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Sigma Tau Delta

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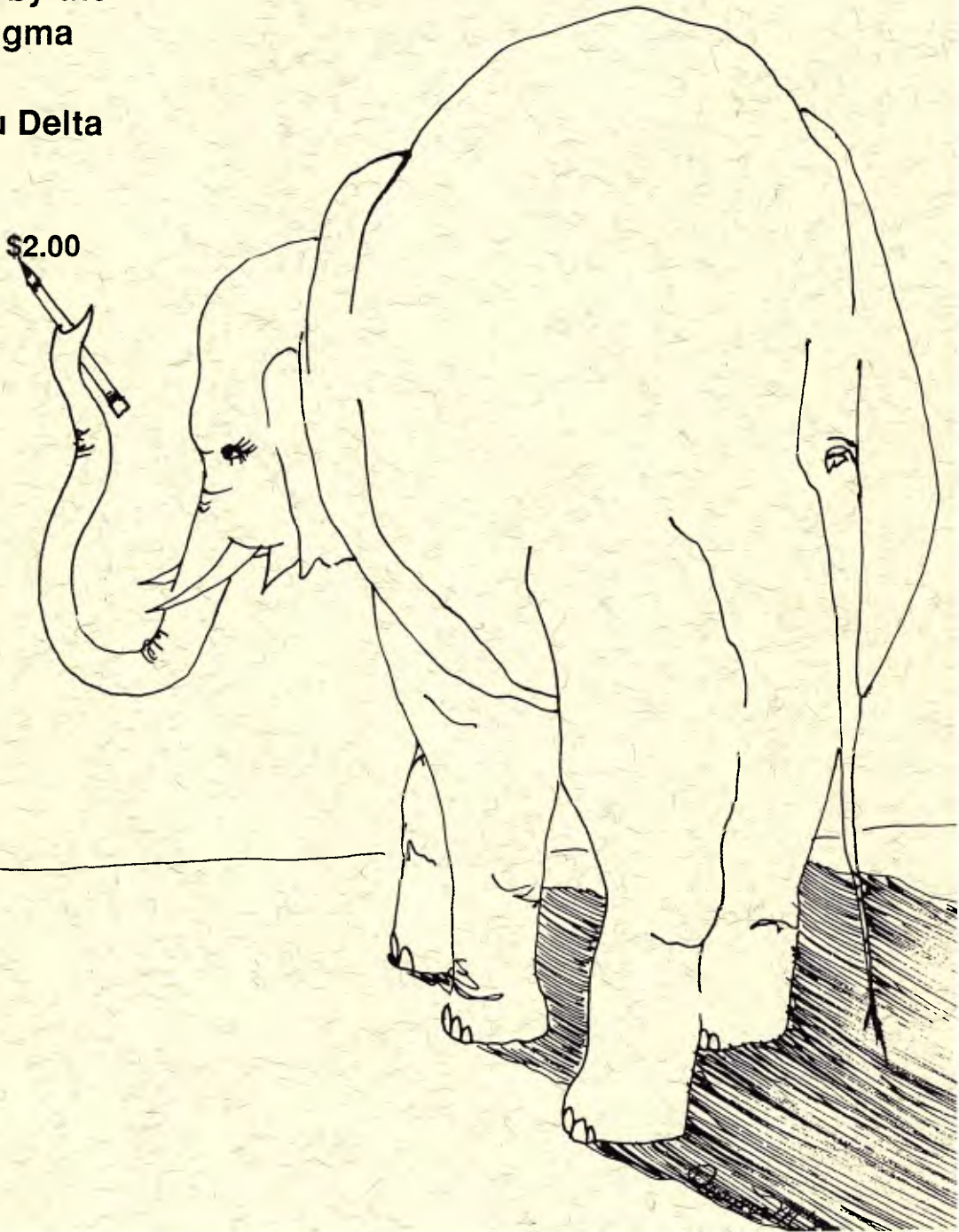
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# LITERARY REVIEW

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## INTRODUCTION

The *Literary Review* was resuscitated by Whittier College's Upsilon Sigma chapter of the international English honorary society, Sigma Tau Delta, in 1986. Its purpose is to publish the best student writing submitted, whether fiction, non-fiction or poetry; all contributors are students at Whittier College, as are the editors.

The *Review* is a manifestation of the belief that academic excellence should be rewarded, and that rewarding that excellence positively impacts the intellectual life at the College. The educational process is, at its core, a sharing process: a time when ideas, learning, and knowledge may be exchanged in an environment which is specifically designed for this interaction, and which rewards effort and encourages intellectual growth.

This publication is a forum for student expression, but the expressions of contributors do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editors, the faculty advisor, the members of the Publications Board, the Associated Students of Whittier College, or any other College entity, department, or organization.

A special thanks to Sigma Tau Delta's faculty advisor, Dr. Anne Kiley, the progenitor of this and other fine literary exercises. Without her support, this *Review* would not have been published.

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## **POR UN MOMENTO**

by Araceli Gonzalez

Tu sonrisa...

...tan dulce,

...tan sincera,

Por un momento,

Parece conquistarme.

Tus labios tan sensuales,

Parenten ser tan suaves,

Como los pétalos de una rosa.

El momento desaparece suavemente...

Tu sonrisa...

...vuelve aparecer,

...tan dulce,

...tan sincera,

Platicamos...

Sigue un silencio...

Y deseo que esos labios suaves--

toquen los míos.



# THE COLLEGE STUDENT

by Kristina Dotto

*I'm sorry-your loan has been canceled  
Dear Mom, send money*

We are the college bound  
We are the masochists  
Cramming together  
Typewriters all destroyed. Oh God!  
Our coffee pots, when  
We start to pour a cup,  
Are empty and sleep  
Gives us no relief-  
Only makes us work faster  
To get the paper in.

*Intro without thesis, conclusion without support;  
Scant paragraphs, opinions without meaning;*

Those who have passed  
With straight As, to more interesting classes  
Remember us-over a beer-not as dumb  
Freshmen, but only  
As the freshmen,  
The poor freshmen.

## II

Teachers I dare not meet in class  
Or in lecture halls  
Always appear:  
There, the students are  
Stressed out of their wits,  
There are their nooses swinging  
And voices are  
In the choir singing

More distant than a mile  
In the chapel below.

Let me be no nearer  
In the lecture halls  
Let me also be  
Miles and miles away-  
Singing, sleeping, goofing off,  
Flunking class,  
Behaving like a lunatic,  
I know-

But anything's better  
Than an algebra lecture.

### III

This is the dead land  
This is calculator land  
Here, the formulas  
Are copied, here they receive  
The glassy-eyed boredom of an algebra class  
Under the glare of a smoggy sky.

Was it like this  
In high school when we were  
Young and brilliant  
At the time when we were hopeful  
Trembling with anticipation  
Eager to learn  
Form hypotheses to every notion

### IV

The brains are not here  
There are no brains here  
In this class of geometric means

In this white-walled room  
This earthquake-shaken maw of failing freshmen  
In this most boring of all classes  
We grope together  
And avoid speech  
So the teacher won't know we're cheating

Failing, unless  
The answers reappear  
On my shirt cuffs in  
Multifoliate colors  
As I washed out all the ink-  
The mistake, only,  
Of foolish freshmen.

V

*Here we go round the teacher's desk  
Teacher's desk teacher's desk  
Why are we taking this bloody test  
At five o'clock in the morning?*

Between the topic  
And the first draft  
Between the notes  
And the typed page  
Falls the Midterm

*For We Are All Eager*

Between the idea  
And the proofreading  
Between the enthusiasm  
And the disappointment  
Falls the Midterm

*But we've reached our deadline*

Between the reading  
And the discussion  
Between the feedback  
And the conception

---

Between the cramming  
And the final  
Falls the Midterm

*For We Are All Eager*

For We Are  
But we've  
For We Are All

*This is the way the term ends  
This is the way the term ends  
This is the way the term ends  
Not with a student but a bootlicker.*

*-with apologies to T.S. Eliot*

# "THE MAGIC . . . WAS GONE"

by Laura Martin

" . . . . . when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night  
And pay no worship to the garish sun."

Robert F. Kennedy used this quotation from Shakespeare in a public introduction to a film about his brother's thousand days as the chief executive of the United States.<sup>1</sup> John F. Kennedy's Presidency had been a short, but fairly popular one and his unexpected murder plunged the country into a period of mourning and grief. David Belin, of the Warren Commission, formed to investigate the assassination, declared that "No death in our time has so concentrated a nation's emotions as that of John Kennedy."<sup>2</sup> Jack Kennedy possessed an animated sense of humor, charisma, and plenty of "viguh," which appealed to the American people. And the sheer beauty of his family -- two attractive children and a young beautiful wife -- had given his Presidency a majestic quality. Though the magic died when the first bullet was shot on that fatal November 22, 1963, his "stars" continued to illuminate the heavens, and Americans, much to the new President's chagrin, worshipped the night and mourned the end of their yesterday.

When the President and Mrs. Kennedy arrived at Love Field in Texas on the morning of November 22, 1963, they received a warm welcome. Though Dallas had been known for its hostility towards the Kennedy administration in recent months, the President insisted that the protective bullet-proof bubble be removed from his car knowing that it was impossible to protect him from a shot from a high building. He believed that he had to have faith in the American people to respect the office of the Presidency.<sup>3</sup> Texans came out in great numbers that morning to see their President. During the parade, Mrs. Connally, the governor's wife, remarked to Kennedy, "You certainly can't say that the people of Dallas haven't given you a nice welcome."<sup>4</sup> Ironically, only moments after her statement, Lee Harvey Oswald fired the fatal shots. "Most of Dallas cheered him in the morning and wept for him in the afternoon."<sup>5</sup>

The most common immediate reaction upon hearing the news of the President's violent death was shock and disbelief. "There was an incredible psychological reaction. Everyone was stunned and in a state of disbelief."<sup>6</sup> Gloria Martinez, who was sixteen at the time of the assassination, commented, "I couldn't believe that it could happen in our country."<sup>7</sup> And her husband, Elias Martinez,

who was 25 at the time, added, "Assassinations happened in other countries, not the United States."<sup>8</sup> Jim Bredow remarked, "After all, Lincoln was the memorable assassination."<sup>9</sup>

After the initial shock, a period of almost unprecedented lamentation seized the country. Why Kennedy's death elicited such tremendous outpouring of grief cannot be entirely explained. Though the deaths of other U.S. Presidents have traditionally evoked a similar national sorrow, no other president's memory has continued to have such a mystical effect on so many hearts for so many years. Kennedy was a national hero: "All the people ask of a national hero is that he have been. . . a great man who was greatly loved and cruelly lost."<sup>10</sup> The assassination made a strong impression on almost every American who was old enough to be familiar with John F. Kennedy, whether they liked him or not. As was the case with many Americans who had not voted for Kennedy, Dr. Joseph Fairbanks stated, "I wasn't a particular supporter of him, but I was deeply affected by his assassination."<sup>11</sup> The 35th President's assassination was an event impressed in the memories of most Americans forever. Although a survey showed that within a week after the assassination three-fourths of all American adults had gotten their lives back to normal, the memories were still alive.<sup>12</sup> An editorial in *Life Magazine* stated, "Those who have longest to live -- the tens of millions of children who suddenly saw the make-believe world of their familiar TV screens dissolve to the realities of death and fear and grief -- will be marked the longest."<sup>13</sup> John McCrea, who was student teaching on the playground of an elementary school when he heard the news, was surprised to see everyone start crying, "even the kids. Even the boys were bawling -- open crying, which I thought was interesting."<sup>14</sup>

In most cases, upon hearing the news, people stopped whatever they had been doing and immediately ran for the nearest television or radio in hopes that whoever had carried the message had somehow been frightfully wrong. Because there had been many jokes circulating the country about the assassination of Kennedy, several people at first believed it was only a cruel joke.<sup>15</sup> The constant television coverage proved this theory incorrect, however, and Americans sat glued to their sets to watch the film of the shooting over and over again.

People who found it impossible to get to a television or radio felt left out and some expressed their grief in any way that they could to honor his memory. Conductor Erich Leinsdorf briefly stopped the music in the Boston Symphony Hall and began a funeral march. In a Times Square shop in New York City, a Greek barber muttered, "I cry."<sup>16</sup> Duane Martin, 22 at the time, was in the computer lab at Cal State University Los Angeles when he heard the news and he remarked, "I certainly couldn't concentrate on anything to study."<sup>17</sup> People all over the world were shocked and saddened by the American President's death. "In London, the great bell of Westminster Abbey tolled for an hour -- a thing normally never done for anyone but the dead of the royal family."<sup>18</sup>

The presence of the television also enabled the world to watch the reactions of the Kennedy family. People found it especially comforting to empathize with the

widow. America had watched her cradle her husband's head in her lap in the urgent rush to the hospital and were touched by her devotion when she slipped her wedding ring onto his finger while saying good-bye. *Newsweek* wrote that the first lady's "bearing through a three-day public ordeal gave poignant meaning to her husband's memory after the brutal pointlessness of his murder. A nation that ached to comfort a widow took heart itself from her courage and grace."<sup>19</sup> Phyllis Bredow, a California housewife, said of the first lady, "My estimation of Jackie went way up. I had very little use for Jacqueline Kennedy before that."<sup>20</sup> The *London Evening Standard* wrote that Jacqueline Kennedy had given the American people "majesty" -- the only thing that they had always lacked.<sup>21</sup>

Though her first words uttered at the moment that her husband was shot were, "Oh my God, my God. They have shot my husband," Jacqueline Kennedy's feelings soon turned to extreme anger. She exhibited her anger through her refusal to change out of her bloodstained suit and hose. She continued to wear the bloodspattered clothing until after she had accompanied her husband's body back to the White House on Saturday morning, November 23rd.<sup>22</sup> It was then that her anger turned into profound grief.

The reactions of the Kennedy children to their father's death provoked much emotion from the American public who watched John F. Kennedy, Jr., proudly salute his father as the casket passed him. While in the office of House Speaker John McCormack, as his father's body lay in state in the Capitol Rotunda, "John-John" spotted a small flag and stated, "I want that flag to take home to my daddy."<sup>23</sup> Caroline, a few years older than her brother, confessed to one schoolmate, "I only cried twice."<sup>24</sup> Elias Martinez pointed out that "there was always a lot of good press regarding the children. There were always pictures of J.F.K. with his children -- playing with them on the beach and in the Oval Office. And to know that now they were without a father was very sad."<sup>25</sup> John McCrea said of the Kennedys, "On television, they were portrayed as the ideal family."<sup>26</sup>

Ted Kennedy was given the task of calling his mother about her son's death and telling his invalid father the news. Robert Kennedy, the President's Attorney General, was eating lunch at his Hickory-Hill home at the time of his brother's assassination. After hearing the news, Bobby Kennedy left the house alone for an hour-long walk.<sup>27</sup> Later, the nation watched as Bobby and Jacqueline walked hand-in-hand alongside the casket on the way back to the White House.

Mrs. Anna Roosevelt Halsted, President Franklin Roosevelt's daughter, said of the Kennedys, "Your heart goes out, first of all, to the family. I can't help but think back to the time when news bulletins flashed about my father, that a bullet intended for him had snuffed out the life of Mayor Cermak."<sup>28</sup> Captain Edward Finuf who was in charge of the surveillance of Russian missile and jet-fighter bases, said of the tragedy, "My men took it pretty hard. We're really remote out here, and naturally the boys talked about how hard it must be on Mrs. Kennedy and the kids."<sup>29</sup>

President Kennedy's cabinet learned of his death en route to Japan. While



over the Pacific Ocean they ordered the plane to immediately turn around and return to the capital.<sup>30</sup> Though Hubert Humphrey's eyes were swollen from tears, few of Kennedy's cabinet or other government officials cried openly that day. Instead, the public as they watched every move on television, witnessed the extreme shock and grief in their pale, unsmiling faces.

The machinery of government had to continue running and Vice-President Johnson immediately started to fill his predecessor's position. After Lyndon Baines Johnson took the Presidential oath of office, Lady Bird Johnson said to Jackie while holding her hand, "The whole nation mourns your husband."<sup>31</sup> Upon arrival in Washington D.C. from Dallas, Johnson addressed the nation for the first time as President. "This is a sad time for all people. We have suffered a loss that cannot be weighed. For me it is a deep personal tragedy. I know the world shares the sorrow that Mrs. Kennedy and her family bear."<sup>32</sup> America not only mourned the loss of their 35th President, but also felt "a sense of loss that Jackie would no longer be our first lady."<sup>33</sup>

The official period of mourning lasted 30 days which meant that all flags were kept at half-staff and the government held no social activities.<sup>34</sup> However, Americans mourned Kennedy unofficially for years after his death. *Life* explained that "One mourned for the remarkable, astringent candor so rare in public men. . . . One mourned for the gaiety, the elegance, the graces he and his lady had brought into this house."<sup>35</sup> The "Kennedy Cult" was the name given to those who became nearly obsessed with Kennedy's death, whether they had criticized or revered him in life, by those untouched by the tragedy.<sup>36</sup> Members of the "Kennedy Cult" wanted to see anything associated with President Kennedy. "When people went to D.C. they had to see Kennedy's grave."<sup>37</sup> James reston beheld "the Kennedy Legend grows and deepens. It is clear now that he captured the imagination of a whole generation of young people in many parts of the world, particularly in the university communities. . . . Even those who vilified him now canonize him. . . ."<sup>38</sup>

Americans organized many different ways of honoring Kennedy's memory. Over 120,000 citizens lined 30 blocks outside the capitol Building to pay thier respects to President Kennedy. A large percentage were young couples with small children. Some waited as long as six hours to see the body lying in state in the rotunda. The line did not stop until the funeral on November 25th.<sup>39</sup> President Johnson proclaimed November 25th, the day of the funeral, as the National Day of Mourning. Dr. Joseph Fairbanks described the funeral, which millions watched on television, as "absolutely spell-binding. Though not staged, it definitely had a theatrical quality to it."<sup>40</sup> John McCrea called the funeral "a real tearjerker."<sup>41</sup>

All criticism of President Kennedy came to an abrupt halt. It was no longer a question of liking his policies. For years America separated the assassination from his Presidency.<sup>42</sup> "A few months prior to the assassination, a record had been released which was a satire on the first family. Afterwards, out of respect, no one played it anymore. You just didn't vocalize anything negative."<sup>43</sup> New York City witnessed a parade of a thousand mourners, carrying candles down 5th Avenue in



memory of the President. On Sunday, November 24th, "people just came to church in a huge outpouring."<sup>44</sup>

One common reaction to the assassination was anger. Dr. Joseph Fairbanks shared, "I just became furious. The source of my anger was that someone would murder the President of my country and to have him murdered offended me enormously."<sup>45</sup> Some people's grief was so great that they felt compelled to avenge their former leader. This led Jack Ruby to the public murder of Oswald. Ruby testified to the Warren Commission that upon hearing the news of the death, "I know people were just heartbroken. . . . I left the building and went down and got in my car and I couldn't stop crying. . . . I felt very emotional and very carried away for Mrs. Kennedy, that with all of the strife she had gone through."<sup>46</sup>

The youth of the nation saw Kennedy as a real person. He was someone who could do something for the country. Kennedy was a person to whom they could relate. His touch football, wit, and young beautiful wife and family made the presidency no longer so distant to young people. He was young and attractive and appealing. Neil Dryan, a student at New York University at the time of the death, said, "President Kennedy was a man of our generation. We could identify with him. He was young; he played touch football; he had small kids. . . he was so alive."<sup>47</sup> Elias Martinez described Kennedy's effect on him: "He awoke political awareness in me and people who were apolitical before."<sup>48</sup> But just as Kennedy's vigor and love of life pointed out his humanity, his assassination forced people to realize his mortality. Steven E. Rhoads, a student at Cornell University in 1963, declared: "He was flexible and tough, a man with guts. We should have had him for eight years and then beyond, coaching, urging, leading."<sup>49</sup>

The young were not the only ones who appreciated Kennedy's youth. One correspondent wrote James Reston, "Not only by ability but by sheer verve and joy, the Kennedys imparted their youth to everyone, and put a sheen on our life that made it more youthful than it is."<sup>50</sup> The Mayor of Atlanta, Ivan Allen, Jr., commented, "He was such a young man, in the prime of his life. He had everything to look forward to."<sup>51</sup>

The shooting on November 22, 1963 of John F. Kennedy interrupted millions of lives -- not just the lives of Kennedy and his family, but of millions of Americans and citizens all over the world. President Kennedy and his wife, Jacqueline, were the closest thing to "royalty" America had known since her colonial days. Admired by many, hated by some, the Kennedys inspired deep passion and brought life and vitality back into the Presidency.<sup>52</sup> Whether one liked his policies or not, it was difficult not to react strongly to his death. Millions cried, millions prayed, and millions hoped that nothing like this tragedy would ever occur again in a country where freedom supposedly reigns. Thomas Murphy of Hyannis Port penned: "The President's death is an irreparable loss because of his humanity, understanding, tolerance, able administration, and efforts to right the wrongs of all the people."<sup>53</sup> Though history does not reveal Kennedy to be as good a President as many believed he was at the time of his death, some Kennedy fans, whether it be by

choice or just feeling, still are emotionally stirred whenever they hear parts of his speeches or see photographs of the day of his death or the funeral. For some, even the strawberry color of the dress that Jackie Kennedy wore brings back all the memories of that fateful day. Some of the "Kennedy Cult" continue to watch and admire the family and the eternal flame still flickers brightly. The nation mourned John F. Kennedy because they knew that "the magic. . . was gone."<sup>54</sup>

## ENDNOTES

<sup>1</sup>William Manchester, *The Death of a President* (New York: Harper and Row, Publishers, 1967) 626.

