coming of age of the Jewish boy Friedrich during the Nazi period and ends with his death in an air raid when he is refused entry to an air-raid shelter.¹ This was followed, a couple of years later, by Anne Frank's diary, and, again a little later, by Paul Celan's "Deathfugue." [...] "Black milk of daybreak we drink you at night/ we drink you at midday Death is a master aus Deutschland/ we drink you at evening and morning we drink and we drink/ this Death is ein Meister aus Deutschland [...]"² Der Tod ist ein Meister aus Deutschland. Death is a master from Germany. No other sentence has ingrained itself deeper in my post-war German consciousness.

At age fourteen or fifteen, we read the first carefully selected excerpts from Hitler's *Mein Kampf* in our history books. At around the same time, we also read Heinrich Böll's novella "Stranger, Bear Word to the Spartans We..." that deals with the discrepancy between the ideals of a humanistic German education and the barbarism of the Nazi period. The title of the story is an extract from Schiller's translation of Simonides of Ceos' elegy on the battle of Thermopylae in which three hundred Spartans fought until the last man to stop the invasion of the Persians, a patriotic self-sacrifice that was promoted by the Nazis especially toward the end of the war. In the story, a fatally wounded teenage soldier wakes up in a school that has been turned into a makeshift field hospital. Recognizing the phrase "Wanderer kommst Du nach Sparta" on the blackboard opposite his stretcher as written in his own handwriting, he eventually comes to the realization that he lies in his former high school from which he graduated only months earlier. He also realizes that both of his arms and one of his legs are missing.³

What else did we learn in school about the war? Like every German student who graduates from secondary school, I visited a concentration camp. Like my parents, I was encouraged to have pen friends in France and England, and participated in school exchanges with my hometown's various sister cities across Europe. We read Günther Grass in school, his classics *Cat and Mouse* and *The Tin Drum*, and we watched Wolfgang Petersen's epic submarine nightmare *Das Boot*. By the time I was fifteen, I was quite familiar with the history of the war and the holocaust, and conscious of Germany's responsibility for both. I was, however, unprepared for what happened next. In the fall of 1992, I became a student in a boarding school in Lancaster in northern England. I was the only German in a school of about 700 students aged ten to eighteen, and the news that a "Kraut" had joined the school spread like wild fire. Soon, whenever I walked through one of the school's long corridors between classes, a whispering could be heard, then silence would set in, and the moment I passed by, everyone clicked their heels and raised the right arm in the Hitler salute. This was followed by ecstatic laughter.

To a teenage German only moderately in command of English this was somewhat unsettling. It took me a while to realize that the picture of the goose-stepping Nazi has remained an essential part of British humor and very much part of the English imagination of Germany. I tried to get used to this obsessive fascination with the Nazis, but no matter how hard I tried to laugh it off, I was never quite able to stop feeling like an accused on trial. There were other experiences in England that made me painfully aware of my inescapable sense of guilt. One day, on a field trip to Manchester with my geography class, we visited a synagogue. A guide gave us a short lecture on the history of the Jewish community in Manchester, and told us how its population had grown in the mid- to late 1930s, when Jews from central Europe seeking refuge in the UK first arrived. Two rows behind me sat a boy from another geography class with whom I was vaguely acquainted. His name was Daniel, Daniel Rothschild. I do not know what Dan was doing then; maybe he was attentively listening to the guide like I was, maybe he was listening to his Sony walk-man instead. I do not know, because nothing in the world could have made me face Dan in that moment. The sudden realization that Dan's family might have been one of those seeking refuge from their German persecutors drained my face of color, only to turn it bright red shortly after. I felt as if I was being throttled and my heart was bumping fast. I did not dare to raise my eyes. I was sure that everyone was staring at me, the German, the conspirator. I realized then and there that no matter how hard my intellect tried to tell me otherwise, the guilt for those monstrous crimes devised in my homeland would always be with me. Was this the price for growing up in cozy post-war Germany?

But there were also those experiences in England that taught me to think differently about the war and about being German. One time, a roommate lent me a book of short stories by Roald Dahl called *Over to You* that he had been reading and that he wanted to share with me. In *Over to You*, Dahl writes about his experiences as a fighter pilot in Greece and North Africa during the war. There is a story in the collection called "Katina" that described the German invasion of Greece. Katina is a little girl whose family has died in an air raid and who the

narrator's RAF squadron 'take under their wings.' When German planes attack their base, their anti-aircraft gun manages to shoot down a German Messerschmitt 109 fighter plane that crash-lands on the runway. Along the others, Katina then runs over to the plane in furious anger, only to stop in her tracks when she sees the scared face of the pilot, still strapped into his seat: "'There is a mistake somewhere,' she seemed to be saying. 'There must be a mistake. This one has pink cheeks and fair hair and blue eyes. This cannot possibly be one of them. This is an ordinary boy.'"⁴ I remember that when I read those lines, I was moved to tears by Katina's spontaneous realization of the human tragedy of war. Like Katina, I was speechless, and unable to pronounce what it was that had moved me so much at the time, but I felt infinitely grateful to Roald Dahl for sharing Katina's epiphany.

Another lesson that school in England taught me was the realization that pride in or love of one's country need not be despicable. At school assemblies or at founder's day, we sang "God Save the Queen" (My school was, after all, a *Royal Grammar School*) and "Rule Britannia." The first time I saw "The Last Night of the Proms" on TV, I was stunned by the open display of patriotism and nationalism, but as I watched on, this nationalism seemed completely harmless and fun. In the Germany I had grown up in, overt nationalism or patriotism were frowned upon, and even if felt by some, those feelings were best hidden. This includes the display of the German flag. The Union Jack, on the other hand, decorated many of my friends' rooms at school. Germany's neighbors – the French, the Dutch or the Danes – proudly display their flags in public spaces or in their front yards. The German flag, on the other hand, used to be conspicuously absent from public spaces in Germany when I was a child. It was only during the 2006 Soccer World Cup held in Germany that Germans – for the first time in 61 years! – felt comfortable again about waving their country's flag in public. This display of playful "soccer nationalism," however, was far from spontaneous. Only after the international press – including the English tabloid *The Sun* (which *loves* to portray us Germans as Nazis) – had to admit that there was nothing fearsome anymore about those flag-waving German football fans that even my parents attached a little German flag to the antenna of their car (which was, of course, promptly removed at the end of the World Cup).

In fact, Germany's historical consciousness had begun to change even before the flag-waving of the World Cup. Under Gerhard Schröder, the country's Chancellor from 1998 to 2005, Germany's had timidly begun to seek an increasingly active role in world politics, which included engagement of the Bundeswehr, Germany's self-defense force, in international operations. And something else had happened during the last years of the old and first of the new millennium. Germans for the first time openly spoke of their own suffering during the war. This had previously been a taboo. How could Germany lament its people's suffering in the face of 25 million dead Russians and 6 million dead Jews? As with the flag-waving, this did not happen spontaneously, but had to be sanctioned by a trusted authority. Günther Grass, Nobel Prize winner in literature and considered by many as "the conscience of post war Germany," approached the topic in his 2002 novel *Crabwalk*.

Crabwalk explores the world's most deadly maritime disaster, the sinking of the Nazi cruise ship turned refugee carrier *Wilhelm Gustloff* on January 30, 1945. It tells the story of the tragedy through the eyes of three generations of Germans that were all affected by it: A mother, who gives birth to a son shortly after she is rescued from the sinking *Wilhelm Gustloff*, her son, a journalist who tries to assemble the different narratives of the disaster in an effort to come to terms with it, and his own estranged son whom he meets by chance in an internet chat room where the son propagates the legacy of the Nazi martyr Wilhelm Gustloff after whom the ship had originally been named. The title of the novel, defined by Grass as "scuttling backward to move forward," can be explained by Grass' narrative style: He moves back between past and present, and humanizes the different parties involved in the tragedy, including the Russian submarine commander who sank the *Wilhelm Gustloff*.⁵

In the wake of the publication of *Crabwalk*, the fate of the *Wilhelm Gustloff* and that of the estimated 9.000 victims, most of whom had been women and children, received much renewed media attention. By chance I learnt from my great aunt that she herself had almost embarked on the *Wilhelm Gustloff* on that fateful final voyage. As the Red Army was advancing westward, my grandmother's family began to prepare for evacuation from their Eastern-Prussian home in Leba on the Baltic Sea. My great aunt had just given birth, and a telegram had been sent to family members already in the Western part of Germany that mother and child would board the *Wilhelm Gustloff* the following day. Yet when the ship arrived on its way from Gotenhafen (Gdynia), she was

already beyond capacity and sailed on without them. My great aunt and her infant joined a refugee trail over land in the middle of the cold Baltic winter. Eventually they were reunited with the other family members, all of whom had been in the belief that mother and child had been among the 9.000 dead of the *Wilhelm Gustloff*. Even though everyone of the older generation seemed to know about this occurrence, it somehow had never been related to my siblings or to me.

It was not Günther Grass, however, who absolved me of some of the metaphysical guilt that has burdened me since childhood – in fact, Grass lost much of his moral authority after he revealed in 2002 that he himself had volunteered for the Waffen SS at age seventeen. In 2012, he further infuriated large parts of the German public when he attacked the Israeli government in a poem entitled “What must be said (Was gesagt werden muss) that criticized Israeli settlement policies. Instead, it was Marcel Reich-Ranicki, a Polish-born Jew, holocaust survivor, and Germany’s most famous literary critic, who offered me some hope of deliverance. Reich-Ranicki had gained national fame in Germany for hosting the popular literary TV talk show “The Literary Quartet.” Between 1988 and 2002, Reich-Ranicki and three other critics discussed important contemporary literary works four times annually in a seventy-five minute debate that – to the delight of the audience – was frequently characterized by heated disputes and disagreements. (Reich-Ranicki liked *Crabwalk*, but dismissed Grass’ poem as disgusting.) In 1999, Reich-Ranicki’s had published his memoirs *The Author on Himself*, which remained on the bestseller list in Germany for over a year. In the first part of *The Author on Himself*, Reich-Ranicki describes his youth in Berlin, his deportation to Poland and his escape from the Warsaw Ghetto. While almost his entire family was to perish in the Nazi death camps, he and his wife survived, hidden away in the house of the Polish typesetter Bolek and his wife Genia in the outskirts of Warsaw. In order to keep his hosts entertained at night, Reich-Ranicki retold them the classics of German literature. Bolek, Reich-Ranicki writes, was particularly taken by a German play by Heinrich von Kleist, “The Prince of Homburg.” “I’m telling you,” Reich-Ranicki quotes Bolek, “this German – the devil take the lot of them – is the bravest of them all. He is afraid, but he is not ashamed, he speaks up about his fear. Those who want to live let others live too. [...] A pity he isn’t the city commandant of Warsaw. This German – the devil take them all – wouldn’t have anyone executed. Come on, let’s drink to the health of this German Herr Hamburg.”⁶

In his memoir, Reich-Ranicki does not exonerate the Germans of guilt. Instead, by sharing with his readers Bolek’s admiration for the Prince of Homburg (whom Bolek mistakenly calls “Prince of Hamburg”), Reich-Ranicki gives voice to his belief in the power of words, of culture, and humanity. All his life, Reich-Ranicki focused on re-establishing the great humanistic tradition of German literature. He had found a homeland, he writes, maybe not in Germany, but in German literature. Even in 2015, I am still not a flag-waving German. And if I found myself back in that synagogue in Manchester next to Dan Rothschild, my face would still drain of color. Being German in certain moments still fills me with shame. However, studying abroad not only allowed me to experience how others thought of Germany, it also helped to come to terms with my own complex cultural legacy. The words of Roald Dahl and of Marcel Reich-Ranicki have given me glimpses of hope, hope of deliverance. The study of literature – not just German, but *any* literature – reminds me every day that we as humans have far more in common than what divides us, regardless of when and where we happen to have grown up.

Endnotes

¹ Richter, Hans Peter & Edite Kroll (Tr.). *Friedrich*. New York: Puffin Books, 1987.

² For a translation and analysis, see Felstiner, John. *Paul Celan: Poet, Survivor, Jew*. New Haven, Yale University Press: 2001, 31-32.

³ Böll, Heinrich & Leila Vennewitz (tr.). *Children are Civilians too*. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1970, 34-43.

⁴ Dahl, Roald. *Over to You*. London: Penguin Books, 1973, p. 92

⁵ Grass, Günther. *Crabwalk*. Orlando: Harcourt, 2004.

⁶ Reich-Ranicki, Marcel & Ewald Osers (tr.). *The Author on Himself. The Life of Marcel Reich-Ranicki*. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2001.

Chi Nu Chapter #265 Develops a Foreign Language Advocacy Booth

Dr. Ava Conley

Advisor for Chi Nu Chapter #265 at Harding University

A new adventure for Phi Sigma Iota Chi Nu #265 this semester has been to develop an advocacy booth that is portable and can be used throughout campus for different events. The purpose of the booth is to inform the student body, not only about Phi Sigma Iota, but also of the foreign language program. Because membership in Phi Sigma Iota is contingent on performance in foreign language classes, it has been a new goal this semester to spread the word of the different studies, majors, minors and programs that Harding has to offer in foreign languages. This booth was used both during a preview weekend for



potential students and also during a campus-wide event for the entire student body. Although there was some response during the event for the potential students, there was far more interest generated from the students already enrolled during the campus-wide event. The lack of response from potential students comes from the predetermined careers that most have chosen upon entering college and the desire of some students to wait to choose a major until they have spent some time at the university level. However, once students enroll at Harding, as their time progresses, many change their minds with regard to their major or begin looking for a field of study. Therefore, there is much more interest from already enrolled students because they are more focused on choosing a career path. Overall, this booth has been successful and Phi Sigma Iota Chi Nu #265 will continue to use it as advocacy for foreign language study.

Chi Omega Chapter#263 Establishes a Chapter Scholarship

Dr. Zoya Khan

Advisor for Chi Omega Chapter #263 at University of South Alabama

In Fall 2014, officers and members of the Chi Omega chapter pledged to work towards establishing a local chapter scholarship at the University of South Alabama. This scholarship will recognize members for academic excellence in their language of study, their leadership, and their commitment to the cause of intercultural dialogue. This initiative has the full support and backing of the institution's Development Office. The goal is to raise \$10,000 through creative endeavors as well as through the donation of supportive patrons to the scholarship fund. We have already raised more than \$2,000 towards this goal.

This fund drive qualifies for the University's Mitchell-Moulton Scholarship Initiative and will be fully matched, dollar for dollar, as the funds are received. Thus, at the end of five years, we expect to have \$20,000, which will allow us to offer one scholarship per year of at least \$1,000 to a meritorious and active member of Phi Sigma Iota. Each year the scholarship will be awarded to a student for academic excellence and earnest promotion of foreign languages on campus and in the larger community. If you would like to help us, you can do so by writing a check payable to: The University of South Alabama with a note in the memo field indicating that it is for the Phi Sigma Iota Scholarship Fund and should be sent to the Office of University Development: 300 Alumni Circle. Thank you for your support!

FROM THE ROSTRUM:

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

Reflections on Spanish Cuisine. Experiences from Study Abroad in Granada, Spain

Hanna Nash

Member Lambda Chapter #11, Muhlenberg College

Spanish food is amazing. My host mom is a wonderful cook. I eat breakfast and lunch at home. Breakfast is light, but lunch (at 2 or 2:30 in the afternoon) is the biggest meal of the day. The Spanish lunch, in terms of size, is synonymous with the American dinner. For breakfast I have coffee and toast with jam or cookies. Lunch varies, but so far we've had a lot of soup (I'm starting to really like it), ham (the Spanish meat of choice, always), and BREAD. Bread is everywhere here, and I don't hate it. Oh, and olive oil. The other day for lunch we had chicken, carrots, and potatoes, and my host mother poured olive oil on all of it. Normally I wouldn't think to do that, but it tasted great.

Oftentimes during my breaks between classes, other students and I go to a café and order "*media tostada de tomate*" – toast with crushed tomatoes. It's customary to add olive oil and salt to the toast as well. I wasn't sure if I would be a fan of this because I'm not a huge tomato person, but I LOVE IT. The combination of flavors is perfect.



