A Tale of Two Classes: Historical Agency and the Common Good

by Maureen Curtin

Three weeks into the Occupation of Wall Street and three hundred miles to the north of Manhattan, I received a surprising email from the quietest student in my class “A Brave New World of Work.” She thought I’d be interested in a YouTube video of a U.S. Marine advocating for Occupy Wall Street protesters in New York City. I was more than surprised: this was my student’s first “speech” in the class, more than six weeks into the semester. Days later, after she and I met to discuss revisions to a podcast that she had drafted about her history of work, she asked if I would mind if her boyfriend came to visit the class. He was a soldier at Fort Drum, and he had been following the course through her homework. I was initially unsure, but my student’s excitement suggested this was worth the risk. Delighted, my student then indicated that her boyfriend, “Joe,” was thinking of wearing his uniform. “Would that be okay?” she wondered. As a member of the Syracuse Peace Council, an opponent of U.S. drone warfare, and a proponent of the campaign to “Bring War Dollars Home,” I hesitated. Ultimately, though, I decided that if Joe was doing the homework and willing to travel more than seventy miles to drop in on us at SUNY-Oswego, he should come.

“A Brave New World of Work” was part of a 2011 “Telling Tales” initiative on the SUNY Oswego campus, designed to spur teams of faculty and visiting artists to teach “intellectual issues” through students’ storytelling. The courses were part

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of the general education curriculum and, thus, drew a heterogeneous, if predictably reluctant student body. I was, at the time, active in a coalition promoting workers’ rights and solidarity in the region, so I decided to develop a course that would set these struggles in the history of political economy. While U.S. universities were making much of the Arab Spring, comparably little noise was made about the attacks on collective bargaining sweeping the country. My immediate focus fell on high unemployment rates and diminishing job prospects for new college graduates, believing that this would be on my students’ minds. With, on average, $24,000 in student loan debt looming, they turned out to be quite well informed. 2

Nevertheless, they did not understand themselves as belonging to anything like a “class,” neither of the kind G.W. Hegel proposed in his account of the dialectic, nor in Karl Marx’s adaptation of it in his account of class conflict as the engine of history. But reading political economy would not, by itself, suffice. What is more, though we would read Aldous Huxley’s Brave New World, I did not expect that reading a novel would, alone, effect the change in perspective required to see the contemporary crisis as a systemic one, rather than as a structural or cyclical one or, still more crudely, as an effect of individual choices. Framing my students as workers with stories to tell proved the crucial first step in reversing not only their alienation but also their dissociation from the political, without which, it is safe to say, a struggle to create the common good is impossible. 3

Many a scholar, of course, has made the case for the power of storytelling, in terms both mystical and scientific, but I meant to show that telling a story is more like a gambler’s ante: it constitutes one’s stake in the social world and its institutions. Understood in this way, stories are crucial to our capacity to mediate between everyday contingent experience, on the one hand, and rational abstraction, on the other hand. What is more, stories disarm skepticism, which, uncontest-ed, Lawrence H. Simon argues in “Vico and Marx: Perspectives on Historical Development,” would lead to the “emergence of concern for private as opposed to public interest, individualism, [and] selfishness, and the loss of the authority of reason.” 4 Skepticism of the kind Giambattista Vico railed against in the first quarter of the eighteenth century has become the rule in our time, as satire, irony, and sarcasm saturate our discourse. Writing in such modes does not preclude taking positions, of course, but consuming a steady diet of little else can make forging political belief inordinately difficult. That is, insofar as it reflects an oblique perspective on the institutions through which human history is made, irony erodes
the storyteller’s ability to situate herself in a political context. On the terms Marx and Vico provide, the price of this erosion is high, or as Simon puts it in his account of their work:

\[\ldots\] the history of human beings must be understood as the history of societies; that is, the historical individual has to be placed within his cultural and social context if he is to be properly understood. \ldots This understanding will allow [humans] the possibility of grasping their historical and social situations and acting freely in accord with their needs. As a community acting collectively, human beings \ldots would be in a position knowingly to determine their history

**Storytelling worked to promote debates about political economy, giving rise to a space for the belief and the possibility of solidarity.**

according to their intentions. Only if theory is used in this way could human beings be said to make history in the fullest sense as conscious agents.\(^5\)

