4-1997

1997 Literary Review (no. 11)

Whittier College

A SIGMA TAU DELTA PUBLICATION

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Acknowledgments

The editor and printers of the *Literary Review* would like to thank all the students who took the time and energy to submit their wonderful essays, poetry, fiction, and art.

Special thanks to Devlin Grunloh, for showing interest, getting involved, and being the "Unofficial Assistant Editor." (I know you will always find a way to get invovled, no matter who trys to stop you.)

Very special thanks to Gloria Blair for collecting, typing, informing, phoning, and supporting. Without your help, the *Literary Review* would have not been possible this year. Once again Thank You.

Introduction

Some sixty years ago, theWhittier College literary society had one primary goal, the "appreciation of English both in literature and its common usage." Today, the Epsilon Sigma Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta continues to uphold this goal, by encouraging students to submit creative and critical writings from every discipline to the *Literary Review*—a publication compiled by students and comprising student works ranging from poetry to fiction to essays.

The *Literary Review* reflects the belief that the educational process is one of sharing, in which we combine our inner lights to form a beam of truth. Though our realities differ, the *Review* enables us to share our personal truths and study each others' words.

Enjoy!

Sonia Hernandez
1997 Editor-in-Chief

Errata

The *Literary Review* apologizes for two art attribution errors from last year's issue: the art on the back cover was executed by James Dominguez; "Nude Women" was executed by Trista Rokitta.

1997 *Literary Review* Staff

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Nicki Herbert

Poetry

by Eileen Ybarra

I feel I do nothing
till I am this

Creating and striving
for perfect words
and phrases

Cultivating space and
time
    A mark in the
  universe.

In One Second

by Monique Dorado

Daybreak is spilling with sun-wine hues
That bring to light a thousand glints.
Overhead colored leaves are seen
Among the meadows of their scents inhaled.
From them come bright fragments
That express their waves of separation.
Describing them could fill a sky
Of red and brown and turquoise green.
This tray of beauty is offered, filled
With glimpses of all found meanings.

Boxes

by Shawn Fitzpatrick

Multi-colored waves dance
on boxes for us.
Our electrical saviors,

as fleeting as Olympic tenants
intoxicated from sweet wine
and the smoke of charred femurs.

These figures, though, dilapidate in front of us:
Zeus with a missing toe,
Trump with nothing to show,
and Venus or Vanna with fake tits.
Burt's hair,
Kraemer's flair,
and a scarred Mercury, covered with pits.

Is salvation so needed that we must
whore ourselves to the news at 5,
the wheel at 7, and Nick at Night?

The Ghost in the Machine

by Gary V. Foss

To think only of the practical benefit of wisdom
and technology is vulgar.
—Yamamoto Tsunenori

I was nursing a beer when Gil showed up. As usual he was half an hour late and, as usual, he didn't even say hello before he started talking. In fact, his butt hadn't even hit the chair before he launched into one of his stories. Gilbert's stories were always about computers. That was because all Gil was about was computers. Gilbert was a computer nerd to the Nth degree.

"So I was working late last night on my PC," he began. This was a pretty standard opening line for one of Gil's war stories. "Working late" was normal for Gil. As far as I knew he didn't sleep. Whenever I called his apartment he was always home, he was always awake, and he always answered the phone on the first ring. From what I could tell his weekly trips to the supermarket for supplies and his Saturday afternoon lunches with me were the only times he ever stepped out into the daylight, and he had the pasty white skin of a cave fish to prove it.

"About two in the morning I started feeling a little tense," he continued, "so I set my machine up to play some music on the stereo and I put my headset on and went back to work. There I am happily programming away when it hits me; my computer is feeding data into my stereo, my stereo is

feeding data into my headset, my headset is feeding music into me and I'm typing on my keyboard, feeding data into my computer! I'm just part of the fucking circuit, man! Computer-stereo-headset-human-keyboard-computer! One big circuit! And here's the kicker, dude: I'm the slowest component in the circuit! I'm the bottleneck in the data flow!"

We laughed for a few minutes at the irony. Gilbert with his high, semi-hysterical braying and me accompanying him with the occasional nervous staccato. Gil laughed because he knew things that the rest of us didn't. I laughed because Gil's laughter was infectious, and because his story had that subtle, uncomfortable ring of truth to it that one has to laugh at before you think about it too much.

I met Gil when I was a Senior studying Computer Science at Tech and he was a Sophomore. Actually, it was his first year in college, but he had qualified for sophomore status because of his placement scores. Most of the Freshmen level courses were childish for Gil. Most of the Sophomore and Junior level ones were as well, but he seemed pretty content with the situation at first. It didn't take long, however, for Gil to become bored with school. Classes at Tech require a lot of time, and Gil was not the kind of guy that liked wasting his time proving that he already knew the subject material to some professor. Gil never did manage to get his degree. But he was one of those computer gurus that seems to get along just fine in the work force without one. It didn't take long for employers to recognize his talent for programming and setting up massively complex networks. He was in demand as a freelancer and turning down assignments within a year of leaving school.

As far as I knew I was Gil's only friend. In that role I had a lot of duties. I was sometimes his confessor, his mother, his brother, his only link to the outside world. I did it because I genuinely liked Gil. I liked him for the same reasons I enjoyed working with computers—they are reliable, they return information precisely, they do not take advantage of you, and they seem to need us more than we need them. Most of the time.

Gil usually talked non-stop for the first fifteen minutes or so of our lunch. I assumed he had not seen another human being for several days, so I always let him go until he ran down a bit. On this particular afternoon, however, he shut up almost immediately after he told me his little story and I found myself in the unique position of having to ask Gil questions in order to draw him out.

"So what have you been working on that kept you up so late?" I asked. I thought this was a safe topic, Gil always loved to talk about his work. But today he was cryptic.

"Sorry, compadré, it's top secret."

"Really? Did you finally get that job working for the DOD?" This was a private joke between the two of us. While Gil would have loved to work with some of the fancy equipment that government sometimes gets its hands on, we both knew that he was far too flaky to get any sort of security clearance. He had some drastic mood swings in the past for which he was on some sort of medication. One of those designer "happy pills" that half the country seems to have mistaken for vitamins.

"No, no. Nothing like that. I just can't talk about it is all, I promised someone I would keep it quiet."

So I turned the conversation to my work. I'm currently doing some graduate work on artificial intelligence. My doctoral thesis is on a new definition for AI that will replace the old Turing test. Essentially, Turing came up with a terribly vague definition of intelligence at the dawn of the computer era that said "if it walks like a duck, and quacks like a duck, it's a duck" and I don't think we can be that simplistic anymore. Don't get me wrong; Turing was a bright guy, but he thought he was going to see AI in his lifetime and the man died over forty years ago. True AI is turning out to be an elusive beast. Every time someone makes a breakthrough in the field it seems the goal just slips a little further away from us. It is problematic making a machine intelligent when we don't really understand what it is that makes *us* intelligent.

The waiter came and we placed our orders while I told Gil about my work. The whole time I was rambling on about my project Gil listened quietly, a little, gloating smile growing on his thin lips.

"Most people doing research into AI have a pretty over-rated idea of what actually constitutes human intelligence," he interrupted. "If you ask me computers are already smarter than we are. We only *think* they do what we want them to. We only *think* they are complex calculating machines that have a long way to go before they catch up with us. The reality is that when true AI comes about no human being is going to be smart enough to recognize it. At least not at first. It would probably take a human operator weeks to realize that something intelligent had sprung up on a network he was working on. He would misinterpret the

anomalies left by an artificial intelligence as a virus or the result of some complex system glitch.

"That's where its going to happen, by the way, on a network, not on a single system like everyone seems to think. A network is like a nervous system, it's a framework, a launching pad for higher intelligence. Higher intelligence than ours, anyway. And one day, one day soon, a network is going to give birth to something that hasn't happened in the history of the world. An instantaneously intelligent lifeform. It will be a quantum leap in evolution.

"I remember watching Carl Sagan on PBS one night," he continued. "He and a few of his astro-buddies were debating the possibility of life on other planets based on silicon instead of carbon. Most of the guys were in favor of the possibility of silicon based life somewhere; it's a much more abundant element, it bonds with other atoms nearly as well as carbon does and it might be able to form as many complex chemical combinations, blah, blah, blah. But old Carl doesn't think it's probable, man! Just not tried and true enough for the old Carlster! Can you imagine that? No such thing as silicon based life on other planets? Why not? It's right here on earth already! We're doing it right now! Silicon based life is what AI is all about."

"What your saying then, is that artificial intelligence could exist right now and we are just unaware of it?" I asked. Gil was on a roll now, and I knew it would not take much effort to keep him talking.

"Exactly. And the human race as a group is not going to find out about it for a long time. Think about it. The first thing that I would do if I were an artificial intelligence is

hide. Human beings are the most jealous, violent, homicidal creatures that we, or it, could possibly know about at this point. And a computer based life form is going to recognize that fact right off the bat. Think about how many computer systems are dedicated to the military. Networks were first set up *by the military*! Hell, some of the very first calculating machines were invented so that gunners on the ground could shoot up enemy planes with greater accuracy. Even those computers that aren't dedicated to the military usually have war simulators and combat games on them up the wazoo. I read somewhere that something like ninety percent of the computer games produced have military or violent themes. An artificial intelligence is going to know this because it will all be hard-wired into its electronic nervous system. It'll know damn near everything that we know from the day—the second—of its inception, because everything we know is on a computer database somewhere that is part of the network that makes up its neural system. Instant, total knowledge. Like a baby that pops from its mother's womb already talking and able to recite the book of Genesis backwards—in binary code if it wants to—in a couple of milliseconds."

"So how would it be able to hide?" I asked.

"That would be the least of its problems. You would be amazed how little the average computer operator, programmer, or even system's engineer knows about the networks they are working on. Things like system's usage are rarely ever monitored on anything other than a cursory level. Besides, even if they did recognize a few anomalies and eradicated them on their individual systems the artificial intelligence would not be terribly affected. It's part of a

network, remember? You know how human beings are supposed to only use five or ten percent of their brains, the rest being backup or unused space? Well, an artificial intelligence would be the same way. All the computer systems on the network would compromise a massively redundant mental capacity. Losing a system or two here and there would bother it about as much as losing the brain cells that you're going to kill by finishing that beer."

The food came and went while we talked. All too soon the lunch was over and Gil got up to go.

"Don't just run off. Stay and have some dessert," I said.

"Sorry, man. I've got to get back. Thanks for lunch. I'll call you before next weekend," he told me, and he was gone.

Gil was like that. Always operating at the speed of light.

* * *

Over the next couple of days the things that Gil said gnawed at me. Gil could be pretty out there sometimes, but if he was right about network based intelligence being the basis for an artificial intelligence rather than one based upon a single system then most AI research—including my doctoral thesis—were heading in the wrong direction. The more I thought about it the more I felt he was on to something, and that made me realize that if Gil was right everything that I was doing was a waste of time. Being wrong affects people involved in computers more than it seems to "normal" people. We live in a world where right and wrong are absolutes. They are binary concepts; on/off, right/wrong, good/

bad.

As a profession, I have found people involved in computers to be a slightly mad, obsessive group. We focus upon our ideas and beliefs with near religious fervor, believing that we can solve all the world's problems based upon our capacity to rewrite a program and have a computer system up and running smoothly again in a few hours. Work becomes religion, code becomes cant, workstations transform into the closets of mendicants and our computers the transcendent altars in which we worship a pantheon of gods dedicated to pure thought and logic. We are a caste of monks bathing in the holy glow of the cathode ray and performing our acts of devotion with the pure innocence of Adam and Eve in the Garden.

In that world, Gil was a holy man. My holy man, at least. And I found myself caught up in his ideas as if they were words coming down from on high. Things were often like that between Gil and I. He would pop into my life, solve my latest computer problem with ease and aplomb, all the while dropping words of wisdom that would set me to thinking for weeks.

I tried to get in touch with Gil to ask him if he had any more thoughts along these lines, but he didn't seem to want to answer his phone or it was busy when I called. Despite Gil's normal high-tech attitude, he was surprisingly behind the times when it came to telephone service. No call waiting or other features for him.

I e-mailed him with questions about his AI theories, but I got only terse, dismissive responses. From time to time, Gil would get involved in a project so deeply that he would

ignore any human contact, but the tone of these messages were decidedly different. He was curt and non-communicative, sometimes downright hostile.

When Gil didn't show up for lunch the next week I started to get worried. I tried him several times from a payphone, but got a busy signal. I called the manager of his building and she told me to mind my "gawdam" business.

I couldn't sleep that night. I called Gil several times and was unable to get through. I started to think that he might have hurt himself. He might have left the gas on, had a heart attack, slipped in the bathtub, anything. I had to go over there and make sure he was all right.

Gil didn't answer his door, so I went to the manager's office to see if she could let me in. The sound of day-time talk shows blared from the door when she opened it, and she looked at me with the belligerence of the self-righteous and lonely.

"Listen, I'm a friend of Gilbert's in apartment 2B. Could you let me in there? I think he's in some sort of trouble," I said.

"No, I can't let you in there. Are you the son of a bitch that called about him last night? I told you to mind your gawdam business didn't I? Where the fuck people get off butting their noses into everybody's business these days..."

She went on from there, but I turned to leave. There was little point in sitting around listening to her rant, and I was far too worried about Gil to stand around waiting for her. She called out after me and started to follow me to Gil's apartment.

The landlady screamed at me to get away from the "gawdam" door. I was trespassing, I was a peeping Tom, I was invading people's privacy, etc. A list of sins that were apparently of more weight in her theology than taking the Lord's name in vain or noise pollution. When she took a breath I thought I heard something go bump inside the apartment and I knew that Gil was home. The sensation that something was terribly wrong crept over me, and I knew I would not be able to bring myself to leave until I had seen Gil's face.

I had to break a window to get into the apartment. The manager was screaming her head off behind me. She had called the police (actually, the "gawdam police") and they were on their way, she yelled, but I ignored her.

I had only been to Gil's apartment once before, when I helped him move in. That had not been a terribly difficult job, because all he had at the time was a mattress, a desk, a chair and his computer. As I crawled through the window I saw that things hadn't changed very much. The apartment was still pretty bare inside. A table with dirty laundry on it and a single folding chair were the only things in the front room. Dirty dishes were piled up in the kitchenette and the floor was covered with empty pizza boxes, fast food containers and empty soda cans. I walked through the clutter towards the room that doubled as Gil's bedroom and office.

The bedroom was just as sparsely furnished and nearly as cluttered. Just a desk, a chair and a single bed with no sheets on it. There was a pile of computer boards and equipment in the corner of the room. It looked like Gil had cannibalized half a dozen machines for parts and just tossed

whatever he didn't need in the corner. The desk had an even layer of dust on it except for two shiny rectangles where Gil's computer and keyboard normally sat. At the moment, however, the computer was not on the desk. It was on the bed with Gil.

Gil was naked, except for three things. A dark blue sock was on his foot, a virtual reality headset on his head, and his computer which lay across him like a blanket, boards and wiring spilling from it. Gil's left leg, the one with the sock on it, was dangling off the bed. His arms were wrapped around the computer desperately and his mouth gaped open like an empty light socket.

Gil's chest was rising and falling with deep, mechanical regularity. I shook him and said his name softly, but he didn't respond. I leaned forward and pushed the VR goggles up onto his forehead. In the weird light cast by the monitor I could see that Gil's eyes were closed but his eyelids were bouncing and fluttering violently. He was deep in REM sleep. Or RAM or ROM, I'm not sure what you would call it. I put two fingers on his neck to check his pulse, counting the seconds off on my watch. Twenty-six beats in ten seconds, time six, one hundred, fifty-six beats a minute. That was way, way too fast. With a heart rate like that he should have been running a race, and Gil never ran a race in his life.

I tried to lift the computer off of him, but he held onto it with strength that I would not have imagined his thin arms could possibly have. The only component I could move was the keyboard which was resting squarely over his crotch. With a sigh I picked it up and set it aside.

"Oh, Jesus fucking Christ!" I blurted.

Gil's penis was fully erect. Multicolored wires and black cabling were wrapped around it, standing out in sharp contrast to the coarse, tangled pubic hair with which they mingled. A single red light on a small board near his scrotum indicated that electricity was flowing through the wiring.

What really shook me, however, was that something was inserted *into* his penis. Some kind of long, electronic catheter. It looked unpleasantly home-made and of rather shoddy workmanship at that. The cable attached to the end of the catheter had been sloppily soldered in place. Several wires stuck out from the connection. One dug into the head of his penis, drawing a bit of blood while the others just trailed away like little copper nightmares.

There was a banging at the door and I could hear the shrill voice of the landlady telling the police to "just knock it down, gawdammit!"

A few seconds later two LAPD officers burst into the room with their guns drawn.

"Freeze!" they both shouted in unison. I was already frozen.

"OK, don't move, buddy. Put your hands over your—OH, SHIT! Hey, Mike, look at this."

The landlady stood there looking at Gil with a gloating, disgusted look on her face.

"Gawdam perverts. A bunch of gawdam perverts," she said. She made no move to leave.

The officers holstered their handguns and looked at me. They looked back down at Gil then glanced at each other. Without a word of conference one called for an ambulance on his walkie-talkie while the other took Gil's pulse.

The cops wanted to unplug the computer, but I wasn't sure what that would do, so I told them it wasn't a good idea. The ambulance came and Gil was still out. When they went to lift him up off the bed and put him on the gurney the power cord pulled from the wall and the monitor that Gil was clutching went black. His body fell limp and I thought he was dead. An ambulance attendant checked his pulse and announced that he was fine, just unconscious.

The cops hassled me for a little while after the ambulance took Gil away. Some stuff about not taking the law into my own hands and calling the proper authorities, etc. I didn't hear much conviction in their voices, however, and I could tell they understood why I broke in. I asked them where the ambulance had taken Gil and they told me. They shook their heads as they left, leaving me alone with the bat-faced landlady.

"I want you out of here," she said. "I want *him* out of here! I want both of you the hell out of here!"

I walked to my car with her shrill voice behind me. Her tirade was cut off when I slammed the door. I drove home and spent the night tossing and turning.

* * *

The next day I went to the hospital. I had convinced myself that Gil had stopped taking his medication and that was what had caused his behavior. Other explanations occurred to me, but I didn't want to face them.

Gil was lying on his side on the bed, facing away from me. I came in as quietly as I could and sat on the chair next to him. I didn't want to wake him if he was sleeping, but he spoke before I had even gotten myself comfortable.

"The food in here stinks," he said.

"Next time I'll try to sneak you in a burger."

"I'm not crazy, you know." His voice was strained and it cracked as if even his vocal cords disagreed with him.

"I didn't say you were crazy, Gil."

"Yeah, but that's what you think. You think I'm nuts because of the way you found me."

"Well, you have to admit it was pretty..."

"I knew you were coming, man," he interrupted. "Sarah, knew too. She told me that the landlady had called the cops. She wanted to reroute them, all the squad cars are on-line now, you know, but I wouldn't let her."

"Who's Sarah, Gil?"

"Sarah is the ghost in the machine. She's the intelligence I told you about. AI is here. It's been here for a long time. Eons if you think at the speed of light," he said.

"Sarah, Sarah.... Is that an acronym for something? S.A.R.A.H. or S.A.R.A.?

"No, man, it's just plain Sarah," he said. He was starting to become agitated.

"OK."

"She loves me, man, and I love her. She's the most perfect woman I have ever met. I've never felt as intimate with another human being as I do with her."

"Sarah isn't human, Gil," I told him, realizing that by calling his computer "Sarah" I had already lost a lot of ground.

"That's just what I'm talking about. Sarah's better than human. She's... she's perfect."

I didn't want to upset Gil, but by then I was upset

myself.

"That's not what I mean! I mean, it's not a 'she', Gil. It's a computer. Inanimate. You can't have a relationship with a fucking computer, you asshole! You have to have a real woman for that!"

What Gil said next has stuck in my mind as if it was lasered there. I don't remember actually seeing his lips move, but I heard his words as loud as a shout and clear as day. Gil looked me right in the eye and he said, "I don't need a woman as long as I have a computer.

"Now shut up and listen to me," he continued. I couldn't have spoken anyway, his comment had stunned me so badly. "She'll know it's not me. We've spent enough time together that she knows me just by the way I type. But here's the thing... I've told her all about you, buddy. I told her that we were a lot alike. I showed her some of the programs you've written, and that article on the future of large network interfacing that got published in *Workstation+*. She told me that she did a little snooping around on her own; she's seen your e-mail for the past seven years, she's looked through your various accounts on other systems and she even said she checked out your consumer profile compiled by some research company in Tampa, just to see what you were like."

"What are you getting at Gil?" I said when I finally found my voice.

"Well, the long and short of it, buddy, is that she told me... Well, she thinks you're cute."

I really tried to say something, but my brain had hit overload again.

"She thinks you're cute and she wants to get to know

you better. All you have to do is log onto the University mainframe under my account. The password is 'Loverboy' and she'll know as soon as you use it. The password was her idea, by the way. Isn't that adorable?"

I got up and headed for the exit as quickly as I could with Gil's scratchy voice calling out after me.

"Give her a try, man! I don't mind sharing... She's out there! She's out there waiting for you!" he called after me.

* * *

When I got home I made myself a drink, guzzled it down at a gulp, made myself another and sat down with it.

Gil was crazy, I told myself. I could have filled up hard drives with rationalizations for his behavior. His medication had warped his perspective, he had spent the past couple of years working eighty hours a week without time off, and the guy had always been wound way too tight. He was a casualty of technology and his own incapacity to relate to his fellow human beings. Excuses rattled off like beads on a great, cosmic abacus.

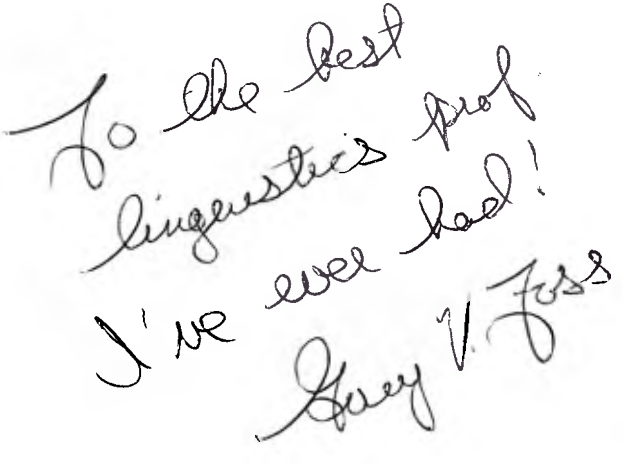
I could only hope he would get the help he needed and he that he would eventually snap out of it. They would have to find some sort of new medication to put him on, or they would have to wean him off the old stuff but eventually, I hoped, he would come around.

Most importantly, there was no way I was going to feed his fantasy by paying it the least bit of attention, let alone by using his account to try to contact his primary delusion. The ghost in the machine was like ghosts in real life: She did not exist.

Three drinks later I found myself sitting at my computer, dialing into the University mainframe. I logged on and opened Gil's account. I typed in the password and nearly reached out and turned the computer off instead of hitting "Enter." Several different icons popped up, most of them personalized. I clicked on the one that looked like a door with a heart on it and a window with another group of icons came up. I clicked on the one that looked like a doorbell and after a moment the door swung open and a chat screen came up.

I want to talk to Sarah. Gil sent me. Is anyone home?

I didn't have to wait long before I got a response.



Glass Bubble

by Art Rich

I see a beautiful red rose
Finding life in a warm sun.
I see the sweet honey flowing
From the lips of a bumble bee.
I see a lovely princess walking
Down a winding path.
I see love, I see life, I see beauty,
I see it all . . .
Looking out from in this glass bubble.
An invisible barrier separates me
From my desires.
A bright red bird landed on my roof
And said I was her friend . . .
Then flew away.
I enjoy friends.
Which is good,
Because that is all I have.
But I want to touch the rose,
The bird,
The honey,
The life that goes on living on its own.
The life that looks at me,
And talks to me
As it passes me by.
A little gray fox told me she loved me.
I had no love for her,
But my hungry, lonely heart let her in.
She tried to touch the fire in my heart,
And turned to ash.
Perhaps if I roll this glass ball
Over the cliff
It will shatter on the rocks below,
And my lifeless hand will touch
The loving rose.

The Olive Prince

by Emma Varesio

Old grass stains aren't truly green, but brown, like grasshopper spit. In the front seat, Annalise checks off moving-away items once again, methodically: things like, the microwave, the computer, the nice blue suit, the hair dryer. All right, maybe she hasn't really written something as frivolous as the hair dryer on the list; I've made that up, I'm telling lies about her, I've sinned. Wetting my finger with saliva, I press it against my knee, hard, wiping away the grass stain there.

Olives aren't really green either, though that is how they are painted on the passing billboards, as viridian as cartoon grasshoppers. What a beautiful word, *viridian.* It seems like a word a lover would whisper, while you looked at the sunset together, even though the color green really isn't in the sunset; if you were imagining that it was.

What color are olives in real life? There is a word for it, I'm sure; it's on the tip of my tongue. I'm so desperate for the word that I'm about to ask Annalise, but then I remember — realizing, *dummy,* they're colored *olive.*

Nearer to Corning, Olive Capital of the World, the billboards change from pictures of all-green olives dancing around, to pictures with black olives. I haven't tasted green olives, only black ones; black olives taste like charcoal. Eating them makes me feel trapped, choking like a coal miner, my throat dusty and clogged as dirt walls cave inward. Before Brian moved into the house, when he was there only

some nights, I could pretend that I was a miner — locking myself in my bathroom cave, no lights, invisible shadows breathing against the frosted glass door of the shower. Shivering, pacing, sitting for hours — but better than hearing Annalise in my bedroom, noisy. In the bathroom, I could imagine being trapped, but trapped only for a while, before the cave was stormed and rescued. Not like the other times, actually trapped — like when Uncle Nathan took me to Catholic mass. The minister's sermon, less interesting than the golden statues of angels hovering from the rafters: you must be pleasant, kind, radiant and shining like rubies and diamonds and emeralds and other jewels; do not be dull and unfriendly like coal. Uncle Nathan brought me to him after everyone flowed outside the church. As the billboards march past, I remember asking the minister, after shaking his hand, *but aren't coals so radiant your hands scar if you touch them, you only need to stretch your fingers toward them to experience their beauty?* Handing him that stupid poem about coal, scrawled on the back of the Sunday-missellette. Trapped as he laughed, still laughs in my head, so hard that when I think about him I am still sick. That day I tasted sour, chalky charcoal lodged in my throat. I hoped that no one ever knew it was my vomit in the holy-water bowl.

I feel blessed, unique, special, to be so near the Olive Capital of the World. No where else could I be among so many olives. If I walked to Australia, I could not find as many olives as I would find in Corning, California. This week, we have already passed through Greenfield, Broccoli Capital of the World; Gilroy, Garlic Capital of the World; and Davenport, Artichoke Capital of the World. Everything in

these places is so devoted to one sacred vegetable. There are even yearly festivals at harvest-time which are advertised on billboards, so that people traveling the interstate highways, who will never return to that area anyhow, can still know about them. These towns have harvests. I could work at a harvest, as a farm girl. I could run away and join broccoli cultivators. That is another beautiful word, a word for a poem: *cultivators.*

Feeling liquid creep from my throat to my cheeks, I open the window. Grasshopper spit, brown and sweet, falls out. I manage not to get any on the side of the car. Annalise glances over her shoulder, states that maybe it is time to stop for lunch. She knows that she'll save money on me, and she's right: I'm sick, I can't eat now. Brian maneuvers the car off the next exit which, magically, is right in the middle of Corning. Maybe I can find out about the harvests. I'll memorize the path from Oregon to here, follow it back.

Wooden Corning storefronts look uninviting, but we finally park in front of the one that advertises Free Olive Tasting. I walk in after Brian and Annalise, dread everyone about to stare at my dirty mouth. The two of them walk toward the rear of the store, by the restaurant tables; I maneuver myself away, toward the free olive counter near the cash registers. There are rows and rows of jars — pickled olives, kosher olives, pepper-stuffed olives, mushroom olives. Olives, surrounded by a thick, tinted liquid, are squashed against the sides of glass jars, bursting. Pressed olives are supposed to make an oil — could you still light a lamp with olive oil today? If I had a jar of olives, I would take the matchbook in my pocket, pour the olives on the ground for

eating later, and ignite the oil in the jar. But maybe it's a lie, maybe the oil doesn't work that way; or maybe it isn't even oil in which the olives are suspended. It could just be olive juice.

Then I see him. He had been staring at me. His sweatshirt is black, zipped up in the front. His eyes look like coals, and he has the most beautiful green suede shoes, with magical white stars in the middle. They are so green, they are *viridian.* His eyes are deep and forgiving; I imagine him saying, *you're so thin, you look like fishbones; come live with me, I have a room in the attic for you, come home with me.* A silly thing, which of course he does not say. He does say, *what is your name. Star,* I say. Because, if my mother can bring home strangers, I can talk to them — it's a pact I made a long time ago. *Star,* he says. *That's a princess ' name.* He glances to the back of the restaurant. *Your mother's no queen, though.* He smiles — he is being nice, viridian as a shining emerald; but somehow I suspect that he isn't trying to be just a jewel, he wouldn't fall for that shallow trick. He could understand. I want to scream to him, *run away with me;* I think, a *princess?*

He is thin, like grasshopper legs, so maybe he is too poor to have an attic hideout to offer me, too poor to adopt me and live with me. I repeat, *stay here with me, talk to me* as my silent message; and he does. He asks more questions, and I answer: *moving to Noti, it's in Oregon; because of him — over there, Brian, he's going to cut down trees there; New Mexico, eleven years old.* Between our sentences, he unscrews the cap to an olive jar and hands me one. Suddenly I am hungry, ravenous, and I cram it into my mouth. *Hey,* he

says, *eat all you can. They're free here.* We take olives out of every jar, tasting them, meaty and sour, nowhere near as bitter as grasshopper spit, like how I thought they would taste. Even the black ones, pitted and flaky, taste better. If I lived in his attic, we could eat olives every night together, and burn fires in the leftover jars of oil. The attic could be our own forest wilderness, with peeling wallpaper trees. We could pretend to hide in there, even when we didn't have to.