Dinner is not provided by the host family, so every day I get *tapas* with friends. *Tapas* are small plates, and in Granada they come free with a drink order. And all of that costs about two euros! What a deal. I generally order "*tinto de verano*", which is red wine mixed with soda. It's very sweet and refreshing. The *tapa* portions vary by restaurant, but they've all been really good so far. Some nights we go "*tapa hopping*" – visiting more than one *tapas* restaurant in one night. It's fun to see what different restaurants serve as *tapas*, but often it's ham and cheese on a bagel or bread, fries, or calamari (the calamari is top notch). In terms of dessert, the one pairing that stands out is *churros* and chocolate (basically fried dough with extremely rich and thick hot chocolate). Eating is such an enjoyable and social activity here. It's so social, in fact, that getting food on the go is not nearly as common as it is in the U.S. It's a nice change of pace and I really appreciate the way Spaniards approach eating.

Analysierung des tapferen Schneiderleins

David DaCosta

Member Chi Omega Chapter #263, University of South Alabama

Viele Märchen sind der Welt bekannt aber Einige werden oft nicht erzählt. Ein Beispiel von einem Märchen, das unbekannt ist aber enthält typische Elemente der deutschen Märchen, ist das Märchen des tapferen Schneiderleins. Das Märchen geht um ein Schneiderlein, der sein einfaches Leben sich für immer ändert wegen seiner Tötung von sieben Fliegen, die er mit einem Streich niederschlug. Er wird reich und machtvoll von diesem Tat. Wegen dieses Tates, glaubt er, dass er Alles schaffen kann ohne kläglich zu scheitern. Mit selbstbewusster Schlaueit und einem gerissenen Plan wird das Schneiderlein das Unmögliche möglich machen und sein Leben von Schneiderlein zum König ändern. Er wird Riesen austricksen und seine problematischen Umständen meistern, trotz der Tatsache, dass er nur Klugheit und Gerissen nutzt. Wegen seiner Schlaueit, sammelt er Reichtum und alles Wunderschönes, was in der Welt ist. Er trifft einen skeptischen König und wird die Hand seiner Töchter zu sich nehmen, nachdem er zwei Riesen besiegt. Dieses Märchen zeigt ein

gemeinsames Thema von Armen zum Reichen zu werden, dessen Themen in vielen deutschen Märchen sind. Der Element von Armen zum Reichen ist typisch und die Hauptfigur übersteigt seine Umstände ohne körperliche Kraft zu nutzen, um von Schneiderlein zum König gekrönt zu werden und Reichtum zu gewinnen. Das Märchen ist auch ein gutes Beispiel des Motivs wegen der Wiederholung von Umständen, Aussprüchen und Verhaltensmuster.

Die Hauptfigur arbeitet am Anfang der Geschichte als Schneiderlein. Er ist zuerst zufrieden mit seinen Umständen. Er verdient nicht viel und ist ein Teil der Unterschicht. Nachdem er mit einem Streich sieben Fliege tötet, fängt er an zu denken, dass sein Leben mehr Wert hat. Er wird der ganzen Welt seine Leistung zeigen. Er sticht „Sieben mit einem Streich“ auf seinem Gürtel für Alle zu sehen. Er ist der Meinung, dass er richtig Klasse ist. Er verlässt seine Arbeit in der Stadt und geht in die Welt um seine Leistung Lob und Preis zu geben. Er prahlt von seiner Kraft, um einen besseren Namen zu erreichen. Er wiederholt in diesem Werk den Ausspruch „Siebene auf einen Streich“ wieder und immer wieder um seine Feinden einzuschüchtern. Mit diesem Ausspruch wird Die Fabel eine Lehre zeigen, dass mit den richtigen Ideenreichtum und Selbstbewusst sein kann man alles schaffen. Das Schneiderlein, ein junger Mann, der schlank und schwach ist, besiegt Riesen und macht Königsoldaten Angst. Durch Selbstbewusstsein findet das tapfere Schneiderlein immer eine Lösung zu seinem Problem.

Das Verhaltensmuster des Schneiderleins wird auch nie ändern. Mit jedem Gegner, dem das Schneiderlein begegnen muss, zeigt er mit Mut wie er seine Siebenen niederschlug und denkt an einer Lösung um die Oberhand zu gewinnen. Das Schneiderlein ist immer zuversichtlich. Dadurch wird er dem skeptischen König zuerst beeindrucken später ihn zum Zorn aufregen und endlich Angst machen. Die meisten deutschen Märchen werden eine Antiheld haben, der nicht unbedingt ein Feind niederschlägt sondern Verstand nutzt um Gegner zu besten. Im Text nutzt das Schneiderlein sein Verstand um den König des Landes zu beeinflussen. Am Ende der Geschichte versucht der König das Schneiderlein während Schlafen zu töten denn die Königstöchter findet heraus, dass der Mann, der „Siebene mit einem Streich“ niederschlägt nur ein Schneiderlein und nicht von adeliger Abstammung ist. Der König wird das Schneiderlein entweder töten oder austreiben. Das Schneiderlein wird gewarnt werden und während der Nacht stellt er sich schlafend und spricht laut, dass er keine Angst von den Königsmännern hat. Er spricht mit Mut, dass er sie auch besiegen wird.

Das Schneiderlein wiederholt seine Verhaltensmuster seine Aussage und die Meinung, dass er seine persönliche Ziele erreichen kann. Es wird nichts in der Welt, dass er nicht vollziehen kann wegen seines Selbstbewusstseins. Er ist ein Antiheld, der seine Gegner besiegt aber nicht durch körperliche Bemühungen. Er schafft es mit Verstand allein, etwas, was typisch in Märchen ist. Schlauheit um das Unmögliche möglich zu machen. Das Schneiderlein wird von Armen zum Reichen werden und ein Beispiel vorsetzt, dass irgend Mann etwas Großartiges leisten kann.

Das tapfere Schneiderlein Märchen

Ein Märchen der Brüder Grimm

An einem Sommermorgen sass ein Schneiderlein auf seinem Tisch am Fenster, war guter Dinge und nähte aus Leibeskräften. Da kam eine Bauersfrau die Strasse herab und rief: "Gut Mus feil! Gut Mus feil!" Das klang dem Schneiderlein lieblich in die Ohren, er steckte sein zartes Haupt zum Fenster hinaus und rief: "Hier herauf, liebe Frau, hier wird sie ihre Ware los."

Die Frau stieg die drei Treppen mit ihrem schweren Korbe zu dem Schneider herauf und musste die Töpfe sämtlich vor ihm auspacken. Er besah sie alle, hob sie in die Höhe, hielt die Nase dran und sagte endlich: "Das Mus scheint mir gut, wieg sie mir doch vier Lot ab, liebe Frau, wenn's auch ein Viertelpfund ist, kommt es mir nicht darauf an." Die Frau, welche gehofft hatte, einen guten Absatz zu finden, gab ihm, was er verlangte, ging aber ganz ärgerlich und brummig fort. "Nun, das Mus soll mir Gott gesegnen," rief das Schneiderlein, "und soll mir Kraft und Stärke geben," holte das Brot aus dem Schrank, schnitt sich ein Stück über den ganzen Laib und strich das Mus darüber. "Das wird nicht bitter schmecken," sprach er, "aber erst will ich den Wams fertig machen, eh ich anbeisse." Er legte das Brot neben sich, nähte weiter und machte vor Freude immer grössere Stiche.

Indes stieg der Geruch von dem süssen Mus hinauf an die Wand, wo die Fliegen in grosser Menge sassen, so

dass sie herangelockt wurden und sich scharenweis darauf niederliessen. "Ei, wer hat euch eingeladen?" sprach das Schneiderlein und jagte die ungebetenen Gäste fort. Die Fliegen aber, die kein Deutsch verstanden, liessen sich nicht abweisen, sondern kamen in immer grösserer Gesellschaft wieder. Da lief dem Schneiderlein endlich, wie man sagt, die Laus über die Leber, es langte aus seiner Hölle nach einem Tuchlappen, und "wart, ich will es euch geben!" schlug es unbarmherzig drauf. Als es abzog und zählte, so lagen nicht weniger als sieben vor ihm tot und streckten die Beine. "Bist du so ein Kerl?" sprach er und musste selbst seine Tapferkeit bewundern, "das soll die ganze Stadt erfahren." Und in der Hast schnitt sich das Schneiderlein einen Gürtel, nähte ihn und stickte mit grossen Buchstaben darauf "siebene auf einen Streich!"

"Ei was Stadt!" sprach er weiter, "die ganze Welt soll's erfahren! Und sein Herz wackelte ihm vor Freude wie ein Lämmerschwänzchen. Der Schneider band sich den Gürtel um den Leib und wollte in die Welt hinaus, weil er meinte, die Werkstätte sei zu klein für seine Tapferkeit. Eh er abzog, suchte er im Haus herum, ob nichts da wäre, was er mitnehmen könnte, er fand aber nichts als einen alten Käs, den steckte er ein. Vor dem Tore bemerkte er einen Vogel, der sich im Gesträuch gefangen hatte, der musste zu dem Käse in die Tasche. Nun nahm er den Weg tapfer zwischen die Beine, und weil er leicht und behend war, fühlte er keine Müdigkeit.

Der Weg führte ihn auf einen Berg, und als er den höchsten Gipfel erreicht hatte, so sass da ein gewaltiger Riese und schaute sich ganz gemächlich um. Das Schneiderlein ging beherzt auf ihn zu, redete ihn an und sprach: "Guten Tag, Kamerad, gelt, du sitztest da und besiehst dir die weitläufige Welt? Ich bin eben auf dem Wege dahin und will mich versuchen. Hast du Lust mitzugehen?"

Der Riese sah den Schneider verächtlich an und sprach: "Du Lump! du miserabler Kerl!" - "Das wäre!" antwortete das Schneiderlein, knöpfte den Rock auf und zeigte dem Riesen den Gürtel, "da kannst du lesen, was ich für ein Mann bin." Der Riese las: "Siebene auf einen Streich," meinte, das wären Menschen gewesen, die der Schneider erschlagen hätte, und kriegte ein wenig Respekt vor dem kleinen Kerl. Doch wollte er ihn erst prüfen, nahm einen Stein in die Hand, und drückte ihn zusammen, dass das Wasser heraustropfte. "Das mach mir nach," sprach der Riese, "wenn du Stärke hast."

"Ist's weiter nichts?" sagte das Schneiderlein, "das ist bei unsereinem Spielwerk," griff in die Tasche, holte den weichen Käs und drückte ihn, dass der Saft herauslief. "Gelt," sprach er, "das war ein wenig besser?"

Der Riese wusste nicht, was er sagen sollte, und konnte es von dem Männlein nicht glauben. Da hob der Riese einen Stein auf und warf ihn so hoch, dass man ihn mit Augen kaum noch sehen konnte: "Nun, du Erpelmännchen, das tu mir nach."

"Gut geworfen," sagte der Schneider, "aber der Stein hat doch wieder zur Erde herabfallen müssen, ich will dir einen werfen, der soll gar nicht wiederkommen"; griff in die Tasche, nahm den Vogel und warf ihn in die Luft. Der Vogel, froh über seine Freiheit, stieg auf, flog fort und kam nicht wieder. "Wie gefällt dir das Stückchen, Kamerad?" fragte der Schneider. "Werfen kannst du wohl," sagte der Riese, "aber nun wollen wir sehen, ob du imstande bist, etwas Ordentliches zu tragen." Er führte das Schneiderlein zu einem mächtigen Eichbaum, der da gefällt auf dem Boden lag, und sagte "wenn du stark genug bist, so hilf mir den Baum aus dem Walde herausragen."

"Gerne," antwortete der kleine Mann, "nimm du nur den Stamm auf deine Schulter, ich will die Äste mit dem Gezweig aufheben und tragen, das ist doch das Schwerste." Der Riese nahm den Stamm auf die Schulter, der Schneider aber setzte sich auf einen Ast, und der Riese, der sich nicht umsehen konnte, musste den ganzen Baum und das Schneiderlein noch obendrein forttragen. Es war da hinten ganz lustig und guter Dinge, pfiiff das Liedchen "es ritten drei Schneider zum Tore hinaus," als wär das Baumtragen ein Kinderspiel. Der Riese, nachdem er ein Stück Wegs die schwere Last fortgeschleppt hatte, konnte nicht weiter und rief: "Hör, ich muss den Baum fallen lassen."

Der Schneider sprang behendiglichs herab, fasste den Baum mit beiden Armen, als wenn er ihn getragen hätte, und sprach zum Riesen: "Du bist ein so grosser Kerl und kannst den Baum nicht einmal tragen."

Sie gingen zusammen weiter, und als sie an einem Kirschbaum vorbeigingen, fasste der Riese die Krone des Baums, wo die zeitigsten Früchte hingen, bog sie herab, gab sie dem Schneider in die Hand und hiess ihn essen. Das Schneiderlein aber war viel zu schwach, um den Baum zu halten, und als der Riese losliess, fuhr der Baum in die Höhe, und der Schneider ward mit in die Luft geschnellt. Als er wieder ohne Schaden herabgefallen war, sprach der Riese: "Was ist das, hast du nicht Kraft, die schwache Gerte zu halten?"

"An der Kraft fehlt es nicht," antwortete das Schneiderlein, "meinst du, das wäre etwas für einen, der siebene

mit einem Streich getroffen hat? Ich bin über den Baum gesprungen, weil die Jäger da unten in das Gebüsch schiessen. Spring nach, wenn du vermagst." Der Riese machte den Versuch, konnte aber nicht über den Baum kommen, sondern blieb in den Ästen hängen, also dass das Schneiderlein auch hier die Oberhand behielt.

Der Riese sprach: "Wenn du ein so tapferer Kerl bist, so komm mit in unsere Höhle und übernachtete bei uns." Das Schneiderlein war bereit und folgte ihm. Als sie in der Höhle anlangten, sassen da noch andere Riesen beim Feuer, und jeder hatte ein gebratenes Schaf in der Hand und ass davon. Das Schneiderlein sah sich um und dachte: "Es ist doch hier viel weitläufiger als in meiner Werkstatt." Der Riese wies ihm ein Bett an und sagte, er sollte sich hineinlegen und ausschlafen. Dem Schneiderlein war aber das Bett zu gross, er legte sich nicht hinein, sondern kroch in eine Ecke.

Als es Mitternacht war und der Riese meinte, das Schneiderlein läge in tiefem Schlafe, so stand er auf, nahm eine grosse Eisenstange und schlug das Bett mit einem Schlag durch, und meinte, er hätte dem Grashüpfer den Garaus gemacht.

Mit dem frühesten Morgen gingen die Riesen in den Wald und hatten das Schneiderlein ganz vergessen, da kam es auf einmal ganz lustig und verwegen dahergeschritten. Die Riesen erschrakten, fürchteten, es schlänge sie alle tot, und liefen in einer Hast fort.

Das Schneiderlein zog weiter, immer seiner spitzen Nase nach. Nachdem es lange gewandert war, kam es in den Hof eines königlichen Palastes, und da es Müdigkeit empfand, so legte es sich ins Gras und schlief ein. Während es da lag, kamen die Leute, betrachteten es von allen Seiten und lasen auf dem Gürtel: "Siebene auf einen Streich." - "Ach," sprachen sie, "was will der grosse Kriegsheld hier mitten im Frieden? Das muss ein mächtiger Herr sein." Sie gingen und meldeten es dem König, und meinten, wenn Krieg ausbrechen sollte, wäre das ein wichtiger und nützlicher Mann, den man um keinen Preis fortlassen dürfte.

Dem König gefiel der Rat, und er schickte einen von seinen Hofleuten an das Schneiderlein ab, der sollte ihm, wenn es aufgewacht wäre, Kriegsdienste anbieten. Der Abgesandte blieb bei dem Schläfer stehen, wartete, bis er seine Glieder streckte und die Augen aufschlug, und brachte dann seinen Antrag vor. "Eben deshalb bin ich hierher gekommen," antwortete er, "ich bin bereit, in des Königs Dienste zu treten." Also ward er ehrenvoll empfangen und ihm eine besondere Wohnung angewiesen. Die Kriegsleute aber waren dem Schneiderlein aufgefressen und wünschten, es wäre tausend Meilen weit weg. "Was soll daraus werden?" sprachen sie untereinander, "wenn wir Zank mit ihm kriegen und er haut zu, so fallen auf jeden Streich siebene. Da kann unsereiner nicht bestehen." Also fassten sie einen Entschluss, begaben sich allesamt zum König und baten um ihren Abschied. "Wir sind nicht gemacht," sprachen sie, "neben einem Mann auszuhalten, der siebene auf einen Streich schlägt." Der König war traurig, dass er um des einen willen alle seine treuen Diener verlieren sollte, wünschte, dass seine Augen ihn nie gesehen hätten, und wäre ihn gerne wieder los gewesen. Aber er getraute sich nicht, ihm den Abschied zu geben, weil er fürchtete, er möchte ihn samt seinem Volke totschiessen und sich auf den königlichen Thron setzen.

