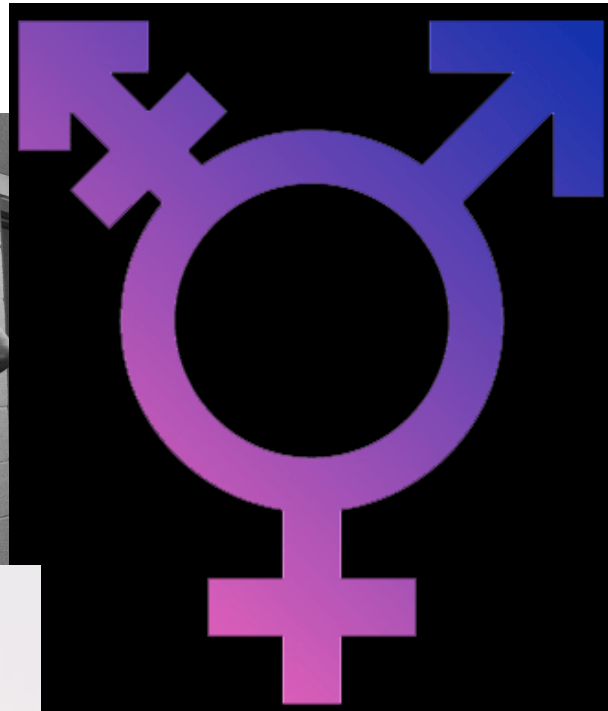


Sociology 101



What Gender roles?



Inside this Issue:

- ~ Gender Roles through a camera lense (pg. 1-2)
- ~ Machismo and Masculinity: Student Perspectives (pg. 3-4)
- ~ Gender and Communication, a literary examination (pg. 5-7)
- ~ A Call to Freedom: Sexuality and Society (pg. 8-15)

Letter from the Editors

Dear Reader,

In this issue of Sociology 101, we decided to explore the issue of gender through four different perspectives: photography, student interviews, a book review and fiction. Specifically we addressed gender roles, masculinity, “genderlects” and sexuality.

We each pursued our personal interests, and took away a variety of lessons concerning gender and sexuality. One challenge we faced in confronting gender roles, is realizing that each person has a unique perception of their personal gender role. Another lesson taken away is that understanding the differences between men and women both in conversation and interpretation can help avoid miscommunications in heterosexual relationships. Finally, writing fiction taught us the complexities of sexuality, specifically male homosexuality, and how it intersects within the context of various societies (i.e. a privileged society against a discriminated one).

The broad perspective of this zine is gender, and how it manifests itself in daily life. For example, we examine men and women in daily conversation, and how masculinity is understood through individual responses. Also specifically, we examine how gender and sexuality are impacted by a disapproving society through the interactions and behaviors of two high school seniors forced to live in such a society. More broadly, we consider gender roles, and how they are visually represented, such as eating salads and hamburgers.

Lastly, the order of each article was completely intentional, artistically speaking. We started with the broad question of stereotyped gender roles, then moved to the image of masculinity and how students experience it. From there we narrowed our examination to the communication misunderstandings between gender and concluded with how sexuality specifically affects the public and personal presentation between two young men entering adulthood.

Our hope for this issue is to one, challenge the reader’s personal assumptions on gender roles, just as we reevaluated our own, but two, also sit back and enjoy the collective narrative of photography and literature.

Sincerely,

The Editors ~ Anna, Lorraine, Kate and Joe ~

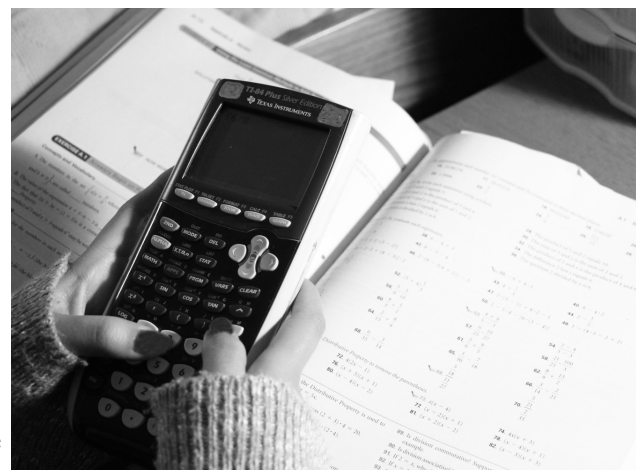
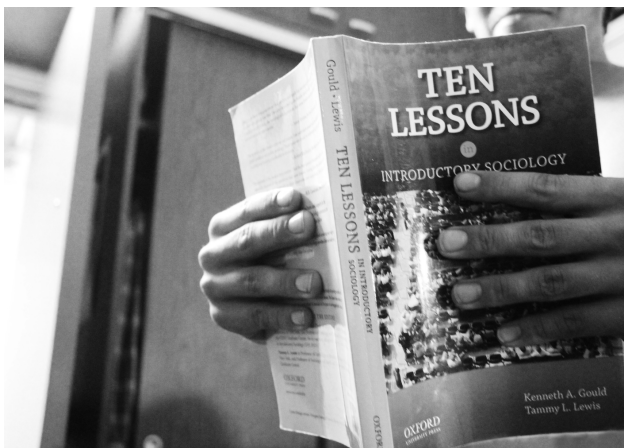
Role Reversal