Theory can divert this project, Simon implies, particularly when intellectuals treat history as the imposition of “necessity,” nothing more than a constraint on the bourgeois conception of agency.\(^6\) Indeed, according to Tim Brennan, another Vico scholar and the author of *Wars of Position: The Cultural Politics of Left and Right*, the dominant voices in critical “theory” in the Humanities have buried history and instead advance micro-politics, on the one hand, and a dream of statelessness, on the other—effectively swapping the politics of dialectical struggle for “modes of being” that teeter on the mystical.\(^7\) If Brennan is right about the hegemony of “theory” in the academy, then, within such parameters, a discussion of the “common good” becomes inconceivable. For instance, the pre-eminent paradigm of the early 21st century, capitalism, is seen to be incontestable even where the intensification of inequality and global warming demand the implementation of economic alternatives and a commitment to struggle.

“A Brave New World of Work” was designed to respond to various forms of aphasia that afflict those in the university. In the discussion that follows, I offer an account of how storytelling worked to promote debates about political economy, which, in turn, gave rise to a space for belief and the possibility of solidarity. I then juxtapose this with a discussion of a parallel course, “Words in the World,” which we developed in my department to support the transition of English majors into meaningful and rewarding work upon graduation. Featuring a narrative of aspirations, “Words” shares some of the basic features of “A Brave New World,” but despite the presumption of greater verbal capacity among English majors, I discovered that their capacity for storytelling, critique, and solidarity was significant-
ly disabled. Ironically, perhaps, the two classes together reveal some strategies for what we, in the university, could do to promote dissident political belief as a condition of the common good.

CREATIVITY AND COMPLAINT IN “A BRAVE NEW WORLD OF WORK”

The Telling Tales initiative offered an ideal context for what I hoped to accomplish in “A Brave New World of Work”—except for one thing. Where I had expected students to protest both the difficulty and the substance of Karl Marx’s critique of capital, I was unprepared for them to balk at the creative dimension of the course. On the other hand, I knew the stakes of the course would be high, so I had a plan: if students were willing to join in the creative experiments, their final grades would reflect their risk-taking. Things began in earnest when I introduced an issue of *The Nation*—“Reimagining Capitalism: Bold Ideas for a New Economy” (2011)—as a framework within which to consider an interview titled, “‘I Was Content and Not Content’: The Story of Linda Lord and the Closing of the Penobscot Poultry.” Lord’s account of her two decades in a factory job features a fair bit of blood and gore, but students were initially only perplexed or detached. Some expressed confusion about Linda’s decision to stay on doing such obviously nasty work. Others concluded that she was stuck because she lacked ambition to pursue an education. Conversely, they decided that conditions could not have been too awful if Linda never bothered to change jobs. No one remarked on the parallels between the conditions under which chicken was processed and those under which Lord and her co-workers labored; nor did they think twice about her being downsized. That Lord never developed authority in proportion to the specialized knowledge she acquired over the years was likewise missed.

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The responses to Linda Lord’s story nonetheless prepared me for my students’ stories of work, which were heavy on complaints about co-workers and customers. Most, for instance, were understandably rankled by the power that customers wield over their work lives but nonetheless coveted that power for themselves. Likewise, rather than see their over-work as a function of under-staffing and exploitative wages, they provided blistering accounts of their co-workers’ inadequacies. Some, at least, could see the paradox in working long hours to pay tuition for classes in which they could barely keep up. All in all, if they had a genre, it was complaint. Absent any sense of belonging to a class, none of the students could
narrate their complaints as conflicts in order to make the turn to politics—not at first anyway.

While students began drafting their stories of work, we debated Douglas Rushkoff’s proposition that jobs might be obsolete, Raj Patel’s critique of *Homo economicus*, Marx’s analysis of wage labor, and Harry Braverman’s account of how Taylorism inspired the transformation of work. Before long, first drafts of stories rolled in, and they were uninspired. But buoyed by support from the director of the Telling Tales project, I scheduled recording time at the campus radio station. When students learned they would be recording and digitizing their stories, there was a rush to revision, the like of which I had never before seen, not even among English majors, much less general education students. The conversion from textual to oral storytelling was transformative. So, too, was the onset of the Occupy movement. And, then, another catalyst arrived, in the person of a soldier from Fort Drum.