Er sann lange hin und her, endlich fand er einen Rat. Er schickte zu dem Schneiderlein und liess ihm sagen, weil er ein so grosser Kriegsheld wäre, so wollte er ihm ein Anerbieten machen. In einem Walde seines Landes hausten zwei Riesen, die mit Rauben, Morden, Sengen und Brennen grossen Schaden stifteten, niemand dürfte sich ihnen nahen, ohne sich in Lebensgefahr zu setzen. Wenn er diese beiden Riesen überwände und tötete, so wollte er ihm seine einzige Tochter zur Gemahlin geben und das halbe Königreich zur Ehesteuer; auch sollten hundert Reiter mitziehen und ihm Beistand leisten. "Das wäre so etwas für einen Mann, wie du bist," dachte das Schneiderlein, "eine schöne Königstochter und ein halbes Königreich wird einem nicht alle Tage angeboten."

"O ja," gab er zur Antwort, "die Riesen will ich schon bändigen, und habe die hundert Reiter dabei nicht nötig: wer siebene auf einen Streich trifft, braucht sich vor zweien nicht zu fürchten."

Das Schneiderlein zog aus, und die hundert Reiter folgten ihm. Als er zu dem Rand des Waldes kam, sprach er zu seinen Begleitern: "Bleibt hier nur halten, ich will schon allein mit den Riesen fertig werden." Dann sprang er in den Wald hinein und schaute sich rechts und links um. Über ein Weilchen erblickte er beide Riesen: sie lagen unter einem Baume und schliefen und schnarchten dabei, dass sich die Äste auf- und niederbogen. Das Schneiderlein, nicht faul, las beide Taschen voll Steine und stieg damit auf den Baum. Als es in der Mitte war, rutschte es auf einen Ast, bis es gerade über die Schläfer zu sitzen kam, und liess dem einen Riesen einen Stein nach dem andern auf die Brust fallen. Der Riese spürte lange nichts, doch endlich wachte er auf, stiess seinen Gesellen an und sprach: "Was schlägst du mich?"

"Du träumst," sagte der andere, "ich schlage dich nicht." Sie legten sich wieder zum Schlaf, da warf der Schneider auf den zweiten einen Stein herab. "Was soll das?" rief der andere, "warum wirfst du mich?"

"Ich werfe dich nicht," antwortete der erste und brummte. Sie zankten sich eine Weile herum, doch weil sie müde waren, liessen sie es gut sein, und die Augen fielen ihnen wieder zu. Das Schneiderlein fing sein Spiel von neuem an, suchte den dicksten Stein aus und warf ihn dem ersten Riesen mit aller Gewalt auf die Brust. "Das ist zu arg!" schrie er, sprang wie ein Unsinniger auf und stiess seinen Gesellen wider den Baum, dass dieser zitterte. Der andere zahlte mit gleicher Münze, und sie gerieten in solche Wut, dass sie Bäume ausrissen, aufeinander losschlugen, so lang, bis sie endlich beide zugleich tot auf die Erde fielen. Nun sprang das Schneiderlein herab. "Ein Glück nur," sprach es, "dass sie den Baum, auf dem ich sass, nicht ausgerissen haben, sonst hätte ich wie ein Eichhörnchen auf einen andere springen müssen; doch unsereiner ist flüchtig!" Es zog sein Schwert und versetzte jedem ein paar tüchtige Hiebe in die Brust, dann ging es hinaus zu den Reitern und sprach: "Die Arbeit ist getan, ich habe beiden den Garaus gemacht; aber hart ist es hergegangen, sie haben in der Not Bäume ausgerissen und sich gewehrt, doch das hilft alles nichts, wenn einer kommt wie ich, der siebene auf einen Streich schlägt."

"Seid Ihr denn nicht verwundet?" fragten die Reiter. "Das hat gute Wege," antwortete der Schneider, "kein Haar haben sie mir gekrümmt." Die Reiter wollten ihm keinen Glauben beimessen und ritten in den Wald hinein; da fanden sie die Riesen in ihrem Blute schwimmend, und ringsherum lagen die ausgerissenen Bäume. Das Schneiderlein verlangte von dem König die versprochene Belohnung, den aber reute sein Versprechen und er sann aufs neue, wie er sich den Helden vom Halse schaffen könnte. "Ehe du meine Tochter und das halbe Reich erhältst," sprach er zu ihm, "musst du noch eine Heldentat vollbringen. In dem Walde läuft ein Einhorn, das grossen Schaden anrichtet, das musst du erst einfangen."

"Vor einem Einhorne fürchte ich mich noch weniger als vor zwei Riesen; siebene auf einen Streich, das ist meine Sache." Er nahm sich einen Strick und eine Axt mit, ging hinaus in den Wald, und hiess abermals die, welche ihm zugeordnet waren, aussen warten.

Er bauchte nicht lange zu suchen, das Einhorn kam bald daher und sprang geradezu auf den Schneider los, als wollte es ihn ohne Umstände aufspiesen. "Sachte, sachte," sprach er, "so geschwind geht das nicht," blieb stehen und wartete, bis das Tier ganz nahe war, dann sprang er behendig hinter den Baum. Das Einhorn rannte mit aller Kraft gegen den Baum und spiesste sein Horn so fest in den Stamm, dass es nicht Kraft genug hatte, es wieder herauszuziehen, und so war es gefangen. "Jetzt hab ich das Vöglein," sagte der Schneider, kam hinter dem Baum hervor, legte dem Einhorn den Strick erst um den Hals, dann hieb er mit der Axt das Horn aus dem Baum, und als alles in Ordnung war, führte er das Tier ab und brachte es dem König.

Der König wollte ihm den verheissenen Lohn noch nicht gewähren und machte eine dritte Forderung. Der Schneider sollte ihm vor der Hochzeit erst ein Wildschwein fangen, das in dem Wald grossen Schaden tat; die Jäger sollten ihm Beistand leisten. "Gerne," sprach der Schneider, "das ist ein Kinderspiel." Die Jäger nahm er nicht mit in den Wald, und sie waren wohl zufrieden, denn das Wildschwein hatte sie schon mehrmals so empfangen, dass sie keine Lust hatten, ihm nachzustellen.

Als das Schwein den Schneider erblickte, lief es mit schäumendem Munde und wetzenden Zähnen auf ihn zu und wollte ihn zur Erde werfen; der flüchtige Held aber sprang in eine Kapelle, die in der Nähe war, und gleich oben zum Fenster in einem Satze wieder hinaus. Das Schwein war hinter ihm hergelaufen, er aber hüpfte aussen herum und schlug die Türe hinter ihm zu; da war das wütende Tier gefangen, das viel zu schwer und unbehilflich war, um zu dem Fenster hinauszuspringen. Das Schneiderlein rief die Jäger herbei, die mussten den Gefangenen mit eigenen Augen sehen; der Held aber begab sich zum Könige, der nun, er mochte wollen oder nicht, sein Versprechen halten musste und ihm seine Tochter und das halbe Königreich übergab. Hätte er gewusst, dass kein Kriegsheld, sondern ein Schneiderlein vor ihm stand, es wäre ihm noch mehr zu Herzen gegangen. Die Hochzeit ward also mit grosser Pracht und kleiner Freude gehalten, und aus einem Schneider ein König gemacht.

Nach einiger Zeit hörte die junge Königin in der Nacht, wie ihr Gemahl im Traume sprach: "Junge, mach mir den Wams und flick mir die Hosen, oder ich will dir die Elle über die Ohren schlagen." Da merkte sie, in welcher Gasse der junge Herr geboren war, klagte am andern Morgen ihrem Vater ihr Leid und bat, er möchte ihr von dem Manne helfen, der nichts anders als ein Schneider wäre. Der König sprach ihr Trost zu und sagte: "Lass in der nächsten Nacht deine Schlafkammer offen, meine Diener sollen aussen stehen und, wenn er

eingeschlafen ist, hineingehen, ihn binden und auf ein Schiff tragen, das ihn in die weite Welt führt." Die Frau war damit zufrieden, des Königs Waffenträger aber, der alles mit angehört hatte, war dem jungen Herrn gewogen und hinterbrachte ihm den ganzen Anschlag. "Dem Ding will ich einen Riegel vorschieben," sagte das Schneiderlein.

Abends legte es sich zu gewöhnlicher Zeit mit seiner Frau zu Bett; als sie glaubte, er sei eingeschlafen, stand sie auf, öffnete die Tür und legte sich wieder. Das Schneiderlein, das sich nur stellte, als wenn es schlief, fing an mit heller Stimme zu rufen: "Junge, mach den Wams und flick mir die Hosen, oder ich will dir die Elle über die Ohren schlagen! Ich habe siebene mit einem Streiche getroffen, zwei Riesen getötet, ein Einhorn fortgeführt und ein Wildschwein gefangen, und sollte mich vor denen fürchten, die draussen vor der Kammer stehen!" Als diese den Schneider sprechen hörten, überkam sie eine grosse Furcht, sie liefen, als wenn das wilde Heer hinter ihnen wäre, und keiner wollte sich mehr an ihn wagen. Also war und blieb das Schneiderlein sein Lebtag König.

Las preguntas del corazón

Tyrielle Nichols

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Mi amor, ¿puedes decirme algo?
Hay una cosa que necesito saber
Cuando me dices que me amas
Es esta la verdad?

Aunque

Tus palabras vacías sean tan congeladas como hielo
Todavía yo te amo
Y mi amor para ti es infinito como las estrellas en el cielo

Qué nos pasó?

Mi amor, por favor, mírame a los ojos
muéstrame que tú eres el hombre que yo conozco

Si no puedes hacerlo entonces,
con o sin razón
Voy a hacerme a mi misma
estas preguntas del corazón

The Faces behind the Flags: Football-Hooliganism and Russian National Identity

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Introduction

Due to blending civic and ethnic nationalism alongside the creation of symbolism to buttress a new sense of identity, I contend that sport is not only inherently a mobilizer of political resources but that it is also divisive by nature. I also propose that sport is a socio-cultural reflection of the political institutions and regimes that utilize it. This assumes however, that sport is not able to be apolitical. Sporting contests are exhibitionist events imbued with the authority to recreate or simulate the nation, offering a vigorous display of proxy body politic. It has the ability to reframe narratives and buttress existing norms. With further implications for the world at large, the

issue of national identity is interwoven into football matches. Seeing this mobilization in action and communicating with Hooligans, I gained a new perspective on the game of football and the way in which sport can be utilized to buttress ideologies concerning national identity. Football-Hooliganism is means by which Russia can use sport to achieve political or socio-economic gains.

Sport as diplomacy is known a 'soft' form of diplomacy in which it is unlikely that any actual military conflict will result, thus making it a cheap and viable option for diplomacy. Given the right conditions, sport can be used successfully for projecting ideological stances, buttressing narratives and can help develop a blending of civic and ethnic nationalism through identity construction. However, there are cases such as hooliganism where this blending of ethnic and civil nationalism develops more reactionary and xenophobic characteristics. A brighter spotlight has been shining on this phenomenon as international sporting events; notably Winter Olympics (2014) and the World Cup (2018), have been granted to Russia even as strains between Russia, international sporting bodies and Western-led international political bodies have intensified. To understand how Football-Hooligans proliferate within Russian society, the present narratives, constructed symbolic gestures and the word "Hooligan" needed to be put into context to demonstrate how they mirror and influence each other.

Via research and fieldwork interviewing Muscovite Hooligans at Moscow's Luzhniki Olympic Stadium in 2012, I set out to answer a question I posed to myself: in what ways do alcoholism, nationalism, racism, and violence associated with Football-Hooliganism impact and connect to contemporary questions about Russian national identity?

What Constitutes a Hooligan?

In my search for what a Hooligan is, I came across the Lykoshin Commission carried out by the Tsarist government to alleviate Hooliganism in the countryside, and Neil Weissman's "Rural Crime in Tsarist Russia: The Question of Hooliganism, 1905-1914," in which he writes: "For some, [Hooliganism] was synonymous with crime itself, applicable to all illegal acts. For others, it implied a particular attitude with which certain crimes were committed, such as extreme cruelty. There were those for whom Hooliganism represented a state of mind, a psychological condition of 'moral insanity' or 'moral nihilism.'" Just a century later, there is often tolerance of something that was synonymous with criminality. This can only happen if the term and law surrounding the term are ubiquitous enough to be selectively applied. The definition remains the same in present-day politics as 'any deliberate behavior that violates public order and expresses explicit disrespect toward society.' What counts as "Hooliganism" really points to what the State worries most about, the delegitimization of their current status through free speech.

Football-Hooligans proliferate incognito within Football-Firms. Some firms exist as a fan club that assists in transport, ticket purchasing and merchandising. However, some exist to promote socio-political ideas with the specific purpose of antagonizing and physically and verbally attacking supporters and players of other football clubs. They recruit the best fighters from each team's firms, prearrange fights and agree in advance on the terms and locations of brawls. They treat their fights as though it was a sport itself, but if witnessed, reminds one more of infantry units. It is when these rules created for inter-firm fights turn into riots and extend to individuals and groups outside of firms that Hooliganism becomes more problematic. Mirroring this phenomenon, Russian ministries within the government itself openly support different football teams and pay little to know mind of these fights, save for when they are able to boast that their firm has won, on or off the field. No official wishes to see their ministry fall to another, just as no fan wants to see their firm fall to another. The ministry with the bigger stick, in this case more Hooligans in their violent firms, is the stronger ministry. When the government itself comes under scrutiny or is undermined by another party, group or individual within the country, there is no ministry to support them. They are punished under whichever law the State decides to apply to them.

The social group Pussy Riot has been the most internationally recognized group to be deemed Hooligans under the Hooliganism Law. Three members of the social group were deemed as Hooligans by the highest court in Russia because of their planned actions to incite a public response against the current authority in Russia (Putin) at Cathedral of Christ the Savior. I contend this application of Hooliganism is political maneuvering to realign the government with the religious community in order to act swiftly against would-be activists in either the public or religious sphere. It can be argued that this support of church policy is a front for consolidation and

control over liberalization. Two incarcerated members of Pussy Riot, as well as former Yukos Oil tycoon and political opposition party participant, Mikhail Khordokovsky, were freed from prison just before the Sochi Olympics; a cheeky PR move to some, but to others the government pursued these policies to hold off fixing bigger systemic issues.

The pursuit of stability was used as a rationale for repression. In this context, being a dissident is akin to being a Hooligan—a criminal acting against the will of the people and undermining the legitimacy of the State. Members of the Orange Movement (liberal movement) are becoming prisoners of conscience, a violence that is more subtle with arguably more repercussions. Identity construction is a buttressing mechanism for creating and upholding political stability. To some this means a liberalization of human rights in Russia and to others, repression through nationalistic rhetoric and xenophobic reactions.

Parallels between Football-Hooliganism and Russian National Identity

Part I: *Alcoholism*

Alcohol and vodka in particular, have become embedded in the Russian historical narrative, and I contend that alcoholism is a cornerstone of Hooliganism. According to the Lykoshin Commission Report in 1905, “Officials in Smolensk described vodka as “the prime mover of Hooliganism” and a campaign against drunkenness was foremost on the lists of preventative measures. The Lykoshin Commission sought out the Hooligans in the countryside as drunkards, people who incite unrest and undermine the legitimacy of the state. Combining answers given by interviewees, the problem of Football-Hooliganism is a mixture of the process of “mob mentality”, “not being easily detected in a group of people” and “alcoholism, as well as the availability of alcohol served at the stadiums.” Aside from the social aspects of belonging associated with alcohol, the drunkenness can be seen as a coping mechanism for Football fans who are trying to find their own solutions to social problems.

