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Foreword

The pieces you are about to read come from students a variety of classes from the Department of Rhetoric, Writing, and Communications at the University of Winnipeg and range from 1000 to 3000 level. While these pieces come from a variety of classes, they are all connected by the deep-rooted love for writing and the ability of expressing oneself through words.

Writing means something different to every person. It evokes a variety of emotions and gives a chance for students to voice their opinions with every new assignment. It gives students a platform to share important information on a wide range of issues, such as societal and political issues, that affect their lives and the lives of others. Writing allows students to insightfully impart their innermost thoughts, ideas, dreams, and sometimes fears, in creative ways.

But most importantly, writing connects students. It connects students at a communal level, both academically and personally. By sharing their pieces in this journal, students are able to reach out to their peers in an intellectual way

A Black-Out in my Apartment

By Huiqi Deng

Last Monday night, I experienced a power outage in my room. It happened when I was drying my hair. I was holding the hairdryer with my right hand, brushing the wet hair with my left hand, and watching a comedy all at the same time. The hair dryer delivered hot wind, and the squealing sound it made, covered the human voice that came out of the computer and turned it into murmuring.

All of a sudden, the whole world turned quiet. I looked around for three seconds, and then realized it was a power outage. I opened the door, and heard girls screaming and boys cheering from upstairs.

It seemed like I was the only victim.

After the security guards let me know that there was nothing they could do, I went back to my room, disappointed. Without the light, the room was not as quiet as I thought. My fridge buzzed constantly and squeaked weirdly every other second, which sounded like twitter so much that I thought there was a living bird stuck somewhere in my room. The fan in the computer droned; then the tone went up, showing that it started working hard.

I went to the bathroom to brush my teeth. Somehow, the “wooning” sound the heat made when it blew the wind from the ventilation was much clearer in here. I stood in front of the mirror between the basin and the shower. The shower was a narrow human-sized rectangle; I could not stretch my arms horizontally,

The Realities of an Unplanned University Adventure

By Bernard Alcantara

Post-secondary education can be intimidating and stressful to a high-school student that has only just graduated, and not knowing what to do further down the road also adds to it. The experience is like going out into a blizzard without the appropriate clothing. I was a victim of this mishap. I relied on my school counsellors to help me decide my future, and we hastily made a plan with no extensive research.

Majoring in Education and English ended up being a disaster for me. While I was taking courses that required me to write essays on topics such as multiculturalism which is my strongest topic, I was not keen on writing essays at the time. I ended up disliking what I was studying, my motivation waned, my marks suffered, and I wound up getting academically suspended because of my low grade-point average.

During my suspension, I began thinking about what fields of study I could succeed in. I talked with my family about what they thought, and they said that I should be pursuing a career that revolves around computers which didn't really come as a surprise. However, although I am proficient in technology and computing, I wanted to keep it as a hobby. I decided to ask career advisors for help. For months, I volunteered for careers that piqued my interest and researched their job opportunities locally, nationally, and internationally. One particular career that caught my attention was teaching English in Japan, and

Bernard Alcantara is studying East Asian Languages and Culture at The University of

My Most Memorable and Educational Experience

By Hayley Burton

Educational experiences are paramount in our lives. Either a positive or a negative experience can have extremely memorable effects on us. We learn through experience, we learn by observing others, and we learn from making mistakes and trying new things. If you are lucky, you may have a few special experiences that help shape and influence your life and steer you in the direction you need to travel. One such experience has provided me with my chosen career path and enabled me to pursue my career and education goals. My experience coaching has helped lead me to my career choice of an educator and has given me more self-confidence by highlighting my strengths.

While growing up, I was always chosen by my teachers to lead a group project and help other students along. I did not often end up working with my friends, in fact. It was just the opposite. There was always a student in my group who seemed to need a little extra help and encouragement. I have since come to realize why this was so important. I may not have called myself a natural born leader but my teachers saw something different in me. At first, I always thought of this experience negatively, almost like a punishment. I wondered why my teachers would never let me work with my friends. I was a good student, I always listened to instruction, and I took pride in my work. As I got older, I eventually realized that I was chosen to help those particular students along and to provide them with the support they might need. All of a sudden, I started to

take pride in that fact and I felt really good when I was able to help a fellow classmate. I learned that my teachers felt confident in me and my abilities as a student and a leader to help others. This gave me more confidence in myself as well. I felt as though I was making a difference by helping others to succeed. I began to enjoy helping and encouraging students along which then led me to pursue coaching and tutoring. Both of these activities have helped to develop me into the student, instructor and tutor that I am today.

