



HONORABLE MENTIONS

Winter 2019

A collaboration by
DePaul University's Honors Program



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On the cover: During her travels, Sarah Vissers got to see the famous Ponte Vecchio Bridge in Florence, Italy.

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HONORABLE UPDATES

Words from the HSG President

By Tuyet Anh Le

Hi friends! After 6 weeks of winter break, it was refreshing to return to classes and Honors activities. Winter Quarter has been very interesting for the Honors Program, as we have been keeping pretty busy. There have been many students at all of the different Honors events throughout the quarter, and it has been so nice to come together and build community. The Honors Student Government meetings have been successful in bringing students together to learn about exciting Honors opportunities.

Some highlights from this past quarter are Honors Program events, work in the service committee, and activities in the social committee. This quarter, Co-Service chairs Amelia and Andrew have successfully organized trips to volunteer at St. Teresa’s Church. In the past, HSG has volunteered with Franciscan Outreach. This quarter, however, we decided to switch to St. Teresa’s Church because it is much closer and more accessible. These trips to St. Teresa’s have been very successful, and we hope to continue this volunteering schedule next quarter. Amelia has also been working hard to form an Honors DemonThon team this year to help raise money for the kids at Lurie Children’s Hospital.

Looking at social events of the quarter, Maya organized a lovely Palentine’s Day event to celebrate friendship. We made valentines and enjoyed candy together. Maya is currently planning the Honors Ball, which is set for Friday, April 5th in Cortelyou Commons. The theme is Spring Fling, and I know that under Maya’s planning, it will be a big success!

Some other things to look forward to in Spring Quarter are an HSG Open Mic Night, a Town Hall, and HSG elections. The open mic night will offer Honors students an opportunity to showcase their talents. There are a lot of bright students in the Honors Program, and so HSG wants to celebrate and encourage expression of creative talents and skills. So start thinking about your talents and watch your email for details. In addition, Academic Co-Chairs Jake and Kurt



As HSG President, Tuyet Anh aims to create a stronger bond between the Honors community and DePaul University as a whole (Photo provided by Tuyet Anh Le).

will be hosting a town hall to give students an opportunity to share constructive feedback on their experiences in Honors courses and the Honors Program in general. With this information, Jake and Kurt will report to the University Honors Program Committee (comprised of Honors faculty and staff) in hopes of improving the learning experience and curriculum for Honors students. Finally, at the end of next quarter, HSG will hold elections for a new Executive Board. I am excited for the elections of the new board and to help them grow into their roles. More details about these things will come in the Spring.

This quarter has prompted a lot of positive growth for me as a leader but also for the Executive Board. I am so thankful for the opportunity to work with everyone on the board as we help build the Honors community. Winter Quarter has been great, and I cannot wait to see what Spring Quarter will bring.

Farewell to Emma

Dear Emma,

Over the last four years, you have played such an integral role in the DePaul Honors Program community. Your hard work as Program Assistant has benefited each and every one of us—students, faculty, and staff alike. The devotion and kindness that you have demonstrated each and every day is something that we have been so fortunate to experience. You are never without a smile or a kind word, and have encouraged so many of us in whatever we are doing, from coordinating the Honors Ambassador visits to making sure every student who earns Honors Partnership is recognized and so much more! You keep the Honors office running smoothly and you do it all with grace and good humor.

Thank you for all that you have done for our program over the last few years. We will miss you so very much, but are confident that you will do great things at Columbia and beyond. Best of luck to you!

With love,
Your Honors family



Honors Program Assistant Emma Rubenstein flashes her usual friendly smile (Photos provided by Jennifer Kosco).

Depaul ID Freebies

Your DePaul ID is useful on campus, but did you know it can get you into some of Chicago's best museums for free? Below is a short list of institutions where students can receive free admission with their IDs, but be sure to check out <https://resources.depaul.edu/demon-discounts> for more information and other ID deals!



Photo courtesy of Time

Art Institute of Chicago

111 S Michigan Avenue
Chicago, IL 60603

Open daily 10:30–5:00
Thursday until 8:00
Closed on Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Day

Chicago History Museum

1601 N Clark Street
Chicago, IL 60614

Monday - Saturday, 9:30am - 4:30pm
Sunday, noon - 5:00pm
Museum closed on Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Day



Photo courtesy of Wikipedia Commons



Photo courtesy of glassdoor.com

Peggy Notebaert Nature Museum

2430 N Cannon Dr, Chicago, IL 60614

Monday through Friday
9am - 5pm
Saturday and Sunday
10am - 5pm
Open every day except the first Friday in May, Thanksgiving, and Christmas Day.

HONORABLE EVENTS

A Chat with Marina Shifrin

By Jade Ryerson

On the Friday afternoon of February 22, members of the Honors community were invited to participate in a small book discussion and lecture by Marina Shifrin, author of *30 Before 30*, digital media producer, and writer for Comedy Central, Tru TV, and Sony Echo. As engaging and dynamic in person as she is on the page, Marina is nothing if not genuine and her grounded love for her family abounds in both her humor and writing.

As anyone can tell from reading Marina's book, she's not afraid to acknowledge her struggles or laugh at embarrassing moments in her past. *30 Before 30* contains thirty captivating, humorous essays in which Marina recounts her list of thirty things she wanted to do before hitting her third decade, the most famous of which was quitting her job—which went viral on the Internet. While this bold move was something that could have easily tanked her career, Marina explains why it didn't; she didn't allow it to.

Having experienced the ins and outs of a budding creative career, Marina had a wide range of valuable experiences and advice to share with not only aspiring writers, but the entire Honors community. With the same unapologetic, engaging honesty employed in her writing, Marina's discussion was informative, and as much about inspiring and encouraging students as dispelling common misconceptions about the entertainment and publishing industries.



Marina Shifrin poses with her book, 30 Before 30 (Photo by Jennifer Kosco).

30 Before 30 was Marina's dream project, albeit a project seven years in the making. While urging students to explore their hobbies and passions, Marina suggested that students also consider the challenges she experienced with pitching, publishing, and profiting from her book. She asked students to consider if they were willing to stick with their passion projects for the long haul, not to mention the detours along the way.

Even after seven years of drafting and revising, Marina's final product still contained some typos, which she openly pointed out in the fourteenth draft and advanced reader's copy of her book. Marked up with her retrospective comments, students were even able to page through and see for themselves that despite the areas where Marina still saw opportunities for revision, the overall lesson was to not let little mistakes along the way hinder longtime progress.