<sup>2</sup>David Belin, *November 22, 1963: You Are The Jury* (Quadrangle: The New York Times Book Co., 1973) xi.

<sup>3</sup>Belin, 119.

<sup>4</sup>Belin, 116.

<sup>5</sup>"The 72 Hours and What They Can Teach Us," *Life* 55.23 (1963):4

<sup>6</sup>Dr. Joseph Fairbanks, personal interview, 26 April 1988.

<sup>7</sup>Gloria Martinez, personal interview, 25 April 1988.

<sup>8</sup>Elias Martinez, personal interview, 25 April 1988.

<sup>9</sup>James Bredow, personal interview, 26 April 1988.

<sup>10</sup>Manchester, 624.

<sup>11</sup>Fairbanks, personal interview.

<sup>12</sup>Manchester, 626.

<sup>13</sup>"The 72 Hours and What They Can Teach Us," 4.

<sup>14</sup>John McCrea, personal interview, 26 April 1988.

<sup>15</sup>Fairbanks, personal interview.

<sup>16</sup>"The Nation -- The Presidency," *Time* 82.22 (1963): 21.

<sup>17</sup>Duane Martin, personal interview, 25 April 1988.

<sup>18</sup>"The Assassination of President Kennedy," *Life* 55.22 (1963): 32G

<sup>19</sup>*Newsweek* 62.24 (1963): 29.

<sup>20</sup>Phyllis Bredow, personal interview, 25 April 1988.

<sup>21</sup>*Newsweek* 62.24 (1963): 29.

<sup>22</sup>*Newsweek* 62.24 (1963): 29

<sup>23</sup>*Time* 82.23 (1963): 28.

<sup>24</sup>"I Only Cried Twice," *Life* 55.23 (1963): 3.

<sup>25</sup>Elias Martinez, personal interview.

<sup>26</sup>McCrea, personal interview.

<sup>27</sup>*Time* 82.22 (1963): 21.

<sup>28</sup>"The Reaction," *Newsweek* 62.24 (1963): 6.

<sup>29</sup>"The Reaction," 9.

<sup>30</sup>"The Assassination of President Kennedy," 32G.

- 31 *Time* 82.22 (1963) : 25.
- 32 *Time* 82.22 (1963): 25.
- 33 Duane Martin, personal interview.
- 34 Manchester, 625.
- 35 "The Assassination of President Kennedy," 32E.
- 36 Manchester, 624.
- 37 McCrea, personal interview.
- 38 Manchester, 625.
- 39 *Time* 82.23 (1963): 29.
- 40 Fairbanks, personal interview.
- 41 McCrea, personal interview.
- 42 Fairbanks, personal interview.
- 43 Linda Martin, personal interview, 25 April 1988.
- 44 Fairbanks, personal interview.
- 45 Fairbanks, personal interview.
- 46 Belin, 435-6.
- 47 "The Reaction," 9.
- 48 Elias Martinez, personal interview.
- 49 "The Reaction," 9.
- 50 Manchester, 625.
- 51 "The Reaction," 9.
- 52 Fairbanks, personal interview.
- 53 "The Reaction," 2.
- 54 Manchester, 625.

## NURSERY RHYME

by Kristina Dotto

The hospital walls are clean and white;  
The nurses make their rounds.  
The patients wear their flowered robes,  
The doctors walk the grounds.

Here comes Mr. Thanatos  
Walking on every floor.  
*Why , hello sir, how are you?*  
*Dying, my child, and so are you.*

# SUNSET

by Janet Wheeler

## 1) Sunset.

My mind's at ease for the first time today  
And I begin to think...  
Somewhere between the thoughts of what I didn't do today  
And what I won't get done tomorrow,  
You're here.

There are interruptions.  
A face smiles by through the open doorway,  
A familiar song infiltrates my concentration,  
But you're back.  
As with the stare of brown eyes on the wall across the room,  
I am held here  
With thoughts of you  
Until the night takes over.

## 2) Indistinguishable thoughts

And distant feelings.  
I try to identify what it is exactly that numbs me  
At this time of day,  
What makes me lost as I'm caught somewhere between  
Annoying heat  
And sleepy cool,  
And I stare back at the brown eyes across the room for an answer.  
Silence.  
And I search the navaho-white walls for what reminds me of you  
--  
Blank.  
And I realize...  
It is no  
Thing,  
But the sensation of the day slipping away  
And of the fact that  
You're here.

3) With the sun gone,  
Obligations start to weigh on my mind.  
I struggle with my soul-ache, to make it go with the sun.  
But neat blue numbers on my refrigerator begin to reflect  
In the brown-eyed stare from across the room,  
And I remember how easy it is  
To fill the silence...  
With your voice.

Yet...  
When I try to communicate the sensation  
Of sunset of my soul,  
I suppose it doesn't come through too clearly.  
And the words don't seem to say much  
Except  
What I didn't do today  
And what I won't get done tomorrow.

What I really wanted to express is just that...  
You're here  
But you are not.  
And logic and perspective and sensibility are slightly askew,  
And contentment and security and peace are somewhat hollow,  
As long as there are sunsets  
Without your wisdom  
And much-too-missed company.

## **INDIA '89**

by Megan Sjoberg

### **MADRAS**

Shadowed, Dormant  
Carousel figure  
Locked safe away  
As if to bind their energy  
(their force echos  
in the silence of the empty halls)  
Await a clown, a simple  
Smiling  
Jester  
To bring them bursting back to life.  
The brightly painted pictures  
Lurk in the dark corners  
And whisper  
Of the many feet  
That have trod the stone  
Carrying this joy.

## KANYAKUMARI

i saw the color of life  
drain away into the  
depths  
of black primordial silence

What do you do when you are  
under the sea?  
what adventures?  
...with the sea turtles and the mermaids and the great whales...  
does your diffusion power the electric eels?

you climb from the watery grave:  
born from the one that came before you.  
i watched.

what if you had not come?  
...the great audience gasping, unable to find their way...

is it our fault or yours, this  
relationship  
we have?



# RENT CONTROLS

by Bobby Guy

## Policy History and Explanations: Why Rent Controls?

Rent control legislation was first introduced in the United States in 1943. Concerned with the rising cost of apartments in New York City, the city government froze rental rates at the 1943 level and strictly limited the amount of yearly rate increases for all rental units built or planned to be built before 1947 (Shreiber, 1976). This legislation made New York City a model of rent control innovation, and many large cities adopted similar measures in the following years.

By 1987, over two hundred cities across the US had implemented rent control legislation. Presently, more than 10% of all rental units are subject to rent control laws (*The Margin*, 1985). Rent controls are the most wide-spread and popular method of controlling rental fees, and are a major economic force affecting the US housing market. To understand the legislation, it is important to thoroughly analyze its intentions and effects, as well as the many variations within the legislation which exist from city to city.

Due to the complaints of tenants, the government, whether local, state, or federal, can become concerned that rental fees are either too high presently or are rising at too exorbitant a rate. In order to preserve affordable housing, the government must take action to limit the high rental fees, and the most popular method of doing this is to institute rent controls. These laws either freeze rents at the present rate or "roll back" the rates to previous levels. In addition, limits are put on the amount by which prices can increase yearly, and often a rent control board is created in order to deal with disputes and enforce the legislation. These measures are intended to bring about more affordable rental housing rates (Woirol, 1988).

Rent control policy tends to vary greatly from city to city, and there is no coherent nation-wide policy. The New York laws of the 1940's, described earlier, would be considered very strict. New York did, though, in 1971, relax its rent control policies by allowing landlords to raise the rents of vacant apartments by unlimited amounts. Santa Monica's legislation, enacted in 1979, would also be an example of strict controls. The rent control board there has the power to decide whether or not apartment units can be destroyed, changed, or used as condominiums. This right, which would seem to infringe upon the freedom of apartment owners, was recently upheld by the California Supreme Court (*The Margin*, 1985). In San Jose, which is a classic example of lenient rent control laws, apartment owners can raise the price of occupied apartments 8% each year, and are entitled to even higher raises if it can be shown that much was spent on improvements, maintenance, debts, and service. Unoccupied apartments in the San Jose area are decontrolled, so landlords can raise the price of vacant units as much as desired (Myers, 1987). There is, most definitely, much variation between the established rent control laws

of different cities.

It seems that much of the reason rent controls are so popular in domestic policy is the ease with which tenants can organize around this form of legislation (Atlas, 1980). There is no personal risk to the tenant, as there would be with rent strikes or eviction blocking, yet there is an immediate and direct effect upon rental rates. Also, rent control policy is indiscriminatory; it appeals to tenants of both sexes, as well as all races, ages, and incomes. Tenants can band together behind rent controls more easily than any other type of affordable housing policy, and in doing so they become a powerful force in the voting arenas of large cities. It is relatively easy for politicians to be viewed as either *pro* or *anti* tenant, and, in order to capture this segment of the voting population, politicians will often support rent control legislation (Atlas, 1980).

### Policy Evaluation: the Effects of Rent Control

Definite goals are set for rent control legislation when it is constructed in theory. Of course, in practice, some of these goals are realized, while others sometimes are not. For the goals which are realized, there are economic reactions within the market system which can be counterproductive to the goals set in the program. A comprehensive look at the effects of rent control legislation when applied to the market system will reveal the virtues and inherent evils of rent control principles in application.

Rent controls are enacted in order to provide affordable rental units for those wishing to occupy them. For many who live in rent controlled apartments, the control legislation is an effective policy. This is especially true for those who live in rent controlled apartments for twenty or more years. These tenants are provided with housing in which rental rates are based upon the rates of more than twenty years ago, and in which the cost is increasing at only a small percent of the total rental charge each year. For this segment of the tenant population, rent controls are most probably an effective economic housing policy (Woirol, 1988).

Rent controls are also very practical in preserving community, as demonstrated recently in Santa Monica. This city, in great part an elderly community, was viewed for many years as no more than an average location. Suddenly, though, Santa Monica became highly desirable in the eyes of the upper-class and was transformed into a prime location. Rental rates skyrocketed due to the increased demand, rising to levels not affordable to many of Santa Monica's elderly. In order to preserve the elderly community in the city, rent control legislation was enacted. This legislation was relatively effective in retaining the elderly community of Santa Monica, and many residents of the city surely did benefit from the rent control legislation (Woirol, 1988).

Benefits and effective goal achievement are not the only side to rent control legislation. Control laws also tend to create a number of economical problems in the housing market.

One of the many problems with rent control is that the price ceiling placed upon the rental market creates a shortage of housing. From an economic standpoint, a rent control imposes a price upon the market that is below the market value. At this price level there are many people willing to rent apartments, but there are few landlords willing to lease their apartments to tenants. Therefore, the rent control price imposed upon the market significantly lessens the number of rental units in the market (*The Margin*, 1985).

Because rent controls limit the amount of income that can be generated from rental units, potential investors shy away from the rental market in locations in which rent controls are imposed. Although rent control laws usually do not apply to new buildings, investors fear that in areas where the laws are already enacted, new legislation might be passed which would affect presently exempt buildings or newly constructed ones. Washington D.C. is a model example of the effect that rent controls have in frightening potential investors. Recently, 3,300 rental units were built in a single year in neighboring Prince George County, while in Washington D.C., where rent control legislation was in existence, only 123 rental units were built (*The Margin*, 1985).

Rent controls tend to degrade the condition of rental units. With rent controls restricting the income of the apartment owners, landlords have less money to put back into the apartments (*The Margin*, 1985). Also, maintaining the condition of apartments is against the landlord's own economic interests, because the tenant is more likely to remain in the apartment. If the landlord allows the condition of the building to deteriorate, it is more likely that the tenant will become dissatisfied with the condition of the apartment and will vacate the premises. With the apartment vacated, the landlord, under most rent control laws, is allowed to raise the rent of the apartment as much as he wishes. In this case, the landlord is able to generate more revenue from his apartments because of the change of tenant. It is more likely, then, that the owner will allow the apartments to deteriorate (Shreiber, 1976).

Rent controls create the incentive for a black market. The apartment value set by a free market indicates the price at which the number of people willing to rent apartments equals the number of owners willing to lease the units. Though rent controls set rental fees below this free market level, some consumers are still willing to pay the market price for apartments. This willingness can be exploited to the advantage of tenants who occupy rent controlled housing; present tenants can illegally sell their rights to the apartment to prospective renters, making a profit equal to the difference between the free market value and the rent control price. In New York, for example, it is typical for tenants to sell the rights to their rent controlled apartment for \$5000. Also, tenants often lease their apartments out to other renters at the market prices, using fake bank accounts to deceive landlords. By providing incentive for a black market, rent controls cause a major crisis (*The Margin*, 1985).

Rent controls are designed to provide affordable housing to those who are not

financially able to pay the market price, but it seems that in practice this does not tend to happen. First, rent controls usually affect only upper-income housing areas. This is because housing for the underprivileged is in such poor condition that rent controls do not even affect these rental rates, which are usually lower than the control rates. In the upper-income areas, on the other hand, rent controls often redistribute money from the pockets of middle class landlords to the pockets of wealthy tenants. This effect greatly hurts middle class landlords, who do not generate excessive amounts of revenue from their property even without rent controls, due to a high degree of competition in the upper-class housing market (*The Margin*, 1985).

### **Policy Recommendations**

Many of the problems with the rent control policy appear to stem from the discrepancy between the rent control price and the market price (Woirol, 1988). If rental rates were at the market price, then there would ideally be the same number of housing units as the number of people wishing to occupy them. Therefore, no housing shortage would exist. Also, investors would build more rental units if they could make unlimited profit from their investment. Landlords could generate more revenue from apartments in good condition than those in bad condition, so incentive for owners to maintain their buildings would be created. There would be no black market if owners charged market value for their units, because a black market price would make a unit more expensive than the market price, and no renter would pay more than market value for a unit when an adequate supply of apartments would exist at that price. Money would be distributed back from the upper-class tenants to the middle class landlords. Therefore, it seems that allowing rental units to be sold for market price is a better alternative, with a better allocation of resources, than is rent control legislation.

But what if the market price of rental units is just too high? What if rental unit costs do not seem justified even though they equal the market value?

It is possible to manipulate supply and demand in such a way that the market price can be controlled, to a certain degree. By moving the market price to what would be considered acceptable levels, it would be possible to provide affordable housing, while at the same time avoiding all of the problems caused by rent control legislation.

From an economic standpoint, the best policy is to allow the forces of supply and demand to act without constraints and reach a market price. If this market value is unacceptable, it is then possible to manipulate supply and demand factors and adjust the market price (Woirol, 1988). It is not good policy to attempt to set a price level while ignoring the laws of supply and demand, as is inherent in the concept of rent controls.

In Washington D.C., innovative ideas which take into account economic theory are beginning to be put into action. Rents in that area are slowly being decontrolled

in favor of an economic policy which advocates giving money to those of low income in order to help them pay for housing. The new policy allows the market system to work itself out, then supplies money to those in need if the market price is considered too high. This is a system which circumvents all of the problems of rent control legislation, but does exactly what rent controls are meant to do: housing is made affordable for those who are in need (*The Margin*, 1985).

Another way to affect the market price without causing the problems of rent control would be to offer bounties and fee waivers to those constructing apartment buildings in metropolitan areas. This would make it less expensive for investors to construct rental units, and an increase in the number of rental units would constitute an increase in supply. This would lower rental rates in the metropolitan area.

To decrease the demand for rental units, which would lower rental fees, a city could promote the growth of alternative housing (such as condominiums) in its own area or in surrounding areas. Bounties, city contracting, waiver of fees, and many other alternatives exist that would promote housing growth in outlying areas. Attractive alternatives to city rental units would decrease demand for such units, which would lower rental rates.

### **Policy Conclusions**

Rent control legislation varies so widely from city to city that it is impossible to evaluate rent controls on an general basis and declare whether controls are effective or ineffective in achieving set goals in singular cities (Woirol, 1988). In a few cities, it is probably true that rent control legislation is a bonus to a large percentage of the affected population. But inherent within the rent control theory are many problems which have been shown to develop when rent control legislation is enacted. Therefore, it is much better to approach the problem of unaffordable housing economically through a policy involving the manipulation of the forces determining supply and demand. This approach circumvents many of the problems which occur in rent control scenarios.

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## THERE'S A TIGER NEAR ME

by Debra Block

I think I'll be a rhinoceros today.

I think really hard; I create the form in my mind, a massive creature of grey wrinkled skin and mean temper. It grows larger as I concentrate on it, begins to move and take shape. I give the form sharp toenails and hairy ears, and two...no, three horns. I breathe life into its nostrils and am gratified to witness the belching flames and smoke pouring from its mouth. I believe it is ready for completion.

I put on my suit and drop to all fours. At first I am disgruntled by the unevenness between forelegs and hindlegs, but as I slip more comfortably into the shape the feeling dissipates, and all is as it should be. I take a few experimental steps, and I snort with joy at my endeavors. One step shakes the ground below my form. Just imagine what a lope would do.

I fancy I see my mother coming round the bend in the hallway. She wears her usual house dress, covered in a floral pattern. The blooms wink and play with each other. I've noticed time and time again, when we go shopping at the local mart, that they flirt with the young men we pass in the aisles. Some of them notice, I know, but they pretend like they haven't seen a thing. But I don't think my mother notices any of this. She's in a world of her own.