**IN SEARCH OF A COMMUNITY OF BELIEF: A SOLDIER COMES TO COLLEGE**

When Joe first appeared, he wore camouflage, which had a certain irony insofar as it is the uniform adopted, figuratively, by so many in a U.S. institution that cloaks corporate values and practices under a mantle of democracy. The clarity of Joe’s convictions, on the other hand, belied his camo. First, he walked the class through a YouTube video of the Oakland police’s para-military response to the Occupy camp there, offering a critique of the deployment of SWAT tactics on dissenters. He then offered his thoughts on another of our texts, a speech about the 2010 mine disaster at Upper Big Branch, West Virginia, delivered by United Mineworkers of America President Cecil Roberts, and addressed to a conference of educators. In his speech, Roberts touched on the fears of mine workers under Massey Energy and highlighted the dread that surfaced in workers’ letters to their families, chillingly like those that soldiers write from the front lines. Joe engaged Roberts’ speech by invoking his own family’s history of union activity and by then explaining that the demise of unions put him on the path to the army (a persistent narrative in the annals of military “volunteerism”). Later in the semester, Joe returned for a four-hour drama workshop one Saturday in November, impressing guest artist Paul Rajeckas, a seasoned writer for the stage and a talented, physical artist, known most especially for producing *Love Cures Cancer*.12
Rajeeckas singled Joe out for literally throwing himself into performance, with an enthusiasm that served to loosen some of the self-consciousness among others in the class.

Of all the remarkable turns in “A Brave New World of Work,” Joe’s extended visit was not its most decisive, but it was singular and highly instructive. He joined us in search of a community and, specifically, I propose, in search of a “community of belief,” Brennan’s phrase for political groups whose freedoms have been eclipsed by the prioritization of identity groups in the U.S. Perhaps the best way to characterize what Joe sought in the university is to draw on Brennan’s description of left Hegelian thought: “Here was a strain [of theory] that emphasized historical agency, the rootedness of social actors in a system of communal relations, and the need to bring speculative thought to bear on institutions and civic life.”13 In his relatively brief time in my class, Joe served as an unwitting counterpoint to his peers in the university who had little sense of their historical agency and little more than contempt for suggestions about how in a communal system they might function as “social actors.” I offer this discussion, not as indictment of my students, but rather as a description of the conditions that I hoped “A Brave New World of Work” might help them begin to cultivate. Space does not permit an adequate analysis of how the military might have shaped Joe’s sense of agency, but this much I can say: his critique of the expansion of police power was both much more and much less than the liberal objection to an encroaching state (one to which he has, obviously, pledged material allegiance). Rather, the critique was linked to his analysis of the widespread attacks on collective bargaining, a phenomenon aided and abetted by the state’s final turn from the Keynesian deal it once brokered between capitalists and laborers.

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For Tim Brennan, the kind of critique that Joe was looking to undertake is, to a large degree, quixotic in the university, now that the cultural left has “abandoned debate over goals, programmatic statements of purpose, and solidarities based on common outlooks and tastes.”14 In this abdication, the cultural left has helped “produce . . . the acute expression of the realignment of resources and the re-drawing of forces that characterizes today’s unequal fight between the wealthy and the poor.”15 In lieu of belief, Brennan contends, a preoccupation with ontological politics has emerged, turning sovereignty into a scaled down matter of the care of the
self, over and against the state. I cannot, in such a short space, do justice to Brennan’s argument or to his claims that the substitution of an ethics of self-care has found regrettable traction, but suffice it to say that he makes a persuasive case that a certain strand of critical theory has permeated cultural discourse and primed broad social acceptance of neoliberalism. Consequently, the dialectics of struggle or, put more simply, the capacity to fight for one’s interests as part of the laboring class has been gutted.

Indeed, in “A Brave New World of Work,” my students found the prospect of engaging in a fight or conflict very distasteful, even and most especially when it concerned their own interests. I turn to Brennan, once more, for a helpful gloss on this remarkable phenomenon:

The ethical undercurrent of the politics of being stipulates that any larger ambition than the self risks an imposition on others, a transgression on alterity itself. In this modality, belief is rendered irrelevant. One simply cannot understand the triumph of the American Right in recent decades without appreciating the paralysis this line of reasoning produced even in idealistic students and critics, repelled by America’s commercial wastelands and hostile to the national claims of empire. An entire generation has been taken out of politics. 16

When I explained that stories must feature conflict—an implicit feature of narrative—one of my students objected that he did not want to be a “hater.” Being a “hater” would, he feared, undercut his moniker, “D-Lyte,” a name representing his particular brand as a hip hop artist. True to form, D-Lyte playfully tagged me a “hater” when I joined others in establishing an Occupy camp on our own quad. 17 Others in the class, meanwhile, were startled to see OWS, a phenomenon they took to be remote, suddenly materialize in their presence. But between the corporate media that celebrates revolutions only when they mark a shift toward neoliberalism, the academics who dismiss Marxist thought out of hand, and the cultural left which favors cynicism over institutions, conflict, and power, it was hardly a surprise that the encampment drew limited attention. In the university, the Occupy movement, like the public sphere and the common good, was being written off the map.