When I began coaching, it became necessary for me to speak in front of the.

I felt when coaching or tutoring, gives me the drive to continue to pursue my

because it wouldn't do me any good. All my friends would just keep getting better and I'd always be chasing their tails. This mentality dissipated when my best friend Jared pulled me aside in the gym one time and explained to me that, "People don't care about you enough to believe in you so you have to believe in yourself and practice as much as possible in order to succeed." As harsh as that statement was, inevitably it was the truth. Ever since that conversation I've always believed in myself regardless of the feat I am trying to accomplish.

Another learning experience that had a positive impact on me came at a point in time when I was unmotivated to participate in sports. Basketball was a huge part of my life and my friends' lives, but it didn't come without negative times. At one practice, I remember feeling out of it and had no passion or motivation to really give it my all. I could tell that I wasn't playing the sport for myself anymore, I was doing it as an opportunity to hang out with friends. I was in a slump for a couple of weeks and had been feeling depressed over the fact that all my friends had so much passion when they played and I had none. There was no change in my mentality until one time at practice when our coach told us to take a five minute water break. I saw the starting five players on my team continue to practice even harder although everyone else took a break. At first I didn't understand why they continued to train and practice and for the whole break I stood there, watching them. I realized that their show of commitment was because the sport provided them with discipline and obtainable goals that they can reach. This resonated with me and reignited my passion for the sport. The

next time we had a break I was on the court with them, going as hard as I possibly could. With this renewed passion flowing through me, I created goals just like everyone else and ended up becoming really proud of myself for accomplishing them.

While thinking about which experiences I wanted to talk about in this essay I learned something about myself. I learned that I could transfer these experiences in basketball into other aspects of my life which will help me excel in whatever it is that I want to do. I think, in part, this is one of the reasons why I want to become a teacher, so that I can provide my students with similar environments in which experiences like this can be learned. My experiences with basketball also taught me that everyone learns in different ways and that there is no right way to learn. With both positive and negative experiences something can be learned and that type of mentality is what I think made me the person I am today. To some, basketball is just a sport where they throw the ball in the hoop, but to others, it is a way to build self-confidence and to push yourself to points where you never thought you could go. To me these experiences sparked a competitive drive to not only become a better athlete, but to become a better person.

Andrew Cabral is a first-year education student at The University of Winnipeg, majoring in Kinesiology. With this degree, he hopes to become a physical educator.

stormed the scene as the crowd looked on. We waited in the tent for over an hour, looking out on what had been a horrible day in the airshow world.

To Him-Who-I-Will-Never-Meet

By Si Nguyen

Today is November 9th, the birthday of someone who has had a significant impact on my life. Today is my biggest hero's, the late Dr. Carl Sagan's, birthday. He would have been 81.

A few years ago, when I was still young and naive, I thought going to school was a waste of time. I always picked the easiest classes with the least amount of studying, and I tried to pass with the least amount of effort and the lowest grades possible just so I could get out of school as fast as I possible. But once I graduated from college, this led to me being unhappy with how I was living. For years I had studied things that I had no interest in, worked a job which I despised, and I had lost my direction in life. I did not know what to do and was plunging deeper and deeper into depression. But then I found Carl Sagan.

To be precise, I found his book *Cosmos*. I found it by accident while getting lost in the science section of a book store. Let me tell you, I had not been too keen on Science back in the day, and even the word 'science' alone had meant little to me, but for some reason the title of the book had caught my attention. That one word, 'cosmos', felt so powerful, and was almost irresistible. Perhaps it was because I am curious by nature, or perhaps my intuition was doing its own "voo-doo" to make me do something which I considered very out of character, but, nevertheless, picking up that book was one of the few decisions

of which I'm glad I made. I still clearly remember the moment I picked up *Cosmos* and flipped through the first few pages of what would become my favourite book of all time.

“The Cosmos is all that is or ever was or ever will be,” Sagan says in the opening lines.

“Well that is very interesting,” I thought to myself. That was my way of saying, “I don't know what this is about, but I may (or may not) look more into it.”