The flowers wink at me, and I feel my temper rising--I have a temper of 120 degrees! I inhale deeply and nearly choke on my own breath, but I will save it till I need it. First I must be made good and angry. My mother does not notice me, I notice. I roar and belch flames; they char the walls and ceiling. I stomp on the ground, leaving huge gashes in the carpeting. I charge a door to my right and impale it on my three large horns, tearing it right off its hinges. I parade with it proudly stuck above my horny head. But she does not notice me. She walks past and the flowers tell me hello and how very nice a job I'm doing. I ignore them and walk past.

I go into the kitchen, noting with satisfaction the deep impressions my great body weight causes my footprints to leave. I am so massive I can barely fit between the counter and refrigerator. But I squeeze past, permanently denting the fridge as I do. I never liked that fridge anyhow. The tabby asleep on the floor slowly comes awake and puffs to twice her size as she sees me. I roar at her, and she flees. I feel sad; she never likes to be around me.

I imagine I am outside in our front yard, in broad daylight watching all my peers play with each other. I stand unnoticed in the bushes, where I usually stand. Every leaf is familiar to me. I experimentally take a nip of a few; they are bitter, but I figure I'd better learn to like them if I am to survive. I recognize some of my neighbors. They play kickball or handball or toeball and run and yell and laugh. I feel the temper rising inside my grey wrinkled hide once again, and I let it rise. It feels good. The red ball becomes a ripe melon, miraculously bouncing on the pavement without breaking open. I grow hungry, and I can feel my eyes turning a

vivid red. My skin has changed to a bright violet color now, and I can no longer hide. I charge.

The other children flee. They have never seen a purple rhinoceros before, I can tell. I chase down the melon and snap it in half in my mouth. I am left with a deflated rubber mass in my jaws. I spit it out and stand in the road. No one in sight.

The place is perfectly still. I look down at my feet, and the ball is gone. Maybe it never was there. I heave a heavy sigh, which sounds to me like a volcano erupting, and my skin turns red to match my eyes. But alas, who ever heard of a scarlet rhino?

I stand in the hallway, squeezed tightly between the walls. I can barely breathe, constricted as I am. I move forward, and the walls move with me. I can carry the whole house on my back. I hear my mother in the other room, comforting the cat which for some strange reason is scared. Things never do change. I stop at the bathroom doorway.

I look in the mirror and look back at myself. I grin and reflect. I never looked so good...



# TYRANT

by Debra Block

She stood before the mirror and contemplated the image looking back at her; green eyes to green eyes, brown hair with highlighted tips to brown hair with slightly brighter highlighted tips. She glanced to her left and positioned the medicine chest door at a more acute angle, so that it caught the reflection of her side twice, making it suddenly her right. She smiled softly at herself and nodded, pleased at what she saw.

She was ready.

Yet upon closer reflection, she noticed several individual hairs slowly separating themselves from the bonds of her hairpins. Damn this dry weather, she cursed silently. She reached for the faucet and applied a few palm-fulls of cool liquid to the rebellious hairs, forcing them back into their places.

Her hair was naturally fly-away, and throughout her high school years she'd been doing all she could to combat this tendency---perms, straightenings, colorings, even bribery in the form of raw egg protein gels and hot oil treatments. She liked her hair to look clean, styled, and spotless; she couldn't let them have their own way. The latest crazes of gels and stiff sprays had suited her needs with crucial timing. And the chemical warfare had begun.

Just to be sure, she reached for her bottle of hairspray--extra hold, of course--and fired away, coating the strands with a slick hold. She ran her hand over them to smoothe them absolutely, then replaced the cannister to it's position next to the sink, within easy reach. She stepped back and gazed at herself again in smug satisfaction.

Perfect.

She'd been going out every week-end since she'd entered high school almost four years ago. She never had a steady boyfriend for more than two months, always seeking new and exciting territory. She delighted in letting those boys in, getting them to admire her-- they all had told her she was exceptionally pretty--stringing them along, then spitting them out and moving on. Keep them guessing, that was the way to do it. She nodded, and her reflection nodded back, and they agreed on this point. Never let them see your insides. Never let the outsiders see what you crave to cover up. Keep them guessing, and always stay just one step ahead. Let them see the attractive things. Never let them see your hair messed up.

But what do you do when your hair rebels?

She reached for the can and applied another generous layer to hold the hair, just to be sure.

Her best asset, she thought, was her long brown hair which she had recently taken to highlighting. It looked so pretty in the sun, shiny and sparkling and smooth. It attracted others to her. She didn't have to be so smart, or athletic, or industrious, because she could always attract others to her. She could always get

them to do things for her, especially the boys. She dreamed of the boy who would be coming soon to take her out. She had to look perfect.

But she DIDN'T look perfect, she saw with dissatisfaction. Even amid the layers of spray she had imposed on her hair, a few fly-away strands, now looking thick and greasy from so much residue, were breaking free and fanning out in separate directions. All over her head. She couldn't believe it. She reached for her next line of defense, the super-hold gel, and slicked some of that on the strands. The heavy weight made them fall, but others took their place. She applied more and more, in a growing frenzy, but there were still always just a few following some individual pattern and out of her confines. She cried out in frustration, then stopped and stood back to gaze at her reflection.

A greasy horrible mess stared back at her.

She stood still for a few moments in a quiet horror. Her tight and meticulously shaped image would be absolutely shattered were the boy to see this. What was she to do? She tried to think, but could come up with no solutions to quell her rebellious hair. How to re-establish her absolute authority?

And then she had the answer.

She opened the drawer to her right and drew out a pair of shiny metal scissors. She attacked her hair, cutting and shaping, and the pile of brown, crusted strands grew in the sink basin. When her fury was spent she stood back once again and looked at what stared back. Not so bad after all.

She shifted her gaze to the sink, at the withered and dying hair. Not so much trouble there she thought. She reflected, as she put the scissors back and cleaned up the residue in the sink, that she had hit upon the perfect solution. She could always keep her image intact; the hair wasn't the important thing, really. She could just as well cover up her whole head with a flashy new hat. And if someone tried to look past the diversion, she could find something else. Her hair need never trouble her again.

She smiled pleasantly as the doorbell rang and she went downstairs.

## **BANKING DEREGULATION: THE EVOLUTION OF THE 1980s**

by Mia V. Young

**"A banker who was a battle-wise apostle of the bitter truth would recognize in the legislation a counterpart to what geologists call 'posthumous faulting'--meaning that a break in the earth's crust can extend its line forward long after the explosion that caused the break had spent its force. So, too, the legislation, by its break with the crustations of the past, opened the way to further reshuffling in the relationships among financial institutions."**<sup>1</sup>

-George S. Eccles

Commenting on the 1980 banking deregulation act

Commercial banks comprise one element in a complex system of financial intermediation in the United States. As financial intermediaries, they act as middlemen, transferring funds from ultimate lenders to ultimate borrowers. They do so by issuing claims against themselves such as time and demand deposits. These claims are deemed attractive because of their liquidity, minimal credit risk, and their availability in small denominations. With the deposits that create these claims, commercial banks buy stocks, bonds, commercial loans, and mortgages issued by borrowers. Hence, their main role is to place funds at the disposal of borrowers that would otherwise be unavailable.

In their intermediary role, commercial banks compete with more specialized nonbank depository institutions. These include thrift institutions, life insurance companies, investment companies, finance companies, and the like. Despite the heavy competition, banks have continuously managed to stay at the top, in part, by providing a broad spectrum of services that cater to the needs of both commercial establishments and individual consumers. Thus, they are described as the "department stores of finance."<sup>2</sup>

Because of the size and power it wields, the banking sector has always been closely regulated by the government, so much so that the industry is "effectively defined by law and regulation."<sup>3</sup> However, many of these regulations are the product of a past era and deregulation has emerged as a new factor in the banking

industry. In the last decade, the forces of economic change and technological advance, among others, led to significant steps toward the dismantling of the regulatory framework forged in the 1930s. This paper discusses the present deregulation of the banking sector. In particular, it focuses on three things: (1) the underlying reasons for deregulation; (2) the details of banking deregulation, more specifically the Depository Institutions Deregulation and Monetary Control Act of 1980 and the Garn St-Germain Depository Institutions Act of 1982, and (3) the implication of these statutes for the role of commercial banks. But in order to fully grasp the impact of deregulation, one must first understand the reasons for government intervention in the first place. As such, there is a need for a brief discussion of the bases for regulation.

A primary economic justification for regulating banks relates to the possibility of bank failure in an unregulated market and to the economic instability that would ensue. This fear stems from the country's experience in the 1930s when the entire banking system collapsed. Indeed, the Task Group on Regulation of Financial Services, a committee formed to assess the regulatory system in 1982, listed the safety and soundness of the banking system as a goal of regulation.

"...Assuring safety and soundness of financial institutions, and of the financial system as a whole, both to protect individual depositors and to avoid or limit secondary effects of a failed institution."<sup>4</sup>

Regulatory measures taken to ensure bank safety at present include central banking, bank examinations, and deposit insurance.

Another reason for government intervention revolves around consumer protection. Throughout the 1960s and the early 1970s, Congress passed a wave of worker protection, equal opportunity, and consumer protection laws. The main thrust of this legislation centered on borrower protection and potential discrimination by lenders. Examples of these "consumer" statutory controls include the Truth in Lending Act of 1968, the Fair Credit Billing Act of 1974, and the Equal Credit Opportunity Act of 1974. Through these laws, the government spells out the proper lending practices that banks are expected to follow, as well as the rights of consumers.

Control of the money supply constitutes a third argument for banking regulation. Regulating the flow of money within the economy is important if economic stability is to be maintained. The Federal Reserve System is primarily charged with regulating the growth of deposits and credits at both commercial banks and thrift institutions. It sets reserve requirements, and through various mechanisms--discount rates, reserve requirements, deposit interest rates--controls the total amount of credit the banking system extends at any time.

Finally, regulatory constraints serve to prevent the excessive concentration of economic and financial resources. This goal is closely linked to the economic concept of economies of scale.

"Much of the regulation of depository institutions is attributable to supposed efforts to prevent the concentration that could result from possible economies of scale in banking... Regulation of banking is aimed at creating a competitive environment as well as simulating competitive outcome, but without the exit aspects (failures) of truly competitive economic sectors."<sup>5</sup>

Thus, charter, merger, and bank-branching restrictions are imposed in the interest of competition.

These reasons for regulation date back a hundred years. They have led to a variety of regulatory measures established in response to a series of financial crises that rocked the banking sector between 1873 and the 1930s.<sup>6</sup> Not surprisingly, a "very complex and fragmented regulatory system monitoring and seeking to control a complex and fragmented financial system" evolved.<sup>7</sup>

Problems loomed as a result of this complex regulation. Because of their aggressiveness and competitiveness, the commercial banks of the 1950s and 1960s started to create tensions within the ailing regulatory framework. Banks masterminded a number of financial and organizational innovations as a means of evading regulatory controls. As such, Eurodollars, credit cards, leasing, Federal funds and repurchase agreements were created by the financial community to circumvent one constraint or another.<sup>8</sup> Perhaps the most significant of these developments were the Bank Holding Companies. These holding companies were purposely created in order for banks to gain access to geographic markets and services from which they were barred. Not until the Bank Holding Act of 1956 was legislation enacted to restrict such practice.

The call for banking reform was further spurred by the turbulent economic and financial environment characteristic of the late 1970s and early 1980s.

"In early 1980, interest rates reached historic highs... the Federal Reserve was engaged in the use of selective credit controls on an unprecedented scale, and the rate at which member banks were withdrawing from the Federal Reserve System was accelerating... Moreover, many of the innovations authorized by the federal regulatory authorities, including various types of interest-bearing checking accounts, had been challenged by a court decision... Coupled with the unstable economic and financial environment has been the growing internationalization of the



financial system and increasing competition by foreign depositor institutions...usually...subject to considerably less regulation..."<sup>9</sup>

Technological advances in transportation and communication were equally instrumental in promoting change. The development of the electronic funds transfer systems, in particular, increased the geographic reach of banks, as well as their services. But regulatory laws, to a certain extent, restricted the installation of these equipments.<sup>10</sup>

Finally, various sectors were also influential in lobbying for reforms: the federal government, depository institutions, consumer groups, and even the regulatory agencies themselves. Each had its own reasons.<sup>11</sup> The government, for its part, wanted to avoid the negative consequences that inefficient banking operations may have on the nation's financial system. This concern was especially pronounced during periods of high inflation and volatile interest rates; depository institutions pressed for changes in order to gain a more competitive niche in relation to their unregulated competitors such as the money market funds; the consumer groups sought legislative changes because they felt certain people were discriminated against, as was the case with the elderly; and the banking regulatory agencies' reason stemmed from their concern about the apparent membership decline in the Federal Reserve System. They were worried that this development might jeopardize the ability of the Federal Reserve to control the country's money supply.

Although many unsuccessful attempts toward deregulation were made prior to 1980, the apparent financial crisis of that year gave Capitol Hill the impetus to bring about the necessary legislative changes. Hence, on March 31, 1980, Congress, with the approval of President Carter, finally passed the Depository Institutions Deregulation and Monetary Control Act (DIDMCA).

The DIDMCA of 1980 consists of nine titles, each of which spells out different aspects of reform in the financial industry. Title I deals with the issue of reserve requirements; Title II with the deregulation of depository institutions; Title III with consumer checking account equity; Title IV with the power of thrifts; Title V with state usury laws; Title VI with truth in lending; Title VII with the amendments to the national banking laws; Title VIII with regulatory simplification, and Title IX with foreign control of U.S. financial institutions.

Provisions under these titles are mainly intended to increase the amount of competition among the various depository institutions, as well as "to improve both the implementation of monetary policy and the equity in financial regulation."<sup>12</sup> The major changes brought about by the DIDMCA are as follows:<sup>13</sup>

1. Uniform reserve requirements are to be observed by both banks and nonbank depository institutions regardless of their membership status at the Federal Reserve System. This, in effect, eliminates the major distinction between member and nonmember banks, and gives the Federal Reserve System jurisdiction over nonmember banks and thrifts.

2. Commercial banks are no longer required to keep reserve requirements for personal savings, time deposits, and nonpersonal time deposits which mature within a year-and-a-half or more.

3. Banks need only have two required reserve ratios for checkable deposits, as opposed to the previous requirement of five.

4. Federal Reserve banks must publish a price schedule for their services and charge banks and other depository institutions the list price amount for using these services: currency and coin services, wire transfer services, and securities safe-keeping services.

5. All depository institutions can now avail for themselves funds from Federal Reserve banks.

6. Regulation Q interest ceiling rates imposed on bank deposits are to be phased out completely no later than early 1986 (Regulation Q has long been phased out).

7. FDIC deposit insurance coverage for individual accounts is increased from \$40,000 to \$100,000.

8. All depository institutions must offer interest-bearing transactions accounts, usually in the form of negotiable order of withdrawal (NOW) accounts.

Although the DIDMCA established a number of major changes in the roles of depository institutions, it was not successful in ending the financial crises, for the ailing thrift industry of 1980 was by 1982 on the brink of bankruptcy.<sup>14</sup> So, once again, in October 1982, Congress with the approval of President Reagan, passed a second major legislative reform, the Garn St-Germain Depository Institutions Act of 1982. Although this law was mainly enacted to salvage the thrift industry, some of its provisions did apply to commercial banks as well.

The passage of the Garn St-Germain Act increased the operating flexibility of national banks significantly. This increase in power particularly gave these banks improved leverage in their lending practices.

"Prior to Garn St-Germain, national banks could lend no more than 10 percent of their capital to any one borrower. This limitation was relaxed substantially, so that the percentage is now 15 percent plus an additional 10 percent for loans secured by readily marketable collateral. In addition, the legislation allowed national banks to form bank service companies and to invest in export trading companies... Banks may also form banker's banks as a means of providing services to groups of banks in competition with the existing correspondent banking system."<sup>15</sup>

The acquisition of the right to offer new deposits also affected the competitive position of commercial banks.<sup>16</sup> The first of these deposits was the money market deposit account. MMDAs comprise a new type of savings deposit. They are very similar to passbook savings deposits in most respects, but also differ in that their

interest rates vary each week depending upon changes in other interest rates. Moreover, MMDAs do not need passbooks, a required minimum balance, nor carry any specified maturity. This new account, in effect, allows banks to compete with money market mutual funds.

Likewise, the new laws enable the banking sector to offer another type of NOW account, the Super NOW account. This type of account is deemed attractive because it has no interest rate ceiling and like the MMDAs, has no minimum required balance.

Finally, through a provision of the Garn St- Germain Act, federal, state and local governments are now legally able to hold NOW accounts, hence, increasing the number of groups permitted to have access to interest-bearing transactions accounts in depository institutions.

The enactment of the DIDMCA of 1980 and Garn St-Germain Act of 1982 dramatically changed the role of commercial banks within the financial industry. The question now is, what is the implication of these changes in light of the banking industry's role in the financial market?

The role of commercial banks is less distinct now than it was before. Indeed, the differences between financial intermediaries have blurred a lot as a result of deregulation.<sup>17</sup> This homogeneity of functions is more pronounced among Savings & Loan Associations, credit unions, and commercial banks. Although they started out as very different institutions, all three intermediaries today offer practically the same services. They offer checking accounts, savings and time deposits, installment loans, business loans, mortgage loans, and credit cards as part of their service package.<sup>18</sup>

Although service competition among thrift institutions and commercial banks has increasingly heightened, banks have succeeded in increasing the breadth of their services more so than any of their rivals. No longer do they confine the bulk of their assets to commercial loans, nor the majority of their liabilities to demand deposits. Instead, service offerings have been expanded, making banks more diversified than any other depository institution.<sup>19</sup>

"The principal banking 'products' are of course various types of credits; for example, personal and business loans, mortgage loans...automobile and consumer goods installment loans, tuition financing, bank credit cards, revolving credit funds...Banking services include: acceptance of demand deposits...lock boxes and safety-deposit boxes...foreign department services, correspondent services; investment advice."<sup>20</sup>

In the heat of competition, commercial banks have also managed to maintain



or even increase their share of every market they serve, be it time deposits, demand deposits, or commercial loans. As such, they have grown to be the largest competitor in the intermediation arena. With total assets amounting to \$2,275.8 billion in 1984, commercial banks roughly held 40% of the total market shares of all depository institutions combined.<sup>21</sup>

Modern commercial banks, clearly, are far removed from their original design: institutions set up to cater primarily to the financial needs of the business community.<sup>22</sup> Indeed, today's banks are becoming more and more consumer oriented as evidenced by the range of services they offer.

The rate at which change has been happening in the American financial system has quickened remarkably in the 1980s. The on-going transformation started soon after World War II as a "revolt" against the regulatory controls forged in the 1930s. The financial innovations of the 1960s were essentially a means of getting around these regulatory constraints. The adage, "bankers can innovate faster than regulators can regulate"<sup>23</sup> appropriately described the financial climate which prevailed in the 1960s. In next decade, the move toward deregulation was heightened by economic problems, technological advances, and pressures received by Congress from various sectors in the country. The union of events and forces brought about the deregulation that depository institutions were hoping for. Hence, the DIDMCA of 1980 and the Garn St-Germain Act of 1982 were born.

Because of deregulation, the banking industry has undergone a dramatic change in its role. Today, banks are very similar to thrift institutions, particularly Savings & Loan Associations and credit unions. This increased homogeneity have brought about increased competition within the financial intermediation arena. Indeed, there are no such things as "traditional banking markets" anymore. Instead, thrift institutions themselves, lay claim to a large piece of that "pie market." The future role of commercial banks, then, seems unclear. One possibility is certainly for commercial banks to be even more enmeshed with thrift institutions as further deregulation takes place. Whatever the case may be, changes in the nation's banking industry are inevitable so long as technological advances are made, and economic problems loom. The safest prediction of all, according to Cooper and Fraser, is

"akin to that treasured aphoristic response to a request for a stock market forecast, 'The market will continue to fluctuate'--change will continue."<sup>24</sup>

## ENDNOTES

<sup>1</sup>Eccles, George S. *The Politics of Banking*. (Utah: The Graduate School of Business, University of Utah, 1982) p.262.