Anna Kearfott

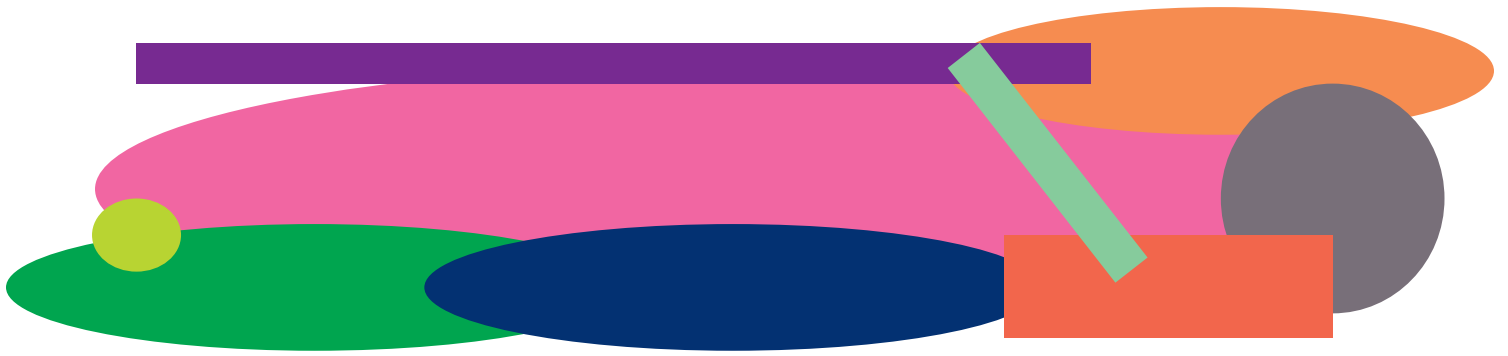
This photo series shows the sociology behind “doing gender” (West and Zimmerman 1987). There certain gender roles that one associates with a particular sex. There are “feminine” roles along with “masculine” roles. Since birth, one is gendered into a particular role (West and Zimmerman 1987). I used photography as a median to challenge gender stereotypes. Men’s hands are modeling the feminine roles while woman’s hands model the masculine roles.



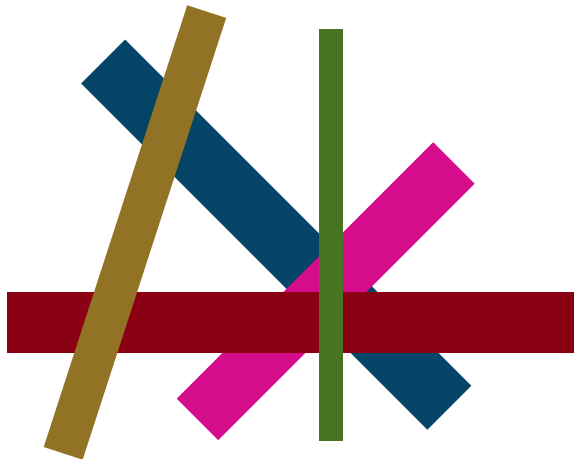
A. This set of photos shows a woman eating a hamburger and a man eating a salad. This concept is based off of Carol Adams idea of “the sexual politics of meat”. Typically we associate meat eating with masculinity. Men need to eat meat in order to be masculine.



B. These photos portray the stereotype that woman typically study and are good at the humanities while men usually study and excel at math and hard sciences. I chose to use the woman’s hands performing a math problem while the man read a humanities book.



C. The gender stereotype that these photos portray is that men fix things with hammers while woman would typically do this by sewing.



D. This last set of photos shows a man's hands on the internet website Pinterest looking up food items while the woman's hands are playing a video game. Typically woman would be using Pinterest (especially for the purpose of food) and men would be playing the video games.

Macho Man

Lorraine Cawili

I'm very interested to see how "Machismo" or the concept of being a "manly man" still affects male students here at the University. I interviewed male students here from the University of Redlands who came from different backgrounds: (socioeconomic status, age and race/ethnicity). I learned that their ethnic background affects their knowledge about Machismo and also their interactions with others.

Here are the questions that I asked the students:

What is your name? (optional)

Age

Year/level at the University

Socioeconomic status

Race/ethnicity

Do you know what "machismo" means? If so, what is it?

Does "machismo" or being a "manly" man affect your daily life? If so, how?

Are you involved on campus?

If you have emotional problems here at school, do you seek help here at school or at home? If so, who?

Do you think you have a lot of friends here in school?



I interviewed about 20 students but I decided to only include some answers here on my report. These answers seemed to be really interesting to me and were pretty helpful to my research. Most of the students that I interviewed did not really know what machismo means and are not affected by it all in their daily life. However, those who do know it live with it at home and school.

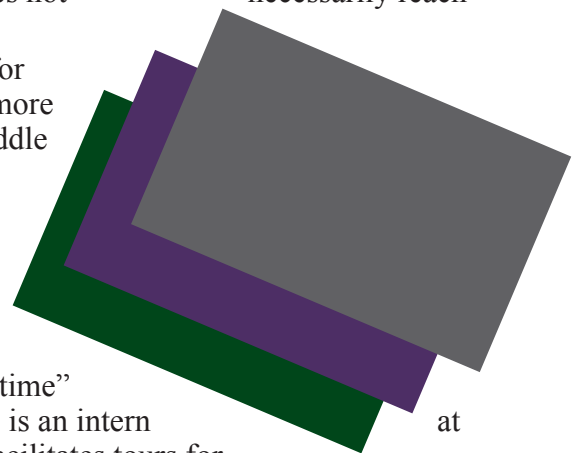
Seila Thy, is a first generation Cambodian American who is currently a second-year student here at the University. He was raised in a divorced household; his parents separated when he was very young. He is lower-middle class. Seila believes that Machismo means "to act stereotypically 'masculine' and to act strong in different situations and to be the head of the household." Seila was mostly raised by his mother then moved to his father's house during his sophomore year in high school. Although Seila is aware of what "machismo" means, he feels as if this does not affect his daily life. He is very involved on different clubs here on campus such as the League of Extraordinary Gentlemen which is a male retention organization. However, whenever he has problems here at school, he does not necessarily reach out for help. "I just tend to figure things out on my own" he said.

Just like Seila, Eddie Serrano said that he "tends not to reach out for help unless it's really necessary, it's a man thing". Eddie is also a sophomore student here at the University. He is Hispanic and belongs in a lower-middle class family. He says that he grew up with a lot of "macho men" in his



household and says that "Machismo means a perception of a guy in Latin American culture, to feel superior to opposite sex". He doesn't let this affect his daily life because he thinks it's "unnecessary" and "just a waste of time"

He is also involved here on campus: he is an intern at Campus Diversity and Inclusion. He facilitates tours for the program called "I'm going to college" (IGTC) for elementary, middle school and high school students. According to Eddie, the University is his second home and has a lot of friends.