I decided I would give the book a try, and I purchased it. I told myself that I could always return it the next day if I did not like it. That night, my whole life was turned upside-down. Not only was *Cosmos* the first science book I had ever read, but it also got me hooked on the subject, and during the next few days

“When you're in love, you want to tell the world. My lifelong love affair with science,” Carl Sagan says in his book *The Demon-Haunted World: Science as a Candle in the Dark*.

And he was right; it was indeed true love. My love for science has never ceased, and it is only growing stronger. I finally went back to university, and this time it will be different because I am studying something that I am passionate about. Every day is a new opportunity for me to learn, and I cherish every piece of knowledge I receive. Through that knowledge, I will help change the world and bring Dr. Sagan’s vision of a better “us” closer. I never will be able to meet him, but for me, and for many others, he is a great inspiration. So from the bottom of my heart I wish you a happy birthday, Dr. Carl Sagan, and I thank you.

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Si Nguyen has just finished his first year at the University of Winnipeg; he is majoring in Physics. He loves astronomy and spends most of his free time learning as much as he can about planets, stars, and the universe.

Sikirrar: A Community of Chances and Change

By Jade Solvason

As I was boarding the plane that was about to take me to Australia for eight months, I started to wonder what had made me come to such a crazy decision. Why had I decided to take a year off, and why was I taking a leap of faith into the world of solo travel? Everyone questioned my decision, saying that I was too young and that it was too dangerous, but I could not be deterred. I believe that the reason I was so sure that I wanted to go on this trip, and that I wanted to do it alone, was because of a trip I had taken the year before.

When the opportunity to go on a Free the Children Mission came along, I jumped at the chance to see another part of the world and to help people in need. I never could have guessed the impact that this eleven-day trip to Kenya would have on me and my future. I had the adventure of a lifetime in the Maasai Mara. While there, I learnt about the culture, learnt some of the language, saw the land, the animals, and saw how the people there live, but the best experience of all was how the community embraced us with open arms.

The one event that I will always remember, and is what inspired me to travel more, took place on our final day when we were visiting Sikirrar Primary School. The smiling and singing students lined up at the gates to greet us. The beautiful colours of the Maasai garb overwhelmed me, and the bright reds, oranges, and yellows, as well as the intricate hand-crafted jewelry draped across their bodies, stood out brilliantly against their skin tone.

Jade Solvason is currently attending university in her hometown of Winnipeg. She is

Hanging Out With Strangers

had to exit the scene quickly in case one of the farmers suddenly showed up, so we hurriedly gathered all the mangoes that they tossed onto the ground. We ran

Galey Tungwar is a husband and a father to four children. He is from the Republic of South Sudan, East Africa; he immigrated to Canada fourteen years ago. Galey is a former child soldier and is a member of the Lost Boys of Sudan.

I still see the actresses, the models, and the blonde teens at the beach, and I am often hit with a pang of jealousy over their flawless features, but then I remember that day on the beach, and they all pale when compared to my mother.

The Debate of Legalizing Euthanasia in Canada

By Taryne Shinnimin

Euthanasia is a controversial topic that has been the cause of many debates worldwide. There are two types of euthanasia: passive euthanasia which is the deliberate withdrawal of medical treatments resulting in death, and active euthanasia which is a deliberate act, such as lethal injection, on a patient to relieve pain that results in death (Perrett, 1996). In 2015, the Supreme Court of Canada legalized active euthanasia and ruled that mentally-competent adults who are suffering from incurable medical conditions are entitled to physician-assisted suicide (Dovey, 2015). However, the new law regarding euthanasia is a popular topic of debate amongst Canadians. While many people, such as patients and their families, support the new law, many others, such as physicians and religious groups, do not.

From a patient's perspective, euthanasia is accepted and encouraged for several reasons. First, it is one way to relieve the suffering of a patient whose disease is incurable and physically or psychologically intolerable. Secondly, legalizing euthanasia allows patients to pass away peacefully and at an appropriate time in their lives. Patients may choose to undergo lethal injection in order to die with dignity and in a manner that is consistent with their values and way of life (Schafer, 2013). Finally, active euthanasia reduces medical costs and hospital expenses that the patient may feel guilty about and relieves the financial burden and the constant worry for patients and their families. This is also one of

values, and, consequently, religious individuals do not support the legalization of

www.consumerreports.org/cro/news/2009/10/how-does-physician-assisted-suicide-affect-the-family/index.htm.

