In this issue:

MICHAEL SLOAN on Germany’s Zeppelin Museum and the History of Flight

Also in this issue:

AHMED ABDELAL on Voice and Vocal Health

BJORN INGVOLDSTAD on Games and Academic Life

Creative Non-fiction by ELLEN SCHEIBLE

New works of Art and Commentary by LEIGH CRAVEN and TOBY LOR ENZEN

FANG DENG on Globalization and Teaching SYS
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On the Cover: The Hindenburg airship makes its first test flight from the Zeppelin dockyards at Friedrichshafen, Germany, 4 March 1936. (Photograph by Archive Photos).
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May 2013
Editor’s Notebook
Andrew C. Holman

on pays ce n’est pas un pays, c’est l’hiver
Mon jardin ce n’est pas un jardin, c’est la plaine
Mon chemin ce n’est pas un chemin, c’est la neige
Mon pays ce n’est pas un pays, c’est l’hiver.

“My country it’s not a country, it’s winter.” So sayeth French–Canadian poet and icon Gilles Vigneault in his anthemic song, Mon Pays (1965). The song is an old favorite in Canada, but it’s one of those that people know mostly for its catchy tune. Its words are not often pondered. I think Vigneault was trying to relate a mood, a feeling among people in the Sixties generation that they could find an identity in the immediate surroundings of daily life. And that weather is a big part of that context.

Here, in Massachusetts, as I write these lines, we are experiencing yet another one of the fourth season’s messy blasts and I cannot help but think of Vigneault’s opening statement. Right now, winter seems a perennial state and stormy weather more normal than not. Our country—our normal, that is—these past months, has been exceptionally white and cold and wet. Not surprisingly, it seems to have produced among us a grim fatalism; the “delirium of winter,” as one NPR commentator called it. By the time this issue appears in print, the awful winter of 2012–13 may have faded into a dim memory, but scholars tell us that the ways we deal with bad weather can tell us a great deal about who we are, or, more accurately, who we think we are.

We should pay close attention to the meanings we attach to bad weather, and especially to its “exceptional” events—such as tornadoes, hurricanes, floods and, yes, blizzards—because, as much as we like to see them as sometimes cataclysmic phenomena naturally and unavoidably imposed from without or (for those who prefer the old term “act of God”) from above, they are all inherently human events. Anthropologist Anthony Oliver-Smith states this idea plainly in an oft-quoted passage from his 1986 book Natural Disasters and Human Responses: “Human groups and institutions play a far more active role in the creation of destructive agencies and circumstances than is usually imagined or portrayed.” In other words, the contents and effects of bad weather are not random or “natural.” As Pulitzer-prize-winning historian Alan Taylor puts it in a 1999 essay on the Blizzard of 1888 and 1978, no one died, and we now lightheartedly remember it as the “snowpocalypse,” or “snowmageddon.”

The Blizzard of 1888, or the Great White Hurricane, was unpredicted and dumped up to 50 inches of snow between March 11 and 12 across the Northeast.

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The Blizzard of 1888, or the Great White Hurricane, was unpredicted and dumped up to 50 inches of snow between March 11 and 12 across the Northeast. A 1789 death: “Societies tend to place certain people, usually the poorest and powerless, in dangerous circumstances; blaming ‘nature’ for the consequent ‘disaster’ serves to absolve the social order.” Laying blame is a big part of our very human reaction to natural disasters. But there is more to it than that. Big weather events expose a wide variety of the moral threads and ethical choices that compose our social fabric.

When New Englanders of a certain age contemplate the word “blizzard,” their minds race automatically to personal memories of February 1978, when a three-day Nor’easter delivered 27 inches of snow, wrought $320 million worth of damage, and killed 100 people. But that event pales in comparison to a storm that blew in 90 years earlier. The Blizzard of 1888, or the Great White Hurricane, was unpredicted and dumped up to 50 inches of snow between March 11 and 12 across the Northeast. In Boston, wind gusts reached 50 mph. Across the entire region, more than 400 people died. Like most blizzards, this one generated plenty of narratives of how ordinary people coped with and explained the snow. The effects of the Blizzard of 1888 were met with determination, resolve, hard work, charity and sympathy, all traits that we would like to think of as our own. And the storm, like all storms, produced its own heroes. But the 1888 storm also manifested some less laudable human traits, among them greed, pride, fear and commitment to hidebound social convention, all of which had regrettable consequences. In New York, profit-seeking coal merchants raised the price of that critical fuel from 10 cents to one dollar per bucket. Scores of factory workers were injured or killed attempting to make it to their jobs, fearing dismissal if they didn’t. In Connecticut, two young unmarried female office workers froze to death when Victorian propriety demanded that they try to make it home rather than spend the night at their snowed-in workplace in the company of their male roommates.

A century and a quarter later, our Blizzard of 2013 hardly matches the disaster of 1888 (or that of 1978) in either scope or consequence. But it did have its measure of hardship, and it will have its own meanings. On February 8 and 9, more than two feet of snow fell on most of eastern Massachusetts which, combined with fierce winds (up to 63 mph), caused tremendous physical damage to property and enterprise: about 400,000 homes and businesses lost power, some for up to four days. The Governor instituted a driving ban suffered through the Great White Hurricane of 1888, in meaning if not in degree. In time, I think we’ll remember that our blizzard laid bare our communities’ best traits and, perhaps, some of which we are not so proud.

Scholars tell us that the ways we deal with bad weather can tell us a great deal about who we are or, more accurately, who we think we are.

Unlike the blizzards of 1888 and 1978, no one died, and we now lightheartedly remember it as the “snowpocalypse,” or “snowmageddon”
**Deutsche Luftschifffahrts-Aktiengesellschaft:**
Rediscovering the World’s First Airline

**Michael Sloan**

On the eastern shore of the Bodensee, in the picturesque German town of Friedrichshafen, there is a time portal—a window onto the history of science and technology and onto a society that existed more than a century ago. Viewed through this portal—one that extends in its unlikely origin, back to the American Civil War—visitors can witness the creation and development of an idea that altered existing notions of time, space and travel. This portal is called the Zeppelin Museum, named to honor the man who created the world’s first airline.

Frederick Adolf Heinrich August von Zeppelin (better known simply as Friedrich Graf von Zeppelin) first experienced lighter-than-air flight in St. Paul, Minnesota. He was visiting the United States in 1863 as an official military observer with the Union Army during the Civil War. That balloon ride became a defining moment in his life and it inspired his own creation. Within a few years, von Zeppelin had sketched out plans for a ridged-framed airship, an improvement of the flexible, formless balloon he rode in. As a result, a lighter-than-air flight fragmented into two distinct groupings: hard-structured dirigibles and soft-skinned blimps.

A trip to the Museum provides visitors with a pathway through all that history, from the beginnings of an idea that pioneered intercontinental air travel through the creation of the largest aircraft ever to fly, ultimately leading “back to the future.” Today, dirigibles still evoke in us curiosity and excitement.

Access to Friedrichshafen to take this time-traveler’s journey is simple, as the museum is situated at a modern transportation hub. The Deutsche Bahn station is right next to that station; a multi-story building floating 1,000 feet overhead. Near the top of the display case, the A-380 hovers mosquito-like above the Zeppelin behemoth.

The aviation pioneers whose contributions made the dirigibles possible must have had massive ideas for the possibilities of modern air travel. Among them, of course, was visionary inventor and persistent industrialist von Zeppelin, who created the groundwork for rigid airships and established the blueprint for the German Airship Travel Corporation, the world’s first airline. Also profiled at the Museum is Wilhelm Maybach and technical expertise—which helped him to develop the engines for the Zeppelins—was gained as co-worker with German automotive pioneer Gottlieb Daimler.

The Zeppelin Car was built by Maybach Manufacturing, originally a wholly owned subsidiary of the Zeppelin Company. Maybach was tasked with the creation of various propulsion systems for the dirigibles manufactured here. The Maybach Company is now owned by Daimler-Benz, which has announced that 2013 will bring an end to this venerable brand of automobiles. Half a million dollars for a single car, apparently, is too high a price.

When the Hindenburg flew by, it would have been like the entire US Capitol building floating 1,000 feet overhead. The Hindenburg airship makes its first test flight from the Zeppelin docks at Friedrichshafen, Germany, on March 4, 1936. (Photograph by Archive Photos).
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The Hindenburg airship makes its first test flight from the Zeppelin docks at Friedrichshafen, Germany, on March 4, 1936. (Photograph by Archive Photos).

Through the Portal

The first piece of evidence that visitors have stepped through a time portal inside the museum’s revolving glass doors is the sight of a Zeppelin Saloon Car. The car gleams, light reflecting from its elegant, classic lines; a vintage style that reveals it is clearly not of the twenty-first century. The Zeppelin Car was built by Maybach Manufacturing, originally a wholly owned subsidiary of the Zeppelin Company. Maybach was tasked with the creation of various propulsion systems for the dirigibles manufactured here. The Maybach Company is now owned by Daimler-Benz, which has announced that 2013 will bring an end to this venerable brand of automobiles. Half a million dollars for a single car, apparently, is too high a price.

The wall in front of the Zeppelin Car features a huge display case showing scale models of famous transportation icons: the ocean liner RMS Queen Mary I; Boeing’s four-motor Flying Boat in Pan Am livery; the largest passenger airplane, Airbus Industrie’s double-decker A380 in Lufthansa livery; and Zeppelin’s LZ-129, the Hindenburg. These models of a ship, two airplanes, and an airship reveal the enormous size of the Hindenburg, which was taller than and almost as long as the Queen Mary (making them both about the size of RMS Titanic). To put this in context, when the Hindenburg flew by, it would have been like the entire US Capitol building floating 1,000 feet overhead. Near the top of the display case, the A-380 hovers mosquitolike above the Zeppelin behemoth.

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Climb Aboard

Visitors view the art-deco passenger lounge and dining areas, authentically furnished with table settings, wall coverings, upholstered chairs, and gondola windows that opened as the Zeppelin spanned continents and oceans at a pace of 80 miles an hour. Art deco and Streamline and stylishness are readily evident. Above the lounge deck, visitors see a grouping of passenger cabins that look very much like those on cruise ships and long-distance trains in the two centuries before the Hindenburg. Back in the 1930s, a new sense of professional class marked the officers of these impressive skyscrapers. Not for them the daredevil reputation that leather helmeted and begoggled barnstorming pilots earned and flaunted; captains of the sky like Eckener, Max Pruss, Albert Samnit, Ernst Lehmann, were clad in crisp, dark uniforms emblazoned with gold stripes upon the sleeves. Both officers and crew modeled a new, respectable formality that drew its culture from passenger ocean vessels. Photographs of the dirigibles’ officers and crew at
their duty stations reveal this demeanor.
On rare occasions, this photographic record comes to life in the person of Manfred Bauer, a member of the Museum’s Board of Directors who

greets and engages visitors. He is the son of Heinrich Bauer, who served as a crewmember on the Graf Zeppelin during its globe-circling flight and as an officer aboard the Hindenburg. “That’s my father,” Manfred proudly says, as he points to a picture of Heinrich at a duty station on board one of the Zeppelins, or in a group photograph that was taken with his fellow officers. Herr Bauer shares insights and remembrances passed along to him by his father, and glimpses of life on board the dirigibles. Between the two levels, Museum visitors have the chance to view a truly remarkable sight, one that airborne passengers never saw. Exposed for inspection is a full-scale portion of the Hindenburg’s complex interior superstructure of ribs, girders and braces.
The reproduction gives a sense of just how the massive Zeppelin’s exterior skin was kept ridged, and how a network of catwalks permitted inflight inspection of the 19 individual gas cells. When viewing this giant erector-set-like maze, the significance of Dornier’s critical research to develop the light-weight aluminum alloy, duralumin, is revealed. Without it, these dirigibles could not have flown.

