

# The Krafter

A literary magazine for all things literature

Volume 2 Issue 23 March - April 2019

*Featuring many  
stories such as:*

**Martina's Journey**  
Page 34

**The Play that Never  
Roared**  
Page 41

For more literary stories check out

**[krafter.com/MoreLit](http://krafter.com/MoreLit)**





### How to Be a Pro at the Con

A Con-goer's guide on how to get the most of San Diego Comic-Con (SDCC). **Page 29**

## What to Expect When Travelling to Jordan

A traveler's story of her trip to Jordan & what to expect. **Page 25**



### Brief Words

- 5 Editor's Message
- 7 What's New?
- 10 Calendar & Events

### Highlights

- 11 MongaMe and You and Everyone Else We've Dated
- 15 Fandom 101
- 19 My Extreme (-ly embarrassing) Muslim Family at the Airport

### Travel

- 25 What to Expect when Travelling to Jordan
- 29 How to be Pro at the Con
- 34 Martina's Journey

- 37 The Inside Track of Eurail

### Reviews

- 42 The Play that Never Roared

### Food

- 43 Eating in Little Portuga
- 47 The Mystery of the Wings: Our Trip to the Nest
- 50 Places to Eat at Downtown San Jose

### Find us on:

 [facebook.com/krafter](https://facebook.com/krafter)

 [youtube.com/thekrafter](https://youtube.com/thekrafter)

 [@TheKrafter](https://twitter.com/TheKrafter)

 [@TheKrafter](https://instagram.com/TheKrafter)



# Martina's Journey

By *Flora Constance*



**“We had walked all night and I was ready to die,”** she said in a somber voice. They had

stopped to rest on one of those nights, but there would be no such thing as rest. She remembered what her mom had her do as a child whenever she was outside and cold: “She would have me dig a hole and tell me to go inside. The earth would warm me up...and that’s what I did in that desert. I made a hole, I went inside, and I looked up at the stars. The earth was like a nest, a warm nest in that moment. I wanted to die.” Martina Torres, only 22 at the time, had crossed the Nogales border into the Arizona desert for the second time, and had not properly eaten or drunk water in five days. Today, Mexican immigrants make up about 52% of all illegal immigrants in the U.S. In 1986, it was estimated that about 3.2 million illegal immigrants were in the U.S. Martina became part of that number the moment she jumped the fence into U.S. soil. Her story, however, is one that differs from other immigrant stories and can’t be understood in a statistic.

“I didn’t want to come to the U.S.,” Martina said. “My mom kept telling me about how she knew people who had relatives there that were rich and working.” Her five siblings never showed an interest in coming to the U.S., but Martina’s mom wanted her to go and become successful. Martina knew, in the end, she had to go, even if she was reluctant. “There was poverty everywhere, and you were paid to barely live another day” she said. “I had been working since I was 10 to support my family, and even then, we were still poor.” Martina’s work experience included selling fruit, working in a restaurant, working in a small furniture store, teaching adults how to read and write around her town of Romita, Guanajuato, and cleaning people’s houses. “I know the meaning of hard work, a lot of us immigrants know what it is and how to do it,” she said, “so it’s infuriating when people don’t take us seriously and assume we are all stupid and lazy.” Martina knew she would be coming to the U.S. to find work, but she never imagined it

would turn into a nightmare.

“The motel...Dios mio, that motel room was the dirtiest thing I had ever seen. We all shared a dirty mattress that night,” Martina recalled. She had taken a bus from her hometown to the Nogales border between Mexico and Arizona, a four-day trip, to meet up with the coyote (or smuggler), who was a childhood friend, and three other women around her age who would be going along. The coyote had managed to get them a small and cheap motel room before their journey the next day. “I fell asleep right away...the four-day bus ride was horrible,” Martina said. She had only gotten off the bus to use the bathroom, to fill up her “water bottle” (“It was no water bottle; it was a clean, empty mayonnaise jar”), and to eat her stiff tortillas with beans and chili. “My feet were swollen, they felt like heavy balls,” she recalled. “The mattress was not the most comfortable thing ever, but it was much better than the bus ride.” While they all slept, the coyote was busy looking for the right time to jump the fence, located near the motel, into Arizona. “He said he knew where we were headed, who we would meet up with, and when,” she said, “but there were times where he was feigning confidence... he was just as scared as we were.” These days, coyotes are paid more than \$2,000/person to help illegal immigrants cross the border. Martina felt lucky that she didn’t have to pay that amount at the time. “It ended up being around \$150, which was a lot for me back then,” she said; she paid him in full after getting her first job in the U.S.