In the classroom, on the other hand, my students’ stories began to feature conflict, conjuring with nuance and depth their experiences of exploitation. The student who worked as a pharmacy tech began to consider how the adoption of a
division-of-labor behind the counter produces errors in drug dispensation, errors that are easier to blame on co-workers than the efficiency mechanisms of a chain employer. Another student told a story about middle school boys tearing the head off a cartoon costume she wore for a mall retailer and then used that as a metaphor for the kinds of responses she received in a subsequent job as a telephone operator for a regional utility. In the end, her story suggested there was nothing worse, not even the abuse, than relentless monotony. Then, as students made the final shift from oral storytelling to physical theater, they were confronted, this time, with the challenge of embodying conflict between classes. By semester’s end, they were working together, under Paul Rajeckas’ tutelage, to synthesize and then dramatize micro-scripts from a larger pool of stories. Driven by critique, their theatricalized stories consistently circled back to solidarity in struggle.

“WORDS” IN LIEU OF “WORK”

If the politics of labor was the explicit focus in “A Brave New World of Work,” it was largely unspeakable in “Words in the World,” a capstone class designed to overcome the language barrier between Humanities programs and offices like Career Services and Experience-Based Education. In the course, students are partnered with regional organizations to serve as writing consultants, while meeting weekly for workshops on genre, audience, research, graphic design, copyediting, and electronic communication. Since its inception, students have consulted with a diverse array of organizations, including advocacy groups, hospitals, labor unions, workers’ centers, roller derby teams, historic parks and museums, and social welfare institutions. Some might say, then, that through their contributions—white papers, memos and letters, feature stories, technical manuals, blogs, videos, and screen plays—our writers contribute to the common good. At a minimum, these non-profit partnerships bypass the drive to privatization so popular at state universities like ours, which search for new revenue streams to offset vast cuts to public funding. But for all of the excitement about “Words in the World” and notwithstanding positive feedback from partners, the capstone lacked something crucial, something which became clear in a trip to Washington, D.C., for the “One Nation Working Together” rally.

Two writers were partnered with 1199 Service Employees International Healthcare Workers East (199SEIU) in October 2010, and their charge was to interview healthcare workers at the rally. Those interviews would constitute the raw material for copy they would write for publication in the winter issue of the
Syracuse Peace Council’s newsletter. On October 1, the writers and I rendezvoused just before midnight in the parking lot of our local Triple-A affiliate. We realized quickly, though, that things were amiss. Hundreds of people waited patiently in the cold. Coach buses were not available. To the anger and disappointment of organizers, the only buses available were tiny shuttles, the kind that take people to doctors’ appointments across town and do not include toilets. After a moment to consider our options, everyone in our party climbed aboard. We traveled south on Interstate 81 in a loose caravan, stopping every two hours or so for restroom facilities.

After a sunny day conducting interviews with workers and scouring the dissident literature proffered on the National Mall, we returned home. The trip proved to be even more uncomfortable than the ride down, however. The buses could not maintain highway rates of speed, and the caravan became strung out as mechanical failure beset the fleet. We limped into Syracuse at 45 mph, several hours later than anticipated, and, at nearly 4 a.m., one of my writers began to vocalize blistering criticism. She was angry about the buses, of course, but her remarks, directed to no one in particular and thus to everyone without exception, exhibited a surprising hostility. While it was true that she had another hour’s drive north to Oswego after we finally pulled into Syracuse, so did others. What is more, when she reached campus, she would have fewer immediate responsibilities to fulfill and she would have far greater latitude in catching up on sleep than the workers with whom we had traveled. The tirade revealed the writer’s lack of solidarity with the workers, which was particularly disappointing in light of the interviews she had just conducted.