Motive Power

In two other wings of the Museum, guests learn about airship propulsion systems, navigational techniques, and a bit more about the airship’s journeys. The most striking object in the propulsion gallery is an original nacelle from the airship Graf Zeppelin. Prominently situated in the center of the room, this large aluminum “sidecar” once housed a motor weighing over a ton. That motor employed a series of eight-gears—the same gearing configuration used in the Zeppelin Car on display in the main gallery. Each sidecar—the Hindenburg had four—was connected by an aluminum catwalk to the main body of the airship. The arrangement enabled mechanics to conduct onboard work in the nacelles during flight. Picture it: mechanics exiting the dirigible in all kinds of weather, and scrambling along a narrow metal skateboard while the airship was flying 1,000 or more feet above the surface. And at its extreme, during flights in the Arctic, temperatures along the catwalks could be below freezing while, inside the nacelles, air was warmed by the engines. As a safety precaution, there was always at least one mechanic on duty in every nacelle, monitoring performance of each of the 1,200-horsepower diesel engines.

Pusher-propellers were attached to the rear of each sidecar. Pusher-propellers positioned at the rear of the aircraft were more efficient than those at the front (“paller-propels”) because air forced rearward at the back of an aircraft remains relatively undisturbed—creating less drag—than air that must pass around the frame of the craft. As a result, Zeppelins flew non-stop from Friedrichshafen to Rio de Janeiro or Tokyo at a time when airplanes could not even begin to rival those distances.

Original drive-trains and propellers from LZ-127 (Graf Zeppelin) and LZ-129 (Hindenburg) are displayed along the walls of the propulsion room, as is a motor salvaged from the Graf Zeppelin. A portion of the engine block is removed, allowing visitors to see pistons, cylinders, connecting rods, springs, rocker arms, and other internal components.

In 1929, the Graf Zeppelin made the very first non-stop flight across the United States, from Los Angeles to Lakehurst, NJ. In 1936, the Hindenburg was festooned with sets of five interlocking rings, and pulled an enormous Olympic flag behind it, as the airship made an appearance over the opening ceremonies of the summer games in Berlin. Postage stamps were issued celebrating these events—as well as other historic firsts—and franked envelopes are displayed in exhibit cases. For instance, during LZ-129’s first Atlantic crossing, it carried over 2,000 pounds of mail; these envelopes and cards were affixed with commemorative stamps issued in advance of the flight and postmarked aloft while enroute to America.

Return to the Twenty-First Century

Wandering through the age of the dirigible, this museum provides a fantastic glimpse of a world we have lost. It is a pathway back to the present and an ideal place where questions crystallize and answers to them are hazarded. Among these questions, the biggest, perhaps, is “why?” Why would a system of transportation that had proven itself for more than a third of a century—one characterized by ingeniously technology coupled with passenger luxury—come to an end so abruptly?

Of course, the explosion of the Hindenburg was not singular. Horrific aviation accidents happen more often than we care to acknowledge. The fiery 1977 collision of two fuel-laden Boeing 747s at Tenerife—the deadliest accident in aviation history—killed more than 580 people, an order of magnitude far beyond the 36 deaths at Lakehurst. Yet the era of the jet plane did not end with the Tenerife accident, and 747s are flown today by every major airline in the world. Today, given the bias toward catastrophe that characterizes 24/7 newscasting on cable TV and the Internet, we are inundated by an almost constant stream of disasters, so much so that we have become inured to them. Such pervasive negativity by electronic media was simply not possible in 1937, which helps to explain the popular reaction to this single tragedy.
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Superstructure of Hindenburg (Photo by the author)

Graf Zeppelin was the most successful dirigible in history. It flew more than one million miles.

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The famous 1937 explosion of the Hindenburg at Lakehurst, New Jersey, was appalling. It took only 35 seconds for the massive Zeppelin to ignite and explode. This was the first spectacular accident in the relatively new commercial aviation industry. Accounts of the disaster on radio and in newspapers, stunned the world. “Oh, the humanity!”—uttered by a shocked eyewitness reporter—is still a catchphrase in our language. This event marked, in many people’s minds, an exclamation lesson that dirigible flight was irreparably flawed.

Of course, the explosion of the Hindenburg was not singular. Horrific aviation accidents happen more often than we care to acknowledge. The fiery 1977 collision of two fuel-laden Boeing 747s at Tenerife—the deadliest air disaster in aviation history—killed more than 580 people, an order of magnitude far beyond the 36 deaths at Lakehurst. Yet the era of the jet plane did not end with the Tenerife accident, and 747s are flown today by every major airline in the world. Today, given the bias toward catastrophe that characterizes 24/7 newscasting on cable TV and the Internet, we are inundated by an almost constant stream of disasters, so much so that we have become inured to them. Such pervasive negativity by electronic media was simply not possible in 1937, which helps to explain the popular reaction to this single tragedy.

Michael Sloan is an FAA-certified Flight Instructor who teaches in the Aviation Science Department. His most recent book is a political thriller, Cone of Silence (Whitman, 2012)
The County

Ellen Scheible

Right before Christmas I flew home to visit my parents in a rural town called Ridge, in southern Maryland, on the western shore, where they have both lived since they were children. My parents’ house sits on a plot of land adjacent to the property where my mother was born, in an old post office and general store that my great-great-grandparents once owned. If you walk out of my parents’ front door, stand in the middle of Wayne Road, and look about a quarter of a mile down to your left, you can see the house where my father was raised. That house was where I grew up and where my parents lived until just a few years ago. My parents have lived within a quarter of a mile of each other for their entire lives and many members of our extended family live within a stone’s throw of them on that same road, in that same county. St. Mary’s County. Or just “the county.”

The county is situated on a peninsula at the very tip of the western shore of Maryland, where the Patuxent River meets the Chesapeake Bay, and my parents live at the end of that tip. The county is situated on a peninsula that is about seven miles north of Point Lookout, an old Civil War prison Naval Air Station from overdevelopment. I used to lament the fact that our isolated house could never have cable television and resent it that pizza delivery services wouldn’t come down that far. Now an exiled academic attuned to close reading and unearthing once-hidden truths, I find its remoteness fascinating, like some place in a William Faulkner short story. The most rural parts of the county seem preserved like towns in southern gothic fiction, where crossing one street leads you to an entirely different way of living, foreign to us only because it is part of a distant past that exceeds what is possible to know in memory.

Scheible’s Fishing Center began as a tiny, recreational charter boat operation, founded in 1946 by my grandfather after my father’s family moved to southern Maryland from Washington, D.C. Over the years, the center expanded to include an eight-room, single-story motel (built by hand) and Scheible’s Crab Pot, a seafood restaurant. When I was born into the family in 1977, we owned six wooden charter boats, almost all named after women in my family, including my mother, Sarah, and women I didn’t know, like Mary Lou and Paty. Our restaurant was small with no air conditioning and, instead of a wall, the backside of a row of industrial refrigerators and freezers separated the kitchen from the dining room. We served mostly fried food, but all homemade: crab cakes, fish sandwiches, and my parents’ signature dish: crabcakes (miniature, spicy crab cakes). At some point in the 1980s, the restaurant expanded and, by about 1988, the business was at its peak. Fifteen charter boats operated from my parents’ pier, nine of which were owned by my father. I remember throngs of people on the pier, on picnic tables, drinking beer, filleting fish, and taking in the picturesque view of the water. The business was so successful that it attracted attention in newspapers and magazines that had national readership: The Washington Post, SaltWater Sportsman, and The Fisherman magazine. Families drove from Washington D.C., Baltimore, and all over the region, to go fishing and eat seafood at Scheible’s Fishing Center still sit, even though the center itself is no longer there.

In its heyday, my parents’ business was a flourishing testament to bootstrap, American capitalism and what many believed was the strength of Reagonomics in the 1980s. My parents will still tell you that Ronald Reagan was the greatest president ever lived (and that Jimmy Carter was the worst). It wasn’t until recently that I realized how connected their political views are to their intimate experience with small-business success in a rural, farm town that corporate industry had neglected. Today, that neglect has developed into an anticipated consumer capitalism, you get a special cocktail of self-recognition. When I left home, the underbelly of my adolescence revealed itself to me and I suddenly realized two essential things that were dialectically connected: first, I am an only child; second, I am not a man. In my experience, women don’t inherit fishing businesses. What’s more, women who don’t have brothers often watch their family histories fade. We might call this modernity, one of the predictable stages of empire that historians, Enlightenment philosophers, and nineteenth-century landscape artists observed. My family’s business, in this way, was not really all that different from Thoreau’s, or any other family’s. The Course of Empire—when civilizations no longer advance, they must surely decline. And for Scheible’s, the want of a male heir all but guaranteed that. Still, even as the scholar in me can stretch to rationalize this sad chapter in objective terms, that exercise can never capture things completely. It feels intimate and personal when it is your own family and their land and their history. And it stings more painfully when it is your own patrimony. I have spent almost two decades realizing, critiquing, and compartmentalizing something I already knew and still cannot resolve: if I was born male, my parents would probably die knowing that their business, a monument to their family, their land, and their history. And it stings more painfully when it is your own patrimony. I have spent almost two decades realizing, critiquing, and compartmentalizing something I already knew and still cannot resolve: if I was born male, my parents would probably die knowing that their business, a monument to their family, their land, and their history. And it stings more painfully when it is your own patrimony. I have spent almost two decades realizing, critiquing, and compartmentalizing something I already knew and still cannot resolve: if I was born male, my parents would probably die knowing that their business, a monument to their family, their land, and their history. And it stings more painfully when it is your own patrimony.

But, as the 1990s progressed and the societal roles that shaped nuclear American life started to morph into gray space, fishing changed completely. Environmental moratoria on commercial and recreational fishing in the Chesapeake Bay became increasingly stringent and took their toll. By the early 2000s, few fishing families had the disposable incomes they enjoyed in the 1980s. At the same time, what America knew to be a family changed. And my parents were tired. Shortly after I left for California and graduate school in fall of ’99, the once–bright future of Scheible’s Fishing Center I logged over with uncertainty. When you mix a liberal graduate program in the Humanities, with a growing business and a new eating program in the Humanities with a growing business and a new eating program, they matured. Most of us lived on the property together; my parents and I on one side of the restaurant and my grandmother, uncle and cousin on the other, in separate homes. My parents managed the business mostly on their own for the last 30 years of its operation and I’m convinced that their separate roles—one in the public exterior as a fishing captain, and one in the domestic interior as a restaurant owner—kept them sane and, better yet, married.

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Scheible’s Fishing Center has retired, now found only in the historical archives of St. Mary’s County life, and a certain kind of American idealism that no longer reigns supreme has fallen off of its pedestal.

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Ellen Scheible is Assistant Professor in the English Department and Associate Editor of Bridgewater Review.
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Schieble’s Fishing Center was never on the table, so I never had to decline the offer. This act of love protected me through my 20s, while I lived 3,000 miles away from them and finished my education. At the same time, my country contemporaries married their neighbors and had children. When I turned 30, though, the veil lifted and I realized that my parents’ business was in decline. My father sold most of his boats and my parents leased the restaurant, hoping to sell. 2008 destroyed that hope. When they finally did sell it to a man who used to fish with my father when he was younger, they underestimated the difficulty of divorcing themselves from something that glares at them, from a quarter of a mile down the road, like an abandoned lover. And no owner will ever love the land, the property, or the business the way my parents did. Slowly and steadily, Scheible’s Fishing Center has retired, now found only in the historical archives of St. Mary’s County life, and a certain kind of American idealism that no longer reigns supreme has fallen off of its pedestal.

My father still owns and maintains one boat, the Ellen S, built three years after I was born. He still runs fishing parties between the months of April and October. He is now 71 years old. About ten years ago, my father had bypass surgery and has had to provide special paperwork to the U.S. Coast Guard to renew his Captain’s license every couple of years. 2012 was one of those years.

I arrived home for the Christmas holiday about one week before my father’s stress test and cardiogram that were going to support his license renewal. We decided to combine our errands—shopping for my mother’s Christmas presents and visiting my cousin’s grave—with his doctor’s appointment. We’d hit the doctor’s first and then the gravesite, and finally do our shopping at the end.