“It was about a two-meter jump...did it hurt? Oh yeah! Very painful! The bottom of my feet had suffered enough, but we ran like hell!” Martina and the others had managed to find a secluded spot and successfully jumped the border into Arizona in the early morning. Once they stopped running, they had purchased bus tickets to Tucson, Arizona at a bus station; they would meet up with the coyote’s friend once they arrived. The group boarded the bus with no problems.



***“I thought God had killed me. I thought if he had, then that was fine. Death was welcomed.”***

What they didn't know was that the woman who had sold them the tickets had called immigration on them. “La migra stopped the bus, and we knew it was them. They got us all off the bus, and we all ran for our lives,” Martina said. She recalled running wildly in no particular direction; she saw a helicopter overhead. “I heard someone in the helicopter yelling for me to stop. I was terrified and I stopped. I actually became afraid of helicopters for a while after that experience.” She fell to the ground and felt someone put their foot behind her head, and shove her face into the sand. “It was a migra cop. He put a gun to my head and said, ‘You move, you die.’” She then screamed to the others to stop and give up. “They were actually very nice to us,” Martina said of the immigration police. She hears stories today of illegal immigrants being mistreated by immigration, but felt fortunate that she didn't go through that. She had to answer many of their questions. “I had to lie. I told them I was traveling alone, I didn't hire a coyote, and I didn't know anyone else in the group they had arrested.” Martina and about 150 other illegal immigrants were told to stand in a small room in an office near where they were stopped. They were each given a small plain burger and Coke, and told to wait for a truck to take them back to the border. She remembered what one of the officers told them when they got off the truck: “He said, ‘See you all later!’ He knew we would try again. I laugh now that I think about it. He knew.” “I didn't want to go in...one of the girls did. I was starving and thirsty, but I didn't want to do that.” Martina had met up with the coyote and the three other girls once they got off the truck. The coyote had managed to afford a small sandwich for them to share; they all ripped off a tiny piece, but it wasn't enough. He then pointed out the strip club nearby. “He told us that if we wanted money, we had to go in there and dance for the men. He said we would make enough to eat and drink,” she said. Only one of the women went in with the coyote, came out with Pepsi cans for them, and headed back inside. “My mom had given me a small prayer book,” Martina said, “I pulled it out and closed my eyes. I prayed like I had never prayed before.” Afterwards, the coyote came out of the strip club and told them now was the chance to try crossing again; without hesitations, they jumped the fence once again. What ensued was a journey of hunger, cold, and a longing for death.

“I couldn't feel my body anymore at one point...it's an indescribable feeling. I felt like I was floating, but I dragged my feet. The hunger and thirst no longer matter when you are dying from the cold at night.” For three days and nights, Martina and the group were close to death. At one point, they had luckily found a group of women who were headed their direction; one had a small container of water. “She warned us not to drink the water. She said since we had eaten nothing for days, our body would reject the water,” she recalled. They dabbed the water on their bloody, dry lips, swished it around their cracked mouths, and used some of it to clean their dirty faces. That night, they found what she described as a huge metal pipe. They spent the night in there, huddled together for warmth. “I was wearing a thin white shirt, no sweater, so I was freezing...hypothermia, is that what it's called? I think I had that,” she said. “My feet were bleeding, but I couldn't feel them. I couldn't feel my body and so I thought God had killed me. I thought if he had, then that was fine. Death was welcomed.”