While similar pieces of advice can often seem generic, from Marina, they weren't. The insights conveyed in the lecture were not shared from a lofty ivory tower or even a soapbox, but from a place of candor and authenticity. Marina used examples of her own triumphs and missteps to get students thinking about how they think of themselves professionally. Her advice included suggestions to get out of your comfort zone and step away from the pressures from being the best in the room. Instead of trying to keep up

with everyone else, Marina maintains that the best thing students can do is emphasize anything that makes them different than the person sitting next to them and use those differences to set themselves apart and grow.

Although Marina is still learning too, there's a lot we can learn from her, especially because she embraces that she doesn't have her life put together. And that's okay. While maybe we can't all move to another country or have the confidence to visit a naked beach, Marina's right when she says being young is a mess, so why not make the most of it?



Shifrin leads students in a small book discussion.



Honors student Sara Shahein poses with Shifrin.



Shifrin signs copies of her book for Honors students.



Shifrin engages in conversation at her lecture on February 22.

Photos by Jennifer Kosco

MENTIONS REFLECTIONS

Faculty Spotlight: Anna Souchuk

By Paige Gilberg

Every Tuesday and Thursday at 1:00, I walk through the door of Arts and Letters 407 and directly onto the streets of turn-of-the-century Vienna. Though this may seem like a bit of an exaggeration, it is undeniable that Dr. Anna Souchuk has been leading students on this journey, both figuratively and literally, since she came to DePaul in 2009.

Acting as Associate Professor of German and Director of the German Program, Souchuk has taught “pretty much anything you could ever want to teach in German.” This includes a variety of courses on German language, literature, film, history, and current events. Oddly enough, Souchuk herself is not a native speaker of German. She developed her passion for the language in high school, discovering that she was “really good at it for some reason.”

In 2002, she earned her B.A. in both German and Art History from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. During her junior year there, she had the opportunity to study abroad in Vienna—an experience that changed her life. “It was totally, personally transformative,” she reflects. “It made me feel extremely confident and empowered in a way that I think few things can.” The trip also nudged her in the direction of graduate school. Emboldened by her time in Austria, she then completed her M.A. and Ph.D. in Germanic Languages and Literatures at Yale University.

As a Chicago native, Souchuk always had DePaul on her radar. When an opening in the German Program became available, she jumped on the opportunity to interview. In the ten years since, Souchuk has become very involved in the DePaul community. Her own experiences in Vienna have inspired her to organize and direct several study abroad programs at the university. She believes that these trips have facilitated some of the most meaningful moments in her teaching career: “It’s like opening an entirely new frontier for [students]. The personal growth that comes from living in another culture happens for everyone. To be able to foster that for students is, for me, so important and meaningful.”

In addition to her work with the German and Study Abroad Programs, Souchuk is also a Distinguished Honors Faculty member. She teaches two courses for the University Honors Program, including HON 101: World Literature and HON 205: Interdisciplinary Arts. Souchuk’s iteration of HON 101 explores literature from all over the globe but does, of course, include many



Dr. Anna Souchuk smiles bright for the camera (Photo provided by Dr. Anna Souchuk).

works from German authors. Her favorite course to teach, however, is her version of HON 205: “Coffeehouses and Culture in Vienna 1900.” The course curriculum explores an array of different thinkers, writers, artists, and musicians, all through the lens of Viennese coffeehouse culture.

In teaching these Honors courses, Souchuk feels that she has been afforded many opportunities for growth and conversation. “What has been especially meaningful for me is that students have come in with new ideas that I’ve never thought about before,” she says. “It’s not just a passive, rote, mechanical thing that we’re all doing to tick a box. I’ve been really grateful for the level of discourse in some of the honors classes.”

Beyond the classroom, Souchuk’s writing and research focuses on Vienna, as well as Austria more generally. Her work concentrates largely on the writer Josef Haslinger and *vergangenheitsbewältigung*, or “coming to terms with the past.” She also writes on other Austrian writers and artists, including Linda Stift, Deborah Sengl, and Markus Schleinzer. Souchuk’s has presented her work at the annual conferences of the German Studies Association and the Austrian Studies Association, as well as the Convention of the Modern Language Association.

When Souchuk isn’t teaching, researching, or traveling, she loves to go running, watch television, and spend time with her dog, Kevin.

Priya’s Top Ten Classical Music Bops

By Priya Fink

As a music major, I am constantly listening to and playing a wide variety of music. From jazzy wind quintet arrangements to Beethoven’s Fifth symphony, I have encountered an incredibly wide variety of music and thought it would be fun to share some of my favorite pieces. Below you will find a list of my top ten recommendations for anyone looking to become more familiar with classical music.

1. Adagio for Strings

(Samuel Barber)

This heart wrenching piece will really give you the feels. Definitely would recommend listening to it with tissues close by.

2. Strasbourg/St. Denis

(Roy Hargrove)

This song is definitely one of my favorite jazz pieces. I recommend the recording from Roy Hargrove’s “Earfood” album. While you’re there, you might as well listen to some more of the album...you won’t regret it.

3. Nimrod

(Edward Elgar)

This is one of my all-time favorite pieces. Nimrod is about four minutes depending on which recording you find and it might just be the best four minutes of your day. This piece was written about Elgar’s best friend and you can really hear it in the heartwarming melodic line and harmonies.

4. Café Music

(Paul Schoenfield)

This exciting piece is a great way to spice up your morning walk to class, and it will, without a doubt, put you in a good mood for the rest of your day.

5. Thais: Meditation

(Jules Massenet)

Another very important piece, Meditation (from the opera *Thaïs*) is very relaxing and introspective. If you’re in a soul-searching mood or just feeling nostalgic about something, let good ole’ Jules help you out.

6. Antonín Dvořák’s Ninth

Symphony (“New World” Symphony)

New World Symphony reflects Dvořák’s perception of America during his time living in New York City. There is so much variety in the

four movements of his ninth symphony, and the famous second movement is overwhelmingly beautiful and an important part of the classical music repertoire.

7. Tchaikovsky’s Fourth

Symphony

(Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky)

Tchaik 4 is a rollercoaster. It is one of my favorite symphonies because it has so much character and it showcases, in my opinion, some of Tchaikovsky’s best work.

8. Scheherazade

(Rimsky Korsakov)

This piece is about a storyteller, Scheherazade, and paints beautiful scenes in each of its four movements. Each of the main characters in this piece has a theme and the themes come back as the characters show up in the stories told through the music.

9. Mahler 3

(Gustav Mahler)

Mahler 3 changed my life. Give it a good listen. Enough said.