The appointment was supposed to last around two hours, and I brought a giant stack of student papers to grade in the waiting room. When the doctor’s assistant opened the door and called my father’s name, the assistant asked me if I wanted to come in to be in the room for the stress test. After years of feeling like parts of my father were inaccessible to me, like I was eternally infantilized by both my parents’ business and my gender, I saw this as divine intervention. I could be there for an important moment and we could form another layer to a familial bond that I was still learning to understand. I joined them for the stress test and watched as the nurses connected my father to a series of wires and suction cups and he proceeded to walk on a treadmill, facing a blank wall. His breathing increased, he panted and lost the ability to speak clearly. The doctor finally stopped the treadmill after he asked my father if he was okay and received no reply.

My father failed the stress test. While we were putting Christmas flowers on my dead cousin’s grave, I cried over my father’s failure. He reassured me, telling me maybe it was time for this to happen. I spent the next week mourning the death of his fishing license and the blow to his masculinity. The intense guilt that has plagued me for such a long time led me to believe that I somehow caused this failure. My presence in the room while he was on the treadmill must have created the stress that undermined his health and ended his ability to maintain the only way of life he’s could have ever imagined. He’ll get his Captain’s license with no obstacles and he’ll run the Ellen S for another chapter in her charter boat life.

More important to the preservation of my fragile academic ego, I didn’t cause him to fail. And I’m not the reason

first-generation college graduate who will never inherit the family business. And, finally, it allowed me to witness directly the kind of historical, social, and economic change that most of the novels I teach struggle to articulate. The county will always be written into my academic pursuits and onto my physical, gendered body, providing a hybridity that underscores my middle-class American experience. My dissertation director used to often tell me that most scholars spend their academic lives rewriting their first books. I think I will spend my life rewriting, reliving, and renegotiating the personal history that led me to academia in the first place.

The Ellen S, the only remaining boat owned by the author’s father. This year is the vessel’s 33rd year in operation. (Author’s photograph)

Ellen Scheible is Assistant Professor in the English Department and Associate Editor of Bridgewater Review.
The Aura of Flora:  
Pâte de Verre Vessels

Leigh Craven  
(Photography by Clements Photography & Design)

The technique of pâte de verre is most closely associated with the art nouveau movement of the 1890s and 1900s, and with artists such as Almeric Walter (1870–1959) and Gabriel Argy-Rousseau (1885–1953). The complex and illusive technique lacks mass-production qualities, and therefore never gained the popularity of glass blowing. Many of the secrets of the technique have been lost in history, which prompted me to investigate the elaborate process.

The process begins by building a clay model of a form that I hope to create in glass. I encase this clay model in a thick plaster shell. The original clay model is then removed from the interior of the plaster, leaving behind a usable plaster mold. The mold is carefully packed with various colored glass powders and frits. These colors are thoughtfully visualized and placed, as the colors do not reach their actual hue or saturation until the firing process is complete. Once the mold is packed with glass it is then fired in a kiln. The firing/fusing schedule takes more than thirty hours to complete. The schedule slowly heats the glass to allow the frits to move, fuse, and reach desired color saturation and translucency. If the firing completes successfully, the plaster mold is then broken and chipped away to reveal a glass vessel.

The created works were inspired by nature, more specifically, botanicals. I did not attempt to mimic; rather I strived to embody the aura of flora. The pieces are extremely thin and fragile. These attributes enhance the delicate nature of the vessels and stem from the elements that inspired them. The softness of their jewel-like glow complements their rough, organic edges.

Leigh Craven is Assistant Professor in the Art Department. She wishes to acknowledge the support of a CARS Faculty Librarian Research Grant without which the research and creation of these works would not have been possible.
The Aura of Flora: 
*Pâte de Vérre Vessels* 

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(*Photography by Clements Photography & Design*)

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Untitled, 8" x 6 ½", pâte de verre, cast glass

Untitled, 9 ½" x 7", pâte de verre

Untitled, 5" x 4", pâte de verre

Untitled, 4" x 3", pâte de verre, ceramics, gouache

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Late August, for us baseball fans, means a pennant race—if we’re lucky. (This past year, Red Sox fans = not lucky. But let me tell you, growing up as a baseball fan in the American Midwest, seasons are too often a perennial exercise in quiet desperation. So, a little success goes a long way: everyone’s ball club should win the championship once. Really. Once all is need. For the rest of my life, I’ll remember October 1991: running up to the Metrodome after the Twins won that 10-inning Game 7 over the Atlanta Braves, high-fiving random motorists trying to join the celebration.

BOTTOM 1
Late August, for university professor, means syllabus (re)writing. Time to revisit familiar classes, or perhaps craft a new one: what students will read when, how much this or that assignment will amount to, including which assignments will happen and outcomes, I go about creating a calendar, so absences can occur before it gets ugly, etc. Students will read when, how much this or that class, or perhaps craft a new one: what syllabus (re)writing. Time to revisit familiar classes, or perhaps craft a new one: what

TOP 2
When I was a boy, all I ever wanted to be when I grew up was a baseball player. The problem: I couldn’t hit, couldn’t throw and couldn’t catch, and I could barely run. It was a nice idea, but nothing with which my career-counselor mom could work. At some point, near the end of my undergraduate years, I hit upon the idea of teaching film from around the world. Was it possible, I asked my favorite Spanish professor, Señor Irvin, to teach film across language departments, rather than having to specialize in a particular language? The answer I received was an emphatic: maybe, but that was enough for me to inquire further. Once, I was in graduate school, about teaching cinema globally.

BOTTOM 2
I taught Global Cinema again last fall. This time, it was entirely online, which allowed me to empower students to customize their learning experiences. So, for instance, in our unit on national cinemas, we began with a shared curriculum of films: Potemkin, Rashomon, Rules of the Game. Then students picked a national cinema they wanted to study in more depth and developed their own individual reading and screening schedules. This kind of flexibility would simply be impossible to facilitate in a more traditional, face-to-face learning environment.

TOP 3
In fifth grade, I got a board game called Stat-So-Po Baseball. This game had cards for hundreds of different players, their statistics boiled down to usable sets of probabilities for pitching, hitting, fielding, running, and so on. As a kid, I loved playing this game but when I returned to it as a teenager, things got really interesting: several friends and I drafted players to play out abbreviated (60-game) seasons. We played every weekend. We kept statistics. We wrote news stories about our games. We were obsessed in the way kids can be before they start to discover dating and jobs and cars—the other parts of a balanced life.

BOTTOM 3
My wife of 33+ years and I have been having a conversation about life balance for, oh, at least the past 13+ years. How can I do everything that I need to do career-wise, while still having a full and fruitful life otherwise? If this question seems mundane to you, you have not thought about it enough. This isn’t an academic thing—it’s an everyday thing. I think all of us wrestle with this question of balance, and the solutions we embrace profoundly impact how we live our lives.

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Trouble ensued when my teenage friends and I thought we’d “graduated” from mock baseball to, erm, Dungeons & Dragons, the fantasy war board game. Sure, setting up all the game’s monsters in a big tournament akin to NCAA basketball’s March Madness was all well and good (gelatinous cubes vs. werebear—do you root for?); but we knew we were “supposed” to go on in Lord Of The Rings-type quests. Except we didn’t understand that, at first, those new characters need to be nurtured. One simply does not successfully roll a random pack of wolves by the campground to rip apart the newbies—who knew? As Dungeon Master, a firmer hand—manager—is what’s needed.

BOTTOM 4
I’ve always thought teaching is like running a fantasy baseball league—we all load our scores onto Blackboard and follow the standings. Grades. Whatever. Or maybe the Dungeon Master analogy is even more apt: my Senior Seminar students’ 800-word papers might be their longest quests to date, but they still need to be nurtured through the process. Teaching Seminar turns out to be an extended exercise in managing the anxiety of students; anxious about their research projects, anxious about graduating, anxious about their career trajectories after graduation. No more random rolls for wolves—the “real world” will throw any number of challenges at my students. It already has! And yet how we all are-marking our successes individually and collectively.

TOP 5
When I was kid, cartoons were still a Saturday morning affair. I’m not sure how it started, but I got in the habit of rolling a die to choose which station to watch. It was easy enough to set it up: 1-2 = ABC; 3-4 = CBS; 5-6 = NBC. When I returned to it as a teenager, things got really interesting: several friends and I drafted players to play out abbreviated (60-game) seasons. We played every weekend. We kept statistics. We wrote news stories about our games. We were obsessed in the way kids can be before they start to discover dating and jobs and cars—the other parts of a balanced life.

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Gaming studies is an emerging sub-discipline within media studies. Indeed, the first Honors thesis I advised (the only Honors thesis I’ve advised) was on the emergence of the casual gaming industry, marked by mobile devices (Angry Birds, anyone?), motion-sensor enabled consoles (e.g., the Nintendo Wii), and the like. My student, Zach, went so far as to loan me a Sony Connect control over winter break—for background research! And I tell you: the technology is dangerously fun. Left to my own devices, I might spend far too much time for my own good playing these videogames. I’ll just have to settle for a game of Tetris after I finish this sentence.

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In terms of board games, I was a terrible loser. Awful. At holiday gatherings, one by one, my relatives vowed never to play with me again. I have a particularly shameful memory of a meltdown at a Door County, Wisconsin mini-golf course, having just been schooled by Mom. Soon after, Dad got a ping-pong table for our basement, and set about teaching me how to lose with grace. If I started whacking my paddle or otherwise acting up, that was it for the week. And he never, never let me win. He wanted me to win (I realized that decades later), but first he wanted me to learn how to lose. I think I’m better now, but I still have to keep myself from giving for the thrust playing Yahtzee.

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TOP 8
Somewhere, in a storage box, there are audiocassettes of me (fourth-grade me) doing play-by-play coverage of a board game Super Bowl. It was the culmination of a full-on, eight-game season, playing all teams solitaire-style, using See-Action Football, another one of my board-game obsessions. I kept and regularly updated standings—stats too. (What a wealth of these TIMEs we have when we’re young?) I don’t remember it ever being my dream to BE an announcer; I just WAS an announcer in my head. On some level, I think all sports kids do this (complete with crowd noise). It came naturally—it was all part of our play.

BOTTOM 7
I hope this piece doesn’t come off as wide-eyed nostalgia for my pre-adolescent years. Maybe it’s inevitable. Cue “Sweet Caroline.”

TOP 7
I hope this piece doesn’t come off as wide-eyed boosterism for the academic experience at Bridgewater State. Again, maybe it’s inevitable. My “out”: neither is a mortal sin, all told. I suppose we never fully outgrow concerns about external judgment. Part of growing up, though, is having those concerns about our internal judgment. “To think own self be true” and all that, then. Besides, as an old lapel button I acquired in Stratford-upon-Avon says, “Where there’s a Will, there’s a play.”

TOP 9
One of the great joys of being a professor is guiding students as they try to get where they want to be. Sometimes the means to that end is video production work. In Videography, it’s making short films (three days: YouTube). In Television Studio Production, it’s simulating news programs, talk shows, and such. You might be surprised just how many students want to be sportscasters, doing interviews or play-by-play, tied as they are to our vibrant Boston sports scene. The competition is intense: first for internships and later for paid positions. Finding that balance between encourage (“Follow your dreams—go after a career that feeds your soul”) and realism (“Do you know how many people want to anchor at NESN?”) is quite tricky. Regardless of the field, my colleagues across the university are daily striking that same balance. It’s an occupational hazard.

Inhuman Temporality: Koyaanisqatsi
Matt Bell

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Familiar too are the major strains of criticism of the film. Reviews by Vincent Canby in the New York Times and by Harlan Jacobson in Film Comment read it as a simplifying construct that pits corrupt humanity against natural purity. Canby regarded it as a “‘folly’ of a movie,” in part because its argument constitutes an “unequivocal indictment” of man’s violations of the natural world. Jacobson appraised Koyaanisqatsi more severely as a “banal” polemic. These and other assessments suggest that the film merely recapitulates a trite critique of the industrialized world. Engaging with Koyaanisqatsi’s inhuman temporality, however, means returning our attention to this “familiar” film to take seriously its aesthetic of de-familiarization, an
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TOP 7

I hope this piece doesn’t come off as wide-eyed nostalgia for my pre-adolescent years. Maybe it’s inevitable. Cue “Sweet Caroline.”

