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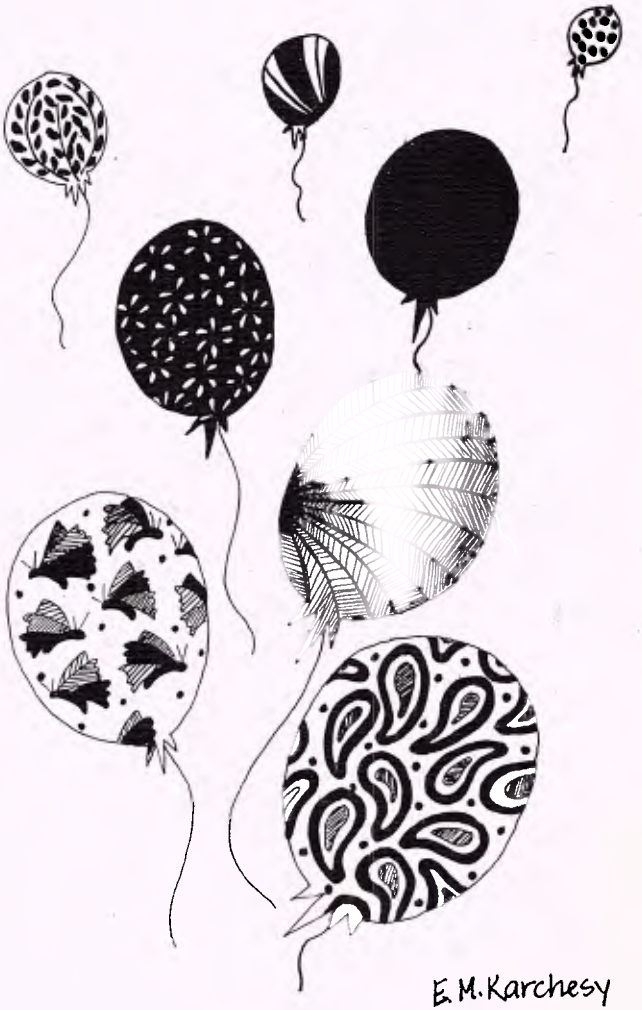

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INTRODUCTION

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 th 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 creator of this and other fine literary exercises. Without her support, this *Review* would not have been published.

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is by Kris Dotto, not John Scott.

Untitled
by Tro Konialian

There,
gazing
into my eyes—
in through my soul.

Smiling, inviting
my senses to arise—
inviting my heart
to hurdle the skies.

Here,
I gaze toward
the image confined,
enveloped within
a frame—of time.

Every glance becoming
an eternal lure
of my thoughts,
my being—
complete rapture.

Fever
by Rebecca Totaro

The Coldness comes
I curl my legs
Oh warmth, please hear my aching begs
Stomach pains please go away!
Dazed mind becoming grey.
Sleep could be a remedy
But in the morning still will be
The coldness, dryness, great unease
I want it to end now
Please.

Canticle For A Dream (The White Horse)
by Kris Dotto

When I was a boy, they told me the tale
Of the white horses under the sea.
I'd walk the beach in every gale
And hope that one would gallop to me.

Manhood came, and I lived my youth well.
Wife and children graced my fine home.
She died; they left; the house was for sale;
And to the shore I went back alone.

I did not think that I'd not dream again,
But visions fade like clouds in the air:
Like spun sugar-candy, frost on the pane,
Or a starlight on a young woman's hair.

One by one my memories die
And a darkness takes over me;
I sit on the beach beneath a winter sky
And wait for my white horse from the sea.

The Carousel

M.L.J.

My heart skips a beat
My throat tightens
My eyes fill.
With blurry vision
I see your lights
Spinning.
I reach up to hold Daddy's hand.
We approach you
As the band organ beckons us closer.
"I'll take two." he says
And hands me two golden tickets.
I run through the gate
and jump on the brown one
no-- the black one
wait -- I want the kind that goes up and down!
I jump down, climb, and strap myself in.
My ticket is snatched--
The bell screams--
Off we go-round and round
Excitedly I wave at his smiling face
As he returns the wave
Again and again.
Mirrors, music, horses, deer, kids, lions, lights-
It's over -- I get down slowly
I run to take his hand.
"The manes and tails are real horse hair..." he mutters.
He wants to listen to the past just one more time.
I pull out my other ticket
Look into his face
And run back through the gate.

Sally
by Cami Greenfield

Sally sat in the center of her plump heart-shaped bed. The bed dripped pink satin sheets, lace-trimmed coverlets, and a pristine goosedown duvet. Sally was a sight. She wore a white silk negligee with little pink hearts swimming up the front. The matching robe was draped loosely around her waist. It was the fourth time that morning she had changed. From red silk to azure cotton to white and purple flowered polyester. Now she was in her favorite. There was nobody there to impress, but she kept changing anyway. She wasn't bored, she was far too busy to be bored. She had to redo her nails. The pinkies kept slipping off. Besides, they didn't match the pink hearts. As she peeled her nails off, the glue flew in flakes down to the pink sheets. They reminded her of the glaze that stuck to her lipstick when she bit a frosted donut.

Suddenly she rolled into a little ball and piled the covers on top of her. Staring down at her knees in the orange light she felt like throwing up. She felt a drop of sweat sliding down her forehead and jumped up. She freed herself from the tangle of sheets and ran to her dressing table. The doorbell rang and Sally jumped. She grabbed her robe and answered the door. A startled salesman started to back away. He wanted to sell her some lawn fertilizer but he could come back later. His hands were big, and dry skin was peeling off around the knuckles. He was just about thirty, Sally was sure. Sally had time to listen, even though she had a gardener for that kind of thing.

She got him a iced tea and he sat nervously on her white couch. He'd probably never been inside a woman's house when she was wearing a tiny white negligee. He wanted fifteen dollars for a bag the size of Sally's queensized pillowcases. She laughed and moved closer to him. She wanted to crawl up next to him and have him say that she was the most perfect thing he'd ever seen. He kept staring straight ahead. He didn't seem to care that Sally was there. But then she saw beads of sweat starting to form on his face. She had him.

His name was Ralph. How perfect, thought Sally. She wanted help, but Ralph was standing up now pulling up his levis that barely fit around his pot belly. The old gray belt he wore wasn't any help. How many bags, he wanted to know. Six bags of fertilizer. She didn't really care. She was trying to figure out if she could fit into her satin pillowcases. She could sit next to Ralph's Ford and maybe he'd put her in and take her somewhere. It didn't really matter where, she just wanted out. She was tired of changing her clothes and nail polish twenty times a day. Maybe she could marry Ralph and become a farm wife. She could have one outfit and one old flannel nightgown. She'd never have to worry about changing clothes. Ralph was unloading the bags into the garage. Sally looked in the mirror. Her eyes were bloodshot and her mascara was smeared in big black rings around them. Her hair was straight and blonde but streaks of gray were showing through. Ralph was back at the door wanting his money. Sally fell to her knees and cried. Ralph kneeled down and looked ready to panic. He carried her to the bedroom and set her on the bed. He said he was sorry and he'd come back later for the money. Sally pulled the duvet over her head and cried.

Her & His
by Floyd Cheung

"This guy,
He was really nice
and
GOD was he cute!
—His chest had Structure..
Offered me a drink
I had thr—
a few sips
He drove us
to the beach
in his mom's white
wagon
It waz Romantic—until...
Well, he didn't have to
rape Me
I guess it waz
...rape
All Iknow now iz
I'm not a vir-gin anyMore.
Does that matter?"

"She was really cool,
She seemed so intelligent
yet
she was so vivacious
I'd thought that
she'd like the beach at
Night... I thought—
I thought it waz

'Meant To Be'
She sure looked GooD..
She l o o k e d Ready
Screamed—Boydidshe!
Aren't
girls supposed to scream?

To a Dolphin
by Rebecca Totaro

Swimming through deep blue panes
They tear my heart, my mind
I can't continue wobbling aims
An so an answer I find
The cool and crystal clear I hold
The warmth and pulse I leave
For I cannot be two-in-one
I can't be man and fish
So I relinquish my right to run
To fly and swim with you, my wish.

The Sprinkler Externality

by Bobby Guy

The operation of the sprinkler system on campus results in a major externality. The marginal private cost to the school of operating the system is reflected in the cost of water, the sprinkler system hardware, and labor. A discrepancy exists, though, between this cost and the marginal social cost, because the first expense does not reflect the external value of the damage to society which is assumed by the second cost. The external expenses stem from the wet clothes and hair that result from some sprinkler encounters, the discomfort and danger produced from the occasional wet flip-flop, the extra time it takes a student to get from one campus destination to another because of sprinkler-induced precautions, and the anxiety created by the possibility of the sprinkler drenching the peaceful traveler with its traditional p t . . . p t . . . p t . . . p t . . . p t . . . p t ...ptttttttttttttttttttttt.

There are a number of different roads open to the student population to correct for the sprinkler crisis. One option would be to have BOG, as the representative of the student body, enact regulation restricting the use of the sprinklers. By allowing the school to employ the sprinkler system only to the point of MSC = MSB (Marginal Social Costs = Marginal Social Benefits), the efficient output of sprinkler usage could be reached. Because the regulatory measures would be imposed only on one party, the school being the only producer of the externality, regulation in this instance would be fairly efficient.

Another measure BOG could use to reduce sprinkler output would be the institution of a "Lainian tax." Such a tax would dictate that for every gallon of water sprinkled on the campus beyond a certain saturation point (saturation of utility, not lawn or torso), the school would have to pay a certain fee to BOG. The level at which tax imposition begins would be set so that the total tax levied against the school would be equal to the damage

to society. Due to the tax, the costs to the school of sprinkling beyond a certain level would increase, and this would provide incentive for the school to water its lawns less. Also, any revenues taken in by BOG would be returned to the student body in the form of increased student life opportunities, so the tax income would flow indirectly into the pockets of those against whom sprinkler damage (in the form of trauma or bodily saturation) is accrued.

A Pigouvian Subsidy is another viable method for negating the sprinkler externality. If the student body offered to subsidize the school to not sprinkle the lawns, and the subsidy value was set at an amount equal to MSC - MPC, then the school would find it most efficient to produce at the point where MSC = MSB, or Qeff. The subsidy paid to the school would eventually return to the student body in the form of better school facilities and services. This subsidy is probably not a viable option, though, because the students, already paying a great amount of money to the school in tuition and fees, would not likely be willing to pay more money in order to eliminate an externality. The student body would probably feel entitled to the elimination of the externality.

The most feasible and efficient measure to use to deal with the sprinkler dilemma would be a Pigouvian tax. If BOG were to tax the school equal to the difference between MSC and MSB, the school would find it most efficient to water the lawns to the point of Qeff. Any tax revenues would probably be greater than the total damage to society, but these funds would be channeled back into the Whittier community through BOG in the form of student life activities, and school monies would therefore not be wasted. The school would receive benefits, in the form of a happier student body, through the taxes which it pays out, so the taxes would be helping the school as well as providing incentive for sprinkling to be kept to the point of Qeff.

Of course, the student body always has the option of killing the employees of the physical maintainance plant (Jim Surwillo and Crew). This would reduce the supply of labor on campus, and the school would

have to increase wage payments to new maintainance crews. Though the supply of labor in the San Fernando Valley may not be drastically lessened by such an economically efficient measure as a maintainance massacre, the employment risks of being a member of the physical plant would significantly increase after such an occurence, and this would force the school to increase wages to physical plant employees in the form of combat pay, imminent danger incentives, etc. The rise in costs to the school would result in the hiring of fewer physical plant employees, leaving fewer employee hours to devote to the operation of the sprinkler system, hence sprinkler usage at Qeff. A Pigouvian tax seems more equitable, though.

THE COCAINE MARKET

by Craig Johnson

International drug trafficking and its relation to the world economy is a topic important to modern society. The $100 billion plus a year industry is significant for its sheer size.[1] This paper will examine the impact that this drug trade has on the world economy through a study of the cocaine market between the Latin American countries of Colombia, Bolivia, and Peru, and the United States, an industry whose 1987 retail sales were estimated at $22 billion. Different aspects of the problem will be presented: sociological, psychological, political, ethical, and economical. The nature of the problem will be defined and statistics will be given as to the scope. Finally, there will be an analytical discussion of the causes and possible solutions to this problem.

Drug abuse and the trafficking in illicit drugs are not problems peculiar to the past thirty years, but common throughout history. In the past decade there is empirical evidence of increased cocaine use and traffic, however, it should be noted that most data available at this time is published by the United States government, for mainly political purposes.[3]

The cocaine economy has created some negative sociological impacts. One is an increase in violence, in both the supply countries of Bolivia, Peru, and Colombia, and in the demand country of the United States. This violence includes cases in South America where the cocaine cartels use threats on the government to insure their safety and crimes committed by users and pushers in the United States.[4]

The growth of coca processing in South American countries has led to distorted socioeconomical development. Many rural areas have suddenly become bustling towns and cities. For example the town of Tacache in Peru "has six banks, six Telex machines, several stereo dealerships, a discotheque, and one of the largest Nissan outlets in the country. Tacache also has no paved streets, no drinking water, and no sewage system."[5]

As stated, drug use has been an aspect of many societies for hundreds of years. The reason for this recurring symptom is that the human

individual wants an area to which it can escape and release many emotions. Drug problems are a symptom of the individual psychological need for the unusual sensation the drug gives the user. Even without drugs, there would be a mental craving for the effects.[6] The highly addictive nature of cocaine and its derivative, crack, adds to this problem of psychological need.

Trade in cocaine and other narcotics has created many interesting political problems, the main problem being how to stop it. The United Nations, at the International Conference on Drug Abuse and Illicit Trafficking held in 1987, passed a Declaration of the member States' commitment to "vigorous action and co-operation at all levels towards the goal of an international society free of drug abuse."[7] This announcement coincided with the American policy during the Reagan and Bush administrations of declaring a "war on drugs." This has become the number one priority in diplomatic relations between the United States and Latin American countries. United States economic aid is now tied to the recipients' drug control efforts, especially regarding cocaine. In fact, for two consecutive years Bolivia was denied $17.4 million because it did not meet "eradication targets."[8]

The political problems in the South American countries come about because the drug trade is not defined as a problem there as it is in the United States. Much of their economic well-being depends on the cocaine trade. Estimates put cocaine as the leading export of Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia. About 5% of the total work force is employed directly in the cocaine industry in these countries — as much as 20% of the work force in Bolivia.[9] The government cannot easily go against the will of its people. For example, in Peru, Brigadier-General Alberto Arciniega was the "military-political governor" of part of the Upper Huallaga river valley, a major coca producing area. In a speech given before the people of the region he said, "Countrymen, coca growers! Nothing can be done without your cooperation! The Peruvian army is here to protect you!" That is, politically, he and other South American leaders must keep the people happy to prevent their joining the rebel forces, but to keep them happy, they must not

bother coca production which is their livelihood. At the same time, he is in charge of the coca eradication forces which are working in co-operation with the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA).[10] This does not provide an easy task for the politicians of the region.

There is also the problem of the cartels themselves. In the words of Rensselaer W. Lee, Jr.:

> . . . drug barons today are major political forces in countries such as Bolivia, Colombia, and Peru, carving out states within states in coca-producing regions, sometimes forming alliances of convenience with local leftist guerrillas, undermining authorities with bribery and assassinations, and amassing enough armed might to keep governments at bay. Drug traffickers have also sought to play by the local political rules, banding together to lobby politicians to nominate candidates for public office and occasionally to negotiate with national leaders as quasi-equals.[11]

The political unrest in the producing nations of Colombia, Bolivia, and Peru prevents the international co-operation needed to stop cocaine production at the source as wanted by most American politicians.

Whenever discussion is raised about drug regulation, the issue of the morality of drug laws is raised. The fundamental question concerning prohibition is "does a person have the right to take a drug, any drug, not because he needs it to cure an illness but because he wants to take it?"[12] Up to this point the answer has been "No." While this seems to be against many of the principles that this nation was founded upon, this is the opinion of the majority of the American people and politicians. In this respect the ethical aspect of drug control often is secondary to social, political, or economical issues.