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Taryne Shinnimin is a fourth-year Kinesiology student at The University of Winnipeg. She plans to apply to the Occupational Therapy program at The University of Manitoba.

Sincerely,

A Saturday morning breakfast enthusiast.

Simon Alfred “The Only” Dunn Kozussek

Simon Kozussek works two full-time jobs to pay for his education. He hopes to one day settle down and enjoy life with Chelsea and his dog. He hopes to expand the breakfast regimen to at least two days a week.

Depression is a Bath

Morgan O'Leary

Constraint: Write a piece using a continuous metaphor.

Once, a Long Time in the Past

By Sarah Vaage

Constraint: Write a piece using only monosyllabic words and sentences that do not exceed ten words each.

Once, a long time in the past, lived a prince. He fell in love with a fair maid. He wooed her and they were soon to wed. But one day his girl prince was not home. The prince was told that his fair maid was gone. A snake with legs and breath of fire took her. A man saw them go in the caves by town. So the prince set off to save his fair maid. He came to the caves. He saw the snake with legs and breath of fire. It was down on the ground; it slept, it did. His fair maid was not in sight. As the snake with legs slept, the prince snuck in. He killed the snake with legs and breath of fire. It died with a loud roar full of might. The girl prince ran out. But she did not rush to the prince. She went and cried o'er the dead snake with legs. "You killed my true love," she cried. The prince had not saved the girl prince at all. He had, in fact, killed the mate of her soul. Full of shame, the prince left. He lived on his own for the rest of days.

our choosing, and to address it to our future selves. Our teacher then said she would hold onto the capsules for five years and then send them back to us. The only address I could depend on was my grandparents, even though at the time I had no idea that in five years I would be living in the same city. I just knew, that no matter what, they would be there. And after forgetting about the assignment for years, I one day received a bubble-wrapped package, from myself, that included a dreadful mixed cd of all my favourite songs at the time.

“Places have space between them,” writes Cresswell (8). The streets, back lanes, and other non-descript buildings serve to separate all of the places on my map, but at the same time they connect them, and they also show how place incorporates motion as we move from, and through, one to another. Also, as I pointed out earlier, the lack of space between my family’s homes is what makes the area so significant. While there is space between them, it is so minimal that

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Alexandra Echavarria is a fourth-year student at The University of Winnipeg. She is majoring in Rhetoric, Writing, and Communications.

The places I marked on my map barely extend beyond an imaginary boundary made up of the University of Winnipeg, the grocery stores I frequent in my neighbourhood, and the pub on Stafford St. At first, this concerned me, but then I realized that I have a seasonal relationship with Winnipeg. In the fall and winter, my routine is to attend school, buy groceries, and maybe attend a social event or two, but mostly I'm at home studying and writing assignments, and this is reflected on the map that I drew. I marked essential locations like my home, the Food Fare on Westminster Ave., the University of Winnipeg, and the Royal Bank on Portage Ave. However, in the spring and summer, my routine extends far beyond the Perimeter because I like to spend time cycling, travelling west to

stood there for over a century. It makes me wonder if I can be part of this neighbourhood if I have only lived here for three years?

Deborah Massey observed that place has variable identity, and that “[there] is the specificity of place which derives from the fact that each place is the focus of a distinct mixture of wider and more local social relations” (quoted in Cresswell 70). When I look at my connection to Wolseley through the words of Massey, I can see how by being in this place, I am contributing to its “distinct mixture” (70). With my continual presence in Wolseley, my relation to the place will change from wide to local as time produces “layer upon layer of different sets of linkages” (Massey quoted in Cresswell 70), and as time passes and Wolseley changes around me, I will also become part of its history.

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Allison Friesen is a 4-year Bachelor of Arts student from the University of Winnipeg. She will have completed her degree by August 2016 with a major in Rhetoric, Writing, and Communications and a 3-year major in Psychology. She plans to celebrate by cycling with her life partner from Vancouver to Mexico this fall.