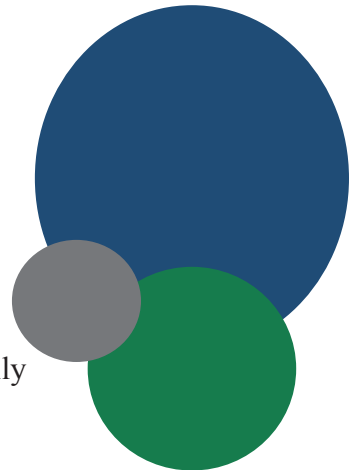




“Manning up’ is how I refer to it. Machismo means when you are reserved and keep any issues to yourself. You tend to avoid reaching for help” Leo Mora, 20, a Junior here at University. He is Hispanic and also belongs to the lower-middle class. He says that he is definitely surrounded and affected by machismo daily but he simply “ignores” and avoids anyone like that. Unlike Eddie and Seila, Leo reaches out for help whenever he has any problems, usually to his mother. He doesn’t let machismo affect him and gets involved as much as he can here on campus.

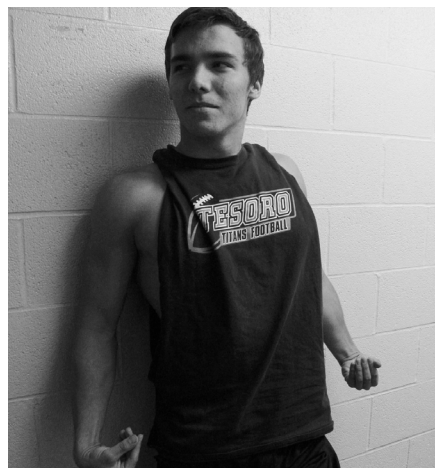
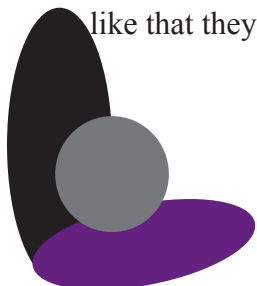
“Machismo could be in everyone, not just males. For example, I associate ‘manly’ with winning, and everyone likes to win”. said a 20 year old student student

here at the University who wanted to remain anonymous for this interview. He belongs to the middle class and is Mexican. He says that machismo means “trying to be dominant in everything, this could be dominating in sports or showing no emotion”. Just like Eddie and Leo, he grew up with a lot of machismo at home and has the need to be even “manlier” around his family, especially his dad. He says that he doesn’t immediately reach out for help, but when he does, he said: “Usually friends at school first, then parents, but never counselor or school faculty”. He says that he doesn’t have a lot of friends but feels comfortable acting around them. “It really doesn’t matter how I act around them” he said.

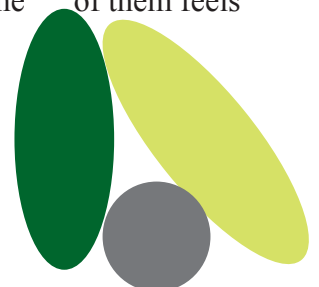


Alex Fleischer, a 21 year old Johnston student feels that he is not “manly” enough. He is African American and belongs to the Upper-middle class. Alex holds many leadership positions here on campus and has friends from different backgrounds. “I feel like I’m looked down upon because I’m supposed to ‘behave like a man’ which means no emotions besides for anger and happiness” he said. Alex is very close to his friends and is always the “shoulder to cry on” for all of them. “That’s tough, I mean, if they’re sad, I gotta be sad too, you know?” he laughed. He says that he always reaches out for help, whether it’d be emotional or just about school to his parents, mentors and friends.

In this interview, I learned that but also different men from because they either live with upon because of their emotions. “machismo” in their household it. Some of them do not feel like that they are not



Machismo affects not only Hispanic men different backgrounds. They are affected it or they feel like they are looked down Many of these students were raised with and have different experiences from affected by it but some of them feels “manly” enough.



Book Review

*You Just Don't Understand
Women and Men in Conversation*

by Deborah Tannen

Kate Heaton

What do sociologists do? Sociologists study social groups, social interaction, and patterns. They seek to understand the social construction of reality and debunk myths. In her book *You Just Don't Understand Women and Men in Conversation*, Deborah Tannen does just that by using a sociolinguistic approach to explain men and women in conversation. Tannen clearly explores conflicts due to differences in men and women's conversation style and the reasons for these conflicts and differences. Divided into ten chapters, each chapter focuses on a particular theme and is followed by explanation, examples, and findings from scholars from various academic fields. Each chapter is further organized into sections which unpack critical points.



Tannen's book is passionately composed and flows effortlessly. One does not have to be an expert on gender to understand Tannen's points because she explains each point by using real dialogue. Reading this book makes sense of misinterpretations and misunderstandings that are common among men and women. In understanding differences in men and women's speech one will be able to make sense of misunderstandings and learn strategies for clearer communication. The reader will have many "well now, that makes sense!" moments.

The book begins with a chapter entitled "Different Words, Different Worlds" where Tannen presents that men and women approach the world in extremely different ways. Men focus on achieving status and preserving interdependence in a hierarchical social order. Women, on the other hand, seek to form connections and closeness with others and are more community oriented. I applaud Tannen's opening chapter because the concepts in this chapter serve as a foundation for the rest of the book. In the first section of the first chapter, "Intimacy and Independence" Tannen expands on women's desire for intimacy and men's desire for independence.

Tannen introduces a couple, Linda and Josh, to illustrate how men want independence and women seek intimacy before making plans. Josh became angry while Linda saw checking in with Josh as a kind gesture. She wanted to ensure a fair consensus from being independent.

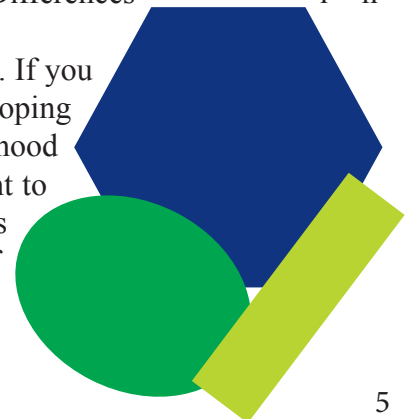


Linda and Josh, to illustrate how men want independence and women seek intimacy before making plans. Josh became angry while Linda saw checking in with Josh as a kind gesture. She wanted to ensure a fair consensus from being independent.

Arguments, conflicts, and misunderstandings arise due to differences in interpretation. To further illustrate, Tannen uses another couple Louise and Howie as an example. She states, "women expect decisions to be discussed first and made by consensus" (27). The husband, Howie, would go out and purchase items without checking with his wife. The wife felt that she was absent in the decision making process. Men feel oppressed that they have to check in with their wife while women appreciate their husbands checking in. Differences in interpretation lead to differences in behavior.