10. Les Préludes

(Franz Liszt)

I went to Interlochen Arts Camp for the past three summers, and at the end of each summer, all of the classical instrumentalists came together and formed one massive orchestra (twice to three times the size of a normal orchestra) and played this empowering piece in an outdoor concert hall as dancers danced on the roof. I cry every time.

Review of *King Oedipus*, or *Oedipus Rex*

By Maiwenn Brethenoux

The lights descend on the small black box theater, the eerie background noise that had been murmuring throughout the audience's awaiting growing more strident. Then, a host of scenes, each more soul-troubling than the last: people crying out to the gods in unison, in despair; a king helpless to save them, save by fearing first a friend's, and soon his own, fall as the mystery unfolds; prophecies whispered by a blind man, and ever-present fate, grasping all of these figures in a spiraling pool of obscurity and dread.

This is the tragic and familiar story of Sophocles' *King Oedipus*, now retold by a group of fellow DePaul students headed by Ben Raanan, in room 403 of the DePaul Theatre School – a black box too small to contain the emotions rolling off the characters as they retell their history for the millionth time before a modern audience. Yet perhaps this time, during the week of February 11th, had been different from the million other times. There is a fine line between overdone emotion and not enough emotion when conveying such ancient, powerful, and grave scenes—especially when personas burst into a passion, when they weep desperately, or when they chant to gods all but forgotten. Still, the actors here walked this line, and became their characters to the fullest extent: adopting the solemnity required when praying, or the seriousness that would once have fallen on all spectators of a prophecy or their interpretation by a wise man.

One who particularly stood out for a most diverse and volatile play-act, however, was



Theatre School students perform in a recent production of King Oedipus (Photo provided by Charlotte Meffe).

King Oedipus himself: Kamari Saxon. Please note: the latter references the character's personality and evolution rather than the quality of the performance. He acted with the ease of a confident, practical ruler in the first movement. Then, with the growing unease of a man besieged by guilt, doubt, and paranoia, as he tries to identify the killer of the late king of Thebes, even accusing his wife's brother. Now with growing certainty of his close relationship – in more than one sense – to the crime. Finally, the deep shock and anguish at the final unraveling of the terrible truth most people already know – and this king's own subsequent unraveling. All played skillfully, so that it all felt as devastating as the Earl of Gloucester's twisted lot.

Yet, despite the knowledge most audience members have of this sad tale's ending, the naked emotion wrought out by the characters in

their time of overwhelming tension is here so remarkably displayed, that it painfully revives these feelings in the spectators helplessly watching the inevitable fulfillment of the dreaded prophecy. An incredible moment of catharsis: here patrons feel the fear, the suspense, and the pain of the great hero and his entourage. Compassionate of his fate, yet rallying with his uncle's (Kreon, played by a noble Cullen Clancy) grudgingly reasonable condemnation, and mourning for his mother and wife, Jokasta (Amanda Pulcini, perfectly encapsulating the Theban queen).

Thus does the small but fierce cast drive home not only the old message of inescapable fate – but also the need for tempering passions and for reason to prevail in the face of great burdens and unknowns: the need for diplomacy before attempting violence. Moreover, the fact that everyone needs

compassion (and trust), especially from those closest to them. All lessons Oedipus – alas – understands much too late. Rather, he focuses on others, and their possible truths, faults, and place, rather than his own... until he is consumed by the conviction he refuses to admit even to himself: that he may simply be responsible not only for his own actions, but their consequences. That it's easy to ask a question and thirst for truth when you don't know what

you're getting into.

These flaws aren't new. We must also ask ourselves: do we think before we act? Reflect before we speak? Take our allies for granted? Know who they are? Are we ready for the truths – or as unwilling to believe them as those who doubted Cassandra? Are we as unable to receive them? King Oedipus poses these questions, and shows that perhaps hubris is not as reserved for literature, as we have believed. The question

remains: what's next? Are we willing to doubt everything, and be certain of nothing – or is one way just as harmful as the other? Oedipus's life suggests so, and thus leaves one final lesson: the best decisions are those made after careful and cautious reflection, by instinct or proven knowledge, with or without input from others. Only time will tell, then, if this will suffice. MTFBWY.

Writer's Block

By Reuben Diaz

I've always been a bit shy about my writing. My friends tell me that's normal, but for many years, that shyness was the main obstacle that kept me from improving. It's hard to work through a draft you're not satisfied with, and it's even harder to revise something without anyone giving you feedback. So, for much of my life, I wrote slowly, and in solitude; the resulting work was weak, at best. When I came to DePaul, and The Writer's Block, however, I found the resources I needed to make my work stronger.

The Writer's Block was founded by four women – Anna, Lauren, Julie, and Julie – four young writers at DePaul. I joined the club in its second year, and became one of the students who attended regularly. Some members came to draft novels; others composed poems, or journaled; still others wrote screenplays for their film classes. Three weeks out of the month, we'd gather in the club room and each work on our own project, drawing on

one another's presence for the resolve to push through a rough draft. On the fourth week, we held workshops.

I sat through the first workshop in silence. Everyone else seemed so much more talented and articulate; how could I have had anything to contribute? Then Anna asked my opinion on the first sentence of her short story. "It's a bit long," I said, "but if you split it at the second 'and,' I think it'll work really well." She wound up taking my advice.

At the next workshop, Anna asked me if I had anything to share. I did; I'd been working on a short play ever since I joined Writer's Block, but I still lacked the confidence to say so. She saw through my "no," and told me to share whenever I was ready. After a few more workshops, and plenty of prodding from her and the other founders, I brought in the first few pages of my draft. It had many flaws, but I got enough positive feedback to convince me the project was worthwhile, and enough constructive criticism to make

serious improvements.

By the end of the year, that play had become the first draft of my first novel.

Since then, I've gotten more and more involved with The Writer's Block. I've been vocal in workshops, I've brought lots of rough drafts in for feedback, and I've worked my way up to president of the club. Though I haven't yet sought publication for that first novel, I've revised it into something I can be proud of. I plan to revise it again soon.

Now, The Writer's Block hosts workshops twice as often, and I'm the one who encourages shy students to share their first pieces. I've seen lots of brilliant writing and heard many brilliant discussions over my years with the club. I see and hear more every week. If you'd like to join us, we meet on Wednesdays and Thursdays from 6:00 to 7:00 pm, in Arts & Letters room 414.

We look forward to reading you.