“I helped her [the elderly woman] make us some soup. The pasta was shaped like stars. It was the best soup I ever had!” The group had disbanded from the female group they had found along their journey (the female group went ahead of them), and they had stumbled upon a small ranch in Tucson, AZ. They were aided by an elderly woman who approached and asked them why they were in town. “I can't imagine what went through her head when she saw us...we were beyond dirty, we were bleeding...” said Martina. The woman fed them, allowed them to clean up, and gave them a change of clothes.

She took us into her garage,” Martina said, “and I was shocked to see the mountains of clothing inside. She told us to take whatever we wanted. I was so happy.” She might have been tired, but Martina didn't sit around for long. “I cleaned her kitchen and helped her tidy up her house. My mom taught me to return the favor of hospitality through helping however I could.” The coyote had managed to get his friend to meet up with them, and his friend drove them to Inglewood, CA; the three women had connections there, but those connections were not willing to let Martina stay for more than two days in their apartments.

“When my time was up with them, they were kind enough to give me money for the bus. They gave me directions to their friends’ homes; these friends ended up being childhood friends of mine, so I was able to stay with them for a night or two. It was scary at times. I didn’t know where I was going. I spent nights crying myself to sleep thinking about what was next...”

“I managed to send my mom enough money for her to buy everything she needed...she bought a house. She had another baby...I had done my job.” Martina had found a job as a maid for a woman and her teen daughter a week after arriving in Los Angeles. “That’s another story,” she said sadly, “a different type of pain in that one.” Martina had made enough money to send to her family. Usually, illegal immigrants send money to loved ones back home and keep in contact with them, but Martina decided to cut contact with her family. “I wanted to leave everything behind... the sadness...I connected them with sadness. The journey changed me. It was an unforgettable, painful experience that I couldn’t share with them...they would never understand.” When asked how bad it was working as a maid for the woman and her daughter, all Martina said was, “When I left her home, she made me dump all my belongings in her garden to make sure I wasn’t stealing her things.”

“October 2nd of this year marked 29 years since I crossed the border – isn’t that crazy? I was the age your sisters are now.” She sighed, and I remained pensive. Martina isn’t just any immigrant. Martina is my mother. I had listened to her story many times as a child, and knew where it was headed. While she was working as a maid, she had met my father through mutual friends. “He would offer me rides home if he saw me walking around the city...he’s actually the one who helped me leave the maid job,” she said. They have been together for more than 23 years now. My mother went one to find work as a seamstress in a Downtown Los Angeles factory. She continued working after having my brother, but after having me, she decided to become a stay-at-home mom to make sure we had someone looking after us at home. “There ended up being five of you! All of you crying at the same time...I knew I didn’t want anyone else taking care of you all. I wanted to be there for everything.”

She didn’t always stay at home, however. “I wanted to keep busy while you were at school, and wanted to learn how the school system in Los Angeles worked.” She became the president of the bilingual PTA at our elementary school and attended school district meetings, making connections along the way. “I’d talk to everyone at those meetings, in broken English and all. I wanted to put myself out there and let them know I cared about my kids’ education.” Since she found herself talking to many English speakers in the school system, my mother began to take English night classes to better her skills; she ended up taking my father, as well. “I wanted you to have the best. Even though my English wasn’t great, I wasn’t going to sit around and let you all go to random schools. South Central L.A. is not the best neighborhood, and I knew I didn’t want you going to school here.” My mother researched all the Los Angeles School District schools and chose which middle- and high-schools we attended. “Once I found your schools, I retired from being the nosy PTA mom,” she joked. Now, all five of us are in or have graduated college. She remains in Los Angeles, loving the busy city. “Sometimes I meet women who are immigrants at the grocery store. I give them advice on the best schools for their kids, I tell them which buses to take since I’m an expert on public transportation now...sometimes, I see the clothes they are wearing and know they need help, so I invite them to my house and give them hand-me-downs. I’ve been there, and it’s a blessing to come into contact with someone who cares.”