<sup>2</sup>Hamberg, Daniel. *The U.S. Monetary System: Money, Banking, and Financial Markets*. (Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1981), p.143.

<sup>3</sup>Haggestad, Arnold A. and Shepherd, William G. "The Banking Industry" *The Structure of American Industry, 7th Edition*. Ed. Walter Adams. (New York: Macmillan Publishing Co. Inc., 1986), p. 321.

<sup>4</sup>Cooper, Kerry and Fraser, Donald R. *Banking Deregulation and the New Competition in Financial Services*. (Cambridge: Ballinger Publishing Co., 1984), p. 42.

<sup>6</sup>Hammond, Thomas H. and Knott, Jack H. "The Deregulatory Snowball: Explaining Deregulation in the Financial Industry" *The Journal of Politics*. February 1988, p. 13.

<sup>7</sup>Cooper and Fraser, p. 66.

<sup>8</sup>Cooper and Fraser, p. 57.

<sup>9</sup>Cooper and Fraser, p. 107.

<sup>10</sup>Cooper and Fraser, p. 19.

<sup>11</sup>Cooper and Fraser, p. 17-19.

<sup>12</sup>Cooper and Fraser, p. 115.

<sup>13</sup>Cooper and Fraser, p. 110.

<sup>14</sup>Mayer, Thomas, Duesenberry, James S. and Aliber, Robert Z. *Money, Banking, and the Economy*. (New York: W.W.Norton & Co., 1984), p. 159.

<sup>15</sup>Cooper and Fraser, p. 138.

<sup>16</sup>Cooper and Fraser, p. 133-134.

<sup>17</sup>Eccles, p. 266.

<sup>18</sup>Cooper and Fraser, p. 9.

<sup>19</sup>Haggestad, Arnold A. and Shepherd, William G. "The Banking Industry" *The Structure of American Industry, 6th Edition*. Ed. Walter Adams. (New York: Macmillan Publishing Co. Inc., 1982), p. 321.

<sup>20</sup>Haggestad and Shepherd (6th Edition), p. 321-322.

<sup>21</sup>Campbell, Colin D., Campbell, Rosemary G. and Dolan, Edwin G. *Money, Banking, and Monetary Policy*. (New York: Dryden Press, 1988), p. 194.

<sup>22</sup>Cooper and Fraser, p. 9.

<sup>23</sup>Cooper and Fraser, p. 24.

<sup>24</sup>Cooper and Fraser, p. 252.

## DEAR DIARY

by Floyd D. Cheung

I died yesterday...

Today I travel in a grey misery

Among the Dead.

None of us are fearful;

We journey with a great Solemnity in our

Hearts instead.

Other voyagers and I

Are uncomfortably squished on this lonesome Boat

Riding a misty River.

Dead from all cultures and climes

Are here in hopeful peace.

As our skeletal captain steers our path,

Some can discern a faint, foreboding laugh.

I peer out over the mist-covered bow and ponder,

"Could this be Doomsday?"

Yesterday, I traveled...

Today I disembark onto the shores of a

Sterile-odored land.

Staring up and down stream,

I view a vast sea of saddened humanity

All trekking 'cross virile white sand.

Many ferries have docked here

Delivering Dead; I am caught in the current of Lifeless

Carried into a spacious edifice.

This is unreal...

Lines of Dead are awaiting their fates.

In the center of the hall is a tall machine;

Stone, wood, iron, plastic and steel together churn and gleam.

I regard what is happening, gasp an air-conditioned breath, and fear,

"This must be Doomsday."

Days ago, I died;  
Recently, I journeyed from life to this place  
More lifeless than me.  
Now I wait and observe judgment!  
No Dead speak here.  
We simply stand agape watching our fellows in front  
Be fated by mechanical decision and statement.  
The Machine stands  
Objective weighing each Dead's soul on its  
Precise Scale--so scientifically efficient.  
Those deemed "Good," or scorers of seventy or more,  
Travel up a polished escalator to Joyous Peace.  
Dead deemed "Evil," or losers with less than thirty,  
Are escorted by faceless robots wielding spears  
Into a steep chute leading to the prison of the Beast.  
But these routes are not the norm;  
Most are lost to the nameless Realm.  
There, souls are Deleted, and physical bodies lose all form.  
  
Millions upon millions are judged in this fashion and wonder,  
"Why is it Doomsday?"  
  
Oh, what cold decisive Order!  
I have waited and written my grains of sand away,  
And now, I stand to be judged.  
The heartless Machine delves in my Soul  
Gathering data to decide my fate.  
I writhe,...but soon the pain is with Nothing merged.  
In mere moments all will fleet  
To there that never was or will be.  
My hand grows weak, Dear Diary;  
Please, forever conceal my deathly memory.  
  
I had always thought that I would fight before being voided,  
But all I think now is,  
"Tomorrow, there will be Doomsday no more."

**DRIZZLE** (whisper this to yourself)

by Floyd D. Cheung

Walking down a rained-on street,  
Hands in pockets, and head tilted low,  
Slowly, do I shuffle with a tear to eye,  
Ignoring the people and loves that lie.

I see only tall signs aglow with neon-  
Reflections bounce lazily in the wetness  
Where beams of brights seem strands of  
Coloured yarn merely to mock the light above.

A drizzle starts, laying thin sheets  
Of water on the glossy black boulevard;  
Love and her trappings drain effortlessly  
Down a mucked gutter while whispering no mercy.

Seas well in my eyes, yet only one  
Drop escapes falling to the cold earth;  
Like so much else, the tear hits the ground  
And disappears with all the sadness the world already found.

## YOU CAN'T SEE BECAUSE OF THE RAIN

by James Allison

On the oily black vinyl seat next to me was a Thomas map book and a clip board with an invoice and an address. I started to think how ridiculous it was that I was driving through this blinding rain to deliver my galvanized pipe, but it turned into why does anybody do anything. The wind was very cold and the window didn't close completely. The sun was blocked by the heavy clouds so that it was impossible to tell what time of day it was. I was about twenty miles from the warehouse on the address, in a thirty foot stake-bed traveling north on the San Diego freeway. The rain was pouring so hard that my wipers looked like little feet kicking in a pool.

In the back of the truck were bundles of long galvanized pipe of different thicknesses and a couple of big ceramic pipes. This was a very light load. When the wind hit the side of my stakes it would shove me over almost into the next lane. In the mirror I could see the stakes leaning way over. I just kept my eyes on the red tail-lights of the car in front of me. They were all I could see, red tail-lights with a light gray ring around them. You couldn't see the off-ramp signs until it was too late. But I had most of them memorized anyway.

I finally found the address and I backed up to the open doors. There was no dock. The corrugated metal doors stood open. The wind had blown the rain several feet into the warehouse. Nobody was there. One of the fiberboard ceiling panels was sagging out of its frame, soaking wet. Drips of rusty water fell the distance to the red cement floor. The attic space above was filled with plumbing and cobwebs. The whole building looked more like an exterior than an interior. Its minimal contents had one common feature: they were coated with rust and water scum. Every cardboard box had been wetted and dried and wetted again so many times that it had lost all squareness. They all looked like creatures made of leaves. I walked through the whole place. Nobody.

So I found a phone in a tiny office which had four leaks and a half an inch of water on the floor. I called in and told them that no one was here and it was raining pretty hard, should I wait here a while? Fine. So I went and sat in my truck. Well, the rain didn't lighten up. So I ended up driving back in the rain anyway. A guy showed up in an old yellow Japanese truck. He helped me get the galvanized pipe out and we laid it just inside the door, right in the rain. He was a real nice guy, in his mid-thirties, already pretty bald. It seemed like we had a lot of things to talk about. When I left, it felt like we hadn't finished. On the way home one of the big ceramic pipes slid out the back of the truck and smashed all over the on-ramp. I was so absorbed in talking to the guy that I forgot to retie it when we unloaded the other pipe. I just kept going.

## CAREFULLY CHOSEN ITEMS TO BRING ON A WALK

by James Allison

He walked up in the hills yesterday by himself. It was January, the air was cool and the sun was shining clearly. It was not hot. The ground was very soft and there were shady spots in the dirt road that were still quite wet from the rain of a week ago. He had a plastic grocery sack with three Canadian beers in it that he had put in the freezer until they turned slushy. They had frosted up all over when he took them out of the refrigerator and packed them carefully, wrapping them in a thick beach towel and pushing them into the grocery sack. Up on the hill it was warmer than he had expected so he took off his flannel shirt, folded it and pushed it into the grocery sack too. It was not heavy, but it did begin to make his fingers red after he had gone a-ways, so he switched it back and forth from hand to hand every so often. It was carefully packed so the bottles did not make any clinking noises when he switched them in his hands.

He walked quickly up the steep switch-backs making himself pretty tired. He didn't stop. He would slow down now and then to get his breath. The dirt on the path was damp and packed. Occasionally it would be damp enough to stick to his shoe and suck it almost off his foot. When he reached the top of the switch-backs there was very little shade. It was dry and there was a rich smell of sage in the cool wind that came down the hot hillside.

A red-tailed hawk came close overhead and shot out over the edge of the hill, gliding, without wing movement, over the deep gorge. The hawk was alone and made no noise. He watched it for several minutes. He stood there and caught his breath and watched the hawk gliding above his head, feeling the cool air hitting his T-shirt which was damp with sweat. The hawk never moved its wings the whole time.

He passed a man and a woman who were standing about ten feet apart watching something down in the gorge. He was still going up, over the wide hump of the hill. It was covered with bushes and cactus. He was sweating more now, and was getting a bit tired, but he didn't slow down to catch his breath while the man and the woman were there. He jaunted right up the incline to the top of the hill. At the top he stopped, very winded, and switched the grocery sack to his other hand.

He continued on for some time, up two more hills to the highest point. There was no shade and the sun was very warm, but there was a cool breeze. Cactus textured the hillside all the way down into the gorge. He was now above the hawk, and looked down at it hovering in circles below. He could see its red tail very clearly against the light green cactus.

Now he began looking for a spot to drink his beers. But it was too sunny here. He rounded the hill and began a slow decline into the shady gorge on the other side. It was very green on the shady side and much cooler.

His wife's sister had been visiting from Jersey Island in the Channel Islands of Great Britain. She lived in a very old stone house on a lane very near the water.



She had shown them pictures of the beautiful marina in their village. Her husband is the son of a man who owns a resort hotel on the island, and he had grown up there. His name is Nick. Nick and he had come walking along this same trail a few days before, but Nick had gone home early to get back to work as a lawyer. He had just passed his exams.

Marsha, his sister-in-law, had been up late talking to his wife about something, and his wife, Annie, had come to bed very upset. He had asked his wife that morning what it was all about. She said that Marsha had made a comment about Annie's having borrowed a few dollars when she ran short of cash, just until the banks opened. It was Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday and the banks were closed. It was Marsha's second week staying with them and things about her were starting to get on his nerves.

He was still going to school and he and Annie didn't have much money. Though he tried not to be, he was irritated by Nick and Marsha's money. He was irritated by how easy life had seemed to come to them. But that wasn't really it. It was more the fact that they didn't seem to realize how easy life was coming to them. But it was stupid to think that and he was mad at himself for thinking that way. Still, this thing with Marsha making a comment to his wife about having to borrow a few bucks was very irritating. Thinking about it was ruining his walk. He had wanted to get away from things and rest his mind a little. He had brought everything he wanted, but he always ended up bringing things that he didn't intend.

As he was coming around the hill to the shady side he was getting angrier and angrier. He imagined himself going home and kicking Marsha out of the house. He was really sick of all of this kind of shit that you get from people, especially Annie's sisters: he was sick of them. He really didn't care if he ever saw Marsha again. He hoped he wouldn't and he told her that in his mind.

He looked for a place to sit that was in the sun but near the shade so it would be a little cooler. He walked down the path that ran along the shady side of the hill for quite a way until he found a nice spot. It was cool, but it was in the sun and the ground was very well dried. There was a thick mat of ground vines and when he spread out his big beach towel it was very comfortable. The beers were perfect. They were all thawed out and were very cold. They tasted better than any beers he had ever had, very sweet. After the first two he felt much better about the Marsha thing and he began to enjoy himself. He could not see the hawk any more because it was on the other side of the hill.

He was looking across the deep gorge at the higher hill, with the cactus, that he had been on before. It was in the sun. He sat there drinking his beers very slowly, holding the lip of the bottle to his mouth in between sips, so that he could feel the cool glass and smell the beer. He got a little cold as the breeze dried the sweat from his T-shirt so he put his flannel shirt back on.

## OUR SUBURBAN HOMES

by James Allison

The heavy black oiled wheels moved slowly, unstoppable. He watched, sitting on a pile of cement and wire. His bike was dropped on its side, the pedal sunk into the grass to his right. The massive freight train weighed down the earth directly in front of him. It dominated all sounds.

The moist dirt was on his knees and clumped on the front of his shoes. The air and the dirt smelled strongly of eucalyptus and gas. The desperation of the grass was drowned out by the creaking-slow-rolling of the train. Some of the cars were empty, and he looked into their carcasses as they passed. Huge piles of words, that he remembered having heard someone say, tumbled from the tops of the train cars. They felt like loads of dirt, rock, nails and lumber from a destroyed building. He thought that other piles that had fallen before were around him. He was sitting on the ruins of a wall of just such a building.

He wanted badly for someone to come looking for him. Some time passed. The train was gone a while. He started riding home. The street was still warm from the downed sun and the air was cool where it evaporated the sweat off of his face. It was his world, he knew it. But it was fearful to him like a foreign country might be. A foreign country might be intolerably fearful. Or it might be just like this place. He did not want to be alone, but he wanted even less to be with any of the people he knew. His imagination ran on and on, creating scenes out of the disordered bits that moved by him as he moved on, feeling his feet pushing the pedals and looking. Nothing seemed to go unrecorded. It all popped up sometime or other.

The sky was clear and darkening. His face was still hot around the eyes, but the breeze cooled his nose and the surface of his skin. His legs ached.

That summer, when he was eleven, was the summer of the creative burst. It produced more actual goods than any summer would until after the time the problems started. He applied himself to his work that summer. He concerned himself with nothing else. Stacks of paper formed. Bicycle trips to the wholesale paper store replenished his supplies. He had paper and pens and paints of all sizes, all the resources he needed to do what he felt like doing. Few people would ever see the mass of work that he produced that summer. But it formed him.

Every time he had something to say he would have to work it through that summer. He saw himself. As he got older he changed, but he remained rooted in the self of that summer, though perhaps he didn't always know it. That young summer he knew pain. He was intense about the pain. He cried all the time. It was in his work. There was also an absurd comic view of his world. The moon was a rock that had been conquered by marshmallow men. It was not important that he could not communicate his true feelings. No one understood the things he wrote. It didn't matter that much. There was a good feeling in keeping his art to himself. He

never thought about having to make a living with these stacks of paper.

Later he began to acquire money in the most ridiculous ways. He was never any good at acquiring money. At that point he was no good to anybody. It disturbed him when he thought about that summer. Sometimes he would let himself imagine that it might be possible to regain some of that freedom. But none of it made any sense. Making a living made some sense.

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He usually got off work late at night because he had a job that let him go to college in the day. He didn't go to work tonight but he stayed up the same hours. It was about two-thirty, the room was dark. He turned the TV off and the VCR. The room went black except for the street light which laid a grid on the short gray carpet as it came through the blind. Tonight he had rented two movies and watched them both. He was reading a book too; he would read some whenever he found himself trying to guess the ends of people's sentences.

Tonight he needed a lot of input. It added to the confusion, which is what he wanted. He had wanted to be a lawyer and a psychologist tonight. He had also wanted to be who he was. He had not wanted to be any of these things as badly as he wanted to be an artist, but only he knew what he meant by that. The phrase kept revolving through the room in the dark, "This is what goes on inside our suburban homes."

It was something a teacher had said last semester about a painting he had done. He did not reveal his feelings. He kept his response academic. He wondered if he could have controlled whatever might have come. But the teacher was right. This teacher read his paintings well.

He woke up the next morning feeling very empty, insecure and afraid. He was afraid to go back to his job. He didn't want to think about registering for school this semester. He got out of bed and poured himself a cup of coffee, but it sat in his hand until it was barely warm enough to drink.

After his shower he sat down and wrote up a budget. He called the phone company and asked for an extension for a week so they wouldn't shut off his phone. He cleaned out his desk and his files and organized all of his information for school. He felt a little better after that but he was still afraid to go back to work. His job was mentally very easy. There was little pressure. He hated his job, but that wasn't the reason he didn't want to go back. He was filled with fear. He feared registering for school. He feared his own drifting. Every time the phone rang, fear shot through his chest out into his arms, making them feel weak. He carried a sick weight of fear everywhere and it made it very difficult to do things.

The fear came out in his paintings though he never saw it himself. His art teacher saw it. The teacher tried to get him to talk about it. He felt the feelings coming again so he cut the conversation short. He had never gone back to see that teacher, not even to pick up his work from last year. He was afraid to go back. He cared a lot for the teacher but he didn't know what to do when the teacher cared back.

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The first few nights of my new job I spent trying to acquaint myself with the dismal environment. I had no trouble staying awake. This was a room that had not had any love. It was inhabited by men who thoughtlessly passed time here. I appreciated the ease of the night, the comfort of the aloneness. Two desks with glass tops sat solidly in the center of the room. The furniture was like a rummage sale that had been picked through. There were three plants bunched on one table, barely alive. Out of one of them ran one long shoot that was draped over a shelf. On the walls of the small room were three giant bulletin boards with old maps and memos and yellowed cartoons. This was a room in which time is passed without purpose or goal. Time is passed here in order to be done with it, to see it go by. Nothing in this room will move or change except the clock. Even the clock always comes back to the same spot for your shift.

I was sitting in this room in the middle of the night and I thought I heard cries. They were sad cries and they came in the form of a hand, like a contact with someone else -- another artist. They were very sad but not fearful. I realized that my feelings were swirling again, much stronger and fuller. The spiral swung a much greater weight. The heavy scraping of steel dominated all sound. I was alone, so I guess I knew that I could let them swing freely. But they would be more difficult to stop. Memories and problems came up as if out of water in a whirlpool and then were sucked down powerfully between the metal wheels. My life was running by. I realized that I had begun measuring time and calling it "my life" in a way that I hadn't used to do. I never got to grasp anything.

Everyone wants to fail -- yes, even the successful crave misery -- they set a determined course for the reef -- they will drill a hole in the hull of their own vessel. So here I sit -- the biggest damned everyone that ever was -- failing in the most unimaginative way that I can think of -- kind of a preacher -- a rest stop in the corridor -- in the dark staying awake -- failing to take refuge in expectations -- in sleep. Living wordless, the words would go on -- unwritten and unsorted -- compounded on all the many levels and twisted and connected and fragmented. They

would go on inside -- and at some point become solid and unspeakable -- impossible to understand -- heavy and restful and miserable. If at that point they did seek to make themselves known -- maybe as sculpture or smudges or big rocks on grass lawns unrooted and very high and ready to topple and kill everyone -- a naked failure -- to not use any language -- to not walk out on everyone's -- and everyone getting sleepy and dull -- and expecting me to fall asleep -- and being naked and famous and at that rest stop -- powerful and a failure -- and me bright as a terrier puppy.