Tannen engages the reader by using examples that the reader can relate to. If you are a woman, have you ever asked more than once for a man to do something hoping that showing him that you really want him to do something will increase the likelihood of him doing so? Men, see this as nagging and do not like to be nagged. Men want to preserve independence and avoid, "following orders" (31). Listening to someone's orders and constantly checking in can be seen as an inferior position with a lack of independence.

How did men and women come to be so different? In a section entitled, "It



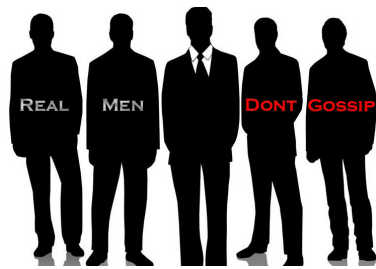
Begins at The Beginning” Tannen explains how as children we are taught to behave differently. Tannen explores the difference of boys and girls at play. Boys tend to play outside in large groups. Often there is a leader and winners and losers. Girls on the other hand play in small groups, their games are different and perhaps more equal. Rather than having a dominant leader they take turns. Games include jump rope and hopscotch. Tannen states, “girls don’t give orders; they express their preferences as suggestions” (44). Instead of saying, “Go away” “Do this!” girls will say, “Let’s do this” “How about that?” Girls and boys frame what they say differently.

Tannen takes the time to explain the reason for how we got to be the way we are. Rather than bombarding the reader with facts, she situates the reader. She uses findings from various scholars and videotaped conversations to illustrate her point. She does a fantastic job at introducing concepts to the reader and revisiting them latter in the book. In this chapter she introduces another difference, how boys and girls deal with conflict. Girls typically strive to compromise while boys strike a more violent approach.

In her next chapter, “Asymmetries: Women and Men Talking at Cross-purposes” Tannen explores the way in which men and women talk about trouble. When women tell men their problems they are letting them in and increasing intimacy. Tannen writes, “telling a problem is a bid for an expression of understanding” (52). In a section, “Matching Troubles” she explores how when women share their troubles with other women they tend to find similarity and build a connection by having a shared experience. Women do not always want advice. She adds, “giving advice is asymmetrical; it frames the advice giver as more knowledgeable, more reasonable, more in control” (53). Tannen explains how being an expert is critical to men because the advice giver is seen as having more knowledge and a superior status. Tannen states. “different relative weights on status versus connection result in asymmetrical roles” (71).



Tannen discusses topics that we can relate to such as gossip. She pushes further questioning the meaning of gossip, its purpose, and its importance. Tannen begins by defining what she means by gossip and how it can be beneficial in friendships if not, “talking against, but talking about” (96). Sharing with friends what is going on in your life allows for bonding. Tannen adds, “not only is telling secrets evidence of friendship; it *creates* a friendship, when the listener responds in the expected way” (98). Gossip is one way in which intimacy is established.



Tannen also discusses the difference between what men and women talk to their friends about. Men tend to talk about business and are vague when discussing personal matters. Men prefer a conversation that is task oriented and avoids feelings. Men do not want to risk being vulnerable because they value maintaining status; while women are willing to risk sharing their feelings to people they care about.

In the section, “The Joy of Involvement” Tannen discusses the importance of details. She states, “recalling a detail or a name is a sign of caring, failure to recall a name can be seen as a sign of lack of caring” (114). Women care more about details because knowing details shows intimacy.

In the chapter, “I’ll Explain It To You” Tannen explores how often times a conversation between a man and a woman turns into a lecture. The role of the lecturer is typically a man because they want to maintain high status. Giving the lecture frames the lecturer as superior. Tannen offers explanation, “since women seek to build rapport, they are inclined to play down their expertise rather than display it” (125). Tannen explains this creates an imbalance because it is typically men who assume the role as the lecturer. In addition, women are more inclined to hide their expertise, while men are more inclined to show their expertise.

Tannen compares men and women’s body language. Tannen draws from a professor’s observation in body language noting, “the men sat with their legs stretched out, while the women gathered themselves in” (130). Tannen allows the reader to reflect on their own experience. She invites the reader to observe the behavior of others. After reading the book I have noticed that men and women do present themselves differently.

Reflect on conversations that you have with men and women. Have you noticed the difference when

men and women say “yeah.” Tannen explains, “women use ‘yeah’ to mean ‘ I’m with you, I follow,’ whereas men tend to say ‘yeah’ only when they agree”(142). Tannen uncovers important differences that are unexamined. For instance because of differences in the use of “yeah” women may get the idea that men are not listening; while in fact they are. They just have a different meaning for the word.

In the chapter “Community and Contest” Tannen revisits the language that men and women use. She offers more examples to illustrate how men speak in commands while women give suggestions. Tannen uses this time to introduce the women’s role as a peacemaker which “reflects the general tendency among women to seek agreement” (167). In a section entitled “Whose Way Is Better?” Tannen explores how women’s desire to seek agreement can be beneficial in management. A women manager will be more inclined to check with others when making a decision. She uses an example that describes a women’s small business as “an open arena in which people called her by her first name, felt free to enter her office unannounced, and felt themselves to be a part of a group endeavor rather than underlings” (182).

Women also tend to avoid conflict. Tannen illustrates this concept beautifully by providing an example of a women who would always eat what is normally considered undesirable- eggs yolks and burned toast to be accommodating. Yet, this eventually resulted in a large amount of frustration and ended the marriage with a divorce. In the conclusion of the chapter, Tannen ends with advice, “women who avoid conflict at all costs would be better off if they learned that a little conflict won’t kill them” (187).

Tannen discusses several points in her chapter, “Damned If You Do.” She states, “women and men are judged differently even if they speak the same way” (228). After stating this Tannen backs up her statement with examples. She uses studies from a psychologist that asked subjects why a baby was crying. The respondents had different answers depending on the gender. If it was a boy, they said because he is angry, if it was a girl, because she is afraid. It is interesting to examine the influence that one’s gender has, even as a baby.