Part II: *Racism*

In hard socio-economic times, natives in any given country tend persecute those who they perceive to be outsiders taking advantage of their homeland. Russian Hooligans often have an underlying resentment towards Russia’s perceived political rivals. This is manifested in matches against former republics in international matches and in domestic matches as well. The stadiums serve as outlets for political, social and economic frustrations felt by Russian citizens. This has allowed for the persecution of other peoples, especially those from areas where Russia has previously had a strong foot-hold: the North Caucasus, Central Asia and satellite states. Working to alleviate racism in Russia, former Deputy Director of the Russian SOVA Center for Information and Analysis, Galina Kozhevnikova, suggested that the Russian Football Union “has its head in the sand over the issue of racism.” She was referring to the refusal by Russian Football Union's Head Director Sorokin to admit that Zenit fans displayed bananas to Roberto Carlos, a Brazilian playing for Anzhi, (the Russian Premier League team from Dagestan) on March 23rd, 2012. This occurred in one of the same locations that Russia will use for the 2018 World Cup. Football in Russia has become, as it has elsewhere in Europe, a magnet for a Fascist backlash to social changes. Hooliganism displays an inability to deal with changing demographics, narratives and globalization of the media and football.

This problem of racism in football stadiums is not exclusive to Moscow alone. St. Petersburg is notorious for their fans holding racist banners and bananas to non-national players. “There’s no black in the colors of Zenit,” says the notorious motto of the Saint Petersburg Hooligan-Firm, The Snakes. It’s backed by the fact that players with African or Latin American roots have never appeared on the team’s lineup while Dick Advocaat, who was Zenit’s coach from 2006 – 2009. He once confessed that the club’s core fans (Hooligans) prevented him from signing players based on their skin color. The Interior Ministry has just promised more money and tougher action to deal with hooligans, including, finally, the creation of wanted-lists of troublemakers. At present, justice appears to be applied selectively and particularly harsh when non-whites are the target. This seems to be the only way to deal with problems, throw enough money at it until it disappears, scapegoat others or deny that there is a problem. Unless there is real social reform, like the work that Galina Kozhevnikova has done with SOVA, the money will keep on flowing and so will the racist banners at the stadiums. Growing up facing

adversity because of their skin color, the players victimized by racist Russian hooligans have raised their chins and turned their backs to such attacks. However, it can be argued that this phenomenon becomes the most problematic when the Football-hooligans attack others when their backs are turned.

Part III: *Violence*

The Russian Federation and its former republics are in an ongoing state of transition. Through this transition, some Russians have continued to cling to the past regime's ideology to cope with the suffering of social and economic malaise that has plagued Russian society since the fall of the Soviet Union. The rise of the black market, bringing with it crime and corruption, made a caveat for institutionalized violence against non-nationals. Embedded in historical narratives and seen in everyday life, simple distinctions can be conflated into a deadly brawl. Football-hooligans have used violence against players, clubs, officials, individuals on and off the field to get their point across that they are distinct but superior compared to another firm.

One such instance was December 2010 when Yegor Sviridov, a fan of FC Spartak Moscow, was murdered on the streets of Moscow after a football-match incited brawl. His attackers were allowed to go free, assumed to be attributed to corruption in the police force in connection with the Chechen diaspora. This incited political backlash as banners read "Russia for Russians" at Unity Day in 2012. In another case, a poorly timed match by UEFA--June 12th 2013 marked Russia Day and was the same day that The Russian National Team was set to play The Polish National Team. One need not go into the history between these two places, but in the scuffles and brawls that occurred prior to the match and post-match there were at least 15 injured, 100 arrested and 15 dead, out of which 1 being a Russian, 1 German and the rest were Polish nationals. These are but two examples from a litany of others that highlight Russia's desire to be remain as the big brother figure in former satellite states and current Oblasts and Federal Republics to the south.

Part IV: *Nationalism*

National identity is the most marketable product in sport. Fans see their team as *their* team, they claim ownership over their successes and represent specific communities within the state. If used properly, especially utilizing media coverage and public opinion, equating victories on the field as victories for the policy and ideology of a regime can develop a critical mass to support a specific goal. Fighting against cultural, social, economic and political impositions, non-ethnic Russian groups in turn attempt to combat the re-Russification of their lands whilst simultaneously constructing their own national identity. It's when this nationalism becomes embedded in the historical narrative based on fear between groups and tainted with xenophobia and hatred, this national pride goes in a new direction, becomes violent and potentially becomes a pillar of support for political parties. Football-Hooligans serve as a vital demographic for deciphering the direction of nationalistic trends in the Russian narrative.

The issue of national identity permeates through politics and sport alike, thus giving potential to politicians to use sport as a basis on which to legitimize their own and dismantle other ideologies. As one interviewee put it: "As long as this Hooliganism continues to increase residents' loyalty to, and pride for, the Russian homeland, Russian politicians will reap the benefits of this "pride" and remain in power."

It should be noted that the nationalism felt by Russians is not uniform. It ranges from innocuous national pride to rhetorically fascistic. The latter has been seen in history before. Nationalist movements that garner their power from symbolic, racist and violent rhetoric have the potential to be picked up by business leaders and adapted for common folk, as was seen in post-WWI Germany. We can see this trend is already unfolding in 21st century Russia. Football-Hooliganism "proves" loyalty to the team and the country as a whole, Russian politicians take advantage of this and distort it to portray that support for the Russian National Team is synonymous to loyalty to the Russian homeland and government.

For civic leaders and nationalist movement mobilizers, football matches provide unique opportunities for the pursuit of symbolic politics and represent chances to signal important policy direction changes. There are many Russias, many kinds of Russians, but those supporting Football-Hooliganism's sentiments believe in a Russian unity that relies on traditional Russian values and a shared history. Those who abuse human rights are given impunity, and those who seek to protect human rights are in danger. In such a climate, it is not surprising that there is an increasing display of violent intolerance and subsequent tolerance of violence.

Conclusions and Alleviation Techniques:

Fundamental systemic crises are often associated with the perceived, fabricated or factual decline of the dominant regime and its increasing inability to sustain the system over which it is presiding. The same can be applied to imperial regime (USSR) and their mismanagement of satellite state's nationalist movements. To confront this crisis, the current political regime has once again used propaganda and selective application of laws to support some of its citizens but ostracize and imprison others. Hooligans are a rich resource for the current regime. It is sport's ability to have a stronghold in the local, national and international levels simultaneously, as well as its ability to create a connection between the middle and lower classes to the elites that allows for sport to become such a useful resource for political regimes and international sporting bodies alike. For better or worse, sport has carved its own permanent place in world politics ranging from local to international sporting bodies, such as FIFA and Olympic Committees. Sport, and football matches in particular, have become an increasingly important means by which various actors (individuals, groups, states) project norms and values. Forging individual's identities and loyalties, sport enhances our understanding of ourselves and our understanding of how we relate to others on a local and global scale.

The first, albeit overlooked, mission is curbing alcohol abuse. Though it is a plausible option and some laws have been implemented, the narrative is too complex to make sustainable impact at this time. This leaves the police force, football clubs, the international football community and fan groups to work together to curb this problem in potentially four ways: NGOs can explore the possibility to use sport as a means for socialization and crime prevention. Corruption withstanding, intelligence gather can be increased in police force spotters and intelligence officers by gathering information on hooligans' membership, whereabouts and intentions. Football Clubs can implement a zero tolerance policy. Lastly, legislation can be created to curb Hooliganism by giving them greater fines and making them more accountable for their actions rather than fining the clubs or letting them slide.

Countries adhere to the notion of continual proliferation, attempt to increase their status relative to other countries and try to improve the perceptions of their actions from their citizens, and in some cases, international governing entities and NGOs. The pursuit of political stability is a polarizing phenomenon in some societies. On one end stability is equated with rigidity. Often this is supported by racism, violence and nationalistic rhetoric. On the other, stability is equated with US/Western notions of human rights. Of course there are outliers, exceptions and gray areas, but I argue the values promoted by Football-Hooligans are in direct opposition to the values promoted by Western lead institutions such as the UN and FIFA (corruption withstanding), and by extension, human-rights activists. I conclude that the characteristics attributed to Hooliganism: racism, violence, nationalism and alcoholism are helping create a new Russian identity based on similar principles due to economic instability, social strife and political centralization/crackdowns on dissent and currently mirror socio-political movements within Russia that adhere to the same ideology.

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Spirits and Study Abroad: Translating The Blue Will O'Wisp of Resentment

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Reading Japanese folklore and ghost stories has always been a thrill for me. I enjoy almost any kind of story from anywhere in the world, but there was something about Japanese creatures like *yokai* (*supernatural monster*), and *yurei*, (ghost), that would always draw me in. Thus, it was only natural for me to find a way to incorporate that into my Honors Senior Capstone. The story that I translated, “The Blue Will O’Wisp of Resentment,” was selected because it had never been translated into English before. In preparation, I devoured every Japanese reading that came my way, and I spent hours pouring over translations and stories so that I could get an idea of the writing style of short stories, ghost stories, and folk tales. I wanted to be able to emulate that style in my translation.

To further improve my language ability, I knew I needed to study abroad. I had wanted to study abroad since I started college, and I finally had the opportunity to do so this summer. Not only did my language skills improve, but it got me more excited to study pieces from the Edo period, because there was so much media inspired by Edo period (1603-1868) ghost and folk tales.” “The Will O’Wisp” is very Japanese, in the sense of the unified culture associated with modern Japan. Like Western ghost stories and folk tales, Japanese tales too are reflections of society, and sometimes make observations about the way the world was at their creation. It is exciting to see the shift in values and topics of stories, but also to just read fantastical stories like these: “The Spider’s Thread” is an old folk story, and serves as both a morality story and a bit of a ghost story. It follows a man named Kandata and his descent into hell, and his attempt to climb to heaven using a spider’s thread (that ultimately fails). This excerpt is when (a still living) Kandata encounters the spider, and chooses to spare it. This deed is arguably the only good deed in his entire life.

いやー、やめよう。蜘蛛は小さい虫だが、こんな虫でも生きている。殺すのはかわいそうだーと思って、蜘蛛を殺すのをやめたのです。

“No, I won’t. A spider is a tiny bug, but even a tiny bug is still a living creature. To kill this thing would be pathetic, so I won’t.”

In his speech, it becomes obvious he is not the kindest soul; his speech is somewhat stern. It is tricky to find a balance in translating his speech without changing his voice and tone. He is blunt and straight to the point, so I tried to show that with the use of contractions and harsher vocabulary.

Another story is “The Dish Manion at Banchou:.” In this classic ghost story, the servant girl Okiku is always doomed to be a ghost, countering her master’s prized plates in her final resting place: the estate’s well. We can see her sad task, in this excerpt from the finale of the story:

さて、それから真夜中になると、屋敷の井戸の中から、

「一ま〜い、二ま〜い、三ま〜い、四ま〜い、五ま〜い、六ま〜い、七ま〜い、八ま〜い、九ま〜い、・・・ああ、うらめしやあ〜」

と、あわれきわまりない声で、絵皿を数える声が聞こえるのです。

“Well, in the middle of the night, the sound comes from the well by the house. ‘One plate... Two... Three... Four... Five... Six... Seven... Eight... Nine... Ah, where did it go...?’ a pathetic voice could be heard, the voice of someone counting dishes.” Okiku’s ghost is counting dishes in a haunting tone, frightening the narrator who heard her voice in the well. Okiku has many variations, but almost all of them end with this sequence of events. Stories like this, like Western fairy tales, have become icons in pop culture and that has led to even more variety in depiction and style of storytelling.

Studying abroad was a life-changing experience I will never forget. I now have the confidence to pursue work and post-graduate work abroad, and in part that confidence has come from becoming more fluent in Japanese. It is great to read books and watch movies in a foreign language, but the act of translating it so that others may enjoy it as well; that requires an understanding of both languages. It has helped me think about things in new ways, and improved my ability to express myself in English. Learning a foreign language may be difficult at

times, but once you make some progress it opens the door to so many possibilities. It is the ultimate interdisciplinary topic, and coupled with study abroad, opens one's eyes to new possibilities and potential.

To anyone who wants to learn a foreign language, I have a couple pieces of advice that I was given when I was struggling in Japan: チャンスは自分で作るもの and 失敗は成功の基なり. “You make your own opportunities” and “Failure is the stepping stone to success.” It is clichéd, but it is true: anything worth having will take effort. Looking back on this project and my time abroad, I can see my growth, but it certainly did not feel like I was doing well! Here's to always getting better. 頑張りましょうね (Let's do our best!) !

“The Blue Will O'Wisp of Resentment”

Once upon a time, in a place called Yokosuka, there lived an extremely wealthy man called Ogane. Ogane had many fields, and he and his family lived in a palace-like mansion. However, for some reason, Ogane and the rest of his family died from illness, one after the other. Eventually, only master Ogane's mother remained, as a lonely old woman.

The servants gossiped, saying “There is no mistaking it, there is something wrong with that family!” “If you ever step foot in there, you might die! We will never work in that house ever again!”

So the servants also fled the mansion, leaving no one to care for the old woman. As she lived alone without care, she too became infected by the mysterious illness and died. After her death, distant relatives rushed to the mansion for the funeral. They did mourn her, rather they fought and divided the house's land and property. After claiming all of the property, no one went to pay respects to the old woman's grave, their greed fulfilled.

One month after the old woman passed, a rain fell unlike any seen during the summer. There were those who called it a spring rain. The relatives who had claimed the grandmother's field were walking by when they saw a pale blue fireball softly float by. From nowhere, they heard the old woman's voice

“This is all my house's rice fields. That is also my house's fields...”

The relatives, so terrified they could not run straight, ran back to the house to escape the pouring rain and frightful voice.

“Surely that is grandmother's ghost! She is angry her fields have been taken from her and she seeks revenge!”

The relatives were so scared they lacked the strength to go back outside. Since that occurrence, rainfall at night, along with a red moon, became an omen for the spirits arrival. Without fail, whenever the will o' wisp flew by, the old woman's voice could be heard. Knowing they stole her property, the distant relatives became paranoid and could not rest.

Soon after, the blue will o' wisp appeared before the people of the local village.

“This all, is also my house's fields. That also, is my house's field.” The voice said, as the spirit flew around the field.

“After all, it cannot do bad things.”

“Because of the grandmother's lack of care, and because her property was stolen, her spirit cannot rest”

The villagers, like the old woman's relatives, were too terrified to move. However, the ghost would never harm the villagers. They had never done anything to wrong her. After flying around for some time, the spirit disappeared near the old woman's tomb.

One day, the villagers realized something. Whenever they saw the will o' wisp fly, they could say “Lady Ogane, fly far fly far.” And the spirit would fly closer to them.

If they said “Lady Ogane come closer come closer,” then the spirit would fly away from them.

Thus the villagers would tell the spirit it was getting too far from its fields, and it would fly back to its grave.

So, sometimes when the village children would play outside, it is said whenever the ghost would fly too near them, they would sing “Lady Ogane come closer come closer.”