Empires of Culture: The Jaroslav Folda Archives at DePaul

ByJustin Myers

To have empires of culture at one’s fingertips, one need only pay a visit to DePaul’s Department of Art History.

Last June, the Department of Art History welcomed a new addition to its team. Coming in with thousands of years of knowledge and information and hundreds of theses written over multiple centuries in many languages, the addition was welcomed with eager arms.

As you probably guessed, this wasn’t an ordinary staff member. In fact, it wasn’t a staff member at all but a collection of over 7,000 photographs and slides of the art and architecture of the Crusades.

“I think it’s a unique opportunity for DePaul students to have access to those materials, especially in a subject that doesn’t get a lot of exposure all the time,” Ashley Sorenson, DePaul sophomore, said. “I also think it is great that we can have more scholarship here at DePaul and more interest and more prominence in that.”

Sorenson was hired through an LAS grant to serve as a student assistant to Lisa Mahoney, PhD, Department of Art History. Together, they are working to compile and organize the plentiful collection to establish

the Jaroslav Folda Archives at DePaul.

The name “Jaroslav Folda” comes from the name of the donor of the archives, a close acquaintance of Mahoney’s. However, to understand the purpose and importance of Folda’s collection and career, one must first have some understanding of the academic realm of the Crusades.

Mahoney’s career is focused on the art of the Crusades, specifically the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem.

“With the art of the Crusades, you’re dealing with context where these different artistic traditions are coming together,” Mahoney said. “It’s the Frankish artistic tradition that the Crusaders are bringing with them. Then, they’re coming in contact with Byzantine and Islamic and other Eastern Christian artistic traditions, and something new comes out of the meeting of those people.”

Because of this, Mahoney stated that it isn’t always apparent at first glance the cultural inspirations for architectural and artistic pieces in that field, thus requiring careful analyses.

That’s where the collection and Folda

come in. Folda donated his collection upon his retirement as a professor of art history at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Mahoney described Folda as an “adorable” man with a commitment to prioritizing education. She believes that the latter is his reason for donating his collection.

Folda compiled his collection from the 1970s until the early 2000s. During this time, he traversed the Mediterranean and Middle East, collecting photographs of various manuscripts and sites pertaining to the art of the Crusades.

With shifting political climates, the span of Folda’s collecting career meant that he was able to access areas and sites that are now damaged or destroyed by war or rendered inaccessible by political strife.

“One of the things that Ashley and I are working on right now are the structures in Gaza. You just can’t go to Gaza to see those things anymore or go to Gaza to get pictures of those things,” Mahoney said.

In addition to pictures of sites, the collection contains photographs of manuscripts. Many of these are only accessible in their physical forms in overseas

institutions. Folda’s collection makes those texts accessible without the need for extensive travel.

As of Fall 2018, only about 1% of the collection has been archived. Mahoney and Sorenson are picking up steam, however, to ensure that DePaul students and outside scholars alike need travel no further than Lincoln Park to gain access to the architectural and artistic wealth taken from an empire’s past.



Lisa Mahoney and Ashley Sorenson smile in their office.



Mahoney and Sorenson hard at work.



Part of the Jaroslav Folda Archives.

Photos by Justin Myers

UN Youth Assembly

By Megan Harris

On June 4th, 2018, I was backstage in the middle of a dance recital for DePaul Dance Company. The hip hop team had just finished performing and I had about fifteen minutes until my next number so, like a good millennial, I decided to pass the time by checking my phone. Snapchats told me friends were watching the show from the audience, Facebook told me which of my friends from middle school were having birthdays, and Gmail told me that I had been accepted as a delegate for the Youth Assembly hosted by the Friendship Ambassadors Foundation. Holy Sh*!*

I read the message over three times. My eyes got progressively more clouded by tears each time. It was real. My “why not, you never know until you try” application I submitted four months prior had actually amounted to something. I was going to the United Nations Headquarters and various universities in New York City this summer as a delegate. With all of this excitement, I did what any mature young adult would do—I called my mom, blubbering like an idiot.

At the end of the summer, I was sitting on a bus to New York with all four of the professional outfits I had, some idealistic academic views of governance, a feminist t-shirt, and travel toothpaste. I did not know what I was getting into, but I knew that I was going to make the most of it.

The week was filled with incredible discussions between youth from around the world and seminars with amazing leaders. The theme of the Assembly was “breaking ground.” We were encouraged to think globally and act locally. I felt exhilarated, eager, and incredibly inadequate. My fellow delegates had founded their own non-profits, run for local elections, or invented technology that was mass produced in their countries. Why was I there? That was a toxic question and I tried not to ask myself that. Regardless, I was there. If I had not done something remarkable yet, now would be the time. I vowed to talk to as many people as I could. I made friends from the Sudan, Ghana, China, Saudi Arabia. Anyone willing to talk about anything from global issues or when we were getting lunch, I was there for it.

The best conversation that the Assembly provided was one where I didn’t contribute a word. I was not even in the room. On the second to last day of the Conference, there was a session by women fighting for the right to drive in Saudi Arabia. It was full by the time I got there, so I waited for my friends outside of the room. The rest of the night I regretted not getting there sooner. I listened in awe as my friends told me how the session sparked a lecture-wide discussion

about feminism. Women from different countries stood up and explained what feminism looked like in their country. It was remarkable. This energy could not go to waste. I spoke to my friends on how we could keep the conversation going. By the end of the week, the six of us had the outlines of a social venture, Power of World Women, that would display female leadership and foster discussion about global feminist issues.

Power of World Women (POWW) exists on instagram (@powerofworldwomen) and the co-founders represent the United States, Seychelles, Germany, England, Canada, and Mexico. We researched similar ventures and discovered that we were the only platform founded and run completely by youth and entirely internationally. After months of planning, our unique idea launched in December. We are small, but we are growing. We navigate complicated time differences to communicate and plan our schedules. At the beginning of March, we are launching our first theme month, centered around the pay gap. Once again, I am in a position where I do not fully know what I am getting into, The Youth Assembly gave me some incredible opportunities and I am going to make the most of it.

For more information, and to apply to the program, go to: <https://www.youthassembly.nyc/>
And don’t forget to follow us on Instagram: @powerofworldwomen



Meg Harris poses alongside other delegates from the United Nations Youth Assembly in New York City (Photo provided by Meg Harris).

A Very Deep Capstone

By Claire Rohrbach

For every student who is a Game Design, Development or Programming major, the capstone is a way to make something truly special using everything you’ve learned in your four years at DePaul. It’s something you simultaneously dread and look forward to in equal measure. Will you make something fun? Something unique? Something thought-provoking? Will your game stand out?