Considering the impact of cocaine on economic growth raises an interesting point: cocaine is actually helpful in spurring economic growth, even though this growth is sometimes distorted. In Colombia, Bolivia, and Peru, the most obvious impact is the influx of millions of dollars from the sale of cocaine into the local economy. This money undergoes the multiplier effect so far as increasing growth, helped by the legal businesses in which drug leaders partake. Many drug lords invest in development proj-

ects which lead to more work for construction companies. For example, the construction sector of the Colombian economy grew much faster than the Gross Domestic Product during the early 1980's. In 1980 construction grew at 9.7%, 7.1% in 1981, and 4% in 1982. The GDP growth rates for these years were 4.2%, 2.3%, and .9% respectively.[13] In the case of Bolivia, which from 1980-1986 saw its Gross National Product decline at an average rate of 2.3% per year, and cocaine production increase at about 35% per year during the same time, the cocaine industry may have saved the country from a complete collapse.[14] The cocaine industry also provides for about one million jobs in these three countries, of which 500,000-600,000 are farmers who work at producing the crop itself; the other several hundred thousand transform the coca leaf into cocaine and transport the finshed product.[15]

Cocaine did have a stabilizing effect on the Bolivian economy during the 1980's in that it buffered the effects of an economic breakdown. However, the cocaine industry does not provide for much economic stability as far as achieving low and stable rates of inflation and interest. The influx of coca money into Colombia definitely spurred; this also occurred to a lesser extent in Bolivia and Peru.[16] The massive influx of drug money into the financial institutions of these countries destabilizes their lending power. How can a stable exchange rate be set if there is always a possibility that half of the bank's reserves may be transferred at any moment?[17] These countries would not have stable economies even if there was no cocaine trade. The cocaine industry just magnifies an existing problem.

The cocaine market does effect some redistribution of income. In the three South American countries it provides better paying jobs for the peasant farmers than they could get through any legal crop.[18] It also provides a means for poor people to rise to the top. In Colombia this is sometimes the only possible way to improve one's standard of living in a traditionalized society.[19] This can also be seen in the United States in the inner-city drug dealer, who, without the drug to sell, would have very little.

What is the underlying problem causing these results? In simple economic terms, the problem is that the cocaine market does not ade-

quately provide for all the externalities that are associated with it. This paper will give evidence of the scope of the problems associated with the cocaine industry and analyze the structure of the cocaine industry as a model of the purely competitive market.

The following are some of the results of cocaine trafficking in the Colombian economy in the last ten years: 1. Increased inflation and money supply; 2. Increased risks to financial institutions and reduced reliability of government financial planning; 3. Large sums of money spent in efforts to control drug trafficking; 4. Less money for legitimate lending and raised credit rates; 5. Inflated values of land, property, goods, and services in traffic areas and major cities; 6. Increased corruption in economic systems.[20] 7. A crucial economic factor common to all three South American countries: the lack of food produced by farmers who are producing coca leaves because there is a higher profit ratio.[21]

In order to effectively understand the causes of the problems which arise from international cocaine trafficking, one must understand the structure of the industry and how that structure relates to the basic pure competition model that is fundamental to market economics.

First of all, some characteristics of the market: On the supply side, the cartels are organized much the same way as a legal business. There are overhead costs for "raw material (coca), chemicals and laboratories, chemists, transport and business services (legal and financial)."[26] These are normal costs that any business needs to pay, however the illegal nature of this business adds costs, such as payoffs to government officials, protection money paid to guerrilla forces, and the general increase in cost due to the inability of shipping the product through normal channels.[27] This industry has a tremendous profit potential. 2.5 kilograms of cocaine paste which is worth $5oo can be converted into one kilogram of cocaine worth $6,000.[28] The huge profit ratio is the reason for the huge growth on the supply side of the market in the last few years. The increased competition on the supply side has created a vertically organized industry in which the cartel leaders control most phases of production and supply.[29] Increased organization has increased supply to such an extent that it lowered prices from $55,000 per

kilo in 1980 to $15,000 per kilo in mid-1988.[30]

Furthermore, there are distinctions between the cocaine industry and a legal industry. The "financial" division of the cartel is "not only responsible for collecting revenues and making investments, but also for laundering money."[31] The "enforcement" division is responsible for preventing people from interfering with the cartel's business through threats, bribes, and the hiring of armed guards.[32]

"The cocaine industry operates in four basic phases: production, export, distribution, and money processing."[33] Production consists in growing the coca leaf and in processing it into cocaine hydrochloride. Most coca is grown in the Andean regions of Bolivia, Peru, and Colombia; a lesser amount is grown in Argentina, Ecuador, and Brazil.[34] Bolivia and Peru are the two main growers, while Colombia is the main processor. In fact, about 80% of U.S. cocaine goes through Colombia.[35] Coca leaves are cultivated mainly by peasant farmers, and for many of these farmers is part of their traditional culture. Coca growing and chewing has always been part of Native Indian culture; now there is a profit to be made.[36] After cultivation, most of the coca leaves are sent to Colombian chemical laboratories where leaves are first transformed into paste and then in pure cocaine hydrochloride.[37]

The next stage in the process is the exportation of the cocaine to the United States. According to DEA estimates, 50% is shipped by air, 35% is shipped by sea, and only 15% is shipped by land. The DEA also believes that the Colombian cartels dominate the export market, largely because a well-financed and highly organized syndicate operates most efficiently in evading enforcement barriers. Other smaller groups from different countries also participate in this stage.[38]

The Colombians base their American operations mostly in the Colombian sections of Miami and New York City. They sell the kilos of cocaine for cash to American dealers. There is a downward process from a large distributor to a smaller distributor and so on. At each step of the way the distributor can enlarge profits by cutting the purity of the cocaine by mixing it with other substances. This makes the retail part of the business

the most profitable part of the business.[39]

Since cocaine exchanges are made in cash, the high-level dealers have to deal with processing this cash in a way that cannot be traced. This leads to the industry of money laundering. Money is laundered by depositing it in countries that have no income taxes on deposits and "maintain strict confidentiality as to the identity of bank account holder and corporate principals." Investments can then be made in foreign counties by corporations anonymously owned by drug dealers.[40] In an effort to repatriate more of the profits, Colombia, Bolivia, and Peru all reduced regulations of their financial markets. In Colombia, "left-handed windows" were created at banks in which black money could be exchanged for regular currency. In Peru, the government loosened regulations in the late 1970's by allowing coca dollars to be exchanged freely for local currency and Certificates of Deposit. Banks also developed branches in cocaine dominated areas of the country to ease access. In 1985, Bolivia introduced its New Economic Policy which declared that, "no proof need be given, at the national, departmental, or municipal level, of the origins of assets invested during the next four months."[41]

How well does the cocaine market perform in a market analysis approach, using the pure competition market as a model? Before we can answer that question, we have to set down some guidelines. Statistics in this area are often clouded with political purpose, or are just estimates which do not always give definite answers. Because of this, most of the analysis done will need to be hypothetical. But there are enough reliable data to approach the problem in a generally theoretical manner.[42]

As in all economical analyses, we will make assumptions to help out understanding of the problem. The first is that both the law of demand and the law of supply are in effect. Because cocaine's addictiveness may cancel out the demand for alternate goods, there has been some discussion as to whether the demand for such drugs is perfectly inelastic. It will be the assumption of this analysis that the short run demand for cocaine will be highly inelastic, but not perfectly inelastic. The long run elasticity is harder to decide on, but the general agreement is that there is an inelastic

section and an elastic section on the demand curve.[43] Also, in the first part of the analysis, cocaine will be considered a socially desirable good, since so many consumers are willing to pay huge portions of their income in order to obtain this good. Later there will be a discussion about whether cocaine can be considered a socially desirable good.

Some of the features of a purely competitive market are: It has many sellers and buyers, maintaining an equilibrium price by reacting according to the laws of supply and demand; the product is standardized and the conditions preventing entry to the marketplace are limited. The cocaine market is: characterized by a large number of sellers and buyers who react to the laws of supply and demand creating an equilibrium price (this is not to say that the market does not have price fluctuations); the product is standardized (even though there are differences in purity) and the conditions of entry are blocked somewhat by the risk of arrest.

The cocaine market would have all of the characteristics of a pure competition market if it were legal. However, illegality has driven the equilibrium price very high. For example, a gram of cocaine (at 25%-35% purity) could be sold on the black market for about $to-$100 in the 1980's. In 1982 a gram of 100% pure cocaine sold for just $1.80 on the pharmaceutical market.[44] This has created in effect a "crime tariff" or "criminalization tax." Fewer producers are willing to produce because of the high risk of being convicted of a crime, and production costs increase because of precautionary measures taken in order to protect supply. All this leads to the supply curve being shifted upwards and to the left drasically, greatly increasing the price because the demand curve is highly inelastic.[45] This creates enormous potential for economic profits. It is commonly said that the greater the risk the greater the profit.

This new equilibrium price distorts the purely competitive nature of the market and it now takes on some of the characteristics of an oligopoly or pure monopoly. There are at present considerable obstacles to entry and the firms do have some control over the price of the product. This affects somewhat the comparison to a purely competitive market, but an analysis concerning the efficiency of the market can still be made.

this is pollution. Since producers can damage the environment without having to pay for the damage, their costs decrease. The spillover costs of the cocaine market are great in number and significance.

The most blatant spillover cost in the cocaine industry is that it is not a socially desirable good. It serves no purpose other than the personal pleasure of the user, and it is debatable as to whether that is good or not. Raising the price through criminalization of the drug is effective in making the consumers who want the drug pay exorbitant funds to get it; but is also creates many harmful side effects. As long as there is a strongly inelastic demand, the black market will persist, for efforts to restrict the supply result in price increases which lead to greater incentive to produce.

Perhaps the most negative side effect is an increase in violence. In the United States this takes the form of inner-city gang war over distribution rights for crack. And there is the age-old problem that drug addicts are often forced to steal in order to finance their habit.[47] South American countries such as Colombia, where murder of government officials has become almost commonplace, also must deal with cocaine related violence. This has created an almost criminal lead state.[48]

The problems of drug addiction are not solved by making the drug illegal. As shown by the information given in this paper, there is plenty of cocaine available to the user if desired. The social and psychological problems that coincide with drug abuse will persist, including loss of work productivity and greater health costs.[49] The total value of drug-related crime and lost productivity in the United States during 1988 was estimated to be more than $100 billion (this includes cocaine, heroin, and marijuana, of which cocaine was the largest contributor).[50]

This leads us to look for the answer to these problems. So far there has not been an effective or realistic answer. Drug control strategies can be broken down into either demand side or supply side. Some of the solutions presented so far by the United States are: deterrence, treatment, prevention, crop eradication, interdiction, and domestic enforcement.[51]

Let us consider crop eradication; this is a supply side approach which attempts to eliminate cocaine at its source. Methods of implementa-

tion include uprooting of the plants and the use of herbicides to destroy the crop. This plan has, in the words of the President's Commission on Organized Crime, "at best enjoyed limited success."[52] The main reason for this limited success is that the source countries do not want a major part of their economic livelihood destroyed.

Another supply side solution is interdiction, which basically tries to reduce the flow of traffic by intercepting the flow as it enters the United States. The reasoning behind this is that the price will be driven up beyond the reach of the consumers. This is faulty reasoning in that the higher the price, the greater the incentive to supply drugs. Another fault of this program is the large cost incurred by enforcement agencies involved in these attempts.[53]

Deterrence is a solution that affects both the demand and supply side of the market. The reasoning behind deterrence is that the threat of punishment in the form of a prison term "motivates many potential dealers and users to desist."[54] The problem with this idea is that not everyone can or will be caught. Users and pushers realize this and obviously continue to take the risk that they will be one of those who are not apprehended. The severity of the punishment could be increased in hopes of enhancing effectiveness, as in Singapore, where traffickers received the death penalty and users wer quarantined for six months, however, the social and political climate of the United States prevents the likelihood that the severity of Singapore's penalty would be accepted here.[55]

Treatment of addiction helps reduce the demand for drugs by rehabilitating people who use drugs. While only moderately successful so far, it is the type of program needed to lower the overall negative effects of cocaine trafficking. The main drawback to this program is its expense; quality treatment programs are not cheap to set up.[56]

The last demand side program is prevention. This also is a solution that should have positive results in reducing drug usage. The goal is to have "community-focused, school-focused, and family-focused prevention projects."[57] While it is hard to judge the effectiveness of a program such as this, it is definite that education in this area will, if nothing else, increase

the awareness of users and potential users so that they will be able to make mature, informed decisions concerning drug use.[58]

These possible solutions are programs that the United States has implemented and is continuing to enforce. On the whole, it can be said that these solutions are not adequate, in that the drug problem still continues as strong as ever, therefore, other solutions need to be researched and presented in hopes of decreasing the negative influence of the cocaine trade. Possible solutions are some type of debt-drug tradeoff, or legalization of drugs to some degree.

Regarding a debt-drug tradeoff, one of the factors to be considered in drug production in South American countries is that the economies of these countries are not strong and are characterized by huge foreign debt. Any plan to reduce the amount of cocaine trade will cause the unstable economies of these countries to constrict further. Obviously, these countries will not support such plans it would be self-detrimental. However, if economic aid were given in the form of debt reduction, these countries would have the incentive needed to build the international co-operation required for recucing the problem. This program could serve a two-fold purpose: reducing foreign debt, and reducing the narcotics trade, both of which would help the development of the world economy. Some of the possible benefits are "improved living conditions, fiscally stronger states, and improved enforcement agencies."[59] A very important aspect of this solution is the need for rural modernization which would reduce the need for cocaine production as a way of live, and would stimulate production of goods that are essential for economic growth. This could be done either through direct financial asistance or through a debt-drug tradeoff.[60]

Legalization has been gaining support over the past few years. On the surface this seems to be a plausible solution. The government would receive increased revenues through taxation of the sale of drugs. This increased revenue could be used to fund programs aimed at helping drug users decrease their drug use. Also the government would have less outflow into enforcement, since there would be nothing to enforce.[61] There are, of course, some negative effects that would occur. The first and

foremost is the possibility of having a drug addict boom because of the risk-free availability of the drug. A supposed asset of legalization is reduction of crime committed by users; the reasoning being that the price will drop low enough that addicts will not have to steal to support their habit. Many experts dispute this claim and say that most addicts use crime as a way to support their sense of well-being and not just their drug habit; this personality does not lend itself to responsible employment.[62]

The effect of legalization on the cocaine market is difficult to determine. One safe asssumption is that the price will decrease. The extent of the decrease depends on the structure of the supply and demand sides of the market. The problem with this is getting accurate data on what the structure is. The demand side of the market is ruled by the elasticity of the demand curve and the possible shifts of the demand curve. While it can be safely said that the current demand curve is inelastic, it is indeterminate as to whether the demand curve would remain inelastic or whether the price change would move to the elastic part of the demand curve.[63] It is also impossible to determine what possible shifts in the demand curve might occur, as there are no reliable data and no accurate historical record.[64]

None of these solutions are likely to rid our world of drugs forever. Instead, one of these, or more likely, a combination of these solutions may lead to a decreased dependency for the future would society. But one thought should be kept in mind;: as long as there is a psychological need for drugs, thereby creating a demand for drugs, there will be a supply of drugs to match the demand.

The economic costs of the international trafficking in cocaine are not a problem that will go away. It will probably haunt society for many years to come. The problem arises from the fact that cocaine is not considered a socially desirable good. As a result of its illegalization, the structure of the cocaine industry has been distorted. For even though it is not socially desirable to most people, its tremendously high price on the black market presents many problems that are not accounted for in the market. Cocaine dealers receive astounding economic profits producing a good that

spawns violence, corruption, unstable financial markets, and overall distorted economic growth, growth which is not in areas that will provide for future development and economic growth. These problems affect not only the United States and Latin America, but also the general world economy. Unfortunately, there are no realistic solutions in sight. Most solutions have side effects as bad as the problem itself. In conclusion, the only way that society will be able to completely rid itself of this problem is for people to reach a state in which the psychological 'need' for drugs has disappeared.

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ALIENATION IN NINETEENTH CENTURY RUSSIA

by Sheri L. Frost

To place Russia in the context of nineteenth century Europe is to surround a massive nation with a glass wall, transparent on the Western world, but not a part of it. Russia was backward in its development, lagging behind the rest of Europe in technology, culture, and education. And the Russians were equally backward. Aristocratic society and feudalism existed until the late nineteenth century, one hundred years after France had turned against its nobility.

If left alone, it is possible that Russia would have evolved naturally to the level of development that encompassed the West. But the transparency of a glass wall invited some Russians to look out onto the Western world. Those who looked outwardly saw the inadequacy of their internal life. Russia was void of the purpose and function that gave Western culture its momentum. Because there was no modernization of society, there was no framework for the modernization of thought and those who could see the functionalism that took over the West, could not translate that into Russian life. There was little sense of one's universal purpose to be found in the ball rooms and salons of St. Petersburg, Russia's "Window on the West."