昔々、遠江（とおとうみ）の国^{#1}の横須賀というところに、大鐘と呼ばれる大変な金持ちがいた。田畑をたくさん持ち、御殿のような屋敷に住んでいた。ところが、なぜか、この家の主人が亡くなった後、家族が次々と病気で亡くなり、とうとう主人の母親であるおばあさん一人になってしまった。「あの家には、きっと何かのたたりがあるに違いない。」「うっかりしていると、私たちまで死ぬかもしれない。もうあそこの屋敷で働くのはいやだ！」使用人たちも、みんな屋敷を出てし

まい、おばあさんの面倒を見る人もいなくなった。しかたなく一人で暮らしていたが、そのうちこのおばあさんも、病気で亡くなった。すると、親戚の人たちが駆けつけてきて、葬式も済まないうちに、この家の土地や財産を全部分けてしまった。屋敷も人手に渡し、それっきり、誰一人としておばあさんの墓参りをする者もない。

おばあさんが亡くなって、一月ほど過ぎたある晩のこと。その日は、夏だというのに、梅雨のような雨が降り続いていた。おばあさんの親戚の人が田んぼの前を通りかかったら、青白い火の玉がふわりふわりと飛んできて、どこからともなくおばあさんの声が聞こえてきた。「これも、私の家の田んぼだ。あれも、私の家の畑だ。。。」親戚の人は、びっくりして、雨の中を転がるようにして家に逃げて帰った。「あれは、おばあさんの人魂に違いない。わしらが田んぼを取ったのを恨んでいるのだ。」親戚の人は、すっかり怯えてしまって、外に出る元気も無かった。そんなことがあってから、雨の降る晩や月の無い晩になると、きまってこの人魂が飛び、おばあさんの声が聞こえるようになった。財産を横取りした他の親戚の人たちも気が気では無かった。

そのうちに、青白い人魂は、村の人たちの前にも現れるようになった。「これも、私の家の田んぼだ。あれも、私の家の畑だ。。。」という声とともに、田んぼや畑の上をふわりふわりと飛び回る。「やっぱり、悪いことはできないものだ。」「おばあさんの面倒も見ないで、財産を横取りするからだ。」村の人たちも、あきれんやら、怖がるやら。ところが、この人魂は、決して村の人たちに悪いことをしなかった。しばらく飛び回ってから、墓の方に消えていくのだ。

ある日、村の人たちは面白いことを発見した。人魂が飛ぶのを見たとき、「大鐘ばあさん、遠い、遠い。」と言うと、さっと近くに飛んできて、「大鐘ばあさん、近い、近い。」と言うと、遠くへ離れていく。だから、この村の子供たちは、外に遊びに行っても人魂が来ないように、「大鐘ばあさん、近い、近い。」と、時々歌うのだそうだ。

Analysis of the “Blue Will O’Wisp of Resentment”

When reading Japanese folk tales, there are similarities to Western fairy tales, but also aspects that are inherent in many East Asian traditions. Buddhism and Confucianism are extremely influential in much of East Asia, while some uniquely Japanese influences would be Shintoism and *mono no aware* (the sound of a sigh). While one is a religion and the other is a thematic device, both are equally evident in folk tales in Japan, to the same extent as Buddhism and Confucianism, and other philosophies like Daoism and so forth. Thus, the following is an analysis with those themes and elements in mind.

The first thing that jumps out to readers is the perils of extreme wealth and all-consuming greed, because in the story, it is clear both the grandmother and the relatives were more consumed with material belongings than they were with anything else. The young relatives ignored respecting the grandmother, and her spirit came back to haunt them. While the grandmother was alive, even the servants abandoned the household out of fear of sickness instead of staying with their mistress to take care of her. However, the grandmother too was consumed with greed for her material possessions. The spirit hungering for possessions is a common trope in Japanese storytelling. Perhaps that trope has its origins in a Buddhist belief about worldly goods, but that will be further explored in the research paper.

先ず、「欲の危険」（よくのきけん）はこの物語の大切なテーマではないだろうか。おばあさんの死後、親類たちはおばあさんの思いを無視したために、おばあさんの魂を呼び戻すことになってしまった。おばあさんの生きてる間にいた善良な使用人たちは、家人が次々に重い病気になるのが怖くて、皆が脱走してしまった。しかし、おばあさん自身の欲も危険だと言える。日本の物語で、よく、がめつい魂について描かれている。恐らく、それが仏教がテーマとするものではないかと思われるが、もっと研究して調べていきたい。

While not a theme, a question that occurred to me is just who are we supposed to support? Should we identify with the greedy relatives? The fearful villagers? Or perhaps the grandmother as she continues raging over the injustice of her life and afterlife? Given the information in the story, it would seem the grandmother is the most sympathetic character, as her family is lost to a mysterious illness, and then after her death her distant relatives cannot do even simple ceremonies for her. She becomes a ghost, but she never harms anyone. Lending support to the theory the grandmother might be the protagonist is some Confucian themes like filial piety. After all, part of the grandmother's suffering is from her family's neglect of her grave. Neglecting an elder's grave upon death was severely frowned upon in Confucian societies.

この物語のテーマとは別に疑問に思ったのは、「誰が主人公なのか。」ということである。がめつい親類？弱気な村人？あるいは、おばあさんの幽霊？最初は、おばあさんが一番「柔らかい」キャラクターだと見えた。家族が次々と原因不明の病で亡くなったり、自分の死後、遠い親類たちには忘れ去られてしまったからである。幽霊にはなったが、全く誰も傷つけることもなく、ただ怖がらせただけだった。

The topic of gender is something of interest as well. In many Japanese ghost stories, the ghost is a woman. Something tragic or horrifying happens to her in her lifetime, and thus she transforms into a ghost. Whether the ghost is despairing or raging depends on the story, but it says something when very rarely in folklore is the ghost apparently male. Almost always the ghost will appear to those directly related to her transformation, and that can be seen in the beginning of "The Will O'Wisp" as the wisp only appears to the relatives when they squabble over the family fields. However, by the end of the story the wisp has become a common occurrence in the village, and just floats around. Other female ghosts in Japanese literature are not so complacent, as even after the destruction of the one who wronged the, those spirits will still continue to hurt any soul unlucky enough to near them. Interestingly, the victims depicted are usually men, but perhaps that is because of the focus on men in society and not necessarily intentional. Or perhaps, it was intentional that women seek vengeance against men for the wrongs of the past.

性別関することもまた興味深い議題ではないだろうか。多くの日本の怪談において、幽霊は女である。生前何かしらの悲劇や恐怖体験が起り、そのため女は幽霊になってしまう。絶望しているか、怒っているかは物語によって異なるが、男の幽霊がほとんど存在しないことは、特筆に値する。ほぼ例外なく、幽霊は直接女に関わりのあった者たちの前に現れるが、この現象は、「恨みの青い人魂」の最初の部分にも見られ、人魂が、相続問題を起こしている親類たちの前に現れるのだ。

This story embodies the syncretic nature of Japanese literature, from the references to the combined religious beliefs, to themes used in Japanese literature. *Mono no aware* is one such theme, and this story embraces the sadness of living. The rich man's family is wealthy and presumably powerful, but they all succumb to disease, following that is the melancholy of the neglected grandmother. Buddhist ideas play into many pieces of Japanese literature and folklore quite a great deal, and this piece is no exception. The material bodies still must fall in the face of time and sickness, but their spirits will live on. Perhaps not in greedy fireball form, but they live on in an afterlife nonetheless.

この物語は、結合された宗教的信念への参照から、日本文学に使われるテーマに至るまで。日本文学の混合主義的特徴を体現している。「もののあわれ」、つまり生きることの悲しみは、この物語が包含するそうしたテーマの一つである。この金持ちの家族というのは裕福で、おそらく力も持っていたのだろうが、みんな同じように病に倒れ、また放置された祖母の憂えることになる。仏教的思想は日本の文学や民話の多くの部分に多大な影響を及ぼしているが、当該作品も例外ではない。人の肉身は時の流れや病に影響されざるを得ないが、魂は生き続ける。食欲な火の玉としてではないかもしれないが、死後の世界に生き続けるのである。

Ruhe und Kalamität

Michael Ritchie

Member Chi Omega Chapter #263, University of South Alabama

Die Wellen liegen am meistens ruhig auf der Welten Meeren

Wenn die Sonne scheint sehen Sie in der Reflexion die gelben Haaren

Aber Frieden könnten wir nicht immer haben und er ist nicht lange genug zu erleben
Bald können wir nicht mehr die Reflexion sehen

Denn der Wind kommt von Osten und Westen und Norden und Süden

Ein Sturm; ähnlich wie so viele anderen Stürmen kommt und stört die reglosen Meeren

Der Sturm kommt schnell aber vergeht schneller

Er macht Kalamität dann erlaubt Frieden

Alle Stürmen vergehen und die Wellen auf den Meeren werden wieder ruhig bleiben

Conversation in Ecuador: An Ethnographic Investigation of Awareness and Attitudes Toward Oil Drilling and Conservation

Julia Steffen

Member Gamma Phi Chapter #222, Northern Kentucky University

Public concern has increased in Ecuador as the government has promoted efforts to expand oil drilling in pristine regions of the Amazon rainforest. In 2007, Ecuador's president, Rafael Correa, asked the international community to pay out \$3.6 billion dollars in exchange for keeping 850 million barrels of oil underground, which would prevent the release of 410 million metric tons of carbon dioxide (Alava and Calle 931). The request was not fulfilled on the international stage, leading Correa to lift the ban on oil drilling in the pristine Yasuni National Park of the Amazon (Figure 1). While national awareness of oil drilling is widespread in Ecuador, there are interesting divides in the depth of knowledge that citizens show towards the topics of oil drilling and conservation.

During the summer of 2015, I traveled to Ecuador for four weeks to complete biology coursework and explore the



Figure 1: Map of Yasuní National Park

citizens' cultural awareness of conservation. The academic program was hosted by the Kentucky Institute for International Studies, and consisted of visits to numerous biologically diverse regions of Ecuador, including the Andes, Amazon forest, and Galápagos Islands, and urban cities including Quito, Cuenca, and Baños. In order to compare native Ecuadorians' awareness and attitudes concerning the current conservation efforts of the country, I created a survey, written in Spanish, to administer to citizens. Natives from urban cities and those from rural and indigenous areas were surveyed in order to assess any major differences in the perceptions and opinions toward conservation efforts among the citizens living in these different regions. The information sought included citizens' general interests in biological diversity, their personal awareness of oil drilling, and how environmental issues such as oil drilling affect their lives and those they know. The original hypothesis was that citizens living in rural and indigenous areas would have a greater interest in conservation, due to their increased opportunity to interact with nature and biodiversity. Thus, it was also hypothesized that urban citizens would show a decreased awareness in conservation because of the limited opportunity for them to interact with wildlife and biologically diverse habitats.

However, based upon the results of the written survey, all native citizens interviewed were well aware of the threats of oil drilling, as 89.6% of participants agreed that oil drilling is a danger to the environment. This is a national controversy that receives recognition with high frequency. Thus, it was expected that most citizens would be aware of such a widely publicized topic. Nonetheless, I discovered that the level to which citizens were invested in this topic depended upon a number of factors, not just necessarily their residency.

While interacting with indigenous tribal members of the Huaorani village near Yasuní, I learned of their nomadic lifestyle that is threatened by oil drilling. Often times these villages are offered incentives from the government, such as the construction of new buildings in their territory. The Huaorani people expressed that it seems to them that the government is trying to buy the support of the indigenous tribes in order to potentially take over their land for oil drilling. From this particular interaction, I learned that there is more to the issue of oil drilling than what meets the eye. Not only are habitats and wildlife threatened, but unwanted government interaction infringes upon the nomadic lifestyle of indigenous tribes, reducing approval these tribes may show for the government. Thus, I did find that indigenous populations show greater opposition to oil drilling, as their homes and livelihoods are dependent upon the conservation of land threatened by oil drilling.

In comparing urban and rural citizens' responses to the written survey, it was subtly noticed that rural individuals had a stronger interest in conservation and protection of endangered species. (Table 1). Given the very slight differences in the percentages listed in Table 1 and that there were considerably more urban citizens surveyed, I was unable to make a formal conclusion from this data concerning urban living versus rural living. These results do, however, support the conclusion that Ecuadorians have an overall positive interest in conservation and take responsibility for protecting the environment.

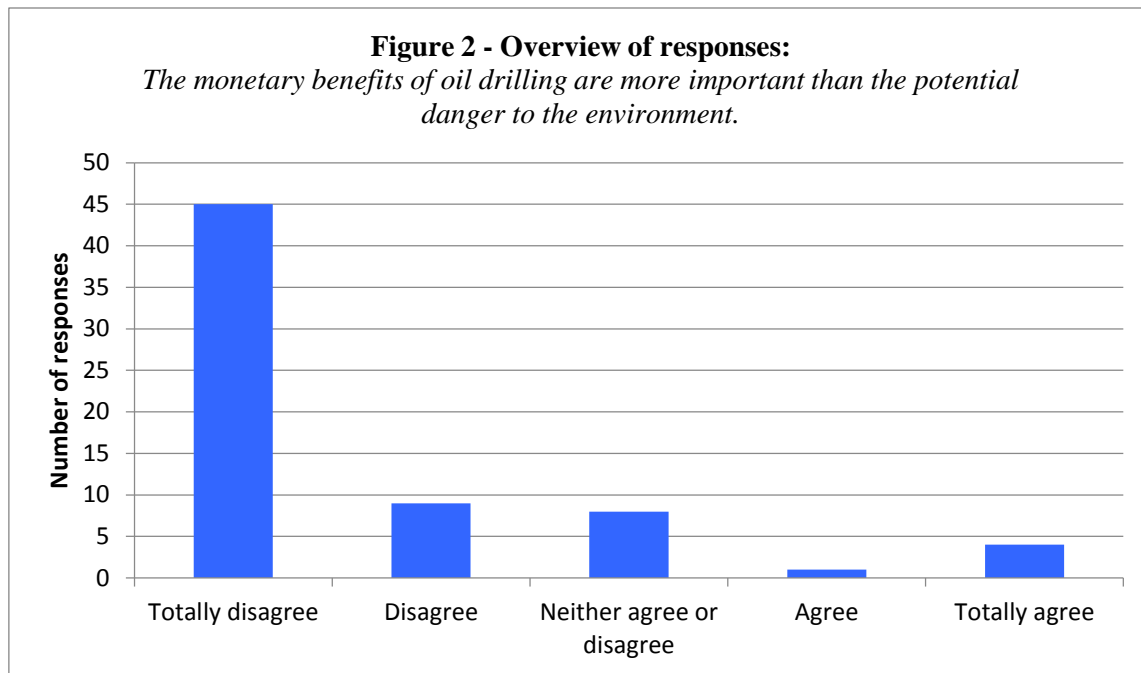
Table 1: Comparing Urban to Rural

	Urban	Rural
<i>Conservation is an important topic for me</i>	94.9% agreement	100% agreement
<i>It is my personal responsibility to protect endangered species</i>	96.6% agreement	100% agreement

Despite their desire to take action, additional survey responses revealed a disconnect between Ecuadorians' opinions towards oil drilling and conservation, and their actions to protect Ecuador's biodiversity. Many survey participants acknowledged that change should be made to promote conservation, but they showed a lack of specific action to combat against destructive effects of activities such as oil drilling. To me this demonstrated a deficiency in personal investment in conservation. Similar results were found in a study in rural Trinidad that assessed villagers' reactions to oil and gas drilling. Baptiste and Nordenstam concluded that citizens whose homes and livelihoods were threatened by advances in drilling showed greater opposition, similar to Huaorani tribal members in Ecuador (289-290). However, their study also indicated that direct actions to promote conservation were not seen among the villagers of the study (Baptiste and Nordenstam 290). These findings coincide with the survey results that I collected in Ecuador. Citizens from both countries may feel opposition to

oil drilling that may negatively impact biodiversity or their livelihoods. However, there is a lack of specific action to combat against the destructive threats of oil drilling.

Furthermore, I also learned how the Ecuadorian government has pursued advances in oil drilling for its financial benefits. The United States, Europe, and Southeast Asia account for approximately four-fifths of the world oil consumption, yet provide a mere one-third of production (Palazuelos 311). Thus, Ecuador plays a greater role as an exporter of oil, rather than as a consumer, demonstrating the government’s interest in financially benefiting from the exportation of the resource. Survey responses revealed a clear conclusion, though, that most Ecuadorians are more interested in preserving biologically diverse habitats threatened by oil drilling, as opposed to the country financially benefiting from oil drilling (Figure 2).



Thus, I ultimately found that the expansion of oil drilling in biologically diverse regions of Ecuador has raised concern among Ecuadorians. These concerns differ based upon each individual citizen’s own set of circumstances. For those individuals living in indigenous areas directly affected by oil drilling, their concerns include curtailing government interruption of their secluded lifestyles and preserving their homes and livelihoods through the protection of the environment. Definite conclusions cannot be made about urban and rural Ecuadorians’ opinions on oil drilling and conservation, as I found that a citizen’s career, travel opportunities, and use of free time provide a better indication of their investment in these topics. Thus, interest and awareness of conservation and oil drilling does not necessarily depend on residency, but instead a complex series of sub-concerns including one’s education, approval of the government, transportation needs, recreational activities, and housing needs. Therefore, detrimental environmental activities, most notably oil drilling, cause alarm that reaches far beyond biological concerns. Ecuadorians are not only focused on the environmental consequences of such activities, but also consequences that affect their well-being and daily survival. From this interdisciplinary project, I have benefitted not only as a Spanish and biology double major, but as a global citizen. I now have a greater appreciation for the complexities of international conservation issues, such as oil drilling. I am also more prepared to promote cross-cultural conservation efforts while bringing awareness to this topic.