Some, including a number of my colleagues, might well object that it would be unreasonable to expect a writer, in this context, to experience solidarity with SEIU’s workers: the “Words in the World” partnership was only a few weeks old; the writer’s role as consultant builds in a measure of autonomy that departs from the traditional employment paradigm; in performing “intellectual labor,” the writer’s work differed in kind from the forms of labor undertaken by the healthcare workers. But across the board, such defenses of the writer’s conduct would only serve to rationalize a troubling elitism, which, in a later iteration of the course, became inescapably clear.

Eighteen months later and one semester removed from “A Brave New World of Work,” I chose a collective project on which writers in “Words in the World” could work while also pursuing projects for individual partners. I conferred with...
the Workers’ Center of Central New York, which had just succeeded in shutting down human trafficking at the Great New York State Fair in Syracuse. The Workers’ Center was interested in collaborating with other fair organizers in the region to pre-empt a recurrence of trafficking, so I decided that my writers would take up the matter with the organizers of Oswego’s Harbormast, an annual summer fair. To promote discussion of a collective project among my writers, I began by circulating a “Manifesto for Economic Democracy and Ecological Sanity.”

Students’ responses were keyed to one passage in particular:

Lost on my writers was the reality that as state university students, they have already been consigned in the eyes of the elite, to the category of “drones.”

The change we propose—as a new and major addition to the agenda for social change—is to occur inside production: inside the enterprises and other institutions (households, the state, schools, and so on) that produce and distribute the goods and services upon which society depends. Wherever production occurs, the workers must become collectively their own bosses, their own board of directors. . . Decisions once made by private corporate boards of directors or state officials—what, how and where to produce and how to use the revenues received—would instead be made collectively and democratically by the workers themselves. Education would be redesigned to train all persons in the leadership and control functions now reserved for elites.

Unanimously, my writers derided the manifesto, claiming, “some people aren’t meant to be leaders.” Lost on my writers, however, was the reality that as state university students, they have already been consigned, in the eyes of the elite, to the category of “drones.” Indeed, the majority of these writers struggle to take initiative in a variety of contexts—an overriding concern of those with whom we partner in Words in the World. Rather than lament this as merely one more effect of No Child Left Behind and rather than misread it as a deficiency either remediated by curricula in leadership/entrepreneurship or overcome when writers learn to “brand” themselves effectively, we would do well to promote more cooperative activity in meaningful institutional contexts. As things are, the same writers who lack initiative likewise mistrust institutions so profoundly that they see writing on their behalf as a form of selling out. But then this ought not be surprising in light of students’ perceptions of their own writing.

Roughly two-thirds of writers in Words in the World characterize their writing style as “sarcastic.” Our writers disavow even their own stakes in the stories they tell. When writing is tantamount to disavowal, then we have surrendered some of our capacity to engage in critique, to examine its implications, and to
mobilize claims and people, or, as Brennan puts it, to debate goals, articulate programs, and promote solidarities. These aphasias nevertheless call on academics to address our students’ economic condition. What might this mean? Well, all the piety about preserving inquiry in the Humanities from the logic of capital so that students can pursue a program of study unharnessed from the exigencies of the market depends on bracketing the reality that many of our students already belong to the laboring class and most will remain a part of what Occupy Wall Street has dubbed the 99 percent.

If intellectuals have a distinct role to play in fostering the common good, this might best begin with an explicit acknowledgement of the unprecedented way students are beholden to capital as a condition of their education. In promoting storytelling about their labor histories, we can facilitate students’ engagement with a wide range of critical discourse and artistic expression that would otherwise remain remote. In this way, we can also foster students’ attention to the institutional frameworks and histories that not only create the patterns from which all of our stories emerge but which also serve as sites of political leverage for organizing new modes of living. If we dare, furthermore, we can enable our students to organize themselves—inside our classrooms, at work, and beyond—to take part in the complex struggles ahead. Whereas we conventionally associate organizing of this kind with labor unions, we can expect that future organization will take new forms, particularly as capitalism itself generates, in the words of Moishe Postone, “the historical possibility for the abolition of proletarian labor.” We can illuminate the interval that opens as the “needs of capital continue to diverge from the needs of humans”; in that interval, furthermore, we can invite students to imagine and create work that would be simultaneously a “joy” and a “burden,” a duality which, according to Maria Mies, points in the direction of cooperative activity, while guarding against the systemic expropriation at the root of surplus production and the idealization of intellectual or cultural labor as revolutionary. Students respond in compelling ways to intellectual inquiry framed in this way, discarding cynicism and gravitating toward one another in cooperative arrangements that seem to endure. In the university, we can strengthen conditions for the emergence of the commons by promoting storytelling and political belief as avenues onto critical thought and transformative practice, instead of persistently treating them as either the negation of reason or the punch line to a postmodern joke. The university that forsakes the commons is also the university that sanctions the state’s prioritization of the markets, which, in a place like SUNY-Oswego, is to deliver our own and democracy’s demise.