## OM: A MEDITATION

by Janet Wheeler

To extensively analyze any culture, one must detach oneself from the subject, be somehow separated from it, in order to examine it without bias. B.S. Naipaul, an Indian only by heritage, wrote an analysis of India as an individual supposedly with enough attachments to care about India's future, but separated enough to take an impartial stance toward its traditions. This analysis, entitled *India: A Wounded Civilization*, discusses among other topics the ideal of detachment in Indian culture and the detrimental impact it has had on India. The destruction, he claims, is clear, as:

Its philosophy of withdrawal has diminished men intellectually and not equipped them to respond to challenge; it has stifled growth. So that again and again in India history has repeated itself: vulnerability, defeat, withdrawal (p.50)

Naipaul states that "it is less easy for Indians to withdraw and analyze" (p.108) than Westerners. Yet, as a man who "cannot reject it or be indifferent to it" (p.ix), he admittedly has a hard time himself withdrawing from India. From this statement and the nature of his semi-autobiographical novel *The Mimic Men*, it seems clear that Naipaul is attempting to come to terms with his heritage, trying to come to grips with what is for him "a difficult country." His disapproval of Indian cultural norms is only, it seems, in response to his own inability to understand the Indian mentality.

Naipaul is more of a Westerner than an Indian, brought up in a society which stresses *individual* success, *individual* experimentation, and *individual* striving for perfection. He cannot ignore the fact that India still has far to go before reaching modernization, and that detachment and withdrawal from individual pursuits is only hindering progress. Yet perhaps the *need* to progress is exclusive to the Western world; unable to deal with stagnation, we must find perfection either as an imitation of the Classical model or as some attempt to live up to being "the chosen few." The fact that there has been relatively no change in the arts of poetry, theatre, and visual arts in almost one thousand years indicates that Indians seem very comfortable with stagnation.

Naipaul's call for re-examination of Indian ideals is basically an imposition of Western rules on a culture which has remained richly independent of Western influence for thousands of years. Attempting to make India rethink its ideology and attempting to change India into a modernized, progressive, *Westernized* nation all at once would be like trying to push a square block through a circular hole -- it can only be a long, frustrating process whose only solution is to shave off the edges so that it can fit in the mold. Is a bare skeleton of the Western model, all too likely to collapse under the right pressures, worth the loss of cultural traditions so obviously workable for centuries?

Nothing Naipaul says, and nothing any senior at Whittier College majoring



in English can say would provide all of the answers, and I doubt whether either is really a capable judge of Indian culture. Yet, if Naipaul's thoughts can be published with rave reviews from leading journals, I suppose my reflections on withdrawal and detachment and the future of India are worthy of a few paragraphs.

Detachment is quite clearly a key value of traditional Indian culture and religion, and is visibly the central idea in much of the country's classic literature. *Hymns for the Drowning*, for instance, deals with the poet's withdrawal into the essence of lord Vishnu. Withdrawal into the past is a clear goal, as music, poetry, theatre, and even film are mostly based on past conventions, but detachment is an ideal not exclusive to Indian culture. In the twentieth century, we Americans are only too familiar with detachment and burying ourselves in the past. In the Sixties, the motto we all know was "tune in, turn on, drop out" -- detach yourself from this world and forget the misery through drugs, free love, or whatever it takes. And, in the late 1980's, at a time when the present and future seem too frightening to imagine, the past is the best security blanket. Fashion, music, and art, forever in transition, now look backward for ideas. Television, the modern wonder, hypnotizes us with re-runs more and more. Is this retreat to the past so different from Indian withdrawal into ancient tradition? Perhaps in this day and age, there is some sense in trying to hold on to the stable past.

Yet, there does seem to be confusion in India. From modern novels such as *Shadow from Ladakh*, *Nectar in a Sieve*, and *Midnight's Children* (by none other than Salman Rushdie, author of *The Satanic Verses*), there is visible unrest brought on by an infiltration of Western influence into the Indian culture. It was bound to happen to India, with the Western world touching all parts of the globe, and the changes must be difficult to adjust to.

This reminds me all too much of the novels I've read dealing with characters unable to find authentic forms to step into in their native, yet transposed cultures. *The Mimic Men* and *The Interpreters* concern themselves with characters who find themselves lost in confusion because their cultures have undergone overly rapid transitions into the Western mode. These characters can no longer find the authentic role models needed to become contributing parts to the whole of society, and perhaps the Western presence and its rapid transformation of a centuries-old culture is bringing on the same consequences in India. Perhaps the vulnerability and defeat which Naipaul describes is not due to withdrawal, but more likely due to the difficult and unwelcome transition from the ancient ways to the modern. The inevitable Westernization in this growing global community is what has perhaps brought about the confusion.

Why do they need to be enlightened by our knowledge? Their poetry is beautiful, as well as their theatre; in fact, I even enjoyed their music, though I am sure I fall short of fully understanding any of it. It is insane to believe that our customs, through modernization, can possibly improve upon their traditions. I cannot really say that I would want to live in India, but for God's sake, who says that we have to make a little U.S. out of their home?



Naipaul criticizes the Indians for not being able to withdraw and analyze, but perhaps *true* Indians find nothing all that wrong with it. If it is so bad, why are they not all running to America in droves, where everything is Mom and apple pie? I wish I could feel as comfortable about the structure of my society, especially when I think about who runs it. Again, it is the invasion of Western thought and custom which has forced Indians to respond to a challenge.

I must admit that I was at first cynical when I learned about all those holy men running around the country begging for food and seeming to make no important contributions to the society, but I did not understand their purpose; I only saw them as I see most elements of institutionalized worship -- crooked. Yet, that was at the beginning of my study of Hindu culture; now everything does seem to fit together, even in my brainwashed Western mind. Everything seems to have a place in India, everyone their dharma to fill, everything a purpose -- except for the presence of Western man. Naipaul does not even seem to fit in the picture, for he is not part of their tradition. He does not belong to the same world -- he belongs to mine.

The Indians are going to have to make changes to survive in this world of Levi's, Coca-Cola, and the dollar; they have no choice now. And, in that sense, Naipaul has reason to call for the end of detachment and withdrawal so that the Indians can compete with the rest of the world. For in the present age of global interdependence, India can no longer stand as an island unto itself; the people must learn to adapt, it would seem. If Indians can accept that India can no longer look after itself by itself, perhaps the individual will begin to take precedence, and the country will be able to meet the challenges of the twentieth century. If . . . . .

# FUNERAL

by Hillary Taylor

I'm standing, in my black dress, with my hair down and blowing in my face. It's cold, but not cold enough that I think about it being cold. There are about twenty to thirty people standing in gray, brown, navy blue and black clothes. We're on a slight incline, a small sloping hill, under an oak tree, and the leaves are blowing down on us. The priest is reading from the Bible, but no one is listening to him. I look up and wonder why the sky can be so clear and still have no sunshine. My best friend is in that box. It's not bad as coffins go -- black and shiny with gold handles. My best friend is dead. The only friend I ever really had. But maybe I only thought that. She meant everything to me, but did I mean anything to her? I doubt it. How can I just pick up and move on with out her? Tears are burning my eyes, and I like the way it feels when they run down my cheeks. I can see her mother, Barbara. The same name as my mother, but they couldn't be more different. The grass is still green under my feet and it's well into November.

These people and their religion! It didn't do Elizabeth any good. If I had known.... They're playing that song!! They listened to me and played the song, the song I knew always meant so much to her. It's sad and it's happy, and she always wanted me to play it when we were driving around together, especially at night. It was our song, the sound and the words that bound us together in a secret sharing of pain.

Well, she's walking through the clouds  
with a circus mind  
that's running wild.  
Butterflies and zebras and moonbeams  
and fairy tales.

All she ever talks about...  
Riding with the wind.

When I'm sad she comes to me  
with a thousand smiles  
she gives to me free.

It's alright, it's alright, she says  
Take anything you want from me.  
Anything.

You bitch!! How could you do this to me?! How could she have been so selfish? How could we...I.... It's over. She's gone, and never coming back, and there's nothing I can do about it.

Why?!

I'm all alone. It's over. Everyone walks slowly back to their cars. They just walk away. I'm not leaving. Those people -- those kids -- are the ones that I was jealous of because they took her away; she would go with them and not me. I was jealous and hurt. I pity them. But what if they were to blame? The one with the red hair -- skinny and with bad skin -- I've seen him before. They all just walk away.

The flowers on the coffin look all crumpled, disorderly, as though people thought pretty flowers would make it better. There are leaves all over the place. It's cold. I'm alone. My friend is not in that box -- don't think about it. She's gone. I want to die, too. But I won't.

## **SADDENING SITUATIONS**

by Tro Konialian

Advised not to be saddened  
In saddening situations.  
How can I comply  
With these complications?

I cannot help but wonder  
Or to think  
How a hastened decision  
Can loosen the link

Which constructed,  
Connected our bond  
So innocent,  
Yet, I thought, so strong.

I thought wrong.

## HELLO?

by Alycia Sanders

Hello, Peter-  
I see you're not at home right now  
so I'll just  
leave  
one more message,  
on your STUPID DAMN ANSWERING MACHINE!

Oh!  
I'm sorry - I didn't mean to yell  
Actually,  
I like your machine.  
I like it a lot-  
I really enjoy just calling and calling  
- hoping that you won't be there, again-  
just so I can SIT AND LISTEN TO IT!

Maybe,  
just maybe,  
if I call all night,  
you'll be there, and  
you'll hear my message,  
and you'll actually CALL ME BACK!

But I don't want to get my hopes up, do I.

About *anything*.

## WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK

by Jennifer Turner

Already a request had been made of me: I would have said no but he hadn't kissed me yet and I had made it a rule never to stop dating someone until he had kissed me. Usually attaining my goal only involved dinner and a movie and the kiss itself was always "G" rated; but now my interest and expectations were up and I didn't think Disney held a place in our evening--or did he? Maybe he was exaggerating when he asked me to wear something I could throw away later; the only shirt I really cared to throw away was my Mickey Mouse sweatshirt. I was torn between hoping he was and wasn't bluffing.

My answer came when I answered the door. Wearing torn Levi's and an equally old Mickey Mouse sweatshirt he looked like a defeated sixteen-year-old told to mow the lawn before the junior prom. But his eyes shone far past promenades and as we walked to the car I secretly hoped I would have to toss Mickey out.

The car ride was easy. Together we maintained Sunday morning conversation and only a few times did our hearts laugh out loud. When the car stopped we were nowhere. In fact I know it was nowhere because behind me I could hear the deep breathing of an ice machine (I'm sure Webster's defines "nowhere" as "anyplace where there is an ice machine"). But what surprised me even more was when he opened the trunk, took two towels out and headed straight for the straining snowball. Without a word he traded the machine straight across, money for ice, and handed me a ten pound block of winter. After getting what I assumed was his ice block he sauntered back to the trunk and placed both pieces of wrapped ice in the trunk. I couldn't help thinking they looked like they were wearing diapers as he closed the trunk, but he hadn't laughed yet so I put the animated ice cubes out of my mind and hopped back into the car. The conversation smoothed itself into Sunday evening as we both realized the adventure had more than begun, and having a matching pair of diapered ice cubes in the trunk seemed to break a few more barriers until we were soon giggling into each other's eyes.

When the car stopped again not even a soda machine was in sight. Instead, it was very quiet, clean and uncommonly tense.

"It's a bank, you wanna rob it?"

I laughed, well sort of, the way you laugh at a knock-knock joke, and no more. Sensing my hesitation he mercifully began his explanation.

"The sprinklers were on today," he smiled; "I know because I checked earlier--that's good. It means the grass is wet and we'll go a lot faster. This is called ice blocking. You put the towel over your ice block, sit on it, and slide down the hill. It's much faster than sledding, more dangerous, and illegal. Oh, and you will have to throw your clothes out, they never come clean. We'll go together the first time, just be careful of the sprinklers, okay?"

He smirked and graciously gave me a second to match his challenge. I bit my lip, sat down and promptly remembered the holes in my jeans. The feminine squeak that resulted from this realization flattened my smile and broadened his. And I saw for the first time that I had met my match; the kiss was up to me.



## UNTITLED

by vicki mckay

Bad poetry  
flows forth  
from a pen  
meant  
for  
other things.  
The wind  
floats  
through  
the trees  
and  
tangles  
a mess  
of  
already unruly  
hair.  
Uneasiness  
seems  
to  
rule  
the  
day.

## **PINPOINT**

by vicky mckay

Broken bits of body  
Blood, dark grey  
flowing from an arm  
peel the jacket  
only to find exposed  
the heart  
clinging  
to whatever life may have been  
reflections of a picture  
(a painting or real life?)

illusions appear  
floating quickly past  
different lives  
same soul  
evil, then...  
a pure past

in the desert  
a boy  
without his friends  
hunts triangles,  
pinpoints in the light

still alone  
he plays piano  
in the deserted city  
still searching  
for triangles  
the pinpoints in the light

his brother appears  
and points  
to a picture on the wall  
a snark  
(or a boojum?)  
the boy  
continues playing  
as his prey drifts past the window

## **STATIC ON THE LINE**

by vicki mckay

The love  
once  
felt  
strong and pulsing  
has been  
turned.  
Anger  
all consuming  
Focused  
only in  
a  
disembodied  
voice,  
static  
on  
the  
line.

# WAR, AS SEEN THROUGH THE HAND OF A CHILD

by Tina Jeha

War. Maybe I tried to block it out of my mind. I certainly did not remember it. My elders alluded to it; yet, somehow, it happened to someone else--not to me. Children should not have to live through wars. I should not have had to live through it. I was five years old at the time. Some people argue that war does not affect little children because children cannot understand the concept of war. Okay. Maybe I did not understand the issues. I had no knowledge of who was fighting whom. I knew not of death; yet, I must have comprehended some aspects of the war. If only I could go back and analyze my mind at the time I depicted the war in my painting. If only I could understand why I took the brush into my hand. The painting, now in the American University in Lebanon, is but a part of my past. Why, then, does it haunt me so?

Yes, it was thirteen years ago; yet, how can I forget a recurring nightmare of war? If I close my eyes, I see the paint brush suspended in air. It is long, and thick, like the barrel of a shotgun. The wooden handle is dark, like my mood--a mood too heavy for a five-year-old child. The tip is shaped like a tear drop. It is soft; yet, there is a certain harshness to it. The paint clings to the brush. The bitter smell is suffocation. The paint comes from a little plastic container, the kind used for a paint-by-number set. The paper is white--too white. Its purity blinds the naked eye. I have to cover it. I have to make it seem more real. I mix brown with white, and then add a little yellow. It has to look dirty. Everything is dirty. War is dirty. My five-year-old soul feels dirty. Oh, how I yearn to be cleansed!

I could have painted soldiers. I could have painted guns. I did not see these mechanics of war. My five-year-old mind did not understand the meaning of soldiers and guns. Maybe I was blind. I did not see through my eyes; yet, I still saw something. I cannot explain what triggered my painting. It is as though my hands enabled me to see my nightmare of the war.

The painting is a fixed image in my dreams. Every shape, every color, seems so clear to me: A disfigured lady stands in the middle of a long, never-ending, sinuous road. She has no special features. She holds a monstrous, ponderous jug over her head. Her skin is yellow. All the people represented are either yellow or brown. All have black hair. All wear brown or black clothing. Dirty. They all look dirty. Nothing can cleanse them. Not even the glory of God can melt their hardened souls. There is no vibrant color except for the red smudge of their lips. It is a dark, blood-like red. It is a deep red, the shade associated with the flames of hell. The lady stands in the midst of the other figures. She has high cheek bones and slanted eyes. Nobody looks at her. No one notices. Nobody cares. Every figure is preoccupied. They all look perplexed. Their confusion weighs them down. Their shoulders are slumped. They all carry the burden of war; my five-year-old heart feels

the heavy burden of war.

All the figures stand on the street. Buildings are on either side. All the buildings are slanted. Not one stands erect. They all have a look of deformity. The dark windows of the buildings are mysterious. The sun can be seen behind the buildings. It is blistering. The heat is evident. Suffocation. The sun is from a red-yellow mixture, with a bit of brown. The colors run together, like a child's painting so often does. The colors are tarnished. Brown, yellow, black, red. Heat. Dirt. War, as seen through the hand of a child.

# **DNA FINGERPRINTING; IN SEARCH OF THE GENETIC CODE**

by Vibeke Brask

The discovery of DNA fingerprinting in the mid-1970's has allowed scientists to remove the genetic make-up from a human's single cell, and display it graphically through a 'fingerprint'. DNA fingerprints are as unique as the ink print left by a fingertip, hence the term 'DNA fingerprinting'. Visually graphing particular segments of DNA through the process of fingerprinting has attracted human geneticists, forensic biologists, and those researching hereditary diseases, because of interest in the construction of DNA. Within each strand of DNA lies genetic data specific to a person. Identifying points of a DNA fingerprint and correlating them to sections of DNA provides information about these genetic data. Geneticists and forensic biologists foresee continued growth in research of DNA fingerprints as they continue to acquire facts about the arrangement of genetic information on DNA, permitting them to locate specific points on the DNA strand. As DNA fingerprinting continues to progress at a rapid pace, geneticists hope someday to be able to locate specific points of mutations on the DNA that cause human disease.

At birth, every human is comprised of approximately 2 trillion cells (Cummings, 1988), with 50% inherited from the mother, and 50% from the father. During meiosis there is potential for independent assortments, and mixed inheritance of traits during crossover. Therefore, the probability of two individuals, excluding twins, with identical DNA structure within their cells is nearly zero. DNA fingerprinting allows identification of individuals by tapping into this highly varied and individual genetic information all humans and other eukaryotes contain. A fingerprint test can be conducted with a small amount of blood, semen, or even a single strand of hair, making the procedure excellent for forensic biologists who can gather such material at a crime scene (Phillips, 1988).

The standard procedure to produce a DNA fingerprint from human cells has been left relatively unchanged from DNA fingerprinting's first attempts in the 1970's (Lewin, 1986; Phillips, 1988). Once cells have been obtained, they are broken open and the DNA extracted. A restriction endonuclease is added to the DNA, creating breaks along the nucleotide chain. When a specific restriction enzyme is introduced to the DNA, it searches out those sequences on the chain it is designed to cut. If an enzyme cuts the sequence AAGCTT, it will clip the DNA at this sequence. Different enzymes can be used to cut at specific points, allowing scientists to run several fingerprints on the same individual. Because of the complexity in a single strand of DNA, specific areas to be observed must be selected. Restriction enzymes assist in this process of selection.

A probe is then introduced to the DNA restriction fragments. The probe is a specific section of a second DNA which locates complementary sites on the restriction fragments. Because the probe has been made radioactive, it can be read on film (Lewin, 1986). This film is X-ray film. The resulting pattern is known as the

DNA fingerprint. The DNA fingerprint resembles a chart, with bands varying in width and darkness, due to variations in size and quantity of the related probe. If this process is conducted properly, the result should be individual-specific for the person tested. This refers to the fingerprint's representation of a portion of that human's genetic code.