BOTTOM 7

I hope this piece doesn’t come off as wide-eyed boosterism for the academic experience at Bridgewater State. Again, maybe it’s inevitable. My “out”: neither is a mortal sin, all told. I suppose we never fully outgrow concerns about external judgment. Part of growing up, though, is honing those concerns about our internal judgment. “To thine own self be true” and all that, then. Besides, as an old lapel button I acquired in Stratford-upon-Avon says, “Where there’s a Will, there’s a play.”

TOP 8

Somewhere, in a storage box, there are audiotapes of three (fourth-grade me) doing play-by-play coverage of a board game Super Bowl. It was the culmination of a full-on, eight-game season, playing all teams solitaire-style, using See-Action Football, another one of my board-game obsessions. I kept and regularly updated standings stats too. (What a wealth of these TINE we have when we’re young?) I don’t remember it ever being my dream to be an announcer; I just was an announcer in my head. On some level, I think all sports kids do this (complete with crowd noise). It came naturally—it was all part of our play.

BOTTOM 8

One of the great joys of being a professor is guiding students as they try to get where they want to be. Sometimes the means to that end is video production work. In Videography, it’s making short films these days: YouTube. In Television Studio Production, it’s simulating news programs, talk shows, and such. You might be surprised just how many students want to be sportscasters, doing interviews or play-by-play, tied as they are to our vibrant Boston sports scene. The competition is intense: first for internships and later for paid positions. Finding that balance between encouragement (“Follow your dreams—go after a career you feel feeds your soul”) and realism (“Do you know how many people want to anchor at NESN?”) is quite tricky. Regardless of the field, my colleagues across the university are daily striking that same balance. It’s an occupational hazard.

TOP 9

I’m a 40-something professor who still loves baseball, and still loves board games. I still love seeing how different companies “operationalize” statistics into a concise, interactive structure. And I love to play. I recently got a Strat-O-Matic Baseball game featuring the 1967 season, in my ongoing attempt to speed along my New England cultural assimilation. This was, of course, the “Impossible Dream” year in which Carl Yastrzemski won the Triple Crown, and the Red Sox were one game away from winning the World Series. I set up a tournament to play the teams solitaire and “see” them in action. To my horror, the Red Sox are struggling. Yaz is injured. Boston is currently a game away from elimination at the hands of the Yankees. I’m horrified at the prospect of playing Boston right out of the tournament. It’s like rolling the wolves into the D&D campground all over again.

BOTTOM 9

Post-tenure academic life is a funny thing. For instance, after years of portfolio creation and class visitation, I now find myself in the position of evaluating those portfolios and classes. Somewhere along the line, I’ve started to morph from someone seeking mentors to someone attempting to mentor (or at least not scar too terribly). These kinds of changes sneak up on all of us, right? John Lennon was right: “Life is what happens to you while you’re busy making other plans.” Of course, Kenny Rogers was also right: “You got to know when to hold ’em, know when to fold ’em.” That’s my story, and I’m sticking to it. If you know what I mean, and I think you do.

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Bjorn Ingoldoldal is Associate Professor in the Department of Communication Studies.
The real novelty of Koyaanisqatsi is the way it stretches and condenses time, an aspect that remains more startling and strange in 2013 than does the film’s environmentalist critique. Formations and layers of sediment tell us that the camera is recording a fleeting moment in geological or planetary time. More often, Koyaanisqatsi performs the work of de-familiarization through slow-motion and fast-motion photography, which visualizes the temporal scale in a sequence of shots of the subject. So, too, slow motion not only presents familiar qualities of movement but reveals in them entirely unknown ones. Even if one has a general knowledge of the way people walk, one knows nothing of a person’s posture during the fractional second of a stride. The act of reaching for a lighter or a spoon is familiar routine, yet we hardly know what really goes on between hand and metal... Here the camera intervenes with the resources of its lowerings and lifttings, its interruptions and isolations, its extensions and accelerations, its enlargements and reductions. Benjamín treats the motion picture camera as a tool of aesthetic emancipation from an industrialized “prison-world” of objects and routines. An alternative to “[the naked eye],” the camera reveals “a different nature”...
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sequences, for example, we initially see a single man among the pedestrians on a crowded New York avenue look back over his shoulder at us. Later in the same sequence, the camera offers a series of tableaux vivants, in each of which the subjects gaze steadily at the camera: two women stand on a subway platform as a train rushes past them, a woman: two women stand on a subway platform as a train rushes past them, a woman: two women stand on a subway platform as a train rushes past them, a woman: two women stand on a subway platform as a train rushes past them, a woman.

“… The human figures in these sequences present their human subjects in alternately knowing, hostile, pleading, dissociated, or fliratious relation to the camera. In the first of these

sequences, for example, we see six shots that emphasize the capacity or incapacity of their subjects return our gaze: one older white man stands as an advertisement for “sightseeing,” though he himself appears unaware of the camera; a young black man acknowledges the camera with a nod as it zooms in to isolate his face; another man shaves, treating the camera as a mirror; a young woman laughs as the other flirts with or mocks the camera; an elderly white man gazes in the direction of the camera without quite seeing it; and a middle-aged white man in glasses looks our way. Each of these figures occupies a perspective that cannot be our own, one we cannot know. The dehumanizing but strangely humane address of the human figures in these sequences tells us that we cannot be familiar with them, or with Koyaanisqatsi.

In one especially stunning sequence, for example, we see six shots that emphasize the capacity or incapacity of their subjects return our gaze: one older white man stands as an advertisement for “sightseeing,” though he himself appears unaware of the camera; a young black man acknowledges the camera with a nod as it zooms in to isolate his face; another man shaves, treating the camera as a mirror; a young woman laughs as the other flirts with or mocks the camera; an elderly white man gazes in the direction of the camera without quite seeing it; and a middle-aged white man in glasses looks our way. Each of these figures occupies a perspective that cannot be our own, one we cannot know. The dehumanizing but strangely humane address of the human figures in these sequences tells us that we cannot be familiar with them, or with Koyaanisqatsi.

Koyaanisqatsi’s inhuman attention to the human figure in these five sequences operates only in part through objectification. As Jacobson and Dempsey indicate, the camera does deny them the kind of personalhood available either through narrative—where characters are developed—or through a fetishizing admiration, which might confer “dignity” upon them. The camera does something else in these engagements with human subjects that de-
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In 2006, I developed a writing-intensive Second Year Seminar, “Globalization: Cultural Conflict and Integration,” as part of Bridgewater State’s new core curriculum offerings, and have taught it since 2007. It has been very well received by students; for four years, two sections of the course have been offered every semester and student enrollment is consistently high. The course is designed to inform students about the new era of globalization and encourage them to become globally literate and responsible citizens. Teaching this course is immensely gratifying to me because it involves innovation. What I enjoy most is the challenge posed by the fact that 95% of students in my class are 19 years old and have never been abroad or had the opportunity to study other cultures—some have never even watched foreign movies. So I am challenged to find ways to teach them about globalization and provide them with new and diverse perspectives of the world.

I have met this challenge by creating a three-step process. First, I encourage students to candidly express their opinions on globalization, and then I post their varied opinions on PowerPoint to share how they feel about the changing world. Second, I expose them to some important global events and ask them to explain their opinions on globalization, based on the facts they learn. Finally, I have designed a building that symbolizes our understanding of globalization.

Awareness, the first pillar of understanding globalization, results from an exposure to global trends. In my class, our exposure focuses on economic zones, especially BRIC, the emerging and fast-growing markets of Brazil, Russia, India, and China. Three regions—the U.S. (with 22% share of the world economy); Euro Zone (with 18%); and emerging markets (led by China, with 20%)—are the three legs of the stool that
After watching this movie I believe that in order to globalize myself and prepare for the new world, education and diversity are the key; “I look at globalization myself as a way of going outside the box, straying away from the norms we are used to and interacting with the world.”

Some students had difficulty understanding the impact of globalization while they were just beginning to become aware of it. One student wrote: “Globalization doesn’t have any effects on me because I will be a teacher, and that job cannot be taken by a laborer in China or India.” I brought this student’s opinion into class and encouraged students to discuss how the globally integrating labor market has changed the American employment structure. In the discussion that ensued, students learned from this discussion that it is impossible to understand the world we now live in without understanding globalization and its consequences.

Second Pillar: Embrace–Accepting Globalization as the Direction in which the World is Moving

Becoming aware of globalization and its effects on all societies divides the students. Two different attitudes emerge. When asked how they felt about China’s rise and the issue of globalization, the majority embrace the changing world. They have written in their papers: “With the unparalleled surge of technology the world has now become a much smaller, more closely knit community. Countries must now learn to cooperate and build relationships more than ever before in human history.” “If the world is globalized, we must globalize ourselves;” “The key to globalizing yourself is to not challenge change, but to accept it.”

On the other hand, some students used the words “weird,” “scared,” and “unwanted changes” to describe their feelings. For example, one wrote: “It makes me feel a little unsettled to hear that other countries, which were once greatly inferior economically, are now coming into the global spotlight.” Another student challenged globalization: “We do have to globalization at all! I don’t feel it’s necessary.” Another student commented: “Other countries are accepting us but we have trouble to accept them.”

Although students had differing degrees of embrace (or acceptance) of globalization, all of the students agreed that it was digital technology that made globally integrated markets profitable, at the same time it threatens American jobs. If we don’t accept globalization, could we alter the trend and go back to the old days?

To address this issue, I have students study the history of the relationship between the invention of new technology and social change. For example, as the invention of the steam engine helped create industrial society in the eighteenth century, computer chips transformed our society in the twentieth century, and digital technology has brought our society into the information age. The invention of new technology has been the driving force of social change, and we cannot fight that historical trend. These students can either have unrealistic dreams (i.e., to go back to the old days), or accept and prepare themselves for the reality of globalization. Almost all of the students agree that we must embrace globalization.

Third Pillar: Thinking Independently–Getting Rid of the Influence of Ideology

How we globalize ourselves is a challenge that all students face. Although the majority indicate a strong desire to broaden their horizons and become familiar with other parts of the world, American media (and the influence of Western ideology generally) create obstacles. No one can think independently when he or she is under the influence or control of ideology—and the inability to think independently makes it impossible for students to understand the changing world. In our class, for instance, students constantly deny the implications of the rise of BRIC, because economic and social developments in these four countries pose major challenges to Western perspectives and undermine the West’s deepest assumptions.

In another documentary film, Mardi Gras: Made in China, students witness a process of globalization: Mardi Gras beads are made in China and sold in the U.S. The owner of the factory is a Canadian-Chinese, the workers are young Chinese laborers, and the customers American shoppers at Wal-Mart and Kmart. The American director of the documentary interviewed many Chinese workers, who presented their views on the factory where they worked, their work environment, their pay, their lives, and globalization. Although the documentary focuses on a single factory built at the beginning of the 1990s, it symbolizes the way that China has transformed itself, in only 30 years, from one of the poorest countries in the world to the second greatest economic power.

“Countries must now learn to cooperate and build relationships more than ever before in human history.”

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Tianyuan Farming, Qinkuo, Yunnan, China

May 2013

Bridgeview Review

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Second Pillar: Embrace–Accepting Globalization as the Direction in which the World is Moving

Becoming aware of globalization and its effects on all societies divides the students. Two different attitudes emerge. When asked how they felt about China’s rise and the issue of globalization, the majority embrace the changing world. They have written in their papers: “With the unparalleled surge of technology the world has now become a much smaller, more closely knit community. Countries must now learn to cooperate and build relationships more than ever before in human history.”

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China’s and India’s Per Capita GDPs Rising Against U.S. Overview

[Graph showing China and India’s GDP growth compared to the U.S.]
After watching the documentary, students are hard pressed to understand the economic boom in China and its implications for the world. At the same time, all of them were shocked by the hard work done by the young Chinese laborers, the tough factory regulations, and workers’ living conditions, which were radically different from those of American factory workers. More specifically, students were shocked by the striking contrast between their own perspectives and Chinese views, as Table 1 shows.