My Winnipeg: Wolseley as a Transitional Place

By Dylan Jones

Throughout my life course, Wolseley Avenue has represented a place of continuous transition within the city of Winnipeg. However, before I begin to attribute importance to Wolseley Avenue, I must retrace significant life moments that brought me to the city of Winnipeg.

My journey began in 1985 with my birth in Brandon followed by a quick move to Vancouver. Before I barely had any time to enjoy the new city, or even turn two, my family moved back to Brandon, and in repetitive fashion we shortly relocated again. This time my family moved up north to the cold town of Thompson followed by the Pas, the first location where I can remember the names of a few streets and avenues. Then, and as I grew older, we made our way south to Selkirk and Stonewall, where I met a new batch of friends in each town while learning a new geographic environment each time. Finally, and after 12 years and seven schools, my family's journey around Manitoba ended in Winnipeg, and most importantly, within the Wolseley area.

The reason I mentioned my history of relocating was to demonstrate how I never really settled down anywhere until I arrived in Winnipeg. At the time of my arrival, I was 12 and halfway through grade six. I had already met more friends and attended more schools than a kid should by my age. But something was different about the Wolseley area. Maybe it was the overabundance of trees near my home at 88 Canora Street, the kids I hung out with at R.A. Steen

covered in trees, giving shade to those who can't stand in the sun for too long. As a meaningful location, Wolseley is a unique seasonal place, representing a community that brought significance to my life after relocating my sense of place time and time again.

Over the last 18 years I've found myself moving back to the Wolseley area or returning in some other manner, attaching meaning to each location as time passes, and reflecting Yi Fu Tuan's statement that "naming is one of the ways space can be given meaning and become place" (quoted in Cresswell 9). My longest friendships Justin and Tyson, 18 and 16 years respectively, both live in the area. Attaching a meaningful location with long lasting friendships further highlights the significance of Wolseley to my personal development as an individual. Likewise, and as I walk through Wolseley, I am reminded by all the streets I've had other friends live on, and, sadly, some I haven't seen in a while. Some friends have moved to other cities as they got older, some I simply don't speak to anymore. Other moments of my life are represented by spaces such as the Food Fare I remember having to walk to in the cold weather to buy my groceries when I first moved out, or the many other areas I lived in. As I have aged, Wolseley, as a spatial environment, has remained relatively the same, except now the space has transformed into a place through the subjective meaning I have attached to the location.

Now I find myself, as a distance runner, jogging through the winding road of Wolseley, crossing many paths, both negative and positive, that I have

experienced at various intersections of my life. Maybe it's the large cross standing tall over Misericordia Health Centre, or the bells ringing at Westminster United Church, but Wolseley has become a sanctuary for me, granting the place needed to reflect on the past while looking forward. As Yi Fu Tuan stated, "what begins as undifferentiated space becomes place as we get to know it better and endow it with value" (cited in Cresswell 9). Hence, Wolseley Avenue, and neighbouring avenues and streets, Westminster, Canora, Home, Dominion, and others have become significant life markers in my time in this city, endowed with meaning through many valuable life experiences. Every time I run through Wolseley, I am reminded of the moment I moved here and began my transition from teenager to adult within these city boundaries, and, most significantly, the place known as Wolseley Avenue.

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Dylan Jones is a 4-year Bachelor of Arts graduate from the University of Winnipeg. He completed his degree with a double major in Rhetoric, Writing, and Communications; and Sociology. He is enrolled in the Master of Arts in Cultural Studies graduate program for the fall of 2016.

**An Excerpt of “Policing Public Space through Signs, A Linguistic
Landscape Analysis”**

Keila DePape

Winnipeg’s downtown is a rich linguistic landscape. As the city’s centre of power, it is particularly worthwhile analyzing how its linguistic objects reflect and help maintain power relations that are central to our construction of social reality (Shohamy, Ben-Rafael, and Barni 17). The chaotic blend of people, traffic, and the mixture of public and private land downtown means that signs regulating behaviour are everywhere. With so much interpersonal interaction, linguistic landscapes become “scenes of confrontation between different codes of meaning construction” (Shohamy, Ben-Rafael, and Barni 14), and urban green spaces and the signs that police them are one of these scenes. Downtown green space can evoke associations to nature, freedom, and even human rights, but many people underestimate how highly they are regulated.