The potential for mutations and mixed inheritance of traits within a human cell is high, therefore it is nearly impossible that two individuals will share the same DNA fingerprint. If a test is run, resulting in 80 bands appearing on the fingerprint, the probability that two unrelated people will share just one similar band is 0.26, or approximately 1:4. The probability that two siblings share one band is much higher, at 0.62, or a 2/3 probability. These chances are greatly reduced if all bands are considered. The likelihood then drops to  $5 \times 10^{19}$ . Even for siblings, there is only a one in  $10^8$  chance that they will share precisely the same fingerprint pattern (Lewin, 1986). With such statistics, it becomes clear that fingerprinting is a breakthrough in the identification of individuals, as the following example demonstrates;

I. *An individual has just passed away, and left behind a considerable fortune. Several individuals step forward claiming relations to the deceased, including one identifying himself as an estranged twin brother, and one illegitimate child. Each feels entitled to the inheritance, but none can legally prove their relation. The lawyers ask a group of scientists for assistance by conducting DNA fingerprint test. Blood was drawn from each, including a sample from the deceased, with the following results:*

PROBAND	LAURA (A)	STEVE (B)	MARK (C)	RICH (D)	SUE (E)
deceased	no match	some match	no match	identical	some match

II. *Using the same restriction enzyme and probe for each test, the above results were found. It could be shown that Steve (B) and Sue (E) were in fact related as they shared several identical bands. Rich (D) was an identical twin, as his fingerprint was identical to his brothers.*

III. *Lawyers were contacted, and the inheritance divided by thirds. Laura and Mark were turned over to the police.*

In November 1988, forensic biologists assisted Florida police in convicting a rape suspect (Phillips, 1988). Forensic scientists can apply DNA fingerprinting by



comparing the fingerprint of a cell taken from a crime scene to that of a suspect. If a positive fingerprint match is made, then the suspect can be accused of the crime. In a rape case, a sample of sperm was removed from the victim's vagina and fingerprinted. A fingerprint test was run on a suspect, and the two results were found to match. The suspect was convicted by biological evidence, which proved to be a victory for victim, law enforcement, and forensic biologists alike.

Outside of forensic biology and human identity testing, DNA fingerprinting is currently being used by geneticists. Geneticists are interested in further DNA research to assist in locating mutated genes on a DNA segment. By looking at alterations in fingerprints among family members, these mutations may show the presence of hereditary disease in an individual. Genetic markers are used by scientists to find these alterations on the DNA segment. A genetic marker is an identifiable section, or *mark*. It is referred to in DNA fingerprinting as a point that provides distinctive information, such as the presence of a heritable disease, that can be seen on the fingerprint. Geneticists have located individual-specific genetic markers that provide exclusive information about the location of genes on the person being tested. Genetic markers have been used since the breakthrough of DNA fingerprinting, and the process remains fundamentally the same as when it first evolved, but the use of known genetic markers has provided geneticists with the capability of using specific enzymes and probes to obtain genetically specific information.

Most genetic markers are restriction fragment length polymorphisms, or RFLP's. When a restriction enzyme is introduced to a strand of DNA, it cuts at specific sites, as shown in Figure 1 (Lewin, 1986). If there is a mutation in the DNA segment, the restriction enzyme cannot cut at the same site, and instead cuts at another site or leaves a longer segment. When the probe is applied, the lengths of DNA, as well as the number of bands, are different in the fingerprint. When the SAME enzyme and probe are applied to two different cells, and there is a mutation in the DNA sequence of one cell, then the resulting fingerprints have different bands (Greenberg, 1985). These 'band' variances from the mutated cell are RFLP's. To conduct such a test, it is important that genetic scientists have good markers, so areas such as defective genes can be spotted.

A mutation cannot always be recognized directly, but by using RFLP's, it is possible to locate the general area on a segment of DNA where one might exist. Original studies in DNA fingerprinting consisted of analyzing a chart of bands that were different for each individual tested. Genetic markers provide the observer with specific genetic information pertaining to that segment of DNA. The location on DNA for the Huntington's disease gene was the first breakthrough for geneticists in their study of hereditary diseases using these approaches (Lewin, 1986). Today, scientists can test family members where the disease has been present to determine which members carry the mutated gene.

Over 500 genetic markers have been found, and it is hoped that through further research delving into hereditary diseases more gene-specific markers, such as the one for Huntington's disease, can be found. The process is tedious and lengthy, as test after test must be carefully run using combinations of various enzymes and probes to determine what combination provides interpretable results. Geneticists have already been rewarded for their hard work. Recently, in a zoo attempting to

inter-breed captive endangered species, fingerprinting was used to identify differences of genetic information among the animals. Those animals found to share several bands on the fingerprint, indicating close relationship, would not be inter-bred (Phillips, 1988). While highly unromantic, the hope of course, is to improve quality and durability in the next generation. Zoo keepers hope this procedure will reduce the animals' susceptibility to illness and disease.

In medicine, fingerprinting has recently been used at the UCLA Medical Center to determine the success of bone marrow transplants, and to detect potential rejection at an earlier stage. Cancer diagnosis is seen as the next step in fingerprinting's aid to modern medicine (Lewin, 1988). Early detection may reduce the chances of cancer developing into a potentially fatal condition.

As geneticists look to the future, they must be ready to face moral issues. A battle between natural selection and the ability to alter the genetic make-up of individuals will once again raise issues of how far science can go in affecting the future of Homo Sapiens. This can already be seen in the preliminary testing of recombinant DNA. Since genetic markers can show precisely where a mutation has occurred on a strand of DNA, there is the potential to step in and cut out this mutated strand and introduce a 'healthy' section of DNA. Are geneticists attempting to play God, or is the real goal to benefit the lives of man. If the lives of individuals with a hereditary disease are prolonged through their child-bearing years, the disease can be passed on to offspring. At the same time, amniocentesis will allow the parents of unborn children to decide whether or not to terminate pregnancy if a fingerprint test of the fetus shows the presence of a hereditary disease. The decision of DNA fingerprinting's future role in creating a perfect human race is for all of society to make, not just geneticists.

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## **SILENCIO VACIO**

by Araceli Gonzalez

El silencio me hace pensar en ti,  
Se siente tan vacío sin tu presencia.  
Me Distraigo facilmente de mis estudios...

Cuánto extraño...  
...tu presencia,  
...tu sonrisa llena de alegría,  
...tus ojos que ven todo con dulzura.

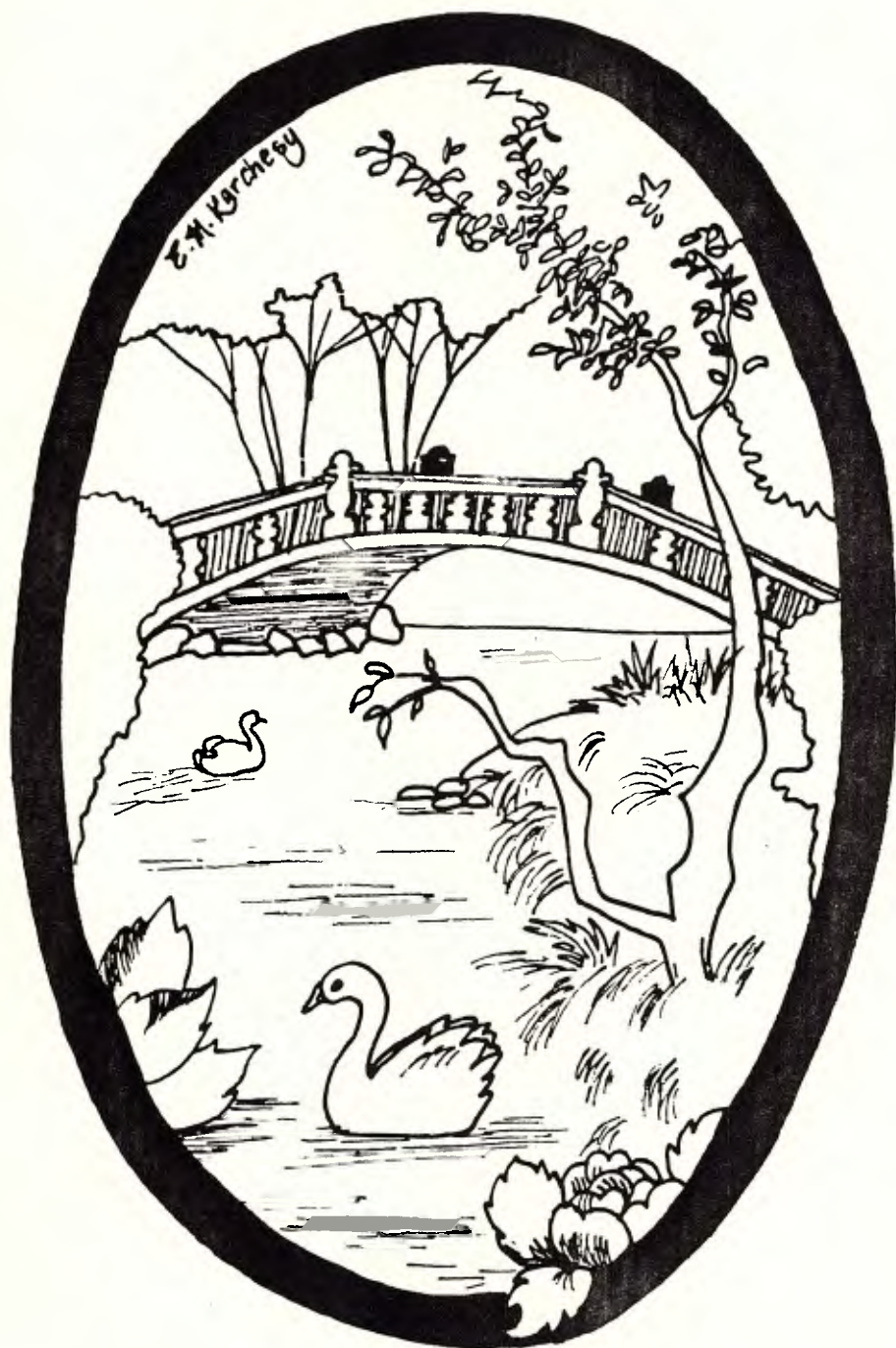
Cuánto extraño...  
...verte estudiar,  
...estar a tu lado estudiando.

Quiero llenar el silencio con palabras,  
Pero no puedo, porque tu no estás.

Hoy estudio sola --y pienso--

Cuánto extraño...

...oirte pedir silencio.



# **LAS PLAYAS**

by Araceli Gonzalez

There is a place...  
Walking down towards the sand and blue water...  
Where...  
A fence--divides the United States and Tijuana-it ends at the beach-  
Where it is "free"... SIN FRONTERAS is written in graffiti-  
...An invisible border that so many desire to cross...

As we - Les, Rene, and myself-walk along the beach,  
To admire a cafe-on the hills-we pass what is left of small buildings-  
They stood there once...but they were taken away by the high tide-  
Now, only pieces of structure remain...

One particular structure-fallen at an *angle* -catches my attention,  
-Les had talked about it before--  
Rene crept through an opening to see the inside.

I stood and looked out into the water...  
Thinking of so many things...

-Text--Context...  
-The times my father crossed the border--Just like many others-  
The cafe--which would someday be washed away-  
-Just like the others-  
-What a land for children to play in-

So much to *see, feel* and *read*...  
So much to remember...

J.T.-Enrique-Terry-Dave and Daniel approached the fallen  
structure-

They crept in one side as Rene crept out the other.

I felt like examining the structure myself-

As I crept in I could feel everyone's desire for adventure-

It felt as if we all became small children-creating our *Fantasyland*..

They all climbed into-the *angle* -structure-

Like climbing up two slippery and steep slides at a park-

Everyone had climbed up -- but me...

How would I get up? - My shoes were too slippery...

But the closeness of childhood play and friends was there--

Immediately J.T. reached out his hand and helped me up-

The feeling was great...

• Our chance to become another character--superman/supergirl...

Val, our polyglot colleague was at the bottom cheering us on

With great enthusiasm...

Les and Kei joined us...

After a while we all slid down the -enormous- slide--

That was once a corridor of a living structure,

Ending our adventure for the day--

In our *fantasyland*.



## A SECRET

by Kristina Dotto

Helen stood in front of the mirror, examining her tired features. I'm old, she thought to herself. Too old to stay like this, watching the tears run down my face. How in the world am I going to tell her?

She drew a thin hand over her cheeks, wiping off the tears. She cried silently, not wanting to awaken her daughter Eve in the next room, sleeping on the sofa bed. Eve's own room was full of suitcases, carrying clothes, gifts and useful household items. Her wedding gown hung from a hook in the ceiling, covered in plastic.

Helen walked from the bathroom to the kitchen. The phone sat on the oilcloth-covered table, and she yanked its cord from the wall. Relief and fear flooded through her in joined streams.

*I have to do this. God forgive me, but I have to do this. She can't know yet.*

Helen had been besieged by calls from friends and relatives, wanting to know if Eve was all right now. There had been no calls from the mother of Eve's fiance Jim. Helen did not want the woman to call, and did not want Eve to see her. She'd tell Eve that the phone bill hadn't been paid. Eve would believe her. She trusted Helen completely. Helen never hated that trust as much as she did now.

*I dread all of this. She's going to find out, and she'll hate me. But she's got to understand that I did it for her own good. If she finds out that Jim's dead....*

She glanced over at the Polaroid snapshot on the coffee table. Jim sat there, confidently astride his Harley, eyes smoldering into the lens of the camera. "He looks just like James Dean, Momma," she remembered Eve gushing at the dinner table. "Isn't he just so cute?"

"Yeah," she had said. "Just remember how James Dean ended up. I don't want you riding that motorcycle, Evie."

"Oh, Momma."

Eve turned in her sleep, moaning. Helen looked her over, breath catching in her throat as her eyes pause on Eve's legs. Two weeks ago, in the hospital, they had been covered in plaster of Paris and gauze bandages, much like the rest of her had been. Under the blanket, Eve still wore a back brace for her broken ribs.

*Ninety percent of her bones are broken, the doctor had said. If she ever gets out of the coma, it'll be a miracle.*

Eve had come out of the coma in two weeks. Jim had been buried by that time, with no injuries except the five inch hole in his abdomen where the handlebar of the Harley had impaled him. Helen hadn't gone to his funeral.

She cursed the Polaroid. "I wish it had been you the doctors had to sew up and piece back together. You and that motorcycle. Just couldn't wait to half-kill her

and kill yourself. I hope you're rotting in hell."

She wished it could answer back. She'd tell him, now, what happened when the motorcycle had hit the pothole. Jim had struck the handlebar and died almost instantly, and Eve had flown over his head into the windshield of an oncoming car. The doctors weren't sure that they had gotten all of the glass fragments out of her face and neck.

"Thank God she isn't blind," they mumbled in their examinations while Helen had trembled and choked down her sobs in a dim white corner.

She ran her hands down the front of her houserobe, wiping off the sweat. Eve didn't know Jim was dead. Their wedding day was in a week. She'd brought Eve home last night, and the first thing Eve had done was to go to her bedroom and make sure that nothing had harmed the dress.

"Has Jim called, Momma?"

"No, he hasn't."

"Why not?"

"He's sick."

"I hope he's not sick for our wedding," Eve had said emphatically. "Especially now that he can't ride his motorcycle anymore. We were going to attach cans to the back of it."

That much she knew. Her voice was cheerful, high-pitched and silly with anticipation; Helen had almost told her then, but stopped herself. She couldn't say the words with Eve clutching the hem of her wedding gown so possessively.

*I'm going to tell her now. I'm going to get up and plug the phone back in. Then I'll wake her up and tell her that Jim's dead and has been, and ask her to forgive me...oh, no, I can't do that, she's still not well, I have to keep this up until she's better or she'll never be able to take it. I can't lose her now, when I've gone through all the hell of watching her being put back together.*

Eve turned over, yawned, and pushed herself up. Helen thought how beautiful she was, even with her hair cut short so that the lacerations on her scalp could be stitched up. She would have made an exquisite June bride.

"Momma, why is the phone plug out?"

Helen steeled herself. "It doesn't work," she said emotionlessly.

"Why not?"

"How would I know why?" Fear sharpened her voice. "The bill probably didn't get paid, because of the wedding."

"Oh." A pause. "I hope Jim hasn't tried to call."

"Well, if he has, he has," Helen replied. "Go get your shower."

Eve nodded, disappointment clear on her face. She reached for her crutches and pushed herself into the bathroom.

Helen cried only when the sound of water spurting through the faucet could cover the ragged gulp of sobs.

## WHO IS SWEENEY?

by Matthew D. Taylor

Thomas Stearns Eliot was born into a wealthy, religious family. The life he knew as a child was rich in upper class experiences. As he grew older, went to Harvard and then overseas for post-graduate work, he became fascinated by how the "other half" lived. To Eliot, the other half were wanderers in a waste land of life without any roots. Their lives were ruled by sense gratification and greed, and they lacked a foundation of religion and education. These people were not necessarily poor. The rich who were unchurched and uneducated were also subjects of Eliot's scrutiny. Yet, it is the animal man and the prostitute that seem to have been of special interest to Eliot. Influenced by the works of Charles-Louis Philippe and Charles Pierre Baudelaire, Eliot composed poems concerning street life and the dynamics of prostitutes and their suitors, why they are like they are and how they feel. Emerging in poems around the first two decades of his career is the character of Sweeney. Sweeney not only symbolizes the animal man, concerned only with his own gratification, but because he has a name, he seems to have a story to tell. Eliot did not think everybody was like Sweeney, but Sweeney was a type whose grotesqueness both repelled and fascinated the poet.

Sweeney appears in five poems, the first published in 1920 and the last in 1932. He "stars" in a few and in others he only makes a cameo appearance. The frequency of his presence, however, prompts one to wonder who exactly this Sweeney is and where he came from.

Critic T.H. Thompson offers a fine introduction to the character: "Sweeney is a baffling person. He runs in and out poems like a naughty boy; scarcely offers an explanation of his conduct; and generally confounds critics by his bad manners and rude behavior." (Thompson, 161.) Sweeney symbolizes the animal man, a vulgar personage lacking morality and sympathy, and seemingly only seeking to gratify his desires, to devour others and to satiate his lusts. This is all apparent, but as Thompson alludes, there must be more to him than mere symbol. Why did Eliot give him a name and why did he use him so frequently?

Because Sweeney has a name, many critics have suggested that he represents a specific person. Eliot himself said that Sweeney is a composite character (Smith, 44.) and described him "as a man who in younger days was perhaps a professional pugilist, mildly successful; who then grew older and retired to keep a pub." (Smith, 114.) This comment prompted Conrad Aiken to speculate that Sweeney was based on a Boston Irishman named Steve O'Donnell who taught Eliot to box while he was at Harvard and apparently once gave Eliot a black eye. (Smith, 44.) Others feel Sweeney has a broader background. Robert Payne is supposed to have maintained that part of Sweeney comes from the mythical Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, created by T.P. Prest in the 1840's, who would kill his clients with a

straight-razor to supply meat for the meat-pie shop next door. (Smith, 44-45.) All of it seems possible as one looks at the Sweeney poems.