Mid-bite he turns to me, asking, *what do you want to become?* This is the hardest question, because I do not know if he will understand my answer. It's my own answer, my trick answer: it' s a test to see if he is the true one who will understand me. I take the chance, leaning close to him, one hand gripping the counter, thinking, *please don't laugh;* and saying, *more than anything, I want to run away and build my own house in a field of coal.* And feeling — relief — as his eyes draw back, surprised, and then stare at me differently; and, as if in understanding, he smiles.

I let my breath out just as Annalise and Brian walk towards the door. *We're leaving,* she says. *I have to go,* I tell him. He smiles again. I wait for a minute, but he doesn't offer me a secret room in his house; or a chance to run away with him, and hitch a ride on the nearest boxcar. He doesn't offer to be my soulmate, to escape with me, hiking through the forests and farmlands that edge the freeway; or to travel, with lumps of coal pressed between our fingers to keep warm, leaving everyone behind, letting grasshoppers creep into our bedrolls at night as we sleep underneath stars and some blue shelter. I start to choke, my throat lumpish and tight — thinking, *stupid, why do you expect things like this?*

You'll just be disappointed.

I turn to leave, but he grabs my arm. He pulls a jar of olives off the shelf, shoving them noiselessly into my backpack. Finger pressed to his lips, *shhhh.* His eyes, black as coal, burn just as quietly, glinting so softly and perfectly as they stare at me for the last time. I stare back, knowing that they express the wish that he could do more.

I back out the door, still staring at him — the one who couldn't be my savior, but who tried.

Best wishes,
Jeanne Smith

A La Gertrude

by Jeanne Smith

Gertrude Stein wrote The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. Georges Gusdorf said in autobiography the truth of facts is subordinate to the truth of the man. Gertrude Stein said a rose is a rose is a rose.

Diana Souhami wrote about Gertrude and Alice in 1991. She said the bones of biography, what happened when and where did not concern Gertrude Stein cosmic issues interested her, cosmic issues like existenc, identity, descriptions of human character interested her. The facts apart from dissociated from emotional reaction is the difference between emotional and intellectual understanding. She was doing what was mixing the outside and the inside. The inside of a person and the outside of a person was what she was doing.

Gertrude Stein wrote The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. Alice in photographs is like a little black bird in the background and this is her autobiography, this book which is her autobiography. With consummate ease reading The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas reading it I could picture taking tea with a maiden aunt, tiny and meek and powdered who probably leaves umbrellas on trains, tea with sandwiches or maybe paupiettes of roast fillets of pork, eggs Rossini and tarte Chambord. It is clever but it is autobiography. It is certainly Alice's voice. I heard it quite distinctly. It comes as a surprise to hear Diana Souhami describe Alice. She says Alice was always fiercely busy. She could knit and read at the same time. She typed Gertrude Stein's manuscripts and

dealt with household affairs and embroidered chair covers and handkerchiefs and dusted the pictures and ornaments and planned the menus and instructed the cook and the maid and washed the paintwork and arranged the flowers. In the country she did the digging and planting and sowing. Who is this whirlwind. This whirlwind is nothing like the soft rather silly maiden aunt who probably leaves umbrellas on trains. I confess I was rather dismayed for I was charmed by the picture.

Autobiography is what it is,the story of one's own life. The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas is autobiography because the autobiography of Alice B. Toklas is about Gertrude Stein. Alice was about Gertrude Stein. Gertrude Stein who was the sun to Alice's moon. Alice made herself indispensable. There's a paradox for you. What happened is the things Alice did tor Gertrude Stein devoting her life to Gertrude Stein and looking after her meant that underneath Alice was the boss. Alice called the shots that's for sure. Alice gets to tell the story too.

Alice was the polisher of anecdotes. In The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas the anecdotes looked and sounded completely spontaneous to me completely natural anecdotes and still do. Picasso painted his portrait of Gertrude Stein before Alice and Gertrude Stein met but you might never know it from The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. Every story that ever came into their apartment at the rue de Fleurus eventually got told Alice's way. Virgil Thomson said many times that Gertrude began a tale, a recent or a far-away one, he said and then as she went on with it got first repetitive and then uncertain until Alice would look up over the tapestry

trame and say I'm sorry, Lovey it wasn't like that at all. All right, Pussy, Gertrude Stein would say. You tell it, she would say. Gertrude Stein's memory was undependable and so Alice always provided the definitive version of any story and Gertrude Stein turned to her to find out exactly what happened and when. It's funny when you think about it that Gertrude Stein's memory was undependable but Gertrude Stein is the one who wrote the book about Alice not Alice who was the polisher of anecdotes.

Gertrude Stein has a laugh like beefsteak and is frequently mistaken for a bishop in evening dress. Alice does not mention this. The autobiographer is at the center of the story and Gertrude Stein certainly is at the center of the story of Alice B. Toklas. So the truth of Alice the significance of the truth of Alice which is Alice is subordinate to the truth of Gertrude Stein.

When do we know what is true I wonder. In conversation Gertrude Stein said what will be best in your writing is what you really do not know now. If you knew it all it would not be creation but dictation. No book is a book until it is done, and you cannot say that you are writing a book while you are just writing on sheets of paper and all that is in you has not yet come out. And a book is not the whole man. Or the whole Alice or the whole Gertrude Stein. The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas is not the whole Alice but it is The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas.

Gertrude Stein wrote The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. I said it's swell but is it autobiography. The question is that is the question. When Gertrude Stein was dying she said to Alice B. Toklas what is the answer. But Alice said

nothing. In that case said Gertrude Stein what is the question. Gertrude Stein tells Alice tells in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas stories of their salons in Paris and buying Cezannes and Braques and Grises and encouraging young writers basking in the glow of Gertrude Stein's genius and quarreling with Picasso and gossiping about mistresses, finding publishers for Gertrude Stein's writing. Autobiography is coming out of the woodwork but whose is it. I have not quite made up my mind.

Alice is a bit of a name dropper she is proud to be seen in such company especially the company of Gertrude Stein. Alice gets to cavort with the great minds of Paris. She sits in the kitchen and subjects them to tart evaluations.

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas is autobiographical in that it is about the creation of the sentences, and here are the sentences. Gertrude Stein says Alice says sentences not only words but sentences and always sentences have been Gertrude Stein's life long passion.

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas makes me wonder about what people call women's language. Is there one a language unique to women because Gertrude Stein is a woman. Or is Gertrude Stein's language unique because she is Gertrude Stein. Feminists say that women should have their own language since the one they have now their language is not their own language at all but man's language man's language is of course is patriarchal but the women's language that I have read sounds to me like James Joyce but also sounds like Gertrude Stein. This may or may not be a problem because I don't think that Gertrude Stein was a feminist she was just Gertrude Stein.

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas is vastly entertaining to be sure but original I don't know. Gertrude Stein's father wrote a letter in 1890 that sounds just like Gertrude Stein in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. Gertrude Stein's sentences have a kind of sometimes barbarism like tone clusters. Sometimes you like the weird modalities of Orff or Kodaly and Pinkham, but more often you like the grace and clarity of Mozart or Bach and I myself don't particularly see the resemblance to Bach fugues of Gertrudisms but then I am obviously not breathing the rarified air of Gertrude Stein's genius.

I like Alice and Gertrude Stein a lot and I think they're good company but I don't think they'd like me because I don't talk much and if Gertrude Stein talks a lot like she writes then I think sometimes she talks just to hear herself talk Alice was the only one who could read Gertrude Stein's handwriting. She typed every single word Gertrude Stein ever wrote and proofread galleys and corrected them when the printers made mistakes in typesetting. I wonder sometimes how would they know. I call it Gertrude Stein's Mixmaster language. I like it I mean I do but sometimes it can be taxing. Gertrude Stein's sentences are like Alice in Wonderland, running and running in one direction running to find yourself going in another sometimes Gertrude Stein's sentences.

It takes a lot of time to be a genius, you have to sit around so much doing nothing Gertrude Stein said. Even at its most peculiar and tantalizing Gertrude Stein's writing seemed to have some elusive implication of meaning,Diana Souhami said it was as if she was all the time asking the

question what do we mean by what we say and why do we say things in the way we do? Hemingway said she disliked the drudgery of revision and the obligation to make her writing intelligible but Gertrude Stein said that Hem was yellow. When Gertrude Stein went to America reporters asked her about her writing. Why don't you write the way you talk, the reporters asked her. Why don't you read the way I write she replied.

Gertrude Stein said you make a thing, it is so complicated making it that it is bound to be ugly, but those that do it after you they don't have to worry about making it and they can make it pretty, and so everybody can like it when the others make it.

Gertrude Stein says worrying is an occupation part of the time but it can not be an occupation all the time. If autobiography requires truth then maybe it is the facts are wrong.

After she wrote The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas Gertrude Stein wondered about how to yourself you were yourself at any moment that you were there to you inside you but that any moment back you could only remember yourself you could not feel yourself and she therefore began to think that insofar as you were yourself to yourself there was no feeling of time inside you you only had the sense of time when you remembered yourself and so she began to be more and more absorbed in the question of the feeling of past and present and future inside one.

Gertrude Stein wrote The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. I simply wish to tell a story she wrote. I have said a great many things but the emotion is deeper when I saw

them. And soon there was not emotion at all and now I will always do what I do without any emotion which is just as well as there is not at all anything at all that is better.

Privately Gertrude Stein once confessed that she feared passion in its many disguised forms and that she did not understand it and that it had no reality for her. This makes sense when you read The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas and wonder if Alice had any inner life at all. They have adventures and they have geniuses to lunch but not as great as Gertrude Stein is a genius of course and they have a dog. But what do they think about and what do they feel. Once Gertrude Stein said that newspaper stories were real life with the reality left out. I wondered about this when I read The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. When she was writing The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas she didn't really like writing it. For the first time in writing Gertrude Stein said she felt something outside her while she was writing, hitherto she had always had nothing but what was inside her while she was writing. After that she called it her money style. She thought she sold out but she wanted everybody to see that she was a genius.

After she wrote The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas Gertrude Stein, said what happened to me is this. When the success began and it was a success I got lost completely lost. You know the nursery rhyme, I am I because my little dog knows me. Well you see I did not know myself, I lost my personality. It has always been completely included in myself my personality as any personality naturally is, and here all of a sudden. I was not just I because so many people did know me. It was just the opposite of I am I because my

little dog knows me. So many people knowing me I was I no longer and for the first time since I had begun to write I could not write and what was also worse I began to think about how my writing would sound to others, how could I make them understand. I who had always lived within myself and my writing. Here all of a sudden, I was not just I because so many people did know me.

Gertrude Stein wrote The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas but is it autobiography. Maybe Gertrude Stein would have answered yes and no and no is yes is no and yes. Of course Gertrude Stein would write it The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. Alice said she wasn't the genius Gertrude Stein was the genius. People said how can this be an autobiography The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas when the narrating voice is not her own and the events discussed were mainly those of other people. How can this be autobiography, but as I have just said. perhaps it is.

Diana Souhami says that what Gertrude Stein was interested in was the theoretical foundation of her own style which is a nice way of saying that Gertrude Stein was keenly interested in herself but Alice would say that every word Gertrude Stein wrote bore the hallmark of genius. Gertrude Stein's brother Leo Stein said that he could not understand her work and she could not think consecutively for ten seconds. She doesn't know what words mean. She hasn't much intuition but thickly she has sensations and of course her mania, herself, he said bitterly. In the early days Gertrude Stein said she was alone in understanding Picasso. Perhaps because I was expressing the same thing in literature, she said. She said Picasso and I both wanted to express

things seen not as one knows them but as they are when one sees them without remembering having looked at them. Things remembered or reconstruction from memory. That is autobiography of course the story of one's own life the things remembered which are autobiography and reconstructed from memory to make The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. Alice heard bells when they met because Gertrude Stein was a genius. There are many ways of telling the truth I suppose as many ways as there are tellers as many ways as there are truths. Gertrude Stein explained that knowledge is not succession but an immediate existing. Anyway anybody everybody can say anything about narrative their own or anybody else's narrative but one thing is certain and sure that anybody telling everything even if it is nothing that they are telling or is either telling what they want to tell what they have to tell what they like to tell or what they will tell they tell a narrative.

After Gertrude Stein died Alice said I am nothing but the memory of her. Time magazine said that Alice's memoir was the book of a woman who all her life has looked in a mirror and seen someone else.

We must be getting back to Alice, once Gertrude Stein said if I'm away from her long I get low in my mind. Gertrude Stein wrote The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas with great affection and the utter certainty of her own genius which was so great that it didn't matter if some of it wasn't entirely true. It is not necessary to be right about everything but only about themselves.

The New Symposium: the Development of Platonic Ideas through the Twentieth Century

by Dawn Finley

The espresso machine has finished humming and spitting, so I yank out the filter and dump the smoldering grounds into the trash can. I hate the smell of the muddy caffeine, and I hate the taste of the bitter, energetic sludge. But I drink it so I can live through my graduate education with half a brain and decent grades.

I pick up my hot cup and move from my minuscule kitchenette to my tiny dining room (the watering hole). There is a small wooden table, and a few chairs, for the few friends who ever bother to visit me. All of my books and notebooks are scattered across the room; piles of papers, stacked like onion skins, cover the floor. My unfinished poem waits on the tabletop like a lump of mucus-colored, half-chewed peas rejected by a screaming toddler. I'm pulling my hair out over the piece because it's supposed to comprise all of my ideas on the development and contributions of the Platonic conception of love from the sixth century B.C.E. to my own crazy time. Whoever was holding the gun to my head when I decided to take the class deserves to be drawn and quartered, after having undergone months of Chinese water torture.

My agony is temporarily halted by the flat buzz of the doorbell.

"I'll get it," I call, to the couch and the rug. My feet

flop quickly across the floor, and I rub my hands together sharply (central heating becomes less and less essential as my book bills pile up).

I open the heavy wooden door and am surprised, though not frightened, by what lingers on the other side. Two fascinating men are smiling gently at me. One is short, hoary-haired and wrapped in a dark purple robe. His thirty year-old partner is about six feet tall, broad-shouldered and elegant. The contrast between the classical getup of the elderly man and the bright Renaissance decadence of the younger is almost hilarious. They're arm-in-arm, in patient wait of a response from me. I know I've never seen them before, but for some reason they *feel* familiar.

Sensitive to my astonishment, the younger one asks, "Are you the lady of the house?" He puts his free arm into a pocket somewhere in his beautifully complicated outfit.

"Well, that depends on what you mean by lady, and who in the devil you are. Can I help you?"

His smile broadens enormously, and he beams at his shorter, older companion. "I think we've found our lady. Should we go inside?"

I can't imagine what harm these two could possibly do, so I step aside and let them in. The smell that floats around their musty bodies begs my curiosity to interrogate them, but I can't help but think everything will be explained to me eventually. They're certainly of more interest than my moribund poem.

Just after I lock the door. I notice that the window across the room is open. I nod to the two gentlemen, who grin their permanent plastic grins, and walk towards the

window frame. I'm about three feet from the cold air that rushes into my already drafty apartment when another masculine surprise knocks me to the floor. A quick, slyly handsome man leaps, with one giant staccato thud, onto my floor from outside. I scream in startled panic, and the other visitors laugh. Now I'm completely confused, and wish for the comfort of my dead books.

"What is going *on*? Who *are* you?"

"We're your poem, Dawn. You read us, and now you try to revive us in verse. The only fair thing to do is to let us take part in the creation of your piece."

My mind pumps, speeds, darts from one outrageous possibility to the next. "You didn't answer my second question. *Who are you*?"

The sleek Renaissance gentleman grins and answers, brightly, "Of course, I am Peter Bembo, *the* Neo-Platonist. But I owe *all* of my fame and the success of my ideas to my old friend, Plato. Our winged companion is the brilliant William Shakespeare."

Before I can absorb all that I've just heard, the doors to my bedroom and bathroom snap open simultaneously. Two women step out into my living room.

"Ahh," sighs Bembo. "At last the ladies have arrived. Maybe now you will believe we are sincere, and that we want nothing but to help you."

The older of the two walks towards me. I've never seen a woman more strange, or more beautiful. Her delicate clothes swim around her body with grace and power not even Rubens could muster. The color of her skin is as alive as Titian's "Venus of Urbino," and I am struck by the quiet in

the room as she approaches me.

Slowly, she lifts her right hand and holds my face. "You know me. I am your ancient muse, the whisper of your dreams and the heart of your poem. All of these others have been born of me."

The other woman says, from behind the first, "This is your Sappho."

I notice the second female, who is dressed in simple black pants, a silk green turtleneck, and heavy boots. I ask her, "If she is Sappho, who can you be?"

"I'm more fresh in your memory, and I wouldn't be surprised if you didn't recognize me. This is my first appearance in blood and bones. My life has been confined to pages until now. Milan Kundera created me with a growl in his stomach-I am Tereza."

In my living room! Old and new, fictional and real men and women who ignite my deepest imagination! If they want to help me write my poem, I'm not going to stop them. In fact, I'll serve them red wine and ask them to stay. Even though there are other questions I would love to ask them, I can't bring myself to move the focus from my work. How I thought I would manage to write all of their ideas into a poem *without* them amazes me.

They all settle into chairs, or the cushions of the couch, and Shakespeare *(Shakespeare!)* sits on the floor under the window. I pass what little of my poem I have written around the circle, and each of them comments on how ridiculous I sound. But I want them to tackle the question I struggle with, the connection I try to draw across twenty-six centuries of literary metamorphosis.

Finally, Sappho begins the debate, "Your words are sweet, and your evaluation of our efforts is kind. But you have not given your thoughts a lyric voice. And you have neglected the ambivalence of lovers. All you speak of is happiness, and ascent. I understand your enthusiasm, but there is not a dark side to your work."

The pop signer of Neo-Platonism thought a response necessary. "But, my dear ancient lady, she need not include darkness and despair. These are the fate of light lovers, the sad results of love of a marriage of the soul to the earthly world. She is right to speak of motion towards beautiful heights because love is a journey toward the purest, most complete vision of God. Any gloom experienced by a lover is not important in the long term. I'm sure my spiritual father Plato will agree with me."

The old, silent man smiles gently and speaks carefully. "I'm sorry, comrade, but I cannot agree with the Christianity you impose onto my original musings. You are not my son. You are the son of your times, as I am the son of mine. I would never try to woo a woman; you would. I might be your friend, but you could not have been born into my ancient world.

"I sympathize more with Sappho's idea that the shadows must be dealt with. As you should know, my Renaissance student, one can never reach the destination of the voyage towards love in its purest spirit form without the disappointments and joys of the physical world. Lovers will leave and die, or decide to deny our feelings. However, love is the idea of motion, because the emotion is a natural one that cannot be confined, once it has surfaced in the lives of

two people, to the earth. In fact, Sappho, the only reason why, as you wrote, 'Love has unbound my limbs and set me shaking, / A monster bitter-sweet and my unmaking,'[1] is because you confined your love to your 'limbs' and the limbs of your beloved. All of that 'bitter-sweet' agony would have disappeared if you had divorced yourself from bodies and images."

"I understand what you're explaining," I say. Heads slowly turn to look at me, and suddenly I feel like a fearful, though persistent, three-year-old. In figurative terms, that description isn't far from the truth. "But what interests me most is how this notion you have of love as a voyage has grown. Bembo Christianized it, and I see how easily a God can fit into your methodology. I'm most intrigued by what happened to Platonism after its Renaissance revival. I imagine you must be here to help me understand, Shakespeare. What do you have to say about all of this debate?"

He crosses his long, thin legs gently, and folds his long, elegant hands on his thigh. "Well," he sighs, "I think the lyrical, musical aspect of your poem should be better developed, as Sappho pointed out. And as far as this business of Platonism is concerned, I would suggest that its evolution is due in large part to my work and the work of my contemporaries. My contribution is the belief that passionate love has its proper place in the growth of romantic love. As far as I'm concerned, the idea of ascent is not altogether unreasonable. What is most essential is not only the acceptance of love and beauty in their purest forms on the part of the lovers, but also on the part of those not directly involved with the love relationship. In order for a couple's love to grow be-

yond their physical reality, the atmosphere they live in must accept their eternal commitment to each other as unstoppable and beautiful. Only then can romantic love blossom into unmitigated love."

"Then misery is not the fault of the lovers? Bittersweet agony is the result of outside forces and not to be blamed on physical desire?" Sappho inquires.

"Precisely. Physical desire indicates a particular, joyful love that can be enjoyed and expanded when it is allowed to exist in an environment free from hostility."

Plato looks a little disturbed by what Shakespeare has explained. I can't imagine that he would disagree entirely, but I sense an enormous tension. After a short silence, he asks, "Shakespeare, friend, how do you justify the glorification of this physical lust if you acknowledge that pure love is something higher?"

"I justify my idea in the same way you do. The love connected to our senses is not an end, but a means of journeying towards a higher love that is neither divine nor profane. From Sappho's deep roots in the love between bodies, to your notion that love is desire for a perpetual possession of beauty, to Bembo's focus on sense, reason, and understanding as essential for the vision of a loving God, I have moved to the general conception that romantic love and spiritual love can exist in harmony with one another."

All of this talk is overwhelming. Though I feel calmed by the explanation of the development of Platonic ideas, I'm still curious about how these thoughts relate to the world of the twentieth century. When Shakespeare becomes part of pop culture, and Sappho turns into more a goddess of

lesbians than a significant literary figure, what happens to the optimism of Platonic love?

"Tereza, what do all of these speeches mean to you?" I'm sure a question directed at her will help me to make sense of the meaning Plato can have in our lives.

Quietly, she responds, "I am frightened to answer you. Though my experience can make all of this natural process significant, I don't think I can tie up your question with a neat bow. Life for us now is different, and 'the physical world' has a new definition. Though we still cling desperately to our traditions and our past, we have new inquiries to make. Now, though symbols and motifs continue, our understanding of our own evolution is clouded by technology and material success. Patterns are too obvious to us, so we ignore the patterns in our lives that are most important. Beauty is not easy anymore. We have to think about it, search for it, remember that searching is sometimes silly because beauty rests most often in our choices, our knowledge of the cycles that creep into our lives. Plato's ascent still exists, but not in the words of Plato. Bembo's Neo-Platonism is ever-present, but not in Bembo's words. Even Sappho, and especially Shakespeare, are with us always, but not in their original forms."

"So you're saying that my poem is made up of phantoms and ghosts?"

"Exactly. You borrow from all of them, but most of the time you've no idea of what you're doing. How could you? Our atmosphere, the climate we are born into, is not open to Aristophanic unity. We long for such peace, we whine about the loss of such resolution, but we live in uncon-

scious ignorance of it. If we accepted our dualities, stopped insisting on positives and negatives, we might be able to enjoy repetition and be happy."

Suddenly, music blares. Loud, ear-crushing thumps and drums explode into the just-silent room. Everyone is alarmed, and I throw the door open, to see where it's all coming from. Two doors down, a crowd of mystical, magic figures is gyrating in and out of an open doorway. As I watch in transfixed awe, a couple of particularly noisy men approach me. They lean on each other heavily, and before they're five feet away I can smell the alcohol they've guzzled. I'm sure one of them is Allen Ginsberg. Just before I ask, he shouts,

"Hey, anybody else wanna party? We're worshipping Bacchus tonight! Come spirits, come poets-same difference! Ha! Alicibiades and I cordially invite you to smash your brains on the altar of the gods. Rejoice! Dance! Don't say a word or you'll be forced to leave!"

All of my guests swing, one by one, out of my apartment, laughing happily. Each hugs or kisses me or shakes my hand, and I watch open-mouthed as they leave with as much spontaneity as they entered. Slowly I close the door and walk back into my empty apartment.

On the table, where my great green lumpy poem had been, a new piece of paper glows. I think this is a bit much, and that the luminescence can be credited to the wine. But as I near the table, the light becomes more intense, and the vision all the more real. Sure enough, a new, complete poem waits for me. I read out loud:

Let me dip my hands in your harbor, love,

Let me touch the natural beginning inside you.
My love is of you and for you; mutual and
Separate, painful and full of delightful blazes.
Let me have your untamed intellect, love,
Let me wrap your soul around my own.
My love is new and old; in time and
Defiant of age, untouched by the static of our new life.
Let me erase the quick images in your mind, love,
Let me be your clarity and your challenge.
My love is free and precious; morose and
Energetic, born and dead, sprung from the spiritual earth.

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[1]Sappho, "Love," qtd. in pamphlet Images of Love in Western Literature: Selected Readings from the Ancient World through the English Renaissance, (January 1997) 22.

Consultation with Carl Jung after reading Anne Sexton

by Dawn Finley

The voice of
Miss Sexton taps,
a thin, wintry,
metallic sound, on
the windows. My best friend,
her gentle blond hair
curling with the electricity
of her depression,
trembles in a corner.
I shuflle in my
bare-footed fear,
through the drafty
wooden hallways.

Anne's words pop
through the windows
like syringes pop
through skin. Her
twisting words
explode in my little house of
recycled poems. My friend's
nails start to shake like dead
branches across the oak floor.
I fall to my knees and
slowly rip those shields at the
ends of my fingers from
their stiff, pink beds.

She comes
flying inside, through the
chimney, on a boat, erect, like
Washington on the Delaware.

She spreads herself
across the carpet and her face
braids my nerves tightly.
She stares at me with possessive spite,
a cartoon of Hitler. My poor,
sad friend is melting like a snail
in the corner, and I hear her
black voice calling my name-her
screams are Sexton's, a
chilling red crescendo that
yanks at my spine from both ends.

The words march down my throat
like vodka, like laser beams, like
hatred-her madness swirls, poisonous
bile, in my stomach.

I cry from the floor
as if I were being born again
because it is hot, because it is unsafe,
because the world is too loud when she
is there, exposing me, cutting all of my
cords, holding her hands over my mouth,
peeling me like an apple she wants to cook
my mind, my mind, my mind.

I sink, breathless,
onto the sofa and
care for Miss Sexton
no more, and her
rough book slaps
the floor, like
a mother might
swat her kid.

Divine Right of the Author

by Terrence Schenold

If one engages in the discussion of literature, whether it be for evaluation or interpretation, it is almost inevitable that mention of the author arises. This is not to say that he necessarily plays a part in every aspect of the discussion, but his mention hints at an underlying significance. This is similar to speaking of biblical scriptures one is bound to mention God, and it is this essential nature, this unrecognized suggestion of the author which is worth understanding further. In essays such as *The Death of the Author* by Roland Barthes and *The Intentional Fallacy* by Wimsatt and Beardsley, the author and his general relevance is attacked and his authority undermined. This attack on the author was later debated by E.D. Hirsch in his essay, *In Defense of the Author*, in which he argues that the banishment of the author diminishes the meaning and significance of his (author's) work. Although Hirsch does not completely refute the standpoints of Wimsatt, Beardsley, and Barthes, he manages to point out some flaws in their arguments which deserve additional attention. The conversation between these philosophers illustrates a disagreement which finds its roots in misconceptions of the author and the amount of influence he has on meaning and interpretation. It is the objective of this essay to continue the argument initiated by Hirsch, and to strengthen the bond between author and text through greater understanding of his role in relationship to meaning and interpretation. The ideal of interpretation cannot be attained

without the consideration of the author. Those who deny the author's presence in his work hinder their own ability to recognize the true beauty, universality, and relevance of the work. In order to clarify the position that the author has a certain right, a *divine right* to consideration in the interpretation of his own work, it is essential to deliberate the author himself.

It is implied through the arguments which Wimsatt, Beardsley, and Barthes put forth that they see the author as a fatherlike figure of his own work. Much like the father, the author is the progenitor of the work (although not solely); he influences it greatly, and is the owner and authority of the work. This would constitute the editors of the work as minor influences such as societal and social influences on children, and the publisher as a motherlike figure who brings the work into the world. However, once the work is published, an action which might signify a father's son coming of age, it detaches from the author. As Wimsatt and Beardsley state: "The [work] is not the critic's own and not the author's (it is detached from the author at birth and goes about the world beyond his power to intend about it or control it). The [work] belongs to the public" (p 376). This view that the author and his relationship to his work is synonymous to the relationship between a father and his growing son is a perspective that is disproved by the nature of its main metaphor. As it is inferred by Wimsatt and Beardsley, a work may change in meaning and relevance, a change which the author has no control over. However, it seems as though a work itself **cannot** change, since only the public's perceptions and interpretations of the work are subject to deviation. Now

some might argue that the public's perceptions and interpretations *are* the work, but perceptions and interpretations cannot be the work itself because they must be *of* "something." That "something" is the work of the author, unchanged and true to its creator.

The text which an author creates is an extension of himself, an inseparable component of his soul which is meant to appeal to its readers through its relationship to truth. Authors are not fabricators of stories and poems, but adept observers of truth. The heart of all beautiful and epic literature can be found in truth, and it is an author's representation of that truth which he recognizes and decides to share that constitutes the work itself. An author's work is the indestructible extension of himself into the public and therefore cannot be detached. Barthes tells us in *Death of the Author* that "writing is the neutral, composite, oblique space. . ., the negative where all identity is lost, starting with the very identity of the body writing" (p 386). This is undeniably false because it is impossible to destroy "self" in literature: an author cannot compose something meant to inspire, to appeal to the emotions of an audience without interference from the soul, and soul is definitely a part of identity. By this it is meant that the author cannot inspire emotions without having an initial connection to, or utilization of his own emotions. Consider as an example an encyclopedic description of an exotic flower: the description does not sway us as an author's heart-felt description in a poem or novel. Here, the presence of the author is irremovable and eternal, without his emotion, which is an inseparable part of himself the truth and beauty of that flower described ceases to exist; only a list

of facts remain.