I registered for the capstone class taught by Professor Doris Rusch. My capstone centered on ‘Deep Games,’ or games with meaning and purpose that can help teach or showcase different viewpoints to the people who play them. It’s a tall task: create a game that makes people think.

I was incredibly lucky to already know several of my team members, and our new additions immediately became good friends. We spent a week or so tossing ideas back and forth across whiteboards and Discord, brainstorming and spit balling until we were able to narrow our ideas down to a few specific concepts. But in the end, the game idea that won out was something that, unfortunately, hit close to home for many of us: dealing with a loved one’s long term illness.

It was actually kind of funny; usually it’s easier not to talk about serious illness, but the idea of making a game about it really resonated with us as a team. It seemed like a good way not to have to talk about it, but to show it through art, character interactions, and maybe even a battle system. It was going to be a lot of work, to try and create a believable set of characters that are fighting this illness together, but we were excited to try and make it happen. So we got to work.

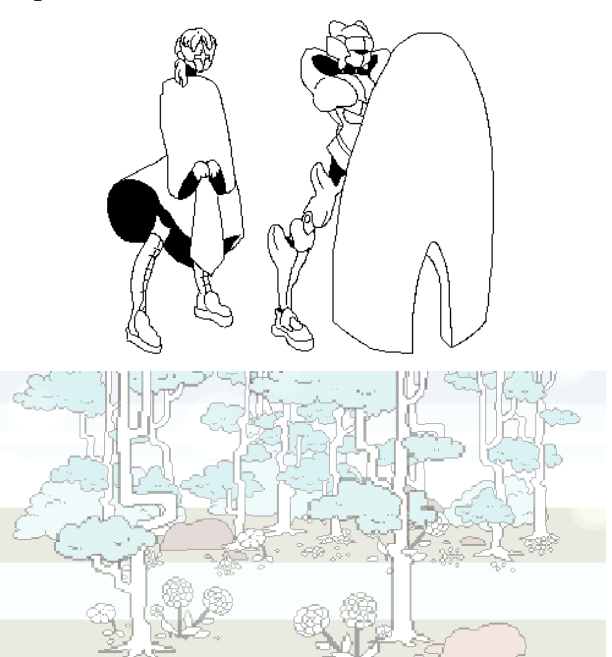
Overall, it hasn’t been an easy two quarters. We’ve been working and re-working our game nonstop for almost five months now, and we still have tons to do before we would even begin to consider it ‘done.’ It’s been a lot of sleepless nights and four hour meetings to ensure that the whole team is on the same page and still feels that we’re heading in the right direction. Our artist drew a lot of art that we couldn’t use. Our programmer had to switch game engines halfway through. Our sound designer’s library is enormous. And yet, we are all so proud of the product we have created.

Our game tells the story of two teenagers, Sana, the player character, and Estari, the player’s best friend who has recently been ‘cursed.’ Without a cure, Estari will grow weaker and eventually die, so he decides that he is going to climb a nearby mountain that is rumored to hold the cure. The player refuses to let him go alone, and so the two of them begin a long, uphill trek to save Estari.

Along the way, the player can choose how they want to interact with Estari, as well as their environments. We wanted to show players certain scenarios that might occur when they are caring for a loved one with a long term or terminal illness, and how that person might react. Drawing from personal experience, we want to show how to and how not to help someone who is sick or hurting; when it is time to be by their side and when it is time to give them their space.

Much of our art is inspired by symptoms of illness, as well as medical or hospital equipment, with the goal of creating a creepy atmosphere for our two adventurers. In addition, at the end of each level, Estari has to fight a monster, and the player must figure out how to help, creating a more literal metaphor for battling symptoms.

Overall, this capstone has been an amazing experience, and not a single one of us could have done it without the others. Even after this quarter (and even year) ends, we intend to continue working on our game until we can perhaps even submit it to festivals. But regardless of what happens, creating something fun while simultaneously teaching players about something important to us is all we could have asked for.



Characters and background from Claire’s game, which has been a part of her gaming capstone course (Images provided by Claire Rohrbach).

Charlotte Meffe: The Woman with the Lavender Tattoo

By Deyana Atanasova

“Theater is for everyone. It’s not a niche, and if it’s not created for you then it’s the creator’s fault.”

These words were firmly spoken by Charlotte Meffe—a junior in the Honors Program majoring in Theater Arts and concentrating in directing—whom I had the pleasure of interviewing on January 22nd at the Starbucks on Fullerton. She wasn’t always a part of the Theater School, though. Her past comes peppered with Pre Med, and it was only natural for me to ask how her journey took the theater route. After being pummeled in high school about committing to a major, a lot of anxiety surrounds change in college, particularly when declaring majors.

Charlotte said she seemed like the poster student on the Pre Med track. She completed all assignments, had a scholarship, and was working in a hospital, but what was nestled under the surface festered into distress and dissatisfaction. Her true passions were potent in places like the DePaul Theater Union, a theater club for non-majors that she recommends to all those who are interested but wary of officially committing to theater. She worked on four productions her freshman year, including *Dead Man Walking* during her spring quarter with Springboard. Springboard was founded by Honors Program students in a Chicagoan theater company).

It wasn’t until then that Charlotte had an anagnorisis* during the tumultuous times of yet another tech week with the guidance of academic advisor Jeanne Williams. She decided to apply to TTS and was accepted that summer—finally, she crossed the threshold.

Still, theater was not new to Charlotte. It was not a hidden passion or a guilty pleasure—it had been a part of her life since



(Artwork by Russell Klopp).

childhood. Her mother landed several Broadway roles in *The Phantom of the Opera*, *Les Misérables*, *Cats*, *Avenue Q*, and is currently in *Come From Away*. Meanwhile, her father is Head of the MFA Musical Theatre Program at San Diego State and was the Associate Conductor and pianist for Broadway’s *Little Women*. Charlotte herself was an actress throughout high school and participated in a plethora of productions.

What I find striking about Charlotte’s journey, however, is how she incorporated her PreMed past into her current theater endeavors. There seems to be a continuous waging war between STEM and Humanities, and I am always inclined to make connections between them. Interdisciplinary and interdepartmental interaction is, I believe, critical in instilling collegiate ideas. As Charlotte

puts it, “College is about learning how to learn.”