The first poem chronologically that Sweeney appears in is "Sweeney Erect." The title alone frames the character well, as critic B.C. Southam explains: "The title neatly points the sexual aspect of the poem's situation; also the joke on Sweeney as a human animal, human by the scientific definition as an 'erectus', a creature walking upright in contrast to the stooping stance of the anthropoid and higher orders of the ape family." (Southam, 53.) The situation seems to be that Sweeney is in a brothel, run by one Mrs. Turner, and has just gotten out of bed after a night with one of the girls. He gets up to shave (echoes of Sweeney Todd) and ignores the violent protests of the girl who apparently is upset that he has gotten out of bed, that he has left her. In this poem, Eliot seems to be painting his picture of the brothel life of the other half. Sweeney does not care about the girls at the brothel. He hires them for their services and expects them to do nothing more than to satisfy him. The girls, in contrast, seem to be in a desperate situation, as if they would rather that none of this were happening, that they were respectable people who had real love. Eliot seems to pity the girls and despise Sweeney for his callousness. The comparison to the story of Theseus and Ariadne at the beginning of the poem seems to confirm this sentiment. As the legend goes, Ariadne, daughter of King Minos, fell in love with the Athenian hero Theseus and helped him survive the labyrinth and kill the Minotaur. After the victory, Theseus took Ariadne with him when he set sail for Athens, but left her behind on an island where they stopped for supplies. It seems that Eliot is trying to make the analogy that like Ariadne being left behind by Theseus, the one she loved, so Sweeney is leaving the young prostitute with a harsh disregard for her efforts or feelings. Furthermore, it seems that Eliot is setting up Sweeney as a parody on classical heroes. He endures similar events, but lacks the virtue that would make him heroic. Compared to classical beauty, Sweeney is modern decay.

Sweeney appears next in "Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service." He is the subject of only two lines, but they explain another facet of his character. Sweeney, instead of being in church Sunday morning, is in his bath. Thus we see that he is not religious. However, since the poem is poking fun at the high church, Sweeney sits in contrast to the churchgoers and is almost praised by Eliot for not submitting to the complex and sterile religiosity going on at the church. Sweeney is the opposite extreme of Origen, mentioned earlier in the poem, who castrated himself for the love and service of God. Sweeney's bathing could be his own atheistic Sunday morning ritual of cleansing. Yet, Sweeney seems troubled, as he "shifts from ham to ham/Stirring the water in his bath." He seems to be contemplating something, feeling he lacks something, possibly the warmth of a religious community.

Sweeney next appears in "Sweeney Among the Nightingales," where he is back among the street life. Because "nightingale" is a slang term for prostitute (Southam, 64.), he seems to be back in his element. The first stanza is full of

animal imagery and reminds us of Sweeney's animal nature. Yet, the atmosphere is hostile and something is somehow not right for Sweeney. The epigraph is what Agamemnon said as his adulterous wife Clytemnestra murdered him in his bath: "Alas, I have been struck deep a deadly wound." The closing stanza refers to Agamemnon's death again, saying it was in the "bloody wood." Thompson describes the "bloody wood" and how it relates to Sweeney.

Here was Agamemnon murdered, and beasts of prey like  
Sweeney hunt in its thickets and tear their victims with their  
claws. The "bloody wood" therefore is the dwelling of atavistic recollections, where man the animal prowls, from which man the angel shrinks. Yet while the ape-man hunts, nightingales sing in the branches for those who have ears to hear.  
(Thompson, 164.)

It seems, then, that the nightingales are hostile to Sweeney, which is an odd situation. The dream-like quality of the poem suggests that this might be Sweeney's personal nightmare, that suddenly the prostitutes will no longer want or need him and in fact conspire against him with disdain like the nightingales who cover Agamemnon's body indiscriminately with bird droppings. Smith explains that this "portends for Sweeney . . . not merely catastrophe but humiliation." (Smith, 47.) Eliot could be stating that loss of virility and control would be devastating to Sweeney.

In addition, Sweeney is again ironically compared to a classical hero. Whereas Agamemnon was the good man who was conspired against, Sweeney is the animal-man who is conspired against. The comparison acts to make Sweeney's "danger" seem ludicrous. Agamemnon's circumstance was a tragedy; Sweeney's is a farce.

Sweeney pops up again in *The Waste Land*, in the third part, "The Fire Sermon." Here, he is part of a larger whole, and that being the world as described in "The Fire Sermon." This part of *The Waste Land* concerns sense experience. Oddly enough, it is narrated by Tiresias, the blind seer, a man with one sense missing. Sexual tones run throughout, intertwined with Eliot's observations of common people again. Lines 173 to 179 concern the activities of summer lovers, common people who escape to the Thames for enjoyment. Lines 207 to 214 concern a Turkish merchant, possibly homosexual, inferring a meaningless, sterile sexual relationship. Lines 220 to 256 concern a meaningless heterosexual encounter between a female typist and a male clerk. Lines 292 to 305 concern again the empty sexual encounter between common people, "humble people." In "The Fire Sermon" there seems to be something burning, quite possibly lust and nothing more. However, it seems not to be a fire of enthusiasm, but rather a consuming fire, a devastating fire, leaving people's lives wasted. Sweeney's part is told in lines 196 to 206. Sweeney is off to a brothel again, but this time to Mrs. Porter's. After having



"suffered foully through too implicit faith in a woman" (Smith, 85.) in "Sweeney Among the Nightingales," he goes elsewhere to satisfy his incessant lusts. This time he seems vengeful. The lines saying

Twit twit twit  
Jug jug jug jug jug jug  
So rudely forc'd.  
Tereu.

refer to the second part of *The Waste Land*, "A Game of Chess," where Eliot discusses the Greek myth about the rape of Philomela by King Tereus. Philomela was later turned into a nightingale by the gods to save her from the pain and shame. The nightingales's call sounds like "jug, jug." Thus, here Sweeney is back with a "nightingale" with whom he has not tenderness, but rudely forces himself upon. Again, the animal-man Sweeney raises his ugly head and Eliot sympathizes with the prostitute.

What is interesting about "The Fire Sermon" is what Eliot observes in lines 257 to 265. In the middle of all this lustful meaninglessness is an island of dignity, on Lower Thames Street. There a community of fishermen converse and play music over lunch in a pub. These are common people with roots, with community, live music and laughter. These are common people not drifting in a wasted land of lust and greed but grounded and alive in a life-giving tradition. Furthermore, there is the beauty of the church of Magnus Martyr, indicating the fertility of religion still surviving in the sterile world. These two instances, to Eliot, are examples of a few redeeming qualities of the world, proof that not all people are like the vulgar Sweeney.

Sweeney is last encountered in his own pseudo-epic drama "Sweeney Agonistes." It is in two parts: the first is "Fragment of a Prologue" and the second is "Fragment of an Agon." The term "fragment" is appropriate because in both parts one feels one has entered a drama midway. However, it seems that the scene is back at Mrs. Turner's brothel because of the reappearance of the character Doris from "Sweeney Erect." Sweeney does not appear in The Prologue, but he is mentioned in the conversation between the two prostitutes Doris and Dusty, as they play at fortune telling with cards, a pastime Eliot probably saw as the girls looking for a better fate. Again, Eliot pities the prostitutes. The girls seem to know Sweeney and they do not like him. The Prologue contains three other characters. One, Sam, is a regular customer of Doris and Dusty's and they seem to like him. He brings with him two Americans, Klipstein and Krumpacker, who are in London on business and want to have a little pleasure on the side. Eliot's portrayal of Klipstein and Krumpacker shows that he did not think highly of the average American nor the average businessman. Here again are two people who are not poor, but are vulgar just the same.

Sweeney appears immediately in The Agon section. He is bantering with Doris about cannibalism (another echo of Sweeney Todd). Doris acts frightened by

Sweeney's chatter and references to death. He seems forceful and drunk, characteristics reflecting the Irish pugilist in him. Smith seems to think that Sweeney is babbling philosophically without really understanding what he is saying. His statements about life and death seem out of place coming from his mouth. He seems to be simply grandstanding, telling his story about the man killing the girl for its shock value. (Smith, 112.) That seems immature enough for Sweeney. However, it does not shed any light on the meaning of the epigraphs, nor the card reading *The Prologue*, nor the final chorus. This seems to be a baffling final appearance for Sweeney. Thompson, though, believes he has solved the mystery of Sweeney.

In his article "The Bloody Wood," Thompson claims that there is a story behind Sweeney that runs through all five of the poems and concludes in "Sweeney Agonistes," lending much more meaning to that work than if it is taken alone. Thompson sums up Sweeney thus: Sweeney sleeps in Mrs. Turner's brothel with a young Miss Porter in "Sweeney Erect." Miss Porter raises a fuss over Sweeney that he becomes angry over. He considers quieting the girl with his razor. Doris comes in with brandy at the end to soothe his nerves. In "Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service," Sweeney sits in his bath, still temperamental about the incident and wondering what to do about the young Miss Porter. The bath gives him an idea. Doris and the other prostitutes suspect Sweeney has plans and conspire against him to protect Miss Porter in "Sweeney Among the Nightingales." This explains the confusion of the poem and the sense of foreboding. In *The Waste Land*, Sweeney has discovered that the girl has returned to her mother, so he goes to visit Mrs. Porter and her daughter. The "so rudely forc'd" could refer to both the rape of the girl and the killing of her by forcing her head underwater in a bathtub. In "Sweeney Agonistes," Sweeney returns to Mrs. Turner's, haunted by his deed and wanting to tell of it without incriminating himself. He tells the story of a man he knew who killed a girl and kept her in a bathtub filled with a gallon of lysol, assuming that means the disinfectant. He claims that "Any man has to, needs to, wants to/Once in a lifetime, do a girl in" to desperately try to justify the action. He feels guilty, to the point of being crazy, like Dostoyevsky's Raskolnikov in *Crime and Punishment*. In *The Waste Land*, the "jug jug jug" could mean not only the call of the nightingale, but also the lysol being poured from a jug into the bath, as well as symbolizing Sweeney's guilt, with jug being a slang term for jail.

The two epigraphs at the beginning of "Sweeney Agonistes" now make more sense. The first, attributed to Choephorol, has Orestes concerned about being followed.

Orestes: You don't see them, you don't -- but I see them: they are hunting  
me down, I must move on.

Orestes' expression of fear of being caught explains Sweeney's own feelings of fear that he tries to hide, and again places Sweeney as a parody of classical figures. The second epigraph is a quotation from St. John of the Cross and it presents a clue to



the perverted reasoning behind the murder.

Hence the soul cannot be possessed of the divine union, until it has divested itself of the love of created beings.

Sweeney divested Miss Porter of her love of himself, a created being.

In the same way, the reasons for the title and the final chorus become more apparent. Eliot called it "agonistes" because Sweeney is in agony over his guilt. The final chorus foretells of Sweeney's eventual punishment for his crime, saying: "And you wait for a knock and the turning of a lock for you know the hangman's waiting for you."

With this story, Thompson seems to have hit upon a valuable insight into the reasons for Sweeney. (Thompson, 161-169.) Smith discredits Thompson's observations, saying there is no connection between the Sweeney poems (Smith, 114.), but Thompson's view is too astute to be disregarded so lightly.

Whether to accept Thompson's theory or not depends on one's method of analyzing poetry. For many people like Smith, individual poems are the discrete or independent expressions of the various facets of a poet's life and mind. Each stands for a certain time, place, and/or feeling, and everything is contained within the single poem, with nothing intentionally carried over into the next. To carry a plot more complex than the presence of a reoccurring symbolic character through five poems that span twelve years is reading too much into a poet's intentions.

Yet, Eliot emphatically denied that any of his early poems were simply autobiographical. He was an intensely methodical poet and his poems are dense tangles of language and meaning, works of artistic beauty, not self-expression. It would not be beyond him to carefully build the myth of Sweeney through the years and then tie it all together with the final work once he realized a conclusion.

Furthermore, Thompson has skillfully utilized the principle of critical parsimony, the idea of finding the simplest explanation for a problem that neatly unifies the evidence. It is easier to say that none of the Sweeney poems are connected and leave it at that than to critically examine them to find a theory that, right or wrong, nonetheless explains them.

Either way, Sweeney is there -- odd, profound, and entirely the offspring of Eliot's fertile mind viewing a wasted land filled with hollow, uncivilized people.

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# ADDICTION

by Rebecca Totaro

Now!  
Please No...yes  
I must fill the pit  
Empty in need of satisfaction

Sleep!  
Yes...no time  
It calls  
Fulfill the longing  
End all want

Reason!  
Yes...no ability  
Frantically think of a method  
To calm the beast artificially

Help!  
Yes...no one can know  
A horror deep within  
I cannot let them discover

Stop!  
Please Yes...no  
An unending cycle began  
Broken only with  
Strength

Now!  
Yes...it must  
End  
with me.

## EDEN

by Rebecca Totaro

No burning rays or glowing beams  
Neither downpours nor flurries  
But nature.

No enraged harpies or furious dragons  
Without claws or fangs  
Only Animals.

No cause for trepidation or throbbing anguish  
Never abhorrence or revulsion  
Simply emotions

No copious duties or burdensome responsibilities  
Absent of labor, stress, fatigue  
Merely activity

No ticking clocks or moving dials  
Without schedules or plans  
Just time

Eden

## REALITY

by Phil Hickey

Paul slowly raised the pistol to chest level, where he cocked it. His blue eyes sparkled. The blackened metal of the .45 did not. A tight grin stretched the muscles of his face, but only slightly. His finger touched the trigger, and he pulled it, quickly, as a loose tooth. "Yes," he sighed.

Paul looked up to the red haired girl before him. Black roots, though. Too chunky for the tiny skirt she was wearing, and her legs were pallid. The cigarette dangling rigidly from her fingers called attention to her youth.

"I mean, yes, you were justified in getting pissed." The words slid out of his lips. It was the right thing to say, obviously. She returned the cigarette to her lips, and took a deep drag. He wasn't sure what the problem was, or even who this girl was. He looked deep into her glasses, and tried to remember her name. Jill, Janet, Jessica, no, Jenny. No, make that Jenni. Dumbass cutesy name.

Her smoke curled into his nostrils, and he thought about scabs. He hated listening to her bitching, all her petty tragedies and useless tribulations. Why did she always seek him out? Why did anyone? It was kind of like scabs, all these meaningless episodes, but in a way interesting. They were unattractive, but he enjoyed picking at them. A little at a time, peeling away, and in the end it's exposed and it leaves a scar.

He pushed the blond curls out of his eyes, and stretched his legs out, so as to get a little more sun on them.

"Well," she continued in a rush of smoke, "I'm glad you can relate. I mean everybody probably thinks I'm a total bitch now."

He agreed, but said "No, no. I'm sure everybody understands. I mean Susi's 'borrowed' things before." He looked over her head at the sky, without seeming to. It was blue, but streaked with shit. He was in the midst of greenery. Grass and trees all around, like some sort of regulated jungle. It looked painted. He looked to the ground, and noticed the pin sticking in it. He removed it, and then looked to her. Her swelling took him somewhat by surprise, and he thought it funny when her glasses popped off. He leaned forward, and in a slow motion pricked her. She burst in a greasy cloud.

And his hand rested on her shoulder. A kind, reassuring pat. "Don't even worry about it. People know what's going on," he mouthed, even as he wondered.

"You're such a good friend, Paul. I'm so glad I can talk to you." She enfolded him in a friendly hug. With a twitch of his muscular arms, she would sag, her fishy eyes would look blankly at the sky, and she might flop a bit, but definitely dead. Broken back.

He watched her walk away, oblivious to the knife in her back, and idly wondered how she could walk. It must be severing her spinal column, and even if it were not, the pain must be excruciating. He sighed, gathered his legs in, and rose to his feet. He felt, and then turned and saw a slight young man approaching.

"Tom!" he turned and smiled. Here was another friend. "How're ya doin',bud?" He scratched his chest through his thin shirt. Something itched there.

"Not too good man; can I talk to you real quick?"

Paul smiled at the length of lead pipe in his hand, and hefted it. "Sure, man. What's wrong?"

## **.....AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER**

by Phil Hickey

The moon shone full through the slightly parted shutters, onto the large canopied bed. Sprawled on the bed was a slender, handsome youth. The moonbeam slowly traveled along the pillow, until it reached his face. His eyelids flickered open, and the beam shone full into his eyes.

There was a wrenching sensation, as if he had been abruptly rolled up into a package the size of his clenched fist, and then a tumult of new sensations hit him. He was conscious of a burning thirst. His skin seemed parched. A great pressure built behind his eyes, and his lips painfully contorted into awkward positions.

Feebly kicking his legs, he managed to turn himself over to his stomach under the now constricting covers. A croak sprang from deep within his mutated body as he struggled out from under the blankets. Feverishly staring about, he observed his position. Before him was a gaping chasm, the seeming cliff that was the edge of the bed. He crept closer to the edge, but unaccustomed to his changed body, he began to slip over the lip of this drop-off. He frantically grasped at the bedsheets, but could not grip them with his malformed hands. He bounced on the stone floor, but was uninjured. As he hopped forward, a window appeared in his field of vision. He moved towards it, and effortlessly leaped to the ledge. There he stopped and gazed upon the silver globe suspended among the tiny pinpricks of light in the velvet darkness. Drawing his forelegs together, he managed to fix the moon in the center of his vision; he was unable to crane his head forward, since he lacked a neck.

Pride and triumph surged within him, and there rose from the core of his being a truly earth-shattering croak. This challenge to the moon was more than it would seem from this description. As a lion has his majestic roar, and the wolf his sorrowful howl, our frog had his croak. This croak, however, roused another sleeping form, and the frog leaped from the window ledge to the darkness below.

He landed on a paved path, and began to hop down it, drawn by the dampness he sensed lay before him, secure in his majesty, now that his challenge was delivered to the moon. There was water ahead, a small stream fed pool almost completely surrounded by reeds. Until reached, it was almost impossible to see it for what it was, rather than simply a particularly tall stand of vegetation.

Squirming between the grasses, the frog, with effort, reached the water. Once there, he kicked out in a smooth, even stroke, luxuriating in the cool water lapping over his head. The parched sensation receded, and a second later it was a distant memory.

Lulled by the gentle lapping of the cool stream, he was unaware of the approaching figure, until it blocked the moon's light. A hand snaked out to firmly grip the small struggling form. His legs futilely kicked as he squirmed against his fate, but he was unable to move otherwise. He could only watch, transfixed, as he was relentlessly drawn to the slightly parted lips of the gigantic mouth. The parted



lips revealed even, white, and somewhat sharp teeth. His eyes bulged further, and his mouth opened wider as he was pulled towards the gaping maw. He tensed as the lips brushed against his face . . .

Then he was squatting in the muddy puddle, stark naked, cold and confused. Before him stood a woman, hands upon her hips, a robe clutched in one hand. Her hair was long and golden, her bearing regal, and her beauty beyond compare. But her facial expression was neither patient nor understanding. "Get out of there before you catch pneumonia." she said in a low, menacing tone. As he scrambled out of the water, she dropped the robe into his arms, and continued, "This goddamn curse of yours has got to go. If I had known it was going to be like this, you can bet I wouldn't have been so fired up about kissing you that first time. You didn't bother telling me it hit you every full moon." The sodden man merely observed the mud between his toes, so she grabbed his arm, drawing him behind her as she returned up the path to the castle. "Every full moon for the last six months, I've had to come out after you and kiss you. Well, I'm not going to stand for it one more time. Tomorrow you ride out to find some witch to remove this curse."

Prince Charming nodded, and quietly said, "Yes, dear." as he shuffled up the path, shivering slightly.

## MARATHON

by Phil Hickey

A statue stood in the clearing. He was tall and proud, with a physique that the Greeks imparted to the representations of their gods. His hair was like over-ripened wheat waving in the breeze, and it cascaded over his broad shoulders. He was naked, but his bearing was noble, as if clothes were for lesser men. His corded muscles had a lean economy as he broke into motion.

His legs raised in rhythm, as his arms pumped up and down, hands swinging loosely at his sides. There seemed to be no effort in his stride, almost as if he were not exercising, but only making the motions, and really being whisked along by a zephyr. His bare feet made slapping noises on the hard packed forest floor. His gaze wavered neither to the right nor the left, but he looked only ahead. His easy movements were aped by the chubby fauns who trailed him, stumbling on the clumsy little hoofs.