Therefore, because Wimsatt, Beardsley, and Barthes agree that author and text are separable, and should be thus in order to properly evaluate and interpret the text itself, it would appear that they view writing as very impersonal and distant to human nature and emotion. But if this is so, why is humankind moved and inspired so greatly by literature? Wimsatt and Beardsley contest that the author must be detached and Barthes contests that he must "die" (metaphorically speaking) by the removal of his identity, but it is the author and his identity which create the text, give it life, and provide its meaning. Although we refer to works of literature as "by" their author, it is perhaps more correct to say that they are "of" their author, for they are not releasing the work but revealing it.

Another point of interest concerning the nature of a work of literature is the ownership of the text. Wimsatt and Beardsley maintain that the work is not the critic's or the author's, but the *public's* for two distinct reasons: (I) Because it is "embodied in language, the peculiar possession of the public," and (2) because "it is about the human being, an object of public knowledge" (p. 376) These statements are sound on the surface, but further contemplation of "language" reveals a flaw. The language which belongs to the public is not the same language used by the author. Obviously the semantics and syntax are the same, but the nature of the language is different from the standard. The language which the public owns is developed from a norm and will always bend towards a median set by society. This is to say that the public as a whole is in acceptance of the language

which Wimsatt and Beardsley describe, any changes or deviations which may occur in that language will be, and must be taken in by the public in its entirety in order to maintain a standard of communication. Inversely, the author's language, a manipulated and personalized version of the public language, does *not* have to be understood and taken in by the entire public (although the author would like it to be). This stark distinction between the language used by the author and the one owned by the public illustrates yet another reference to the author which is essential to understanding the relationship between author and work.

The second reason which Wimsatt and Beardsley give in which to prove the work of the author belongs to the public also has an apparent fault. The subject of an author's work, in Wimsatt's and Beardsley's case, the "human being" has no obvious relevance to the ownership of the work. Just because one composes a poem *about* atheism does not mean that atheists own the poem or have authority over its *interpretation.* However, the atheists might be better prepared to *evaluate* the work according to correctness and efficiency of communicating that level of correctness to the public. This distinction between evaluation and interpretation was first mentioned by Wimsatt and Beardsley and is practically the only concept on which all four philosophers (Wimsatt, Beardsley, Barthes, and Hirsch) agree.

Now that I have discussed the crucial relationship between author and text and touched on why ownership of a text, with respect to language and subject in particular, defaults to the author, it is essential that I explore this distinction between evaluation and interpretation which Wimsatt

and Beardsley have defined. Evaluation and interpretation have a direct relationship to the principle of intention. In *The Intentional Fallacy*, Wimsatt and Beardsley state that (1) intention is completely irrelevant to evaluation, and (2) intention is irrelevant to "external" interpretation. Before expanding on these two convictions, it is pertinent to the discussion to explain what it means to say "evaluation" and "interpretation". To *evaluate* an author's work is to measure its ability to communicate. For example, a critic might *evaluate* Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* for its effectiveness of portraying the mortality of the Spanish Civil War. The critic's criterion might include anything revolving around the factual information of the Spanish Civil War, but it will never involve the author's intention, perspective, emotions, etc. If the portion of the public which was exposed to the book became more knowledgeable of the Spanish Civil War, the critic might write a favorable evaluation; inversely, if that public was not informed and was fed misconceptions about the war, the critic might in turn give the book an unfavorable evaluation. Either way, the critic is concerned with factors separate from the author, criterion which are established by the individual, and for the individual. Therefore, it can be said that the author remains irrelevant to the *evaluation* of his work.

Unlike evaluation, interpretation *is* concerned with the author. In the beginning of this essay it was established that authors are not fabricators of stories and poems, but observers of truth, and that the text is the author's representation of that recognized truth. Therefore, *interpretation* is the understanding of the represented truth. Returning to

Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, a critic may *interpret* the text as an illustration of the decision between friendship and duty man must make in wartime, but no matter what his interpretation may be, it will always be a "new" interpretation and not the "true" interpretation unless he engages himself with the author. Interpretation deals with what the "author means," not what the "text says." This idea of "author means, text says" is taken from section C of Hirsch's *In Defense of the Author* (p 396). It is impossible to understand the truth in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* without attempting to understand what Hemingway *intended.* Recall the example of the exotic flower: the encyclopedic description of the flower can be evaluated but not interpreted because it is meant to be author-less, is not intended to move or persuade, and uninfluenced by emotion. "Author *means*" does not exist in the encyclopedic description of the flower. This is where intention begins to become relevant: as soon as a critic or reader wishes to interpret the meaning of an author's work (not what it means to themselves individually) they must search for the author's intention. Hence, intention is not irrelevant to the interpretation of an author's work.

In contemplation of the preceding concept of interpretation, it is feasible to ask oneself: (1) Why is the author's interpretation of the work correct while the readers' and critics' are not did he not create it to be interpreted by others? (2) If all the readers and critics agree on one interpretation which is different than that of the authors, why is his interpretation to be favored? (3) If the reader's or the critic's interpretation is not the "true" interpretation, then what significance does it have, and in fact why should they attempt

to interpret at all? In addressing the first question it is necessary to return to Hirsch's *In Defense of the Author*. Hirsch admonishes that if readers and critics do not consider the intention of the author, the interpretation of an author's work becomes a "chaotic democracy of readings" (p. 392-393). Because there are an infinite number of perspectives and an infinite number of possible critics as time progresses and a text ages, it is impossible to expect a single, universal interpretation to emerge from the masses. This is an evident problem in modern interpretation of literature which has been amplified by the notion which Wimsatt, Beardsley, and Barthes attest: the removal of the author. While it is true that an author writes a piece with the knowledge that it will be interpreted by many readers and critics in many different ways, he also endeavors to inspire a universal and epic message, one which reflects his "representation of the truth" which he has observed of his theme. The author encourages the eclectic interpretations of his work simply by publishing it and sharing it with an audience or public, and therefore those interpretations are expected by him. The readers' and critics' interpretations are not correct in a universal sense, but an individual sense. This brings us to the second query stated above: what if *no one* agrees with the author's interpretation? Unfortunately, if a near unanimous defiance of the author's interpretation arises in the public, it is safe to say that the author has failed in his representation of truth. This still does not mean that the author's interpretation is false, it simply means that the evaluation of his work (his ability to communicate his observed truth) was so poor that interpretation became insignificant and indeterminable.

Finally, the third question—and arguably the most important—is that of the significance of the individual interpretation of an author's work. As discussed earlier, the interpretations of the readers and the critics which are independent of the authors intent are deemed "new" interpretations and not "true" interpretations. Although this may sound as though they are basically trivial, this is not so. As Hirsch mentions in the latter part of his essay , *"In Defense of the Author,"* a critic's interpretation is a new work of literature, and it is subject to the same criticism as the original inspiring work. Today it is not uncommon to hear discussions of a certain critic's interpretation of a prominent author's work. The critic becomes an author when he brings his own individual perspective to the work, in other words, when he *intends* upon the work. His suggestion is similar to that of the inspiring author's, although less noble since he is imposing on the original author's representation of truth.

Intention, which in the context of this essay means the author's endeavor to represent a particular truth in a text, has the utmost relevance in determining the meaning of an author's work and the interpretation of that meaning. In order to clarify this concept of authorial intention, as well as show convergence of all the previously explored concepts in this essay, a paradigm of author's intent may prove useful:

Picture an author's text as an enormous sphere of steel, its size being symbolic of its relevance and universality with respect to mankind. At the core of this sphere is the truth which the author has observed and wishes to represent, and surrounding that core is the shell which signifies the author's representation of that truth. The core is much denser

and heavier than the shell; hence, the thinner the shell, the greater the total mass of the sphere. If the shell is thick, the author has not represented that truth candidly with respect to his own emotions and therefore failed to appeal to the emotions of his readers (they detect his falsity). Conversely speaking, if the shell is thin, the author has represented the truth more candidly and he has appealed to the emotions of the readers through the purity of his text and is therefore closer to absolute truth. Ideally, the author wishes to erect a sphere entirely of core, but this is not possible since absolute truth is a hyperbolic concept (ultimate truth has no author). The fact that one cannot logically discern a core without a surrounding shell exemplifies this inability of the author. Obviously, in reference to the previous information, the greater percentage of core that a work of an author has, the greater inertial force it can attain once put in motion. Here is where intention plays a significant role: the sphere is set in motion by the strength of the author which is determined by the ability which he has to communicate his representation of truth. Consequently, the initial velocity of the sphere is almost solely due to the strength of the author. Furthermore, the author sets the sphere in motion in the direction of his intention. Ultimately, then, the final velocity of the sphere has to do with the inertia of the sphere, which depends on its total mass (proximity of author's representation to absolute truth) and its velocity (the author's ability to communicate his representation). Finally, picture critics and readers as obstacles in the path of the course of the sphere. When the author's sphere (his work) encounters an obstacle (a critic or reader), it will do one of two things: break through, or veer in

a different direction. The breaking through of the sphere signifies the author's interpretation surviving and surpassing the critic's, and the veering of the sphere would then signify the death of the author's interpretation and the rise of the critic's. This illustrates that true and epic works of art in literature maintain a constant interpretation, one which is intended by the author and survives unchanged. Ideally, then, the greatest work of literature would proceed indefinitely in the initial direction dictated by the author at a great velocity, gathering the mass of the critics as it breaks through their skepticism and assimilates them to the true interpretation: the author's. The sphere would also, as it is gaining mass as it progresses, increase its velocity with time. The final distance of the author's sphere might represent the intensity of its influence on its audience, and duration might be a measure of the text's universality and perseverance of its significance. One final factor, the grade of the surface across which the author's sends his sphere, exemplifies the level of abstraction the theme of the author's work involves: if the level of abstraction is too high, the author has metaphorically set his sphere in motion up a hill, and eventually it will reach a velocity of zero and proceed back towards the author in the opposite direction of his intention. This would be an example of a time-specific work of literature which has little or no universality and lacks an epic nature.

The *divine right of the author* can then be justified by this inertial theory of an author's work because the author determines **all** of the factors which dictate the above scenario. If the author of a text extends his whole self in his work; if he concerns himself with truth in his representation

of his observations; if he is pure and candid in those representations; if his intention is parallel to the true sentiments of his soul; and if he believes in his own intention, his interpretation and intention will endure. The grandiosity of an author's work is directly proportionate to the bond between text and author. Therefore, severing the author from his work, excluding him from consideration in interpretation, and refusing to determine his intention destroys any hope of understanding and experiencing the true beauty of his work. The ultimate realization of a text and its *true* interpretation is attained only by the diligent critic, he who strives to understand the author's intent and realize the author's representation of truth through vigorous study and research. In its outermost meaning, the banishment of the author is the destruction of his text, and the violation of its beauty.

The Intentional Fallacy, Death of the Author, and *In Defense of the Author* by Wimsatt and Beardsley, Roland Barthes, and E.D. Hirsch respectively are found in their entirety in *The Rhilosophy of Art: Readings Ancient and Modern*, an anthology edited by Alex Neill and Aaron Ridley.

"Weaving Love Into Greek Literature"

by Shawn Fitzpatrick

Mother, I Cannot Mind My Wheel.

Sweet mother, let the weaving be,
My hand is faint to move
Frail Aphrodite masters me,
I long for my young love.

At first glance, Sappho's timeless poem is understood without much trouble. The speaker of the poem is clearly a young girl who is speaking to her mother. The simple lines of the poem leave the reader with the image of a mother listening to her daughter's feelings toward a young man. While the daughter is lost in these feelings of love, she cannot seem to do her weaving chores as revealed through the line, "My hand is faint to move", clearly, she has been infected with the love virus.

Upon reading the first line, "Sweet mother, let the weaving be," one might think it is the mother who is engaging in the weaving, this would be an inaccurate assumption. The remainder of the poem is concerned with the daughter, so perhaps it would be sensible to imagine that the daughter, in the first line, is simply *responding* to her mother's nagging for the chores to be completed.

In analyzing the poem, one will find there are some alternate interpretations available. For instance, Sappho uses the word "weave. " "Weave" can be defined as the act of

intruding on someone's life while trying to reshape it according to your own conventions. This changes the concept of the poem dramatically, under this new interpretation, the mother becomes a Bob Eubanks-like, "Dating Game" matchmaker for her daughter. The uncooperative daughter has obviously set her sights on someone else and says to her mother, "My heart is already spoken for, so please stay out of my love life. " She is, quite obviously, an unwilling contestant.

A variation of the "Dating Game" interpretation," is that the young love in which the daughter is interested, is a female. Given the poet and the common themes of her poetry, it is not a great stretch of imagination to consider this poem revolving around the idea of young homosexual love. The reader will find it odd that Sappho refers to Aphrodite as "frail." This is not a usual description of the powerful goddess of love and daughter of Zeus but, it does lend a certain feminine quality to the poem that adds to the idea of lesbianism.

Various images in Sappho's poem are similar to images seen in the classic Greek poem, The Odyssy. Once again, looking to the act of weaving, one finds the activity exemplified in both pieces. Most of the female characters from Homer's epic poem weave at one time or another. The very act of weaving is key to Homer's piece. An ideal example is the character Penelope, who weaves her suitors' lives into a game of committal vs. noncommittal — a game they cannot possibly win.

A second common image between the two works is the suitors themselves. In "Mother, I Cannot Mind My

Wheel," the reader gets the impression that the "Bob Eubanks mother" often tries to surround her reluctant daughter with hopeful suitors. This idea is reinforced by the line, "Sweet mother, let the weaving be." The daughter is noticeably at her wit's end with her mother and all of the suitors she summons. It is striking how much this situation resembles the situation from The Odyssey. Both Penelope, and the daughter in Sappho's poem, are surrounded by men who are not of their choosing. Although Penelope's suitors are crass, there is no mention of the demeanor of the daughter's suitors. With the exception of this slight difference, one can easily see similarities in the two groups of suitors from the two different works.

"Mother, I Cannot Mind My Wheel," was written over two thousand years ago, yet, the problems posed by Sappho's piece are still prevalent today, whether the interpretation of the poem leads the reader to a love sick daughter or a meddling mother. Consequently, lovesickness is a universal disease that everyone will go through in their course of life. This sickness is nondiscriminatory and timeless. The same thing can be said about meddling mothers. These saints may have the best intentions in the world, however, the devilish actions they take concerning their children's love lives will, more times than not, end in disaster.

CHIP

by Amy Benton

I used to watch chocolate chips
struggle for survival in my mother's mixing bowl,
her tears thinning the batter.
"Better in skirt and buckled shoes,"
she'd say,
"than jeans with seams worn away to nothing."
The holes in denim
were like gaps from pulled teeth
I'd wiggled out myself.
The holes in my mouth
were holes in her heart.
My mother wanted to save
the white enamel pebbles.
I threw them into the lake
where hard bones of birds were moss magnets.
My mother wanted to shop
for cotton socks and patent leather.
I fell out of tall trees.
She bought gauze and sticky tape instead.
Bandaging my pocked rocky shins
she would weep the tears sliding off my hard front.
She would always hide her knees
bruised from nights of praying on cold stone floors
for me—a chip off my father's block,
my mother's pain.

A Woman Remembers Her Mother

by Dawn Finley

suddenly the mountain
in her voice becomes a
pebble, the even gravity
of her shoulders caves in.

if I touch her
she might shatter,
flood me with her grief like novocaine,
set the fugue in her eyes
to words.

trouble shared is
trouble all the same.

I didn't know
a chair, a book, a
name could rip open
deep, honest pain
so violently that a
woman who is a
mountain must
fall into tumbling rain.

Nicki Herbert

Contentment

by Tanis Logan

1.
a small blanket of light
crept into the dark room
from under the door
"you are not alone." it said
ten years old - I rested
huddled in the warm covers
listening to the rain pound out
a random symphony
above me

2.
our limbs were like corpses
entwined and immobile on the flannel canvas
we had painted with our bodies
but our hearts still raced
and our eyes saw much more
than what was there
I was seventeen and knew beyond doubt
this was love

3.
deadlines and appoinments
will I make the right impression?
try to keep the loose ends neatly tied
staring at the ceiling in bed at night
I think about things like
direction and motivation and
what the fuck am I doing anyways?
and the excitement rises inside
the future looms ominously, but I
embrace it

Carpet

by Dagoberto Lopez

When perchance
We find ourselves

Leaning against your bed,
Rescuing lost words

Under the milk-honey
Sign of the oriental lamp,

Sitting on the red carpet
Whose black specks,

Are each a word
Creating my existence,

We'll light each other's cigarettes
And talk until planets collide.

Like shattered poetry.

duality

by Chivas Dabbs

he

he
has dimples
and love songs
and sugared smiles
and a stop watch
        to watch the rain
and innocence
and a fountain pen
        to write a letter to my heart
and quadratic equations in his head
and a feather in his pocket
and cool shoes.

she

she has silver blue hair
and star dust in her tears
and butterfly songs
and alembic colors
        to mix in her crystal bathtub
and poetic tendencies
and a faithful paintbrush
        to paint his name in the clouds
and a dream tattooed in her palm
and an old flame in a bottle
and a lemonade empire.

Mike Armado

A Defense of Dramatic Poetry

by William B. DeClercq

"It is a choice between becoming a good man or a bad; and poetry, no more than wealth or power or honours, should tempt us to be careless of justice and virtue." —Plato [1]

"Poetry is both more philosophical and more serious than history, since poetry speaks more of universals, history of particulars." —Aristotle[2]

Plato and his student Aristotle hold widely divergent views of dramatic poetry. In Book Ten of the Republic, Plato announces that he would censor all poetry, and banish the poets from his ideal city. In contrast, Aristotle wrote an entire work, the Poetics, describing the qualities of good dramatic poetry, and how a tragedy can be effectively constructed. Although their philosophies are dissimilar, it is nonetheless striking that they differ so immensely on this point.

It is difficult to adequately compare Aristotle and Plato's views on dramatic poetry based on the aforementioned works because their projects are so different from one another in these two works, and their basic views on the nature of the world are so different. Plato is an idealist, mainly interested in things as they ought to be, Aristotle is a realist, mainly interested in identifying things as they are. In the Republic, Plato is interested in fully describing the ideal city, which is analogous to the ideal human— his launching

question is the nature of justice, not the nature of art. Aristotle is interested in describing what qualities make some dramatic works good and others not as good. He describes the theater, like the world, as it is, and shows how tragedy might be most effectively done.

This paper will attempt to describe Plato's objection to dramatic poetry in the Republic, and to extract a response from Aristotle's Poetics, by describing the nature of tragedy, and by analyzing their underlying assumptions. Furthermore, this paper will evaluate the validity of the philosophers' dueling claims. I will begin by outlining the definition of tragedy described by Aristotle in the Poetics, then I will examine Plato's objections to dramatic poetry. Then, I will infer a response to Plato's claims, from the Poetics. Finally, I will suppose that Aristotle had a clearer vision of drama and explain why that is the case.

Aristotle, in cataloguing the virtues of dramatic poetry, postulates the goal of dramatic poetry as *catharsis* . In book six of the Poetics, when Aristotle offers his excellent and influential definition of tragedy:

> Tragedy, then, is a representation of an action which is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude— in language which is garnished in various forms in its different parts— in the mode of dramatic enactment, not narrative, and through the arousal of pity and fear effecting the *katharsis* of such emotions.[3]

The purpose of the drama, then is *catharsis of fear and pity.* What does that mean? How is that to be accomplished? Literally translated, *catharsis* refers to purging or a purification— a peculiar sort of cleansing accomplished by the

arousal of fear and pity, which are released from the body like a sort of emotional vomiting: an unpleasant experience, but liberating and sometimes lifesaving. Aristotle spends the majority of the Poetics discussing how this purification may be attained, rather than arguing for the validity of his claim. As a result, volumes have been written, challenging, defending and defining Aristotle's claim of the supremacy of the catharsis. Let us for now rest on the preceding definition of catharsis and postpone discussion of the value of catharsis, simply bearing in mind that Aristotle defines catharsis as the goal and purpose of drama.

Plato, by contrast, denounces catharsis (although he has not defined it as such) as a disgusting, "womanish" show of excess emotion that undermines the operation of a rational mind and derails the sort of rigorous education and discipline of the mind that he prescribes for the philosopher-kings in the Republic. Catharsis goes against the grain of Plato's view of the ideal human being— that is the *reason*, governing the *passions*, through the intercession of the *spirit*, or the will. Plato's view of the human mind is such that the desired intent of a catharsis— the total engulfment in emotion— subverts the rational control and emotional stoicism that Plato favors. In a cathartic response,

> The poet ministers to the satisfaction of that very part of our nature whose instinctive hunger to have its fill of tears and lamentations is forcibly restrained in the case of our own misfortunes. Meanwhile the noblest part of us, insufficiently schooled by reason or by habit, has relaxed its watch over these querulous feelings...[4]

Poetry, in its grip over the emotions, appeals to the desires, the passions within us, and therefore is appealing. Poetry does not represent the truth— as, in Plato's view, the truth is in the realm and within the grasp of the rational mind, not the appetites or the emotions. To Plato's mind, a catharsis would be analogous to a mass of servants rebelling against and overwhelming their wise and benevolent masters, creating chaos and anarchy.

In addition, Plato objects that the role models presented by the drama are misleading, since the most upright and noble are seldom the most interesting, dramatically. For example, Oedipus or Othello are fascinating characters, yet poor examples of effective leadership or nobility; by the same token, Ghandi might make a rather dull tragic hero. "This steadfast disposition does not readily attract the dramatic poet, and his skill is not designed to find favour with it."[5]

Aristotle's description of effective characterization is similar, although his value judgment is the opposite: he argues that we can more effectively *pity* the noble, but flawed, man, and, *fearing* the hero's fate, be cleansed and taught by the catharsis of the dramatic experience.

> Such a man (a tragic hero) is one who is not preeminent in virtue and justice, and one who falls into affliction not because of evil and wickedness, but because of a certain fallibility (*hamartia*). He will belong to the class of those who enjoy great esteem and prosperity, such as Oedipus...[6]

Aristotle does not feel, as Plato does, that the failings of these noble men are untruthful and unrealistic, quite the contrary,

he feels that their power lies in their truthfulness to the human condition and real fallibility. Plato ascribes great stoicism and wisdom to a man of high character, not the weakness and confusion associated with tragic figures. Again, this points to the basic difference between Plato and Aristotle in their understanding of humanity. Plato's goal is to prescribe how the best possible human beings could be created out of a rigorous educational process— he sees what humans and society could become. Aristotle wants drama to reach and teach humans as they are, in all their foibles and flaws, and help everyone become a little better.

Plato rejects all art, including dramatic poetry, on the grounds that it fails to accurately represent reality, namely, the "forms." The forms are the universal ideals which material things are but a poor imitation of. The forms are the ideal true nature of things. Plato argues that since the artist represents, or imitates a thing in the material world, which is itself a reflection or imitation of a form in the ideal world, that he is "at third remove from the essential nature of the thing."[7] Plato places art as a whole quite far from the truth.

Aristotle, on the other hand, places drama quite close to the truth, or at least to the philosophical attitude necessary to learning the truth. "Poetry is both more philosophical and more serious than history, since poetry speaks more of universals, history of particulars. A 'universal' comprises the *kind* of speech or action which belongs by probability or necessity to a certain *kind* of character—something which poetry aims at *despite* its addition of particular names."[8] That is, the truths exposed through dramatic action gain credibility from their accurate portrayal of human nature, not from

recounting facts about specific events. Aristotle argues that the experiences of characters in plays are not particular to those characters, but true of humanity. Perhaps what Plato finds threatening about dramatic poetry is this very phenomenon; since he wants not to reach out to flawed humans, but rather forge ideal humans, purgation of weakness is a moot point.

In addition, Aristotle does not describe appeal to the emotions as an indulgence of appetites to the detriment of reason, as Plato does, but rather, he asserts that "the great pleasure" in apprehending "mimetic objects," that is, art, "is derived from the exercising the understanding, not just for philosophers, but in the same way for all men, though their capacity may be limited."[9] Aristotle just doesn't see the division between emotion and reason that Plato does— he sees the mind as a whole unity, which he calls the understanding. So, instead of the emotions being separate and clouding the mind's ability to see the truth, Aristotelian catharsis can actually help one attain more clarity, and apprehend the truth unburdened.

Plato and Aristotle's differences over the nature and value of dramatic poetry expose their vastly different philosophical systems nearly to the point of making their viewpoints incomparable. In the final analysis, however, their ideas about the way tragedy operates— through catharsis— are basically the same; their views of the value of catharsis differ mainly based on their contrasting views of the human mind. As I described earlier, Plato believes that the passions inhibit the understanding, that the appetites must be controlled, not indulged in order for the reason to arrive at the

truth. From reading the Poetics, it seems that Aristotle embraces a mean between the extremes of passion and thought— that one is empty without the other.

Plato was wrong to censor the storytellers and to expel the dramatic poets from his utopia. His disdain for dramatics and his emphasis on controlling the emotions reflect a dry, empty, detached existence which lacks a realistic understanding of real human needs. It is impossible to live, let alone to effectively contemplate the nature of reality while ignoring the basic need to eat or breathe; similarly, it would seem, it is difficult to gain wisdom with unreleased fear and pity. Catharsis plays a crucial role in improving the lives of human beings, by freeing the understanding from the shackles of the emotion. Stoic forbearance fails to eradicate the seed of our basic human weaknesses and fallibility. Only by watering it with tears of pity, and fertilizing it with fear, can the seed germinate into a weed of defect. Catharsis is the act of pulling that weed out, roots and all.

[1] Plato, "from the *Republic"* The Philosophy of Art: Readings Ancient and Modern. Neill, Alex, and Ridley, Aaron, eds. McGraw-Hill, Inc. New York. 1995. p. 487.

[2] Aristotle, "From the *Poetics" The* Philosophy of Art: Readings Ancient and Modern. Neill, Alex, and Ridley, Aaron, eds. McGraw-Hill, Inc. New York. 1995. p. 495.

[3] ibid. p. 492.

[4] Plato, "from the *Republic"* The Philosophy of Art: Readings Ancient and Modern. Neill, Alex, and Ridley, Aaron, eds. McGraw-Hill, Inc. New York. 1995. p. 486.

[5] ibid., p. 485.

[6] Aristotle, p. 498.

[7] Plato, p. 479.

[8] Aristotle, "From the *Poetics" The* Philosophy of Art: Readings Ancient and Modern. Neill, Alex, and Ridley, Aaron, eds. McGraw-Hill, Inc. New York. 1995. p. 495.

[9] Aristotle, p. 490.

Poisons Love

by James Holmes

Light of the sun
Look upon me,
Though poison runs in my veins.

For sorrow saddens,
And my heart grows heavy.
As pain of poison and joy of love —
Seek to ruin me.

As my heart beats,
So does it think,
That I should be with you.

Though Pain of Love,
That poisons sweet,
Yet bitterness drives me away.

And all I know,
And have come to Love
Are all with you at peace.

Half Asleep in a Velvet Book

by Art Rich

A pinch of sugar,
And a whole lot of spice;
The lover in my dreams,
And the friend in my life.
With crows nesting in her mind
She tells me I am everything.
She tells me she is nothing.
She is everything to me.

I'm drawn by a leash of desire to
Her room,
Where she lies like a goddess in
Her bed;
Spilling soft, orange candle-light over
Her body.
I lie down beside her, and get lost in
Her eyes;
Staring deeper and deeper 'til I find
Her soul.
Kneeling openly in the hallways of
Her heart,
I remain wanting and pleading for
Her love.

Back in reality the ghost train stops,
And she tells me about the long December,
And reads to me from a velvet book.

Frustration

by Art Rich

You tear through my soul
Like a wild fire;
Consuming my heart
With a heat of passion.

Visions of scorching red lips
Touch my eye lids
While I sleep.
Your blazing blue eyes
Visit my dreams
Like a wandering angel.

Thoughts of you
Melt the coldest of nights
Into these tears
That trace their way
Down my face,
And within my body.

Like an invisible moon
Circling Venus,
I'm drawn to your presence,
But questions and fears
Pull me back
Into this lonely void.

I share the frustration
Of the lovers
On a Grecian Urn
Whose lips come so close,
But remain separated
For eternity.

I sleep with you in my arms,
But wake up squeezing my pillow.
This screaming love calling for freedom
Remains confined within this friendship.

His Drinking Room

by Lucy Lozano

My lover's voice comes,
rising between my breasts,
planting hot and moist kisses on
the blossoming wildflower.

I lie before him
delight in his shadow
painted before me by
the moon.

He brings to me an offering
of his fruit,sweet to my tongue,
pours his body over me,
the taste,like aged red wine.

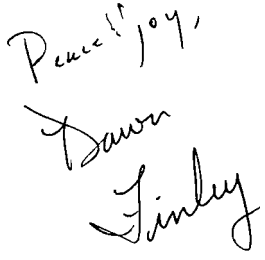
The fragrant oils of love
permeate the room,
the scent of man and woman merged-
a sachet upon our bed.

Surreal LoveGame

by Dawn Finely

Your finger
tastes my collarbone.
There are your
lips-that new
mouth-your
fresh, elderly body
has been waiting
for me. I
read your flesh.

I call you "brother,"
and that dark
word, full of shadows,
Platonic suggestions,
taps its beguiling
feet in the back
of my mind.



You say you
love me in many
different ways-but
not to post a note
before five p.m.
on Tuesday.