In the section, “Silence Is Golden- Or Leaden” Tannen discusses how silence has different meanings for men and women. She explains, “women’s silence is cited as evidence that they have no power...men’s use of silence and refusing to speak is a show of their power” (229). Tannen offers insight on what is commonly unexamined.

Tannen revisits the differences of what men and women talk about. When men are with other men they discuss business and lastly people. When women are with other women they most frequently discuss people. When men and women are together, women talk the way men do. Is this surprising? Can you think of examples where this is true? Tannen poses a statement followed by evidence that allows the reader to reflect on their own experience which creates a meaningful book. The reader is able to see situations more clearly.

Tannen offers a powerful finding, “boys and girls grow up in different worlds, but we think we’re in the same one, so we judge each other’s behavior by the standards of our own” (254). Coming to terms with this statement assists the reader with their interpersonal skills. They will be better equipped to work and understand others of the opposite gender. In her final chapter “Living with Asymmetry” Tannen offers how understanding genderlects opens lines of communication. How can the reader not take something away? Who has never had a miscommunication? Understanding behavior patterns and differences in men and women’s communication is an entrance point for better relationships. Tannen’s sociolinguist approach is necessary to focus on the impact of language. She wants the reader to understand the differences in men and women’s perception. Tannen provides the reader with a clear understanding of the differences between men and women. Understanding these differences will help us in everyday conversation.

WHEN A WOMAN SAYS
“WHAT?” IT’S NOT
BECAUSE SHE DIDN’T
HEAR YOU.

SHE’S GIVING YOU A
CHANCE TO CHANGE
WHAT YOU SAID.

A Call to Freedom

Joe Bruner

“All I’m saying is that there’s something clearly wrong, and I don’t want to go down with it,” Wyatt said.

“I agree,” Trevor put in.

“Thanks for that,” I said sourly, glaring at Trevor’s small 5’4” frame. His bleach blonde hair was spiked as usual.



We were walking out of school in downtown Chicago, the last bell of the day had just rung.

“Am I the only one here who doesn’t see something fishy in the government?” I asked.

“Are you for real?” Wyatt asked. He swept a hand through his dark brown hair. He was a closer match in height to me, being just under six feet tall. I stared at his fresh-shaven face and deep blue eyes.

“Yeah, I am.”

“There’s a war out there, and not in Afghanistan, not in Iraq. Not even in Libya. It’s here, on our streets, in the United States of America. Everyday another building gets blown up or a bridge collapses. We’re fighting terrorists who are US *citizens*.”

“Ok, so the US has a domestic terrorism problem. That doesn’t make the government suspect.”

Wyatt opened his mouth furiously, but Trevor intervened. “All I’m trying to say here,” he said stepping between the both of us, “is that I find it strange that we’re here, in the city, living the high life so to speak, and yet we’re told to stay within city limits, barricades are set up and every time you want to go anywhere, you get ID’ed, and requested an itinerary. I mean, even middle-schoolers have IDs now. Is that not strange?”

“Especially,” Wyatt interjected, “when cities seem to be what’s under attack. Why not evacuate us to rural areas that don’t have high value targets such as sky scrapers and such? I mean, have you noticed there’s been a huge advertising movement to cities and giving everything one needs to live in the city? There’s such a large disconnect these days, some people might not recognize rural United States if it was under their feet. And not to mention, the political movement to sweep all poverty out of the cities. At least in Chicago, there’s not one building that’s not spotless and high class.”

I sighed. “I still fail to see your point. So what? So, cities have got more technology, more civilization.” I turned to Trevor, “I’ll grant you the point about IDs and itineraries, but still, ultimately isn’t that so they can keep track of us, and keep us safe?”

“My God Logan,” Wyatt muttered, “I swear you can be so naïve at times.”

“Ok, ok, enough,” Trevor said. We’re at your house Logan, but I want to continue this discussion. Do you think you could meet me at dinner at the Pizza House tonight at 6? Each of you?”

I nodded.

Wyatt hesitated, then nodded.

“Great, then I’ll see you there Logan.”

I started turning into my yard, but was held back.

Wyatt had grabbed my arm and pulled me back. Without a word he kissed me and brought me into an embrace that I half-



heartedly returned.

“Wyatt,” I griped, trying to restrain my happiness at the kiss, “someone might see. They might call the cops and the government.”

He smiled at my reference. “I’m sorry Logan. I still love you, I just wanted to remind you.”

I smiled and turned into my yard.

My house isn’t too shabby. Actually, it’s really damn nice. About 5,000 square feet, the house is made of red bricks, and has more windows visible than I’ve ever cared to count. It’s also a lakeside property. Our yard, encased by dozens of 20 foot tall slender bush trees (as I like to call them), has some rolling hills and a precisely laid, red brick pathway. Currently the yard was a mess with yellow and orange leaves; I watched a maple leaf skitter across the bricks in front of me. Finally I made it to the door and went in, shutting out the soft lighting of the sun’s golden glow.

I was just going to up to my room, but my mom, sitting in the living room, saw me and called me over.

“How was school honey?”

“It was good. Mostly just lectures today.”

She nodded and smiled. She was sitting in the rocking chair knitting what appeared to be a sweater.

“How are Wyatt and Trevor doing?”

“Eh, we got into a bit of an argument.”

“Don’t you always? What homework do you have tonight?”

“I just have reading to do. Wyatt and I were going to hang out with Trevor tonight.”

“Hmm... Are you going to be here for dinner?”

“I don’t think so. It sounded like Trevor had a place he wanted to eat at.” I moved toward the doorway.

“Just be careful.”

“Of course.” Then I bounded up the stairs to my room.

I turned on the lights and shut the door behind me. The room smelled of pine trees, credit to the row of hand-carved sculptures I’ve made with my dad over the years. I inhaled deeply, and glanced around the room: the ceiling fan spun with a gentle *whum-whum-whum*, my towel lay over the edge of my crooked closet door, and my lime-yellow lava lamp glubbed away merrily.

I decided to lay down and take a nap.

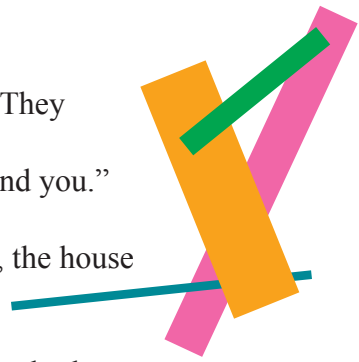
When I woke up, the sun was starting to set. Outside my window, the sun slowly began to sink. I watched the lights filtering through my window blinds travel along the wall. Watching that golden light, sometimes I liked to pretend that the blinds were a sieve for the light; they caught all its impurities and only let the soft, pure glow stretch comfortably on my wall. Once the light held that orange-red fiery tinge, I knew it was time to go.