Today, my mother expresses how proud she is of how far we have gone. She went through something I can never repay her for. Many immigrant parents have their own stories to tell, all unique, but all with the same objective. Her story resonates today with those who want to flee their country for something greater, something better. She still has a hard time talking about her experience, but empathizes with others who want to make the journey to this country. “It’s an understatement to say how excruciating the journey was,” she said, “but it brought triumphant results, I want to make that very clear. I see you, my children...I see what you’re doing with your lives, and it was worth it...it was worth it.”

# The Inside Track on Eurail

By *Manni Blaylock*

## The giant electronic board overhead

changes every few minutes, adjusting the train listings from “Arrived” to “Departed.” My Eurail Pass clutched tightly in my hand, I shoulder my heavy backpack and scan the foreign cities looking for Lucerne, Switzerland. The train station is alive, the heartbeat of people bustling below the grand glass ceilings. Spotting our track number on the screen, I hasten toward the platform. Finding the large engine, I begin the long trek to the end, the place where reservation-less backpackers board. The anxious crowd I walk amongst begins thinning as people board. Families have already left the station, their tearful goodbyes drying. I finally arrive at the last car, racing as the conductors climb into the entryways, the platform clear except for us few stragglers, the horn tooting impatiently. Scurrying up the steps into the doorway, I nod to the uniformed man beckoning me inside, “Gracias, señor.” I see my home for the next eleven hours: torn blue seats facing backwards, no air conditioning (that definitely means no Wi-Fi, pronounced wee-fee), and scattered sleeping vagabonds from all over the world. I grin as the train begins to rock, setting off for the next country.

Travel throughout Europe and you’ll travel by train. The continent is tattooed with crisscrossing tracks that allow Europeans and visitors to move with efficiency. There are big trains, small trains, long trains, and short trains. Some trains gain cars, and others lose them. Some with fierce border patrol officers armed with a machine gun and a frown, and others with friendly (very friendly) staff that will sit and hit on a middle-aged woman for a while. There are trains with luxurious private rooms isolated by glass doors and there are trains where I have spent the night on the linoleum floor in the cold, narrow hallway. There are trains for day travel with upright seats, and some for night travel with reclining seats or bunk beds. Some seats face each other and families sit to enjoy a baguette and conversation while traveling through the Swiss countryside, others have inches for legroom, crammed together so tightly you can feel your neighbor dreaming in French. Some trains are empty and a tired backpacker can put their feet up (until told “No” by a strong Hungarian woman as she wags her finger), and others are crammed with locals chatting as

you stand by the doors swaying with the weight of your pack. All trains carry dreamers, people traveling to learn more about the world outside their backyard. Some are friendly (lots of chattering Australians), some drink an entire fifth of Jaager on the way from Prague to Budapest (this “genius” from UC Berkeley), and others (the ever interesting UK citizens) eat solely mustard for lunch with their fingers. Travel by train and you will encounter all types of people; the first adventure promised as soon as you board.

Europe has a long history of railways, beginning with “wagonways” using horse-drawn wagons along tracks ground into limestone or cut-stone. One of the earliest known wagonways was the Diolkos wagonway located in Greece, dating back to 600BC. In 1350, Medieval Europe boasted of a railway with stained glass windows used to transport the Minister of Freiburg. Letters dated from 1515 prove the existence of a railway using wooden rails and horsepower at the Austria’s Hohensalzburg Castle (and it is still in operation today.) Trains began to be built all over Europe, from short local trains to international trains. During wartime, trains were heavily used to transport people and goods. Some scholars claim that without the railways, the extent of the German horror—the “Final Solution” of exterminating all Jews through mass deportation and genocide—would not have been possible. In recent peaceful times, train travel has returned to a sovereign operation of transportation. Train travel is doubtlessly a powerful tool that must be used conscientiously to advance a people, not eradicate one.