Why were their opinions so diverse? Students bring an emotional framework and a mindset formed by Western ideology. For them, the world consists of only two major forms of societies: a) democratic societies based on a successful economy, with freedom and human rights as important principles; and b) non-democratic societies based on authoritarianism (such as Communist regimes) in which people suffer from poverty and deprivation of political freedom.

China’s successful economic development within the context of a Communist regime does not fit into the students’ framework, and confuses them. Instead of understanding China’s economic development, BSU students criticize sweatshops and question the reliability of Chinese workers’ positive opinions about their lives. My students neither accept Chinese perspectives nor believe that Chinese workers could have opinions that differ from Western perspectives.

From their experience watching Mardi Gras: Made in China, students learned three important lessons: first, when the world is changing, no existing ideology can be used as a basis for judging change, reality and practice must be the sole criteria; second, rejecting the influence of ideology is key to globalizing ourselves; third, escaping the assumptions of our own culture is the beginning of opening our minds to other parts of the world.

Table 1: Different Reactions to the Documentary, Mardi Gras: Made in China

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Fourth Pillar: Integration—Learning from Each Other

Does the study of globalization give us an opportunity to learn from each other? Again, students have been divided in their answers to this question. Some thought we should simply turn away from BRIC’s success stories and the best of other cultures. One student wrote, “I realized that the cultures vary so much in the norms and values that we couldn’t benefit from each other. What works for other cultures doesn’t work in the culture that we live in.” Another one agreed: “I think we are doing just fine and there is no need for us to make any changes in our culture.” But others thought we should learn something from BRIC’s success. “The movie (Mardi Gras: Made in China) definitely showed me how to put what I have learned thus far in class into action. It teaches us to accept the inevitable and take it with pride.”

Culture is not a once-and-for-all fact, but an ongoing process that is continuously constructed. A culture both shapes its members and is shaped by its members. Globalization calls into question some of the deep assumptions of the Western worldview—assumptions that heretofore have been beyond question. But BRIC’s economic development shows that there is not only one trajectory to modernity, and presents alternatives for Western societies in relation to problems such as social inequality. Individualism may long be a core value of the Western worldview, but several of my students would agree with their classmate who wrote: “There is too much individualism in our culture. I think it’s time for us to learn something from other cultures in order to better ourselves.” As this comment shows, my students have gone from being unaware of the changing world to preparing themselves very consciously for the new era of globalization.

Old and New Shanghai, China

Fang Deng is Professor in the Department of Sociology.
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From their experience watching Mardi Gras: Made in China, students learned three important lessons: first, when the world is changing, no existing ideology can be used as a basis for judging change, reality and practice must be the sole criteria; second, rejecting the influence of ideology is key to globalizing ourselves; third, escaping the assumptions of our own culture is the beginning of opening our minds to other parts of the world.

Fourth Pillar: Integration—Learning from Each Other

Does the study of globalization give us an opportunity to learn from each other? Again, students have been divided in their answers to this question. Some thought we should simply turn away from BRIC’s success stories and the best of other cultures. One student wrote, “I realized that the cultures vary so much in the norms and values that we couldn’t benefit from each other. What works for other cultures doesn’t work in the culture that we live in.” Another one agreed: “I think we are doing just fine and there is no need for us to make any changes in our culture.” But others thought we should learn something from BRIC’s success. “The movie (Mardi Gras: Made in China) definitely showed me how to put what I have learned thus far in class into action. It teaches us to accept the inevitable and take it with pride.”

Culture is not a once-and-for-all fact, but an ongoing process that is continuously constructed. A culture both shapes its members and is shaped by its members. Globalization calls into question some of the deep assumptions of the Western worldview—assumptions that heretofore have been beyond question. But BRIC’s economic development shows that there is not only one trajectory to modernity, and presents alternatives for Western societies in relation to problems such as social inequality. Individualism may long be a core value of the Western worldview, but several of my students would agree with their classmate who wrote: “There is too much individualism in our culture. I think it’s time for us to learn something from other cultures in order to better ourselves.” As this comment shows, my students have gone from being unaware of the changing world to preparing themselves very consciously for the new era of globalization.

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I encourage my students to try to understand the difference between the Chinese and Western perspectives; to stay away from ideology and focus solely on reality and practice. Before 1978, for instance, when China was one of the poorest countries in the world, an individual could consume only three pounds of eggs, five pounds of cooking oil, and fifteen pounds of meat annually—and the markets lacked virtually everything. But in 1978, China launched a program of economic reform that opened a door to the world. Young workers seen in the documentary came out from their small villages—for the first time in generations—to work in factories, were given free room and board, and sent their wages home to help their parents build new houses. There were about 250 million migrant laborers in China (just like those young workers) and their hard work has created China’s economic miracle: more than 300 million people were lifted from poverty. Without accepting the Western world view, China has achieved goals that Westerners had long assumed to be uniquely theirs.

Student Fang Deng is Professor in the Department of Sociology.
As the World Turns
Toby Lorenzen
(Photographs by Frank Gorga)

When I walk through a forest, I do not see “trees.” I see a red oak or white oak or black oak. I see a sassafras or an ash—rarely, a surviving elm. I pass beech, walnut, apple, cherry, red maple or sugar maple, moosewood, yellow birch or white birch. Sometimes a young chestnut—soon to die—presents itself. Looking at tree bark patterns, I see if the underlying wood promises to be curly or straight-grained; if that “bump” is a true burl or some wonderful feather grain; or will a bark inclusion or crack run the length of the log? Will the Muse trace the outline of a beautiful shape hidden in the wood or whisper the way an imperfection can be transformed into a unique feature of beauty? Or will the turner force his preconceived vision onto the yielding wood?

To create some of my shapes requires a mastery of solid geometry, the creation of many jigs, and meticulous planning: all left-brain functions. If you look at my cherry natural edge bowl (Image 1), you might notice that the bark rim has two wing tips of identical height and two lower-rim points also of identical height. It took me weeks of thinking, then by what standards should I evaluate my newest work? For me, each bowl is one of a kind, never to be seen again. How do I part with my unique creations? “Parting is such sweet sorrow.” Each piece of wood is unique and every bowl is one of a kind, never to be seen again. How do I evaluate my newest work? For me, each bowl is one of a kind, never to be seen again. How do I part with my unique creations? “Parting is such sweet sorrow.” Each piece of wood is unique and every bowl is one of a kind, never to be seen again. How do I part with my unique creations? “Parting is such sweet sorrow.” Each piece of wood is unique and every bowl is one of a kind, never to be seen again. How do I part with my unique creations? “Parting is such sweet sorrow.” Each piece of wood is unique and every bowl is one of a kind, never to be seen again. How do I part with my unique creations? “Parting is such sweet sorrow.” Each piece of wood is unique and every bowl is one of a kind, never to be seen again. How do I part with my unique creations? “Parting is such sweet sorrow.” Each piece of wood is unique and every bowl is one of a kind, never to be seen again. How do I part with my unique creations? “Parting is such sweet sorrow.” Each piece of wood is unique and every bowl is one of a kind, never to be seen again. How do I part with my unique creations? “Parting is such sweet sorrow.” Each piece of wood is unique and every bowl is one of a kind, never to be seen again. How do I part with my unique creations? “Parting is such sweet sorrow.” Each piece of wood is unique and every bowl is one of a kind, never to be seen again. How do I part with my unique creations?

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When I walk through a forest, I do not see “trees.” I see a red oak or white oak or black oak. I see a sassafras or an ash—rarely, a surviving elm. I pass beech, walnut, apple, cherry, red maple or sugar maple, moosewood, yellow birch or white birch. Sometimes a young chestnut—soon to die—presents itself. Looking at tree bark patterns, I see if the underlying wood promises to be curly or straight-grained; if that “bump” is a true burl or overgrown dead limb; if the crotch will probably die—presents itself. Looking at tree bark patterns, I see if the underlying wood promises to be curly or straight-grained; if that “bump” is a true burl or overgrown dead limb; if the crotch will probably contain a bark inclusion. I have learned that apple will warp excessively when drying, that black oak and beech will probably develop splits, and that I don’t like the smell of turning red maple. I love the smell of fresh cherry and delight in cutting or turning that wood; walnut’s smell of fresh cherry and delight in cutting or turning red maple. I love the smell of fresh cherry and delight in cutting or turning red maple. I love the smell of fresh cherry and delight in cutting or turning red maple. I love the smell of fresh cherry and delight in cutting or turning red maple.

I love wood and I kill trees to get that wood. I delight in cutting open a new log and discovering the hidden beauty awaiting me: the swirls of the grain patterns; the rich colors of heartwood set off against a background of creamy sapwood; the profusion of buds in a burl. And yet I mourn the vibrancy of leaves which will be missed next Fall. It’s a cruel job to be a turner.

Each log contains dozens of unborn forms under its bark. Which one will the turner attempt to free? A heavy, loud, expensive chainsaw with an unforgiving 20”-long bar rips the log down the pith into two mirrored halves. That initial cut consigns many potential bowls to a premature, saw-dusty death. It’s a cruel job to be a turner. With hated breath, we look at the released center surfaces of the tree. Will there be a beautiful heartwood picture peering out at us or some wonderful feather grain; or will a bark inclusion or crack run the length of the log? Will the Muse trace the outline of a beautiful shape hidden in the wood or whisper the way an imperfection can be transformed into a unique feature of beauty? Or will the turner force his preconceived vision onto the yielding wood?

To create some of my shapes requires a mastery of solid geometry, the creation of many jigs, and meticulous planning: all left-brain functions. If you look at my cherry natural edge bowl (Image 1), you might notice that the bark rim has two wing tips of identical height and two lower-rim points also of identical height. It took me weeks of thinking forwardly. Sometimes I experiment on pieces of wood and make something very different from my previous bowls. If the resulting form isn’t attractive to me, I won’t sand or finish it. I set it aside (I can’t quite bring myself to throw it on the firewood pile) and start another bowl. Invariably someone proclaims admiration for my discard and I finish it. When I first started turning, in my naivete (or arrogance?), I was perplexed when others found my ugly ducklings to be swans-in-training. Now I marvel and sometimes laugh out loud in delight when a “discarded” form is admired. What a strange and wondrous thing is beauty! How do I determine if a shape is beautiful? The Greeks’ idea of a universal standard of beauty surely doesn’t hold in the vicinity of my lathe. “Beauty is in the eye of the beholder” and every bowl is admired by someone, then by what standards should I evaluate my newest work? For me, that remains an open question.

“Parting is such sweet sorrow.” Each piece of wood is unique and every bowl is one of a kind, never to be seen again. How do I part with my unique creations? “Let me count the ways.” At first, when I had completed only a few bowls, it was hard for me to give one away as a present—even to a family member. Would it crack in its first days away from home? Would some unfurling visitor put it in the dishwasher or on top of the fireplace mantel? Would I ever make one like it again? Would...
I ever make any beautiful bowl again? Maybe the indulgent Muse would pack up and return to Olympus…

Then the owner of a local gallery asked for bowls—brows she wanted to sell to strangers. After I got over the initial horror of the idea, I was flattered. And I now had dozens of bowls. But, then, how to price a bowl? The obvious answer was to ask as much as I could get. But if I charged at my computer science consultant rate multiplied by ten hours I spend in all aspects of making a bowl, no one would pay it. A friend suggested that since I presumably enjoyed turning, I should only charge $10 an hour. That’s reasonable, I suppose, but playing starving artist out resentment. When I heard about the practice of micro loans granted to women in the developing world to create small businesses, something clicked. I wished to give cleanly, without resentment. When I heard about the background and uneven, “interesting” light on the bowls to give them depth. I placed one light to illuminate the background without spilling it onto the bowl. The second light was placed at camera left of the bowl and just a bit in front of it. Thus, one side of the bowl is well lit while the opposite side is in shadow. Reflectors were used to add light to the shadows on the dark side and into the interiors of the bowls. None of the lighting equipment is high-tech or photo-specific. I used LED lights that are designed for use under kitchen counters. The reflectors are rectangles of cardboard; some white, and some covered in aluminum foil. The camera (a Nikon D300 fitted with an 18-70 mm zoom lens) was mounted on a tripod. For each new bowl, I adjusted both the camera and lighting to fit the new shape. Each bowl was photographed at different angles by turning the bowl and moving the camera. The photos you see here were selected from a total of seventy exposures and “polished” in PhotoShop.