At a time when the rest of Europe was requiring self-definition of its society members, Russia offered no medium for that self-discovery. Few who sought purpose were able to find satisfaction or happiness in Russia because of the lack of definition it gave to individual utility. Outside the social gatherings of aristocratic culture, and those accepting of that as the norm, there existed those few without belief and without purpose who became alienated from this social purpose.

Individually, these few sought out in Russian society something to believe in, something to give them purpose and justification for their lives. And, individually, they found no solid answer, only temporary escapes. The Western world was a catalyst for change amoug those who existed outside the society life. They became alienated in Russian society because

they saw in Western Europe a pattern they thought they could follow in Russia. Their awakening to functionalism set a standard of expectations that had to be radically altered when they participated in the backward Russian society — anomie ensued. These expectations could not be satisfied through Petersburg life, and consequently manifested as disillusionment and dissatisfaction with all facets of life.

In looking at the Russian fiction of the ninteenth century, several exemplars of the anomic individual, someone without a sense of themselves due to their own inadequacies and the inadequacy of Russian society, can be found. The main four characters under scrutiny exist in different parts of the century so that the development and universality of anomie in Russia can be witnessed. However, each is forced to deal with alienation in ways that differ as the century progresses. These individuals must find their direction within the existing framework, or they will remain forever outside it. In Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, Pierre Bezuhov searches for his purpose outside aristocaratic society, during the decade from 1806 to 1816, but eventually finds the end he seeks in the world he found so trivial. Following this model are Anna Odintsov and Yevgeny Bazarov from Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons* around 1860, who are unable to make peace with the world they disdain. Finally, there is Mrs. Ranevsky from Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard* set in 1904, who struggles to retain the only structure she knows as Russia becomes alienated from itself.

Pierre, being an illegitimate child, is alienated from society at the start. After his ten year education in Europe is over, he returns to the St. Petersburg society in an attempt to find some harmony in his life. His effort leads him through the drawing rooms and salons, as well as some less reputable gathering places, to find the element of cohesion that is present for him in Europe.

When his father dies, Pierre is made the legitimate heir to his father's estate, and is consequently welcomed into a society that saw him as a bastard only months before. The vast wealth of his father's estate is now able to give him social prestige, and with it he explores the realms of society life. "He had to . . . receive a great number of persons, who previ-

ously had not cared to be aware of his existence, but now would have been hurt and offended if he had not chosen to see them." (Tolstoy, p. 181) He also participated in the most traditional ritual of aristocratic society: he married socially. Of his wife, Ellen, it was said in the social circles, "Happy will be the man who wins her. The most unworldly of men would take a brilliant place in society as her husband." (Tolstoy, p. 185) That is exactly the position that Pierre took in the aristocratic world, Ellen's husband.

However, Pierre finds wealth and the familiar environment of his homeland not intellectually stimulating. Rather than search for elements to complete his life, he discourages his own need for stimulus by retreating to the deviant ways of society. His drinking and womanizing, before his inheritance, were excessively indulgent; now they are simply a part of his association within the aristocracy.

While leading his life of debauchery, Pierre meets a member of the Brotherhood of the Freemasons and becomes inspired by his words. The influence of this man, Osip, represents a change in direction in Pierre's life. While void of direction and purpose prior to this encounter, he was also without the will to search for his own function in society. Now he finds that strength, and subsequently finds God. Life for Pierre then becomes a medium for expression of his live and devotion to God by helping others.

However, the hypocrisy of his fellow masons, and the lack of true satisfaction from his actions, discourages Pierre and sets him upon a new quest for self-definition. But this quest does not begin without a return to his old behavior. He once again renews his relationships within the aristocracy and temporarily overlooks their inadequacies.

At this time, the war is closing in on Moscow, and Pierre is surrounded by its threat of death and destruction. Osip, his mason mentor, and Prince Andrey, a friend and symbol of Pierre's goal, are both dead, and a mass of Russsian gentlemen are flocking towards the front to satisfy their patriotic urges. Pierre, although not wanting to join the army, feels that a catastrophe awaits him there that will fulfill his quest. He chooses to go to the front in anticipation of this monumental event.

On the front, while witnessing death by the thousands, he realizes how alone he is in the world since the deaths of those closest to him, Osip and Andrey. Pierre flees back to Moscow, where, ignoring the temptations of high society, he experiences the true desperation of anomie. He can no longer accede to the ways of the aristocracy, and cannot identify with Russia in other terms. Not only does he lack purpose, but now he is separated from the elements that made Russian society bearable, his mentors, Osip and Andrey.

Lost, and without the security of his own role in the conflict in Russia, Pierre contrives a plan through which he discovers his function in the present environment — he plots to kill Napoleon. Through this action he hopes to achieve the sense of fulfillment and accomplishment that has not been a factor in his life thus far. Pierre wants to save Moscow from Napoleon, even though he at one time worshipped him. But in his desperation for self-definition, this plot seems the clear path that he must take to make an impact on society. He feels that he can justify his existence by contributing to the salvation of Russia.

When he is arrested, however, he is exposed to another opportunity for self-definition and the cure for his anomie. But, he must first experience complete hopelessness, total poverty, and the destruction of everything he has ever known in his life. For Pierre to recover from the pathology of social alienation, he must forget that he ever felt anomic. This is what his internment provides him with through the destruction of all that he has known, so that he can appreciate its, and his, existence.

During this time in prison he meets Platon Karataev, who is considered the "personification of everything Russian." (Tolstoy, p. 904) Platon, in his simple existence and simple philosophy, inspires in Pierre the sense of unity and the wholeness of life that had previously been alien to him. Pierre sees his role, and the value of his own existence in the absence of those things that once defined his existence: his money, his faith, and his reason.

He had sought for it in philanthropy, in freemasonry, in the dissipations of society, in wine, in heroic feats of self-sacrifice, in his romantic

love for Natasha; he had sought it by the path of thought, and all his researches and all his efforts had failed him. (Tolstoy, p. 942)

Stripped of everything, he is able to find contentment in the simple things in life. As he begins to embody more of the qualities of Platon, the simple qualities of the ' Russian,' his desire for self-definition plagues him less.

Pierre finds true satisfaction, in the end, through his marriage to Natasha (a female counterpart to Platon) and in his family because he no longer challenges his role in life. He is most satisfied when he no longer finds ways to exclude himself, but joins in through the shared experience of life that everyone endures. The commonality of everyone's existence is the platform that gives Pierre the cure to the social illness that he so disdained, the life without purpose that he saw in high society. In the end, Pierre truly becomes part of the norm for that time and truly belongs there.

Pierre was able to attain satisfaction by adapting to an environment he could not find purpose in before. Once he consciously decided not to challenge his life but to live it, he was able to be active in his surroundings without the sense of alienation. Pierre now identified and conformed to the expectations and traditions of his social position because he knew that he would have to make peace with his world.

Pierre was able to attain his desired end, but as the century progressed, it was no longer enough to conform to the duties expected of you; it became necessary to change them. Anna Odintsov and Yevgeny Bazarov are two examples that illustrate the growth of dissatisfaction and disillusionment within Russia during the middle of the nineteenth century.

Bazarov, in *Fathers and Sons*, finds Russian life unacceptable because he finds no meaning in the structured system of tradition and aristocratic society. His studies in the natural sciences at St. Petersburg University indicate the source of his understanding of societal pathology. Being in the "Window on the West" he feels the impact of Russia's lack of development when compared to the rising European functionalism. In this comparison, the social world and the entire Russian system have no meaning for Bazarov.

Bazarov, a young man who cares nothing for his appearance and finds life at home completely unattractive and boring, rejects society because through it, his own insignificance is most inescapable. Bazarov repudiates all elements in mid-19th century Russian life in order to avoid the comparison of his life to those around him. If everything means nothing, then his life does not seem so desolate. Consequently, he has no respect for authority or position, spurns the value of art and poetry, and rejects the levity of aristocratic life. "Aristocraticism, liberalism, progress, principles — think of it, what a lot of foreign . . . and useless words!" (Turgenev, p. 123.)

When he attends a ball in the city near his home, he does not participate in the occasion, but sits back and observes those who do. Through this event, he mets Anna Odintsov, who intrigues Bazarov because of her obvious displacement at that society event. Bazarov and Anna develop a friendship bonded by their common anomie.

Anna is a reserved and clever woman who gained her wealth through a society marriage. Being educated in Petersburg and having lived in Germany for some time, she shares Bazarov's frustration with Russian life. However, she has no independence of outlook, no goals and no hope. Her alienation comes from the inadequacy of Russian society to supply her with a purpose. She has, "no prejudices of any kind, and no strong convictions even, she was not put off by obstacles and had no goal in life . . . nothing ever completely satisfied her; indeed, she did not really seek satisfaction." (Turgenev, p. 164)

Anna is in a special position as she searches for the same satisfaction and answers that Pierre and Bazarov do, but because she is a woman, she feels that she cannot know her direction. Self-definition comes from society and love, in her mind, and she knows that in her isolation from that world, she has no social composition. She says of herself, "I am unhappy because . . . I have no desire to live." (Turgenev, p. 176)

Anna's alienation from the world around her can also be attributed to the role that she feels she must play, but is incapable of, marital commitment. In a dialogue with Bazarov she says, "But I am unsatisfied. I think

if I could get really attached to something . . ." To this Bazarov replies, "You are longing to fall in love, but you can't. That's the reason for your unhappiness." (Turgenev, p. 176) Bazarov, in his asssessment of Anna's unhappinesss, introduces the possibility that Anna's life may require more to be more than it is now. Bazarov sets himself up to be that addition.

Bazarov, in falling in love with Anna, begins a violent struggle within himself between the internal passion he feels for her, and his convictions. Upon confronting Anna with his feelings, he admits to himself that there is a chance for satisfaction in his life. However, Anna rejects Bazarov and sends him further into a state of dissatisfaction. Anna does not see her life in terms of a commitment to anything, and therefore, she cannot see herself married to Bazarov.

Bazarov returns to his parents' country home in order to recover from his relationship with Anna. At home, he finds a temporary escape in the local farm community through helping his father with his house calls. This superficial involvement is designed to mask the inner desolation that he is feeling, but it fails. "I wanted to say that they, my parents, I mean, are so busy, they don't worry about their own insignificance . . . whereas I . . . feel nothing but depression and rancour." (Turgenev, p. 209)

What Bazarov cannot see is that the simplicity of his parents' life provides the reason for their happiness. Their acceptance is similar to Pierre's in that they both value their existence and find purpose through the experiences of everyday life. A close friend of Bazarov, Arkady, states, "Petty troubles do not exist for the man who refuses to recognize them as such." (Turgenev, p. 210) Bazarov cannot gain this same sense of resignation.

The only escape for Bazarov, with this mentality, is death. He can only be happy when his own existence is negated since then he does not need to justify being alive. For Bazarov, death is a happy ending. But Anna cannot choose the same escape. Anna must conform to the society around her as she is not strong enough to remain outside of it. Because there is no answer available to her, she must fit uncomfortably in the world around her. Anna marries and rejoins society "out of conviction (that it

was the reasonable thing to do)." (Turgenev, p. 292)

By the time of Mrs. Ranevsky (*The Cherry Orchard*), Russian society is in such a state of chaos and disorder that the majority of Russians presented are given no position in it. The old order has been abandoned, and the new order prescribes modernization and industrialization. Mrs. Ranevsky is displaced, like many aristocrats at this time, because the social role that Pierre, for example, has been trying to escape, is no longer present. The society life that she was bred into has been replaced by a new bourgeois class, and the land has become commercialized. "Until lately everyone in the countryside was a gentleman or a peasant, but now there are these holiday visitors as well. All our towns, even the smallest, are surrounded by summer cottages nowadays." (Hingley, p. 154) In Paris she is able to revive her lost role in the cafe societies, the remnants of aristocracy, but it is only a cheap imitation of her former life.

For Mrs. Ranevsky, there is no sense of normality in her environment, so she retreats to the past to live out her life. She speaks of everything in terms of its past status: the cherry orchard, her dead son, and the magnificence she once held in the society life.

Her example is different from the others in that she has no desire to question her life or her purpose and does not wish to alienate herself from it. But, the circumstances of her time force her outside the structure of Russian society. All that surrounds her are the signs of the new standards: the clerks, the stationmasters, the bankers and the businessmen.

The only refuge for Mrs. Ranevsky is in her past, and when that is taken away from her, "Oh, my dear, sweet, beautiful orchard. My life, my youth, my happiness, good-bye. Goodbye.," she can only identify her function through the distorted life of cafe society in Paris. (Hingley, p. 197)

The four characters, influenced by their contact with the West, spend the majority of their lives trying either to fit in the environment that surrounds them, or to find their own framework through which they can discover their self-definition. All are searching for some element in their life to put faith into: for Pierre it ends up being in the every day experi-

ences of life. Anna finds no place for her faith, or no definition for her life, but she settles for a possibly happy future in the environment that gave her no sense of purpose before. Mrs. Ranevsky finds purpose in her past — the Cherry Orchard, the balls, the money of old days — and escapes to an environment where she can live out that memory and feel useful in that capacity.

For each character, the final struggle is the reunification with society. Each must find a way to live in the environment they find no purpose in. Pierre is able to alter his behavior and ideology so that he can find his niche in Russia.

For the others, their adaptation is a sacrifice they must make because they have no other escape, either physical or intellectual. These characters are, surprisingly, the two women. Anna rejoins society but it is not the end she desires. We know that she will never be happy in that environment because she did not overcome the inadequacy she felt in it. But, at this time, there is no alternative for her, unless she were to die like Bazarov.

By the end of the century, Russia is so disrupted that there is no society left. The aristocracy consists of the banker and the businessman. Russia, at this point, has begun the revolution that Europe started a century earlier and has redefined normality in terms of the capitalization of society. For example, Gayev, Mrs. Ranevsky's brother, and once an aristocrat, now has a function as a banker.

The ninteenth century Western ideal of functionalism is the root of the porblem for our characters in Russian. Their search for individual purpose in their own country inevitably alienates them from society. For the first three, Pierre, Anna, and Bazarov, the role that Russian society dictates to them is as a social piece in the soirees and balls of the aristocracy. And for these same characters, this life does not provide a purpose. For Mrs. Ranevsky, however, it does, but at her time in Russian development, there is no longer the framework for her to carry out her purpose.

To look at nineteenth century Russia is to see the distortion and disillusionment of its citizens created by its lack of purpose and utility.

When they reached out beyond the social life, they found nothing but the glass wall around Russia. Being backward, Russia offered them no cure for the distortions it presented. Normality was defined by social recognition and ball room culture, so that in comparison to the rest of Europe, Russia was not normal. But for our characters, the glass wall they were confronted with gave them the perspective to view their own society. They were capable of sensing the inadequacies, whether or not they could overcome them.

Russia in the ninteenth century was torn between its impersonation of European cultural and intellectual life, and the legacy of its Asiatic influence. The Russian people wanted to become a part of Europe, as was obvious by looking at their Petersburg culture, but they had no grasp of what it meant to be European. They could not be entirely absolved of their past as they were still a part of Asia, and in the ninteenth century, they had no means of unifying these extremes. They were a people without one role model.

In an attempt to deal with these different influences, three types of characters emerged in Russian literature of that time: those who could live simply and exist without worry, like Platon and Bazarov's parents; those who exist in the society life, following the trends of the time without question, like Pierre's first wife, Ellen (those seeking the trivialities of aristocratic life) and those who, like our characters, seek to find the means of uniting the first and second types. Being trapped in the paradox of intellectual modernization and backward socialization composed the life of this third type of Russian. They sought the answers to their existence while society offered no opportunity for questioning.

In the ninteenth century, those few who challenged the norm (the pre-imposed structure of society) were failures in their efforts because the path of society had not yet taken that direction. When it finally did, when the modernization of thought and industry came to Russia, it occurred so quickly that many were alienated in the transition.

This is what nineteenth century Russia was like; on the verge of modernization, but yet so far behind in development. These were

what the people were like: simply Russian or simply Westernized. Deviance from this norm meant alienation from the primary goals that were socialized into the Russian consciousness. Deviance from this norm also meant the surrendering of one's Russian identity in an attempt to find one's own individual identity, something that was discouraged in the century of our characters.

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Russian Woman, American Woman

by Julie R. Sutton

I smiled at her
And She smiled back!
Yes, yes, I see!
She is human
I am human.