Perhaps the most famous and current transit method is the Eurail Pass, a pass that allows unlimited rides on trains for a discount rate based on the number of days used. When I was in Europe, I traveled to 13 countries in 70 days primarily using the Eurail Pass. My travel revolved around trains: I spent countless hours riding on trains, waiting for trains, and once even sleeping in a closed Hungarian train station for the night, my thin micro-fiber towel acting as a blanket.





The Eurail Pass was created in 1959 and is currently managed by the Eurail Group, an organization comprised of 30 European railways. The Eurail Pass reaches 28 countries, using high-speed rails, night trains, regional trains, scenic trains, and even ferries. It passes through big cities like Paris (pretend to speak French, the locals love it), Rome (be wary of old men on walking tours, they will collapse), Amsterdam (parks are filled with babies and marijuana), Barcelona (try the booze cruise), Budapest (if you find an earring the Szechenyi Thermal Baths, do not wear it), as well as small towns like Osijek, Croatia. The Eurail pass serves over 300,000 people annually and has offices in The Netherlands, Ireland, Singapore, and Utah, USA. If you prefer to book online, there is an interactive website along with an Eurail app. This app will help plan your route as well as list departure information like dates, times, and trains; be sure to download it on your smart device or phone, it is extremely helpful. Additionally, the pass is catered to individual needs with cost options based on age, size of group, countries, and time. This allows you to select the pass best suited for you.

When seeing the large upfront cost, typically hundreds of dollars, you may wonder if the Eurail is right for you. If you plan on traveling by train for three or more trips, particularly lengthy ones, the Eurail is a great option.

It charges a flat rate (not including fees for overnight reservations) that is significantly cheaper than the cost of taking long trips. Also, instead of needing to book trips in advance, the Eurail Pass allows you to board at any train station at anytime, with a few exceptions. The Pass allows travelers greater affordability and flexibility, crucial elements when backpacking.

There are two types of passes: flexipass and continuous. The flexipass works on “travel days” meaning that each day you use the pass, getting it stamped by a conductor, you use a “turn.” The travel days run from midnight to midnight, so it is important to plan out departure and arrival times if you are switching trains. (Public service announcement: do not try to trick ticket inspectors by using pencil and erasing, it will not work and you will be embarrassed. Ticket inspectors, you’ve got to hand it to them...) Additionally, the flexipass counts overnight trains as one travel day if you board after 7pm and depart after 4am. This is a great way to travel long distances and save money on lodging. Flexipasses also allow for a few months of usage or until you use up your travel days, whatever occurs first. However, the continuous pass is validated for a certain amount of time (like 14 days) and you have unlimited access to trains during that period. The continuous pass does not run on travel





days, only on duration of pass purchased. Additionally, there are many variations of the passes at different prices: global passes, allowing access to the participating 28 European countries; select passes, allowing access to 4 bordering countries; regional passes, allowing access to two country combinations; one country pass, allowing access to, you guessed it, one country. If this is not a motley enough selection, there are also group passes that can save you up to 20% when traveling with others and youth passes for people under the age of 25. Essentially, there is a pass for everyone and it is only somewhat overwhelming.

Eurail intends for these passes to be catered to specific needs and used with ease and they are, for the most part, successful. But, like the convoluted list of options above, there are many minute details that can significantly influence your trip. Before purchasing your pass, it would behoove you to do some research, or consult an expert by taking me out to a fancy dinner. If purchasing a flexipass, it is crucial to understand the travel days concept. If used properly, like using the overnight option or planning long trips for the travel days, the pass will last you a considerable amount of time. If you choose to use your pass for single, regional trips, you will quickly run through it. Also, some trains, like France's TGV train,

require reservations no less than three days in advance (and a prayer that the Parisians will not strike.) Typically overnight trains require reservations, particularly if you are expecting a bed, or even a seat. I recommend that upon arriving at your destination, you immediately reserve your departure train. Countless times I would arrive in a new city, walk or use public transportation to arrive at my hostel, then trek back to the train station inconveniently located on the outskirts of the city to reserve my next train, and then journey back again a few days later to depart. Take care of all travel business while at the train station and you will save worry and walking. For more comfortable train travel, I suggest food (sometimes food is not available or it looks nuclear), headphones (there is always that couple loudly chattering in German all night), hand wipes (bathrooms enjoy running out of all paper products), luggage locks (so you don't have to stay vigilant as you sit perched on your backpack), and heavy tranquilizers (Melatonin or Nyquil will do). If possible, develop train narcolepsy, a condition that I still suffer from. The rock of the train is incredibly soothing and if you can associate all trains with a deep slumber, you will most certainly be well rested, although your friends may not be pleased as you fall asleep during any and all conversations and before the passes are even stamped.