Photography is all about light. One of the advantages of working in a studio is that one has complete control of light. I began by making the studio room as dark as possible, then put my white, seamless background in place and proceeded to add back light in a carefully controlled manner. The lighting set-up used here is a standard one, employing two lights, plus a reflector or two. The goal is two-fold: deliver even, non-distracting light on the background and uneven, “interesting” light on the bowls to give them depth. I placed one light to illuminate the background without spilling it onto the bowl. The second light was placed at camera left of the bowl and just a bit in front of it. Thus, one side of the bowl is well lit while the opposite side is in shadow. Reflectors were used to add light to the shadows on the dark side and into the interiors of the bowls.

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Frank Gorga is an accomplished photographer whose nature photography has been featured in Bridgewater Review. He is also Professor in the Department of Chemical Sciences.
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I felt the money was just going down a bottomless pit and supporting no lasting charity, but it was never cleanly done. I had been giving to a variety of charities, but it was never cleanly done.

I appreciated micro loans granted to women in the developing world to create small businesses, something I didn’t want to work for “free.” I wanted my art to be somewhat affordable so those who aren’t rich can still invite beauty into their homes. Then I put it all together. Now I barter my bowls for tax deductible contributions to micro loan organizations. Instead of earning a little for each hour I turn a bowl, I earn nothing. But turning feeds my soul and makes a difference to those women. Finally, it’s all cleanly done.

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Behind the Images

Frank Gorga

Photographing wooden bowls indoors in a “studio” is far outside the usual realm of my photography—landscapes and wildlife. However, I do like a challenge. The challenge in this type of photography is to document a three-dimensional object in a two-dimensional photograph. I began by borrowing a bowl from Toby and experimenting with approaches in my basement studio at home. Toby and I spent an hour last fall choosing bowls and talking about what he was looking for in the photographs. In early January, I set up a “studio” in a Conant Science and Mathematics building laboratory and spent a day making photographs.

Toby Lorenzen is a turner and Professor in the Department of Computer Science. The bowls featured in these photographs are part of an interdisciplinary display in the Conant Science Building, second floor.
Voice as a Parameter of Emotional and Physical Health

Ahmed M. Abdelal

This article provides basic information about voice and laryngeal health to fellow educators and professional users with the hope that it can make a difference in their lives. I tackle voice from a multi-dimensional approach integrating research and clinical practice. What follows is based on extensive research that I have reviewed over the years, on coursework that I have taught in related areas (including anatomy and physiology of speech, language and hearing; phonetics, linguistics, and neurological bases of speech, language and hearing) and on my own experience as a licensed speech language pathologist who has diagnosed and treated patients with voice disorders for more than 14 years.

As we move about our daily lives there are many things that we take for granted. Voice is one of them. Voice is an extremely intimate part of our personalities, as it is intricately tied to our nervous systems, especially the circuits responsible for motor execution and emotional processing. For this reason, voice analysis has been widely used in medical and criminal investigations.

Criminal investigators sometimes conduct a voice stress test to help them determine a suspect’s credibility. Speech language pathologists (SLPs) and ear, nose and throat doctors (ENTs) conduct voice testing to determine if someone has laryngeal pathology. Most recently, voice analysis has been used as a quick and highly accurate tool for diagnosing Parkinson’s Disease. We can gather a tremendous amount of information about speakers and the voices they are trying to convey through tone of voice. Voice enables us to infer their emotional states, attitudes, agreement or disagreement, level of certainty, truthfulness, deceitfulness, humor, and so on. The secret lies in two small, very sensitive muscles we know as the vocal folds (VFs) or vocal cords.

The Vocal Folds Serve Life Preservation and Speech Functions

The VFs are positioned within the larynx. Each VF ranges from 0.5 to 0.94 of an inch (depending on age and gender), and is encased within a thin, rubbery, flexible and shiny cover called the mucosa/lamina propria. Because the VFs are attached to the airway, all the air you breathe in and out must pass between them. These two little muscles guard our lives day and night to ensure that nothing other than air gets into the airways. They enable us to sneeze, cough, push, or hold our breath whenever we need to. In addition to these life-preserving functions, the VFs enable us to communicate and add shades of meaning and emotion to our voices.

Originating from the same location in the larynx, inside the Adam’s apple, the VFs gradually diverge as they course posteriorly, and each connects into a little pyramidal cartilage (arytenoid) in back of the larynx. A paired muscle attached to the bases of the arytenoids rotates them inward to bring the VFs in contact with each other. Two other muscles based their arytenoids more tightly together to compress the VFs against each other. With the VFs now sealed, air pressure builds up beneath them and forces the rubbery edges of the mucosa open, causing the vibration we know as voice.

Voice as a Vehicle for Conveying Emotions and Attitudes

A major component of speech is the manner in which utterances are expressed. Normally, speakers depend on intonation/melody of speech to add shades of meaning to their utterances. Intonation is achieved by continuously varying levels of pitch, loudness and muscular tension. This is achieved through constant modification of vocal-fold structure and function. Normal VFs have shiny, moist mucosa with even, smooth edges. Whether pitch is high or low depends on vocal-fold vibration rate per second. The greater the vibration rate, the higher the pitch, and vice versa. On average, for example, a woman’s VFs complete 215 vibrations per second, while a man’s complete around 125. This explains why a woman’s pitch is much higher than a man’s. These rates, however, are altered in the presence of a cyst, tumor, inflammation, or any mass that interferes with the VFs’ vibrations. Vocal pathology that alters pitch and loudness compromises one’s ability to verbally convey emotions and attitudes. Executive control skills enable speakers to organize their thoughts, and to constantly monitor their own voices and listeners' body language.

What Voice Quality and Pitch Reveal about Your Health

There are many voice-quality descriptors including pleasant, husky, breathy, hoarse, nasey, shrill, gruff and gravelly. Voice quality is directly determined by vocal-fold structure and function. Normal VFs have shiny, moist mucosa with even, smooth edges. Whether pitch is high or low depends on vocal-fold vibration rate per second. The greater the vibration rate, the higher the pitch, and vice versa. On average, for example, a man’s VFs complete 215 vibrations per second, while a man’s complete around 125. This explains why a woman’s pitch is much higher than a man’s. These rates, however, are altered in the presence of a cyst, tumor, inflammation, or any mass that interferes with the VFs’ vibrations. Vocal pathology that alters pitch and loudness compromises one’s ability to verbally convey emotions and attitudes. Executive control skills enable speakers to organize their thoughts, and to constantly monitor their own voices and listeners’ body language.

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As we move about our daily lives there are many things that we take for granted. Voice is one of them. Voice is an extremely intimate part of our personalities, as it is intricately tied to our nervous systems, especially the circuits responsible for conveying a message. Children, for example, learn to use intonation as a means of communication by vocal-fold structure and function. Vocal pathology that alters pitch and loudness compromises one’s ability to verbally convey emotions and attitudes. Executive control skills enable speakers to organize their thoughts, and to constantly monitor their own voices and listeners body language.

What Voice Quality and Pitch Reveal about Your Health

There are many voice-quality descriptors including pleasant, buoyant, breathy, hoarse, nappy, strangled, and gravelly. Voice quality is directly determined by vocal-fold structure and function. Normal VF’s have shiny, moist mucosa with even, smooth edges. Whether pitch is high or low depends on vocal-fold vibration rate per second. The greater the vibration rate, the higher the pitch, and vice versa. On average, for example, a woman’s VF’s complete 215 vibrations per second, while a man’s complete around 125. This explains why a woman’s pitch is much higher than a man’s. These rates, however, are altered in the presence of a cyst, tumor, inflammation, or any mass that increases vocal-fold weight. A lesion could also compromise loudness and interfere with the pure tones of the VF’s typically produced. Let’s take the case of laryngitis, for example, which is an infection of the VF’s and surrounding laryngeal tissue. Like any type of infection, laryngitis triggers swelling as an immune response, which increases vocal-fold size/weight, thus decreasing the vibration rate. Vocal-fold edges become uneven and fail to vibrate the air efficiently. The escaping air compromises air pressure below the VF’s (which reduces loudness) and adds noise to vocal-fold vibration, thus producing hoarseness and reducing loudness further.

A 30-second Voice-Based Test to Diagnose Parkinson’s Disease (PD)

Voice quality reveals important information about vocal-fold health, and can alert us to more serious health problems. In July 2012, Dr. Max Little and colleagues at MIT adapted voice-based technology that has been used by SLPs for decades to design a new test for PD. Normally vibrating VF’s tend to make very tiny involuntary tremors in pitch and loudness. When the tremor involves pitch we call it jitter. When it involves loudness we call it shimmer. These tremors are so tiny that neither speakers nor listeners can detect them. When jitter and shimmer values exceed the norms, that could mean PD, a disease characterized by involuntary tremors that eventually affect the entire body. Because the VF’s are extremely sensitive, PD shows up in them long before it shows up in the extremities and the rest of the body. Soon a person will be able to call a phone number, speak for 30 seconds and know if he/ she has early symptoms of PD. The experimental phase of testing included thousands of people and PD detection rate reached 98.6% accuracy. The next phase is to make the system commercially available to healthcare specialists (see http://www.parkinsonsvoice.org/). Smoking and Other Things From Which You Should Protect Your Voice

Vocal-fold tissue is extremely delicate and susceptible to damage. The VF’s can be harmed by a variety of allergens (e.g., pollen), noxious gases (as those found in paint products and some household cleaners), and other environmental stimuli that can interfere with their performance. Therefore, it is essential to protect your voice.

Tips on How to Protect Your Voice and Maximize Its Performance

Avoid speaking in noisy situations. This causes you to raise your voice.
- If you suspect you are a loud speaker, get a hearing evaluation. Hearing loss can cause people to raise their voices.
- Avoid tobacco smoke, especially the first-hand kind.
- Space out speaking engagements to avoid putting excessive stress on the VF’s, and to allow them to rest.
- Drink water throughout the day (especially when talking) to ensure adequate vocal-fold hydration and function.
- Avoid caffeine prior to speaking engagements. Caffeine elevates anxiety and dehydrates the VF’s.
- If you experience hoarseness or a gurgly voice while eating, contact an SLP. This could indicate a swallowing disorder.
- If you feel your voice has become less pleasant in tone, seek a voice evaluation.
pollutants. One of the worst vocal-fold offenders is smoking. In the short term, smoking causes frequent episodes of unilateral or bilateral inflammation and thickening of vocal-fold mucosa. A condition known as Reincke's Edema occurs almost exclusively in smokers; therefore, it is sometimes dubbed smokers' edema. This condition causes a voice to sound guttural and gravelly, and the person will find it difficult to speak out loud. Smoking is linked to many types of cancer, one of which is laryngeal cancer, which typically involves removal of the FVs and larynx, and part of the trachea. Another medi-}


cups of water per day, while minimizing/avoiding drinks that dry vocal-fold mucosa (especially, coffee and alcohol); and modifying speaking behavior.

**Impact of Stress, Anxiety and Other Psychiatric Conditions on Voice**

The effects of anxiety and stress on the body can be overwhelming, and their earliest symptoms show up in a person's voice. These conditions cause excessive muscular tension, especially in abdominal, thoracic, laryngeal, lingual and neck muscles. Air in the lungs (our fuel for speech) decreases, which causes shortness of breath during talking. The entire larynx is elevated and constricted, and the FVs are tense. This elevates pitch. Severe anxiety and emotional trauma can induce laryngeal spasms that may cause a habitual cough, a severe asthma attack, or even total voice loss.

These problems can be effectively treated by multidisciplinary efforts of the SLP, psychiatrist, ENT and other members of the medical team. But more important in the short term is awareness of our vocal health. With awareness, educators can preserve their FVs, avoid the need for medical attention, and continue to offer our students what they need to hear through the vehicles of our healthy voices.