Our locked eyes
break the restraining chains
of Propaganda

and demolished the oppressive walls
built by Lies.

The blinding darkness of political prejudice
gives way to Possibility
and a sprinkle of Hope.
Divided continents joined once again —
re-creating the Panagea of eons past,
sliding on a rainbow of Friendship
and a shower of Understanding.

She smiled at me!
I smiled at her;
And words were no longer a barrier.

We had spoken
with our eyes
and our hearts

and our open minds

Untitled
by Tro Konialian

A crowd
aloud
in speech—
in doubt

about
themselves.
Each one
unshelved—

in hands
of those
who will
expose

their own
insecurities.

The Grains of Hard Life
by Edgar F. Harden

The grains of hard life.
To smile
in the eclipse of
Jumbo Rocks.
Cacti frown,
but live more true.
Earthless,
heartless,
lifeless,
a volume
rarely grasped by men.
The lustre of pearls
can encompass
with ease.
N'er have I been
a nervous penumbra,
held and holding.
What lives is strong,
what blooms,
stronger yet.
The dialectic desert
sleeps and pounces
Snakes bites.

This morning
by John Scott

This morning
came at the end of the long, wide, lost weekend
presidents day vista
and Drew, sleeping on the couch, had it off paid,

At first,
it was another grey monday, the brown stuffy
carpet dog-hair
greasy egg,

the kind of day when you wish you were doing
something getting done,
when you don't leave the house but maybe once
and covered yourself in a listless, dirty Mexican
blanket-
television dead

up at 10:00 A.M. with wary, bleary eyes wondering if
it is ever worth it,

but after
pulling up the shades hot shower, piping bright,
and a little medicine
turn to face it all like a wrestler
crouching low

go....

Exultation and Despair in On The Road: Jack Kerouac's Struggle Against Anomie

by Steve Matthiasson

"Ever more frequently...the psychiatrist is consulted by patients who doubt that life has any meaning. This condition I have called the existential vacuum. The existential vacuum seems to issue from man's twofold loss: the loss of that instinctual security which surrounds an animal's life, and the further, more recent loss of those traditions which governed man's life in former times. At present, instincts do not tell man what he has to do, nor do traditions direct him toward what he ought to do; soon he will not even know what he wants to do, will be led by what other people want him to do, thus completely succumbing to conformism."[1]

-Viktor E. Frankl, 1963

Occasionally an artist creates a work that can be approached, not just as an exploration of the perennial—and occasionally tired—themes of human concern, nor merely as an enlightening reflection of historical context, but as both; acting as a social weather vane, allowing the participant to begin to feel, on a base level, how the artist and her concerns have been affected, perhaps even defined, by the times. On The Road, an undisguisedly autobiographical novel, is one such work.

Jack Kerouac was writing in a time when America was undergoing a massive identity crisis—the atrocities of the Second World War had shattered any residual illusions concerning Man's innate goodness (or so it seemed), war-fatigued GI's were returning home to a country that they no longer quite knew or felt that they belonged in, and breakneck suburbanization was symptomatic of the huge emphasis placed on materialism and conformity. Madison Avenue's iron grip on American culture was indicative of the state of America as it sought for some sort of surrogate to replace the values that had been lost in the war. Profoundly affected by this upheaval, Kerouac chronicles its effect on his life. In On The Road he

recounts his attempts to fill the void of post-war life with some sort of meaning. The execution of this search, however, causes Kerouac to experience a constant oscillation between exultation and despair as he alternately forgets his desolate condition in a flurry of frenzied activity, and pauses, disillusioned and distraught, to recognize the vanity of his pursuit.

On the Road spans the years of 1945 through 1955, a time marked by (among other things) the ending of the Second World War and the beginning of the post-war era. This period saw the dissolution of many pre-war norms and attitudes, but the trend was not accompanied by a reciprocal reformulation of these values.[2] This was perhaps the greatest tragedy of the post-war era, and the condition that most profoundly affected Kerouac, for it meant the removal of the mechanisms by which the individual finds meaning.[3]

The voracious appetite of the war industry had stimulated a concerted streamlining of the work-place; but while the labor-saving innovations increased efficiency, they did nothing to assuage the monotony of labor in a mass society. This alienation of the work-force engendered a "school-boy morality" regarding work, in which what had previously been a primary means of establishing and maintaining identity was relegated to the position of being a mere source of income and "fringe benefits."[4]

The dissolving importance of the role of occupation was not the only changing value, however; there was a reversal of attitude concerning tradition and technology. The nostalgia for times gone that had been characteristic of American society was replaced by a sense of superiority to the past and a devotion to technological change.[5] By the early fifties most Americans could afford television sets and were thus drawn into mainstream society as presented by the cathode ray tube. Class distinctions were blurred by the uniformity of attitude that this new cross-strata exposure contributed to.[6] This erosion of the plurality of society and the growing disrespect for tradition continued the destruction of many of the individual's means of self-identification.[7]

Another facet of the trend towards anomie was the "suburban dislocation."[8] The post-war era was one of knee-jerk expansion, in terms

of both economics and population. Survivors of the Great Depression were on very familiar terms with the realities of hardship and deprivation, and, finally in a position to possess some sort of security (to own a home, for example), were quick to desert the rural and urban environments for the comfort and freedom of "planned utopian living" in the suburbs.[9] New aspirations, boosted by Madison Avenue, saw living conditions that would have been satisfactory in 1939 as substandard, which further boosted the "flight to the suburbs."[10]

Suburban living, however, blurred people's perceptions of ethnic and class boundaries, further reinforcing the feeling that America was becoming more and more uniform.[11] As class and ethnicity lost their significance as parameters for the formation of social groups, they lost their importance as a means of identifying self. This severing of ties to the ethnic community was not the only cause of a loss of texture, however. The declining value of work as a central focus of life and the corresponding increase in the emphasis placed on personal enjoyment caused a much greater thirst for organized leisure. While the suburbs had no shortage of opportunities for entertainment and recreation, there was a lack of the diversity that is found in the urban environment. A Bach lover had to be satisfied with the generic category of classical music. This meant that even leisure tastes, which were becoming so much more important to people in relation to the shriveling importance of work, were rapidly becoming homogenized.[12]

The de-mobilization of the army presented a further, and quite different set of problems. Black soldiers returned to find that the freedom they had fought so hard to defend still did not apply to them.[13] This caused a great deal of resentment and unrest in a community that was already frustrated from wartime segregation. Race was perhaps the only social boundary that was not becoming blurred.

Soldiers of all races, however, suffered another problem stemming from the de-mobilization. They were four to ten years behind the mainstream in terms of education and job experience, were oftentimes "combat-fatigued," and were not completely familiar with the current state of America as they re-experienced it.[14] The war had a tremendous effect both upon

the soldiers involved and the citizens back at the home-front. This trauma, however, served more to separate the GI's from their homeland than to bond them, for the face of America had changed considerably in their absence, taking a direction that they did not immediately apprehend.[15]

Warren G. Bennis, in The Temporary Society, sums up the post-war American experience by describing it as consisting of "nonpermanent relationships, turbulence, uprootedness, unnconnectedness, mobility, and above all, unexampled social change."[16] A loosely organized reaction to this desolate new state of the union was manifested in the mid to late fifties by the "Beatniks," a Bohemian movement that affected a disengagement from the obligations, values, and lifestyles of what they regarded as a pathological society.[17] If the "Beat Generation" were to have a party line (though that would be a contradiction of their "philosophy") it would hold that they were "defending human personality against the overwhelming pressures of conformity, prestige, and respectability—all facets of modern civilization that measure worth by quantitative externals instead of qualitative living."[18]

Though the Beatniks, as a movement, arose out of the pathology of the post-war era, the pathos itself was in existence for at least a decade prior to the "formal" beginnings of the movement. The rapidly developing symptoms had achieved notice in people's lives, but the social causes for the anomie and disillusionment remained largely unrecognized in popular society.[19] On The Road, which served as a bible for the Beat Generation, preceded the movement by half a decade—it was a chronicle of Kerouac and his friends' inability to stay in step with a society that demanded unquestioning conformity, rather than the formal (along Beat guidelines) indictment of "the system" that was presented so voluminously in succeeding Beat art and literature. It is the post-war context, then, rather than the phenomenon of the Beatniks that is relevant in the attempt towards understanding On The Road.

The autobiographical quality of On The Road necessitates some knowledge of Jack Kerouac's life as well as his times. He was the second son of French-Canadian immigrants, born at home in the industrial town of

Lowell, Massachusetts in the spring of 1922.[20] When Jack was four years old, his older brother, whom he idolized, died, leaving the family a shambles. This incident, and his family's treatment of it, affected him deeply, causing him to write thirty years later, "there's no doubt in my mind that my mother loves Gerard more than she loves me.[21] Gerard represented the unattainable model of "pure good" towards which he was compared, and to which he compared himself, for the rest of his childhood.[22]

Strongly influenced by the sharp contrasts of the Catholic Church, Kerouac had definite convictions regarding Good and Evil, and his own spiritual inadequacy.[23] He spent a great deal of his time in an introspective dreamworld, experiencing visions and having imaginary adventures.[24] At age ten Kerouac became an altar boy, where he developed a close relationship with a Jesuit twice his age, and was eyed as a candidate for the priesthood.[25] Upon entering junior high, the voracious reader discovered the joys of writing, and began to make life-plans as a writer. This was the beginning of high, the voracious reader discovered the joys of writing, and began to make life-plans as a writer. This was the beginning of was the begginning of a rift between Kerouac and his parents, who expected him to pursue a secure occupation and support them in their retirement. Several years later, when Jack was on a bus to New York after recieving a footballl scholarship to Columbia University, he went with the blessing of only one parent; that of his mother.

In the fall of 1941, after a year at Columbia, Kerouac abruptly packed up and left. The war was burgeoning, and Jack was disillusioned with the seeming triviality of college excercises. Reading Thomas Wolfe had introduced him to America as a subject, and so Kerouac set off to educate himself on his own terms.[28] The next several years, which were punctuated by periodic bouts of depression, saw two stints in the merchant marine and time in the Navy, from which he received an "honorable discharge for indifferent character (a sympathetic psychiatrist's euphemism for mental illness)."[29] It was from 1943 on, living in relative poverty in New York's West End, that he found the circle of friends (Alan Ginsberg, William Bur-

roughs, Neal Cassidy, and Lucien Carr, to name a few) who were to become the characters in his novel, On The Road. Ideas that Kerouac developed in conjunction with these people were to shape his life and have a formative impact on his writing.[30] The second half of the war and the years to follow heralded the development, by Kerouac and his contemporaries, of the "Beat philosophy;" an attitude which they were to carry throughout their lives, and which was manifested as a central theme in On The Road.[31]

To be "Beat" was, as John C. Holmes put it, "to be reduced to the bare essentials."[32] The term had previously described the condition of "bums, sleeping in doorways," but was appropriated by Kerouac to convey the feeling of "down and outness" that was stimulated in him by post-war society.[33] Norman Mailer, in his essay, "The White Negro," gives this popular definition of the Beat attitude:

It is on this bleak scene that a phenomenon has appeared: the American existentialist—the hipster, the man who knows that if our collective condition is to live with instant death by atomic war,...or a slow death by conformity with every creative and rebellious instinct stifled,...if the fate of twentieth-century man is to live with death from adolescence to premature senescence, why then the only life-giving answer is to accept the terms of death, to live with death as immediate danger, to divorce oneself from society, to exist without roots, to set out on that uncharted journey into the rebellious imperatives of the self.[34]

While the attitude that Mailer describes was certainly espoused by many spokesmen of the Beat Generation, there is a pat tone to it, a certain sureness, that is not a part of Kerouac's writing. The disaffiliation from society (to borrow Kenneth Rexroth's term) that Mailer presents so neatly was not an easy answer for Kerouac, who was plagued by a respect for the bourgeois values that were seemingly rejected so easily by his contemporaries. For example, in On The Road, Kerouac rationalizes Dean Moriarty's habit of stealing cars by romanticizing it when he states that Dean's "'criminality' was not something that sulked and sneered; it was a wild yea-saying overburst of American joy...(he only stole cars for joy

rides)"[35] Later in the novel, distraught over the effects of Dean's passion for car theft, Kerouac laments that, "everything was in a horrible mess, all of Denver, my woman friend, cars, children, poor Frankie, the living room splattered with beer and cans, and I tried to sleep."[36]

Kerouac's dilemma in On The Road was not that he had problems accepting our American values (values which one can be safe in saying are oftentimes contradictory and hypocritical), but that he accepted them all implicitly. America's all-pervasive version of Calvinism; the emphasis on individualism and self-reliance; and the roaring asceticism of the Jesuits in Lowell (and of course many religions in general); the working-class respect for manhood and family; the post-war era's paradigm of transition and dislocation; and the American mystification with and reification of the Rebel and of the Road are representative of some of the values that Kerouac respected.

One of the problems inherent in our society, and which Kerouac suffered from, is that these values are irreconcilable. The "lure of the road," for example, conflicts directly with the strong desire for the establishment of "roots," while both of these notions are integral facets of American culture. While one could maintain that the "trick" is to respect these values selectively, that would be missing the point. One of the primary functions of a value system is to help guide the individual through an uncertain life. One finds meaning and comfort through the adherence to a value system. These contradictory aspects of modern society, however, effectively prevent one from doing that, as the adherence to one more prevents the maintenance of another. An example of one aspect of this conflict (in this case, the conflict between home and the road) can be seen in the following passages, where Kerouac at first states, "whenever spring comes to New York I can't stand the suggestions of the land that come blowing over the river from New Jersey and I've got to go;"[37] but then relates the contradiction of that imperative by his statement that "all I hope, Dean, is that someday we'll be able to live on the same street with our families and get to be a couple of oldtimers together."[38]

The confusion that Kerouac's sensitivity to these conflicting values

bred is only one of the factors that were "beating" him down. The materialistic conformity of America in the post-war era—arising partly as a reaction to the turbulence of the war, and partly as a rebound from the desolation of the depression—made it very hard for people with less concrete aspirations to find a satisfactory meaning for their life. An introspective, non-materialistic intellectual had no completely legitimate place in post-war America, though one could find niches here and there (such as participation in the academic community). Kerouac's American blood, however, was far too red to allow him to become cloistered in a bookish subculture, and he was too attached to American mores to simply deny them and lead his own life on his own terms (which is the Beat attitude as described by Mailer). Unable to make the compromises necessary for adjustment to post-war America, but acutely aware of a deep void in his life (a symptom of what was, for him, a dysfunctional society), Kerouac sought meaning elsewhere. He ended up looking for it (or "IT,"as it is referred to in On The Road) in the most logical place possible, considering the times--along the road. Kerouac describes his goal when he remarks,"...somewhere along the lineI knew there'd be girls, visions, everything; sonewhere along the line the pearl would be handed to me." He reiterates himself further in the novel, when he states, "...we were all delighted, we all realized we were leaving confusion and nonsense behind and performing our one and noble function of the time, [to] *move*."

While Kerouac's assumption was that the road would lead him to some sort of fulfillment, he was frequently—and ultimately—disappointed. The only respite he found from his angst were the continual dionysiac frenzies that he, Dean, and his other friends self-consciously engaged in. Dean expresses the nature of their frantic quest for meaning when he exclaims, "that Rollo Greb is the greatest...I want to be like him. He's never hung up...he lets it all out...You see, if you go like him all the time you'll finally get it..."[41] Rollo Greb, by living for the moment, was constantly fulfilled—he managed to forget himself. The failing in Kerouac and his friends' dionysiac strategy of assuaging their chronic emptiness was that it required impossible stamina. No matter how much energy one

has, she must eventually loose momentum and stop—entropy must exact its toll. In On The Road, as one of his wild binges creaks to a halt, Kerouac remarks, "everything seemed to be collapsing...the sad ride back to Denver began."[42] Further in the novel he again describes the completion of a "drunken frenzy" by stating, "everything was collapsing...;"[43] expressing his realization of the futility of his attempts at self-distraction. Kerouac moves through the novel like the bead on a oscilloscope, jerking back and forth from frantic exuberation to paralyzing despair, in his effort to escape his lonely condition.

