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1995 Literary Review (no. 9)

Sigma Tau Delta

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A SIGMA TAU DELTA PUBLICATION

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LITERARY REVIEW

Number 9

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Introduction

With the intent of providing an avenue for the best student literature submitted to reach an appreciative audience of peers and mentors, the Whittier College chapter of the international English Honorary Society, Sigma Tau Delta, resuscitated the Literary Review in 1986. The Literary Review is written by Whittier College students and includes works ranging from poetry to fiction to critical essays. These works include such disciplines as English, History, Philosophy, Business, and Economics. The entire publication, including the layout, design, selection process and overall editing is done by students.

The Literary Review manifests the belief that academic excellence should be rewarded, and that rewarding that excellence positively impacts the intellectual life here 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.

We would also like to recognize our advisor, Dr. Anne Kiley, and thank her for her time, effort, the use of her house, and the wonderful homemade cinnamon rolls—without which our Saturday morning selection process would have been a little less ‘full-filling.’

We invite you now to escape the rigors of all those textbooks and to sit back and enjoy the work of your fellow students.

Thanks,
Ryan Nielsen
1995 Editor-in-Chief

1995 Literary Review Staff

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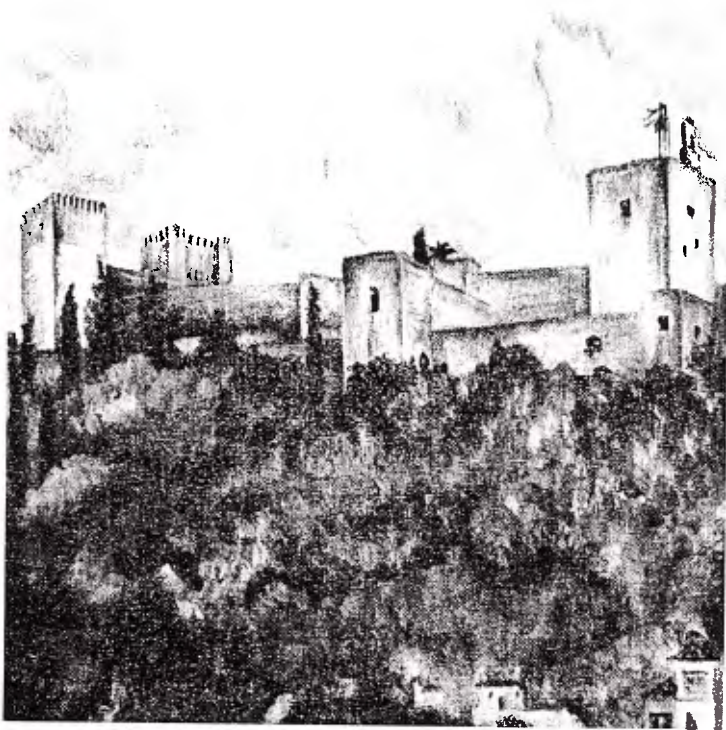
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My Little Stars
by Eryn Osterhaus

Let the stars find a new home—they live
so close to the moon. Perhaps they feel threatened
and minuscule in her presence? And when they
look around, all they see are other stars winking
back and looking too.

Perhaps they think it's their family or
maybe a love of sorts?

They should come down now. I'll give them a
home.

The stars can come stay at my place
and be away from the big, bad moon
who tries to outshine them
or the other stars who always wink first
to every upturned head. We don't like those stars.
I will give the little failures tea and
crumpets and a bed to sleep in.
I will give them the right to be mediocre.
My little stars, when they come down,
will learn to tango and cha-cha with me.

Every Party Has a Cocktail
by Eryn Osterhaus

tribesmen embalm the corpse of tradition
with plastic prayers and neon lights:
Jesus Saves
old women renounce for new decorations
tempered and toned into idols for today
Wise men speak from corners of small

rooms, humid halls, basement
bargain conversation, smeared and sold
for eager ears
Every corner of every city has a vendor
wet and small and ready to give a deal
nickel, dime, quarter, credit card, cash today
here tomorrow
bartered and bought a scanty scrap that
feeds orphan actions
No pressure on performance, for
every party has a cocktail, every life has a story,
every church has a sinner.
Allergic reaction to falsehood, fallacy, fornication,
fried emotions. Only the fresh produce here, but
we take all kinds.
Look at our electric God, the land of museum
pieces born in the neon—
flashing, iridescent on skin white ashes to ashes
and dust to
dusted
Sedated into superficiality, condoning and con-
firming
the everyness of every thing.
We have no chants for you, no dances, no gods, no
prayers.
We sell salvation, we dream of virgin eyes and
sorry sons.
The tribesmen decorate with fig leaves today.