**VOICES ON CAMPUS: Bob Woodward: What Journalism is About**

On December 3, 2012, BSU was privileged to host and hear Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist and executive editor of the Washington Post, Bob Woodward, as part of the President's Distinguished Speakers Series. Mr. Woodward's path-breaking reporting about the 1972 Watergate incident uncovered criminal conspiracy at the government's highest levels and led to the resignation of President Richard Nixon. With his colleague, Carl Bernstein, Woodward set the standard for generations of investigative journalists in the U.S. and opened the eyes of Americans to the concentration of power in the presidency and its potential for corruption. In the 40 years since, Woodward has had a tremendously productive career as a journalist, editor and political pundit, one that has included the publication of 17 non-fiction books on American politics. His Bridgewater talk, excerpted below, outlined the essence of good journalism and the daunting challenge of getting the story right — BRI

**How much do we know about what goes on in politics and among politicians? This is the question that plagues journalism. And it is so relevant to your lives as citizens. Do we know who these people are? Do we know what they actually intend? Once, I asked Al Gore, how much of interest or of consequence do we know about what went on in the Clinton White House. “You were there for eight years as the Vice President.” This was in 2005, this was five years after they’d left office, after dozens of books, 24/7 coverage, and two investigations—Whitewater and Monica Lewinsky. So how much, what percentage of the core of what we should know, do we now know? And he said: “one percent.”**

This is our challenge. What do you do, as somebody in my business, to get high-quality, authoritative information of the kind that so often people don’t want you to know? The answer is a strong sense of mission and a commitment to getting it right.

First, mission. We talk about leadership and we wonder exactly what it is and what it means. I want to tell a war story about when I got a glimpse of leadership. It… had to do with the Washington Post when we were working on the Watergate story. Katharine Graham was the publisher and owner of the Post, and she supported the publication of these stories. There was a lunch she had invited me to, just yourself (Carl had had to go to a funeral) and the managing editor. This was in January 1973. We had written these stories saying that there were secret funds and a massive campaign of political spying, espionage, sabotage aimed at the Democrats, and provided a good deal of detail. The big problem was no one believed them. Nixon was too smart. This was inconceivable. You could not have this kind of activity going on in a president’s re-election committee or his White House. So I went up to lunch. When I came in, she stared me down and started talking about Watergate. She blew my mind with what she knew. Her intellectual engagement could not be higher. At one point she said I’ve been reading the following about Watergate in the Chicago Tribune! Here she was, scooping it all up. Her management style was “mound on, hands off.” Mind fully engaged in what our job was, but hands off—didn’t tell us how to report, didn’t tell the editors how to edit, what to investigate, what not to investigate.

At that moment, Nixon was about to go to his second inaugural. He had won a massive landslide victory over George McGovern, winning 60% of the popular vote and over 500 electoral votes. It was a wipeout... In addition, in January, 1973, one of the secret strategies of the Nixon campaign was to get people to challenge the FCC television licenses that the Washington Post company owned. These licenses were very valuable. The challenges themselves sent the stock into the toilet. So, the Post’s stock was in the toilet, its journalists’ reputation was submerged in the toilet and I’m having lunch, with her asking about Watergate. At the end, she had the killer CEO question: when are we going to find out the whole truth about Watergate? Nixon is going to come out! I said that because it was a criminal conspiracy and all the incentives were not to talk about it, because when Carl and I went to visit people at their homes at night, more often than not, they slammed the doors in our faces with a real sense of fear, because the Watergate five burglars who were caught in the Democratic headquarters were being paid for their silence. [Because of all of these things] I said “never.” She looked across the lunch table with a look of pain and bewilderment, and said: “Never? Don’t tell me never.” I left the lunch with a highly motivated employee: “Never? Don’t tell me never” was not a threat, and this is what was important

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About it. It was a statement of purpose. What she said to me was “Use all of our resources, use all of the resources to get to the bottom of this. Why? Because this is what we do. This is why we have protection under the First Amendment. This is our tradition. We don’t give up. We don’t leave a story for anyone else. We will tell you. Al Haig, Nixon’s chief of staff, was asking me, ‘You know, I’ve spent a lot of time on this and I don’t know why; why’d you do this?’ He said, ‘You keep asking that question.’ And I said, ‘Well, you haven’t answered it. Why not now?’ He said, ‘OK, I’ll answer it. I’ll interview him about the pardon, figuring that he would slam down the phone. But he said, ‘Fine.’” So I … I interviewed him at length, many times. I followed my method: got all the legal memos, interviewed you can guarantee the president gets a pardon, he’s going to resign and you’ll be president.’ The deal was offered, but I rejected it. I did not pardon Nixon for Nixon, or for me—I knew I was going to become president. Nixon was finished, he was going to be impeached in the House and thrown out of office; it was inevitable. I pardoned Nixon for the country.” At the moment in ’74, there were hard economic times, we were in the middle of the Cold War, it was a time of great difficulty. Ford concluded, “I had to get Watergate off the front page. If he was investigated, indicted and tried, we would have two or three more years of Nixon and Watergate. We could not stand it. I had to pardon Nixon.” I can’t tell you how sobering it is to be so sure that things are one way: the pardon is corrupt, unjust, a deal, a manifestation of the worst of our politics. And then, 25 years later, it’s subjected to neutral inquiry, and what was thought to be this way turns out to be exactly the opposite; the pardon was a manifestation of the best in our politics, not the worst…

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BOOK REVIEW
It Isn’t that Simple: Globalization, History and Inevitability

Brian Payne

Charles C. Mann, 1493: Uncovering the New World Columbus Created (New York: Knopf, 2011).

When the Soviet Union crumbled in 1989, capitalism emerged as the dominant economic structure for world trade. Even with the rise of communist China as a global economic force, the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank have worked to ensure that free-market capitalism sets the structure for global exchanges of wealth and resources. Historians, eager to capture the whiff of contemporary issues, have dug into the records of the past searching for the beginning of globalization. In 1992, urged on by the 500th anniversary of Columbus’ first voyage, historians began to push back the start date of the world system to coincide with the expansion of the Spanish empire in the wake of Columbus’ “discovery.” Charles Mann’s 1493: Uncovering the New World Columbus Created represents both the best and worst of what can be defined as “journalistic history.” Mann seeks to explain the impact of global commerce on local cultures and environments, something he attributes to Columbus’ 1492 voyage. In the first pages of the book, Mann argues that the Spanish occupation of the Americas following 1492 “began the era of globalization—the single, turbulent exchange of goods and services that today engulf the entire inhabitable world.” (7) Part history, part travel tale, part activist manifesto, 1493 is a book of dizzying complexity. To tell this very big story, Mann takes his reader on a world tour through time, touching down occasionally here and there, now and then, to give us a closer perspective of how a global economic system influenced the lives of individuals and their immediate environs, both past and present. In his book we read about the Spanish silver trade, the English tobacco trade, sugar production in the West Indies, rubber plantations in South America, the potato blight in Ireland, corn growing in China, resorts in the Philippines, and dozens of other case studies stretching across the past 500 years. On one page this reader found himself reading about Spanish galleons in the early sixteenth century; when he turned the pages, he witnessed American imperialism in the late nineteenth century, then global capitalism in the 1990s. In this sweeping treatment, time and history seem to have lost all context. As such, Mann’s book is what academic historians call Whig history: history writing that is driven by the present, or works that seek to explain the past based on the assumed realities of the present. To be sure, historians should try to explain how we got to where we are today, but they must do so by starting with the past, and assessing it on its own terms. Historians should let the past unfold within the context of its own time and then draw insight from that past to help shed light on the present. In Whig history, like Mann’s 1493, the present is the starting point and the records of the past are marshaled to serve the agenda of the present. All of this makes history seem inevitable. The past is stripped of much of its human agency and is presented as a steamroller pushing indiscriminately towards the present.

Mann moves the reader rapidly not only across time and place but also across disciplinary boundaries. His material cites the works of academic historians, anthropologists, archeologists, sociologists, geographers, biographers, chemists, geologists, economists, and political scientists, as well as a host of government and non-government think-tanks, advocate groups, and research centers, all while occasionally giving us the voice of the individual farmer, fisher, boater, activist, and entrepreneur. As a journalist, Mann not only incorporates the published work of this long list of academic and non-academic experts, but he also takes the extra step of interviewing many of them. Many of the book’s quotes are from these interviews. By doing so, Mann the journalist can get the experts to speak more informally and thus he is able to work their expert knowledge into his more casual narrative style. In the end, the book is certainly more readable than most scholarly...
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publications on the history of globalization, but this readability comes as a simplified version of complex issues. Mann’s discussion of the nineteenth-century guano industry is as good an example as any among his scores of case studies. Mann provides the reader with an understanding of the science of guano as a fertilizer, the history of agricultural reform in the nineteenth-century Europe, the brutality of the labor of guano extraction, the journalistic appeal to expose guano slavery, and the imperial competition between the United States and Britain to control the world’s guano islands in the Pacific Ocean. To do this, Mann brings in the insight of historians, scientists, political scientists, and economists; often via interviews. Although Mann tells a rich and interesting story that stitches together the complexities of academic disciplines, in the end, his story is driven by his fear of globalism, and time, and stitches them together into a fabric that Mann proclaims is global capitalism.

activists say, but the problem! These supposed do-gooders are just hooking frugio into the worldwide network of exchange, making them dependent as never before on the whims of faraway yuppies!”(500) Thus, in this story, global capitalism killed indigenous culture and environment. This inconsistency might actually be the book’s real contribution. Globalization is especially complex. Neither the eco-activist nor the corporate capitalist are exclusively right. From an economic worldview, globalization is a smalplng success. There is more food and more money than ever. But from a local environmental and cultural perspective it is a crushing defeat. Local culture has been evaporated by globally mass-produced goods ranging from Nike shoes and shorts to Starbucks coffee and McDonald’s hamburgers. Mann’s final assessment comes at the very end of the book; “Economists have developed theoretical tools for evaluating these incommensurately expensive and benefits of [globalism]. But the magnitude of the costs and benefits is less important than their distribution. The gains are diffused and spread around the world, whereas the pain is intense and local.”(505) Given that the effect of globalization is most profound on the local level, perhaps more locally oriented case studies would be more enlightening than grand narratives that tend to universalize the unique realities of people and environments all around the world.

B ased on the rave reviews Kevin Powers’ first novel, The Yellow Birds, has received, it appears that the literary world is ready for the next generation of war novels and author–veterans to emerge from the West’s recent military misadventures in the Middle East. Most popular reviewers agree. The Yellow Birds is one of these books and Powers one of these authors. Not one to be easily impressed, New York Times book critic Michiko Kakutani labels it “a classic of contemporary war fiction.” Hector Tobar of the Los Angeles Times calls it “the first American literary masterpiece produced by the Iraq war.” Rolling Stone’s Darren Reidy declares it “the first great Iraq War novel.” As an author, Powers has drawn numerous comparisons to Tim O’Brien, Ernest Hemingway, Erich Remarque and Siegfried Sassoon.

Individual writing styles and modes of authorship aside, Powers has earned the right to be placed in this distinguished category through his ability to communicate the immutable horrors of war and the indelible scars it leaves behind.