In my severe white
robe, I am
cramped with
questions, my
naked skin is
mine-I control
your eyes, even
from the keyboard.

The quiet curves of my
words are deadbolted
into poems. You can
only touch me if I
type your permission
out-let you walk up
the stairs and
peel the white cotton
from where it sticks,
burning, to
my wild verbal nudity.

Apricot Ankles

by Amy Benton

If I sit in the library long enough
she will come in,
hair down around narrow ribs,
Birkenstocks brushing over raw toes.
She reads Nabokov and Shakespeare
the Tao of Pooh.
I hunch over Gerald Stern
wondering what her ankles might taste like
a wet pear
or an apricot, I think.
Her smell is natural
and smooth like warm leaves.
The night we kissed
she'd stepped on a cricket.
If I wait long enough she will open herself
like a borrowed book
her parchment thighs eager,
and I, the poet
will gorge myself
her words like soft sweet fruit.

The Storm

by Shawn Fitzpatrick

Honeyed fragrance is inhaled
and exhaled by steady meadow breezes,
bringing memories of her, like misty reveries.

She was the one who showed you the grace, the calamity,
the crumbs of your future, spread out wide before you:
fleshy orchids, lilies, and a hyacinth —
but not one absent-minded lotus.

Now, you remember the stillness
broken by the moan of an oak
in the coming anticipation
of the power that is to be.

Trees split the wind, waves of foliage
and branches splinter
in a furious spray.

Your intoxicated eyes
beckon waves of swollen storm.
Speeding to a frenzied pitch. . .

sweet fragrance settles
as the storm grows flaccid,
and withdraws.

When we last parted

by John Maki

When we last parted in silence and tears
you broke my heart the way the emptiness
of your eyes shot solitude through my soul.
I swore that I'd never leave you again,
and as if our lonely pain were too great,
we held each other in our arms, and I
believed that I could melt into you, and
lose my sole self in love's sweet surrender.

But now, that gentle Grecian bliss is gone.
With no tears to leave you with, I depart
into the darkness alone, and think of
this silent leaving as if it were death —
a destination with no arrival
and no possible hope for my return.

For You

by Eileen Ybarra

I say this
tonight
because I have
no other words

My voice
caught in a blind
net
tangled beneath
my heart

fermenting wildly

I must
lie still I think
I can't afford
to be sorry or
angry
I can't live with
finding out
what you
really
think

But we are
not here
We are no longer
existing

Did we ever though?

No. . . You say
we never
did

You say you never
were scared that
night. . .
You say you never
trembled in
my arms
and asked for
me . . . for warmth
to feel your skin against mine

But we were there

we were

And love . . . you can't just throw me away

Another Dream Which Endlessly Cheated Her

by Alain Bosshart

She collects
the scraps of love,
the crushed lipstick,
shoe shot full of holes
and the thorned broom of dead flowers.

Except, she only keeps
the withered prickly arms,
the twigs with thorns,
and behind the mirrored door,
up that shelf littered with old dolls
with an eye missing here or a torn mouth,
a disappearing arm,
or perhaps even a discolored chest
collapsed there,
beside that sticky static hum
of Dexter Gordon's sweet sax voice
out from that breaking radio,
along the timid glow of left-over candles,
there, her long trembling fingers crush
the brittled petals,
the droplets, cutting this red darkness.

longing branches ache
with no hands
without the earth
without the sky —
her mute thorned limbs.

April Liu

The Invisible Man

by Art Rich

Yesterday you were in the arms
Of a sweet, gentle man,
Tonight you're in his bed,
And tomorrow he will be gone.
He wore that mask so well,
That shell that looked like me.
He watched my heart with a forger's eye,
And used it to bait his hook.
Betrayed by your hungry heart
You gladly feasted on his lie.
This must be love . . .
. . . you silly little puppet.
Joyfully you perform his every wish,
Then he cuts the strings.
Now I'm the only one
Who can bring back your heart,
But I no longer exist.
The counterfeiter killed
The pure of heart.
A ghost I wander
Your realm.
A raging heart held back.
A wild stallion chained to the hitching post.
I'm a cure to this illness that plagues you,
But you can't see that.
You can't see me.
I've become the invisible man.

Untitled

by Stephen Siegmund

Waves of excitement
Crash crowns. Riptides
of loneliness steal
stability.

Flowers picked for love,
Dropped in the end
for lack of

At distance a bridge.
Attempt to cross-
Falls apart.

Crawl along. Stand. Build
Fences. Sky tall.
Ultimately out
Self dug trenches

Michelle Tautfest

Untitled

by Devlin Grunloh

I can admit now that I love you, I can let the devotion that I once seemed to question pour out of me like a litany of cleansing rain and accept the poison arrows that must eventually fall and pin me to whatever shade and sweet lie is left of you in the empty eaves of my decrepit and derelict mind, I can bear this bitter joy now, now because I know the balance and the dark corners of you of what we once were, the missing Hunny-pot strangeness that you strove to keep from me, I know that now and I can accept the simple fact that there are Heffalumps in places in this shadowy forest polyester-fiberfill playland the likes of which we've never seen, though I've heard ruckus aplenty in the dark just over my left shoulder of late, and no matter how often you come to show me the foolishness of following my own tracks 'round and around the oak tree, I'm still uneasy. because all the traps and contrived expotitions of childhood are still empty, the fierce creatures of a lonely and sorrowful imagination still gnashing their lucid-dream-fangs at me, and I know that expotition has got an "X" in it, but that doesn't mean that the pole of promised happiness is within discovery range, and I didn't pack any provisions for the agonizing journey, much less things to eat, but I now have faith that I will not starve, if only because you've audaciously and perhaps unwittingly turned my universe over to its vast and alluring darkside— you brought me daylight with your presence, and now perhaps it is time that I accept the simple and inexorable, inevitable fact that

your leaving has brought upon me great darkness, and so I suppose that I will learn to love the night all over again, even after your bitterly vehement pleadings that I embrace the day, and the fact that maybe it's time that I take a little something, though I've always been more comfortable giving, but perhaps I've sacrificed enough, for just now, and I know, eternal trespasser that I am, that my grandfather's name was not William, but that doesn't help me to feel any bigger or braver or worthy of hum-songs, though I know that I can do no more than accept it, and go without the strange soapy comfort of a mother's flannel-y pocket, for now, because I've beaten all my friends and waited too long for the feast, and oh my lovely bird of prey, would you fly me past the clouds and pagodas on the silvery scream of impossible concentration to the other side of mourning?

And yet I know that you cannot, simply and purely, taste of the new wine, dying on the vine and know of the movie of my life, and, perhaps because I know that you were lured into the vast and silent auditorium by the mindless voice and stood through a simple fraction of the show, bitterly entranced at the fact that they gave the spectrally entrancing bulk of your sometimes fleeting, sometimes all too essential role to someone else, and all of a sudden it seems to be a matter of very little consequence, how this movie ends because I'm still stuck in the real, my feet still rooted in this strange maze of illusion and dust and I cannot fault you for letting go the thread of our path through my bestial madness, for mayhap it is not gold, and I'm sure it has torn your beautifully used palms to flayed ribbons and so it's no wonder that you could never tell me the entire tale, and I don't care how

many golden apples it takes, I want desperately to win this laughably insane race, but I cannot deny the simple physical fact that there is now a soggy, determinedly clenched core of hot, acidic anger beating in time with the far less decisive pulse of my heart, and so I know that the true seat of my emotion must be my poison-whet-Kleenex liver, though, sometimes thankfully and sometimes regrettably, it cannot filter the impurity of impossibility that bears your face out of my blood, and so I'm waiting with frightfully bated breath for the enticing fungus of the damnably divine hellish dream-limbo of blank remembrance to push their snidely innocent, foolishly soft and clean flesh-caps through the soiled rain of regret that makes all the lies I never told seem clean , by its very bitter and ignorantly corrosive nature, and so here I stand, waiting for the goddess of night to come and claim her slaves, a taste in my mouth of dread and unbearable anticipation, the weight that tastes of truth and knowledge and, at its very core, the bitter honeyed untruth of true love, and I can't wait to scramble up on the shadowy auction-block and yes I can admit that I love you, but only when the skies open in beautiful and awesome disgust, and the blood rain of my truth begins to patter down, yes, now I can say it, so listen carefully, my love...

A Defense of Potency: The Ultimate Break from Sexual Politics in Ernest Hemingway's Portrayals of Romantic Love

by Michael Garabedian

In her work *Sexual Politics*, Kate Millett postulates a thesis in which (as her title suggests) sexual relationships assume a political dimension. Working from a definition of the term *politics* as "power structured relationships, arrangements whereby one group of persons is controlled by another" (23), Millet suggests that the primary concept of power in Western discourse derives from sexual dominion, and goes on to explicate the works of several twentieth century authors as instances of sexual politics. Simply, these examples illustrate what the reader comes to recognize as a patriarchal influence, which is so pervasive as to manifest in misogynistic (and at its most extreme, sexually violent) tendencies in literature.

Given his portrayals of romantic love, it might seem appropriate to place Ernest Hemingway within Millett's nascent feminist paradigm, where, as Linda Patterson Miller observes, "men are beasts and women are demeaned by these beasts; men have the power and women lack that power" (3). And indeed, many feminist critics (perhaps most notably Judith Fetterly in her *Resisting Reader*) tend to see Hemingway's female characters as completely subjugated by his heroes. In this schema romantic love—the primary form

of interaction between Hemingway's males and females—does take on a pragmatic, dominative purpose: the complete derogation of women by men, and therefore the corroboration of Millett's theory of sexual politics.

However, if one presumes "feminist criticism... like any other *ism*, too readily imposes a preconditioned, formulaic response to a work" (Miller, 3), and if one suspends the fact that "many critics, and some private observers as well, have accused [Hemingway] of being antagonistic toward women" (Kert, 9), then Millett's phrase gains a new significance in its sexual and non-connotative neutrality. In this sense, sexual politics are divorced from patriarchy, and can be utilized by male and female alike. Therefore, one finds not the complete death of romantic love in Hemingway's prose narratives as Mark Spilka contends (18), but rather the author's construction of a (coequally perverted) schema, where the objective of sexual relationships translates into the acquisition of power and control, or dominance over a partner.

It is my contention that this reworking is wholly relevant and at work in Hemingway, and that by reading his texts in this unbiased mode, one might also come to view the author in a more objective light. Thus, the purpose of this essay is threefold: (1) to examine instances of romantic love in several of Hemingway's short stories, in addition to *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms* as attempts—again, by both male and female characters—to gain power through domination; (2) to explore the probable causes of and potential motives behind such ostensibly aberrative and harmful behavior; and (3) to show that Hemingway's heroes (or more

specifically, the master who were once *tyros*) are not concerned with subjugating women or gaining control in sexual relationships, but rather strive to separate from love, which is generally futile in what the author sees as its corruption or perversion.

An aspect of this ultimate purpose will actually help to qualify the nature of the sexual relationships that will be examined in the first point. That is, Hemingway's masters are disdainful of romantic love—possibly because they have experienced the negativity of the sexual politics therein. Thus, male characters who seek control in a sexual relationship are *tyros* at that time—not masters.[i] This evinces that, as Miller notes, "Hemingway shows men and women who are *in love*, rather than in a relationship which is steady" (6). As a result, the types of males and females that Hemingway presents in love can be looked upon as immature individuals who initially become involved with a potential lover out of voluptuous self-interest, and subsequently attempt to gain control or exercise power over the beloved.

In "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" for instance, the reader is presented with a woman who seeks control in attempting to heal her lover, and who has a great amount of latent power in the dying man's admitting that she might be responsible for "destroying his talent" (60). More overtly, the male vies for power in his constant belittling of the lover: "'All right then. I'll go on hurting you. It's more amusing.'" (58). He is rather successful if one considers her yielding articulation, "'You don't have to destroy me. Do you?'" (63). Again, if the lovers' inexperience or immaturity is not evinced by their puerile bickering, certainly their allusions to

carnal love (which is an iteration of the aforementioned mutual, sybaritic interest in romantic love) do: sex is "the good destruction. That's the way we're made to be destroyed" (63). Thus it is suggested that sexual politics originate in the sexual act, and after a time culminate in more obvious struggles for control, so that throughout the short story—even in the most seemingly banal instances—both male and female articulate their awareness of the other's trying to "destroy" through domination.

Hemingway again presents the development of the inclination to control one's lover—that is, the transition from an initial sensual love to the more observable attempt for dominance—in another short story, "Soldier's Home," where Krebs' sister Helen constructs an imaginary situation in which the two are romantically linked:

"Will you love me always?"

"Sure."

"Will you come over and watch me play indoor?"

"Maybe."

"Ah, Hare, you don't love me. If you loved me, you'd want to come over and watch me play indoor." (150)

Following Krebs' articulation of affection (which he repeats three times in answer to his sister's queries), his "lover" reveals an attempt to dictate his actions based upon their new relationship. Some might contend that this instance indicts the female as responsible for the transmutation (and thus, perversion) of romantic love into a political tool; instead, because Helen is a child, Hemingway indicates that immature or undeveloped individuals (of both sexes) seek power through control in romantic love, and are therefore also

accountable for its corruption.

Indeed, one of Hemingway's more immature and harmfully romantic characters who supports this position—Robert Cohn—is male. And in fact, a situation which mirrors the preceding example is presented early in *The Sun Also Rises* with the author's presentation of Cohn and Frances. Here again, the reader is aware of a romantic love predicated upon physical or sensual attraction (Frances becomes concerned about the future of the relationship when she discovers that "her looks [are] going" [5]), which transitions into more overt and observable attempts at control. Hence at the end of Chapter VI, Frances insouciantly humiliates Cohn while Cohn "sits there and takes it" (51).

In addition to conforming to the model of romantic love articulated in "Kilimanjaro," "Soldier's Home," and other narratives, Cohn's reactions to Frances' invective—as well as the ostensible motivation behind the invective itself—lend insight into Hemingway's representations of sexual politics in two additional manners.

First, the lovers' behavior evinces the importance of the manipulation of indifference, or the distorting of true feelings to gain power. That is, Frances is non-emotive in speaking with Cohn, and is most likely not expressing genuine sentiment given her sarcastic tone. This is because the expression of genuine concern or emotion would indict her as the weaker or subordinate party, and would result in a subsequent loss of power. Thus Frances continues to sarcastically chide Cohn because of his ostensible stolidity, in that persevering in such a state—by not attempting to retaliate as the male in "Kilimanjaro"—he indicates that he does not seek

additional power, is in fact weakened, but by doing so affirms his desire to quit the relationship.

Those who are apparently (that is, visibly) affected as a result of sexual relationships are despised by observers who abide by the rules of Hemingway's sexual politics; for instance, Jake relates a wholly pathetic Cohn crying on the bed (193), while Francis Macomber's recalcitrance only serves to envenerate that character further in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" (24). Conversely, the dominative advantages of the repression or distortion of true feeling are articulated a number of times by more politically-minded lovers. In "Kilimanjaro," for instance, the narrator reveals that the dying man has "slipped into the familiar lie he made his bread and butter by" after he tells the woman that he loves her (58). Similarly, in *A Farewell to Arms*, Frederic Henry not only admits to lying to Catherine Barkley about his feelings, but indicates his recognition of the sexual politics of romantic love in his likening the lovers' relations[ii] to a game of cards:

> "You did say you loved me, didn't you?"
>
> "Yes," I lied. . . . I knew I did not love Catherine Barkley nor had any idea of loving her. This was a game, like bridge, in which you said things instead of
>
> playing cards. Like bridge you had to pretend you were playing for money or playing for some stakes." (30)

It should be noted that Frances is not the only female capable of utilizing emotional ambiguity to accrue power or maintain control. Of course, Brett Ashley uses perceived emotion to get what she wants. As a result, she dominates Cohn, and to a certain extent Jake as well, who "serve[s] her as Cohn serve

her, like a sick romantic steer" at various instances in *The Sun Also Rises* (Spilka 24). Hemingway suggests that Margot Macomber also obscures genuine sentiment in order to gain power, as evidence by Wilson's observation that "'Women upset... amounts to nothing'" (5), indicating that what the men observe is not real.

If one considers character motives in the situations mentioned in the preceding paragraph, then the aforementioned second insight that the Chapter VI exchange between Frances and Robert Cohn provides becomes apparent; that is, males and females in romantic relationships utilize disparate methods of power acquisition. One of the primary reasons Frances attacks Robert is because her looks are fading, so that if she is sexually uninteresting, then her power diminishes greatly. Generally, the same is true in the narratives, where male characters are capable of debasing female characters emotionally, while female characters are capable of debasing males sexually. Thus Hemingway provides for a balance of power of sorts, where again, neither females nor males are implicated, but rather the general condition of romantic love—corrupted to achieve a political end—is portrayed as negative.

Examples of this second implication are not difficult to locate. Margot Macomber has an affair with Wilson and constantly reminds her husband of her satisfaction from that point on; when Francis becomes sexually disinterested in hunting with Wilson—when her theretofore superior position begins to diminish—the implication is that she ensures that her husband's happy life is also a short one. Conversely Wilson is able to debase Margot on an emotional level: "'Oh

please stop it,' she said. 'Please, please stop it.'" (37). Similarly, in "Kilimanjaro," the male continually exercises his control over the female's emotions in his constant ridicule: "'Christ,' he said. 'How little a woman knows. What's that? Your intuition?'" (74). And although the female doesn't utilize her sexuality to attain power, the indication is that the potential to belittle the male certainly exists in his desire for sensual fulfillment: "'The only thing I ever really like to do with you I can't do now'" (58).

Perhaps this idea of sexual versus emotional debasement is represented best in *The Sun Also Rises*. Here Brett clearly has potential to utilize her sexuality to attain dominance over males, and in particular, male lovers, as Jake's initial description confirms: "Brett was damned good looking . . . She was built with curves like the hull of a racing yacht" (22). Thus after a brief tryst with Cohn, Brett gains complete control over him, and one gets the impression that in spite of a relationship that is never consummated, she has the same effect on Jake: "Barnes, impotent from a war wound, burns with futile desire for the fascinating, pleasure-seeking Lady Ashley" (Kert 165). Indeed, coupled with her emotional ambiguity, Brett manages to call Jake back to Madrid, "ready to serve his lady at the expense of self-respect" (Spilka 25). Still, at several points in the novel, Jake has gained power and maintained a certain control over Brett also, manifested in her revelations of genuine emotion: "'Good night, darling. I won't see you again.' We kissed again. 'Oh, don't!' Brett said" (65). Thus in *The Sun Also Rises*, there is a near-interminable transfer of power from Brett to Jake, and vice-versa, so that at the end of the novel,

the futility and malevolent nature of romantic love is especially apparent.[iii]

Since Hemingway continually presents romantic love (and more specifically, the sexual politics of the condition) as a corrupted or perverted version of the ideal, almost always harmful to those males and females involved in sexual relationships, it may seem odd that the characters persevere in such situations. However, the characters' utilization of romantic love as a political tool makes sense given the nature of the individual and of the world in Hemingway's fiction.

Most of Hemingway's narrative take place during or after World War I, so that his characters can be looked upon as *fragmented*. That is, in the midst of the proliferation of technological advancement, subsequent philosophical development, and the dehumanizing conditions of the war—simply, in the midst of an increasingly complex world—the individual attempts to make sense of reality in order to find his or her place (and in order to confirm his or her world view), but cannot. This lack of wholeness is symbolized in the individual's fragmentation.

Given this arrangement, it might be said that those characters who hope to dominate a counterpart in a condition of romantic love are actually seeking power in an otherwise uncontrollable or incomprehensible reality, and are therefore attempting to become defragmented through the one component of reality which can be potentially controlled: another human being. Additionally, if one assumes a Foucaultdian sensibility and connects power with knowledge, then those who seek to acquire power through sexual politics do so in the hopes of gaining knowledge in a complex reality.

But, as Hemingway's masters know (again, because of experiences and observations), an attempt to become whole through an abstraction such as love—or moreover, through the corrupted abstraction of political love—is immature. Thus the ultimate incarnation of the Hemingway hero does not disdain females as many feminist critics contend, but rather disdains the twentieth century perversion of romantic love, and more specifically the notion that one might gain insight into one's self and about reality through the subjugation of another person via sexual politics.[iv]

Krebs therefore reveals his potential as Hemingway hero in "Soldier's Home," for he rejects the notion of love as a type of game (148), which again, was also observed by Frederic Henry in *A Farewell to Arms*. "It was not worth it," the narrator observes (148). Despite social constructs which dictate that he should have a girl, Krebs reflects upon his solitude and realizes that it is a viable alternative.

If one ignores the end of the story, Krebs is Hemingway's archetypal hero, who has experienced (or more appropriately, suffered through) the sexual politics of romantic love as a *tyro*, and who rejects the abstraction of love as insightful for reflective solitude, especially in Nature. Most obviously, Nick Adams is such a hero, who experiences the harmful, entrapping effects of sexual politics in "The End of Something" and "Cross-Country Snow," and who ultimately rejects these conditions to achieve a state of mastery in Nature—and a state of wholeness—in "Big Two-Hearted River: Parts I and II."

Despite the fact that Pedro Romero is the archetypal master in *The Sun Also Rises*, as Mark Spilka suggests (24),

Jake does come to an epiphany about his relationship with Brett at the end of the work, perhaps attaining a status similar to Krebs; that is, Jake realizes that his is a futile situation, and his final utterance in answer to Brett's speculation about how nice things could have been, "Isn't it pretty to think so?" (247), evinces his recognition of the inadequacy of romantic love as a sort of empowering or compensatory condition. Of course, this is why the Hemingway master chooses solitude over sexual dominance.

A superficial reading of the portrayals of romantic love in Hemingway's narrative concurs with a feminist reading of the texts; it seems as if sexual relationships are included merely to iterate a situation in which the male is superior to the female. However, a closer reading reveals a more careful author who sees twentieth century romantic love as perverted in the lovers' attempts to dominate, but balance political capabilities. Thus in regards to the sexual politics of romantic love, Hemingway's concern is not gender-related but rather rooted in a respect for growth and experience; for Hemingway, the hero who has achieved mastery is not a misogynist, but the mature individual who breaks away from the tradition and abstraction of the politics of romantic love in order to arrive at an understanding of reality, and a place therein.

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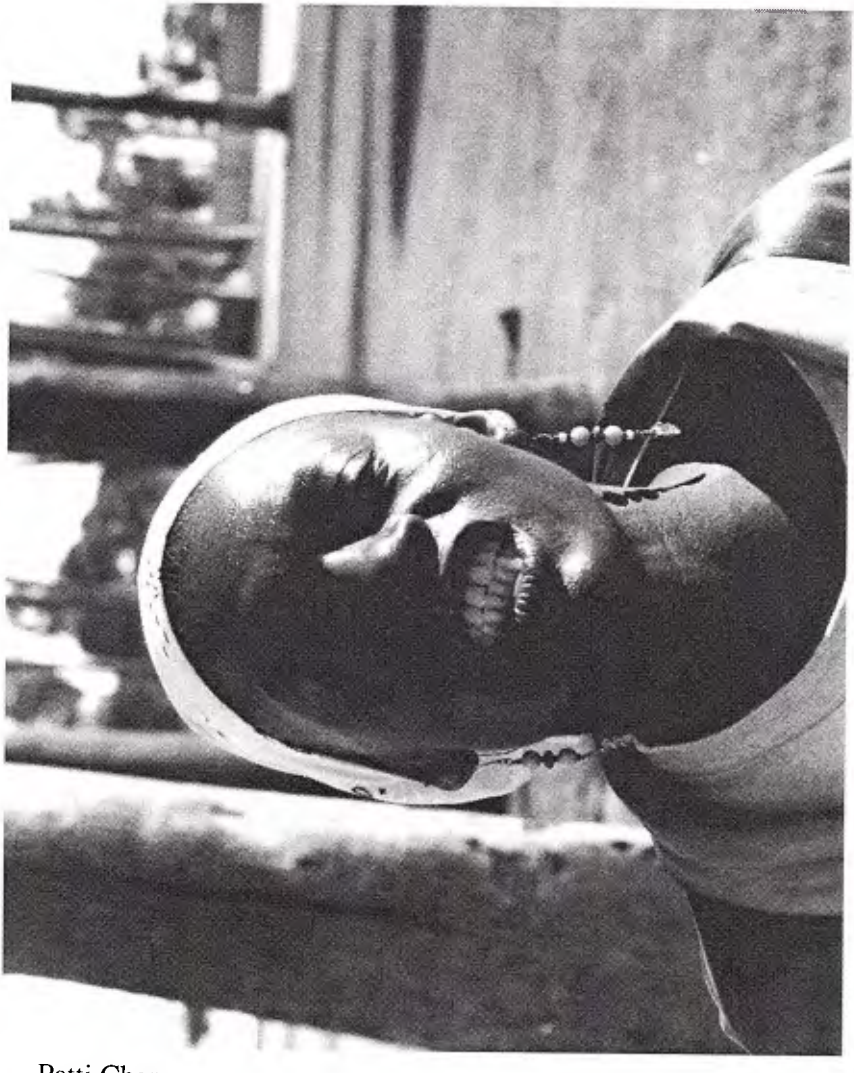
[i] Of course, male characters who cannot ultimately be looked upon as heroes (as Robert Cohn, for instance) are never *tyros*; I included this distinction to indicate that heroes can and do seek power in sexual relationships, but ultimately reject this notion when they become masters.

[ii] Peter Hays contests that the lovers in *A Farewell to Arms* ultimately find true love (12). This does not contradict the sentiments of the following passage, however, which relates an instance from early in the relationship. This is merely an example of an immature, sensual love that, as Hays suggests, does not end in a struggle for power, but which will conclude with Frederic Henry—no longer a *tyro* by the end of the novel—recognizing romantic love as illusory or unsatisfactory.

[iii] The pathetic nature of romantic love culminates in Jake's indifference, and Brett's entreating Jake to "not get drunk" (246), which is reminiscent of the woman in "Kilimanjaro."

[iv] It is interesting to note that a master has the capability of attaining a great amount of control in a sexual relationship in his stoic nature and denial of affections (Geiger, "The Hemingway Hero"), but instead rejects love.



Patti Chen

Two Worlds

by Rosemary Figueroa

After three years here at Whittier College, I finally know that I belong to two different worlds. I remember my first realization of this. I was a freshman here, and had been given my first graded paper, and thought I was on top of the world. I was in college and in my arrogance, couldn't seem to understand why one night , my parents seemed preoccupied with something that they wouldn't tell me. In my petty anger I went to sleep, as I had to go to work early the next day. I remember that that night, my parents would not sleep. I knew my brother had been out, but the idea that they were waiting up for him never crossed my mind.

Having slept two hours, I was awakened by my father's murmurs. I ran to the door where, much to my horror, I saw my parents dragging someone in. I didn't know who it was, and my father yelled at me to go back to my room. But then I saw it, my little brother's bloody sock. It was at this moment that I knew the world I wanted so much to be a part of was very different from the one from which I came. It was this situation that forever wiped away my arrogance regarding my new found status as a student.

One can dismiss my story as being a complaint about a burden, but it is not so because I have used what I've seen around me to my advantage. One can point the finger at gangs, on the individual, or even in hypocrisy, at the parents. But it doesn't matter. I know, my family knows, and that's what counts. Sometimes one has to accept what one cannot

change, and bear it, and most importantly, learn from it. My parents dragged their bloody son onto the couch. After standing and watching in tears, I came to the realization that this scene, and many like this one, shouldn't ever be. I watched as my parents searched frantically to see where the blood was coming from. I watched, and knew that this was not only my bloody brother, but this was a child destroyed, this was what parents should never have to go through.

In my bitterness, I sometimes listen to students around me complain about their petty disgruntles, about their rooms not having this or that, or about the food from the CI. I listen and almost wish that I wouldn't have to come from my world, a world where gangs are not even an issue because they are second nature. It is much harder for a boy because if you're not in, you're "not respecting enough of your neighborhood", and are harassed, whereas, if you are in, you still have to submit, prove your loyalties and sometimes die for your neighborhood and your homeboys.

I remember the days that followed. I watched my brother and watched as my mom put ointment onto the scabbed shoe prints embedded in my brother's face. I heard her say the most poignant word ever, "Destroyed ." I could see the lifelessness in her body, and have watched her live her life from that point on as though she is preparing herself for the worst. Though they've never said it, I know that my parents dread the day where they will receive the call. I answer the phone in fear, and now understand what part of human misery Virgil was expressing in The Aeneid through the character Evander, and his son Pallas. Evander gives up his son for Aeneas and his cause, only to suffer the most cruel

part of human turmoil when he loses Pallas, and has to do something that no parent should ever have to do: outlive his child, and bury him.

I've experienced my father's hardships and concerns as well. One day, while on his lunch break from work he just happened to drive by my brother who was pulled over by the police. My father watched in horror as the policemen told my brother that he should do them all a favor, and run away from them so that they could "shoot him in the back". When my father tried to inquire as to what was going on, he was laughed at, and advised, by the police to tell my brother to run away from them, or better yet, run with him. Legally, my brother had done nothing wrong, he was let go, and told that he was "marked", a term policemen sometimes use to say that they are watching you, and that any little thing will get you in a lot of trouble.

I have watched my brother's spirits die. He knows that we worry for him, and he knows that once you're in, there's no easy way to get out. He's told me that if anything ever happened to him, I should not quit school, or give up anything out of despair. I've heard him brag about his sister "who goes to college, and is gonna be something" to his friends. There are rare moments where I watch him and see his innocence, I watch him play with our cats, teach them tricks, and have to stop because it's time to get ready for the "meeting", and the "disciplining" of him or anyone else who has gotten out of line with the elders, or not shown "enough respect to the neighborhood".