Growing To Same
by Eryn Osterhaus

daddy daddy, say it:
I hate you
oh the tangled web we weave when we practice
what were you practicing on me?
that hurts, don't hit, be careful,
in this telling me what to think and feel
when I grow up, I want to marry some one just
like you
Where do you think your going?
not on up, not like this
Black eye, blue lip
and knick knack paddy whack
give the dog a bone.

ask me, it was
an accident, friend. It rains and pours
and the girl fell out of bed...

a split level house grew stairs that only
a split lip could find, in that lying truth,
I understand a hand poised in a universal—
I will fall
in that hole you dug for me
and looking for a ticket not round trip

I once met a man in Target
the man hit, she so small:
"stop crying"

perverse interest
slowly syruped into my mouth

and my interested quelled into
desire. I watched unabashed
until the checker checked me.

on the day I married, traded,
my father gave me away
stamp paid on the receipt

stay home, clean up
to that what hurts—it was his hands
I first loved,
because they reminded me of daddy.
come to bed
where the hell do you think your going?
not on up, not this way.
every day.

growing up same
in the cyclical
cynical life...
of a black-eyed blonde.

A Day At The Track
by Amy Raat

It was 10 a.m. when Assistant City Planner Mason Winslow left his cool, air-conditioned, dark wood-panelled office on the fourth floor of Arcadia City Hall to begin his fifteen-minute walk to the famous, or rather, infamous Santa Anita Racetrack.

Before that, for the first couple of hours of his Thursday workday he'd had his face buried in every horse racing form he could get his hands on. Sure, he shuffled papers around for a while, just in case anyone happened to come in. They didn't. No one had been coming in lately. Most of the time he just sat back in his big black leather chair, looked at the odds sheets, sipped his coffee with two spoonfuls of cream and three lumps of sugar, and told himself over and over that he wouldn't go. He wouldn't go today. Not again.

It was like this each morning. After he'd gulped down his third cup of coffee, Mason sprawled out the racing programs all over his mahogany desk, and circled his favorite horses. He didn't use a black ballpoint city-owned pen. He used his own. This time it was one with little blue and yellow bunnies on it that wrote in pink ink. He guessed it belonged to Kelly, his daughter. It was the first one he found when he left the house that morning. He was running

late. With the way things were at home, he was always running late.

While he was busy drawing pink circles and writing little notes to himself in the margins about the horses he'd seen run before, at least once before, Mason reminded himself about all the work he was behind in. All of the work that Ms. Lewis, the City Manager, expected to see on her desk tomorrow at ten a.m. sharp. That was exactly how she had said it. Ten a.m. sharp. He wasn't worried. He knew he could do the work. If he really wanted to. He'd only recently gotten behind. Since he started going, anyway.

And then, of course, there was the money to think about. Mason tried hard not to think about it. But it was always there. He was making a lot more now than he ever did back in Vermont. He never would have brought Marilyn and the kids out west if the money wasn't good. But the checkbook was looking a little leaner than usual, and Marilyn was nagging him about wanting new school clothes for the kids again. Mason thought back to the argument they'd had that morning over coffee and Corn Flakes, before he left for work.

She'd really yelled at him this time. It was worse than ever before. "What do you want them to do, for Christ's sake, Mason? You dragged us to California, not Alaska, remember? Kids can't run

around here wearing wool sweaters and ski-jackets in the middle of March. You can't even wear them in December. This place has no winter. It's just one god-damned beautiful sunny day after the other. Everyday!"

He couldn't quite remember what he'd said to her at that moment. All he could think about was how her face had looked. It had changed. In the seven months since they'd moved, it had changed a lot. He noticed how tired she looked. Her eyes used to be a piercing steel-blue. Now, to him they looked grey. Her hair was white at the temples. She pulled at the ends of her hair whenever she got mad at him. She wasn't dying it anymore. She was just letting it go. He knew his was white too. But her hair used to be beautiful.

