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Revelation

This is an essay about the primary mode of economic control in capitalism, classism. More than a third of the tale is dedicated to the discussion of reasons to stratify society. By belittling the protagonist, the antagonist is able to simply walk over them, unperturbed by the injustice of the system. The main character's monologue is more the centerpiece of this text, rather than the narrative styles of the previous readings. This forces the reader to alter their thinking with regards to academic literature. When one no longer has a direct, retrospective, or outside perspective to tell us objectively what is going on, one is lead into forming opinions, god forbid. Culturally, this text reflects the limping leg of the British Victorian set of ideals, cramped with sexual frustration and stumbling on laudanum. It's style encourages progress, but only to the progressive mind. The room the reader has to interpret the monologue's intentions could be the space between political parties, classes, castes, and our living memory.

The principal character banters for a few pages on how she'd rather be non-existent than black or trashy. In the end, she supposes, it's a worse fate to be classless than to be invisible in the hierarchy of class. This mentality is reflected today in second-hand-jaguar dealerships and "paycheck advance" loaners. In places with class, like San Francisco, one is hard pressed to find either of these. For the Pacific American, a freshly sprouted set of ideals, containing patience and self-regulation is flourishing. Using San Francisco as an example of class in America may be trite, but it's currently our only haven for culture.

I've enjoyed our reading up to this point. It may be the biggity, or it might be the style, but often I enjoy monologues and rants. As an anthropologist, I understand clinging to ancient "morality" is about as evolutionarily effective as refusing to dispose of feces.