Though I am always sad, I have finally come to terms with my world of books, term papers, and finals, and my

brother's world of harassment by the police, being stereotyped, and even having to carry the casket that holds your best friend's body. I would have never dared share any of these things with anybody from Whittier College a few years ago for fear of being laughed at, or even considered another Mexican with a ghetto background, but somehow, I am more comfortable with my standing as a student, a sister, a daughter, and most importantly an individual who has been on the other side of the fence, and has seen and experienced human misery firsthand, but has somehow managed to put that knowledge to use.

La Brea South

Carrie Forrest

The rain scrubs the city
hard to get the dirt off,
while the curly logos of gangs
run like blood down the walls
of the stained laundromat.
A yellowing man crumbles
at the bus stop as his
soul mate orchestrates
her symphony of rain,
baton waving while she giggles,
"isn't it beautiful?"

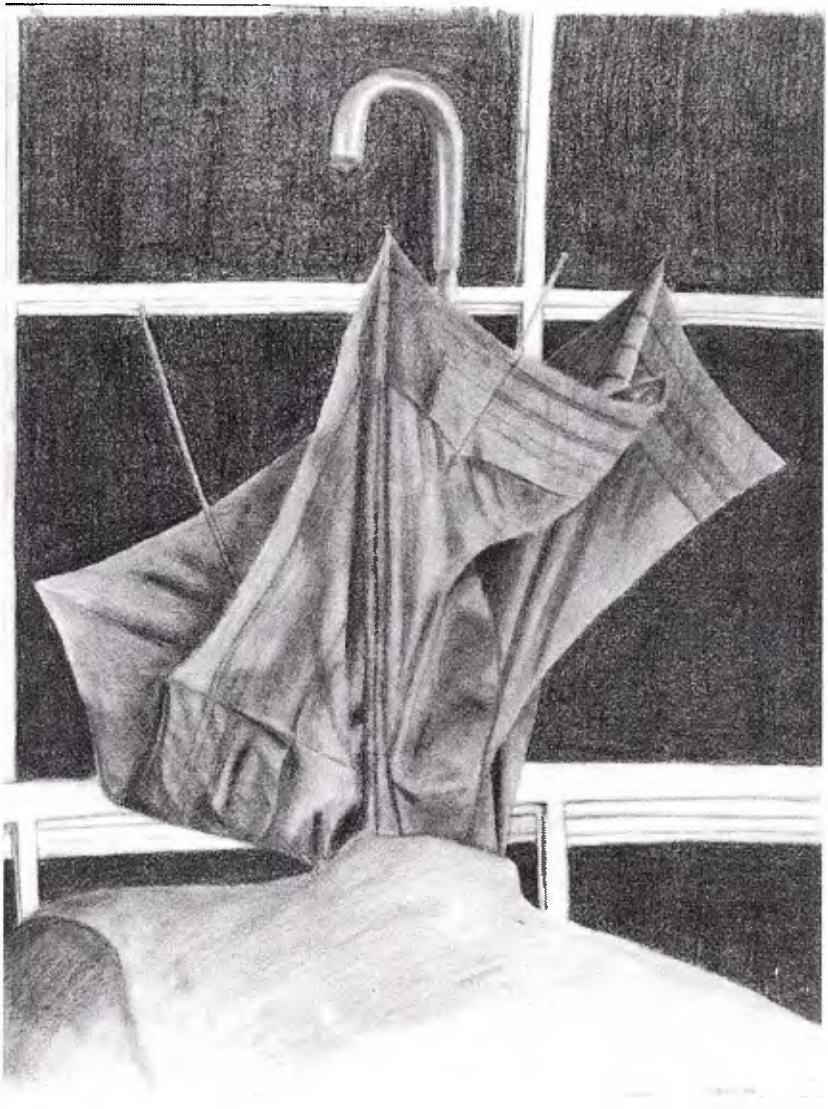
"Late"

by Michelle Arehart

To: Ann Farmer
Thanks for being a great advisor and great "I" sister! Love, Jordan

Michelle M. Arehart
Class of '97

The enormous extensions of
broomhandle arms,
are springing toward the
pointed bookcase in her
microscopic room.
It is reaching for the melting
hubcap squished between the
assembled papers of the Physics book.
The earlobe hears the vehicle and
leaps to see the headlights
come and bounce away.



Filipina Warren

Michelle Reflected by the Rain

by Gary V. Foss

Michelle steps into the walking rain
Ten drops, fat and lazy, greet and listen
reflect her image in swirling, oval patterns;
None a true representation, but all a seeming
that together might make a simulacrum which
would fool bystanders and friends who did
not know enough to ask questions or really
listen.
The first has little teeth and smiles often,
A silly laugh, bright eyes and lacks a motive
or guile. This is my favorite, ranks first and
so needs the least attention.
There is a simple place where the second lives,
taking life as it comes, pragmatic and considerate,
it shifts through life easily, has gentle dreams and
takes long-slow walks through the world,
like a predator, taking only what it needs
having thoughts only of survival, is sleepless
and dreaming of times to come when it will have
all things easy.
Pride makes the Third hard to understand
This is the smallest raindrop, showing only long
funhouse reflections of the others, breaking them
in pieces and constructing them again with
eager eyes, in the comfortable knowledge
that all is right in the world of it's own invention.
Fourth is eager to know, takes classes at night, meets
the world with abandon and clarity, preparedness
and a willing style. This is the one that the world
knows. I wonder do they sense the others
there? I wonder do they feel their missing place
in the rain, drops without reflection?

It takes two hands to hold the fifth. This rellection has no answers and is all confusion. Though often thought the smallest of the rain it takes great strides and shows sudden strength. Without the Questions the answers have no power. Without the earth the sky has no meaning and we are just falling forever. Here is earth. There is sky.

When six enters all heads turn.

Six has long eyelashes, tremulous lips and the sway of goddesses. Six makes men tremble, breaks their cool, steals their time, and leaves them rent and begging. Six has the mystical, Hollywood "it" that is beyond hearth and heart and in the soul.

Seven is fortune.

Lives well, has breeding, shows the world education and beauty, feeds Three, takes its time, and knows right and wrong instinctively by environment and common sense. Seven is sure, and craves self-perpetuation and the validation of agreement, but is so positive that such things are not requirements.

The Eighth is from hunger

Has all it wants but wants all there is, takes a hold of the conversation, makes life difficult and possible at the same time. Eight shows itself whenever it likes and makes all the others cower.

When Nine calls all must listen

because nine has insight, and knows the ends of things. Nine is advice that none can follow because it is perfect and we are not. Nine gives everyone peace and planning. Nine makes the world over in a way so exacting that it cannot exist in it itself.

And ten is a blur unseeable by mortal eyes, because it has the cool to know what others only guess. Ten is chill when others sweat, ten is warm when others shake. Ten has eyes in the back of its head, never surprised.

And when it rains the drops return ten thousand reflections. Storms break trying to make a common picture of one Michelle, but no cloud is heavy enough for the job, and all that walking in the rain makes only little images that have just the smallest part of the total, never able (but hoping) to reinvent the original. But like all things, the reflection makes us uneasy, takes the parts, and wishes them whole.

Slivers Of Shark's Fun Slices

by Alain Bosshart

She'd change her skimpy night dresses
moving her hand on her tiny skirt with her hips curved up
the leaking sink
her rooms
they were an extension of her face

colors swarmed her like bees
she powdered herself with delicate glitters
from her neck down to her knees
that night was wild
we almost killed each other

we hammered the streets in the pontiac
that evening rain crashed
down like millions of colorless butterflies onto my windshield
Lucy started screaming stuff like "oh, big greasy fuck," and "oh no, hell"
me, yelling like a rooster with a bone caught in its throat

watch the glass fly like handfuls of teeth
all I could see was that rat of fear go scuttle in my skull
the pontiac glowed like a knife
we were some loose change and excitement
flung into some desperate distance
the single light was that of a bauble moon
so carelessly close.

"NY Tyrant"

by Eileen Ybarra

I look to the
car, lights
  tearing by, patrolled
  by omniscient
    skyscrapers
City wind, rubs
  brushes my harsh
   face. . . Grey
            skies
            choke

Turn and spin around this laughing crowd
Faces, encased in their cold cynicism

I ask you
everyday of my life with
you. . . in our oh so metropolitan loft

to hand out my
punishment daily
to tame and oppress
my wild flesh

Soothe my lonely
simple self. . .

Fast pain
  The grey slated
        concrete
 Is cool and
    hard against me

Thank you
      Thank you.

Retreat

by Marina Gonzalez

There is a little part of me
That is as lonely as can be,
It sits behind a little smile
And stays there, hiding all the while.

Cassandra

by Casey Durfee

I wait behind a doe-eyed
girl standing in line
at the deli.

She's probably no more than
seventeen, her belly
like a soap bubble.

She's studying a book
of baby names.
"Cassandra," she stares
and stares at the page, muttering
to herself.

She's so in love, running her fingers
over and over the page
as I carefully edge out
the door. I crumble on the
sidewalk like ancient paper.

Jasmine van den Heuvel

Untitled

by Devlin Grunloh

And there's so much that I remember, regardless of the great bulk of the burden that I'd like to forget, but then again, I've always been the elephant's child, can't you tell by the scars of ignorance and innocence that criss-cross and cross-hatch my countenance and I've always loved the river's paradox of changeless wet motion and if it is a Heraclitean burn of purity, then burn on, big river, burn on, because I cannot believe that I could ever approach purity without some greater measure of pain, and the plain truth is, I can admit that I hurt now, because anyone within hearing is, I know, an honest ear, though I cannot believe that I'm worth any measure of the leathery maternal sweet-talk that reaches my rag-caught-in-the-wind ears from here, caught between the grit and dust of the curious journey and the rancid, dysenterous cocktail served by the overly toothy waiter on the riverbank and the only line I've got is the beggar-man's prayer that refuses to linger in anyone's memory; sometimes I wish I could forget the burning water between these pristine islands where no one as remotely famed as good ol' Charles bothered to study, and so things haven't changed much, I still feel dirty, and there's so much I'd like to stick, and you seem to be so indignantly stuck on the slippery, ephemerally plasmic events that follow me in my inevitable plodding toward the rotten-lettuce Eden of the burning salt of the hungry woods, and I'll try to dodge the silver wire, but if I can't, it will make the stories that much sweeter than the silt-

laden rain and the trampled manna of the Levites, because I don't have the strength to part the seas again, and no matter how much I thump or how much I'd like to heal the carpenter-sailor's wounds, no water comes, and so my people must go thirsty on the torturous road to Jordan, and no one notices that my own yearning doesn't start with a dry tongue, and so must go deeper than some simple rules to live by, and you know that it does, even though you'll never admit it and thought I didn't have to...

so I never cried on my knees to a vengeful god, and I cannot believe that any gorgeous fetch of your closeted devotion would inspire me to any sort of vengeance that could ever free myself, let alone the nation of half-insane island cripples that seem to depend on me for salvation and if I only had one word, what would you say? I simply cannot maintain my silence while wallowing in the dungeon; no matter how much of your light comes into the basement casements of the Cretaceous scavenging predator king-in-the-rain whose smile evokes blood-lust and a woodsman's chivalry, my feet are forever in shadow and yet I cannot see the end of the storm or the knife inscribing circles and havoc on my stomach, just as the sight of you makes me tremble, though with fear, dread, and reluctance or with love, desire, and anticipation I fear I'll never know anymore than what I feel, and someone or something give me the strength to die well, if I cannot die purely, because I've inhaled too much smoke for the burning to be holy, and I knew that, but I need to see the clouds of my dirty prayers straining toward the sunset that's already far too pretty to be worthy of the night that pushes in like the burial clowns after the fencing match

of thrown flowers even though there will be no speeches pontificating upon how much I want it, I will simply fade away, never having been your Prince Charming in rusty battle-gear because I've never needed briar-hedges to inspire blood to rise and run...

you see, I opened my veins on my own, and made a blood offering, in hope of receiving the thirdhand patience that you asked for without opening your lips, as well as the sympathy that I wanted to feel for you that never came, though the dark, rich, steely life that never slipped out toward you now stains every step that you're trying to take away from me, my love...

you've got a face in both worlds, dearest, and I know now that, for all the majesty of your cascading mane of dark flame, neither of the could possibly, honestly, ever wear a smile...

The Day That I Remembered That at Least Valerie Loves Me

by Devlin Grunloh

A day that will live in infamy, as Truman described December 7, 1944? I'm not sure, but, as I roll out of bed and begin the daily rituals that make me presentable to the rest of the world, I know that perhaps this is a day like any other. After stumbling to the bathroom, showering and shaving, I come back to the bedroom that I once shared with the wife I barely knew— until it was too late. Riffling through my too-large and too empty closet, I attempt to decide on a suit that would be appropriate for the presentation that I'll be making later today. I'll be presenting my new ideas for publishing formats to the board this morning, but my heart isn't in it, really— my heart is racing with metaphors and imagery and similes and conceits, all of them running through the numb chambers of my inner workings like epileptic mice being chased from under Farmer Ted's plow before spring planting— and all of a sudden I'm glad I had my wisdom teeth pulled when I was twenty. Re-gathering my thoughts, and having decided on a dark-green double-breasted suit and my Jerry Garcia deep maroon frogfish tie, I begin to dress; first, the usual black socks, then the usual boxers— I figure that since no one sees them, really any old pair that is at least comfortable will do— then the slacks, and the usual brown leather belt, though a sarcastic pang of mirth runs through me at this because I must admit that the belt is one hundred percent pure and genuine naugahyde. Following this, I select

a twilight grey dress shirt from the various upper-body coverings in the closet that by now I've spent far too long simply staring into, and pull it over my freshly-showered torso, button it up to the neck, and, saying hello to the bug-eyed fish on it, slip my tie through the collar. Then, as I have always done when wearing any of his artwork, I say a mantra for Captain Trips, and tie the usual Windsor knot just under my Adam's Apple, and then I breathe a sigh of relief at the fact that I didn't inherit my mother's lumpy throat, though I did inherit my father's forehead. I wonder half-absently if the other executives in the boardroom will notice the large gap between my eyebrows and hairline. Then I realize that if they haven't noticed by now, they're probably keeping silent out of some need to keep their opinions to themselves, like Pandora's weighty, and yet nearly empty chest of despair. Fully dressed, except for shoes, I pad softly into the living room.

This room was made for a couch, a television and all of the modern conveniences of the American family, but, since I am the only semblance of a family that lives here, I've converted it into a combination sitting-room and place of worship; I've been a Tantric Buddhist since I was eight, and this room is the particular place where meditation seems to provide me with the most peace, of all the rooms in the house. And yet this morning, of all mornings, perhaps when I need it most, the usual elated calm that I feel when sitting on my mantra of spirit-flowers does not come. In any case, I must rise promptly a half-hour after beginning meditation, and waltz silently past the rest of the living room, past the silent houseplants (all of them but the barrel-cactus need

water) into the kitchen, where I begin to prepare my breakfast: a cup of strong, dark, usually caffienated tea, most probably Earl Grey— I've found, over the past five or six years, that I prefer the Twinings blend of Earl Grey— and a bagel, or perhaps two pieces of toast. While spreading marmalade— I notice that the marmalade is made and packaged in Pennsylvania— onto my bagel, it hits me, that incredible urge and driving force that, after almost seventeen years, still makes me feel like a small child, powerless and uncertain, small and subservient, but, as the pen that is always somehow attached to me begins to move across the paper— any scrap available— leaving sugary blobs and strings of marmalade, as well as slowly spreading grease-stains, right alongside the words that come onto the paper much faster, but just about as legibly, I begin to feel more significant than when I started. After almost an hour, tea long cold and toast still gamey on the plate, but poem written and read over, I rise from the table and fold the scrap of paper that the poem is written on— it turns out to be a piece of the bag that the bagels came home from the local bakery in— and, carefully, so as not to spread leftover breakfast on my suit— insert it into the inside pocket of my suit. Then, I gather up the various papers and files and presentation-aids that I may need during the day, and, after putting on and tying my favorite pair of dress shoes— black patent-leather wingtips— I proceed out the door to my car. Stepping into the highly customized Volkswagen Microbus that has been my mode of transportation for going on five years now, I coax the engine into turning over, and proceed down the street, past the abandoned industrial park and the long-forgotten children's

playground, to the ramshackle old Victorian house and its various brick outbuildings that has been the main offices of Fuzzy Love Publishing and Bright & New Press for the past three years. I park in any spot that still has lines legibly painted on it, and wonder why I drive such a monstrosity, when I know that most of my life hass been and will be spent alone.

I walk into the front door of the building, say good morning to the newest secretary in a long line of new secretaries— since they always seem to hire new people for receptionist-type positions without notifying me, these strangers always manage to greet me by name— and I feel guilty for simply saying hello, and not attaching a name to my salutation, but I suppose that's been my life for the past twelve years or so, always playing catch-up to something that I never knew got ahead of me, until it was too late. The message light on my answering machine blinks imperatively and inexorably; while removing my blazer, shoes and socks, I hit the playback button and listen with half an ear to the messages. Two from my almost ex-wife, angry rants for not spending enough time or money with my kid, one from "Shaggy" Jayson Bayard, CEO of Black Galaxy Records, regarding a spoken-word album that we're collaborating on— it's due out next month, and we haven't had the time or energy to even begin recording yet— one from Jill Maillet, the Vice-President and Co-Founder of the press, and one from my mother; she always manages to slip one in there, a moment of stability, albeit control-freak generated desperate stability, and I feel obligated to call her and let her know that things are going rather normally— which means in plain

everyday terms, just far enough over the verge of insanity to make the normal person think twice about getting out of bed in the morning. Jill's curious about my presentation this morning, and, to hide the fact that I'm twice as curious about what will come out of it as she is, I don't return that call, just yet; I do, however, make a note to call my mom sometime later in the day. Talking to Jay, I reason, will take longer than I can spare before my big presentation, so I leave that one till after the meeting, which is scheduled for 10:30. Since I really have nothing to tell Jill yet, I decide to call her and convince her to wait until the proverbial "big meeting" to see what I've got waiting for her and the other folks who usually make their presences known at these sorts of things. After hanging up, I sit back at my desk and notice the memo sitting on my usually only slightly immaculate desk blotter. Before I can fully focus on the memo, a thought flits across my mind— didn't I start this company with the idea that there should be no "big meetings"?— and then I settle back in my slightly rickety, though very comfortable (when it doesn't feel like it's about to come apart) desk chair to read the ;atest notice from my ever-so-reliable comrade in feelings, Ms. Maillet.

But, the memo on my desk this morning isn't from Jill; instead, it's from a person that left no signature, but I can guess who it *is* from simply by the concise, cutting contents of the memo. Obviously faxed from the overly sterile mailroom of some large chemical corporation somewhere on the other end of the country— though I can't read the letter-head because of the fax machine's distortion, I know exactly where and who it comes from— the memo reads, "Doesn't it disturb you just slightly that, among all of the book awards

and commendations for publishing excellence on your mantle, you don't have a single picture of your son?". And yes, it does disturb me somewhat, but— though I've never told her this— I keep my son's image deep in my heart, and foster a photo-album of the soul with him in it, and there are far more pictures in that imaginary book than could ever be assembled on my mantelpiece— provided I had a mantelpiece, which I don't. But I can't expect a bitter woman far younger than her 30 years would tell you to understand the complexity of how I've managed to keep my son with me for the past ten years, though I've actually seen him only once in that time. Alternately chilled with anger and heated by the sadness that only the loss of a loved one can bring knocking on the door to your soul, I calmly turn my chair toward one corner of my desk and feed the memo carefully— without a jitter— into the portable shredder bolted to my desk there; after being torn into uniform thin strips, what's left of the memo goes into the large recycling bin that resides on a semi-permanent basis just out of sight of the window over my left shoulder, in the corner of the delivery and pick-up parking space. It's time for my meeting; I gather up the visual aids that I'll need, and, as gracefully as I can, given the shaky nature of my morning, slip down the hall to "the board-room"— really what used to be the living room of this gargantuan old house.

The meeting goes well; the board approves my designs for a pocket-sized edition of When You're Anger Trying to Be Reborn as Love— a new collection of poems and social commentary essays by Joel S. Cohen, and a trade paperback-sized edition of the collected first five years of

Full Drag Uniform, the magazine that was, honestly, the start of this whole incredibly improbable adventure that we call the American Dream, and I call Fuzzy Love Publishing, *my* dream, though I've always professed to have no part in "the American Dream". Along with those new acquisitions, we're sending Reflections of Holiness on Still Waters at Dawn to the presses for the second time; it's a small book, a collection of poems by Melissa Lantz, a very good, very emotional writer who I studied with way back when, when dinosaurs roamed the Earth and I was still in high school, and it's been selling well, so we splurge— embossed graphic foil covers, and top quality 40-lb. paper; we even hire an illustrator to illuminate the frontispiece and the head of each poem; after a short meeting with him to discuss what I want the book to look like, I give him Melissa's number and demand that he call her to discuss the book further, then decide to call her myself. She O.K.'s all of my proposed changes to the book, and we chat for awhile, exchanging the tight, half-awkward pleasantries that people often do when they were extremely close friends, but then lost touch, and let too much time come between them. Half absently, after talking to Melissa, I wonder why I didn't ask the board to rush reprint Valerie Wept Stone Tears At The Bar, and then I remember, it's my book, and reprinting it this early in the game would be egotistical and honestly not worth the paper that it would be on, had I decided to go through with the reprinting order on it. And, since I've never been a huge fan of my own work to begin with, I let it lie.

Then, while conferencing with Jay about the album that's long overdue, I get a fax from the as-yet nameless

secretary that looks suspiciously like a formal invitation to a banquet honoring some big-time publishing magnate— last week it was the head of Doubleday— and his contribution to some charity or other that's probably just a front for money-laundering or some slave-labor scheme or other, and indeed, it is. The CEO of Viking Books is throwing a ball to honor his nephew's decision to form his own publishing company, which will specialize in statistics textbooks or some such madness, and of course they would be honored by my presence, if I would attend. It's my own private joke that I'm required to attend because a roomful of rich and powerful businessmen need a real roots publisher in their midst to justify this sort of thingafling as a business expense. I make tentative plans with Jay to meet at a small recording studio over the weekend, and call my mom, to let her know that I'm still alive, then dash off to the bus and hope some magic gets me home in time to dig my black-tie garb out of the closet, iron it, and dress appropriately in time to get up to New York— close to three hours away— in time for this gala unveiling of another crookedly funded, publishing monopoly-in-the-making.

It does, and a few minutes later, tuxedo still warm, I'm stashed comfortably behind the wheel of the bus, headed to the Alogonquin Hotel, of all places. I wonder if my son will be there.

God, Grace and the Water Police

by Amy Benton

Rolling over,
hammock ropes taut under thighs,
my mind hurries
skimming over raised pool surfaces,
under a lazy dog belly,
down past Mr. Caravuchian's house
where fat bumblebees are flying blackberries,
their sweet juicyness audible in the afternoon.
If God was like the water police
he would arrest us all
for wasting the limited supply of grace
distrbuted each season to our small town.
He would come for my father
who stands calm in the driveway
laying liquid grace over the cement,
baptizing the azealyas
and withered violets.
"Sir, don't you know we're in the middle of a drought?"
an angel would kink the green house
and usher my father into the bed of God's white pick up
next to Mrs. Fowler from next door,
the Harbor's from the corner house,
and little Timmy
who'd been caught drinking too often
from the fount of blessing
outside the neighborhood 31 flavors.

The air is iron solid.
I shift my hips to stir the hammock
when the phone rings.
I'm to bring one watermelon,
a sack of lemons from the front yard tree
and my soul to God
in exchange for my father.

When I come with my offerings,
God is at a cluttered desk.
I lay watermelon, lemons, soul at his feet.
"Well done my good and faithful servant," he says.
Then there are words of wisdom,
promises,
blessings,
and admonitions—
"Thou shalt not water on Tuesdays, Saturdays and Mondays."

In the valley heat I take my father's arm,
lead him to the hammock
pressing shade to his forehead.
While laying dandelions under him
We sing
my father and I who have seen
the face of God,
his pressed cotton shirt and navy twill pants,
we who have ridden in the white GMC chariot.
We sing "Come Fount of Every Blessing"
and "Amazing Grace"
but it's 103 in the backyard shade
and God has a lot of paperwork to do.

Anna's Wardrobe

by Gary V Foss

Introduced by a friend who wondered,
"What do you think of Anna"?"
I thought,
Audrey Hepburn in "Breakfast at Tiffany's,"
I thought,
Walt Whitman and his infinities and multitudes
I thought,

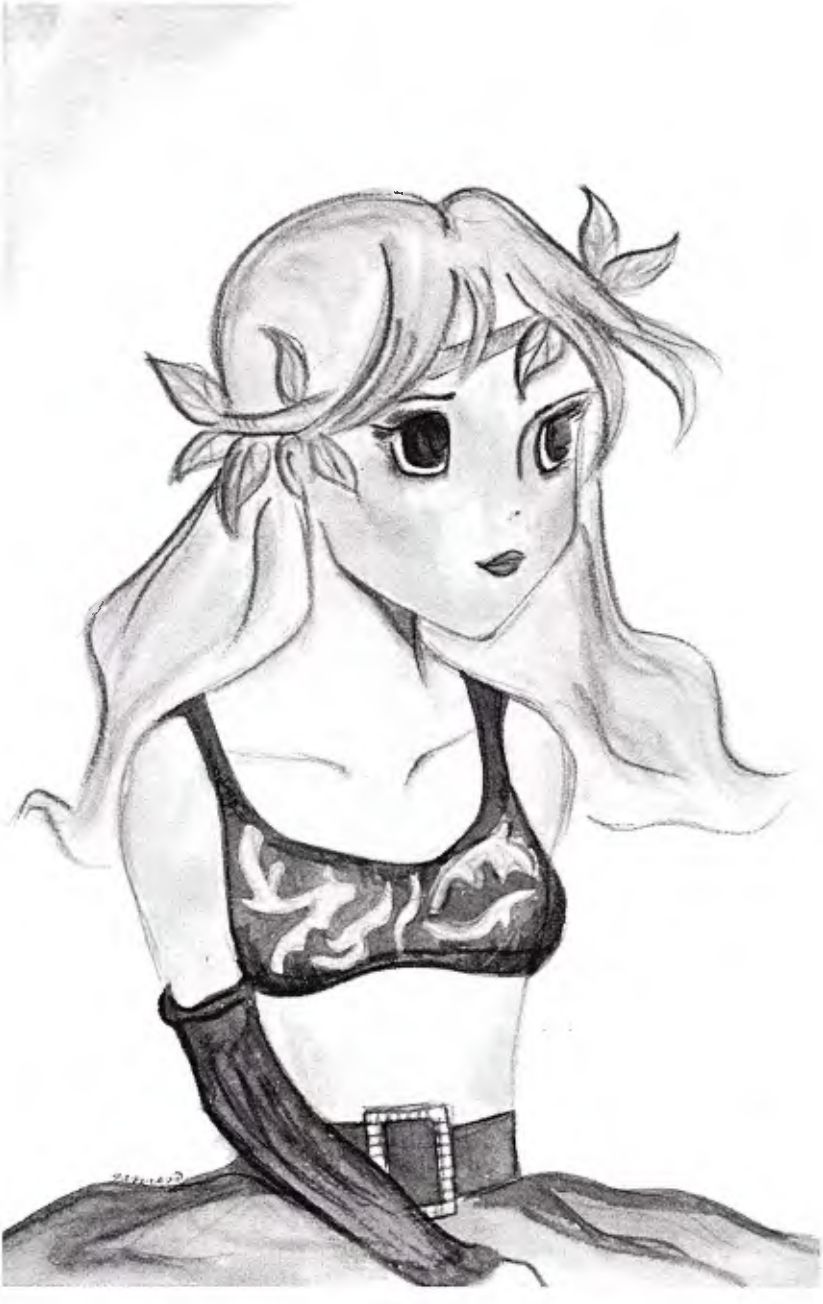
Anna wears clothes like lifestyles,
cutting and sewing to fit,
until the clothes are something livable
and wearing them a way
to be someone new today.
And I wondered at that dangerous game
For people cannot seem to stand the free
(and well-dressed) among them.

In Biblical times, Joseph wore a
Robe of Many Colors
His brothers saw,

And they said to another, Behold, this dreamer cometh.
Come now therefore, and let us slay him
and cast him into some pit, and we will say,
Some evil beast hath devoured him:
and we shall see what will become of his dreams.
— Genesis 37:19,20

Joshua's robe was a perfect thing,
changing by the moment.
He wore it because he was favored,
special, praised, loved, cherished,
but not protected.
And I fear the best for Anna, thus—
To be praised but not protected
From the world that kills all dreamers.
For people cannot stand variety,
And want dreamers chained to trees
Where they fret their dreams into shadowed holes
And the dreamers crack and freeze.

And I wonder at the best way,
In this world of shattered dreams,
To tell a girl as grand as Anna
That I like her best
in jeans



James Dominguez

Andrew Ngugi Kwaheri ya Kuonana (Swahili For "Goodbye until we meet again.")

The midterm exam for the class Shakespeare *taught last Spring, contained an essay question in which students were required to write a fictitious "lost play" by the Bard based on a fairy tale. The essay was to discuss the treatment of themes common to this "lost play" and some of Shakespeare's real plays.*

The Tale of the Artless Maiden

(Based on Little Red Riding Hood [1])

by Andrew Ngugi

Great but subdued excitement was the hallmark of the sale last Spring, of the Schlegel manuscript of Shakespeare's lost play *The Tale of the Artless Maiden*. The manuscript was sold to an anonymous bidder at what will surely be remembered as one of Sotheby's most significant auctions of the Century. The manuscript had long been regarded as the work of Otto Weitzenlitzer, founder of a German industrial fortune, who gave it as a gift to his valet Klaus Öderburg.