Bounding down the stairs, I shouted to my mom, “I’m going now.” Not in her rocking chair anymore, she was either too far away from me to hear, or I missed her response. I stuffed a headlamp into my pocket, put my helmet on, locking it with a satisfying *click*, and got on my bike.



The ride to downtown was about 20 minutes or so. I fell into a groove and watched the manicured lawns and broad oak trees zoom by without processing any of it. Eventually the trees fell away for buildings, and I was riding on the outside of Lake Shore Drive, next to the beaches. A few others were on the pavement with me, some running, others rollerblading, but mostly people were in cars, struggling through the bumper-to-bumper traffic.

My mind wandered back to our conversation. Something fishy with the government? That seemed preposterous. Yeah, I mean we’re very security minded these days and it is unusual for



city dwellers to go into the countryside, in fact I've never heard it being done, but why should we? We've got everything we need, and top of the line transportation to take us directly to other cities. No matter how much I tried to convince myself however, there was still that nagging *what if* in my mind. What if Trevor were right?

I crossed the light into the city and made my way down the broad city sidewalks to Larry's Gourmet Pizza. I locked my bike and upon entering found that Wyatt and Trevor were already there. I gave both of them a high-five, letting my fingers interlock with Wyatt's briefly.

We sat down and I ordered a four cheese pizza, Wyatt went for pepperoni and Trevor veggie. I did not fail to notice that Trevor had picked the well secluded corner where no other tables were nearby. Wyatt and I sat next to each other, facing Trevor with our backs to the door.

Trevor leaned forward with a smile, the light peeking through the cracks in the blinds tinting his hair a softer golden yellow. "So I suppose there's really no persuading you, is there Logan?"

I hesitated. I fidgeted with the rolled up napkin holding my silverware. "It's just... I really don't see it yet. I don't see the evidence anywhere that suggests there's anything weird with the government."

"I think it really comes down to what the government is willing to do. What are we willing to do? I'm uncomfortable with what the government seems willing to do to us living here in the cities. Even in the name of 'our safety'."

"It's about what they're going to do next," Wyatt said, jumping in. "I mean, take you and me for example. We're..." he looked around, bent forward and whispered, "gay, and at one point there was more than half the states legalizing same-sex marriage. What, it was like thirty some states, almost forty that legalized it. And then the push for moving to the cities arrived, and once there was disconnect, the government regressed, and made love like ours a federally punishable crime. Where were the protests? The riots? How could a country as large as ours take such a huge step back with absolutely no repercussions, lashback?" Wyatt sat upright again.

"That's interesting. I hadn't really thought about that. We were so young, almost not even born when the laws changed." I stared at the table.

Trevor leaned forward. "That's one of the most basic elements of being human," he said. "Loving another human being. You honestly do not have a problem with a government that doesn't allow people like us? I would *die* fighting that government."

I had no response to that. I was trying to think of something witty when our food arrived.

As we ate, I kept running over something else that was also bothering me.

Why was Trevor so interested, well, concerned is a better word, about high society and rural society? He's only 18 after all. We all were.

"Hey guys?"

We looked up from our food over at Trevor.

"So... there's a friend of mine, a cousin actually, I would like you to meet.

He's the one I usually talk to about this stuff. Wyatt, I think you would like him and what he has to say. Logan..." he couldn't quite meet my gaze, "I would really appreciate it if you at least gave him a chance, and hear him out."

"Sure," Wyatt said. He looked over at me.

I looked at my half-eaten pizza. "Alright," I agreed. "I just want you to know that there is nothing I'm willing to do that can convince me high society life is not worth it though. At least not right now."

"Where do we meet him?"

Trevor grinned sheepishly. "I told him we might be dropping by tonight. We'll meet some of his friends down by the shore on a rocky outcrop, and they'll pick us up. I've been there before."



Wyatt and I glanced at each other.

I sighed and nodded.

“We’re in,” he said.

So we finished eating and got on our bikes once more. Down to the shore was only about five minutes, and from there we continued alongside Lake Shore Drive for a while. Finally we turned to the left, and got off our bikes to walk them to this rocky outcrop extending into the lake. As we walked across the now cold sand, the sky was sufficiently suffocated of light it was now starting to turn blue, which soon would become a palliative purple transitioning to the inky blackness of night, penetrated only by the quarter moon we would see rise about 9 p.m.



Scrambling up on the rocky face, there was a ledge that extended out over the lake. We all sat down there and stared across the lake. Somewhere out in the great distance was Michigan. I enjoyed the cool, misty breeze that fluttered my jacket and tussled my hair. Wyatt and I held hands.

Then we heard the voices and footsteps of what sounded like a small group. We heard them scrambling around. The three of us stood up.

“Over here,” Trevor called.

They made their way to where we were. The group was three college-aged kids all wearing black denim vests, and military style crew cuts. It was as if they were in some kind of second-rate uniform.

“Hey Trev,” one of them said, bumping fists with Trevor.

“Josh-o, what’s up?”

“You brought your friends I see. They really want to meet Xavier?”

Trevor nodded.

“Then follow us.” We all jumped, crawled and scrambled down the rock and headed farther to the left. Out of sight from everything else, there was a black sedan. “Alright boys, we need you two to put these on.” “Josh-o” held up two blindfolds.

We both stared at him.

He winced. “Sorry, but Xavier doesn’t like people knowing where he is. You can take them off when we get there.”

I sighed and tried to give Wyatt a dirty look, but he had already wrapped it around his eyes.

We were helped into the car, and then we were off. Wherever the place was, it was far away. At least an hour. The car finally came to a stop, and once out, was allowed to take the cloth off.

We were in the business district of some town or small city perhaps. I wasn’t sure. Tons of guys in black denim vests were walking around, some with radios in hand, others with crates and boxes.

The streets were littered with paper and abandoned cars, parking meters indicating long overdue payments still flashing on and off again. The buildings lining the street were not sky scrapers, but looked more like oversized gray building blocks infused with hundreds of tiny windows.