Kerouac expresses his longing for constraining, guiding values numerous times in the novel, but perhaps most vividly in two particular passages. When he wanders, hungry and alone, in San Francisco, he has a vision in which he encounters his mother. She scolds him, and he thinks "of the Big Pop vision in Graetna with Old Bull. And for just a moment I had reached the point of ecstasy that I had always wanted to reach, which was the complete step across chronological time into timeless shadows..."[44] At the end of the novel, Kerouac repeats the sentiment when he states, "...and nobody, nobody knows what's going to happen to anybody besides the forlorn rags of growing old, I think of Dean Moriarty, I even think of Old Dean Moriarty the father we never found, I think of Dean Moriarty."[45] These passages convey a craving for some sort of certainty, for an assurance that things are, and will be, as they seem. While this is by no means a completely modern desire, it seems to have been enhanced pathologically by the turbulence of Kerouac's time.

The traits of the post-war era, then, such as cancerous expansion, the declining importance of ethnicity, and the erosion of the Protestant work ethic all contributed to Kerouac's profound anomie. On The Road relates his desperate attempts to find an oasis in an era of desolation. The novel functions as more than the chronicle of an individual's ragged search for meaning, however. It serves as a social indictor, effectively outlining the symptoms of a distinctly pathological time-period. Kerouac communicates his pain through the medium of the novel, providing us with a model through which we can better understand our own times—and our methods

of dealing with them.

NOTES

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[4]David Riesman, "The Suburban Dislocation" America as a Mass Society ed. Philip Olson, (New York, NY: Macmillion Company, 1963), p. 290.

[5]John Brooks, The Great Leap: The Past Twenty-five Years in America (New York, NY: Harper & Row, 1966), p. 106.

[6]Daniel Siligman, "The New Masses," America as a Mass Society ed. Philip Olson, (New York, NY: Macmillion Company, 1963), p. 256.

[7]Brooks, op cit., p.106.

[8]Riesman, op. cit., p. 283.

[9]Richard Polenberg, One Nation Divisible (New York, NY: Penguin Books, 1980) p. 129.

[10]Brooks, op. cit., p. 106.

[11]Polenberg, op. cit., p. 139.

[12]Riesman, op. cit., p. 304.

[13]Polenberg, op. cit., pp. 73;77.

[14]Lawrence Lipton, The Holy Barbarians (New York, NY: Julian Messner, Inc., 1959), p. 265.

[15]Ibid., p. 266.

[16]Bennis, op. cit., p. 124.

[17]Emily Hahn, Romantic Rebels: An Informal History of Bohemianism in America (Cambridge, Mass: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1967) pp. 291-93

[18]Thomas E. Merril, Allen Ginsberg (New York, NY: Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1969), p. 18.

[19]Lipton, op. cit., p. 292.

[20]Dennis McNally, Desolate Angel: Jack Kerouac, the Beat Generation, and America (New York, NY: Random House, 1979), pp. 3-4.

[21]Ibid., p. 6.

[22]Ibid., p. 7.

[23]Ibid., p. 9.

[24]Ibid., p. 10.

[25]ibid., p. 13.

[26]Ibid., p. 15.

[27]Ibid., p. 30.

[28]Ibid., p. 47.

[29]Ibid., p. 55.

[30]Ibid., p. 63.

[31]Albert Parry, Garrets and Pretenders: A History of Bohemianism in America (New York, NY: Dover Pub., Inc., 1960) p. 380.

[32]Ibid., p. 377.

[33]Merril, op. cit., p. 15.

[34]Norman Mailer, "The White Negro," The American Experience: A Radical Reader, (New York, NY: Harper & Row, 1970), p. 9.

[35]Jack Kerouac, On The Road (New York, NY: Viking Penguin, 1955), p. 11.

[36]Ibid., p. 183.

[37]Ibid., p. 204.

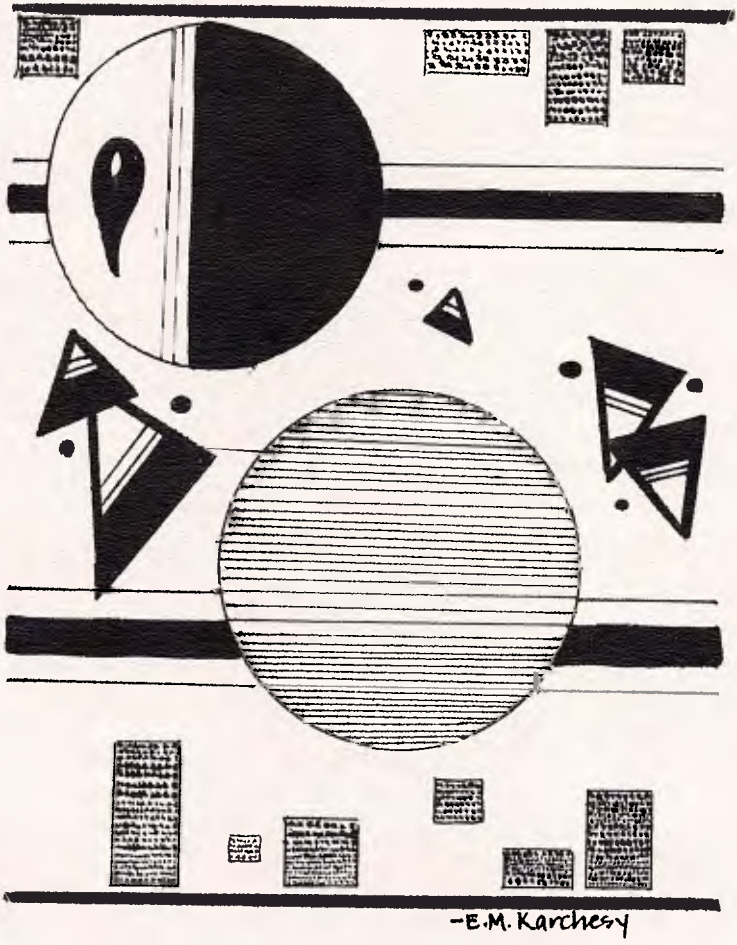
[38]Ibid., p. 207.

[39]Ibid., p. 11.

[40]Ibid., p. 111.

[41]Ibid., p. 106.

[42]Ibid., p. 47.
[43]Ibid., p. 182.
[44]Ibid., p. 143.
[45]Ibid., p. 254.



Untitled 2
by Tro Konialian

Seated, I examine a world
of grief, denial, famine.
A desolate conglomeration
with only life to ration.

Finding myself in an environment
replete with needs and non-necesseties,
I'm sickened by he who can never have enough—
he is one who does not know Love.

Lowering myself in spiritual status
to levels below those who dwell without,
I ask forgiveness for others who view
their status a reward from above—
and the status of those who dwell in hunger
their punishment thereof...

for they fail to see His work
is not through evil,
but love.

BIRTHDAY BOY
by H. Taylor

I am alone in the universe. There are no others like me because I am the only android in existence. I register as a life form on all the scanners, but the humans still consider me a machine. I do not know who my creator was. I was discovered on an abandoned colony seventeen years ago today. Max says that today is my birthday. He says that he will help me celebrate. I have never celebrated before. I hope that it is not difficult.

Max is my friend. He is an agent of Starfleet and in charge of security for the base. That is a great responsibility. He looks after the catacombs personally. I have known Max for eighty-three days. We first met when he was making his rounds. I was in the vault and he stopped to talk with me. I am here at the base because Starfleet does not know what it wants to do with me. I am to remain here "for further study until a decision is reached." When Doctor Caleb no longer needs me, I am kept in vault 008 in the third section of the lower level. The area is often called the catacombs because it is so far underground. When I am in vault 008, a security guard activates the force wall. It makes a thin, blue screen of light so people will know it is activated. Max says the vault is my room.

Max asked me what I liked best about San Francisco, and I told him that I have never seen it. Max laughed at me and said, "You're living in it, you fool!" When I told him that I have never left the base, he was angry. He said that it was wrong. I do not know why it is wrong because he did not tell me. Max says that one day he will "bust me out." That is against the rules. I would very much like to see the ocean and the city, but I am not supposed to go outside. I wish Max would "bust me out."

It is very quiet here now. It is not quiet in the laboratories. Doctor Caleb and Doctor Marcus have experiments to do, and it is very noisy. They sometimes yell, especially Doctor Marcus. His experiments hurt. I do not like Doctor Marcus. He says that I do not feel pain. I can not tell. I know what my hurt is, but I do not know what human pain is. I am told that they are not similar.

Today, at 4:32 p.m., Doctor Caleb gave me this console and told me to type out what I think. I think that it is very quiet here. I think it will be good when Max gets here. I have seen human birthday celebrations before. The person is given a cake. I do not eat. I hope that Max does not bring a cake.

I hope that he does not forget. Max is very important to me. I do not always understand him, but I am learning a great deal from him. Max talks to me the way that he talks to humans. I try very hard to act like a human, but there is so much that I do no understand. Most people behave differently with me than with humans. I have watched. It is difficult to know what type of behavior is correct.

Today, something very strange happened. Doctor Marcus had me brought to his laboratory. I waited two hours, thirteen minutes. When he arrived, he was holding a paper in his hand. He yelled and waved the paper.

"The damn fools! They think a machine, a god damn freak of science, is more qualified than I am?! I've applied for that position three times already, and now I lose out to a machine?! What the hell's going on, anyway?! You're a menace! You should be scrapped! For God's sake, it's the most prestigious space station in the galaxy, and they send a machine!" Doctor Caleb came in and pulled him out of the room. I have never seen anyone behave like that. Doctor Marcus could not stand up straight and his eyes were very red. His voice sounded strange as well. Security guards took him home. Doctor Caleb told me to go back to the vault. I still do not fully understand what happened.

Max is now twenty-three minutes late. His rounds are supposed to begin a 8:00 p. m. He will be in trouble if he does not make his rounds. Perhaps Max is going to take me outside. Perhaps I am going to see the ocean. I have thought about Doctor Marcus' words. I think that I am going to leave the base soon. I hope that there are a lot of humans on the space station that Doctor Marcus spoke of. Perhaps Max knows. I wish that I could live with people who are like Max. He is the only one who teaches me about humans. Humans do not live in vaults. I would like to

live the way humans do. There is so much that I do not know. I wish Max would hurry. A person should not be alone on his birthday. Max said that.

Cycle Of A Dream: Imbalance
by Kristine Dotto

One: A Discussion Of Thought

I went into a "rest" home to see someone.

There was no one there but the ancient of mind,
the aged of soul.
No one walked, spoke;
Silence reigned but for the whisper of their collective heart,
beating.

At last I found someone in a corner.
Exiled from the circle of somnolent haze, she
regarded me with curiousity.

"Come here, girl," she ordered.

She sat in her chair like the Sphinx, holding
needlework in her spindle fingers.

"Do you know what it is to feel?
Or do you think——

—Like these husks of others, rustling here,
That it is a matter of being emptied and filled?"

I had to admit that that was my concept.

She shook her head. "You do not know.

You know and do not know.
Feeling is not being filled or being emptied.
Feeling is thought."

She paused and I sat at her feet, seeing Attic dignity
in her face.

"Don't you give something meaning
when you think of it? Isn't it
part of your life?
You think of love; you harbor it. You work, and you think it is
a weariness, and still it is done. Sadness, and disease, and death:
These things we think on, and these things we feel.

"These—" she pointed "—feel nothing, for they no longer
think."

Confused, I withdrew, and she caught my arm, fierce and terrible
woman-monster again.

"Don't forget," she ordered. "Bring me something to read
next time.
I get so bored with nothing to do."

The old inmates stare at me as I pass,
Knowing who I visit,
And wondering if I really will set it all down on paper.

Two: A Darker Look At Sex

It I were Queen of Pleasure,
And you were King of Pain,
We'd press our lips together,
An make our arms a tether
To teach our bodies leisure
And find ourselves a bane.

In years to come, our loving
Will bring on us this fate:
The death-watch of the romance,
As routine as a court dance,
The measure of it bovine,
Inspiring guilt, and hate.

Three: Empty

What is there left of sadness
When the silence has begun?
And what is there left of the heart's ache
When the dreaded day is done?
And what do you do with the sanctum
When the holy hymn's been sung?

What do you do with feeling when the feeling's come and gone?

Resuscitation
by Rebecca Totaro

His coughing fit continued
sputtering, he spit out the words
"If you let me go...I'll end it all.
I'm tired!"
Hacking gurgles resonated
against stifling bare walls
of the antisceptic emergency ward
I sat in fear
immobilized
listening to his pain
Feeling
Afraid of him and
what he'd become
A monster
I had to pass
on the way to use the phone
Hesistation. I'd waited as long as I could
"He'll Hate me."
Young, I was breathing unconciously
and he cried with every inhalation
in pain
He looked at me as I
glided by effortlessly
Afraid, I had to look
Curious to see
Eyes
which twinkled as he smiled at me!

For one moment
Two easy breaths.

In A Distant Field
by Cami Greenfield

In a distant field
A blade of grass
Stands tall
Resilient
Silver-green
Swaying in the cool morning breeze
The first white rays of sun
Melt tiny drops of dew
Colliding together
They run into the ground
And the grass bends
Following the movement
Of the earth

LOOK AGAIN

by Matthew D. Taylor

The sun was hot as it glared down on the arid land, and the reflection of the heat and light off everything around — the gray sand, the cracked asphalt highway, the dirty white paint of the weathered Volvo — was enough to melt your eye-balls. Troy stood on the gravel shoulder of the barren highway and slowly scanned the horizon in all directions. Seeing nothing but the vision-blurring heat waves flooding off the earth made his eyes water. He closed them and wiped his face on his shirt sleeve. Closing his eyes felt good, a relief from the oppressive glare and moistureless air. He longed for a patch of cool shade in which to lie down and fall asleep. He was so tired.

"No!" he almost voiced aloud as he shook himself back to the reality of his present situation.

He turned to face the beat-up, dusty Volvo that sat baking at the roadside. "Anything?" he queried in an empty tone. A muffled grunt came from the sweat-drenched body bent under the open hood. Jay had been crawling around in the car for close to a half-hour now.

"This is too damn unbelievable" he exclaimed as he straightened himself but continued to stare into the engine compartment as if the problem might leap to his atention. "I have checked everything, everything I can think of. I can't see anything wrong! Why the hell won't it start?!" His voice nearly cracked with frustration.

"Try it again," Troy offered with false confidence.

"Fine!" Jay snorted, as he moved to climb into the hot driver's seat. He wiped the sweat from his eyes and forehead, red from the heat. "I'm tellin' ya, Troy, I've looked at everything," he said as he reached for the ignition key

Troy was not satisfied. "Are you absolutely sure there is gas in the tank?"

"Yes, I'm sure!" Jay shot back in the aggravated tone of one who

has been asked the obvious once too often. "You look at the damn gas gauge yourself. It says right here we have half a tank." With frustrated emphasis, he slammed the dashboard and then slouched back in his seat. He exhaled audibly and rubbed his eyes in spite of the black grease on his hands. Troy leaned in the open car door to look, even though he had looked before. But what he saw made his heart race.

"Jay," he said in a flat tone. He swallowed hard. "Look again." He slowly moved out of the way. Jay opened his eyes and looked again. He, too, was shocked speechless. The needle on the gas gauge had dropped from indicating half a tank to dead zero with the mere slam of the dashboard.

"Oh, my God," muttered Jay with a catch in his throat bordering on incredulous laughter. Troy sensed the meltdown beginning in his friend's overloaded brain.

"That's it, Jay," Troy said with the cool air of rational surrender. "It's over." Jay's eyes were glazed over in a blank stare, pointed towards, but not seeing, the vast emptiness beyond the dusty windshield. "We tried," Troy continued, "but now we can't even try."

Jay came to life in a fury. "No! No! NO!" he screamed, beating the steering wheel mercilessly with his grimy fists.

Troy stepped away from the car door. He glanced down the highway in the direction from which they had come. Through the dense wall of heat waves, he saw a flash of sunlight winking off a shiny, moving object. He knew exactly what, and who, it was. "They're coming."

Wild-eyed, Jay bolted from the car, knocking Troy into the gravel. He headed in a full run straight into the desert. Troy scrambled to his feet.

"Jay! Come back here! You'll only die out there!" Jay's form was rapidly fading from view in the shimmering curtain of heat. Troy's heart leapt in panic for the first time since the beginning of it all. Suddenly, in a moment of vision, he saw his entire fate, from start to finish, as if the heat and light had finally opened his eyes. "They might give us a chance!" he screamed, not believing his own words. "Jay, don't leave me! Jay!!"

Troy's mind faltered, incapable of deciding whether to follow Jay or listen to his own counsel. It did not matter, though, because his legs would not move. They simply lowered him to the gravel, into the shade of the car. Troy laid down and closed his eyes.

To A Romantic
by Kristine Dotto

Hail to thee, blithe Shelley!
  Poet thou never wert
Considered by critics
  (Who thought you were a fraud,
Or, at very best, quite weird and certainly odd).