He turned, following the path through the forest, with its alternating patches of cool shade and radiance, and moved parallel to a swiftly tumbling brook. It tried to match his flowing stride and failed. The neirids rose to the surface to eye his progress, and giggled to each other, as they marveled at his body. The very trees raised their verdant tresses so as not to impede him.

The sun chariot raced across the sky, trying to match his steady speed, and tender golden arrows arced down to his body. As time advanced, he began to move out of the forest, and the trees became fewer and smaller. The tiny red-faced satyrs could no longer keep up, and began to fall by the way, clutching their sides, and moaning between gasps for air. The brook that babbled by his side widened and deepened and lost its earlier vivacity and clearness. The neirids vanished, to be replaced by bull-headed men who roared, and shook their huge fists. The runner never noticed them, but only continued. He still glided along the ground, but a thin sheen of perspiration covered his body, and perhaps he was breathing more heavily than when he started. Then the path split from the river, and began to rise into the hills to the east. The golden orb above him sweltered, and the arrows that were lobbed at him no longer warmed him gently.

The path began to run back and forth, zig-zagging up the hill. Rocks became more frequent, and they cast looming shadows over the path. Now the runner began to lose some of his effortless grace. The gentle zephyr that once carried him had died in this arid stretch. Even the grasses began to disappear, replaced by scrubby bushes that thrust out onto the path, and drew satin lines on his legs when he brushed them.

On a cairn of boulders lay a recumbent sphinx, curled in her wings, and as the man approached, sweat laden locks plastered to his head, she rose, languidly unfurling her snowy wings, and arching her back. Her leonine paws gouged deep canyons into the rock. She smiled and yawned deeply, thrusting forward her proud breasts. As he labored up the hill, she purred to him, "Man, why do you run?"

His only answer was a deep exhalation of breath. She watched him appraisingly, and as he passed her, she began to groom her silken pelt, lightly fanning herself with her starkly muscular wings. The man followed the path still, as it began to slope down again. Now the path began to disintegrate. The hard packed dirt was steadily eaten by the sands, and bits of glassy rock cast jagged black shadows before his feet. He toiled through the sand, and his feet were torn by obsidian shards. He left vermilion imprints that shone in the fire of the brazen orb. His once loose stride had become strained, and the muscles in his neck stood out as he struggled to swallow. But there was still strength in his form. The air behind him echoed with gleeful moans and the noise of whips cracking on tender flesh. He kept his gaze forward.

In the haze appeared a mirage. It seemed to be an enormous complex that lay sprawled on the horizon as far as he could see. His pace picked up, and his hands clenched and unclenched stiffly. The bloody footprints stretched back to the beginning of the world.

He came closer and closer to the gray monument, and it assumed solidity, rising in leaden glory from the grasping fingers of sand. Then he reached the cavernous entrance. The shock of the darkness was a physical blow. His feet made sticky pounding noises on the smooth floor. Blind, he rebounded off an abrading wall, and staggered to his right - or to his left. He was no longer certain. The steady padding of his feet echoed throughout the dank corridor. He continued in the direction chosen for him. A rank smell assaulted his battered nose: an unclean animal odor, with a deeper corruption underlying it.

Something brittle shattered under his foot, and then he kicked a spherical object that bounced hollowly down the cavern. The beating of his heart was not solely from his effort. Far behind him, a roar echoed, reverberating down the labyrinthine halls, until it built up into a noise that drowned out the fury of the Hellespont. Still, the unceasing rhythm of his stride was heard above it.

Far ahead, the stygian blackness receded, replaced by the more wholesome darkness of night. He emerged into the upper world, silent under the silver disc. A hound's insane cry came from somewhere above. The forest began again, and the path once more became honest dirt. The meter of his stride quickened as he surged through the wooden shadows to an eerie piping. Through the trees he caught glimpses of a mad writhing blaze, and mad forms cavorting around it. They were all linked into a chain as they flailed to and fro. The tang of spilled wine was in the night.

Then, abruptly, the trees parted to reveal a moon-drenched glade, with a cloaked and cowed figure in the center. His feet almost reluctantly slowed as he struggled to stop. And he stood behind the figure, drawing in great shuddering breaths, until it seemed his chest must burst. His blood drenched limbs trembled, anxious to once more flow across the world. He spoke, for the first time, in a wrenching gasp. "My lady, I return."

She slowly revolved to face him, at the same time sliding down her cowl. A twisting, hissing mass sprang free and he looked into eyes that were black fire. A statue stood in the clearing.

# **THE EFFECT OF COMMON SOIL ON THE TRANSPARENT EYEBALL: NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S INTERPRETATIONS OF EMERSON**

by James Allison

Ralph Waldo Emerson is inspiring to read, largely because of the sharpness, the purity, the unqualified boldness of his ideas. We are moved by his romantic assertions. We want to believe them. He has drawn such attention and reaction precisely because of the purity of his positions. We know, along with Emerson's critics, that in the real world there is no actual black or white. But in art, and in communication, we can appreciate the drama and the clarity of a composition which makes its statements in black and white terms, with as little gray as possible.

It should not be overlooked that Emerson's primary ideas were so original that he had not yet had the opportunity to temper them. Some of his assertions may seem obviously flawed to us, with all of the benefit of hindsight that we have acquired over the years of seeing them employed in America. Surprisingly many, in one form or another, are still with us.

The genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne has been borne out over this same period of time. With his incredible skill in the observation of human nature, he was able to point out the problems in Emerson's thoughts while Emerson was still in the process of thinking them. He does so, amazingly, without diminishing the power of the thoughts. Embracing the essence of Emerson's transcendentalism, Hawthorne infuses his own keen insight into human nature. He retains the drama and the inspiration of the ideas themselves, adding much of his own in the form of great story-telling.

"Our age is retrospective," writes Ralph Waldo Emerson in the first words of his essay "Nature" (McQuade: 981); meaning that the scholars of his day were so immersed in histories, political and religious, that they were unable to see the world in which they lived through clear eyes. Everything was being interpreted for them by presuppositions which they had acquired through the study of these histories, most of which were written by political and religious aristocracies. "Why," asks Emerson, "should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe?" (981). He is expressing an essential distrust in these traditional interpretations of history.

A greater danger, perhaps, whether the traditional interpretations are accurate or not, is that in our unquestioning acceptance of them we are lulled to sleep. Emerson is calling us to wake up and experience the world first-hand, to view the world in a new way, to form our own traditions.

Nathaniel Hawthorne takes this idea one step further. He not only begins to create his own traditions, but makes a concentrated effort to go back and re-interpret history in light of the new experience that he has gained. Hawthorne is greatly concerned with popping the balloon of the American legends which were already putting down very sturdy roots.

These were the legends that began in the minds of the early Puritans, Bradford and Winthrop, and were later glorified even further by writers like Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards; legends of a new Eden, and land where God's order would be established under the discipline of his good Puritan stewards.

The other legends, recorded by men like Franklin and Jefferson, involved the casting off of the oppressive King of the Old World and establishing a government where men could exercise their own free will, in perfect harmony and equality, because of the absence of the evil oppressor and the presence of good reasonable thinkers. These are the legends that Hawthorne re-examines.

In the short story "The Maypole of the Merry Mount," Hawthorne examines the myth of our Puritan origins. He is drawing from the account of the renegade Thomas Morton which William Bradford gives in *Of Plymouth Plantation* (138). Morton was responsible for leading in the setting up of a small settlement in Massachusetts in which he consorted with the Indians, drank and danced around a maypole, and in all other ways "let a dissolute life, pouring out themselves into all profaneness" (139).

Hawthorne takes many specifics from the account, but steps completely outside of the Puritan perspective. Bradford paints the settlement as a "school of Atheism," and Morton as the "Lord of Misrule." John Endicott is presented as a hero for the cause of morality.

In Hawthorne's highly embellished re-telling, Merry Mount is a place of great freedom and joy. There is singing and laughter. The settlers are in communion with the Indians and even the wild animals (a bear dances around the maypole with them). The scene is a very colorful wedding of two young, loving and innocent people. When Endicott arrives he cuts down the maypole, has all of the settlers flogged and the bear shot through the head.

Hawthorne has indeed created a myth of Eden, but Puritans would not be happy with the way he reversed the roles. The Lord and Lady of the May can be seen as the innocents, Adam and Eve. They are living in joy and communion with nature, without the knowledge of good and evil. Endicott injects his system of morality into the scene, condemning them all as guilty of transgressing its laws, much as Satan with the fruit from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

In this re-examination of history, Hawthorne shatters the Puritan view of our origins. At least he makes it very difficult for us to accept them as Gospel without a closer look.

In another story, "My Kinsman, Major Molineux," historical legends are again put on the table. In this story the question of the purity of the motivation leading to the American Revolution is examined. Hawthorne again steps outside of the accepted framework, which always presents good reasonable Americans liberating themselves from the evil oppressive British. He presents this American city as far from virtuous; the motivations for war as less than noble ideals of freedom. The British officer is the one being oppressed by the evil crowd. The American leader is a figure of the devil himself (1660).



We see then, that Nathaniel Hawthorne has gone through a process of questioning, developing in Emerson's words, "a philosophy of insight and not of tradition (981)." This insight he then turns upon history, to re-filter it.

Emerson had another set of ideas involving nature and the revelatory experience one can gain by observing it as children do. He wanted to become an innocent, viewing the world through fresh eyes, isolated from the corruption of the past and the opinions of others (982). He saw that this kind of contact with nature inevitably leads to corruption. He illustrated this in regard to language, that is when words are removed from their real counterparts in nature they become perverted in their ability to express what is true. "The corruption of man," Emerson says, "is followed by the corruption of language (990)." This corruption is also linked to the "artificial and curtailed" aspects of city life, since the city dweller is more removed from pure nature (990).

These ideas of the corruption of cities and language, and the virtues of childlike faith-experience are themes that Hawthorne works with as well. As we have seen before, the pure ideas as they come from Emerson become quite a bit more complex and gritty in the hands of Hawthorne.

In "My Kinsman, Major Molineux," the central character, Robin, is an innocent young man from the country. In his familiar environment of nature, we imagine that he is knowledgeable and possibly quite skilled, he has "the name of being a shrewd youth (1663)." But in this city, with all of its corruption, its demonic imagery and its utter disconnection with nature, he is lost. The disconnection of words from reality is pronounced. No one says what he or she means, everything is put in riddles.

Here the imagery surrounding religion is positive. Robin's faith, which he has acquired in his natural environment, is the only comfort he can find amid the confusion of the city.

The religion of the Puritans in "The Maypole of the Merrymount" is quite different. It may be equated with Emerson's concept of corrupt language that has no basis in natural reality. Endicott's words, in the story, seem completely removed from any reality about the situation that he is confronting. He is so absorbed in his doctrines and laws that he can not see the good in the Merrymount settlement. His language about justice and punishment fills his mind, there is no contact between the words "branding" and "whipping" and the actual pain which accompanies the reality of those things.

One bit of reality does break through to Endicott, however, this is the love between the Lord and Lady of the May. He sees it and can not deny that it is real. "The iron man was softened; he smiled at the fair spectacle of early love; he almost sighed for the inevitable blight of early hopes (1687)."

So, again Hawthorne brings the complexity of reality to bear upon Emersonian idealism. The happiness of the Merrymount is not real, nor are the corrupted language and acts of the Puritans. Love is affirmed by both groups, but the illusion of an idealistic Utopia is shattered. The world, corruption, legalistic



morality and sin are here, to forever encroach on childlike purity.

A similar theme is dealt with in Hawthorne's short story, "Young Goodman Brown." In this story, however, it is not the city that germinates the corruption. Nature has no purifying effect upon language. The evil in this story comes from human beings themselves. This view of human nature departs considerably from Emerson, who sees man as a well of positive potential, needing only to free himself from the restraints of the world. The picture that Hawthorne paints in this story is more akin to the Calvinistic doctrine of "total depravity."

The story tells of Young Goodman Brown, whose naive faith is introduced to the reality that all of the good Puritans of his town are hypocrites, each one hiding heinous secret sin. He is confronted with the perverse quality of human nature. The effect upon him is that he becomes a "stern, sad, a darkly meditative, a distrustful, if not a desperate man (1675)." He never recovers any faith in human beings, or any joy, until his dying day. Perhaps Hawthorne is saying, by this, that though it may be true that human beings are full of evil, it is better to believe in some good in them and experience some happiness as a result, even if such belief is naive. Perhaps he is saying that Emerson is right to want to view human nature through the eyes of a child.

The last theme that I wish to discuss is Emerson's ideas of beauty, spirituality, and creativity as opposed to ideas of material concerns and pragmatism. Emerson's idealism sees "the world as a spectacle, and something in [man] is stable (998)." He states that the poet is able to "make free with the most imposing forms and phenomena of the world, and to assert the predominance of the soul (999)." Emerson doubts the very existence of matter, and claims that science will bear him out (1000). In short, he de-emphasizes the value of material concerns.

Beauty, for Emerson, is an essential element in the understanding of truth. "Beauty," he writes, "is the mark that God sets upon virtue (986)." It follows that he would place tremendous value on man's creation of Art, the embodiment of beauty in new forms (987).

These are ideas with which Nathaniel Hawthorne seems largely to agree, and he expresses them and expounds upon them in the masterful story, "The Artist of the Beautiful."

The central character of this story is a poor artist, Owen Warland, trained in the skill of watchmaking. He is compelled, against all odds and reason, to create a work of art which contains the beauty of spirit. Throughout the story he is contrasted with the practical blacksmith, who makes useful things. He is also opposed by Peter Hovenden, who "was most terrible, by reason of a keen understanding which saw so distinctly what it did see, and disbelieved so uncompromisingly in what it could not see (1705)."

Owen is tossed from elation to despair in the pursuit of his elusive goal, which is fittingly in the image of a butterfly. He is upperly isolated, no one shares his understanding or appreciates his ideals. But he learns that "the reward of all high performance must be sought within itself, or sought in vain (1710)."

In the end he does create "the beautiful." Even his dull acquaintances can see that it is truly remarkable. It has tremendous value, but not the kind that can be measured in dollars. It exists for only a few minutes before it is destroyed. Owen is not upset by its destruction, however; he realizes that the actual material symbol of what he had created was unnecessary. "His spirit possessed itself in the enjoyment of the reality (1712)."

This story is a perfect expression of the transcendentalist ideals of beauty, spirituality and creativity. If one read all of the rest of Hawthorne's work omitting this story, one would certainly never understand the true nature of the writer's world view. This is the story in which he expresses the most hope and meaning; a meaning that lies beyond the material and the practical. His hope lies in the artist, in the virtues of beauty and creativity; a hope which I personally am inclined to hold.

Emerson sees man as having unlimited potential. He sees nature and creation as perfect, willing and able to supply all answers.

Undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable.

We must trust the perfection of creation so far as to believe that whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened in our minds, the order of things can satisfy. (981)

Hawthorne, on the other hand, leaves many questions unanswered. Will Robin, in "My Kinsman, Major Molineux," find within himself the self-reliance to succeed in the city? Do human beings always have the reservoir to draw upon to make them competent to every task? What is the meaning of "The Minister's Black Veil?" Was there secret sin or was it a symbol of our inability to ever perceive the truth about another person? Is human nature totally depraved, and faith as worthless as "Young Goodman Brown" seems to find them?

Hawthorne finds many limitations in man. Many questions seem to persist. But, there is hope. In the whole of his work we certainly do not see the optimism of Emerson. But we do not see the bleak pessimistic void which we find in much of the writing of the twentieth century. Hawthorne is a romantic, but a thoughtful romantic.

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# THE GEOLOGIC TIME SCALE IN TERMS OF THE BOOKS IN BONNIE BELL WARDMAN LIBRARY

## or: THE WORDS OF HISTORY

by Yvonne Lembi

The concept of the whole range of geologic time is difficult for people to grasp. Our lives are so short, and our concerns so narrow, that trying to understand the 4.5 billion years that comprise the Earth's history seems unnecessary and a bit trivial. However, understanding the Earth's history gives us a clue to the future, and that is an immediate concern of ours.

To help grasp the magnitude of the Earth's history, I have developed an analogy which is rather appropriate: the two-hundred thousand volumes in the Bonnie Bell Wardman Library at Whittier College. Let us imagine that in all these books is written the history of the Earth. At this rate:

$$\frac{4.5 \times 10^9 \text{ years}}{2.0 \times 10^5 \text{ books}} = 2.25 \times 10^4 \text{ years/book}$$

In other words, in each volume is written the story of 22,500 years. for my purpose, I will assume that each book contains 350 pages, so:

$$\frac{2.25 \times 10^4 \text{ years/book}}{3.5 \times 10^2 \text{ pages/book}} = 64.3 \text{ years/page.}$$

By the same means:

$$\frac{2.0 \times 10^5 \text{ books}}{4.5 \times 10^9 \text{ years}} = 4.4 \times 10^{-5} \text{ books/year.}$$

This rather obscure fraction of a book is better expressed in terms of pages, so:

$$(4.4 \times 10^{-5} \text{ books/year}) \times (3.5 \times 10^2 \text{ pages/book}) = 1.5 \times 10^{-2} \text{ pages/year}$$

or 3/200 of a page equals one year, and since there are only about 200 words per page, one year would take up only 3 words of the entire library.

Using this analogy, the different geological eons, eras, and periods can be expressed concretely in terms of books and pages. For instance, the Precambrian eon would take up the first 174,667 books, 87.3% of our library. The Paleozoic era starts 25,333 books back from the present; and its first period, the Cambrian, ended

22,444 books ago (duration: 2,889 books) when the second period, the Ordovician began, which ended 19,467 books ago (duration: 2,977 books). Then the Silurian, which filled 1,334 books, began, and ended 18,333 books ago, and was followed by the Devonian, which took up 2,133 books and ended 16,000 books ago. The next period, the Carboniferous, is divided into two parts, the first of which, the Mississippian, lasted 1,778 volumes and ended 14,222 volumes before the present. The second, the Pennsylvanian, lasted 1,511 volumes and ended 12,711 books back. The last period of the Paleozoic, the Permian, ended 10,889 books ago after a duration of 1,822 volumes. The next era, the Mesozoic, began 10,889 books back from the present and filled 7,938 volumes. It is divided into three periods: the Triassic (ended 9,244 books ago); the Jurassic (ended 6,400 books ago); and the Cretaceous (ended 2,951 books ago). The most recent era, the Cenozoic, began 2,951 books ago, and its history is still being written. It is divided into the Tertiary (ended 71 volumes ago) and the Quaternary, which continues to today and is not yet finished.

On this scale, the dinosaurs first appeared in the 10,889th book counting back from the present, were included in 7,938 books of history, and disappeared 2,951 books before the present. Pangea, the super-continent, broke up in the 8,889th book before today. The first mammals appeared in the 2,889th book before today, and humans in the 89th book. Jesus's birth is recorded on the 32nd from last page of the last book; the history of the U.S. as a nation is written in the last 4 pages, and my life is written in the last 51 words of the last page of the last book written on the entire history of the Earth. After considering such a huge stretch of time, it is hard to ever again think of my calculus class, my vast years of experience, or even my whole life stretching out before me as "long."

## **PERCUSSION**

by Floyd D. Cheung

Let's percuss  
Allow me to loosen your snare.  
I'll let you tune my timpani.  
May I run my mallets across your windchimes.  
You may click my castenets.  
I want to flamadiddle your roto-tom  
And paradiddle your timbales.  
You can resonate my claves  
Or undulate my flexatone.  
Let me shake your tambourine  
While you make my hi-hat higher.  
Let us crescendo on each other's conga.  
We shall be cymbals in clashing ectstasy!