The Eurail Pass is the key to traveling throughout Europe, but even without the Pass, the sheer mass of public transportation available within countries and throughout Europe allows for both foreigners and locals to travel with ease. There are countless trains, subways, ferries, trams, and buses departing every hour, laden with people. By all having accessibility to travel, people have the opportunity to learn more about different cultures and themselves. By simply hopping on a train, one can be in a different region within hours while enjoying the journey and making friends along the way (or if you are disagreeable, enemies.)

When traveling by train, there are many shared experiences. Perhaps you all are stuck stationary as something is cleared off the track, or when it finally lurches forward a few fall onto stranger's laps, or maybe it is the beautiful sunrise you witness traveling through Slovenia, the crying baby you all want to shoot, or the generosity of strangers sharing their fruit. Regardless

of the situation, you will find many companions while traveling on the tracks. The Eurail Pass allows for an incredible opportunity of affordable travel while experiencing European culture very intimately. For instance, the French will disembark at every stop, even if it is for a few short minutes, to smoke their cigarettes. My friend saw a lady leave her baby on the train while she got out to have a drag. Classic. (Let it be known that she was sitting in the wrong seat and the correct passengers came to their seat, confused to find a lone baby.) Trains are not just a means of travel but part of the journey. Instead of flying above the action, you are in the heart of the in-between. The views as you travel through the Swiss countryside are incredible, and waking up to sea blue Croatia is incredible. Done right, train travel is peaceful and a complete experience (very unlike taking the regional rail in San Francisco.) Europeans have accomplished this feat by creating the Eurail Pass, and in doing so, included foreigners in their exciting world. All aboard!







# The Play That Never Roared

By *Candice Angeloo*

**It was opening night** for the theatre department at San José State University, and at 7pm the crimson curtains would be pulled back. The story line of one of my favorite books, *The Great Gatsby*, would be brought to life, so I thought.

I will admit my expectations for this play were high. Last spring, I sat in the same theatre (due to a class assignment) wishing I was eating Japanese barbeque; however, to my surprise, I left the play feeling inspired. Questioning, could I be a play writer? The aspiration quickly drifted, but the inspirational high that I was on due to the actors' renown performances didn't. *Zoot Suit* was produced by Broadway director, Luis Valdez, and was the finest production I had ever seen. The play told the story of Henry Reyna and his gang, who were being tried for *The Sleepy Lagoon* murder in 1942. Everything about the play was impeccable. The simple setting allowed the actors to change scenes flawlessly, the actors were engaging and energetic, and the costuming took me back to the 1940s in Los Angeles, where the men wore high-waisted dress pants and long coats with large shoulder pads, amidst the developing skyscrapers of the tenacious city. That being said, when I went to see *The Great Gatsby*, I thought I was again going to leave the SJSU theatre feeling inspired and enthused.

*The Great Gatsby* had the potential to be just as great as *Zoot Suit*. All of the elements were, for the most part, the same. The only difference was that I went to see *The Great Gatsby* for pleasure. It was again opening night, most of the same main actors filled the stage, and the setting, which consisted of stairs and white curtains illuminated by dreamy blue and purple lights was exquisite. As the clock neared 7pm, the theatre began to quiet. The next thing I knew Nick Carraway, the book's narrator, was opening the play with his explanation of how he, once again, found himself in the presence of Tom and Daisy Buchanan. For the first five minutes of the play I could barely hear what brought Nick to East Egg. Of course, I already knew the circumstances, but I felt concerned for people in the audience who had possibly never read the book.