In her case, the hours invested in examining detailed lab reports and complex chemistry equations translated right into scripts. Dramatic literature analysis calls for a scrupulous amount of margin-investigating, and instead of balancing chemical equations, theater calls for putting together and illustrating “equations of human emotion”. The starkest contrast between her preceding STEM education and her current theater curriculum can be summed up by another one of Charlotte’s many quotable instances: “I went from wanting to know all of the answers to wanting to ask all of the questions.”

As expected, though, the transition to theater school was not as simple as drawing back the red curtain and receiving

a full house of congratulatory claps. For Charlotte, like many other theater-transfer students, it became more of a one-woman show. She claims, “I was alone. But, I was okay with being alone. I needed to know that it was for me. In science, I needed the people—not the science.”

Academically, it was much less intricate. She still believes that the humanities should not be discounted, however. While science and theater call for different sets of skills and thinking, value is subjective, and one should not be placed on a pedestal above the other.

Socially, adjustment became difficult as her classmates were acclimating to the freshman experience of living in dorms and experiencing independence for the first time whereas she had already been down that road (students seldom transfer into TTS—“It’s a cult.”). Nonetheless, Charlotte’s arc is not isolated. Due to the fact that theater calls for 12-hour weekdays, she has become close to people during crew assignments. She found her best friend, Willow, while working on *Native Son*.

Most recently, Charlotte worked as assistant director for the *Oedipus* production, which ran from February 11-17th. She acquired the role thanks to her advisor, Barry Brunetti (whom she described as “a star”), who emailed her about the opportunity. Most of her responsibilities included, but were not limited to, running lines with people, remembering directions given by the director, clearing up conflict, and being another set of critical eyes. She describes herself as a “databank” and a “sounding board.” “People can’t get mad at the director, but they can get mad at me,” she expresses, in order to funnel focus into the project and not let discord proliferate.

Oedipus is infamously associated with the Freudian

frame of the play—you know the one. The show as reinterpreted by this particular team is keen on examining another lens, however. It focuses on reclaiming one’s fate and dissecting what it means when one’s destiny is evil and forces one to commit immoral acts. It’s why *Oedipus* blinds himself, and majority of the concluding lines are littered with the notion of “There is nothing left to see.”

From this, Charlotte draws a connection to the political sphere. Leanings aside, we have to ask ourselves whether it is our responsibility and right to shut our eyes or continue onward. We have to ask what it means when we are alone, and it is not our fault. We have to reclaim our fates and redirect our destinies. I asked about how there are many readings and interpretations of plays; take Baz Luhrmann’s *Romeo + Juliet*, for example. Charlotte claims, “Plays can have a life of their own. Every show has a heart, but every production breathes life into it. It’s like how you can see into the woods 6 different times, but each time it’s different.”

For those who want to witness one of Charlotte’s brilliant “breaths” of life in action, she will be fully directing *Talking With...* by Jane Martin which will be shown on May 17th-19th. It is described as a dramatic comedy that showcases women reclaiming their own stories with an all-female cast and an almost entirely female production team. When I asked Charlotte about having more female representation in lead roles in theater/film/media (and let’s be honest, everything in general), she blatantly answered, “It’s why I’m here.” She commented on how there are many more emerging women in theater that are trying to create a 50/50 sphere. “It isn’t even about getting a different perspective; Women need to get

into the room.” She is looking into roles as an intimacy coach and a fight director—positions that are increasingly more vital in the #MeToo era.

As previously mentioned, though, Charlotte’s arc is not isolated. Paving her own way and following the footsteps of successful women in theater, she is not blind to the skewed world of gender inequality. Her eyes are wide open, her arm is adorned by a female-empowering symbol of lavender, and she’s more than capable and ready to create. She encourages everyone to go see things; there is an abundance of cheap theater in Chicago.

Remember, “Theater is for everyone.” Go find something for you. And if you can’t see it, don’t sit blind—go create it.”

For those who want to follow Charlotte Meffe and her journey, they can find her on Instagram at her handle @meffethemonster.



Charlotte shows off her lavender tattoo, which symbolizes female empowerment (Photo by Charlotte Meffe).

*the point in a play, novel, etc., in which a principal character recognizes or discovers another character’s true identity or the true nature of their own circumstances.

A Trip to the Motherland

By Tuyet Anh Le

I had only ever known about the motherland through the context of war and the stories of White tourism. In school I would learn about Vietnam and the war and how American soldiers lost their lives fighting for South Vietnamese peoples. I had also learned about Vietnam through the experiences of my parents as war refugees and the pain that the war caused. In terms of learning about Vietnam through White tourism, people would tell me how they loved visiting Vietnam and how they felt like they had connected so well with the culture. They would explain aspects of my own culture to me as if I had no connection to these things because I had never traveled there. When my mom and I made plans to travel to Vietnam for a month during winter break, I decided that I would set out on the trip to reflect and reclaim the experience for myself.

I flew from Chicago to Vietnam with my mom, grandma, aunt, and a family friend. When we arrived at the airport in Saigon, we were greeted by family who I had only ever talked to via video chat. I got

to meet my eight year old cousin, Phong for the first time, and right away he ran up to me, hugged me, and put fruit in my hands. Phong and his family were so genuinely happy to see us, as it was their first time seeing my grandma, mom, and aunt in a really long time. After moments of catching up with warm hugs and teary eyes, we were all picked up by bus by my uncle, and he drove us into the city.

As we were driving around Saigon, I noticed very interesting architecture and people everywhere. On one end of the street there would be a huge building that had been modernized and updated, but literally right next to it, would be a smaller building that was rundown and in great need of repair. There was this type of unbalanced architectural building pattern in the city— huge ten story buildings adjacent to small single story buildings on the verge of falling apart. I think that this reflected the different kinds of people that lived in the city. There were people dressed in very nice attire with brand name accessories, and literally right

next to them were homeless people, begging for money. There were also a lot of working class street vendors, calling out to advertise their goods for sale. There was an interesting imbalance in socioeconomic status, and the architectural juxtapositions seemed to reflect it. After driving around for 15 minutes, we finally reached our hotel. From our hotel, we took a car service called Grab, the Vietnamese version of Uber, to explore the city. Exploring the city was mostly experiencing different street market items and foods.

After two days in Saigon, my uncle came back to the city with his bus to drive us to the countryside area of Tiền Giang Province. To get there, we drove to the village of Cái Bè, parked the bus, and took a boat over a river to meet with my family that lived there. My great aunt called all of her children to come visit with us and they made porridge, fish, fried rice, and bánh xèo for us to eat. My uncle also showed me his fruit trees and how he sells them at the market. I was so fascinated by his experiences. After a few hours, we took the boat back to the village.