This book cuts like a knife and should be required reading for Americans who readily embrace military solutions to national security challenges. Powers’ greatest achievement in this work may be his compelling ability to evoke the psychological wrackage the Iraq War has left behind among America’s combat veterans. The book details Private James Bartle’s struggles to readjust to civil society after his tour in Iraq and his efforts to organize his wartime memories into a coherent and meaningful past, all while coming to grips with the fate of his good friend, a fallen soldier. From the moment he steps back onto American soil, Bartle realizes at a nation he no longer identifies with: “the land of the free, of reality television, outlet malls and deep vein thrombosis”(101), very different concerns than those that occupied soldiers in Iraq. Powers’ protagonist experiences a tremendous sense of dislocation and alienation, withdrawing completely from family, friends, and society as he struggles to cope with post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), an inscapable souvenir of war. The author’s gripping elucidation of the challenges combat veterans face as they reintegrate into society is powerful stuff. The adulation he endures from civilians produces a more profound sense of isolation, like a “hole is being dug because everybody is so fucking happy to see you, the murderer, the fucking accomplice, the at-bare-minimum bearer of some fucking responsibility, and everyone wants to slap you on the back and you start to want to burn the whole goddamn country down, you want to burn every goddamn yellow ribbon in sight.”(145) The question of guilt pervades this book. Bartle’s guilt is intensely personal and involves a fellow soldier, but readers will detect a larger conversation at play in Powers’ story. When something goes terribly wrong, as the Iraq War did, someone ought to be held to account. Powers offers some oblique answers, but his characters are too wrapped up in their own circumstances to worry much about making any bold assertions. These are left for the reader to contemplate. But Powers does offer some biting commentary. For example, the U.S. government’s decision to go to war intrudes on Bartle’s antiheroic army life, one he had adopted as it confronted an emerging insurgency. As his unit prepares to deploy to Iraq, Bartle finds himself—“struggling to find a sense of urgency that seemed proportional to the events unfolding in my life.”(34-35) Washington faced similar challenges as it confronted an emerging insurgency after toppling Saddam Hussein’s regime. In the novel, “Mother Army”
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This journalistic and whiggish approach takes what are scores of individual and complex case studies, irons out the uniqueness of each place and time, and stitches them together into a fabric that Mann proclaims is global capitalism. To suggest that global capitalism is the product of Columbus’s “discovery” of the New World sheds the important context of 500 years of economic history and ignores the often painful development of that economic system. Just because we have global capitalism today certainly does not mean it was an inevitable result of the sixteenth-century Spanish silver trade.

So what is Mann’s final assessment of this world that Columbus created? Following a passage that examines the life of a contemporary Amazonian farmer named Dona Rosario, Mann writes: “They [Amazonians] had been forced to live covert, hidden lives, always worried about dispossession. Now they would be free to live in their creation, the world’s richest garden.” (488) The success of Rosario’s farm, according to Mann, was due to her acceptance of non-native, market-oriented crops and the use of new technologies such as freezers and cell phones that enabled more successful engagement with the global foods market. Thanks to globalization, Rosario found economic happiness. Yet just a few pages later, Mann takes us to the Filipino terrace farms at Higaco, which have been identified as a UNESCO World Heritage site. Mann tells of the economic collapse of the terrace farms and efforts to introduce heirloom rice production for export to Europe and the United States. Mann concludes that “The global market is not the solution, activists say, but the problem! These supposed do-gooders are just hooking Filipinos into the worldwide network of exchange, making them dependent as never before on the whims of faraway yuppies!” (500) Thus, in this story, global capitalism killed indigenous culture and environment.

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Meaningful past, all while coming to grips with the fate of his good friend, a fallen soldier. From the moment he steps back onto American soil, Bartle seethes at a nation he no longer identifies with: “the land of the free, of reality television, outlet malls and deep vein thrombosis” (101), very different concerns than those that occupied soldiers in Iraq. Powers’ protagonist experiences a tremendous sense of disillusion and alienation, withdrawing completely from family, friends, and society as he struggles to cope with post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), an inscrutable, southerly, and overpowering way of war. The author’s gripping elucidation of the challenges combat veterans face as they reintegrate into society is powerful stuff. The adulation he Endures from civilians produces a more profound sense of isolation, like a “hole is being dug because everybody is so fucking happy to see you, the murderer, the fucking accomplice, the at-bare-minimum bearer of some fucking responsibility, and everyone wants to slap you on the back and you start to want to burn the whole goddamn country down, you want to burn every goddamn yellow ribbon in sight.” (145)

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Individual writing styles and modes of authorship aside, Powers has earned the right to be placed in this distinguished category through his ability to communicate the innumerable horrors of war and the indelible scars it leaves behind. This book cuts like a knife and should be required reading for Americans who readily embrace military solutions to national security challenges. Powers’ greatest achievement in this work may be his compelling ability to evoke the psychological wreckage the Iraq War has left behind among America’s combat veterans. The book details Private James Bartle’s struggles to readjust to civil society after his tour in Iraq and his efforts to organize his wartime memories into a coherent and meaningful past, all while coming to grips with the fate of his good friend, a fallen soldier. From the moment he steps back onto American soil, Bartle seethes at a nation he no longer identifies with: “the land of the free, of reality television, outlet malls and deep vein thrombosis” (101), very different concerns than those that occupied soldiers in Iraq. Powers’ protagonist experiences a tremendous sense of disillusion and alienation, withdrawing completely from family, friends, and society as he struggles to cope with post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), an inscrutable, southerly, and overpowering way of war. The author’s gripping elucidation of the challenges combat veterans face as they reintegrate into society is powerful stuff. The adulation he Endures from civilians produces a

**BOOK REVIEW**

**The Price of War**

**Thomas Nester**

**Powers, Kevin. *The Yellow Birds*: A Novel.**


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Brian Payne is Associate Professor of History and Associate Editor of Bridgewater Review.

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him “that freedom is not the same thing as the absence of accountability.” (35) In the end, the veterans bear a disproportionate share of the pain, guilt and shame of a brutal war that went terribly wrong. There is no escaping that judgment because, as Bartle states, “it’s all your fault, really, because you went on purpose.” (145) This line, in particular, evokes O’Brien’s The Things They Carried (1990) in which the author deems his own personal experiences have taught him “the sheer brutality” of their presence. (159) Although he never ascends to the level of enjoyment, as some did, he does nothing to halt its excesses, watching passively when civilians are gunned down. The war is to blame. Suspense builds as the plot unfolds in chapters alternating seamlessly between past and present, frontlines and the homefront, the war and after. We learn early on that Murph did not survive and that Bartle feels responsible, but the exact nature of his culpability remains a dark mystery, “a quarrel that will never be resolved.” (30) If Bartle reached an accommodation with the war in an effort to get home alive, Murph refused and paid the ultimate price for it. "The distance between the friends grows in the dullness growing inside of him" (89) The distance between the friends grows in Iraq with Bartle being completely non-reflective, seeing “only with the short sight of looking for whatever might kill me” and failing to miss the changes occurring in his friend. Murph resisted the war and its excesses. According to Bartle, Murph “wanted to choose. He wanted to want. He wanted to replace the dullness growing inside of him with anything else… He wouldn’t be bound by this place to anything, or anyone, even me. And I was afraid because I wondered what would be required for him to keep his promise to himself” (166) By the time Bartle becomes cognizant of his friend’s mental state, it is too late. He will soon go through the wire. After all of the suspenseful build up, Bartle’s act falls a little short of being adequate to the guilt he feels. It proved a bit of a letdown, an opportunity missed to say something more damning about the war, its architects, or American society as a whole. Perhaps it is a fitting end. There is a sense of hopelessness and helplessness in Bartle that only begins to disappear with time and distance. In any situation these salves are the victims’ only hope; to put time and distance between themselves and the memories that haunt them. Today, Americans are enjoying the time and distance away from the Iraq War. The Yellow Birds forces us to remember and reckon with that not-so-long-ago past. Perhaps if we do, we may look forward to achieving the catharsis that Bartle ultimately experiences. Readers Respond

On “Objectivity”

I received the latest issue of Bridgewater Review. I am very impressed with the quality of research, writing and illustrations, and the variety of interesting articles. (The) piece on “objectivity” is very much to the point. How tiresome it has become to read and hear “scholars” of all stripes chatter on like so many talking heads, sharing their opinions and conclusions but very little else.

Darnell Lund ’60

Call for Submissions

Bridgewater Review invites submissions from full- and part-time faculty and librarians for publication. Bridgewater Review is published twice yearly by the faculty and librarians of Bridgewater State University. It provides a forum for campus-wide conversations pertaining to research, teaching and creative expression, as well as a showcase for faculty art. Articles in all disciplines and genres are welcome and encouraged, including scholarship about research interests and trends, scholarship about teaching and learning, creative writing and short reviews of other publications.

Articles should be 1700-2200 words in length, though shorter articles will also be considered. Creative writing can be submitted at lengths greater than 1700 words. Those wishing to submit are asked to consult the Bridgewater Review submission guidelines (available from the Editor). In keeping with the founding spirit of our faculty magazine, the editors are equally interested in unfinished pieces of writing that may need assistance with revision and in published pieces that are publication ready. All submissions will be reviewed, but there is no guarantee that submitted work will be published.

Bridgewater Review also welcomes Letters to the Editor with the hope that they may become a locus for community discussion at Bridgewater State University.

Submissions should be sent electronically to: Andrew Holman, Editor, Bridgewater Review, bridgetwaterreview@bridget.edu

Articles published in Bridgewater Review may be reprinted with permission of the Editor.
This book cuts like a knife and should be required reading for Americans who readily embrace military solutions to national security challenges. 

Call for Submissions
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Articles should be 1700-2200 words in length, though shorter articles will also be considered. Creative writing can be submitted as long as it is not longer than 2250 words. Those wishing to submit are asked to consult the Bridgewater Review submission guidelines (available from the Editor). In keeping with the founding spirit of our faculty magazine, the editors are equally interested in unfinished pieces of writing that may need assistance with revision and in polished pieces that are publication ready. All submissions will be reviewed, but there is no guarantee that submitted work will be published.

Bridgewater Review also welcomes Letters to the Editor with the hope that they become a locus for community discussion at Bridgewater State University.

Submissions should be sent electronically to:
Andrew Holman
Editor
Bridgewater Review
bridgewater.review@bridgew.edu

Articles published in Bridgewater Review may be reprinted with permission of the Editor.

Readers Respond
On “Objectivity”

I received the latest issue of Bridgewater Review. I am very impressed with the quality of research, writing and illustrations, and the variety of interesting articles. The piece on “objectivity” is very much to the point. How tiresome it has become to read and hear “scholars” of all stripes chatter on like so many talking heads, sharing their opinions and conclusions but very little else.

Darrell Lund ’60

Thanks for your stimulating “Editor’s Notebook” article on objectivity. We in the physical sciences are more fortunate to quantify data and arrive at more “objective” conclusions (I am reminded that Heisenberg’s “Uncertainty Principle” dilutes absolute certainty . . . dilutes objectivity). The current trend in increased subjectivity in fields of religion, humanities, etc. has created much grief worldwide and should be minimized. Ah, idealism.

Vahe Marganian
Professor Emeritus, Chemistry

On the sheerness of the freedom they enjoy, Mr. Bartle states, “it’s all your fault, really, because you went on purpose.” (145) This line, in particular, evokes O’Brien’s The Things They Carried (1990) in which the author deems himself a coward for having gone to war rather than fleeing to Canada. But it is the war itself that is most responsible. In Powers’ capable hands, the conflict emerges as Bartle’s principal antagonist, a living creature bent only on its own survival. From the book’s first sentence, the war explodes on the scene stalking Bartle, his friend Private Daniel Murphy (“Murph”), and the rest of their unit. The war desires nothing more than to go on, to continue killing and corrupting. “I knew the war would have its way,” Bartle observes. “The war would take what it could get. It was patient. It didn’t care about objectives, or boundaries, whether you were loved by many or not at all.” (4) In order to survive the war he must develop an “edge” by discarding his civilian values, abandoning the person he had been to become a willing participant and propagator of the war’s savagery. Eventually, he and his comrades lose all awareness of the exact nature of his culpability remains a mystery. ”I was afraid to look back and see what I was doing.” (166) By the time Bartle becomes cognizant of his friend’s mental state, it is too late. He will soon go through the wire.

After all of the suspenseful build up, Bartle’s act falls a little short of being adequate to the guilt he feels. It proved a bit of a letdown, an opportunity missed to say something more damning about the war, its architects, or American society as a whole. Perhaps it is a fitting end. There is a sense of hopelessness and helplessness in Bartle that only begins to disappear with time and distance. In any situation these survivors are the victims’ only hope; to put time and distance between themselves and the memories that haunt them. Today, Americans are enjoying the time and distance away from the Iraqi War. The Yellow Birds forces us to remember and reckon with that not-so-long-ago past. Perhaps if we do, we may look forward to achieving the catharsis that Bartle ultimately experiences.

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