It was the fighting that was aging them both. But they couldn't stop. Everything was bad in California. They fought about it all. Mason had given up trying to fix things. She had too. She was smoking again. "I love you, Marilyn," he had told her last week. She looked at him blankly. He waited. She never said it back to him. She hadn't said it for a long time.

Mason got up from his desk, folded his racing forms and picked up the little pen. Kelly had been crying again this morning. She did it every morning. Every day before school. She was only seven. She

was the youngest. He remembered how she used to be up and dressed at the crack of dawn, waiting for the school bus an hour before it was supposed to come. He'd sit with her and eat her favorite—instant oatmeal with cinnamon and brown sugar. But that was in Vermont. There weren't any mornings like that in California.

He shoved the pen into the pocket that was hidden inside of his navy blue pin-stripe suit with the gold cufflinks. It was his favorite suit. He always felt so important in it. But he couldn't button it anymore. He'd gained some weight in the last few months. He wasn't sure how much. He didn't want to get on a scale. Marilyn had bought him one anyway. He would need new clothes, too. There were lots of things they would need, and he knew they would need them soon.

So, at precisely 10 a.m. he opened the door of his office. Nancy, his secretary, had grown accustomed to these "coffee breaks." She didn't bother to look up from her computer screen.

As she typed she said, "Ms. Lewis was up here looking for you this morning."

Mason stopped. He had already made it halfway across the plush rose-colored carpet to the elevators. "What'd you tell her this time?"

"I told her what you told me to tell her last time," she said. "I told her you had car trouble. Was

that right?" She looked up at him. Her long, red-polished fingernails were still busy on the keyboard.

Mason thought he detected sarcasm in her voice. He'd never noticed it before, but he had a feeling it had always been there. He knew he had no right to let it bug him. He'd put Nancy through a lot. She knew what was going on. He looked at her, and then glanced at the thick pile of pink phone messages on the edge of her desk. He started for the elevator. "You did just fine," he said.

This time, she went on. "You know, I was thinking, she's gonna catch on sooner or later."

Mason turned and clutched his papers tightly to his chest, "What?"

"Ms. Lewis. I mean, she'll figure it out some day. She knows you've got one of them nice new Cadillacs. Just how often are you planning on having it break down, anyway?" She turned her round face to the side and smirked. "How often, Mr. Winslow?" Then she went back to her work.

He had no right to say anything to her. Not anymore, at least. He walked to the wall of elevators at the edge of the carpet. He hit the down button. Over his shoulder he called to Nancy. "I'll be back soon. If Marilyn calls, tell her... ah, tell her that I'm checking out the work at a new construction site. Tell her I'll call her later." The elevator doors opened. As soon as Mason had one foot inside he pressed the

lobby button. "Come on, come on," he muttered under his breath.

"But, Mr. Winslow? What's wrong with just telling her the usual?" Nancy looked up from her work. It was too late. The doors has closed. Mason was going down. Fast.

It was nearly 10:30 a. m. when Mason approached his favorite betting window inside the track. A bright neon orange sign above it read "For Large Transactions Only." This was where he always came to bet. With the big spenders. He felt like one of them at this window. The line was kind of long, but he didn't mind the wait.

Mason usually got there earlier. Fifteen minutes earlier. He knew the extra weight had been slowing him down on these walks. But fifteen minutes was a long time. He was gonna have to lay off the coffee, the doughnuts, something. He took his suit jacket off and slung it over his left arm. He could feel the perspiration. No one was looking, so he raised his arms to check. Nothing was more embarrassing than big, wet circles. Marilyn always told him that. He tried to catch his breath before it was his turn to talk to the cashier.

Mason liked to bet all the races ahead of time, in the morning, so he could get back to work before eleven. Lots of other executive-types did that too. But lately he'd been staying longer. The day before

he'd missed a lunch meeting with Mr. Pedroza, an important guy from the Freeway Building Commission. Mason couldn't think of an explanation for that one. Nancy made up something. She'd become real good at it.

It was his turn. "What'll it be today, sir?" the stubby little cashier asked him. Mason put two-hundred dollars down on each of the nine races. It was all he had. He'd emptied the accounts before work. He'd decided that today was the big day. The last day. He'd win it all back today. Pay off the car and everything. Then he'd put it in the bank before Marilyn ever noticed it was gone. But he knew she knew. They didn't talk about it. He could hear her voice. The kids needed clothes. He shook his head. He couldn't listen anymore.