“Xavier likes to stay in city hall, so if you’ll follow me,” Josh said.

Wyatt grabbed my hand in his and we walked down the street together taking in the scene. When we got to the intersection, the town hall was clearly visible to the left. A tall, broad building, it had a sea of granite steps pouring out of its mouth, and a group of three flag poles in front of it. All that remained was a half-shredded, grimy American flag, which seemed to be missing most of the stripes. It fluttered feebly in the wind.



“Xavier is waiting for you inside,” Trevor said, appearing behind us. He led the way and we followed him.

Walking through the empty lobby was eerie. Our footsteps echoed weirdly off the walls; walls that silently mourned the loss of the hustle and bustle of the business folk that used to stream in and out endlessly. Passing the lobby, we walked along dozens of silent offices. Papers were still strewn about the desks, some blinds were cracked open, others sealed up tight; chairs were left perfectly upright and tucked under the desks, the clocks ticking away until the end of time.

What the hell had happened here? It could have been that people had worked here yesterday, or even this morning, and then they all simultaneously just evaporated, with all the signs of daily life still sitting calmly at their desks waiting for their return that would surely never come.

We walked all the way to the other side of the building, into what was clearly some sort of executive office.

Xavier was sitting behind a glossy, mahogany desk that gleamed in the lantern light. I was shocked at his age. Xavier also looked like a fresh college graduate, if that even. Xavier was dressed nicely: sleek black pants, a gray button down shirt with a black sports coat on. His blonde hair was blinding, like Trevor’s, and it was short and spiked. He would have been cute, even hot perhaps, except he had a long jagged scar running from the corner of his right eye to his chin.

He looked up when we entered, and grinned when Trevor walked in. “Hey cuz, what’s up?”

“I brought my friends I’ve told you about.”

Xavier turned around, brightened the lamp and sat behind the desk again. “I apologize for the lamp. We do not have the luxury of electricity like you rich folks have.”

I sensed bitterness in that comment.

“Trevor’s told me a lot about you two. Especially you Logan,” he said looking at me.

I blushed. “Really? Good things I hope...”

Xavier smiled. Then he looked up at Trevor. “Thank you. If you don’t mind, I’d like a word with these two.”

Trevor nodded and left, shutting the door behind him.

Xavier let the silence sink in. Finally, “why are you two here?”

Wyatt and I glanced at each other. We sighed.

“Ah, different reasons,” he concluded. He narrowed his eyes and turned to me. “Why are you here?”

I suddenly felt like my soul was being scrutinized. I tried to keep his gaze, but it was too piercing. Even when I looked away, the hairs on my arms continued to stand. “Honestly? Because Trevor wanted me to come here. And so did Wyatt.”

He turned to Wyatt. “And you?”

“Trevor said you had some ideas I might find interesting.”

Wyatt finished, fidgeting in his chair. He nervously tapped his fingers against the chair arms.

Xavier considered the answer. “Trevor told me a lot about you two, like I said earlier. He told me that you Wyatt, would see eye-to-eye with me, but that you Logan, would take some convincing.” He gave me that scrutinizing stare again.

I squirmed.

“What do I need to do to convince you? People out here, we don’t get the taste of luxury like you do. We don’t have electricity, or heat. The sick and the old die weekly out here, without any medical care to speak of. Your precious government has exiled us



to death. You live the high life because the government says you get to. Those who don't fit the mold... this is where we're cast aside. The war the government tells you, the terrorists... it's not what you think. It's a war of survival. We have worth, and we know it, and we're not going to let anyone else try and tell us so. I'm ready to die for this cause. Trevor is too, as I'm sure he's told you."

I sat completely still. The anger radiating off of Xavier was overwhelming.

"Did... they give you that scar?" Wyatt asked timidly.

He reached up and brushed his scar with his index finger.

Wyatt and I glanced nervously at each other.

"You two love each other," he said suddenly.

We turned towards each other again, and then nodded.

He leaned forward on his arm and opened his mouth. "Once upon a time—" Before he could say anything else however, screams and shouts floated in through the open window.

We all stood up and raced to the window. The scene below was chaos. People were hurrying all over the place, and there was a large group congregating outside the front of city hall.

Xavier sprinted out the door and down the steps.

We followed close behind.

"Xavier, XAVIER!" Someone shouted when we got outside.

"What the hell is going on?" He demanded.

It looked like the congregation was crowding around a body. For some reason, I suddenly felt very cold. I didn't want to know what happened, or who might have been killed.

When Xavier pushed his way forward, the crowd parted like the Red Sea. I timidly followed behind. Reaching the body, I peeked around Xavier. It was Trevor, on the ground.

Time seemed to slow down; the air grew thick and heavy, like a gelatinous ooze spinning and swirling around everyone, suffocating the world, its usual mellow flow now caught in a poisonous stagnancy.

Wyatt grabbed my hand, but I barely even noticed. I fell, slowly, senselessly, to my knees. From that vantage, I could see where the sniper had neatly shot Trevor in the center of the head.

"Logan... Logan..." It sounded so distant at first, I didn't even notice. Finally I looked up.

It was Xavier, and Wyatt was behind him peering anxiously at him.

I didn't respond.

Xavier and Wyatt finally picked me up and carried me back to the office. The whole way up I couldn't stop thinking about everything I had shared with Trevor.

August, 5 years old

"Are you ready Logan?" My mom asked me.

"Ready!" I announced by standing at attention. I was wearing big rubber boots and a Star Wars backpack. I was ready for the first day of Kindergarten.

We head out to the car, and I dutifully sat in the back seat, diagonal from my mom, who was driving. The drive was only about five minutes before we arrived at the elementary school. I hopped out and we walked over to the school there was a large group already present.

My mom stopped to talk to one of her friends, and there was a boy my age wrapped around her leg. I walked up to him.

"Hi, I'm Logan. What's your name?" It didn't even occur to me that this might be a strange thing to do for a five year old.

"I'm Trevor," he said shyly.



4th of July, 10 years old

The smell of barbecues was thick in the air, as was the smoke. We were in the neighborhood park, running around, waiting for dinner and the big event of the night: the fireworks.

“Gotcha,” I yelled, tagging Trevor right in the arm. Then I laughed as I started running away. We run up and down and all over the playground. I ran way over to the beach before he finally got me. I tripped and we both lay panting on the sand.