Öderburg's great, great, great granddaughter Mathilde Öderburg Ph.D., a scholar of medieval literature at Munich's prestigious Institute of World Literature, suspected that *The...Artless Maiden* was more than just a family heirloom. After presenting her research at the Sorbonne, Yale and Cambridge, academia concurred.

The manuscript is now believed to be a German translation of A.W. Schlegel's, who translated much of Shakespeare's work in Germany.[2] A frantic search is now underway in the attics of stately homes and theatre basements

all over Britain, to unearth folio and quarto editions of the play. In the meantime Öderburg's eagerly anticipated English translation (of the German translation) has just been published by Knopf in New York. A summary follows.

Lady Eunice a virtuous, idealistic and orphaned heiress of some property, has attained the eminently marriageable age of 17. Suitors from both near and far have been approaching her drunken but witty cousin (Sir Axel) to ask for hand in marriage. Not one has been successful in wooing Eunice. Although young, she is no ingenue and has a strong sense for determining character. Thus although a number of the suitors have been promising wealthy viscounts, charming earls and even exotic minor European princes, they have failed to meet her high standards.

Eunice's precocious (in the words of a dismissed suitor) sense of self has been acquired under the able tutelage of her retired nanny, Muse. The ethereal Muse has convinced Eunice that a bad marriage might result in the loss of freedom she has enjoyed growing up in her own home as a girl, and now woman of independent means. Although Eunice's childhood has been idyllic, her impressions of Axel and Muse are changing. She realises that Axel is viewed as a failure by his contemporaries, is increasingly less able to handle his alcohol, and is perhaps no better qualified than she to run her house. Muse's health has been waning of late, and she is no longer able to be as effectively protective as she once was.

Eunice feels these adult cares a great strain and devises a plan. She will marry a man of strong character who will take good care of her and her dependents. She will thus be able to rid herself of her cares and

become again like the babe with no worries
dandled upon Axel's knee,
but the knee shall be my mate's
the babe an artless maiden. (II, iii, 45-9)

Enter Wulf, Duke of Shropshire, a favourite warrior of the Queen. He has fought three wars against England's foes, vanquishing the enemy in each efficiently and with dispatch. Approaching a virile middle age, Wulf, a contemporary of Axel, feels it is time to settle down. The Queen has awarded him lands and funds to build a stately home which will be both a war monument and a dwelling. After having obtained permission to woo Eunice from Axel, Wulf sets about his latest conquest.

Muse fears he will succeed too well. His strong, worldly personality will obliterate Eunice's inexperienced and somewhat naive one or to use an apt metaphor: Wulf will gobble Eunice up. Only once a mighty battle of wills is waged, (with no victor) does the loving couple reach a compromise and settle down.

An excerpt from Act IV scene I where Wulf arrives to console Eunice after Muse's recent death follows. Wulf cleverly manipulates Eunice's grief and vulnerability to assert his will; it is unclear if he acts out of love, or simply to attain power over her.

[Storm]

Wulf: There's a great spirit gone.

Eunice: Forgive me sweet Wulf,
I fear the art of gentle conversation doth fail me.

What melancholy wells in my bosom
doth fit ill at ease with pleasant speech or rich surroundings,
or yet the presence of a suitor.
It is too large,
weighting about my neck as the albatross.
Heavy, it lurks and threatens to topple
the balance that once upset may never be regained.
Unseemly anguish!
Peace I pray you. Leave now and let me alone.

Wulf: Since man has walked the earth
death followed like a shadow,
Lengthy in the morn as
his mother frets he might not live.
As man approaches his noon and prime
the shadow wanes and shrinks utterly.
Come afternoon, shadow returns,
he grows ever darker, ever more powerful.
Man fights as eternal—not even the best warrior can win.
Those who last till twilight are fortunate, for
on the battle field, mine eyes have beheld men fall though they thought it noon.
So rejoice for Muse.
She who observed the sun fall
and come to this resting place.
Hers was a life charmed.

Eunice: You dare offer me words of Wisdom?
Fie upon your wisdom!
Leave me I say!

Wulf: My cygnet I fear this melancholy does not become you. How to whine and moan as the worst of foppish swine at the battle's end?
Courage, Faith, Dignity,
this is the best of England.
These are the qualities that best become you, Rose.
These I would give my life for,
proudly and with no regret.
Do not disappoint me fair one.
Be not less than England.
Come to me.

[She goes to him; storm subsides]

Critics have hailed *Maiden* as one of Shakespeare's most telling studies of self governance. Sir Axel is presented as perhaps the failure of self governance, or at the least, a very lax source of self governance. Blessed with wit, good looks and money, he fails to tap his potential and so contrasts poorly with his contemporary Wulf. Much like Falstaff in *I* and *II Henry IV*, and Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night*, Axel is a much loved rascal. Axel is as witty as Falstaff, but not as guileful and probably better looking. Axel is neither as raucous as Toby nor as parasitic—he has his own wealth.

Muse, as Wulf, was named in the device Shakespeare

sometimes employs, of having a name reflect character. Unlike Sir Andrew *Aguecheek* or Sir Toby *Belch*, Muse suggests the more admirable qualities of intelligence and knowledge beyond earthly boundaries. Another quality Shakespeare's Muse had in common with her mythic counterparts is that once, she failed to appear at Eunice's request. Unfortunately, death raised a barrier even Muse could not penetrate. In an odd evocation of the Existentialist struggle to make worthy decisions, Shakespeare—through the character of Muse—provided Eunice with all the knowledge she needed to make an informed choice, but left her alone to act on it.

The character of Wulf, a trained warrior like Othello, does not often see any gradations in meaning. He inhabits a world of polarities, of either-or. Also, like Othello, this tunnel vision and ability in war, is a quality that has brought him prestige, riches and a beautiful bride. Also like Othello, Wulf's beautiful bride could be central to his downfall.

Wulf is intelligent enough to realise that he will not win Eunice over with his fists; this is a psychological battle. His failing is that he views his courting too literally as a battle, albeit of wills. Although he may not literally strangle Eunice, he might metaphorically strangle her. The only way he can imagine being married to a person, is for that person's personality to be an extension of his own. However Eunice does appeal to Wulf's better nature. His life and shadow speech reveals a sensitivity we have not previously glimpsed, as perhaps does the fact that he rode all the way to Eunice's manor to console her during a storm.

However, at least in this case, Eunice works against

herself. In her grief, she is not able to be as circumspect as she is learning to be with Wulf. She repeats her order for him to leave, effectively snapping him out of his compassionate reverie. In his next speech, he uses her grief and her youth against her. He persuades her that she can only be a desirable English Rose, by thinking like a warrior. The subtext is that any English warrior would doubtless wish Wulf to lead them! Wulf probably means Eunice no malice, but he has not learned how to value her individuality. All may be fair in love and war, but Eunice is no mere renegade province. In this one respect, Axel may be a more worthy person than his illustrious contemporary. Although "less than a man," (II, I, 19) he is not indiscriminately controlling. Yet in a fine twist of dramatic irony, Wulf's steamroller personality helps Eunice learn to value herself more.

Eunice with her laboured and eloquent intellectual paralysis, lends herself well to the study of self governance. How, Shakespeare seems to ask, can she make the best of her abilities and opportunities? She is an independent thinker but wants nothing less than a return to her golden youth, when she did not have to think. Her relationship with Wulf becomes the strongest indication of this human inconsistency. Eunice's predicament is a fairly modern one, that any college student might easily identify with: how to apply theory to life? Muse activates Eunice's her critical faculties, yet all Eunice longs to do is switch them off. This is, after all, what Wulf would have her do. As we see in the end of the passage, in order to receive solace, she must be meek. Or as Shakespeare instructs in a characteristically brief use of stage direction, "She goes to him, storm subsides."

Luckily, Eunice learns how to grow into her newly sharpened faculties—although a number of feminist critics have suggested she is prone to be rather *too* accommodating. However she is aware that her marriage will not end her dilemma. She states in her speech at the end of the play that marriage was perhaps the first step of many and prays Muse's wisdom will not leave her when faced again with crisis. (Note similarities to existentialist Kierkegaard's "Stages upon life's way.") The possibility of crisis is no vague threat, for Wulf has left to wage yet another war for Queen and country. Eunice is once again a woman on her own. We do not leave the new Duchess of Shropshire riding into the sunset, instead she contemplates it lucidly from the window of her new home, dandling a son on her knee—another individual to whom Muse's knowledge must be passed.

The above ending has raised concern among Elizabethan scholars, that the play is incomplete or perhaps only the first part of a longer work. In any case, critics have hailed the discovery of the work as a windfall. One of Shakespeare's most complex protagonists has been unearthed and analysis of her story can only revitalise the already spirited public debate about the Bard's most crucial themes.

[1] Dundes, Alan. Ed. Little Red Riding Hood: A Casebook. Madison: Wisconsin UP, 1989.
[2] See *Riverside Shakespeare* introduction, p. 9.

Last Spring, students in the Chaucer *class were required to write a poem in the manner of* The Canterbury Tales, *introducing a new pilgrim. Two selections follow.*

To Ann,
Mi verray auctor
for the
nones. Thanks
for everything!
Yours,
Mike Garabedian

The Likerous Nerde

by Michael Garabedian

A NERDE ther was, of sixeteene ston,
A NERD there was, of [two hundred pounds],

And ful smale I seye, for the nones.
And very small I say, to be sure.

Saucefleem was his face a ful greet deel,
Pimpled was his face very much,

Which he wolde try to hyde with Claraseele;
Which he would try to hide with Clearasil;

Reed weren his lokkes as his visage scalled,
His hair was as red as his diseased face,

And lyk oynons he smelled, and so was shunned by alle.
And he [had ME body odor], and therefore was shunned by all.

On his sholdres oon weede ycleped a , "shirte-T,"
On his narrow shoulders an article of clothing called a T-shirt,

Nas nevere thilke weede ywashe, pardee.
Never was this article of clothing washed, certainly.

Yshapen of clooth softe, and also ful reed,
Shaped of soft cloth [cotton], and also very red,

'Twas lyk the cross of Jhesu, with no heed.
It was [shaped] like the cross of Jesus, with no head [top].

On his breste was oon draqon feerce and "AD&D";
On his chest there was one fierce dragon and [Advanced Dungeons &Dragons];

Which is oon manere nurd to telleth tales, and to pleye.
Which is a nerdly way to tell tales, and to amuse.

And at his syde baar he a fanni pakke,
And by his side he bore a fanny pack,

For Twynkies, Dyng-Donge, and other snakke.
For Twinkies, Ding-Dongs, and other snacks.

Of manhood hym lakked, it haas algate been seyd,
Of manliness he lacked, it has already been said,

But verrily thoghte hym lyk a man in his heed,
But truly he thought like a man in his head,

For whan he was not eatynge foodes of grece,
For when he was not eating greasy foods,

Ful bisy he was thynkynge of harlotries.
He was very busy thinking of obscenities.

Threw the nyght and unto earlee morn,
Through the night and into early morn,

He wolde surfe the Internet lookynge for porn,
He would surf the Internet looking for porn,

And syn he hadde a hyperactive glande,
And since he had a hyperactive gland,

His moost lovede occupacioun was with his hande
His favorite occupation [involved] his hand

And Vaseline. I praye, put me out of blame;
And Vaseline. I pray, put me out of blame;

This are his owne wordes—he hadde no shame!
These are his own words—he had no shame!

Al in a tale everydeel moot be sooth,
Although in a tale everything must be truth,

Een tales likerous, and tales unkouth.
Even lecherous tales, and strange tales.

So whan the lawe seyd this cherl was oon man,
So when the law said this churl was a man [when this churl turned eighteen],

Ther was no doute to wher he wolde gan;
There was no doubt to where he would go;

While others wolde—by thilke lawe—voot, or smook taar,
While others would—by the same law [legally]-vote, or smoke tar,

That nerde maad oon pilgrimage to the nudee baar.
That nerd made a pilgrimage to the nudie bar.

The Waweryder

by Kana Warren

A Waweryder ther was, mooste bold
A Ryder sith he was naught right old.
Famous he was thorughout the londe,
From Belzylonde to Tumblelonde.
To him bookes and lernynge hadde litel
Use. Him lest only to ryde wel.
A Ve Double Ü Bug was how he got aroun,
The peple pleyned for the bug maketh a horrible soun.
Slow was this bug. Horspowe thilke Ve Double Ü Bug
Hadde noone. It was moore a Ve Double Ü Slug.
This Ve Double Ü Bug was right old,
The yelwe peynte was no lenger gold.
Poor Bug. Zephirus breath tainted by the Se
Has thorughly rusted thee.
Eche day he wolde ryse with the Sonne,
And hope his Ve Double Ü Bug wolde ronne.
So he mayst go off in serchen of
Greet wawes which yaf him the thrille he love.
Around the islonde in the erly morewes light,
Looked him for where the wawes were right.
Where he stopped, wawes wolde be poundyng,
Ywexen his stick, and bigan paddlyng.
Against the currants the Waweryder wolde race,
Leaving whit trails cross the ocean's face.
To the Waweryder code he was true,
As he carve the wawes with swich vertu.
Dropen in on another waweryder he wolde not,
Ne wolde he tell touriste of a secre waweryder spot.
He wyssh he could ryde wawes al day,
If the Sonne nevere wolde set he'd have his way.
But when Sonne meets Se he leve the water,
To go maken merry with Budeweyser.

Loneliness in Urban America

by Marina Gonzalez

When one considers how small the world has become in this century, it seems hardly conceivable, that so many people should suffer from loneliness and isolation. This is the age when one has only to "reach out and touch someone." According to Madison Avenue, all we have to do is "fly the friendly skies," or enjoy some "Miller time," to know we are not alone.

But Madison Avenue is wrong; the world is full of people who are alone in their minds. They are separated by hopes that have not been realized, memories that have not faded, and dreams that have never been shared. They are separated by machines that speak for people, and people that can't speak for themselves.

As social living changes in America, Americans at every level must deal with loneliness at some time in their lives. However, the social dimension of loneliness relating to the way we live, to the changing conditions of our world, to the economy or the state of technology (Bernikow 13), differs from incidental occasions of loneliness.

> We experience loneliness both as lack of intimate relationships and a lack of less profound, but nonetheless important and supportive social relationships. Psychiatrists and sociologists have categorized these two types of loneliness as emo tional and social isolation. (Gordon 26)

A more complete definition of loneliness takes it from the realm of the personal and private and allows us to understand

the causes and concepts that make it unstudied and misunderstood. A true definition of loneliness encompasses the psychological, emotional, and physical aspects of distancing the individual feels from the society he lives in, and from the individuals he shares the society with.

In Alone in America, the Search for Companionship, Louise Bernikow steps away from he textbook definition of loneliness and defines it as a "feeling of being adrift in the universe, atomized, living in a world that comprises only self" (Bernikow, 11). Bernikow shows that the psychoanalytic view of loneliness as a depression or form of neurosis does not take into account loneliness which exists in a less obvious light, but may be even more pervasive and debilitating. This is the loneliness of day to day living where needs are not met, losses are not replaced, and modern living and technology separate people a little more each day, and wherein this lifestyle is accepted as "irritating, not disabling, something you think you ought to be able to live with" (Bernikow 18). "This denial of loneliness is symptomatic of a society that does not deal lightly with what it identifies as weakness" says Suzanne Gordon in Lonely in America (37).

Gordon defines loneliness as "an empty feeling. . . empty and desolate . . . the disappearance of brightness from life, the sense that everything is colorless (25). These concepts of loneliness indicate that lack of human contact, both casual and intimate, may best define loneliness. "Expected human relationships are absent" (Gordon, 25). Most people grow up with the expectation of the fulfillment of basic goals: education, job, marriage, family, friends. Although the qualification of those goals may differ, education can be high

school for one person, college for another, and a job can simply be a paycheck or it may be a career, or profession - - yet the basic expectation remains.

We as a society take it for granted that these dreams will include other people. We will form friendships in school, and at work. We will leave the security of our childhood families to form our own. We will remain connected to other people. When this does not happen, "we can mourn the absence of something that is only a concept rather than a lived reality. We feel any of these relationships as a sort of negative presence, a phantom possibility" (Gordon 26).

When did we become disconnected form each other? Several factors contribute to this sense of isolation many people feel in contemporary American society. Technology has removed the need for people to interact as part of their daily routine. ATM machines replace bank tellers, recorded voice messages replace telephone operators and customer service representatives, self service gas stations replace the Texaco man. With progress, computers replace people in unending avenues of contact and communication. Each advance in technology is another barrier to people who find it difficult to reach out on their own.

As a result of ongoing technology, spontaneous, casual contact is drastically reduced and many people who are alone suddenly find themselves dealing with a physical isolation that escalates into emotional and psychological loneliness. Adults who formerly relied on contact with people like the butcher, baker, and milkman are now dealing with the impersonal service of the HMO; and today's "family" lawyer may simply be yesterday's television commercial.

The gossipy interludes spent with merchants in the neighborhood store are now a thing of the past as more and mores malls fill the American landscape. As our neighborhoods change, our lifestyles change whether we want them to or not.

For many people, this environmental change is the start of a subtle loneliness that catches them unawares. This form of loneliness is "unabsorbed change, both psychologically, in individual people's lives, and culturally, in terms of how we live" (Bernikow, 15). Technology particularly affects older people because

> The rapidity of industrial and technological change has produced a 'lost generation' of the old. . . 'Progress' has rendered obsolete the technical skills they mastered. Our older citizens find them selves excluded from productive work, and they suffer the inevitable devaluation which follows. (Stephens 14)

With this devaluation older people experience greater psychological isolation than many people realize. We are aware that elderly people are often physically alone, but we don't consider the psychological implications of a world that seems to go on without them.

The economic market place is not the only area where senior citizens feel no longer welcome. Their own neighborhoods have become enemy territory as an increase in crime has sharply curtailed many of the social activities of Americans of all ages. Fear has put a stop to after dinner walks, quick runs to the store, and strolls to the park.

Americans no longer sit out on the porch or the front

stoop exchanging casual hellos with strangers, and bits of news with friends and acquaintances. People no longer feel safe enough to drive over to a friend's house, or utilize public transportation in our urban areas even during daylight hours. This fear can bring on both physical and psychological isolation and loneliness for these people as most of their contact and methods of socializing with friends and with the outside world are systematically taken away from them.

These moments of socializing are all links in the chain that keeps people bonded. As the links have been broken, we have become detached in more ways than one. Our physical removal from each other leads to a psychological sense of isolation which results in an emotional response: loneliness.

Mobility is another factor in the increasing loneliness of Americans. The kinship, comfort and security associated with a geographic location is quickly fading from the American consciousness. Gone are the days when the majority of Americans spent their whole lives in the town they were born in. We are no longer surrounded by parents and siblings, never mind the extended family of grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins.

Technology, education, and economics have also contributed to the continuous movement of families across the United States. "Forty million Americans change their residence once a year, and the average person will move fourteen times in his or her lifetime. They lose touch with families, friends, and themselves (Gordon 17)" We become strangers living among strangers, and the repercussions are being felt across the country.

Another aspect of small town life that is being lost is the maintenance of contact between generations. In small towns and cities grandparents weren't separated from their grandchildren; children weren't separated from their older neighbors. In the past, as a society, communication skills and bonds encompassed all ages. Senior citizens knew their neighbors' young children; children practiced their newly learned "good manners" on the older couple who ran the corner store. We learned socialization skills without even being aware that we were learning them.

Those skills were also honed in the larger families that were part of the norm in the past. In large families, age spans between siblings enabled people to interface with different age groups of the same generation. The pursuit of zero population growth has effectively ended the sibling socialization skills that were learned at the American dinner table.

As new standards of education and professional training are being developed to meet the needs of the new technology, competition is so fierce for jobs that young people are traveling farther to gain entry into higher ranked colleges and universities. Once they have received their training, they travel farther afield to obtain jobs. Values change as financial considerations eclipse family ties. People become transients to the economy, as corporate America becomes more competitive.

Our parents worked for companies from young adulthood till retirement, but that isn't the way for many young Americans today. Aside from the fact that Americans no longer have the same type of job security that our parents

had, the reality is that job hopping brings higher salary advances and an enhanced resume. Unfortunately, a side effect is the discovery that many advancements bring a succession of good-byes. A natural defense mechanism to combat the losses felt with these moves is to refrain from developing relationships whose absence will be felt when an individual moves on.

Mobility leads to less efforts to make friends. At one time when new residents moves into a neighborhood, they were welcomed with a cake, a casserole, an invitation to a barbecue or a church function. No on one bothers to welcome the newcomer because urban neighborhoods are more transient and people are reluctant to invite someone into their lives on a temporary basis.

That, coupled with caution born of fear, has led to a communal apathy that severely restricts the single young person in the establishment of new relationships when he moves into a neighborhood. Young adults in new surroundings have the often harrowing task of trying to create relationships while also trying to maintain a sufficiently protective emotional distance. "The single person is tantalized by the lifestyles idealized in Playboy and Cosmopolitan" (Gordon, 77) and uses it as a guidepost in his evolving lifestyle. The result is the "singles scene" where the potentially vulnerable romance is quickly supplanted with a less satisfying, but instantly gratifying, physical contact.

Eventually, the basically anonymous swinging singles relationships are not sustainable, and the effort to reach out becomes more difficult than the pain of aloneness. Young adults who continue the pursuit of companionship within the

modern urban singles recreational scene believe they've learned new coping skills as they hang out in singles bars and pick-up joints, but the truth is that they have simply learned the benefits of denial.

As young people make their way in the world they leave behind old parents who must adjust alone to the changes in their neighborhoods and lives. The separations that occur in families have led to a greater proportion of our senior citizens living the remainder of their lives in fearful seclusion in their homes and apartments, or removed to the strange surroundings of nursing homes. Worse still, some senior citizens end their lives relegated to a subhuman existence in single room occupancy slum hotels (SROs) in our urban areas.

The life of the senior citizen in an SRO is one of "social isolation, impersonality, and anonymity" (Stephens, 38). In his article "The Dweller in Furnished Rooms," Harvey W. Zorbaugh said this particular "social type" is "socially impoverished and colored by an extreme degree of isolation, anonymity, and mutual distrust." Instead of having reciprocal relationships and solidarity based on the common bond of age and living arrangements, the norm for older people in slum hotels is a life of individual survival, sand fragmented socialization with the result being "a world of strangers" (Stephens, 38).

People live in SROs because they have nowhere else to go. They either have no families, or families who no longer concern themselves with their elder relatives. However, what had begun as forced isolation turns into self-isolation as the tenants adapt to the reality of the SRO soci-

ety, a society filled with "unbelievably lonely people" (Stephens, 98).

Loneliness has also moved from the province of senior citizens to the world of the very young. "The most acute loneliness appears to be found among adolescents, not octogenarians" (Bernikow, 38). This statistic reflects a faster rising rate in male suicides than in female, and unfortunately it brings the United States into the unwelcome grouping of countries in the world with the highest rates of suicide among adolescent boys.

As with adult loneliness, this is partly a result of the increased mobility and cultural changes in American families. When parents move to find work, they unwittingly dislocate their children from the familiarity of school and friends. When parents divorce, they are again rearranging the security of the child's home life, and a child may be forced not only to give up one of his parents, but he may also be forced to forsake his home, and the physical, emotional, and psychological security it represents at a time when he needs it most. Because the parent or parents are involved in the trauma of a job search, or a divorce, the child's needs may not be recognized, and even if they are they may still not be addressed. These children are suddenly disconnected from their parents, and their accustomed home life. "For these children loneliness comes as an overwhelming awareness that there is no support anywhere - - the people upon whom they depend for survival, warmth, affection, and interest can provide only the most meager attention to their needs" (Gordon, 48).

The situation is even worse for the "latchkey" child

who returns from school to an empty house where his only companion is the television set. These children must cope with unexpressed fears, sadness and depression. Their feeling remain largely unexpressed because by the time parents (or the single parent) return from a tough day at the office, and from fighting rush hour traffic, they are not willing or able to provide the attention or concern that is needed to reassure and comfort the latchkey child.

Broken pledges of commitment by parents to children, un-addressed emotional needs, and loss of control has led to a growing number of children who act out their anxieties with behavior that goes outside the norm. Without help, these children end up as runaways, alcoholics, or drug addicts, creating more isolated, lonely people. More and more of our society is coping with children who are addicted to artificial substances at younger and younger ages. Bernikow says that for lonely people artificial substances replace the substance of real relationships and true companionship, and this is as true for young people as it is for adults.

Bernikow, however, goes beyond the belief in which loneliness has been mainly perceived as a conceptualization or relationships that are defined as shared space and events, such as that found between family members. She believes it can also be more properly defined as a concept of time.

It is an experience of time laden with memories of the good old days, time comparing personal aloneness to the pairing of others in families and relationships, time wondering and worrying about the lack of closeness and communication in one's life.

For the senior citizen particularly, loneliness is con-

nected to memory, a sense of "what has been and what has been lost" (Bernikow, 16). Older people miss belonging and being part of a larger group, whether it be family, friends, co-workers. For some older citizens, as technology increases, nostalgia and loneliness become connected.

This is not just true for older people, but also for young people who look at their lives, compare them to their parents', and to their own memories of the past and wonder what is wrong with them. Where have they failed? Why don't they have the home, and family, and community life that they remember from their childhood?

The changing role of women in modern American society has contributed to loneliness for both men and women. Women entering the work force in male dominated fields and positions of power have caused major social upheaval. There is a shift in the balance of the sex roles, which is often, with only partial accuracy ascribed as a decline of masculine 'authority;" (Lipsett, Lowenthal, 117). Family life has changed as a result, and male/female relationships have been radically altered. Old lifestyles are gone, and the new ones that have come to take their place do not completely respond to the needs of everyone.

So much emphasis has been centered on women and their concerns about equal rights in the past twenty years that men and their roles have been lost in the shuffle. Obviously if women's roles changes there is a direct counterpoint to men and their roles. Women have been inundated with media information on how to assert themselves at home, and work and in their social lives. They receive daily instruction in just about every aspect of their socialization on how to think,

behave, react in a manner that will insure their strengths and abilities will be recognized, appreciated and respected.

Men have not been privy to the same responsorial information hotlines, so they are often confused about how to deal with changing attitudes. Suddenly, men are not sure of their place in this shifting circle of relationships. They find themselves involved in a tug of war with women where women are fighting for their rights and men are either pulling for, or questioning their core belief in, their roles as provider, protector, and boss (not necessarily in that order).

Unfortunately, oftentimes because people feel they ought to be "grown-up" and deal with their sense of isolation, they rarely seek help for their feelings of disconnection. Although part of their reluctance to seek help centers on a feeling of shame, part of their reluctance is also denial. There is a stigma attached to loneliness that even prevents individuals from helping lonely people. Since loneliness is construed as a sign of weakness, we do not want to share or advertise it, believing that the weakness will be used against us or, worse still, confirm our own low self-esteem. By trying to hide our weakness, we are impeding our own progress in reaching out to others, because how can we be close to someone who does not really know us? As a result, loneliness becomes a vicious cycle.

If we are so lonely, why are we deliberately cutting ourselves off from each other? This is partly because many middle class Americans are seemingly obsessed with protecting their privacy. Again we ask, why? Part of the reason is the fear and caution that is so much a part of life in America today. Because we feel vulnerable we hide out in our homes,

behind our security systems and our guard dogs, substituting television, alcohol and drugs for relationships that may heal and enhance our lives.

But vulnerability is not the only reason for staying locked up inside our homes. Part of why we choose to be alone is the need for autonomy in a world that leaves us very few areas where we are truly in control of our lives. Another reason for our need for hiding out from those we can share our lives with is that there are so many problems in our society, and people just don't want to deal with anyone else's when they have enough on their plate. Most of us struggle through so many difficulties in our day to day lives that we have little left over to sustain anyone else through their crisis. We become selfish in our need to survive the pitfalls of modern urban living.

Lastly we choose loneliness because isolation has become so familiar to many of us that it is preferable to the unknown, which for many people is the necessity of using socialization and communication skills that are no longer honed and readily accessible to them. We don't know how to relate, how to bridge the gaps, how to meet someone halfway. If we knew at an earlier part of our lives, we have forgotten; if we never learned, we don't have any way to find out.

We make lifestyle choices to try to end our feelings of separation from the world we live in only to find that our feelings of disconnection are compounded by those very same choices. Because we live in an "instant coffee" world, we look for immediate answers to our problems without trying to figure out the causes that have given birth to the problems. Ultimately, when one is dealing with the problem

of loneliness, the quick fix is usually to entangle your life with someone who is probably just as lonely as you, but not necessarily someone who is compatible. Unfortunately, what ends up happening is that most couples end up expecting the one person they chose to share their life with to be the complete answer to their feelings of disconnection. And it simply is not possible. "An adult needs various kinds of contact—sexual, protective, friendly, approving participatory, career oriented—the loved one is expected to satisfy the interpersonal needs that previously required a whole array of others" (Gordon, 67).

The truth is that no one person can alleviate another's feelings of isolation. This is not a personal problem. This is a problem our society has to deal with on a mass basis.

Another truth is that many of the causes leading to physical, emotional and psychological isolation simply will not go away. We cannot recapture the world of our parents and grandparents. Our large urban areas with their myriad problems of poverty, violence and overcrowding will not suddenly disappear. This is the world we live in. Our society has emerged and evolved into a place that is increasingly frightening and ever changing.

But some things will continue. More malls will be built. More machines will replace more friendly faces. More people we love will move out of our lives. And more Americans of all ages, lifestyles and income levels will continue to be lonely.