I remember sailing on the boat and looking back at my relatives as they waved at us, sending us off. I was so overcome with feelings of love and gratefulness that I started crying. I am not sure when I will be able to visit Cái Bè again, but it was so interesting meeting family and learning about their lives there.

From Cái Bè, we drove to Rạch Giá and Rạch Sỏi in the Kiên Giang Province. We stayed at the Phuc Ngoc Hotel in Rạch Sỏi for three weeks. This was probably the most special part of my trip as my mom actually grew up in the Rạch Giá area. Most of my mom’s cousins, aunts, and uncles live in Rạch Giá, so I got to meet all of them while I was there. They were so happy to meet me. My cousins were so kind and they took me out to eat street food, go shopping, and explore the area. They went out of their way to show me around because they wanted to ensure that I was enjoying myself.

In the daytime, I would go with my mom, grandma, aunt, and our family friend to visit around. I got to see the streets that my mom grew up in, meet the people and see the

places that were important to her. We passed by the house that she grew up in, and I was so moved by seeing it. My mom, grandma, and aunt have all been very important in my understanding of my Vietnamese identity, and so it was just so special to see the areas that they lived in before they left after the war.

I spent my final days of the trip hanging out with my 26 year old cousin Chi Tam. We talked about movies, music, style, Vietnamese culture, and food. She showed me so many different places in Rạch Giá and Rạch Sỏi, gave me advice, taught me how to use Vietnamese currency, and showed me the best time! I connected to Chi Tam the most when I was in Vietnam, and I am so thankful for the opportunity to get to spend time with her. On my last night in Rạch Giá, she took me out one last time before we said goodbye. I told her that when she visits America, I will show her an amazing experience just like she did for me.

The trip back home prompted a lot of reflection for me as I had just spent a month in the place where

my parents grew up. It has always been very important for me to learn about where I come from, and it was so moving to be able to learn for myself. My family that still lives in Rạch Giá were so special, and I think that Rạch Giá will always have a piece of my heart.

My trip to Vietnam was very beautiful, empowering, and moving for me. I saw so many beautiful sights and met so many amazing people. I will be forever moved by this trip, and I am so grateful for the immersion into the culture of my parents. I hope to travel to Vietnam again in the future. I know that when I do, it will not be for the tourist attractions of the big city, but rather for the family who showed me so much love and kindness there. My trip to the motherland was incredible, and I dream of the day that I’ll get to go back.

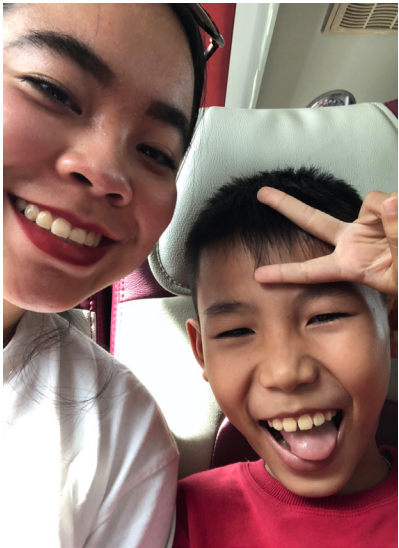


Tuyet Anh poses at a night market in Ca Mau.

Photos provided by Tuyet Anh Le



Tuyet Anh visits with her great aunt and her children in Cai Be.



Tuyet Anh takes a selfie with her young cousin, Phong.



The busy streets of Saigon at night.



A collection of fabrics from a Saigon market.

Study Abroad in Florence

By Sarah Visser

When the hospitality study abroad program in Florence, Italy was announced, I knew I had to be a part of it. Being able to expand my understanding of the hospitality industry while living abroad was the perfect opportunity for me to do what I have always wanted to do. I felt like a real Florentine walking to the market for groceries, ordering a macchiato, and debating with myself if I should get another gelato. As I was discovering Florence, it felt like the city was mine.

The hospitality program at Florence University of the Arts focused largely on experiential learning, and this allowed us to connect with the Florentine community. Most of the students in attendance were from other American universities, but there were also many from all over the world. As a part of the classes, we helped organize the events for the fashion school and worked in the school restaurant, Ganzo. We enjoyed a Thanksgiving meal created by the international students, and it felt like we were at home. Locals and study abroad students were involved in the events of the school, and it was a great way to interact with the rest of Florence.

My favorite class abroad was the History of the Italian Renaissance, taught by the most enthusiastic and inspiring professor I have ever had. Most of what we were reading in our textbooks was better understood if seen in person, and so that is exactly what we did. The city was our classroom. Everywhere you turned there was a building, a sculpture, a street, or a piazza that had a central role in the development of the Renaissance. On each walk to class, I was surrounded by the beauty and significance of the city. After the first few weeks, there was a moment when I realized I was no longer a tourist but, rather, a foreigner. On my way to class it was impossible to avoid the large tourist crowds and the endless number of multicolored flags up in the air to pinpoint the tour guides. It was when I started to find the side streets to avoid the conglomerates or was asked for directions that I began to feel more and more like a Florentine.

Being in Italy for four months, I knew that I wanted to experience and travel the



Sarah Visser enjoys a gelato in front of the Duomo in Florence, Italy.

country fully as opposed to travelling from city to city. When not exploring Florence, I was on a train ready to discover the specialties of the other Italian regions. My roommates and I visited the major cities of Rome, Milan, Naples, and Venice. We were lucky enough to make it to Venice before the flooding. While photos of the canals and the streets are beautiful, it was surreal to wander across the bridges in person. The weekends were also filled with trips to Lucca, Pisa, Sienna, Pompeii, Vesuvius, Cinque Terre, Verona, and Crema. My favorite place to visit was the small, medieval Tuscan town of San Gimignano. There was no direct and easy way of getting there. After struggling to transfer busses with our lack of Italian, we eventually reached the town famous for its medieval towers. It was nice to be away from the overwhelming crowds of tourists, and we roamed the streets for hours. At the end of the day, we found a winery and a terrace up on one of the hills. It was one of those “movie moments,” overlooking the Tuscan hills as the sun was setting in the distance.

My Italian experience would not be complete without riding a Vespa. We went on a Vespa tour through the Chianti region that ended at Castello del Trebbio, a family owned winery. We went on a tour of the castle and, following our crash course on Vespa’s, we ate lunch in the wine cellars. This was one of my favorite moments because, as opposed to sightseeing and walking through endless museums, we were exploring the

outskirts of Florence without the constraints of a tour bus.