For their inspiration and support, I want to thank Mary Avrakotos, Paul Rajeckas, Betsy Mc Tiernan, and K.C. Wolfe. — Maureen Curtin
ENDNOTES

1. Courtesy of her boyfriend at Ft. Drum, my student forwarded a video clip of former Marine Corps Sgt. Shamarr Thomas from Roosevelt, New York, confronting members of the New York Police Department (NYPD) during the Occupy Wall Street protests in October 2011: www.youtube.com/watch?v=WmEHc0c0Sys&feature=share. In the video, Mr. Thomas decries NYPD violence against unarmed protestors in the OWS movement. Notwithstanding Thomas’ uncritical support for U.S. violence in the war on terror abroad and an undeniable streak of machismo in his remarks, the video captures the dismay many people felt about the widespread police violence against the Occupy movement. It also, clearly, resonated with my student’s boyfriend, Joe, a U.S. soldier.

2. According to the Institute for College Access & Success, students’ college loan debt in New York would grow to an average of $26,600 in 2011, just months after we concluded “A Brave New World of Work.” For more details, visit: www.projectonstudentdebt.org/state_by_state-data.php

3. In her essay, “Understanding the Working College Student,” Laura Perna cites studies that show nearly half (45 percent) of undergraduates work while enrolled in college, and statistics indicate that 21 percent of this number work between 20 and 30 hours a week. Further, data shows this phenomenon is not confined to community colleges, but, instead, is reflected across all kinds of institutions. Whereas Perna takes the familiar position of advocating for students receiving “capital” in the university for their work lives, I propose that students’ work lives constitute a basis for questioning both capital and its influence on university life.

4. See Simon’s “Vico and Marx: On Historical Development,” p. 329. Writing in the early 1980s before the fall of the Berlin Wall, Simon identified philosophical principles common to Vico and Marx, including the notion that human agency drives social history and development. But Simon discerns in Vico comparably less conviction than in Marx about the possibility of collective action to shore up social fragmentation in societies where skepticism prevails, as it does in ours.

5. Simon, p. 319, 324.


7. See Brennan, p. 12.


9. See “I Was Content and Not Content”: The Story of Linda Lord and the Closing of the Penobscot Poultry, co-authored by Cedric Chatterly and Alicia J. Rouverol, with Stephen Cole.

10. The video that the class reviewed is no longer accessible, but here I include footage circulated around that time by the Daily Kos. The footage features some of the very elements Joe subjected to critique in his analysis. Specifically, the clip focuses attention on the SWAT crackdown on Occupy Oakland where Marine veteran, Scott Olsen, was hit by a bean-bag round and his would-be rescuers were scattered by a flash-bang grenade: www.dailykos.com/story/2012/02/22/1067185/-Do-We-Finally-Know-Who-Tossed-the-Flash-Bang-Grenade-At-Scott-Olsen-and-His-Rescuers.


12. Rajeckas brought Love Cures Cancer to the Waterman Theater stage at the end of October 2011, and then returned for student workshops and class productions a few weeks later: www.oswego.edu/news/index.php/site/news_story/love_cures
15. Ibid, p. 12.
17. His playfulness notwithstanding, D-Lyte expressed a suspiciousness about the Occupy movement shared by many in the U.S., including the FBI. The Partnership for Civil Justice Fund (PCJF) obtained copies of FBI files that document federal efforts to criminalize Occupy protestors from the movement’s inception: [hwww.jusitceonline.org/commentary/fbi-files-ows.html](http://www.justiceonline.org/commentary/fbi-files-ows.html). According to the Partnership, SUNY-Oswego was among a handful of institutions that cooperated with the FBI, though subsequent media reports indicate that the College did not put the camp under surveillance: [www.huffingtonpost.com/2013/01/10/occupy-wall-street-group-suny-oswego_n_2439279.html](http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2013/01/10/occupy-wall-street-group-suny-oswego_n_2439279.html). The university has not yet published its final report on the matter.
18. The university has been counting the course among its “service learning” classes, though that is not our designation.
20. Ibid.

**WORKS CITED**