As I patiently sat in my seat waiting for the faint voice of Nick Carraway to finish his lines, disappointment washed over me. Instead of being dressed in costumes with sequins, rhinestones, and fringe, the actors were dressed in dingy moth-eaten dresses. The actors looked like they were wearing thrift store finds, which would have been fine if the actors had at least been dressed in the appropriate decade. Like a setting, a major part of bringing a story to life includes good costuming,

### ***“All of the elements were, for the most part, the same. The only difference was that I went to see *The Great Gatsby* for pleasure.”***

especially if the play is set in a different era. Not only were the costumes disappointing, the actors were as well. Besides Daisy, who embodied exactly what “a stupid little fool” should be, there was absolutely no energy on stage, and being that I had seen most of the individuals act before, I was dumbfounded. The actor who played Daisy, on the other hand, did an excellent job. Her mannerisms were dainty and elegant, and she portrayed Daisy exactly the way I pictured her every time I’ve read the novel. Daisy brought to life all of the American conventions Fitzgerald aimed to critique.



However, the production missed the point that Fitzgerald wrote the *The Great Gatsby* in order to expose the fallacies of the American Dream, an ideal which states that every individual has the same opportunity for success no matter what circumstances they were born into. Fitzgerald portrayed this by writing his characters as deceptive individuals who would do anything to get ahead, which included lying, cheating, and partaking in illegal activities. Fitzgerald put a lot of faith in his readers, and he expected them to come to conclusions about relationships and events on their own. Take the relationship between Nick and Jordan, Daisy’s friend. In the novel, their relationship is implied, however; the director of the play wanted it to be more explicit. Because of this, many of the scenes where the actors showed affection toward each other were distasteful. During the scene where Nick and Tom visit with Myrtle and her sister in New York, there were extra characters, which consisted of a man and woman groping each other on a couch. It was completely overdone, and didn’t add any meaning to the scene. Relationships between characters could have been portrayed in a better way that didn’t have to include an actor

spreading her legs around another actor.

Unlike the poorly done New York apartment scene, a scene that was done extremely well was the murder of Myrtle. From the beginning, I wondered how the director was going to pull it off because of course, cars simply cannot fit on a stage. Instead, once again, they used lighting to their advantage. Before I knew it, Myrtle was screaming as a blazing light projected over her body, and she was dead. It was a dramatic scene, as it should be, and the lights went out leaving the hairs on my neck standing. Even though this scene was done well, if the producer was going to make anything clearer for the audience, it should have been the fact that Daisy was driving the car when Myrtle died, and Gatsby was not. If I had not read the book, making this fact ambiguous would have made me leave the play feeling confused and having to Google the plot of *The Great Gatsby*. After all, the fact that Daisy is never held accountable for Myrtle’s murder is the betrayal that leaves Nick devastated.

At the end of the play, Nick bumps into Tom and Daisy on the streets of New York. In this added scene, Nick expresses his disgust with them for not taking responsibility for their actions and hiding behind their money. Not only did this scene characterize Tom and Daisy further, it also showed the power that comes with being grossly rich. This scene again, under minds the American Dream, and implies that the rich will always get away with incidents that the poor couldn’t. Although other added scenes made by the director could be easily questioned, this scene was logical and complimented the play’s ending.

The added scene between Tom, Daisy, and Nick did not compensate for the other terrible aspects of the play. Frankly, I am still pissed off for wasting \$25 and a Friday night. I’m not quite sure why the same actors couldn’t pull this play off. After the curtains closed, I sat in my seat wondering. Was it because the director was different? Did the actors focus too much on getting the themes in the book across? Or, were they simply uninterested in the story line of *The Great Gatsby*? As for people who had never read *The Great Gatsby* and maybe didn’t have any expectations, I still wouldn’t be surprised if they asked for their money back. If I hadn’t gotten a student discount, I would have. The SJSU theatre failed to recreate the roaring 20s in almost every aspect.