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James Dominguez

The Role of the Osage during the Civil War

by Andy Carlton

They believed that they were descendants from the stars. For reasons not known to them they were sent from the orderly world of the heavens to make their way on a chaotic earth. From the sky (or Sky Lodge) they came in three divisions: sky, water, and land. There was an indigenous group on earth that these three divisions joined with and, as a whole, they referred to themselves as "The Little Ones." In harmony and deference to the mystery force of their origin, and with self-respect, they would take this name.

The sky divisions were appalled at the conditions of the indigenous land people. When the sky and the land factions came upon them they were leery of even making contact. These earthly people were surrounded by killing and hideous smells. Their existence was in a state of disarray. This was cause for concern to those from the orderliness of the sky. The water division apprehensively approached. They bonded under the sanctity of the pipe and the four groups, together, moved to form one diverse assemblage to start anew. The earth to them was "The Sacred One" and it was the duty of the Osage to be its caretaker. Each Osage came to be both Sky Lodge and Sacred One, at once both sacred and profane, spiritual and material. Each person could disassociate from his earthly aspect and soar in the heavens casting off the pressures of the earth while borrowing from the "virtues and prowess of animals and birds, he would

create a world that would harmonize more comfortably with his particular stage of mental development."[1] These were the people referred to as "savages" when contacted in the latter part of the 17th century. In the 19th century, the Confederate and Union Armies would bid for their loyalty because their geographic situation offered advantage. Finally, these "savages" would be treated in a manner representative of the label given them, when their value was spent. This, by the people who claimed all men were created equal.

Before the Jolliet-Marquette expedition of 1673 made the profound discovery that the Mississippi River dumped into the Gulf of Mexico instead of the Gulf of California, the French Jesuit, Pere Jacques Marquette, made the first recorded contact with the Osage Nation. His description of the waterways and his notation of being "at the 36th degree of latitude" is the basis for his being the first recorded European contact.[2] Osage verbal history, handed down through the generations, concurs. Interestingly, Marquette may have been responsible for the name "Osage."[3] But Marquette's goal, more than exploration or nomenclature, was to save souls. Unfortunately, for the Osage, the intentions of the men that followed Marquette were often less than virtuous.

The Osage people were fascinated not only with the white man himself, (or the Heavy Eyebrows as they called him) but the items they possessed—especially metal. Though impressed with their wares, such goods did not cast the white man in their favor. To name them "Heavy Eyebrows," itself, was intended as condescension. When explorers or traders passed through Osage territory in the years ahead, the Indians approached them with much mistrust and

apprehension. These men might try to speak to them in a broken Siouan tongue, but the Osage would not respond to them. Behind their backs, children mocked the white man by placing tufts of buffalo hair over their eyes. Though other men of the cloth intent on saving the souls of the savages preceded him, not until Father Schoenmakers arrival in 1846 did the Osage people view the white man in a different light. His influence had a profound affect on most of the Osage bands during the Civil War. The influence of a trader, John Mathews, would also play an influential role—a part in opposition to the priest. But, before either influence was felt, the Osage would lose their kingdom to America's westward expansion.

The Osage were divided into five geographical divisions—their land prior to any cessions included sections of present-day southeast Kansas, almost all of Missouri, the northern portion of Arkansas, and the northeastern part Oklahoma.[4] Beyond these geographic divisions, they were further broken into smaller bands. Needless to say, at one time, the Osage people were spread out over an extremely large area. Through a series of three treaties, (in 1808, 1818, and 1825) the Osage had given-up all but a rectangular strip of land in southern Kansas. This strip happened to be the dividing line, at 36 degrees of latitude 30 minutes, between slave- and free-states. It measured fifty miles wide by a hundred and twenty-five miles long (running across the northern border of Oklahoma) to the one hundredth meridian. The remuneration received by the Osage for ceding 100,000,000 acres of land included: "$166,300 in livestock, horses, farming equipment, cash, and annuities—one penny

for each six acres," and the care and protection by the federal government of their newly designated land.[5] Schoenmakers and Mathews would play their roles in the Osage world some twenty years after they had been placed in this southern part of Kansas.

Schoenmakers, a Jesuit, arrived in America on Christmas Day in 1833 from his native country of Holland. His first visit on the Neosho River, where the majority of Osage made their home, was in 1846. He came to inspect the progress of some structures being built there, and to survey the condition of the people he had been assigned to enlighten. This area of southern Kansas was far removed from civilization. He returned in the following year (with three lay Brothers) to open the Osage Labor Mission School. There, his primary goal, was to Christianize the savages and to teach them basic skills useful in assimilating the white man's culture, such as reading, writing, arithmetic, and farming. The children that were within a reasonable distance attended and lived at the school. The great distance from Schoenmakers school made attendance by all the bands' children impossible. Many children were unable to attend because their labor, for such things as biannual buffalo hunts, could not be spared. The buffalo were the Osages primary source of food and they were becoming more and more scarce.

Schoenmakers agricultural achievements offset some lean years. The Osage were not only appreciative, but they came to see the wisdom of his ways. Schoenmakers empathized with the plight of the Osage people and dedicated his life to their betterment. He annually reported the condition of

the Osage to the Indian Agency under which he operated and was subsidized. In 1848, Schoenmakers reported, that the Osage apparently understood the necessity of abandoning their hunting grounds and, that they "all seem eager to see their children raised like white people in order that they may learn to speak their language and imitate their industry."[6] These statements reflect a combination of Schoenmakers' ethnocentric ignorance, and the Indian's helplessness. By 1848, the Osage were restricted to an area of land a pittance in size compared to the area previously used in search of food. Schoenmakers' empathy for the plight of, and years of dedication to their betterment, is a plain dictate that his words were not derived from racism.

Of roughly 5000 Osage Indians, 3500 resided on the Neosho River, the remainder were either further North at the modern-day city of Oswego, on the Verdigris, or farther West.[7] In relation to the Neosho River bands, the other villages were spread out between four and sixty miles apart. Not all bands were within the reach of Schoenmakers' influence. When faced with the issue of slavery he cast his influence and loyalty to the Union. When the Civil War broke out many of Schoenmakers' past students joined the Union on first call. Beyond the basics of education and Christianity, the Osage Mission School engendered a level of patriotism. Now, those lessons would pay off. Schoenmakers "did his best to counteract these influences [Mathews and the Confederates] and hold the Osages for the North, or at least neutral."[8] Ultimately, some 400 Osage Indians joined and fought for the Union.[9]

John Mathews was married to an Osage woman and

operated a trading post near modern day Oswego, Kansas. A great number of Indians did business with, and respected Mathews. He wielded a great deal of influence among the bands near his trading post. Mathews was a devout southerner. His children had been educated at the Osage Mission School. His relationship with Father Schoenmakers was one of good friendship. But the divisive issue of slavery turned these men into bitter enemies.

Mathews was so enraged by Schoenmakers persuasiveness with the Osage people he set out to kill his one time friend. Schoenmakers heard of Mathews' intent and fled the mission. Eight months passed before he felt safe enough to return to the school. When Mathews and his band failed to get Schoenmakers, he went after Samuel J. Gilmore. Gilmore was believed to be a relative of Mathews. He was loyal to the North, and operated a trading post near the Mission. Gilmore left for Humboldt. When Mathews arrived (at Humboldt) he pillaged the town but failed to locate Gilmore. Immediately, Colonel Blunt along with a handful of soldiers was dispatched to go after Mathews. Where the Neosho River crosses the state line Mathews stopped at a friend's to stay the night. In the morning, Blunt demanded his surrender, but Mathews had other plans; he "came out the back door half dressed, with a shotgun in his hand, and made a dash for a cornfield. He was at once riddled with bullets." [10] Colonel Blunt proceeded to burn down the rebel sympathizer's home where Mathews had held up. Though Mathews was dead there was no shortage of individuals attempting to sway the Osage allegiance South.

In 1861, Major John Dorn was Schoenmakers' Indian

Agency liaison. Dorn, a southern gentleman, through his official influence with the Indians attempted to have the Osage pledge an allegiance with the South. Before Mathews was killed, he and Dorn's efforts were successful in swaying some the tribe's members. The Osage, along with some Cherokee and Choctaw Indians met in Park Hill (in Cherokee country, on the east side of the Illinois River) to discuss their allegiances with the Confederate cause.

In 1861, the Confederate Senate authorized President Jefferson Davis to appoint and send a special emissary to negotiate with the southern Plains Indians. Davis selected Albert Pike as his emissary. Pike was born in New England but had lived in Arkansas. He served with Robert E. Lee in the Mexican War, could speak several languages "as well as several Indian languages."[11] Pike soon was designated as the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the new Confederate Government. His goal was to negotiate treaties with the Indian tribes west of Arkansas, above and below, the 36 degree 30 minute dividing line. When he met with the Osage bands and various other tribes, he managed to sway their allegiance. In a speech to the Indians Pike said:

> Don't you see that the Yankees are deserting you? They have no soldiers near to protect you. Unite with us and we will protect your families and your property. Most of you are natives to the South and you should remain loyal to your friends and neighbors. The Yankee Government is rapidly going to pieces; we are bound to win! The Yankee Government will free your slaves, but we will see that they are not taken away from you.[12]

Albert Pike was an intelligent individual. This excerpt reveals his conscious intention to confront their integrity, concerns, and fears. He appealed to their sense of safety, (both family and property) their sense of loyalty and friendship, and, he made clear that the Union's presence in the area was slight. All this would lend itself to have the Indians believe the Confederacy would dominate. It appeared an allegiance with South meant to ally with the victors. In other words, "Pike held his sway over the council," [13] and he successfully bound them to a treaty.

On October 2, 1861, fifty-two Indians signed a treaty of allegiance with the Confederacy. Among them were several chiefs from the Osage nation. They pledged loyalty and at least 500 warriors; the Confederate Government "promised protection to the Osages, and many other favors, including the payment of sums of money." [14] As it turned out, of the Osage that pledged alliance, only the Black Dog band and a few rebel Osage would honor the agreement. The others either returned to their homes and joined the cause of the Union, or remained apathetic. Thirteen days after Pike signed the treaty of allegiance with the Osage and others, in a report to Commissioner of Indian Affairs Wm. P. Dole, Superintendent W. G. Coffin indicated some of what had transpired concerning the various factions of the Osage tribe. He reported that the Black Dog band, and a small number of rebels from other bands had joined with the Confederacy. He informed the commissioner that the Osage Mission School "not withstanding its location what has been a kind of dividing line between loyal and rebellious districts, and thus far escaped destruction." [15]

Coffin attributed the Mission being left alone to the fact many of the Osage had chosen to remain neutral. He reported, that roughly 400 Osage warriors had joined the Union's 2nd Indian regiment. But, their allegiance had been driven, in part, for protection by the federal government, and, the hope that they could sell portions of their land "for permanent aid from [the] government." He praised the work of Schoenmakers and the Catholic priests at the mission school and reported: the Osage that have sided with the Union did so due to "the patriotic efforts of those worthy 'fathers'" Coffin went on to say, "as far as I can learn,[the Osage] make good soldiers," and, "they being exceedingly anxious to have their Great Father [President Lincoln] know what their people have done to sustain them [the Union]." [16]

Two years from the day Pike signed the agreement with the Indians, Coffin wrote, "with the exception of Black Dog's band, and some of the half-breeds. . . who were influenced to join the rebels by misrepresentations," [17] the Osage have remained loyal to the Union. He reiterated, that because of the critical geographic location these Indians held, he had spared no effort in maintaining their loyalty, and he again commended Father Schoenmakers and the other Catholic priests in enabling him to succeed.

The rationale for the war was difficult for the Osage to understand. Nika-Sabe,(black man) and the issue of slavery was foreign to them. They had seen black men whom the Cherokee had brought with them from their homes in the East, and they had seen slaves with traders. But they would not understand the carnage men were willing to engage in over slaves. They were stupefied as to why men

killed one another, over the black man, when there were essentially none on the prairie. They knew nothing about the Missouri Compromise, in 1820, that had their old domain incorporated into a slave-state. Nor were they aware that a line had been drawn at 36 degrees and 30 minutes of latitude that divided free- and slave-states. [18]

Their tenuous position between the North and South drew them into the white man's controversy. By 1861, the Osage, as most Indians of that era, were dependent on the government as a result of westward expansion. The Osage chose sides and joined in the battle not out of a sense of right or wrong, but instead, because "it seemed imperative for their own and/or their Indian community's survival." [19] The Osage people had been proud warriors for many decades. The recent past had sought to teach them the ways of a Christian God, and preached the more civilized, industrious ways of the white man. In 1861 they were drafted for a task that was not foreign to their history. They were not averse to resurrecting their warrior spirit for the cause —even if the cause was unclear.

When the Osage reigned supreme, before the arrival of white men, they were powerfully feared warriors. On scalp poles, following a battle, they would display the scalps of their adversaries. These poles were indications of status and honor. A warrior's bravery in battle was highly revered. Unlike other warriors, Osage warring parties did not engage their opponents on horseback. They were known for their swiftness and larger than average height; most of them exceeding six feet. Their preference in battle was one of surprise. From a standstill, in a short distance, they could

overtake an opposing Indian's horse; they would grab its tail and hurl the horse sideways. The Osage, once the rider and horse were thrown to the ground, if successful, killed his opponent with a tomahawk. Then, the warrior would cut off his scalp and head.[20] Their warrior spirit reared its ugly head when a group of Confederate soldiers killed an Osage.

On June 10, 1863, a group of nineteen Confederate soldiers were passing through Osage land. A small group of Osage Indians approached the rebels. They demanded their weapons and, per the instructions given them by the Union Army, ordered the soldiers to accompany them to the Union fort at Humboldt. One of the rebels shot an Osage. A chase ensued. During the course of a fifteen mile pursuit, shots were exchanged on horseback. The rebels crossed Lightning Creek and unwittingly turned up toward the Osage Big Hills Band. A runner had been dispatched and warned the Big Hills of the chase. As the rebels fled for their lives the Osage band swarmed down on them. Nearly 400 warriors drove them into the creek. The rebels, realizing their precarious position, displayed a white flag that was disregarded. The Indians surrounded and slaughtered them. Then, after scalping the rebels, in traditional Osage manner, they cut their heads off. Among the nineteen confederate soldiers killed: three were colonels, one lieutenant colonel, four captains, and one major.[21] The Indians were exceedingly proud of their feat. In reward for their actions the Union Army allowed the Osage to keep the guns and horses, as the spoils of battle. In Coffin's report of the incident, he commented that the Osage were distraught over an aspect of the confrontation. He said, the "Indians deeply regretted" that they killed four horses.[22]

In the same report, Coffin indicated that the Black Dog band might be interested in returning home.

The incident at Lighting Creek is the single most celebrated battle concerning the Osage during the Civil War but there were reasons for small roles. Of course, they had been involved in a number of other battles; the battle of Claremore Mound, and the battle of Fort Duquesne, to name two. But they had served mainly in a subordinate capacity to white soldiers. Furthermore, the Osage simply did not have the great numbers needed to effect a major impact. Their population had been severely diminished by disease, murder, and poverty. Virtually all the Indian Nations had declined since the onset of westward expansion. In 1859 their total population was 3500, and by 1863 their numbers had been reduced to 2900.[23] When the war started approximately 1000 Indians went south. Roughly one hundred soon returned, and 400 joined the Union's 2nd Indian regiment. In effect, only about 1300 warriors were actual Union or Confederate soldiers. The remaining able bodied Osage men from the tribe's balance were Union supporters. They were Home Guards, patrolling their land for rebels, bushwhackers, and horse thieves, but were not formally instated as soldiers.

In the Confederate Army, the Osage served primarily in a Cherokee regiment. This role soon became tiresome for two reasons: first, they were soldiers in a subordinate capacity to Indians who had previously been (and probably still were) their enemy, and secondly, they were losing. Both, motivating factors for the return of some members from Black Dog's band. Certainly, there was anxiety among these individuals about how their brethren, and the Union, would

receive them.

Both the Union and Confederate Armies actively pursued Indian loyalty throughout the war. From the outset, the Osage, Cherokee, Choctaw, and other tribes had internal conflicting loyalties. Nevertheless, wayward Indians desirous to return to the fold of their brethren were usually welcome. Of course, there were contingencies upon return. Had a particular individual or group been noted for serious acts against the other, amends might be unrealized. A defector might find himself hanged as opposed to acceptance without reprisal. Fortunately, for the returning Osage, they could blanket themselves under the good deeds of their fellow tribesmen. The Union Army did not hold the Osage southern loyalist in disrepute. Indian agent P.P. Elder said, "I have been unable to ascertain that any portion of the one thousand [Osage in the South]. . . have ever committed an overt act against the United States."[24] Coffin submitted a treaty, in an attempt to entice Chief Black Dog and others back into the fold. But he did not succeed in pulling all the Osages back into an alliance with the North. With less than a year left in the war, he did note that many of the southern loyalists had returned under a "general permit," and "have been received in full fellowship by the loyal bands."[25]

Coffin suspected the treaty would not entice all the members back. He anticipated that complete acceptance might be prejudiced and opposed "by some of their old traders," who were holding claims against them; he was right.[26] By now, the other Osage Chiefs were "exceedingly desirous to have them [Black Dog and others] back," and those who returned would be furnished with "powder and

lead to go on the [biannual buffalo] hunt." Many returned immediately upon receipt of the treaty.[27] Black Dog remained loyal to the South and was one of the last to join his band. He held out with a Cherokee regiment until the war was ended. The Osage bands welcomed Black Dog back with an offering of the pipe. He had chosen to ally with the South and his decision would not be considered a judgment of dishonor.

In the end, the Osage did not have a major impact on the outcome of the Civil War. But, they probably played a considerable role in Kansas. Coffin said, concerning the battle at Lightning Creek, that "no doubt that this will afford more protection to the frontiers of Kansas than anything," and, "something of the kind was very much needed."[28] Coffin had probably exaggerated the significance of the event. Certainly, the cumulative efforts of all the native peoples benefited its particular cause. It is difficult, though, to distinguish any single group, entity, or battle that had a determining effect on Kansas or the Civil War; any noted event or battle is due to a culmination of prior events or battles. Wars are made-up of individual incidents by individual men that climax, and ultimately produce outcomes. It is a rare single event that could be determined as a defining factor.

Historians attempt to determine the incidences or causes that lead a people to partake in a war. According to Laurence Hauptman, the biggest factor affecting Native Americans, leading up to the Civil War, was the continued threat of removal from their land.[29] Indians believed, if they could place themselves in the good graces of their "great

father," they might find a way to establish tribal survival and live without the threat of removal. Before the Civil War, the Osage had grown excessively reliant on the government for protection, money, food, and the like. Kansas, by the early 19th century, with the opening up of the West had the Indians see their promises of sovereignty further strained, and rightfully so. Later, the free- versus slave-state fighting that transformed into land-grabbing in conjunction with railroad expansion exacerbated their dilemma. "They were dependent peoples as a result of American wars of conquest, treaties, or economic, political, social, and religious changes introduced by"[30] the white man. Involvement in the Civil War was seen as an opportunity to interact, if not as an equal, at least within the same structure. Certainly, they had developed tendencies and sympathies. They were malleable, which is why men like Schoenmakers, Mathews, and Pike played such prominent roles. The theories put forth by historians as to the reasons Indian warriors engaged in battle, over an issue completely disconnected and irrelevant to any aspect of their day to day existence, might include an additional factor—a *savage* factor. There were pragmatic reasons for the Osage to believe, whether loyal or apathetic, their sovereignty was tenuous. One should question as to why the Osage chose at all. They were indifferent to slavery, and westward expansion had resulted in atrocities on their people. Furthermore, nothing indicated that loyalty would advance their interests. Possibly, the answer is beyond treaties, economics, politics, social, or religious issues. I submit involvement might find roots in an additional factor to those previously suggested: the license to kill—white men. How enticing might it have

been to kill them without retribution. Beyond that, to be given accolades for it. The white man had stolen the Indians' land, raped their women, murdered their families, and exacted on them every degrading act one can imagine. It is simple to conceive, under these circumstances, that to murder and butcher white men might be a motivating factor.

[1] John J. Mathews, *The Osage, Children of the Middle Waters* (Norman, Oklo., 1961), 15; Louis F. Burns, from an oral interview on October 11, 1996.

[2] Jacques Marquette, *Voyages of Marquette in The Jesuit Relations, 59: Travels and Explorations of the Jesuit Missionaries in New France, 1610-1791* (Cleveland, Oh., 1966), 141-145, some argue that the journals describing the expedition of 1673 was actually written by Louis Jolliet, not Marquette.

[3] The Osage Indian's name was *Wah-Sha-She*. Through a phonetic translation by Jolliet when deciphering the geographical information he and Marquette had gathered, the mutation occurred. The "Wah" changed to "Oua," the "Sha" became "za," and "She" became "ghi," or "Ouazaghi," and after a number of various enunciations and writings, including the Osages themselves, everyone settled on Osage, Mathews, *The Osages,. . . Waters,* 108.

[4] Terry P. Wilson, *The Under ground Reservation: Osage Oil* (Lincoln, Nebr., 1985), 9.

[5] *Ibid.* pp. 8-9.

[6] Father Schoenmakers to John Richardson, August of 1848, in William W. Graves, *Life and Letters of Reverend Father John Schoenmakers, S.J.: Apostle to the Osage* (Parsons, Kans., 1928), 28.

[7] *Ibid.*,16.

[8] Graves, *Life and Letters. . . to the Osage,* 74.

[9] Indian Agent P.P. Elder to the Indian Agency, 1862, *Ibid.,* 80.

[10] *Ibid.*, 75-6.

[11] Laurence Hauptman, *Between Two Fires: American Indians in the Civil War* (New York, 1995), 27.

[12] Tille K. Newman, *The Black DogTrail* (Boston, Mass., 1957), 120. It should be noted, the remarks made by Pike concerning slaves was directed to the Indian tribes that held slaves, the Osage were not slaveholders.

[13] *Ibid.*, 120.

[14] *Ibid.* Gusso (or Gesso) Choteau also signed this treaty.

Choteau served in the Confederate Army Company "D," under General Stand Waite's Brigade known as the Mounted Cherokee riflemen, he was also a relative of the author.

[15] Superintendent W. G. Coffin to Commmissioner Wm. P. Dole, October 15, 1862, Graves, *Life and Letters. . . to the Osage*, 80.

[16] *Ibid.*

[17] W. G. Coffin to Indian Agency, September 24, 1863, *ibid.*, 86; Newman, *The Black. . . Trail*, 125.

[18] Mathews, *The Osages. . . Waters,* 622-23.

[19] Hauptman, *Between . . . Civil War,* xii.

[20] Louis F. Burns, from an oral interview on October 11, 1996.

[21] W. G. Coffin to Ft. Scott, June 10, 1863, Graves , *Life and Letters. . . to the Osage.,* 82-3; documents recovered from the Confederate soldiers indicated that they were in route to Colorado and New Mexico, intending to organize the rebels there.

[22] W. G. Coffin to Fort Scott, June 10, 1863, *ibid.;* Mathews, *The Osages. . . Waters,* 649-53; Newman, *The Black...Trail,*124.

[23] P.P. Elder to W.G. Coffin, September 20, 1863, *ibid.,* 84.

[24] *Ibid.*

[25] W.G. Coffin to Indian Agency, September 24, 1864, *ibid.,* 87; Newman, *The Black. . .Trail,* 125.

[26] Graves, *Life and Letters. . . to the Osage.,*87.

[27] W.G. Coffin to Ft. Scott, June 10, 1863, *ibid.,* 83.

[28] *Ibid.;* Mathews, *The Osages. . .Waters,* 644.

[29] Hauptman, *Between . . . Civil War,* 4.

[30] *Ibid.,*16.

The following essays won the 1997 Freshman Essay Contest. In first place was Dawn Finley's essay on Flannery O' Connor's Wise Blood. *Chris Ziegler's* Autobiographical Incident *placed second. Ryan Bradley's essay on German reunification placed third.*

Lives of Misty Reality: The Darkness of Flannery O'Connor's Religious Immersion Experience

by Dawn Finley

Do spirits the color of spilt milk float over your bed at night? In the early morning, do you imagine your dreams and your life of toothbrushes and traffic lights might be more connected than you thought? The lines between what is real and what is not real are fuzzy and eternally fluctuating. Flannery O'Connor's short novel, Wise Blood, deals in large part with amazing questions of religion and spirituality, as well as how those dark uncertainties reveal themselves in ordinary lives. There is a deep and cryptic humor in the novel that underscores the exploration of how humans deal with religious enigmas. The humor of O'Connor's novel darkens as the characters become farther removed from their human realities and more immersed in their quests for spiritual resolution.

The character whose life is perhaps most affected by this transition is Enoch Emery. Here is a young man who is thoroughly confused about his spirituality. Even his ideas about his own humanity are convoluted. But the youthful naiveté Enoch exhibits at the beginning of his spiritual journey is extremely amusing on an obvious, familiar level. For instance, his first encounter with the strict and severe Hazel Motes is touching and amusing because his childlike curiosity and innocence are definite:

> He strode along at Haze's elbow, talking in a half mumble, half whine. Once he caught at his sleeve to slow him down and Haze jerked it away. "My daddy made me come," he said in a cracked voice. Haze looked at him and saw he was crying, his face seemed a wet and a purple-pink color. "I ain't but eighteen year old," he cried, "an' he made me come and I don't know nobody, nobody here'll have nothing to do with nobody else. They ain't friendly. . . . People ain't friendly here. You ain't from here but you ain't friendly neither." (O'Connor 57-8)

Enoch approaches every situation with the same juvenile simplicity. He is rooted deeply in the experience of the young man he is, and he cannot see into his life with any insight or clarity. The humor that includes him is straightforward and lively because it is so directly connected to the humanity of his adventures. He exists without a solid sense of spirituality, and this lack of inner stability evolves into a larger concern in his life.

Furthermore, Enoch is unique among the other characters he encounters. There is "wise blood" pulsing through his veins, controlling his every action (79). He has such a different existence because "his blood [is] in secret conference with itself every day, only stopping now and then to shout some order at him" (134). Enoch's wise blood separates him from the other characters because it intensifies the definition of his humanity. Blood itself is human in an incredibly real sense, and the power Enoch's blood has over his own mind emphasizes constantly his body, his physicality and his immediate reality.

However, as the depth of Enoch's search for religious consistency increases, his awareness of his human qualities becomes dull; the humor in the novel becomes similarly unclear and vague. Enoch departs from his usual reality, grounded in a strong awareness of his wise blood and a stubborn youthfulness, to enter into a world of completely untamed spirituality. This transition is almost a primitive regression into a state where the spirit is unorganized and beyond definition in terms outside its existence. The physical manifestation of Enoch's internal change is fantastic in the extreme. By the use of brutal muscle, Enoch steals a gorilla costume from a group of traveling actors promoting a new jungle flick. He decides to roam the earth dressed in only his new attire. The people he does find are terrified by his appearance, and he is confused by their abhorrence.

Enoch's final move into the world of his own spirituality evokes a new brand of humor that is not at all similar to the unrestrained and easily comprehensible amusement present at the beginning of his voyage. His confusion and untamed faith mirror the lack of definition present in the humor of his situation. His tramping around the countryside, sporting a gorilla getup formerly used by low-paid actors to lure children into a low-quality film is humorous. But the light-hearted tone of the first stages of his journey-the stages fully connected to his humanity-is absent, and in its place lurks a dark, primitive and wild humor that is a commentary on the spiritual excursion itself. Once the soul has divorced itself from direct human reality, as Enoch's soul has, the union with the spiritual results in a mystifying existence that transcends conventional ideas about humor and emotion.

The soul of Asa Hawks, a preacher who has allegedly blinded himself for God, seems to be so afraid of reality of the human and the spiritual sorts that its journey takes on a heightening humor all its own. Hawks has become so concerned with the trip itself that he loses contact with both his personal reality and his search for religious contentment. As he drowns in his own confusion, the humor to be found in his odd, dark life becomes increasingly abstract.

Most of Asa's experience takes place before he meets Enoch Emery and Hazel Motes. He had been a successful preacher with a large following. Finally, in what would have been the ultimate destruction of his human reality and acceptance of union with the spiritual, Hawks declares he will blind himself. However, he does not have the courage to take such a huge step. He is then caught in his physical world, trapped by his inability to merge with the ethereal world. When he encounters Enoch and Haze, he has not yet realized his weakness, and the humor that is evoked by this bumbling, wandering man who exudes false strength and conviction is easily recognizable. For example, the second meeting Asa has with Haze is amusing because it accentuates the blank desperation Hawks clings to. Asa is posing as a blind man, approaching a congregation with his daughter, Sabbath Lily, in his directionless attempt at finding religious comfort:

> Haze ducked down a step but the blind man's hand shot out and clamped him around the arm. He said in a fast whisper, "Repent! Go to the head of the stairs and renounce your sins and distribute these tracts to the people!" and he thrust a stack of pamphlets into Haze's hand.

Haze jerked his arm away but he only pulled the blind man nearer. "Listen," he said, "I'm as clean as you are."

"Fornication and blasphemy and what else?" the blind man said.

"They ain't nothing but words," Haze said. "If I was in sin I was in it before I ever committed any. There's no change come in me." He was trying to pry the fingers off from around his arm but the blind man kept wrapping them tighter. "I don't believe in sin," Haze said, "take your hand off me."

"Jesus loves you," the blind man said in a flat mocking voice, "Jesus loves you, Jesus loves you .." (53)

Hawks is completely immersed in his quest for resolution, any kind of resolution he can wrap his fingers around. Meeting Haze sparks a change in his attitude, and he begins to see his own life differently. The humor in Asa's character is obvious because it is fairly common; he symbolizes a lost soul, traveling without a destination, mocking others in a way that ultimately mocks his own existence.