During my fall break, I went on a solo trip to London to meet my roommate who was studying abroad there. I was there for six days, and it was a sudden change of pace from what I had become accustomed to in Italy. I managed to do a lot during my time there, seeing Mamma Mia in the West End, visiting numerous museums, walking the streets of Notting Hill, having high tea at The Wallace, and visiting the Warner Brothers Studio, all by running in and out of the tube. The best part was meeting Brian May from Queen and Rami Malek of Bohemian Rhapsody.

Upon my return to Italy, I went on another solo trip to Assisi in the region of Umbria. This time I was not meeting anyone but going on a personal pilgrimage. Assisi is known for St. Francis and his basilica, and almost every corner you turned in the city there was something dedicated to his life. Navigating and communicating in a foreign

language on my own was a challenge, but this day-trip made me aware of how my study abroad experience has changed me. I was not intimidated to ask questions and explore, and I continue to approach things that same way now.

Before leaving for Florence, I promised myself that I would try to write down all of my experiences abroad. To my surprise, I wrote something down every day. My journal is completely filled and falling apart on all sides, but to me it is better than any photo album will ever be. When reading through it, I find myself amazed at how much I did, and it would be impossible to remember it all without having written it down. My time in Florence is an experience that I will never forget. I have made so many great friends that I continue to stay in contact with, and the memories I made will remain with me forever.



This was the breathtaking view of the Tuscan landscape from one of the last standing medieval towers in San Gimignano.



Visser also traveled to London, where she attended a premiere of the Bohemian Rhapsody film.

Photos by Sarah Visser.

A First Time Abroad

By Hope Rozeveld

I flew on an airplane for the first time when I was eighteen years old—a fact that surprises most people. My family was always more into driving to get places. It wasn't like we traveled much anyways, just the occasional trip to visit family friends in Florida or a day trip to Chicago or Indianapolis. When I got to college, I had never left North America. That all changed when I applied to participate in a first year abroad experience to Paris, France.

Anyone who has ever been to Paris can probably express the magic that seems to linger in the air. The language, food, architecture, and history all combine to form an intoxicating atmosphere. I had spent years dreaming of what my first trip to Paris would be like, and I found my expectations exceeded. Nothing could bring me down, not even our luggage meeting us in Paris a day late, or the colder than average temperatures we experienced nearly all week. One of the craziest experiences I constantly had was turning the corner, only to bump into yet another famous building or landmark. Seriously, Notre Dame can sneak up on you! Getting to speak a language I had been studying since high school, as well as experience a culture that I felt so drawn to was surreal. Even if the Parisian residents were making fun of me behind my back, I still felt an air of pride that I could read all the signs and understand the conversations that were going on around me.

I spent free time leisurely exploring the city, going to the very outskirts to see the famed Pere Lachaise cemetery or the glistening Sacre Coeur. Standing at Jim Morrison's grave, smoking a cigarette, I felt both connected with all the souls who had come to do the exact same thing, and at the same time, like my own individual person. Paris Hope was more relaxed, more interested in soaking in all aspects of life. Sometimes I close my eyes and try to call upon her when I need a confidence boost. As part of the trip, we often did not have our phones on our persons, and it was more freeing than I could have even imagined. For once in my life, I didn't have the ability to know about every horrible and chaotic thing that was going on in the world. While I experienced home sickness from time to time, leaving the country for a week was the break that I didn't know I needed.

Prior to leaving for the trip, I was enrolled in a religion class that specifically looked at how the three Abrahamic religions—Christianity, Islam, and Judaism—play a role both in Parisian history, but also in the culture today. The class gave me a new understanding of these religions, which was particularly impactful, because I had never studied religion much in depth. I enjoyed the classroom experience, but it wasn't until we touched down in Paris that I fully understood the power of studying abroad. Suddenly all the things I had been reading about came to life. I had life-changing experiences that I'm not sure I will ever have again, including the opportunity to attend a service at a synagogue and Friday prayer at a mosque. We had a chance to speak with people who work in interfaith collaboration, and it was incredible to hear their stories of how they got involved in that area. I never understood organized religion until I saw it in action. While I didn't feel a sudden change, or a sudden conversion into any



Sophomore Hope Rozeveld poses in front of the Conciergerie in Paris (Photo provided by Hope Rozeveld).

religion, I believe the sense of understanding that I gained from being a witness to these three religions up close gave me a new global perspective.

Since returning, I've become a huge advocate for travelling, especially in college. Now is the time to take the crazy trip of your dreams, because now is the time that your body can physically keep up. It's been a year since my Paris trip, and since then, I have left the United States several times. My family has started to make jokes about not being able to keep me in the country for too long before I leave again, and I couldn't be happier. Travel gives us both internal and external perspective. With every passport stamp, and every new experience, I can feel something in me changing. I can feel myself getting closer and closer to the person I want to become. I am becoming more adventurous and more comfortable with living life a little outside my comfort zone.

Through travel, I've had the opportunity to engage with people who I share nothing else in common with except for the fact that we are both human. I am beginning to understand the beauty of being a global citizen. For all these reasons and many more, I believe that studying abroad, even just for the short term like I did, should be a requirement for college students. The greater the emphasis we put on its importance, the more likely people will be willing to push themselves and participate in study abroad programs. The more scholarships that can be offered, the more attainable travel becomes for students of all walks of life. Travel isn't for everyone, but there's no way to know that until the experience has been had. Reflecting on the year and a half of college experience that I have, the one thing I have never regretted is travel. Paris awakened a passion within me that I believe I will hold onto for as long as I'm alive.

Darndest Things

While we don't advise listening to other people's private conversations, sometimes you can't help but overhear the very strange things they say around campus.

“Descartes was a drunk frat boy.”

“I'm about to get destroyed by my Computer Science mid-term. But that's OK - it keeps me humble.”

‘I don't think anyone should have to function before 11 a.m.’ “Time is my bitch.”

“I seem to recall being herded a lot.” “Never apologize for not bringing men into my life.”

“Ya know, millennial soup.”

‘If the zombie apocalypse hits today, you'll have plenty to read.’ “I love a good option.”

“Technology – it can save lives and it can allow you to make your face into an animated unicorn!”

‘I usually don't eat dinner until midnight-thirty.’ “I think my brain is a little bit broken.”

CREATIVE CONNECTIONS



Art by Natalia Semaniuk



Photography by Riley Reed



Art by Russell Klopp



*“So then, gentleness and
forbearance are necessary
among ourselves and for our
service to the neighbor.”*

Saint Vincent de Paul

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