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Mi cuenca

Joe Thielen

Incoming Member Chi Omega Chapter #263, University of South Alabama

¡Ah, Cuenca!

¡Mi, Cuenca!

Ciudad Eterna de mi Alma;

Tu me cantas con voz alta de las Aves.

Tu me cantas con voz baja de los Riós.

Me alienta con la sonrisa infantil.

Elevándose por los techos como plegarias

En el Viento.

Y las Montañas?

Cuando ellas hablan,

Todo el Mundo se detiene para escucharlas.

¡Ah, Cuenca!

¡Mi, Cuenca!

¡Ciudad Gloriosa!

¡Flor de España!

No tengo palabras para elogiarte.

Yo sé solamente que Tú existes.

Y cuando yo muera reposar en tu polvo,

Será bastante.

Costa Rica: The Spirit of Conservation

Susan Washko

Member Alpha Chapter #0, Allegheny College

I grew up in a conservation-minded community. My town borders the Cuyahoga Valley National Park, and I spent many childhood days walking the trails there, getting to know my local wildlife. It's an interesting national park because it's classified as urban due to its status as a continuous mass of nature wedged between two cities, Cleveland and Akron. The park's history tells a reclamation story - the nearby farms and industries polluted and degraded the region, which slowly rebounded to the thriving ecosystem it is today, housing bald eagles, river otters, providing a migratory bird corridor, etc. The local community really cherishes the park and surrounding park systems, with many local recreation clubs, wildlife groups, history buffs and others involved in bringing the community closer to this treasure and advocating for further conservation. There's even a park initiative supporting local, sustainable farms and an enormous farmers market. I've always felt lucky to live in a place so dedicated to conservation, and I was surprised when I found another community paralleling the ethos of my home: Monteverde, Costa Rica.

I lived in Costa Rica for three and a half months to study abroad, focusing on tropical ecology and conservation. The program was centered in Monteverde, known for its cloud forest reserves and proximity to the Arenal Volcano National Park. Monteverde has its own reclamation story, with a history of intense cattle ranching, deforestation, and hunting. Looking over the rolling, forested mountains above the Pacific, one would hardly suspect the gravity of the situation today.

Farming still exists in Monteverde, but because the economy is based on tourism, many of the nearest farms are dedicated to sustainable practices, and even offer wildlife and coffee tours. For a short time, I lived on a *finca* in this area to conduct my personal research project, which was to assess the butterfly species composition across different agricultural land uses. I was nervous about the project I had designed at first, because I didn't want my host family to feel that I was going to be prowling around their property looking for environmental atrocities against butterflies and expose them to ridicule. It was a tense situation at first, as I didn't want to offend them by scrutinizing their livelihood; I just wanted to know what kind of *mariposas* could survive in different crops.

I had no need to worry though, because the environment is a central piece in the lives of the people of Monteverde. My host mother and I would look through the photos of butterflies that I took that day, and she would tell me which ones she often saw and I would delight her with the more elusive species hiding around the *finca*. I would describe *pájaros*, to her, the ones I saw or heard while sampling butterflies, and she would tell me the Spanish names and what her favorites were. We had conversations about what the sustainable practices were on her farm (all in Spanish, of course), how she spreads the compost back into her garden, how she doesn't spray her crops, her *vacas*, never took medicine unless necessary and they grazed on a rotating system of little pastures, and how much of what her family eats is raised on the *finca*. The consciousness of the relationship between humans and the environment was amazing, very welcoming, and felt like home.

I miss Costa Rica every day, and I like to think of it as a second home. It's easy to connect to places that are so vibrant and full of wildlife. I hope that as the spirit of conservation spreads worldwide, more Americans will experience the wholeness of a non-destructive life, and that the world will finally progress in a unified manner. Until then, I can't wait to go back to Costa Rica, and as always, *pura vida!*

Las comunidades imaginadas irlandesas en la Argentina

Erin Angelini

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Paper presented at the Midwest Association for Latin American Studies (MALAS) Conference Oct. 8-10, 2015 at Millersville University, Millersville, PA

Los inmigrantes que deciden irse de su hogar dejan gran parte de su vida. La novela, *Nunca Regresarás* por Kathleen Nevin, muestra las dificultades y retos de un grupo de chicas quienes salen de Irlanda y se aventuran

por Argentina. Kate, Bessie y Nancy llegan con el motivo de ganar dinero y regresar a Irlanda inmediatamente, pero en realidad, la novela anticipa que no regresarán. Kate, una mujer independiente, insiste que no se quedará en Buenos Aires, pero cuando ella recibe malas noticias de Irlanda, cambia su forma de pensar. Durante su tiempo de pena, después de la muerte de su padre, la comunidad en la Argentina se vuelve su nueva familia. De esta manera, la novela muestra la existencia y la necesidad de la comunidad imaginada en Buenos Aires porque sirve para apoyarla durante la difícil transición de vida en una sociedad con una nueva cultura. Con la ayuda de la comunidad, los irlandeses aprenden sobre las costumbres argentinas, encuentran trabajos y también conocen la ciudad. Igualmente se observa, desde el principio, el conflicto que se crea entre la cultura de los nativos y los irlandeses a causa de los prejuicios hecho que se debe vencer en la transición a la nueva sociedad. La pensión, un símbolo de la comunidad irlandesa, sirve como un medio para lograr la comunicación entre inmigrantes del mismo grupo étnico. La comunidad imaginada de los irlandeses crea un mecanismo de adaptación entre la sociedad de los nativos de Buenos Aires y los inmigrantes irlandeses. Por este motivo, a continuación analizo las distintas funciones de este espacio simbólico irlandés.

Las comunidades imaginadas existen en todas las ciudades en América que acogen a inmigrantes. El término de Benedict Anderson, “comunidades imaginadas”, describe un lugar en que “los ‘nativos’ podrían llegar a ver [a las otras culturas] ‘nacionales’” (Anderson 199). Es interesante que los inmigrantes quieran encontrar a otras personas que también están desconectadas de la sociedad receptora. Esto lo hacen con la esperanza de ser aceptados por alguien similar. Las mujeres de la novela están atraídas a la idea de mudarse a la Argentina a causa de la “posibilidad de liberarse” de los problemas en su hogar de Irlanda (Nevin 16). Ellas piensan que pueden ganar mucho dinero en Argentina y regresar a Irlanda en poco tiempo, pero en realidad todas se quedan en Buenos Aires a causa de las conexiones fuertes entre la comunidad imaginada irlandesa al crearse un sentimiento familiar.

Durante la época de la novela, principios del siglo veinte, era muy difícil encontrar un trabajo estable y bien pagado. Cuando las mujeres llegan de Irlanda, no tienen expectativas grandes, pero se sorprenden al saber que sus nuevos trabajos, generalmente, incluyen la enseñanza de inglés a los niños de familias ricas. Las mujeres quienes son gobernantas lidian con muchas situaciones extremas en las casas; por ejemplo, problemas entre la familia, niños irrespetuosos y condiciones insoportables. Kate, por ejemplo, enseña a los niños de la familia Zamora y tiene problemas con el “mocoso” durante sus sesiones de inglés (Nevin 159). Muchas de las mujeres de la pensión trabajan como gobernantas, y la comunidad es muy importante porque sirve como un sistema de apoyo durante los momentos difíciles, especialmente en los días domingos, el día de descanso donde se reúnen todos sus miembros.

La experiencia del inmigrante depende en la familia anfitriona y las condiciones en que vive y trabaja. Por ejemplo, la viuda Brophy, la primera empleadora de Nancy y Kate, es una persona maliciosa que controla la vida de las muchachas. Las mujeres limpian, cosen y hacen un montón de quehaceres. Kate describe la situación como “dos pequeñas moscas que caminan alegremente hacia la tela que teje la araña” (Nevin 53). Kate se siente muy mal y necesita irse de la casa por su salud mental. Por otro lado, los Kerrigan, la familia anfitriona de Bessie, también es de Irlanda y ellos cuidan a Bessie durante su enfermedad porque es parte de su costumbre y función como un miembro de la comunidad irlandesa. Por su parte, los Zamora, la familia que emplea a Kate posteriormente, es nativa de Buenos Aires acepta a Kate y se reconocen las diferencias culturales entre la mujer irlandesa y la familia nativa. Todas las experiencias del trabajo son únicas, pero con la ayuda y los consejos de otros miembros de la comunidad irlandesa, los inmigrantes aprenden a establecerse en la sociedad receptora.

Un gran obstáculo para las mujeres es la adquisición del lenguaje, pero dentro de la pensión irlandesa, todos los inmigrantes tienen la oportunidad de aprender la lengua poco a poco. Las mujeres encuentran la capacidad de “[forjar] solidaridades particulares” dentro de la comunidad porque hablan inglés, solamente porque es la lengua nativa que todos entienden (Anderson 189). Así, comparten, en su propia lengua, sus penas, decepciones y alegrías creando lazos más fuertes entre ellas. Sin embargo, se utiliza la misma lengua no como un mecanismo de exclusión sino que ellas usan el inglés porque es inclusivo entre las personas que no entienden el castellano (Anderson 190). Como un extraño en un país que habla otras lenguas desconocidas, los inmigrantes se sienten un tanto alienados hasta que aprenden a comprender la lengua del país receptor en una manera cómoda y relajada.

La pensión, o “la pequeña Irlanda”, es un lugar cómodo para los inmigrantes que tratan de aprender las costumbres de la nueva cultura. Los inmigrantes pueden recurrir a la seguridad de la pensión en momentos felices, tristes, y a veces, complicados de la vida. Todos los inmigrantes vienen de varios niveles socio-económicos, pues ellos prueban la idea de que “the integration of immigrants... is conditioned by other socioeconomic factors” en sus historias de Irlanda (Szuchman 30). Por ejemplo, Kate vive en una granja en Irlanda, y a ella no le gusta el campo de Argentina porque está lleno de nostalgia por el hogar que dejó. Si ella no tuviera alguna experiencia con la tierra, es posible que a ella le encantaría el trabajo con la viuda Brophy, que vive en el campo. Pero, hay muchas costumbres desconocidas que las chicas experimentan con la ayuda del sistema de conexiones entre las personas de la pensión. En vez de tomar el té en Argentina, la costumbre es tomar el “mate”. Es según Kate, “su gran remedio para todas las enfermedades y dolores” en su vida, y ésta demuestra que la costumbre de tomar té no debe ser recolocado ni quitado (Nevin 78). Sin embargo, las inmigrantes crean maneras de conservar y mantener sus tradiciones como tomar el té durante sus reuniones en “la pequeña Irlanda”. Por tal motivo, la pensión es una zona de seguridad que protege y alivia a los irlandeses en momentos de una severa transición.

En la pensión, se aprenden las tradiciones argentinas. Por ejemplo la señora Brady, la dueña de la pensión, muestra las tradiciones del carnaval. Ésta es una fiesta antes de la cuaresma. Las muchachas asisten a una misa católica por primera vez en la Argentina para celebrar el inicio de la cuaresma. Kate dice que “todo era diferente para [ella]” porque hay muchísimo oro, almohadones terciopelos, y la misa en otra lengua (Nevin 42). Las chicas continúan las festividades del carnaval, donde están “tirando [baldes] de agua” encima de los caballeros en la calle (Nevin 42). Estas palabras demuestran una constante comparación entre el país del origen, el país receptor, y siempre es Irlanda, el punto de referencia. La lucha por mojar a los demás era una experiencia extraña para las muchachas pero aprenden a aceptar las diferencias y se divierten. Al final del festival, en el baile de la pensión, las mujeres conocen a otros miembros de la “comunidad imaginada” irlandesa y así como también a nativos de Buenos Aires. Honoria Brady trata de introducir varios tipos de celebración a las mujeres para alentar la integración de las tradiciones argentinas dentro del grupo irlandés. Esto se hace tanto en las costumbres de la vida cotidiana como en la celebración de las tradiciones locales.

Con la barrera idiomática, es muy difícil para los inmigrantes practicar su religión en la misma manera de su hogar, pero ellos tratan de conservar algunas tradiciones dentro su comunidad irlandesa. En este caso, es importante el papel que cumple la institución de la iglesia católica dentro de la comunidad en la vida del inmigrante. La “afiliación religiosa... [sirve] de base de una comunidad imaginada” y la comunidad irlandesa se reúne con el Padre Slattery, un sacerdote irlandés, para una misa en inglés (Anderson 236). La familia Zamora convence a Kate para que asista a esta misa con los otros irlandeses en vez de la misa en castellano porque ella debe entender y comprender las palabras del padre para expresar su religiosidad, en su propio idioma. Pero en lugar de sentirse relajada, ella se siente nostálgica porque “la misa en el aire libre [es] como en Irlanda” (Nevin 165). Cuando ella escucha los rezos en inglés, empieza a llorar porque extraña su hogar y todas familiares (Nevin 165). Cuando ella se conecta otra vez con su religión, tiene un sentimiento aplastante porque las memorias de su pasado en Irlanda parecen distantes y no puede hacer nada; en vez, ella aprende a aceptar este cambio con el apoyo de sus nuevos miembros de la familia imaginada.

Por otro lado, los matrimonios entre irlandeses son muy comunes porque comparten muchas de sus costumbres, tradiciones y cultura de Irlanda. Frecuentemente, cuando una persona emigra soltera, tiene las intenciones de casarse con alguien que conoce en el país receptor. Sin embargo, la autora demuestra que este grupo de inmigrantes representan una sociedad parroquial que se enfoca en la importancia de la proximidad con sus vecinos con respecto a las relaciones interpersonales (Szuchman 41). En este caso, la comunidad irlandesa juega el papel de los ‘vecinos’ y existe en la pensión una línea divisoria muy fina entre lo público y lo privado. Además, esta comunidad pasa mucho tiempo junto y se convierten en amigos y otros entablan romances. Esta acción de “limited courting to a few blocks around their home” influye en las decisiones de matrimonio para muchas de las personas de la pensión (Szuchman 46). Por ejemplo, Kate conoció a John Barry, Bessie se casa con Matt Hanrahan, y Nancy ama a Philip O’Mara; todas esas parejas irlandesas se conocieron directamente o indirectamente por la pensión. Esto crea, por un lado una división física de la sociedad con los nativos, y por otro lado, un acercamiento de miembros del mismo país de origen. Es decir, este sistema crea un microcosmo dentro de la Argentina.

Las opiniones de los pensionistas son muy importantes para los otros miembros de la comunidad porque todos quieren ser parte del grupo. Las relaciones entre inmigrantes y nativos se quedan en el mundo del trabajo, y quien se casa con un nativo es algo escandaloso. Por ejemplo, el hermano de la señora Brady, Joseph, se casa antes de morir con una nativa con quien tiene tres hijos. Este escándalo causa mucho estrés en la comunidad y solamente desaparece con la muerte de Joseph. Con la mezcla de raíces, “su sangre se ha contaminado para toda la vida” y sus hijos no son todos nativos (Anderson 94). La sangre pura y nativa es un símbolo de poder entre los inmigrantes y nativos, pero solamente una gota de sangre extraña en los inmigrantes es una desventaja. No era tan común ver un matrimonio mezclado porque el evento “created a social stigma” y remordimiento para su familia (Szuchman 28). Por eso, los miembros de la comunidad buscan afirmaciones y consejos en las grandes decisiones. Por ejemplo, cuando Bessie decide casarse con Matt, ella discute la idea con Nancy, planea con la señora Brady e invita a algunos de sus amigos de la pensión. Las conexiones entre los miembros de la comunidad son significativas en el proceso de tomar una decisión difícil. Mientras que existe cierto grado de comodidad en vivir en una comunidad irlandesa, existe también un grado de obligación para la aceptación dentro del grupo irlandés.

En síntesis, los sentimientos de ser extranjero están escondidos con la creación de la “comunidad imaginada” irlandesa. La idea de la comunidad es muy importante para la autora porque muestra cómo los inmigrantes aprenden a sobrevivir en una cultura diferente y lejos de sus costumbres tradicionales de Irlanda. Sin estas conexiones, lo más probable es que los inmigrantes no se quedarían mucho tiempo en Argentina, pero hay un sistema social irlandés que apoya a los demás miembros de la comunidad. En vez de irse, ellos forman una comunidad que comparten muchas variables sociales y culturales. La “comunidad imaginada” les permite a los inmigrantes conservar sus tradiciones de su hogar, pero al mismo tiempo, incita a la integración cultural argentina. Con esta novela, la autora expresa la importancia que tuvo la creación de la comunidad irlandesa y reconoce que existe un sentimiento de inclusión y exclusión dentro de este microcosmo irlandés.