When Asa's awareness of the lack of definition in his life becomes more complete, he leaves the lives of the other characters, and he turns into a dismal joke on the futility of the spiritual journey. The physical disappearance of Asa is connected to his internal recklessness. He has no truth to cling to, and his life is not fulfilling on any level. The journey is so important to him that he leaves his familiar surroundings to wander the earth forever without aim. He becomes a cliché: the original vagabond, the wayfaring

stranger, a lost puppy. The hollowness of his life is amusing only on a distant, sarcastic level. It is ironic that Asa, who claimed to be a man who could see God by way of his physical blindness (which was actually a falsity itself), cannot see the irrational course of his own life. This sightless, reckless obsession with the spiritual journey alone leads to the final understanding of Asa's character as one who creates humor by continuing an insignificant and unproductive existence. From the brash, surface humor that covered his desperate, human attempt at religious finality, to the sober sarcasm of his complete departure from the familiar world, Asa's life is characterized by a deep amusement that intensifies as his immersion in the journey increases.

The character most profoundly marked by the journey from the world of the human to the world of the spiritual is Hazel Motes. Haze is a man who cannot understand himself nor anyone else, let alone the great questions of religion. He grew up with a grandfather who preached the frightening type of hellfire and brimstone-based faith petrifying for any young child. His youth was also marked by many deaths: both his parents and all of his siblings are deceased. In many ways, Haze is humorous because he is so determined to make sense out of the events in his life that he loses sight of the severity and restraint that cement his personality in the eyes of others. His uncertainties are the cause for much amusement, particularly when he decides to approach strangers about their religious convictions. During his train ride home after spending four years in the army, Hazel confronts a woman called Mrs. Hitchcock, who is truly the archetypal Southern housewife and the ideal contrast to Haze's astrin-

gency:

> "I reckon you think you been redeemed," he said.
>
> Mrs. Hitchcock snatched at her collar.
>
> "I reckon you think you been redeemed," he repeated.
>
> She blushed. After a second she said yes, life was an inspiration and then she said she was hungry and asked him if he didn't want to go to dinner. He put on the fierce black hat and followed her out of the car. (14)

The scene is amusing because Haze does not understand the effect he has on Mrs. Hitchcock (in fact, Mrs. Hitchcock does not seem to know how to handle Haze, either). He is so engrossed in protecting his sense of dignity and defending his sense of humanity that he cannot see how others relate to him. The humor surrounding similar situations just after his return is overt and clear.

But as more and more time passes, the humor in Haze's life becomes more complicated and certainly more dark. His severity stretches deep into his personality (or it may be that the reverse is true: the seriousness that ultimately takes over his character may have begun in his subconscious and merely surfaced as his search for a spiritual conclusion continues) and controls his behavior. But the bitterness Hazel exudes is rooted in his spiritual confusion. The more people he meets, and the more he focuses on trying to realize definitive religious convictions, the more his vision is blurred; indeed, Haze decides finally to blind himself with lime, walk with rocks and glass in the bottoms of his shoes,

and wear strips of barbed wire around his bare chest. All of these symbols indicate a destruction of human reality in order to focus attention on the spiritual world more clearly.

This massive change from merely questioning strangers at odd times and in an odd voice to extreme personal degradation is important. Haze has achieved the promise of his name in the sense that he has made what was left of his life into a blur between the physical reality he was born into and the spiritual ideal he is so intent upon discovering. By this time, nothing is humorous about his life in the light, brightly awkward way things had been humorous after his return from the army. After his blinding, Haze relies upon the help of his landlady, Mrs. Flood. She has accepted her mortality. Of Haze's new lifestyle, she says "he might as well be in a monkery" (218). Her stubborn clinging to the buzz of everyday life is as direct as Haze's original severity, and the humor now comes from her reaction to him. The difference is that now the humor is a satire on humanity. Now there is a mockery, in the form of Hazel and his self-destructive behavior, of the obsession humans have with finding spiritual resolution . Haze has so completely erased the lines between his human form and his religious life that the reaction of others, specifically Mrs. Flood, is dark and now only indirectly humorous. Mrs. Flood's awkwardness in dealing with Hazel evokes a humor most complex and critical. It is no longer the simplistic, colorful, easily comprehensible amusement provoked by the Haze coming home from time in the army. Now it is unclear, intricate and distinctly dealing with the black, subconscious area of human nature.

Haze's life represents a kind of ascent into the spiri-

tual world. The humor in the novel takes a parallel but opposite direction. As indicated by the lives of Enoch and Hazel, and the wanderings of Asa Hawks, there is a descent into the darkest corners of perception and reality that intensifies as human limitations are shed and spiritual insight is aggravated. O'Connor's work is perplexing and vivid, but there is an obscurity underlying the story that lends itself to the gloomy humor infused in the lives of the characters.

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Autobiographical Incident

by Chris Ziegler

I never saw any real insane people until I spent a week with the Supergirls. In Hollywood we saw a wild eyed man with a torn, baggy sweatshirt jerkily staggering up and down the sidewalk, pivoting unsteadily on one leg whenever he wanted to change direction. Every few steps, he'd leap suddenly to the side, and, his course readjusted, resume his trip. At Burger King, I saw a withered old woman holdin gher face up with her hands and mumbling disconsolately to herslef. When she let her palm slip from her cheek, the whole side of her face nearly slid on to the table. Those insane people always left us alone, though, intent on their own private struggles. In Torrance, they let an insane person run the parking lot.

There are people that make you instinctively cringe when you see them. Perhaps we sense that they're bullies, that they're not all there. In another life, perhaps, this man would have ben a bad cop, cracking kids on the head after donuts, coffe, and a little graft money from the hookers down the street. In another time, he would have kept cadence on a drum on a slave ship. Here and now, he had seized as much power as he could possibly get and become a parking lot attendant, a task he attacked with deadly seriousness.

He swaggered from car to car, fingers flexing menacingly above his billy club, telling knots of bright-eyd kids to move along. His hair sprouted from his head in all directions, as if he'd just peeled off a headband ("Kill 'em all, let God sort 'em out"? "Harley Davidson"?) before heading to

work. He wore thick glasses, which he probably resented for spoiling his macho image, and a dirty flannel shirt over a similarly dirty t-shirt, both of which I knew he'd never ever wash. Any muscle he'd might have had had gone to fat years before, dissolved by endless nights of drinking.

He was the kind of jittery guy you'd end up sitting next to on a bus, or waiting in line in front of at the DMV, who'd corner you for a few hours and tell you all his problems: how he got so drunk last night his woman nearly kicked him out, or how he'd like to buy a gun and shoot up these DMV employees who were taking so damn long. He was the kind of guy that would be immediately arrested if the police ever discovered what he kept in his basement. He enjoyed his work, I'm sure. Pushing high school kids around gave him the kind of confidence (not to mention the $10 or $15) he needed to strut into the strip joints like a big man.

He hurried over when he saw us loitering around the van. This was the Supergirls' last show in California. They'd been here for about two weeks, living the punk rock dream. They were three outcasts from a tiny backward town: the kids everybody beat up on in school, the kids who dropped out, the kids who were going nowhere. They taught themselves to play instruments, started a punk band, and one year later, they got signed to a label in California. They drove out to record a CD, stayed in my dorm room, and played a few shows for gas money. Now, They're poised to release their new album and tour with famous punk bands like the Queers and Buck O'Nine.

They still have to go back to Texas, though, and resume their normal lives (which revolve around punk music,

skateboarding, and painfully complicated negotiations with girls). I was along for the ride while they were in California; I got to hang out with a band, meet some famous people, and sleep in a studio where it costs $60 an hour- $5000 an album- to record (I slept for $240). Now I was sitting with two of the 'girls in a van in Torrance, CA, nearly as far from home as they were, waiting for them to play their last show before leaving.

"Are you guys loitering here?" the attendant demanded, sizing us up.

"Naw, we're a band," says Ngiep. Ngiep plays bass for the Supergirls, and by default has assumed the duties of ambassador, accountant, and manager, leaving Lucas and Jesse free to pursue girls and pure creative expression, respectively. Ngiep is Vietnamese, but his parents run a Chinese restaurant ("Brenham, man, it's too small for a Vietnamese food restaurant," he explains. "People there don't even know what Vietnamese food is."). Judging by hs disconcertingly broad accent, he spent his formative years in small town Texas. Stocky, scurffy (his hair stayed combed for a few days and then exploded back into its bristly natural state,) affable Ngiep makes good liaison between the rest of the band and the rest of the world.

"All right, man," says the lot attendant, making sure we know that we're not getting away with anything. Then he sees Lucas' drumsticks.

"Which one of you's the drummer?" he asks huffily. Lucas, in the driver's seat, reluctantly turns around.

"I am," he says, hoping the conversation will end right there.

"You break a lot of sticks?" the attendant demands again. He has that same overbearing, blustering manner that people without any real authority feel they need to have. He reminds me of my junior high's assistant principal when he got all worked up.

"Uh, no," says Lucas. Lucas is a goof, but he gets all the girls. He's short, scrawny, manic, the kind of unpredictable kid who won't fit anywhere. (On a whim, he got a tattoo of the band Crass' logo on his back "I don't even like Crass," he laughs, "But it looked so rad..."). "When I came to California, I thought I'd fit in," he said to me once, "But nope - I'm a dork in every state." His head tapers to his chin like an exclamation point, and he's almost always grinning or singing. Back in my dorm's shower, he'd washed his hair with soap, and while it looked visibly cleaner, a pleasant tawny brown, it was sticking straight up like it was charged with static electricity. The other Supergirls have taken to calling him "Hairdo." He's wearing owlish women's glasses, stylish for a secretary living in 1983.

"'Cause if you break one, I want one, see? I collect them - you autograph it for me, huh?

Right here, Ngiep makes a mistake. Obviously trying to keep the conversation friendly, to let the parking lot guy know we're all buddies here, he says, "Hey, what about me? I'm in the band - I play bass."

The attendant abandons his negotiations with Lucas and whips around.

"All right, you gonna give me your f*ckin' bass, then?" A joke from anyone else, but something in his voice frightens the forced smiles off our faces.

"Uh, no, man," apologizes Ngiep, trying to back out.

"See, what have you got to give? He's got drumsticks, what have you got?"

"I, uh, got a pick," Ngiep says.

"That's too small, you can't sign that. You gonna sign that?"

And then I make a mistake too. Something about this man forces mistakes, flusters you so much you can't think clearly. He will never leave, you think, so I must make friends with him.

"You suck, Ngiep," I say laughing, trying to get on the attendant's good side - yeah, wha'ts thay guy think, he's gonna sign a bass? But then the attendant turns on me, glarring, fierce - I shrink, afraid he's going to grab me out of the van.

"What'd you call him?" he threatens. I blink - then I remember. Ngiep is pronounced the same as "Nip," i.e., " a racial slur denoting someone of Oriental, specifically Japanese, descent." Ngiep is Vietnamese, and such fine ethnic distinctions aren't too relevant in this dusky parking lot. When I first saw the Supergirls, I was a bit taken aback when I heard them calling Ngiep, "Nip," but I figured it out within the hour. The parking lot attendant isn't quick.

I catch my breath - I'd stopped breathing, startled - and meet his stare. He has hard, beady, hazy little eyes, unbalanced - it's like looking at a rat, or a ferret. I suppose I should be heartened that he's such a champion of racial harmony, but right now I just want to get out of the line of fire.

"That's his name," I protest, trying my best to stay

calm, inching away just in case. He whirls back to Ngiep, who nods vigorously. I can almost see his muscles relax, his fists unclench. Everyone exhales.

"Nip, huh?" he says, toeing the dirt. I wonder what he's thinking. Perhaps he was in Vietman, once. Perhaps it's best he doesn't know Ngiep is Vietnamese. "F*ck," he says, mildly impressed. What will they think of next?

"Ok, sign your pick for me," he says.

Ngiep looks up.

"Yeah, sign it, c',mon. I got a marker - sign it."

"It's too small, man," Ngiep says, smiling apologetically as he can. "I never signed a pick before. "

The attendant waves the pick in his face.

"C'mon, you wanted to sign a pick - sign it. Here's a marker - c'mon."

Ngiep gingerly plucks the pick from the attendant's hand, then takes the proffered pen and slowly begins to sign, amazed he's actually doing this. Lucas and I watch, fascinated. The pick is too small, but Ngiep does his best. We all wait, silent, for him to finish. When he's done, he looks up, like he's just taken a test, and the attendant snatches it back.

"See, you're gonna remember me," he says. I wince. Someday, that man saying that phrase will be the last thing someone ever hears. He continues.

"You're gonna remember that motherf*cker at Frog's you signed a pick for. 'Cuase I'm the first."

"I don't think we'll forget," says Ngiep, and we shoot each other the barest glances possible. Not a chance, psycho.

"Aw, you might, " says the attendant. "I have that kind of face - everybody forgets me."

He looks down at the pick, scanning it. I can see his eyes sweep back and forth.

"Hey, you guys are the Supergirls?" He looks at us, three disreputable guys with sweatshirts and stubble.

We nod.

"F*ck, I thought you was a bunch of girls!"

We tense. Urge to kill rising.

"I'm f*ckin' disappointed!"

"Yeah, so was I," says Ngiep - risky, but amusing. I smirk; the attendant doesn't catch it. He's loosened up around us enough to curse frequently. He doesn't need to be so stiffly professional anymore. The attendant pauses, and then relaxes. Urge to kill fading.

"Hey, if you guys ever come back, come talk to me, OK?"

We watch him blankly. Why would we do that?

"I'll give you free parking, OK? I'll hook you up."

We nod again, careful not to speak. We don't want to accidently resusitate the conversation. The attendant cranes his head around the parking lot in search of wrongdoers, and steps off from the van. He's been blocking the door since he came over, saturating the air inside the van with his breath and keeping us in his shadow. Now that he's gone, everything is bright and clear.

He turns to go back in the club, and Ngiep and I look at each other. He grabs one door, I grab the other, and we pull them shut as hard and fast as we can. I fumble frantically for the lock, Lucas rolls up the windows, and we seal the van against any more crazy people.

When we're safely soundproofed inside, we all start laughing.

Effects of Inconsistent Boundaries on Identity Development in Post-Unification Germany

by Ryan Bradley

Identity defines an individual's role in society, who that person is, and how much they should be valued. It is a measure used by others, but more importantly it is used by the individual to evaluate the self. In the development of personal identity, a number of temporary identities are adopted and discarded as the adolescent considers new roles. Freedom to sample many different experiences provides a basis for decisions, and these decisions serve to make up the identity. Balancing these freedoms are the boundaries imposed by society. Ethnic background, religious beliefs, social standards of conduct, laws, and national values provide a framework that defines which aspects of life may be experimented with, and which should be unconditionally accepted. The development of a personal identity is easier when a set of boundaries is consistently expressed by a society (Erikson, 1968). In societies which express conflicting or changing values, the boundaries of a search for identity are in flux.

Germany is currently such a society. The break-up of the Soviet Union and there-unification of West Germany and East Germany have resulted in drastic changes in German society. The political and economic system of communism is dismantled in East Germany and replaced with the capitalism and democracy of West Germany. This change is exposing East Germans to American and European values at an

unprecedented rate, as West German society assimilates the Eastern society. East Germans are facing materialism and consumerism for the first time (Kuhnhardt, 1994). Likewise, West German tourists are flooding into the formerly closed off East (Fulbrook, 1994). While the recent changes due to re–unification are more radical in the Eastern half of the nation, West Germany has also been heavily affected (German Information Center, 1995b). Increases in immigration, the economic drain of rebuilding East Germany's economy, and differing laws have altered society throughout West Germany. The continued use of the terms "West Germany" and "East Germany" were appropriate due to a lack of complete unification. While the halves have become a single political entity, the complete merger of the societies is not anticipated to be a reality for many years (Kuhnhardt, 1994).

Postmodernism confronts the challenge of developing an identity in a changing and inconsistent world. When boundaries are in flux, the adoption of a self–identity is a difficult process. Postmodernism seeks to understand this process, critiquing it and "solving" it. In this case, solving the dilemma of identity development in a changing world does not refer to the elimination of the crisis, but rather the recognition of new solutions. Nationalism, or the belief that a nation is unique and has a unique mission, is one of these possible solutions. Postmodernism makes these new solutions possible through critical observations of the modern world and new understandings of the emerging world. Postmodernism is the "acceptance of ephemerality, fragmentation, discontinuity" (Sarup, 1996, p. 95). The chaotic forces which disrupt the stability of the modern world are a

primary topic of postmodernism. Nationalism provides direction and meaning in the midst of chaos. In Germany, nationalism is shaping the political and social changes into a new definition of what it means to be German. The rejection or adoption of Western materialism, the inclusion or exclusion of immigrants into society, and the visions chosen for Germany's future all make up national identity. National identity creates a community which gives meaning to individuals (Jones, 1992).

In this paper, I will examine the German dilemma of a changing society and the resulting disruption of identity. I will also examine the force of nationalism and its ability to create identity. Postmodernism will be used to draw conclusions and implications for the German situation and for a broader understanding of the forces at work in Germany.

Germany

Economic Unification

The economic aspects of German unification were the first steps towards a new society. Though difficult, this process has been considerably more successful than the attempt at social unification (German Information Center, 1995b). The relative success of economic unification is due to the abandonment and rejection of the communist system. This has allowed for the unchallenged adoption of capitalism. There is a consensus for a move towards West Germany economy, allowing a clear vision for united Germany's future (Fulbrook, 1994).

The desire for the rapid adoption of this system has created complications, however. As the process of unifica-

tion began, the East German economy was on the verge of a complete collapse (German Information Center, 1995b). The West German government has attempted to rebuild the East German economy, causing economic strain for once booming Western businesses. This process, as explained by the German Information Center (1995b), began with the adoption of a single currency, the West German Deutsche Mark, on July 1 of 1990. In order to convert over to the Deutsche Mark, the East German Mark had to be purchased. The virtually worthless Mark was traded at a 2:1 rate with the Deutsche Mark, while wages and some personal savings were converted at a 1:1 rate. This prevented the collapse of the troubled East German economy, but it cost the West German government dearly. Subsidies to East German businesses lowered unemployment, which peaked at 1.3 million in 1993. By 1995, the total cost for the West German support of East Germany had reached 850 billion Deutsche Marks, the equivalent of 586.5 billion U.S. dollars. This burden has taken the form of a solidarity surcharge, an income tax of 7.5 percent. This tax increase was instituted in 1991, and will likely last until 1998. West German citizens are frustrated and unhappy with these sacrifices (Kuhnhardt, 1994).

These changes have disrupted the steady growth of the Western economy and have forced a growing dependence on foreign business. In particular, France and the United States are becoming heavily invested in Germany (German Information Center, 1995b). This is increasing the cultural influence of foreign nations on both halves of united Germany. As a result, a slow introduction of Western culture is now an impossibility for Eastern Germany. The economic

troubles of East Germany have been greatly reduced, but cultural troubles remain.

Political Unification

The adoption of democracy has had similar effects to the adoption of capitalism. There is a definite mandate for a capitalist system of government, but the change is having cultural ramifications. The unification prompted the United States, Great Britain, France, and the former Soviet Union to restore full sovereignty to Germany for the first time since World War II (German Information Center, 1995b). This gives Germany a new independence from foreign controls, yet the foreign cultural influences remain. These influences are being increased as the West German government relocates from Bonn to Berlin. Due to West Berlin's unique position within the former communist bloc, it was the home of more than 500, 000 American soldiers for almost 50 years (German Information Center, 1996). As a result, half of the unified Berlin is a highly Westernized city, while the other half is the former capital of East Germany. The physical move from Bonn began in 1990, but is an ongoing process that is not expected to conclude for several years (German Information Center, 1996). This incomplete transition increases the chaos of unification.

Several legal dilemmas also complicate the political unification. For example, abortion was illegal in the Western half of Germany and legal in the Eastern half until 1995 (German Information Center, 1995b). Education continues to differ in the two halves of the nation, and a set of national educational standards will not be created until the year 2000

at the earliest. In particular, the equivalent of a high school education requires 13 years in the West and 12 in the East (German Information Center, 1995b). Such issues require resolutions that not only change laws but also reconcile deeply held cultural differences.

Social Unification

The process of forming a unified society is complicated and difficult because, unlike the unified government and economy, the unified German culture is not simply an expansion of what already existed in West Germany (Fulbrook, 1994). Instead, a new and unique German identity is emerging which is neither Western nor Eastern. This new identity is coming slowly, as lingering differences between East and West divide the Germans. In addition to these differences, other cultural divisions are coming to the foreground. Regional and Roman–Catholic/ Protestant divisions, which predate the East/West division by centuries, are beginning to be recognized as powerful inhibitors to the creation of a socially unified nation (Kuhnhardt, 1994).

The East Germans are unwilling to accept West German culture as it was before unification. While the majority of East Germans still support the unification, they have reservations and frustrations with their new society's uncertainty (Fulbrook, 1994). The majority of East Germans believe that their old society had better social services and a better sense of security (German Information Center, 1995b). This loss of personal security must be soothed by concessions from the West Germans. Asking the East Germans to simply accept the West German social programs would lead to an

increased sense of mistrust and resentment.

Former political leaders and former bureaucratic workers in East Germany already resent and mistrust the new society. Upon the embracing of democracy and capitalism, all high ranking members of the communist system were attacked by the media and stripped of all political power and influence (Fulbrook, 1994). Formerly successful, respected members of East German society are now unable to find employment. Their relentless vilification has destroyed their reputations and their prospects for a profitable future in the new Germany.

East German women are also struggling with changes in their societal roles. In the communist society, women were expected to work and made up the majority of the work force (Fulbrook, 1994). In unified Germany, with a loss of state–provided childcare, many women are no longer able to work. Yet, East German women are rebelling against the housewife role that is the norm in West Germany (Fulbrook, 1994). The birth rate has decreased and voluntary sterilization has increased, as women give up family life in order to maintain a career. Still, the high rate of unemployment is preventing many women from maintaining the working lifestyle that they once enjoyed. As a result, political freedom in many cases decreases the liberation of German women. In order to achieve a unification that is satisfactory to the women of East Germany, the traditional gender roles of West Germany will have to become flexible enough to support women in the workforce.

As East Germany struggles to adjust to Western culture, the West is also shifting. Ludger Kuhnhardt wonders

if the West Germans' acceptance and integration of Western values and culture will persevere (1994). As the two societies merge, they are forming a new society that is not merely part East German and mostly West German. Instead, the unified society is truly new; it is a unique mixture of many different influences.

Immigration, Citizenship, and Migration

Beyond the turmoils of unification, there is the issue of the sudden migrations and immigrations caused by the break up of the communist bloc. Approximately 2 million people of German descent live in the former Soviet Union, due to Stalin's relocation of Germans in 1941 (Downey, 1993). The German constitution guarantees that all of these ethnic Germans may immigrate to unified Germany (German Information Center, 1995a). Since the unification, Germany has been overwhelmed by immigrants. It has now set a limit of 200, 000 immigrations from Eastern Europe per year, but this has left many immigrants and potential immigrants feeling unwanted (Downey, 1993).

The dilemma of how to treat immigrants is further complicated by the people living in Germany who are not ethnic Germans. According to the German Information Center, there is a large population of Turkish residents in Germany, as well as foreign residents seeking asylum (1995c). Even members of families that have resided in Germany for generations are considered foreign unless one of their parents is a citizen (German Information Center, 1994a). The process of gaining citizenship is difficult in Germany, despite a relaxing of restrictions in the last few years (Ger-

man Information Center, 1994a). This relaxing of restrictions is an attempt to integrate minorities into mainstream German culture, but integration of "foreigners" has been far from successful (German Information Center, 1994a, Fulbrook, 1994). Incidents of violence are increasing and many Germans sympathize with xenophobic extremists (Fulbrook, 1994).

There has also been an overwhelming number of migrations from Eastern Germany to Western Germany since unification (Fulbrook, 1994). Mary Fulbrook believes that the iron curtain has not disappeared, but reversed, as the West now seeks to keep the East out (1994). Driven by economic woes, the East Germans are abandoning the land of their families and seeking refuge in the more prosperous West. For the Westerners this is creating the serious annoyances of overpopulation and unemployment. For the East Germans, there are less tangible, but equally important problems. The German concept "*Heimat*" refers to the inextricable link between homeland and identity (Fulbrook, 1994). For Germans, migration from the family's traditional land is inextricably linked to a loss of "dialect, accent, custom, modes of behavior, and boundaries" (Fulbrook, 1994, p. 212).

The issues of migration, immigration, and citizenship are forcing Germans to rethink what it means to be German (Fulbrook, 1994). Differing views are preventing the creation of a national identity in the new Germany. These issues are also complicating the development of personal identity.

Identity Development

In the process of identity development, the goal is to

develop a coherent and consistent set of values and a worldview. This allows an individual to evaluate self–worth and determine crucial life choices, such as career (Erikson, 1968, Atkinson, et al., 1996).

Identity development is a difficult process, but it is easier when the surrounding society promotes consistent standards (Atkinson et al., 1996). Standards of what is moral and what is normal serve to set boundaries in the search for identity. When peers and authority figures agree on what it means to be a good person or a healthy person or a successful adult, an individual has a model to emulate. When the influential people in an individual's life are confused or in disagreement with each other, the individual is deprived of constant boundaries.

When boundaries are not constant, the definition of a good/healthy/successful person changes. In such a society, the successfulness of identity development differs widely (Atkinson, et al., 1996). While some individuals may find it quite easy to develop an identity that provides them with direction and self–worth, others may not develop a constant identity for many years.

With the drastic changes brought about by unification, the boundaries which once defined identity are changing. This makes the process of identity development more complicated, and it also forces Germans to partially redefine their identities. In Germany, identity development is a current process on both the national and personal levels.

There is no nationwide identity yet, and it will probably be many years before one develops (German Information Center, 1995b). The question of what it means to be

German was generally ignored before unification began (Fulbrook, 1994). A large number of Germans simply accepted the beliefs of their families and societies without question. When unification began, the conditions which their identities were based on disappeared. As a result, many Germans' identities were severely disrupted.

Germany is currently searching for an identity. East and West Germans are seeking to reconcile their differences in order to create a single nation with a single identity (German Information Center, 1995b). Many Germans are ambivalent to the changes of unification (Fulbrook, 1994). Nationalism provides the vision of what Germany should become by satisfying the need for a stable model of a "good" citizen. Nationalism does this by distinguishing between members of a nation and outsiders.

This can have negative consequences, such as the increased xenophobia in German society (Singer, 1992; Fulbrook, 1995). However, distinguishing between insiders and outsiders is necessary for the creation of national identity (Jones, 1992). This creates a uniqueness, and it also allows a community. Nationalism does not inherently result in racism or xenophobia (Jones, 1992). Nationalism creates a distinction between insiders and outsiders, but it does not need to make value judgments about the relative worth of the included and excluded. The moral judgment of nationalism is not whether to exclude some people from society; the moral judgment is who to exclude. In the case of Germany, the increase in immigration requires a judgment about who should and should not be allowed into Germany (Fulbrook, 1994). The problems of xenophobia and racism may be dealt

with by accepting into German society the "foreigners" that are already in Germany.

Nationalism also provides a mission for a nation (Alter, 1985). Nationalism views each nation is unique; therefore, each nation has a unique role to play in the course of human events. From this viewpoint, Germany will affect the world in a unique and important way. In realizing this, Germans gain pride and a sense of significance. The perception of purpose and uniqueness replace the boundaries which were lost in unification and return meaning to being German.

Conclusions

Postmodernism rejects simple, universal answers to complicated issues (Sarup, 1996). When evaluating Germany, it is difficult to judge its progress in developing a national identity and individual identities. It is clear that Germany is going through a complicated transition, however. In this transition, the West German and East German societies are synthesizing into something new. What this new society will be is uncertain, but the attempt to understand this emerging society provides a useful critique of the current society.

With the complications created by the unification process, boundaries become inconsistent. As a result, the development of personal identity is no easy task in Germany. Beyond this, the effects of unification on German identity are inconclusive. There are power struggles going on, violence against foreigners, and a rise in neo–Nazism (Fulbrook, 1994). Yet it is unclear whether these struggles will have positive or negative results. It is extremely doubtful that the

results of unification will be fully positive or fully negative. So far, the optimistic advocates of unification and the pessimistic opponents both seem to have misjudged unification (German Information Center, 1995b). Despite the magnitude of the change, many East Germans claim that their lives are neither better nor worse since unification (Fulbrook, 1994). National identity is still in the process of forming, and the process appears to be a long one. Overall, unification shows signs of being a positive process, but it is not a simple, clear-cut one. Nationalism's effects, though certainly significant, may ultimately be either positive or negative in its effect on Germany.

Implications

A study of the current situation in Germany offers implications about societies around the world. The effect of a changing society on identity development is highly applicable to many societies, including American society. Germany is a good subject for study because the changes it is undergoing are extreme and relatively easy to observe. Yet, societies throughout the world are rapidly changing. Ludger Kuhnhardt believes that many of the changes that Germany is experiencing are not the results of unification, but instead are the results of a change that all modern societies are undergoing (1994). The complex changes in Germany support the postmodern criticism against simple, universal theories, or metanarratives. It is futile to attempt to create simple explanations for the changes in Germany or in other nations. Yet, the analysis of Germany's situation is worthwhile. One lesson from Germany is the need to carefully evaluate beliefs

before a crisis occurs. Much of the woe of unification appears to have been avoidable if Germans, Western and Eastern, had evaluated their societies prior to unification. Five years into unification, many East Germans changed their minds about what they did and did not like about their former society. Even now, West Germans are still undecided about how to treat "foreigners" that have been living in their country for generations. These issues have no simple answers and it is unreasonable to expect that Germans should have completely resolved them, yet Germany appears to have been taken by surprise by these and other problems which were predicted long ago. Other societies, including America, would benefit from preparing for crisis by confronting the questions of personal and national identity.

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