Poems, still, and sonnets
  From thy pen thee cranked out
While Byron inspected May bonnets;
  All nonsense, declares Kiley,
Who knows thy wife did not lead the very life of Riley!

The pale gleam of texts
  Frames thy fancy's flight
And like deers perplexed,
  We stare into their light.
Thou wert unclear, but Adams echoes your delight.

Yet if we could scorn
  Sense, and wisdom, and rules;
If grammar was as rare
  As the Queen's Crown Jewels,
I know not how thy joy should not make us all fools.

And now the term is over;
  Thy poems are put aside;
The Class the Department Loves To Hate
  Killed its students first, then died;
We might cut up, but for crazies Shelley was *bona fide*!

The Tragedy and Romance of History: Social Change and the Individual in Scott and Achebe

by Bevis Pardee

"The Baron, indeed, only cumbered his memory with matters of face; the cold, dry, hard outlines which history delineates. Edward, on the contrary, loved to fill up and found the sketch with the colouring of a warm and vivid imagination, which gives light and life to the actors and speakers in the drama of past ages." "If one didn't laugh, one would have to cry. It seemed that was the way Nigeria was built."

We have been faced in this century and in the last year with momentous social change throughout the world. The social movements of Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union, South Africa are the most visible aspects of that change and we are all faced with reconciling the meaning of this at least within ourselves. The fact that Vaclav Havel, a poet and playwright, is now president of Czechoslovakia, suggests the place of authors is not only expressing, but helping to shape a people's sentiments about the ultimate and essential meaning of how we are socially constituted and constructed.

Walter Scott and Chinau Achebe write of periods several hundred years and thousands of miles apart, but they have in common the ideas of changing orders, cultures, and structures of authority, and the reactions of communities and individuals to changes, as themes. Each use as his novels' principal conflict the dying out of a formerly dominant culture, the sparks of revolt and reaction. The personal understanding and reactions of individuals to their changing social situation take on the character of tragedy and allegory for Achebe, while for Scott it is a subdued aspect of the romantic. Achebe encompasses an entire period of change from the earliest influences of the British, while Scott deals with the gradual breakdown of the Highland culture.

Scott writes about what is in the past, and the present is decidedly a good thing as far as the commonwealth is concerned; this lends contented-

ness to the narrative viewpoint. Scott himself noted, "the time is now past when the theme would have both danger and offense in it." Further, romantic imagery gives the characters representing the dying order a sense of noble and inevitable tragedy. But this tragedy lacks the bite of the irony of fateful paradox in Achebe, where there is a sense in which the individuals have no chance of resolving their conflicts and are caught in irresolution. In Scott there is a happiness with the general outcomes of the conflicts, while the tragic themes and characters are only the unhappy consequences.

For Scott there is an order that provides for successful integration and cohesion. The protagonists in Waverley, Rob Roy, and Redgauntlet, are of this order, believe in it, and make a journey to other realms, different peoples, and in a sense discover the natives. The natives that they discover are in what England has moved on from, what Lowland Scotland is moving from, and what the highlands are fighting to keep. Successful individuals are those that can make the transition from one order to the next. The flow from old to new is a good deal easier and more linear than in Achebe because many of the social customs are of a like nature, the geographical and linguistic factors are connective (though the Highlanders speak Gaelic it is single and cohesive compared to the multiple languages of various tribes in Nigeria), and economics pushes towards integrative cohesion rather than the exploitative relations embodied in Nigeria. So the ability to make the transition for groups, families and individuals is not so much a matter of resolving deep and contradictory paradoxes, but of recognizing the changing order and adhering to aspects of that order. In the three novels this is seen as a subtle and successive manner of gradual process.

Edward Waverley may most fully evince this in the first novel, Waverley, because he is connected to both worlds and indeed is born from both. His father has forsaken his family roots for rising influence in the Hanoverian government, while the uncle with whom he spends most of his childhood is a devout if not vocal and obsessive Jacobite. "The education of the youth was regulated alternately by the taste and opinions of his uncle and of his father, each being happy to have someone to carry on the line-

age. When with Sir Everard, Edward is taught by his steward "who had lost his fellowship for declining to take the oaths at the accession of George I." Edward as a representation of non-decisiveness on political issues floats with his situation and enters the Hanoverian army in a post his father arranges. While his father has arranged his place in consolidating military and state bureaucracy he enters it with deference to the old, thanks to his uncle.

> "You will depart with but a small retinue,' quoth the baronet, 'compared to Sir Hildebrand, when he mustered before the gate of the Hall a larger body of horse than your whole regiment consists of I could have wished that these twenty young fellows from my estate ... had been to march with you on your journey ... but I am told their attendance would be thought unusual in these days, when every new and foolish fashion is introduced to break the natural dependence of the people upon their landlords."

The extent of integration in the Waverley household is such that dying older traditions are recognized and mourned and yet the old and new are integrated: Everard Waverley sends all the tradition he can to the Hanoverian order when Edward heads that way.

Edward's objectivity, through most of the novel, is seen in his ability to make friendships, not so much on the basis of the individuals' political allegiances, but rather on their character as gentleman. He connects most closely with the Baron of Bradwardine, Fergus MacIvor, and Colonel Talbot. The Baron and Fergus are each odd mixtures of the old and new, while the Colonel is purely the new.

The very language of the Baron points to the extent to which he is imbued with a sense of tradition and is "no bad representation of the old school."

> "It did not indeed,'" he says "'become them, [highland chieftains] as had occured in late instances, to propone their *prosapia*, a lineage which rested for the most part on the vain and fond rhimes of their Seannachies of *Bhaírds*, as equiponderant with the evidence of ancient charters and royal grants of antiquity, conferred upon distinguished houses in the low country by divers Scottish monarchs; nevertheless, such as their *outrecuidance* and presumption, as to undervalue those who possessed such evidents, as if they held their lands in a

sheep's skin."

More important than the traditional nature of the language attributed to the Baron is the recognition he has that the chiefs haven't: the ascendancy and *de facto* power of non-feudal political relations centering around the monarchy. They, according to the Baron, do not realize that they cannot remain untouched by the spreading power and legitimation of the crown. The Baron, however, does not realize a new shift in authority: that former sociopolitical relations of a strong monarchy vis-a-vis a network of strong landed noblemen has given way to the bureaucratic centralized state of a monarchy dependent on a parliament. This is a change from a political process built on family relations and heredity to one of bureaucratic (nearly) representational government. The belief that Charles is the legitimate hereditary holder of both crowns is what draws the Baron into the revolt, and it is their decisive defeat that brings him to accept the legitimate power of the Hanoverian government at the end of the novel.

This unrecognition has led him to cut himself off from the encroaching centralizing tendencies of the Edinburgh-London governments and from the outer world in general. This brings what Edward sees as stagnation, for while the Baron's house has not been integrated within the new politico-economic order, the feudal relations have debilitated and are no longer profitable. In "the straggling village, or rather hamlet, of Tully-Veolan, ... the houses seemed miserable in the extreme," and of the villagers one "might have wished the clothes less scanty, the feet and legs somewhat protected from the weather." At the beginning the grounds are in a state of disrepair, the finances of the house are a point of question, production of goods on the estate is negligible, and their only real assets are robbed from them by Highlanders while they are unable to protect themselves because of the encroaching power of the English government. "We cannot defend ourselves as in old times, for the government have taken all our arms; ... O what will become of us." Similarly, in the Achebe novels the British take away arms from the tribes, no longer allowing them to carry on their traditional relations and drawing them into British oriented

relations. And the Tully-Veolan household is indeed drawn in at the end of the novel where it is the triumphant new system that restores order through Colonel Talbot.

Fergus MacIvor is the central tragic character of the novel, dying with his clansmen in battle, holding to his clan traditions, his only base, yet seeking through adherence to the Stewart line a higher place in a more modern sociopolitical foundation. "From his infancy upward, he had devoted himself to the cause of the exiled family, and had persuaded himself, not only that their restoration to the crown of Britain would be speedy, but that those who assisted them would be raised to honour and rank." Scott careful to stress the personal ambition as motivation of Fergus as subtle insinuation of the legitimacy of his down-fall, for he is one who, unlike the Baron, sees his place as holding his "lands in a sheep's skin."

Yet Fergus and his followers die in the service of the Chevalier and Scott gives this moment a sense of the inevitable, with Fergus seeing no way out of the present dilemma, and seeing persecution for the Highlands in the future. The Chief advises Edward that "'the vessel is going to pieces, and it is full time for all who can to get into the long-boat to leave her.'" Unfortunately Fergus can't take his own advice because he has a large portion of his tribe with him. While the other chiefs "think that, as on former occasions, the heading, hanging, and forfeiting, will chiefly fall to the Lowland gentry ... they will be disappointed; they have been too often troublesome to be so repeatedly passed over" and the Hanoverians will not "leave a single clan in the Highlands in a situation to be again troublesome to government." He foresees the future consolidation of Hanoverian rule over the Highlands and the repression that it will bring, and his feeling is no more than one of inevitability. But it is an image of the deepest clan beliefs that he defines this in saying "O, my fate is settled." Here he refers to the tale of the Grey Spectre that foretells each MacGregor Chieftain's death, and while he has just finished telling Edward of the external nature of the clans' inevitable demise, the sense of fate is embodied in this Spectre. This introduction of Fergus' belief in the supernatural is also an ingenious distancing device of Scott's to separate us from the inevitable

tragedy of Fergus' death which represents the dying or at least anglicizing of Highland life. For Edward "had little doubt that this phantom was the operation of an exhausted frame and depressed spirits, working on the belief common to all Highlanders in such superstitions." While Fergus may be a recognizably modern man as a politician and military leader whose aims coincided closely with the exiled regime, the supernatural marks him as distinctly a Highlander beneath the surface of courtly manners and mores.

In Rob Roy, the tragic figures Rob and his wife are part of a persecuted clan like the MacIvors are bound to become, desperately attempting to retain their family-clan system. It is an environment where Helen MacGregor is representative of her clan and of clans of this time in general: they've both been raped and are fighting for an honor they've already lost. They support an equally desperate attempt to restore the Stewart household to the throne in hopes this may protect their claim to their authority system, but, the insurgency never even get off the ground.

Bailie Nicol Jarvie, on the other hand, is a character that has been able to integrate himself within the new order and finds positive meaning in it; his honor, particularly in the unspoken view of the modern audience and writer, only rises. He has connections from each end of the spectrum: Rob himself is a relation, and Jarvie lives within the new order, as a civil servant of the institutionalizing central state apparatus. Very carefully Jarvie is able to balance what he sees as his obligations to each order. In dealing with Rob Roy he is able to put aside certain obligations to the state and at the same time suggest to Rob that he can find his boys employment with the state.

This is seen when the debts of rent owed him by Rob Roy are changed to a gift to Rob's sons. Yet Jarvie in his accustomed manner as a businessman feels the need to give Rob a receipt as proof of payment of debt, while Rob believes in no such thing flinging the receipts in a fire. This is much like the superstition of Fergus' ghost; for while it is accepted by Jarvie and Frank it is clearly not something they generally believe in and would not be acceptable were they in the modern world, outside the superstitional clan

consciousness of the highlands. After all, the point of Frank's escapades is to recover important notes and receipts and bring them back to the accountability of the modern world; the excursion into the romantic irrationality of the Highlands is to rescue the rationalities of the modern world.

Jarvie brings a fusion of sensibilities to each order, as is seen above and in the way he upsets the mercantile social order of burgeoning Glasgow by his choice in marriage. While "he continued to grow in wealth, honour, and credit, and actually rose to the highest civic honours in his native city," he upsets that order by marrying his cook and housekeeper. While he is scorned by Bailie Grahame and the MacVitties, established families in the political and social system, Jarvie doesn't care because "Mattie was nae ordinary lassock quean; she was akin to the Laird of Limmerfield," suggesting family name to be more a point of honour than one's position in the work place. That is, we see in conflict here the lessening importance of a class system based on hereditary landed elites and one in which money and various types of work are defining characteristics. Bailie Nicol Jarvie places more importance on the former in this particular situation. It is his ability to ride the fence and live within the customs of both the modern businessman and of the Scottish highlands depending on the situation that makes Jarvie unique.

In Redgauntlet, the title character is perhaps the most difficult to identify with because of his relation to history. This is because of the reader's knowledge that, although much of the book is based on social and family history, not only will this revolution not be successful, but that contrary to history it has no basis to begin with. This undermines the tragedy of Redgauntlet, the sense that not only is his mission an inevitable failure, but it was inevitably *not* to begin with; it never had, and for the book has, a chance to be a failure. Yet the very un-historicity of the plot perhaps forced greater creativity in Scott's writing, producing some of his most vivid characters.

Redgauntlet is seen as tragically obsessed in support of the Stewart household to whom his has always been tied. He is willing to carry this support to the furthest degree, reaching for any kind of accord among the

various nobles and declaring "let despair renew the union amongst us which accident disturbed." Not even the outcome is of import to him here; the most he looks for being a union of despair. In the end he describes himself as having "set my desires on one point, - God knows, with no selfish purpose; and I am justly punished by this final termination of my views."

In contrast the protagonists of Redgauntlet, and characteristic of those in the other books, are relatively colorless, for they have no deep conflicts with society. They share the beliefs that have resulted in Redgauntlet's views finding final termination, and like the plot of the book, they don't even take part in active refutation of his views, but are kidnapped into confrontation with them. The views of Redgauntlet by the time of Scott have been terminated, and it takes the romantic imagination of kidnapping, or circumstantial complications as in Waverley, or again the kidnapping of mercantile documents as in Rob Roy, to bring the protagonists and the reader in contact with these views and the people that espoused them. People that, like Redgauntlet, are interesting for their difference from the familiar modern characteristics of the protagonists.

Scott was fairly content with the changes that had taken place, and he wrote of a past that was distant enough not to be particularly problematic. Achebe, on the other hand, ends his trilogy with a novel about contemporary society in which nothing has been resolved, and the mission of his promising young protagonist to find resolution ends in dissolution.

Achebe enunciates some of his main thematic with the quotations from Yeats and Eliot that precede the first and last books of the trilogy Things Fall Apart, Arrow of God, and No longer at Ease. In the first an old and noble tradition spins wildly and out of a controlled pattern into confusion, in much the same way the modern rational world of Scott's protagonist in Redgauntlet is kidnapped into the spiral, the spiral of a dying tradition for Scott. In the third book he quotes from "Journey of the Magi," describing the new order that is seen for Nigeria represented by the main character Obi Okonkwo. Once "returned" from England he is "no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation," and feeling his own people to be "alien

... clutching their gods." There is no quote preceding the second novel, but in the second edition a preface states: "had he been spared Ezeulu might have come to see his fate as perfectly consistent with his high historic destiny as victim, consecrating by his agony- thus raising to the stature of a ritual passage- the defection of his people. And he would gladly have forgiven them."

Ironically each of the novels is defined in western terms, with Ezeulu even being turned into Christ on the cross. The intertwining of the societies is so complete, in Nigeria at least, that its very cultural artifacts and archetypes are enmeshed, and yet the irony is in their remaining distinct with as many conflicts of cultures as resolutions. The remaining distinctions are the difference between the marriage of cultures in Nigeria and those represented in Nicol Jarvie where they become enmeshed rather than conflictual; in Scott a marriage of different cultural strains is possible, while in Achebe, as discussed later, the difference of cultural strains prevents marriage.

Achebe's sense of individual and social ironic tragedy in the face of historical fate is also seen in Things Fall Apart. Achebe's main characters are those that confront the "highest historical destinies" and the conflicts of the age are in a sense played out within both their minds and their situations. We see starkly played out the tensions of the convoluting orders attempting to find an order after the falling apart. The tension in the characters is their attempt at finding meaning in their changing world: The tension between fighting the traps of historical fate embodied in their social context and relinquishing themselves to it. The speed with which change has come to Nigeria helps to intensify the traps that an Ezeulu or an Obi can fall into: generational differences and fractures, educational, linguistic, and population movement all are traps they must bridge to be truly integrative, if that could be possible. The non-tragic characters suggest that to find a certain amount of happiness and social integration one must ignore or accept some of society's fallacies and ironies of composition. The main characters of the two novels are unable to do this and die fighting the changing system, while in the third book Obi is imprisoned for buying into

the systems. In Scott there is possible resolution for this type of situation: Jarvie is the Bailie and can afford leniency, the Baron's land is returned to him, and Darsie Latimer could resolve Peebles' case. In Achebe there is little room for resolution: in the first book Okonkwo kills himself for his inability to resolve his differences with the system; he completely rejects it and leaves. In the second a surrealistic mesh of the system and the man turns him to insanity and partial integration into society, and in the third Obi, although refuting most of the countries dominant values, is entirely entrapped by society.