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La representación del impacto psicológico en la mujer inmigrante

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Cuando analizamos el concepto de la migración tendemos a enfocarnos en las razones económicas de estos inmigrantes que fueron, mayormente, obligados a dejar a sus familiares o sus países de origen. Estudios y reportes nos abundan de información sobre las razones por la cual el inmigrante deja su país de origen en la búsqueda de un mejor futuro. Sin embargo, pocos se enfocan en los problemas psicológicos que los inmigrantes pasan en el momento exacto en el cual abordan un avión o abordan un barco. Los problemas psicológicos del inmigrante al llegar a un país receptor varían. Los cambios pueden ser dramáticos como también pueden ser beneficiosos para el inmigrante. En la novela *Nunca Regresarás* de Kathleen Nevin podemos ver algunos de los problemas psicológicos que atraviesan varios de los personajes en la novela, especialmente las mujeres inmigrantes. Según Laura P. Izarra, la inmigración (o diáspora) crean un proceso de desfamiliarización y esto tiene, como resultado, una serie de cambios en el estado emocional. Este ensayo se enfoca principalmente en la decepción, la nostalgia, la soledad y al final la aceptación.

La decepción se contrasta con la idealización desde los inicios de la novela. Vemos cómo las mujeres inmigrantes están decepcionadas al llegar a Buenos Aires. Han idealizado Buenos Aires donde les iban a conseguir unos empleos seguros y donde lograrían hacer una pequeña fortuna. Quisieron seguir el ejemplo de María Brady (personaje que las motiva) quien describió al Nuevo Mundo desde su natal Irlanda. Kate menciona que María, “Nos hizo una increíble pintura de Buenos Aires, un lugar del que nunca habíamos escuchado hablar...” (Nevin 16). Esta cita nos explica por qué las protagonistas habían construido el país ideal imaginariamente y luego se dieron cuenta que Buenos Aires no era como María lo había relatado. De esta forma, se muestra la decepción cuando mencionan “Y Dios perdone a María, porque cuando lo conocimos, no tenía nada que ver con la descripción que nos dio...” (Nevin 16). A partir de este momento es claro el sentimiento negativo que nace en los inmigrantes. Siguiendo las palabras de Izarra, esta experiencia “reverses the utopian dream of ‘making America’” (140).

Junto con la decepción, también nace un sentimiento de tristeza. La mudanza a otros países genera innumerables problemas, por ejemplo, las desintegraciones familiares y la de amistades. En la novela, la protagonista nos muestra constantemente su tristeza al sentirse distante de su país. En una oportunidad dice, “Por un instante mis ojos se pusieron en blanco, luego vi mi propia imagen en el espejo y me disgustó. Ahí estaba yo, caliente y fría, sintiéndome miserable... La visión de mi dolor me encolerizada” (Nevin 95) Esta cita se refiere cuando ve a su futuro marido con otra mujer ya que en ese momento empezaba a sentirse más cómoda con un compañero irlandés en la Argentina. Igualmente, cuando muere su padre y expresa “comprendí que no estaba aceptando sólo vivir con John Barry, sino un nuevo país, con todo lo bueno y lo malo de éste. No tenía sentido de seguir ahorrando para volver a Irlanda; papa se había ido” (Nevin 192), demuestra su actitud hacia su nueva vida. Para el fin de la novela la tristeza empieza a desaparecer cuando tiene la posibilidad de formar una familia.

Por otro lado, el sentimiento de la nostalgia queda también representado como un sentimiento que tendrá durante gran parte de su vida. La nostalgia es una tristeza melancólica que surge por el recuerdo de una pérdida. En tan solo las primeras escenas que vemos, se muestra cómo la nostalgia es un sentimiento que viene cuando menos uno lo espera; en la novela sucede en el carnaval, “No puedo explicarlo del todo. Un minuto antes había estado riéndome. Todavía estaba transpirando del último baile. Nadie había sido negligente o desatento conmigo. Súbitamente me sentía temerosa, como un niño que ha perdido la mano de su padre, en medio de una multitud” (Nevin 48). Esta cita expresa que en un momento de felicidad, la nostalgia la toma por sorpresa a la protagonista. Esta cita nos enseña que el concepto de la nostalgia surge al recordar la protección del padre en la época de la niñez. La protagonista se desconecta por un instante de la celebración del carnaval ante situaciones que son desconocidas.

Al pasar por el desengaño, la desilusión, y por momentos nostálgicos llega un punto donde el inmigrante se tropieza con la soledad. El inmigrante carece de la compañía de un familiar en los momentos cruciales de su vida. Por ejemplo, la protagonista de la novela, Kate, sufre un gran vacío cuando el único pariente que tiene en Buenos Aires no le participa de los preparativos de su boda. Siendo la prima su único pariente cercano, el sentimiento de soledad es mucho más impactante. Kate estaba aceptando su vida como gobernanta con la familia Zamora, pero la noticia que Bessie, su prima, se iba a casar y ésta no había compartido la noticia con ella trajo un sentimiento de soledad. Kate se sentía vacía. Este sentimiento es una indicación de que es tiempo de construir una nueva familia. Una familia que solo está constituida por ella y John Barry, su marido.

Las protagonistas inicialmente no se dan cuenta por el proceso psicológico por el que van a pasar ya que la meta de salir adelante es lo que tienen en mente, pero con el tiempo extrañan al país de origen. Un ejemplo es el siguiente, “Mis ojos se llenaron de la lagrimas nuevamente, pero al mismo tiempo sonreía. No había terror en mi alma, solo tristeza por las cosas que pertenecían para siempre al pasado. Por primera vez el significado de pasado tenía un lugar fijo donde asentarse” (Nevin 193). La siguiente cita fue expresada por Kate cuando sufre por su partida de Irlanda pero a la misma vez sonrío a la vida porque salió adelante como era su plan. Ella extraña su pasado en Irlanda porque llora por su país pero se percibe cierta reconciliación entre los recuerdos del país de origen y sus vivencias en la Argentina.

Al llevar un tiempo en un país ajeno, el inmigrante aprende a aceptar las situaciones de la vida. El desengaño o la desilusión es la etapa más dura del inmigrantes porque tiene que enfrentarse y aceptar la nueva vida que le espera en el país receptor. La nostalgia expone al inmigrante a recordar su vida pasada, pero al mismo tiempo

desarrolla nuevas memorias en la nueva sociedad. En la etapa de la aceptación las nuevas memorias logran remplazar el sentimiento de la nostalgia, aceptando sus nuevas vidas en un nuevo país y en una nueva cultura. Así, se muestra un cambio radical en el proyecto de vida del inmigrante ya que las nuevas vivencias moldean al inmigrante. En esta etapa todos los obstáculos iniciales se enfrentan, y la novela muestra que la aceptación no es solamente signo de reconciliación sino también de establecimiento permanente. Incluso al final la narradora menciona, “continuaré mi vida en esta extraño país, rodeada de sus amigables habitantes de piel oscura. El idioma desconocido, el cielo azul, el sol abrasador, la ciudad de casa bajas, la quietud de los campos, su cielos de nuevas estrellas; todo esto lo aceptaré y lo haré mío” (Nevin 192) lo cual indica que hay un sentido de pertenencia, y que aun las diferencias raciales que tenían inicialmente una connotación negativa como resultado de la preconcepción racista que se escuchan durante la travesía, se aceptan como parte de su realidad.

La llegada a un país receptor implica pasar por diversas etapas que generan diversos efectos psicológicos en el inmigrante. En primer lugar, el inmigrante se decepciona con lo que había idealizado del país receptor al no encontrar lo que esperaba. Es decir, llega a una ciudad oscura en lugar de un lugar paradisiaco, escucha un lenguaje desconocido y se da cuenta de las pocas posibilidades de hacer fortuna. Luego se pasa por la nostalgia, se entristece al no estar con los familiares y amigos en el país de origen y se extraña la cultura que se dejó. Después surge el sentimiento de soledad, al no tener a nadie con quien hablar durante la etapa de los cambios emocionales. Y por último, llega la aceptación, donde todos los obstáculos que se muestran al momento de la llegada: la lengua, la cultura, las costumbres, tienden a hacerse más pasivos porque se acostumbran al estilo de vida del país receptor. El establecimiento definitivo se logra en este caso, a través del matrimonio y la posterior creación de una familia.

Este trabajo ha hecho un análisis de los efectos psicológicos de la inmigración en el individuo y concluye afirmando que como inmigrante me siento identificada con la mayoría de las etapas que pasaron estas mujeres inmigrantes. Me identifico con estas etapas psicológicas porque al igual que estas mujeres inmigrantes el posible mundo que había creado de los Estados Unidos, en mi imaginación, fue diferente cuando yo misma lo comprobé al llegar. Por ejemplo, la barrera de no entender el idioma me hizo recordar cuando estaba en Puerto Rico y me podía comunicar con mis compañeros de clase. Esto me hizo extrañar a mi isla del Encanto. Pasé por el desengaño, luego vino el sentimiento de la nostalgia acompañado de la mano de la tristeza. Extrañaba el aromático olor del arroz con gandules y pernil al entrar a la cocina de papá, las trullas navideñas, las caminatas al viejo San Juan, y por último el aire fresco de la Isla del Coquí. Luego pasé por la etapa de la soledad cuando no podía hablar con mis compañeros porque ellos no entendían mi lengua natal. Después llegó la etapa de la aceptación, aprendí las nuevas costumbres de este país extraño y su lengua. Pude incorporar la nueva cultura con la cultura de mi país de origen y ahora tengo los dos países en uno; es decir, vivo entre dos culturas, de la misma forma de los personajes de la novela.

A pesar de haberse escrito la novela en estudio en 1946, y narrarse hechos de inmigrantes irlandeses en la Argentina, los cambios que produce la inmigración en los individuos pueden aplicarse en todas las experiencias migratorias. En este caso, la novela explora el proceso de “ser, convertirse y pertenecer” que estudia Izarra. Aun en la época en que vivimos, los inmigrantes de hoy en día pasan por los mismos problemas psicológicos que tienen los inmigrantes de la época en que se ambienta la novela *Nunca Regresarás*.

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2014-2015 Scholarship Award Recipients

**Dr. Henry Ward Church
Scholarship**
Megan E. Beckerich
Gamma Phi Chapter #222
Northern Kentucky University

**Dr. Anthony S. Corbiere
Scholarship**
Kenneth S. Feldman
Chi Zeta Chapter #262
Bryant University

**Dr. Santiago Vilas
Scholarship**
Khanh Trinh
Chi Omega Chapter #263
University of South Alabama

**Dr. Marie-France Hilgar
Scholarship**
Marie-Christine Henry, Professional
Beta Tau Chapter #197
California State University Chico

**Dr. Cleon Capsus
Scholarship**
Nan-Nan Jiang
Eta Alpha Chapter #142
San Francisco State University

**Phi Sigma Iota
Scholarship**
Eduardo Contreras
Beta Omega Chapter #202
Binghamton University

**Phi Sigma Iota
Scholarship**
Sarah E. Crosley
Phi Theta Chapter #26
William Jewell College

**Phi Sigma Iota
Scholarship**
Genevieve R. Hugenbruch
Alpha Theta Chapter #111
Lebanon Valley College

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

**Phi Sigma Iota
Scholarship**
Sara A. Romes
Iota Kappa Chapter #181
Metropolitan State University of Denver

**Phi Sigma Iota
Scholarship**
Pamela A. Salinas Duron, Professional
Psi Chapter #88
St. Norbert College

**Phi Sigma Iota
Scholarship**
María I. Valdez
Beta Tau Chapter #197
California State University Chico

Reports From The 2014-2015 Phi Sigma Iota Scholarship Recipients

The Dr. Henry Ward Church Scholarship
Megan Beckerich, Gamma Phi Chapter #222, Northern Kentucky University

During my time at Nanzan University I gained a greater understanding of the language, and learned more of the politics and culture of Japan in class, but the experience of learning abroad has been something I will never forget. I met so many people with different reasons for studying Japanese, saw the way education is treated in another country, and most importantly of all it was truly the first time I was able to do things on my own and rely on my own knowledge to see myself safely home. I had never flown before, so that alone was a new experience for me. It was a humbling experience; at NKU I had rarely been challenged in the Japanese classes. I knew Nanzan was difficult, but I had failed to appreciate how difficult they would be. I am grateful for the challenge, it was a good lesson in recovering from missteps and learning from those errors so my future work would be even better. The language course alone was very challenging and rigorous, but that rigor has only served to inspire me to work even harder. I decided to pursue it and a Politics class and Culture class, in addition to art classes. I have realized how much more I could do for my capstone research on Japanese ghost stories in society using a translation of the story "The Blue Will O'Wisp of Resentment" I did as a case study. The professors method of homework distribution and daily "class leader" so to speak, in addition to in class exercises has inspired me to use similar techniques when tutoring, and it has shown me what methods I should apply to myself to improve my own fluency. I need to practice writing, and study the details of the kanji characters so that I might be able to explain them to someone else.

In class I learned more about Japanese literature and art that I can apply to my research projects, but perhaps even more importantly I was able to connect with the literature professor and he recommended sources I should use for future research. I am very grateful for the interest he took in me, and now I have been able to write of more detailed points in my research. He was once just an exchange student in Japan, but he drove himself to gain his degree abroad. I feel I have the confidence to someday pursue a degree in Japan. I know I am not fluent, but I can see my own growth comparing how I was before I went to Nanzan.

My time in Japan has given me the desire to return and study more, and to pursue more challenging research projects. I am in the process of applying for a Fulbright, and for grants from the Japan Society for projects stemming from questions I found myself asking as I prepared my capstone research. I want to use resources from Japanese journals and scholars using my own ability. I am certain of my desire to teach in a university setting.

The Dr. Marie-France Hilgar Professional Scholarship
Marie-Christine Henry, Beta Tau Chapter #197, California State University Chico

Phi Sigma Iota has my deepest gratitude for awarding me the Dr. Marie-France Hilgar Professional Scholarship. Its immediate benefit was that this scholarship facilitated my registration in a French university program in Paris, France, as it covered most of my tuition and prevented any delay. Professionally, this financial assistance is allowing me to pursue my career goal, which is to further my education in French Literature and Culture and to complete my academic credentials. This degree will give me the necessary qualifications to teach higher level French courses, and in this way will provide me with more opportunities as an instructor of French to share my enthusiasm for teaching international languages and cultures. The courses that I have taken thus far have strengthened my analytical and writing skills, and have expanded my knowledge in my field. With the next classes, I am looking forward to discovering other areas of French literature, French history, translation, and linguistics that are all complementary training to my previous studies. Most importantly is that this scholarship is not only giving me the unique opportunity to grow both professionally and personally, but that it will benefit students too as it is making me a better educator. This professional development reconfirms to me that teaching is a life-long learning process that keeps on expanding the arena of cultural exchanges. With this in mind, I will

wholeheartedly continue to support and promote languages and cultures as well as the values of Phi Sigma Iota by encouraging students to join and be actively engaged in this honor society to develop their own potential with the purpose of giving back to others in all possible ways. Again, I give my sincere thanks to Phi Sigma Iota for giving me the chance to be all I can be.

Phi Sigma Iota Scholarship
Eduardo Contreras, Beta Omega Chapter #202, Binghamton University

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for your generous gift, and mention that I am honored to have been selected as a recipient of a Phi Sigma Iota Scholarship.

It was with great pleasure, excitement, and gratitude that I accepted the Phi Sigma Iota Scholarship. This scholarship has provided me with a sense of relief as I continue my academic career. I have used a portion of the scholarship to begin my unsubsidized student loan payments. Another portion has been used as a deposit for attendance at Binghamton University in the fall, where I will begin my coursework to earn a Master's in Business Administration.

I look forward to upholding the goals of Phi Sigma Iota by learning about international business and applying my skills in foreign companies and firms thereafter. In the short run, I intend to be a resource for the Beta Omega Chapter executive board members at Binghamton University. Being on the executive board has provided me with an invaluable experience, and I hope to see a growth in the interest of languages and cultures at this exceptional research institution.

Again, thank you for your significant contribution to my education.