Off of Main Street, the entrance to Bonnycastle Park has a sign that states the hours in which the park is legally accessible. The sign contests the meanings coded in green space, serving as a reminder that public green space is not outside

uprooted, and it is situated between two other objects under municipal control, a garbage bin and a planter for flowers, both of which are meant to add or maintain the park's beauty. By placing the sign between these artifacts, the sign implicitly communicates that the restricted hours are part of the effort to keep the park clean and beautiful. By extension, the sign may then imply that those who come here after hours intend to do the opposite.

The sign references a city by-law which indicates that an official document exists that binds all citizens to obey this sign. But to find the explanation for the by-law, one must look beyond the physical linguistic

**Excerpt of “Exclusivity of the Canadian ‘National Identity’ as shown in
John Woods’ Photograph of the Idle No More Movement”
By Georgia DeFehr**

we are spread out so sparsely across such a huge piece of real estate, Canadians

I have come to wonder if Canadians could form a new, more honest national identity. If we cannot, I wonder whether we could instead simply acknowledge that “all efforts to compartmentalize are arbitrary” (Green 131). Canada is a large space of land. It is made up of a diverse group of people, species, nature, and ways of being. It is a place where people speak many different languages and have many different passions, jobs, and religions. However, Canada is also a colonized land. Its government has abused many groups of people, primarily Indigenous peoples, and the non-Indigenous people who prosper on this land contribute to their systematic oppression daily. To define one region with a select group of photographs and stories is not only debatably impossible, it is also exclusive and harmful, for every Canadian story and experience cannot easily fit into one neat package called ‘national identity’. National identity constructs too often promote what is only a fantasized, untruthful, and exclusive description.

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Georgia DeFehr will be starting the second year of her B.A at the University of

Excerpt of “Black Lives Matter: An Unrepresented Iconic Image”

By Tamika Reid

Racial Isolation

The photograph analyzed for this paper is one of a young black boy in the foreground of a row of white policemen at night on an urban street. The picture was taken during a Black Lives Matter movement held to mark the anniversary of the death of unarmed black teenager, Michael Brown, who was shot by police in Ferguson, Missouri. This was not an isolated incident but is synonymous with many incidents where unarmed black men were killed by police and later those same officers were cleared of any alleged criminal wrongdoing. The social movement of Black Lives Matter was created after George Zimmerman was acquitted from his actions in killing 17-year-old Trevon Martin in 2012. The organization Black Lives Matter, like other social cause groups “aim[s] to challenge and transform the hegemonic discourse of modern society” (DeLuca 45). Black Lives Matter intends to transform White American discourse surrounding the representation and perceptions of racialized black bodies.

Black Lives Matter wants to shift the ideograph of White hierarchy to the “basic human rights and dignity” for Black and White Americans across the state (Black Lives Matter). By staging and photographing the protest in Ferguson, Black Lives Matter not only called attention to particular problems surrounding racialized bodies in America but also challenged the discourse of White hierarchy” to move the meanings of fundamental ideographs” contextualizing

race in America (DeLuca 52). As well, this photographed protest is a direct response to the mass broadcasted political trials involving the killings of unarmed black men.

The theatricality of this photograph resides with iconographic elements; the sorrowful face of the young black boy with his hands put together to pray for mercy “activates available structures of feeling within the audience, keys the emotional dimension of an event, and bonds audience, performer, representational object, and social context affectively” (Hariman and Lucaites 8). The social context conveyed in the photograph shows an American child victimized by the police. Much like in the Kent State shooting photograph, a threat to American citizenship is being made which justifies the black boy’s need to pray for an end to this threat. The black boy and the white policemen are then put on a stage by viewers as the black boy performs his “typified action” (Hariman and Lucaites 9). The ‘praying’ black boy emotionally responds to the high tension protest while the policemen remain static and emotionless to the entire situation. To extend on the denotations of representative characters,

a personal context to the photograph based on “different standpoints, experiences, personalities, and bodily dispositions” which ultimately will characterize both parties in an empathetic perspective (Hariman and Lucaites 18), For example, to some, protesters and police are human beings who defend different political agendas that both want to make America safe for the people.

private lives apart from one another” (Entman and Rojecki 2). The media

The photograph analyzed in this paper can be found at: <http://www.theatlantic.com/politics/archive/2015/08/a-tough-weekend-for-the-black-lives-matter-movement/400862/>

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