Okonkwo most fully represents the old order in the continuum of change from pre-British influence. He is most like Redgauntlet, for they both believe in what is being swept away and tenaciously and most violently oppose its change to such an extent that they are destroyed: Redgauntlet by exile and Okonkwo by death. Okonkwo's best friend attacks the District Commissioner in the final chapter with "you drove him to kill himself." But it is more than just the District Commissioner; it is Okonkwo's opposition to him and his tribe's unwillingness to follow him that drives him to suicide and to "be buried like a dog." "He confronted the head messenger" of the white man and "in that brief moment the world seemed to stand still" and "the men of Umuofia were merged into the mute backcloth." Here in almost a surrealistic manner Okonkwo acts while his tribe becomes motionless and a part of the background and kills the messenger. His tribe, at a stand still, leaves their backcloth, but not to follow Okonkwo. Instead the "waiting backcloth jumped into tumultuous life and the meeting was stopped. ... They had broken into tumult instead of action" and they query "'Why did he do it?'" Ultimately his opposition to the outside and encroaching new order is greater than the tribe's and he suffers the most extreme separation from them. He is no longer a part of any order, a continued theme in the ensuing novels as the society grows in fragmentation.

Before this ultimate parting with his tribe, he basically mirrors its general experiences. He comes into the same type of conflict as his tribe does with the encroaching British imperialism: they come into opposi-

tional contact, making connections only in an ancillary manner through the missionaries' religion. As only the marginal members of the tribe are drawn to the church, so the most marginal of Okonkwo's children also is drawn. Of course it is those that have prospered the most from the older system that will defend it most, which is the case of Ezeulu as well. This is similar to the background history of the Osbaldistone family where Frank's father, William, becomes marginalized from his family and seeks his fortune in "modern" London. In Things Fall Apart sending a child to the church is intentioned a way for Okonkwo to see what is happening, but this extended arm becomes cut off with the belief of his son in what he is participating in. In Rob Roy, the rift has already occurred and William cares "only to be distinguished as William Osbaldistone, the first, at least one of the first merchants on 'Change.'"

In the second novel, Ezeulu has the most prominent place in the old order and defends it to the end against both the white man and his own tribe. In the setting of this novel the church has gained greater legitimacy, the hand of the British government in the affairs of the tribes of the area is more evident, and it is suggested that markets are playing a greater role in the life of tribes. All this begins to undermine the authority of the priests, particularly the priest of Ulu, the highest of the priests. Ezeulu's fight to retain the old order and his place in it is more complicated than Okonkwo's because the complexity of change is so much greater. This time it is not a purely external force, but rather a complex of factors less separable from one another. Basically the effect of the white man has become more direct, with an established and more active center of imperial control. The second and third chapters are a five year flashback to the establishment of British power over the affairs of the tribe when the British stepped in and forcefully determined the outcome of a conflict with another tribe. They have heeded the word and become woven into the fabric of British authority.

One incident that mirrors the case of Okonkwo is when Ezeulu's son Obika resists the force of the white authority by charging in rage at the "master" Mr. Wright who has whipped him for being late. Where Okonkwo had been expecting his people to support him and follow his

lead, Obika knows that he will have no support in opposing the white man. This is why the main debate after this incident is not specifically concerning the problem of the white man, but rather the tribe's inter-generational and inter-village splits that are enhanced by the relation of individuals to the white man and his religion. True opposition is not possible and so they attack other factors of their problem. "It seemed so much easier to deal with an old quarrel than with a new unprecedented incident." Similarly in Redgauntlet there is a sense of the impotency of the Jacobitical cause, particularly at the end, because there as well, true opposition is not possible.

It is indeed old quarrels that take up most of the energy of the characters as they attempt to retain the prominence of these quarrels and their prominence in those quarrels. But the fallacy is that the old quarrels cannot be defined as they have been traditionally. This is what Ezeulu fails to see in being held by the District Commissioner, seeing instead a chance to settle old scores and firmly establish his prominence in his tribe. Conflict with the District Commissioner is not Ezeulu's main concern although it is the factor that redefines the old purely by its presence and makes it impossible for Ezeulu to carry out his plan of rebuking his tribe. That is, traditionally Ezeulu must mark each new moon by eating a ceremonial yam; when all are eaten the harvest season begins. He cannot carry out this monthly ceremony when he is held captive by the white man and thus harvest is put off. This is Ezeulu's view of what is proper, the continuation of tradition as it has always been. He is attacking the reality of the authority of the white man, convinced that the tribe's tradition in no way is flexible to the changed exigencies of their situation. The tribe is surprised by this, for they have accepted the fact of the white man and expect the tradition of the Yam Festival to bend to the situation. Ezeulu translates the tribe's recognition into his own program of retaliation for actually recognizing his lower position in respect to the D.C. Thus, like Okonkwo he is disappointed by the inability of the tribe to follow his lead in ignoring the facts of the effect of the white man on the very structures of their lives the traditions and the power and place of those that compose it. This is similar

to Fergus MacIvor's sensibilities; for not only is he mistaken about the entrenched position of the Hanoverian government, something the entire Jacobite movement is testing, but Fergus is blind to the place and strength of the entire system of centralized state bureaucracy and mercantile economy. Scott shows the clan system as being incompatible with this modern system, a changed exigency that Fergus hasn't reconciled himself to, as Ezeulu hasn't of tribe to white man.

Indeed in ignoring the reality of the transformed system in which his authority can be challenged by the white man's, and by attempting to punish the tribe for thinking otherwise, he asserts a certain supremacy to their will. He in a sense must become the Paramount Chief that Winterbottom sees as inappropriate, despite his telling Winterbottom that he would be no one's chief but Ulu's. Ezeulu has his own mission: having "settled his little score with the white man," showing him he was above his rule, he must show this to his own people and they too are concerned about paramount chiefs. The leaders of the tribe meet to talk him out of adhering to the principle of the Yam Festival, they finish by speaking of change. In particular they point out a custom that no longer exists, that provided for there to be a king of the tribe if one was strong enough to take the position, a custom that parallels what Ezeulu is seeking and what he does. It is a king that "must first pay the debts of every man and every woman in Umuaro," like Achebe's image of Jesus in the preface, where he sees Ezeulu as "raising to the stature of a ritual passage ... the defection of his people." By attempting to use the power of a king to force adherence to a tradition, he creates the conditions for mass defection and the blame is entirely his.

Here is one of the turning points of history. The need of the church for increased patronage, income, and legitimation is met by the need of the people of the tribe to circumvent the tradition of the Yam festival. "To them the issue was simple. Their god had taken sides with them against his headstrong and ambitious priest and thus upheld the wisdom of their ancestors - that no man however great was greater than his people; that no one ever won judgment against his clan." The village begins sending their

sons to the church with a yam as a new ceremonial, and the place of the chief priest of Umuaro went the way of "the lizard in the fable who ruined his mother's funeral by his own hand." In a way the village is like Scott's young heroes, adhering to a new ceremonial.

If Ezeulu tries to hold onto the ancient customs too long and drives his people to new customs, in the third book, Obi is lost in a new order that is seemingly without order, and is driven by society to his downfall. He struggles against the paradoxes and deep ironies between understanding some of the inherent aspects of the convoluted Umuaro-Nigerian-British culture, a culture that is such a mesh of symbols and fragmented ways of life that it becomes difficult to have any grounding, and thus to find meaning. His life becomes a desperate attempt at skirting the pitfalls of ironies of the ever changing order and his place in it.

We are presented in this book with a bright young man who has gained the best one possibly can coming from the old order. On the money raised by members of Umuaro he goes to England, returning with a degree from Oxford and a fair understanding of the British and their culture, as well as a high place in the new order.

Yet he cannot integrate into this society. He has become alienated from all aspects of it and is tortured by it. The woman he loves, Clara, is unacceptable for him to marry. In Rob Roy where the marriage of Frank to the catholic Diana Vernon has become acceptable as a way of integration, in Nigeria the old taboos have not been flexible in the new order. Once he decides to counter this system, separation permeates his relations; he becomes separated from his family over her and his generally widened sensibilities make it difficult for him to believe what they believe. The difference between Scotland and Nigeria in this respect is that in the former class relations with a land base are the constraining factors and religion is an ancillary concern, while in Nigeria religion is the stable constraining factor and class relations are evolving and have a more unstable nature based on a money economy and a bureaucratic political system. So that although Clara is monetarily, vocationally, and educationally well off she is still "taboo," while because of Diana's class, irrespective of her religion,

she is acceptable. Thus survival of a class system can make personal adaptation to a new order easier, for Clara represents a new order that can't stand up to religion.

In one scene that shows the convoluted manner in which he must relate to the society he once knew and believed in, he wonders what would happen if he told his father "I no longer believe in your God." He knows it is impossible for him to do, but almost immediately after thinking this his father asks if he had "'time to read your Bible while you were there?'" In Obi's language it is no longer even his Bible, just as his father's God is no longer his. But he answers appropriately evasively saying "'sometimes, but it was the Bible written in the English language,'" suggesting the Bible or beliefs in general become redefined in another language or another culture. This is only a more complicated version of Scott's separation of Edward from Fergus on the matter of the supernatural. For we are given the same sense of an archaic clan system of belief, now having appropriated Christianity, in opposition to Obi's acquired atomistic and secular sensibilities. But while for Scott it seems clear what the proper stand is, in Achebe we get a sense of non-resolution. Between the duty towards the homogeneity of the tribe and the modern European type of individualistic beliefs and concerns embodied in Obi and permeating Lagos life, one can find no mean.

Obi, if he believes in any God, believes in no one else's God. This is the alienation he feels in being called "beast of no nation" and what leads him to throw away a poem he wrote that once meant a lot to him. It is a nationalistic poem urging God to "bless our noble countrymen/ .../Teach them to work in unity/To build our nation dear;/ Forgetting region, tribe or speech,/ But caring always each for each." Here is everything he has lost faith in: God, country, and the people that compose it. He "calmly crumpled the paper in his left palm until it was a tiny ball, threw it on the floor" and returns to the book of poetry that his had been kept in. "In the end he did not read any poem" for no poem speaks to him any longer.

One thing that he believes in most deeply is finally broken down and brings his downfall. The pressures of financially keeping up his life style

leads him to begin taking bribes, something he has been outspokenly against. Just as Obi "realized that he could stand it no more" and morals lead him to begin rethinking his actions, the police come to the door. But Obi's own morals aren't that strong, for, thinking it is his visitor returning for his hat which he had left, Obi slips the money into his pocket, and the name of the Queen is invoked in his arrest. At his trial the judge "cannot comprehend how a young man of your education and brilliant promise could have done this" and this is the one thing that moves Obi to any outward signs of emotion. For in his world no one comprehends, everyone is stuck in either the hypocrisy of "the smooth M.P. lecturing to African students on the Central African Federation" or the fervent belief of his father in his God. Between hypocrisy and blind faith Obi can find no mean, and in contrast to the demented laughter of Ezeulu, "when the supreme moment came he was betrayed by treacherous tears."

Obi is like Scott's bright young men that go wandering into Scotland for adventure and the experience that makes them mature men. Obi has gone to England for in some ways the same thing, education, and has returned pessimistic, feeling separated from his countrymen and the things he has previously found meaning in and tries still to believe in, finding these things shattered by the hypocrisies and ironies of life. Achebe is not interested like Scott in validating his contemporary society and is disturbed by the deeply ingrained fractures and discrepancies in the Nigerian social system. For Scott the upheavals portrayed in his novels can be pin-pointed to specific years, their resolution embodied in battles and the deeply ingrained fractures born away to exile with the ease of a ship, as with Redgauntlet, or cut away cleanly as with Fergus MacIvor, by gentlemen of courage and composure. For Achebe these fractures have yet no resolution but in the personal and individual laughing or crying them off that is "the way Nigeria was built."

Achebe and Scott have both used fiction as a means of expressing their understanding of the nature of some of the convolutions their countries have undergone. For Scott tragedy with enough history behind it is a function of the Romance novel; for Achebe tragedy is the function of

history seen in particular in the individual in his novels. Scott used historical accounts extensively to build the plot lines of his novels an like Edward "loved to fill up and round the sketch with the colouring of a warm and vivid imagination, which gives light and life to the actors and speakers in the drama of past ages." But the past ages is at a comforting distance Achebe doesn't have the luxury of. For Scott history begins with "matters of fact; the cold, dry, hard outlines which history delineates" which becomes a realm to enliven with imagination, a place to escape to for a while, but also, in so doing, to comment on the present. For Achebe, his contemporary situation is an indiscriminate part of the past; the effects of previous changes still being unraveled, without a point in history to be a resolution. It is suggested that Nigerian independence could be one of those points, but with all of the problems irrespective of British political control it could only be one of many points of resolution.

Yet there is more to Scott's historicity than just the playground of the romantic imagination; for to make it the playground of the romantic imagination involves particular uses and views of the history. Views that are shaped by the components and boundaries of history that are the parameter and pieces of the playground of the romantic imagination.While he sticks closely to mush of the history involved, his project is in no way to remain true to the reality of history; by merely removing the insurrections from the historical narrative of dynastic politics to the romance plot of the hero's career, the history can only have a subordinate role. The use ascribing the supernatural, as in Fergus MacIvor's phantom, to the highlanders, and in restoring Tully-Veolan through the good hands of the Englishman, of the symbolic marriage of Waverley to the reformed Bradwardine households are all more subtle influences on the historicity of Scott's writing.

Achebe's project is almost opposite to Scott's: it is in no way to justify of legitimate what has gone before and what has resulted, but rather to question. To question the results of what has happened, the way it happened, and what is to happen in the future. It is to acknowledge the good and the bad that are inseparable from one another, and to show the individual ramifications of the broader strains of change.

This stress on individual understanding of change, particularly in Achebe, may point to the relativism and subjectivity of our age in which change has occurred with such speed that centers have not formed, leaving it to the individual to form their own center. In Scott's time, even if it was in and early stage, a new center was coalescing and was all the same discernible as a forming center: that of modern capitalism and representative democracy. Yet the effects of this center has been to break down others and, arguably, to undermine its own, leaving fragmentation as evinced in Achebe's writing of Nigeria, that falling of totalitarian regimes of recent (that if anything were intent on holding centers together at almost any cost), and the breakdown of capitalist society to consumer-producer relations. The emphasis today on subjective relativist notions of reality in philosophy, literary and historical study, and even beginning to effect the natural sciences may be a reaction to the breakdown of centers, of a departure from and questioning of our inherited western tradition that is increasingly separated from us and less a tradition part of our lives as M-TV, Coca-Cola, and consumer society is general becomes our religion, supplanting a whole social system based on Christ. Whether the consumer nature of capitalist society is our new center is still a question leading us also to question whether we are still falling apart of coalescing.

WHY DOESN'T PLASTIC TASTE LIKE CHICKEN
by Becky Ruth

Eyes are intent upon a plate high off the floor. Those humans are so silly! They eat with these funny-looking pieces of metal held in one of their front paws! But honestly, I'd like to know *how* they can hold something in their paw like that. And why do they need to hold something in their paw like that? Probably because their mouths are too small. Must be all that funny barking they do. Wait, what's that I smell? Oh, it's supper-time! Yep, here she comes, my favorite human! She's sitting at her chair. I wonder what they're having for supper? One way to find out. I push my front feet off the carpet and put them squarely on the lap of my human friend who is sitting behind that light grey plate with darker grey slabs of good-smelling meat lying across it. I push my nose closer to the plate but she pushes it away. Okay, I know I'm not supposed to put my head on the table. I'm just seeing if you've changed the rules yet. Please can I have some supper? Please, please, please! My human friend looks down at my begging brown eye, and then at my begging blue eye, and then across the table, then down at her plate. She sneaks a bit of something off of it and into a slender paw and holds it under the table. Oh, boy! What is it? Beef? Pork? Come on, nose, what it it? Chicken! Oh, I like chicken! Won't that cat be jealous! I know he likes chicken but he won't get any because he's too busy supervising the birds from the window. Doesn't he know that when everybody sits around the table it's food-time? Or maybe that tiny pink nose isn't any good for smelling things. But I sure smell it: chicken! I want more! I nudge the long skinny human paw with the ol' cold wet nose most complain about. But not my friend! She answers the nudging with a sticky paw that smells like chicken. Well, it's better than nothing, so I lick her long toes. I know she's not supposed to feed me when she's sitting at the table. Fine, I know, but I don't understand. How do those humans expect us long floppy-eared, short four-legged, white-tailed, cute fur-covered canine creatures to survive on pieces of tasteless rocks put in a bowl lucky to get washed twice a year? If it weren't for

these forbidden snacks, I'd have called it quits long ago! Well, maybe not. I'm a coward at heart. Besides, I'm too cute to die.