Phi Sigma Iota Scholarship
Sarah E. Crosley, Phi Theta Chapter #26, William Jewell College

This summer I spent three weeks volunteering in Romania on an archeology site. But before I left for Romania and while I was in Romania, I had the opportunity to study Romanian and practice conversational Romanian. Before this I had never traveled to another country on my own or without someone else who could speak the language fluently. Because of PSI's scholarship, I was able to attain a level of independence as a solo traveler. While my Romanian may not have been perfect, I do think that learning the language of the country you are going to visit is respectful and considerate. As I look forward to the next steps of my education, I know that this opportunity will help set me apart from other graduate candidates and put me on the right foot to completing a degree in higher education. I am excited to put my new experience with studying a modern language to use in the next chapter of my life.



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

Winning the PSI scholarship had an immense impact on my study abroad experience. Having already spent two weeks exploring France and two months studying in Vienna, the extra money enabled me to extend my stay in Germany an extra month after my four months of classes had ended. The unexpected extra money and time in Europe was such a gift. It produced wonderful memories, knowledge, and personal growth that I will cherish the rest of my life.

I crammed as much independent travel and learning as I could afford into my extra month abroad. At that point, I had gotten the hang of traveling and could do it quite thriftily. So I decided to spend a week and a half traveling throughout southern Germany. It was an area of the country that I had not yet visited. I feared that I would not get to see it before leaving Europe. I had already spent a great deal of time in central Germany and Berlin, but to leave without seeing Baden-Württemberg and Bavaria, I knew would be a regrettable mistake. While I was there I visited landmarks such as Neuschwanstein and Dachau, and toured some of the churches and abbeys along the “Baroque Road.” More than anything, I spent time talking to locals. For the first time, I became so immersed in German that it took a few days before I was able to fluidly write and speak in English again. German had so taken over my brain that I found having to speak in English very frustrating. I dreamt consistently in German too - which was one of my main personal goals for going abroad! My time on the road further enriched my understanding of Germany’s cultural landscape, history, and customs (how NOT to clink beer glasses when doing cheers in Bavaria, for example. Americans tend not to do it, not only ill-informed about the contents of their beer, but also accidentally offensively in the eyes of people who still resent Napoleon. Apparently). During that time I unexpectedly learned the most about the German language.

I quickly noticed the nuances in dialect as I moved around. I went from my region’s Hessian dialect to Bavarian, and then ran into some form of Swiss German when I made a quick visit to Liechtenstein to do genealogical research, visit the museums, and hike through the mountains to the towns of my forefathers. Both Bavarian and Swiss German are very different than the standardized, sanitized *Hochdeutsch* that is commonly taught. I picked up on quite a bit of quirky language that one simply doesn’t learn in schools. For example, calling someone a *Fäßli* (many variant spellings, means “little fass”) is the equivalent of saying “buddy” or “you’re great.” Needless to say, I returned to my castle abode in Marburg, speaking much differently than I did when I had left it.

I also arranged a one week trip to France to explore the northern port cities and a bit of Belgium, and then passed through Lille and Paris on my way back to Germany. It was very interesting to watch the news daily and talk to locals about internal and diplomatic happenings, especially as I passed through Calais - a hotbed of contention between England and France over the refugee crisis. I loved Belgium. I was totally intrigued by the language, which seemed a definitely hodgepodge of French and Dutch – both languages I understand and in which I can maintain basic conversation. But the two languages together? Communicating was a bit tricky.

Returning to Paris, if only for a brief three hours to watch the sunset, was one of the most stirring few hours of my study abroad experience. Paris was the first European city that I had visited. It is where I landed back in January, fresh off my first plane ride. It is where I stretched my wings and experienced true independence and loneliness (in the best sense possible) as I explored the city only a matter of days after the Charlie Hebdo attack. Paris remains the city that I know best. It was my first love - and that is not something that you easily get over. When I returned to Paris to watch the sunset, I was not yet aware that on that very day, I had been one rash decision away from almost boarding that nearly-attacked high-speed train en route from Amsterdam. I almost boarded in Lille, right before the the would-be shooter was thwarted by the two Americans and British man. (My trip was bookended by terror attacks. I am still trying to make sense of what it means in my life, if anything. I am hesitant to believe in divine intervention, but I do feel extremely lucky to have been haphazardly not caught in any crosshairs).

Returning to Paris gave me a chance to reflect on my journey as a whole, my best and bitterest memories of it all, and how I had changed so much in so little time. I had become much more confident and self-sufficient, more adventurous and daring, more relaxed, optimistic, understanding, and with wider horizons, a broadened life view, more faith in strangers and renewed hope in humanity. Before going abroad, I had been told that I

would learn a lot about myself. I didn't believe it. I already knew myself, or so I thought. After going abroad I know myself much better. I know my preferences, my limits, and what makes me "tick." I have a better idea of what I want out of life - which even if I have no real plans of how to attain it, is at least a start. :)

I am also much better at German than I used to be. It is fabulous. But I also noticed that after six months in German-speaking countries, I felt as though my French ability had been "eaten." (I was trying to explain my dilemma to friends in both French and English, and I had trouble coming up with the proper word. "Eaten"/"mangé" just kind of slipped its way into my sentences and it seemed to describe the situation perfectly. So it stuck. German "ate" my French. And English too). When I returned to France, I struggled to understand the language in a way that I hadn't when I first arrived there. I struggled even more than when I first started learning French last year - when I jumped into the second-level beginners' class without ever having taken French. My last week traveling in France was a bit of a shock to my system. I found it disheartening. I will admit that I considered discontinuing learning French all together.

But going back to Paris made me reevaluate that. All the warm fuzzies and love and joy from the struggle came back. I love Paris. I love France. I love the language, the people, the food, the culture, and I still have a lot to learn. I feel newly motivated to make that learning happen.

Currently I am back at my home university and in a 300-level French literature course. I am working to fill in the various, obvious gaps in my knowledge. It is overwhelming but exhilarating and I am learning rapidly. I have completed my German degree and continue to use the language whenever possible. I work as a tutor, which helps me retain the language a little bit. More substantially, I speak in German with some of the professors I have this semester, three or four of whom apparently know German. On occasion I even complete assignments in German with their permission. (Unconventional, perhaps, but a win-win. We both improve our language abilities in the process). As for Spanish, I have not forgotten nearly as much as I thought I had. Nothing has made that more obvious than trying to spell out French words and form French sentences, but accidentally writing them in Spanish instead. Even after a hiatus from formally learning the language, I still know a lot more Spanish than I usually give myself credit for. I did use it a bit when I was abroad. In England, of all places.

Over the past few months, I have developed interest in a lot of other languages, most recently in ancient Greek and Latin. We shall have to see where my curiosity leads. So far it has brought me great places.

Having visited eleven countries during my first time abroad and used my four languages and tidbits of ones that I do not yet know, I have an incurable case of the "travel bug." Regarding future plans, I cannot wait to go abroad again. Hopefully I will as soon as possible - be that through grad school, an internship, a job, or simply personal travel. I could see myself in the Peace Corps perhaps, or working for the State Department. I might become a teacher someday. Whatever I end up doing, I want it to include foreign languages and culture and promoting cross-cultural understanding.

I am obviously still working on figuring out the specifics. And that is okay with me. I am in no rush to rush through life. But I recognize, too, that there is too much to do, see, learn, and speak in this world to stay put for long.

I want to thank the PSI for having made my experience abroad that much more enriching, and for your support for my learning languages. Your investment in me has not only had a positive impact on my life, but it will also continue to positively impact those around me.

Phi Sigma Iota Scholarship

Sara Romes, Iota Kappa Chapter #181, Metropolitan State University of Denver

When I received the scholarship from Phi Sigma Iota, I began doing some important networking in order to effectively conduct the research I outlined in my proposal. During the summer months I attended two conferences: the World Association of Sign Language Interpreters (WASLI) conference in Istanbul, Turkey, and Mano a Mano's conference in New Orleans. Mano a Mano is a non-profit nationwide trilingual interpreting organization that works to improve and provide access to trilingual interpreting resources, education regarding the need for trilingual interpreters, professional development opportunities and advocacy regarding policies

around providing trilingual interpreters. While in Istanbul, I attended paper presentations submitted by people from all over the world who have done research in the field of Sign Language Interpreting. This helped me to see that what I need to do is conduct a needs assessment, so that I can determine a baseline regarding the services that are being provided to Deaf Latina/os.

While at Mano a Mano's conference, I had the opportunity to network and meet some of the prominent researchers and interpreters in this field. Through the conversations I had during the conference, and since then, I have realized that my approach to assessing the needs in the community needs to be two pronged: I need to assess Deaf-specific organizations to see how (and if) they are reaching out to Latina/os and their families, and I need to ask Latino/as themselves about their experiences and needs. The funds I've received from Phi Sigma Iota will allow me to conduct the first portion of this survey. Being as this will be the first assessment of its kind within the Deaf community, this data will prove to be invaluable in requesting grants or scholarships to fund further data collection. By having some quantifiable evidence of the status of services being provided to this community, we will then have the ability to work toward meeting their needs. As I hypothesized in my scholarship application, I believe that there is a huge disparity in the provision of services to Deaf Latinos and Latinas in Colorado. This needs assessment will greatly help me to identify where specifically those gaps exist.

A recent site visit for a course in Chicana/o Community Activism and Social Justice brought us to an organization that works with Latino/a parents, the Colorado Statewide Parent Coalition. Through that visit I realized that I need to also ask organizations what information they require in order to provide services, such as Social Security numbers, because that may potentially influence whether someone is able to seek services from them.

Since the beginning of the school year, I have been gathering contact information and compiling a list of organizations that I will solicit to fill out the survey. Meanwhile, I have been in touch with the office of Human Subjects Protection Program on campus, who handle IRB oversight. The survey I have created has been determined to not need IRB approval, because any individual in the organization can fill it out. I plan to distribute the needs assessment survey via SurveyMonkey starting the week of October 19th. I expect to have that data gathered by the middle of November. I will then analyze that data, and create a report of my findings which I will share with the organizations that take the survey. My hope is to have all data gathered, analyzed, and shared by the end of this calendar year.

Phi Sigma Iota Scholarship - Professional/Alumni
Pamela A. Salinas Duron, Psi Chapter #88, St. Norbert College

Thanks to some encouraging words by her faculty advisors and members of the Phi Sigma Iota Scholarship Committee, Pamela is pursuing a Masters of International Business at the Hult International Business School.

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

Please welcome these new chapters awarded since the last issue:

Chi Alpha Chapter #268, University of Mississippi, University MS
Chi Beta Chapter #269, Indiana University of Pennsylvania, Indiana PA
Chi Gamma Chapter #270, State University of New York Fredonia, Fredonia NY

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

The Phi Sigma Iota induction at Lake Forest College was held in Glen Rowan House on April 8, 2015. Twenty-three new members joined the Mu chapter at the college this year.



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

The Phi Theta Chapter of William Jewell College inducted six new members of the Phi Theta Chapter on April 25, 2015. Inductees this year represent majors and minors in three languages: Chinese, French, and Spanish. The faculty of the Department of Languages, friends, family, and current Phi Theta Chapter members celebrated the induction of these new members: Alexandria Acord, Nathan Graber, Jessica Harmon, Kristen Meinert, Haley Sheriff, and Elizabeth Tucker. The Chapter nominated Sarah Crosley for a scholarship and was pleased with the announcement that she had been awarded funds to help finance her project of traveling to Romania and studying the Romanian language and participating in an archeological dig as an experiential component to her minor in Classical Humanities and her major in History. The Chapter also revised the ceremony's program and induction practices and will in the next academic year undertake the redaction of chapter by-laws.



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

On May 1, 2015, San Francisco State held their annual induction ceremony.



Delta Theta Chapter #169, University of North Alabama, Florence AL

At their induction ceremony on November 12, 2015, the Delta Theta chapter, at the University of North Alabama welcomed 23 new students who are majoring or minoring in either French, German, or Spanish.



Beta Omega Chapter #202, Binghamton University, Binghamton NY

Beta Omega chapter inducted 50 new members in April 2015. Guest speakers included James Michalec and Dr. Katherine Krebs. Colleen Chapman and Eduardo Contreras served as co-presidents of the chapter.



Gamma Xi Chapter #215, Cabrini College, Radnor PA

On Friday evening, April 24, 2015, the Gamma Xi Chapter at Cabrini College inducted ten new members into the honor society (Evan Allvord, Nicole Broccolino, Andrea Broe, Sarah Davis, Austin Edelman, Sarah Grant,



Brittany Grenyer, Thomas Hale, Michaela Rosato and Rebecca Wagenbaur). Student officers and members helped with the ritual by lighting the ceremonial candles as they read the contributions of world languages to universal culture. As part of the program, Dara Schoch (Vice President and Acting President) shared her personal journey with the study of languages at Cabrini College. After a special recognition to the rising senior mentors and Spanish minors of the Cabrini Bridges Communities Program, our keynote speaker Kayla Ecke, inducted to PSI in 2013, gave an inspiring account of her transformative experience working with Latino students. In celebration of such momentous occasion, the evening concluded with a delicious international buffet dinner shared by parents, students and faculty.

Gamma Sigma Chapter #219, Mercyhurst University, Erie PA

The Gamma Sigma chapter at Mercyhurst University held its annual induction on May 7, 2015, inducting 27 new members. Pictured here are (left to right) Michael Wienczkowski, Amanda Whitaker, Jocelyn Yahner, Erin Byrnes, Ethan Sykes, Kathryn Loops, Rebecca Haritonovich, Kira Kitchen, Carley Rice and Emily Dollemore.



The guest speaker was alum Christopher Irwin'04, who was inducted into the chapter in 2003, majored in Spanish Education, and is now combines his language and education skills with an additional degree in Safety and Health, to do global training and curriculum development in the safety industry in the US and Latin America.

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

The Epsilon Beta chapter of Phi Sigma Iota at the University of Evansville held its annual initiation ceremony on Sunday afternoon, March 22 in the Ridgway University Center. Six students were inducted into membership. New members include Kaylynn Carver, Tessa McLinden, Hannah Mitchell, Ashley Ring, Sarah Stuckwisch and Joshua Taylor. At this year's ceremony, Russian, Spanish and English as a Second Language were highlighted. Faculty advisor Ann Baker gave the opening remarks and welcomed the new members. PSI president Rebekah Calahan conducted the ceremony along with members Hillary Degenhardt, Alex Schmitt and Jamelyn Wheeler.

Dr. Willam Hemminger, Professor of English, served as guest speaker for the event. A dessert reception for members, initiates, faculty and friends followed the ceremony. The Epsilon Beta chapter has initiated 168 members since it was installed in April 2000.



Zeta Beta Chapter #245, Bentley University, Waltham MA



Seven students and three faculty members were inducted at the Bentley University chapter on April 13, 2015.

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

On April 17, 2015 the Iota Chi Chapter #258 at Chicago State University inducted 8 new members to the Society in the academic programs of Spanish, French, Bilingual Education, English, and Psychology. The memorable ceremony started with a brief history of the Society by the Chapter Advisor, Dr. Virginia Shen, followed by welcome remarks by the Associate Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, Dr. Ivy Dunn. The department chairperson, Dr. Kelly Ellis, also delivered words of encouragement, followed by Dr. Robert Chierico, Coordinator of Foreign Languages and Literatures. After being introduced to the aims and ideals of Phi Sigma Iota and agreeing to uphold the beliefs and the objectives of the Society, new members were inducted. The ceremony concluded with the lighting of new members' candles by faculty members to symbolize the passing down of friendship, research, and languages from faculty to students. Elections for 2015-2016 chapter officers were held. The following are the new officers: President-Oscar Rivera, Vice-President-Vanessa Sheppard, Secretary-Glafira González, and Treasurer-Ylda Rodarte.



Chi Zeta Chapter #262 Bryant University, Smithfield RI

Chapter Chi Zeta 262 at Bryant University inducted 29 new undergraduate members on April 22, 2015. In addition to welcoming our new members, and saying goodbye to our graduating seniors, including our three officers Tony Carabina (Spanish), Claire Denault (Spanish) and Tayla Benoit (Spanish), we also honored Sarah Rudkin '15 (Chinese) for her outstanding service to the chapter. We held a casual end-of-the-year celebration one week later to elect next year's officers, and to enjoy a sampling of international foods representing the four languages taught at Bryant: Chinese, French, Italian, and Spanish. Photo by Lindsey Lerner '15.