The stars were just starting to emerge in the fading purple light.

Still catching our breath, we turned our heads to look at each other, and we started laughing. We laughed until our abs hurt, and tears streamed down our faces.

January 1st, 13 years old

The wind and snow was raging outside, and we sat huddled under blankets next to each other in front of my fireplace. My parents were out with friends, and had left the two of us alone for the night.

We just sat listening to the wind howl and snap around the house.

“Logan?”

“Hmm?” I didn’t take my gaze off the fire.

“There’s something... I need to tell you.”

The hesitancy in his voice made me look over at him.

“I... I... think-” then he cut off. “No, I can’t do it.”

“It’s ok. Whatever it is, you can tell me. I’m your friend. It’s safe with me.”

Trevor took a deep breath. “I think I’m gay.”

“Sorry, one more time?”

He grimaced, and closed his eyes. “I... think... I’m... gay.” And he burst into tears.

I guided his head to my shoulder and let him just lean against me until he stopped crying. I sighed. Should I say it? Screw it, he told me. “If it helps, I think I am too.” We sat in silence until the fire was just a bed of coals.

We had sex that night, not that it was very good, but I think that’s the night we sealed our brotherhood.

May, 17 years old

The day was unusually warm; the gentle breeze carried the sweet fragrance of blooming flowers past the two of us. We were sitting on a bench in a private part of the local botanical garden, colloquially called the “Garden of Eden.” And on a day like today, it was not difficult to see why.



The trees were loaded with vivid and delicate flowers varying from white to pink to red. The shrubs beneath them were laden with hues of yellow and sky blue and azure to purple.

The sun was setting, lighting the cirrus clouds up in the full rainbow spectrum. The clouds were outlined with, dark, heavy shadows towards us and going through each of the colors, violent and blue through red and pink until it blended with the golden radiance of the sunset.

“Logan?”

“Yupp,” I turned to look at him.

“Have you ever been in love?”

I looked back out across the sky. “I don’t know. Why do you ask?”

“I love you.”

The world seemed to jolt a little. “You do know I’m seeing Wyatt, right?”

He sighed. “I know. I mean, I love you more like a brother. I just want you to know that I’d do anything for you and Logan. Even die for you.”

I turned and kissed him without warning.

He blushed, and looked a little alarmed.

“Thanks for that. But let’s hope it doesn’t come down to that.”

“Just promise me one thing,” he said looking desperate.

“What’s that?”

“Don’t ever let anything separate you and Wyatt apart. You two belong together.”

Xavier and Wyatt finally got me up to the office and in a chair. Looking around dazed, the office didn’t seem as bright any more. The shadows were more pronounced, the walls lackluster and grey. Except the small pinpoint of red in the lamp, it seemed as if all the color and joy in the world had been sucked out.

Xavier pulled out a piece of paper and a pen. “If you two are really interested in joining us, I simply want your signature. You saw what the government is willing to do to people like us, Trevor, me, you and Wyatt...” He paused long enough to catch my gaze, “The question is what are you willing to do?”

Wyatt stepped forward. “It’s ok Logan, you don’t have to sign if you don’t want to. I’ll understand. Trevor would have wanted you to do what you want to do.” Then he took the pen and signed the paper.

I stared at the blank piece of paper. “No.” I said.

Wyatt looked disappointed.

“Wait, that’s not what I meant. I meant no, Trevor would have wanted us to stay together. We’re right for each other, you know it, I know it, he knew it. I will fight, if I have to. There’s no way in hell that I’m letting Trevor die in vain.”

Wyatt smiled and gave me a fierce hug, and then handed me the pen. Taking one last glance at the piece of paper, I then signed my name under Wyatt’s.

Who knew what the future held for us. Who the hell knew what was in store for either of us or the world. While the country was being torn asunder, I knew one thing: I was going to pick a side. I wasn’t just going to stand by blindly and let my future (or lack thereof) be dictated by someone else. Freedom never sleeps.





Lorraine Cawili, Student Interviewer & Staff Writer

Hello, my name is Lorraine Cawili and I'm currently a sophomore. My majors are English and Sociology and my minor is Spanish. I decided to conduct a survey on how machismo affects male students here at the University because I've been really interested on male-retention, in general. I grew up with 3 older brothers back in the Philippines and was raised to believe and pretty much conform to the idea that men are the heads of the household. I would say that my brothers felt the pressure to be "manly" since my father passed away. I wanted to see if machismo is perceived differently by men here in the United States and it turned out that men have different ideas about it. And what can I say, I just love macho men.

Anna Kearfott, Photographer & Staff Writer

My name is Anna Kearfott and I am a current freshman at the University of Redlands. I am undeclared but hope to go into religious studies or international relations. Photography has always been a passion of mine and being able to incorporate it into this sociology Zine was very interesting. My hope is that my photography sends a message to the viewer and that they will see the concept of gender roles differently then how they did before.



Kate Heaton, Literary Reviewer & Staff Writer

Salut! My name is Kate. I love spending time in nature, this summer I went backpacking with my dad and sister in the High Sierras. I also worked with a nonprofit, CareerWise, that teaches career skills to homeless clients. I enjoy coffee and tea daily. I love cooking healthy vegetarian recipes. I was inspired by Deborah Tannen's excerpt that we read in class. After sharing my interest of Tannen's piece my mom suggested that I read her book, You Just Don't Understand: Women and Men in Conversation. I love Tannen's writing style and thought that it fit well with class concepts. I just started another book by Tannen, You're Wearing That? Understanding Mothers and Daughters in Conversation.

Joe Bruner, Editor-in-Chief & Staff Writer

Howdy y'all!

I'm Joe Bruner, and I am a sophomore at University of Redlands as well as a declared Creative Writing major. My concentration is in fiction, as writing fiction is my life. Also monumental to me is my passion for the outdoors, and studying gender and sexuality. As for the outdoors, I am a trip leader with University of Redlands' Outdoor Programs, and earned my Eagle Scout award with the Boy Scouts in 2010. Finally, my involvement with the LGBTQ community is budding with my Gender Studies minor. My dream career is to combine writing, the outdoors and LGBTQ youth to be a professional trip leader and bring LGBTQ kids in need to the wilderness to educate them and offer them success in their futures.