My human friend stands up and picks up her plate in one paw, her glass in another. How *does* she do that? She walks to the kitchen and sets them down. "Clarence," she whispers. Yeah, you got something for me? Yes, chicken! Oh, I love you. "Good boy, aren't you?!" I wag my tail. Of course I'm a good boy. I'm always a good boy. It's you humans who don't understand a dog's natural instinct. "Come on, Clarence, come!" Oo, she always sounds so excited. Where is she going? Aw, back to the family room. I want to go for a romp in the front yard. But she's sitting on the floor! She's going to play! I gallop past the big table and in front of the couch. "Hello, Clarence. Hello, boy!" she says, putting a paw on either side of my head and rubbing the loose skin beneath my ears. Oh, that feels good! She knows just where I like it. "Yes, you're a good boy. Wheres your bone?" Bone? Oh, bone. That hard rubbery thing that smells like plastic. "Go find your bone." Yeah, yeah let me think. Where did I leave it? "Go find your bone!" All right already! I heard you the first time. I think I left it in here. Okay, nose, sniff for plastic! No, that's packaging from a new toy those litle brats — I mean human children — got yesterday. Sheesh, they leave their junk everywhere. Nope, that's a Lego block. Argh, a toy car. Oh, I think that's it. Yep, here it is. Mouth, pick it up. Good, yes, okay, back to the couch. "Good boy, Clarence, good boy." I know. But why do so many things have to be made of plastic? Oh, scratch between the ears, oh, I like that. Dang, she tricked me again. She scratches me, I drop the plastic, she picks it up. It's my bone, and I want in, NOW! Mouth, go get that bone! "Good boy, pull." No, I don't want to play tug o'war. I won't pull. "Okay, here you go. Sit up." Sit up, do I have to? "Come on, sit up." All right. Legs, push. There, I'm sitting up. Bone, please? Thank you. O bone, my bone. Teeth, chew. Why doesn't plastic taste like chicken?

ALERT!
by Kristine Dotto

As your eyes begin to water
And you begin to sneeze,
I say, get on your knees and pray
For that cooling ocean breeze.

The smog has hit L.A. today;
The ozone's out of tilt.
Again I say, get down and pray
Before we all get kilt.

THE A-TEAM: SYMBOL OF THE AMERICAN MYTH

By H. Taylor

"In 1972, a crack commando unit was sent to prison for a crime they didn't commit. These men promptly escaped from a maximum security stockade to the Los Angeles underground. There, still wanted by the government, they survive as soldiers of fortune. If you have a problem, and no one else can help, and if you can find them, maybe you can hire The A-Team."

This short narrative is the voice-over that begins every episode of "The A-Team," an action-adventure series that ran from 1983 to 1986. It is currently in syndication and can be seen locally Monday through Saturday at 5 p.m. on channel 9. "The A-Team" is a group of Vietnam veterans on the run from the law. They hire themselves out as good-guy mercenaries. The team consists of Hannibal Smith, the leader, who usually has a cigar stuck in his mouth, strong man B. A. Baracus, Howling Mad Murdock (a pilot they free from the V. A. mental hospital to fly planes for them), and Faceman Peck, a handsome con man. They take on villains in the name of the underdog, and blow them away . . . literally. Critics have aptly compared the show to The Fantastic Four, a comic book. This show is a live-action cartoon if there ever was one. But "The A-Team" is more than simple escapist adventure. It is a symbol of the American Myth.

American television expresses, as will any society's entertainment, certain traditions, values and beliefs, and presents them as concrete images. "The A-Team," while trying to just entertain its audience, utilizes American myths and symbols so that it becomes, in effect, a type of morality play for American Mass Culture. "The A-Team" provides a model for many facets of the American Myth: capitalism, male dominance, entrepreneurship, individualism, military and personal strength, and a distrust of the rich.

The function of myth, according to Malinowski, is to strengthen tradition. In a society, it acts as a "charter"- -a model for behavior that also explains the experiences of human existence. "It is a statement of primeval reality which lives in the institutions and pursuits of a community. It

justifies, by precedent, the existing order and supplies a retrospective pattern of moral values." (1931:640-41)

"The A-Team" incorporates some of America's myths so that it presents a value-system, reinforcing, through example, the Reagan-era morality. It is no coincidence that "The A-Team" reached its peak of popularity during the upswing of conservatism. One myth that "The A-Team" relies heavily upon is that of entrepreneurship, the myth of "good ole' American know-how." Because "The A-Team" is more creative, more resourceful than the villains, "The A-Team" will always wind up on top. In nearly every episode of the first two seasons, there is a "building" sequence. This is when the Team, just when they're backed into a corner, takes the materials they have at hand and devise some contraption that enables them to defeat the bad guys. In one episode, for example, while fleeing from a crazed cult, they convert an old hot water heater into a large flame thrower. The "underdogs," the innocent people that the Team is helping, stand back in awe and comment on their amazing resourcefulness. The leader of "The A-Team" calls himself Hannibal after the legendary general, famous for his resourcefulness in using elephants to cross a mountain range.

Another myth that plays an important role in "The A-Team" is the myth of sacred capitalism. American culture is based upon the worship of, and dedication to, the free enterprise system. In "The A-Team," the underdogs are very frequently family-run, small business owners who are being forced out by evil, rich and powerful business men. The white-collar villain's interfering with the natural progression of capitalism is viewed as a crime as heinous as, or even more than, murder.

"Symbols provide people with an emotional and intellectual commitment to their particular belief system, telling them what is important to their society, collectively and individually, and helping them conform to the group's value system." (Lehman & Meyers, 1984:41) Without such symbols, the values, and therefore the society itself, would be threatened. "The A-Team" reinforces the American value system by turning the abstract concepts into concrete images. "The A-Team," a group of four men,

is a symbol for many things, including the nation as a whole. What is constantly emphasized about the Team is that it consists of four distinct (and rather odd) personalities who must function as a team in order to survive. The leader of the Team, Hannibal, never has his authority questioned by the other members. Hannibal is representative of the power elite in America; he is the older, white male who controls the economic and political structure of the country. There is constant bickering between Murdock and B. A. because B. A. can't stand Murdock's crazy antics. Murdock is the lower-class white male, and B. A., the black man, is a valued member of the team only because of his great strength. The images presented here say that the black man only has value as a laborer, and that there must be dissension in the lower ranks so that the power elite can be secure in their position. If the Team were truly united, Hannibal would lose his position as leader.

The most important symbol that "The A-Team" provides is that of military strength and power, and the nation's right to use that power to influence other countries. In "The A-Team" world, firepower is more important than brainpower. The ethical problems presented by the "eye for an eye" philosophy never come into play, because "The A-Team" is pure escapism. The comic book heroes use comic book violence to resolve their conflicts. More than 100 shots are fired in every direction, but a bullet rarely makes contact with a body. In almost every episode, a car is blown into the air, flips over and crashes to the ground, and the bad guys are shown crawling out, unharmed. "The A-Team" is a symbol of the same value system that justified America's bombing of Libya. Americans believe, or want to believe, that like "The A-Team," they can respond as a nation, with violence and not fear any consequences.

"The A-Team," by representing our beliefs and strengthening our traditions, symbolizes the American Myth. It provides powerful visual images that present to the American public a value system based on the ethics of the viewing public. It's the men who count, not the women. Be suspicious of the rich. Our nation is powerful, so we can do whatever we want. It's the older, white men who run things. Be an individual, be

different, and be self-reliant. This is the world of "The A-Team." In this simplistic television show, an entire belief system and tradition is played out in comic book fashion, and judging from its success (it ranked 10th in '83, 4th in '84), it showed America exactly what it wanted to see. In "The A-Team," America saw itself, or at least, what it wanted itself to be.

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What Is Amiss?
by Floyd Cheung

My dear Jester, what is amiss?
The cows are giving orange honey;
Peasants in the streets dance so funky.
My Queen, been comatose for eleven months,
Suddenly wants a kiss!
The fishmonger fives away his trout;
Eggnog flows from the village spout.
My Son, voluntarily celibate all his twenty-three years,
Lustily chases a princess!
Nothing's rotten in the state of Denmark;
Big Bean-eating Ben releases no fart.
Duke and Duchess, warring half this year,
Under mistletoe make peace!
M'lord and King, there is no cause for distress.
Three French hens sing "Silent Night" in Chinese,
And monks in the mountains break out their skis
Because it's almost Christmas!

"Join Me, Won't You?"
by John Scott

Autumn
Is like fine wine:
Dry, brisk, full-bodied
with a tang like salt—
Dusty and crisp as a brittle leaf,
Redolent with the smell of earth gone dry,
Vine curled to fruity bitterness—
Acid on the tongue as mild as a September breeze.

The vintage is poured out, dripping from the elms,
the oaks, the ash trees.
Summer's fire is out; winter's yet
a tale to be told;
I sit back and savor what is in my present cup.

Radio
by John Scott

As they drove through the Los Angeles night in the safe, fake leather compartment, the radio played. It was tuned to the jazz station, the quasi-underground one which always had at least some degree of static, some amount of confusion. Now and then, the station would drift off, obscurely, and the neighbor station would gather some steam, thrundering away with mechanical dance beats. It was 2 a.m.

An interview was taking place, somewhere not so far away in a faded old brick building. The moon, at about one-quarter, was high above the swirling mist, out of sight, yet the city glowed its sickening orangish-red demonic light as it ever did, visible only at night.

"Oscar", one oily voice croaked, laboring through the speaker. "Running a night club," pause. Pause. "In L.A.," it continued softly and slowly. Another pause, much shorter. "Especially a jazz nigh club," the talker croaked much louder, as if they were some self-evident power words, "'it is not..." He throated his frustration. "Well, what I mean is, it's not the way to make one million dollars, if you can follow me." He breathed, more relaxed now, but never unconcerned with the things which he attempted. "I mean, man, it is tough out there. And the thing is....", he accentuated with a vaguely aggressive sigh, "the thing is, that with the liquor license.. with the competition...not to mention the younger music scene... " He said "younger" with a mixture of contempt and awe. "You are not in it for the money. Basically, there has to be something else there. What is it," he implored an answer, indicating as obviously as he could that he was waiting without .

Near the end of the speaker's last sentence, the regular, metallic boom began to creep in. Five audible beats, steady beats, accompanied by some muffled singing, and then nothing. A little static later, Xavier looked down at the green digital numerals denoting their position of the dial, and furrowed his brow. Then, after a pulse beat, came an answer..

"Well," plodded the deepest voice that Xavier would ever hear, "I guess the answer to that is that owning a night club is not an occupation. Owning a night club is, rather, a way of life." The enormous man leaned back in his swivel chair, coughed, and went on. His words did not come fast, certainly, but he was not pulling

the day and does...you know...his things, but he ain't havin' fun. A lot of times, he don't even know it, though, of course, really he does, and so does everyone ." The interviewer looked as if he was asleep, but suddenly blurted out alive with, "It's thankless." Rapid shaking. "I mean it is thankless." The enormous man, who also looked asleep, except that you could see his eyes at least halfway open, grunted.

"This guy does not have any fun. All day." The man with the blue smoked sunglasses leaned against the master controls for the station and continued to shake his head. His skin was pale, and did not appear real. He nodded also, at times, when the enormous man's words got through to him, as if he were at an old time revival meeting.

"At a night club, you can be there with no one, like after work or something, and you can still have fun. You can listen to the band, and have a little fun." The enormous man's face softened and his teeth showed when he said fun. "Businessmen, all kinds of people. Because you can always listen to the music, just sit there and watch everything." The man in the blue smoked sunglasses nodded at this. "You've got to have fun sometimes, you know?" There was another pause, while the enormous man tried unsuccessfully to scratch his back. This caused quite audible squeeking from his chair, and the steady, contrived beat began to intrude again. Then he gave up on the itch, spoke, and banished the other station once more.

"And these kids. This music. Punk rock or something. I don't, do not understaand it," he said sadly. "Yet that," he skipped a beat, "is where everything is happening. I remember. You've got to remember. It's still the same thought you'd never recognize it now." The man in the blue smoked glasses looked up. concerned, suddenly alive again.

"But you were there once. What was it? You were the most serious bass player. What was it like playing with the greats? Because, " he lowered his voice again in all seriousness, "you did play with the greats. Charlie Parker. Floyd Chats. I mean you played with them, man."

"Leather. Crazy hair cuts. Crazy clothes," was his only reply, faintly, dreamily. "Fire."

Both men appeared asleep once again, but it was obvious to

everyone listening that they were not.

"I heard about this kid who electrocuted himself. With a guitar. Actually electrocuted himself," the blue smoke said quietly, looking carefully at the lines on his hand, as if they offered some answer to be discovered. "Died right on stage."

As the car turned into the driveway, spilling light across the front yard and onto the dank, grassy earth, the station began to fade for the final time. The inevitable mechanical beat had completely overcome it by the time the car was turned off, which was followed by the erratic click of the cooling engine. They got out, and went inside.

The Closing
by Sheri Frost

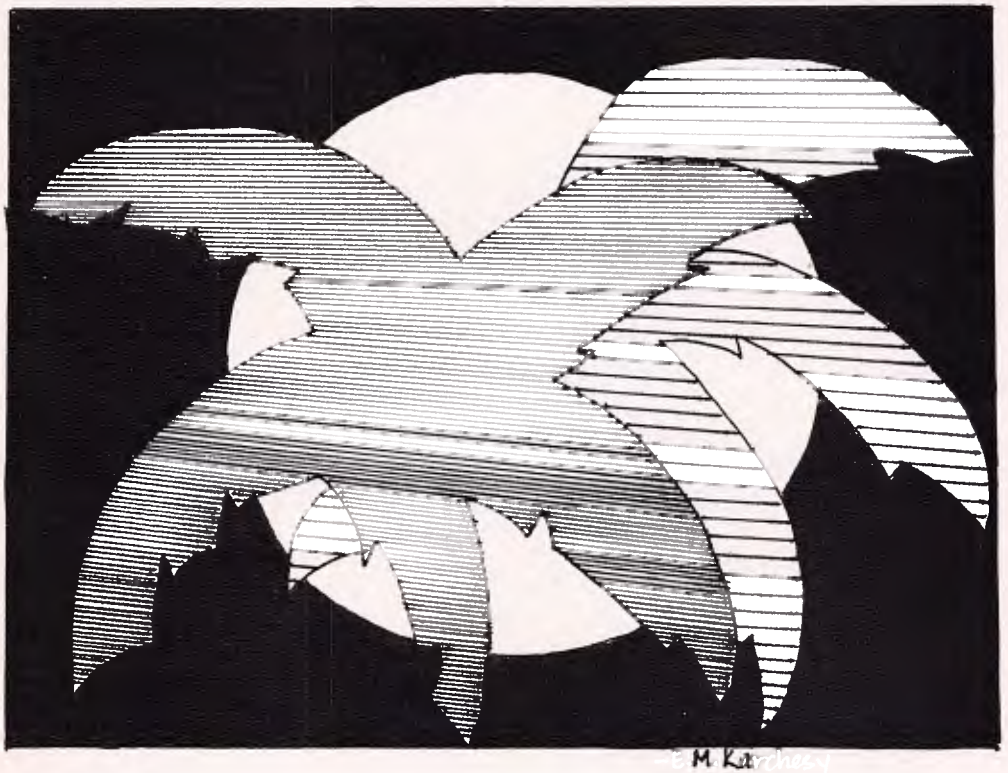
I have written before of final chapters
and ending notes but with greater clarity
I write now of their true meaning:

Your voice, your touch, your presence will fade,
more so with each day, and I will struggle to
keep your memory in mine.

The control, the authority, and the prestige will
have to be built again from a new beginning in
a new envirnment.

And the familiarity of it all; of respect and love,
power and trust, friendship and more friendship,
will slowly dissolve as we pretend to keep
the illusion alive, and pretend that
what threw us together is still
holding us together.

This is the closing of this work, of this life
experience, and with it goes a part of me that will
always exist, mortally heroicized, in this book.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