He wasn't sure why he ever bought the Cadillac. They couldn't afford it. Not now, anyway. But it was so big, and so rich. Mason thought he was rich in it. He knew he looked like his Dad when he drove it. His Dad's Cadillac was red. They'd only had it for a week when a man came and drove it away. "I owed someone something, son. We had to let it go." That was how he had explained it. Mason could remember how his Dad had cried alone, on the back porch that night. He wished he hadn't seen him cry. It had seemed like such a weak thing to do.

Mason walked away from the betting window

and over to the bar inside the track. It was a short walk. The bar was in the back. It was hidden from all of the people. It was dark, except for the blue glow of a few television screens showing the highlights of yesterday's races. He perched himself on the green cushion of a shiny brass stool. He held his head in his hands and rubbed his temples. "Gimme a scotch."

He waited for a few seconds. There was no answer.

Mason pulled his hands away from his face and looked up. No one was behind the bar. He glanced at his watch. It was a gold, expensive one. He looked closely at the engraving. He hadn't really looked at it lately. It read, "With warm appreciation for fifteen years of dedicated service to the city of—" Mason pulled his eyes away and yanked his white shirt sleeve over the watch. He looked up again. No bartender. It was too early for it to open. He'd never been at the bar so early.

He got up and waded a few feet over to a brightly-lit concession stand. He bought a beer and a hot dog. Extra relish and onions. Then he went outside into the warm March air, and sat in a dull red, anonymous grandstand seat. They were the cheapest seats in the place. He usually paid a little more for the nicer ones. But this time he didn't have a little more.

He sat and waited for the first race to start.

There were only a couple of other people sitting in his section, section C, of the stands. Two middle-aged men in suits. Nothing new. They were sitting a few rows away from each other. Both men turned to look at Mason as he sat down. One of them raised his cigarette in acknowledgement. Mason didn't recognize him. The man pulled his arm down and turned back to his racing forms.

As he sat, munching on his hot dog and sipping his beer, Mason thought back to the first time he'd been to Santa Anita. It was late in December, a couple of days after Christmas. A few of the senior guys from the fifth floor had taken him over and shown him around. They'd gone during a coffee break, of course.

Mason had never gambled before that day. His mother had always warned him about how dangerous it was. In fact, when the guys had asked him to go that day, he immediately thought back to the time he went to Vegas with his folks when he was just a kid.

He was eleven years old then. His father loved to gamble. They'd flown there all the way from Ohio. "It's too expensive," his Mom had said. But his Dad didn't listen. They went anyway. The room they'd stayed in had a sink made of gold. At least that's what it looked like. Pure gold. But the last night they had to move to a different room. The

sink wasn't made of gold at the new place. It was cracked and dirty. His mother had cried that night. She cried all night long. His father didn't come back to the room until morning. They left the next day and never went back to Vegas. Mason didn't get much for Christmas that year.

But he had always thought that horse races were different from Vegas casinos. He told himself they were, over and over, as he walked with the men to the track that late December, comfortably cool morning. Besides, he hadn't been at the new job for very long. It would have been rude to refuse their offer. He had to go with them. There was no way to get around it. "Aw, come on, Mason," they had said, "it's harmless. You'll have a great time. Maybe you'll even win a few bucks..."

So he'd gone with them. They showed him what to do. Just bet in the morning, they had told him. Never stay to watch the races. You'll get in trouble if you start doing that, they had said.

While they were there that morning, Mason had noticed that one of the guys, one of the older managers, wasn't betting. "Don't see anyone you like?" Mason had asked him.

"Actually, son," he'd said, taking a long drag on his cigar, "I don't bother to look anymore. Can't do it. I just come along for the walk. The fresh air does me good." Then he'd smiled. Kind of an old,

wrinkly, tired smile.

“And the horses are now approaching the gate,” the announcer called. The first race was about to start. Mason knew he had enough time to grab a second beer. But he didn’t want one. He’d had four yesterday. That was enough.

He glanced down at his program. He wiped away a couple of chunks of relish that had fallen on it. He was feeling a little queasy. He shouldn’t have had that hot dog so early.

Mason looked over the horses for the first race again. The number one horse, Her Bright Eyes, caught his eye. Why hadn’t he noticed it before? It didn’t have a great record, but he loved the name. It made him think of Marilyn. Mason never bet hunch bets. But he had to bet this one. This one was all he needed. If this one came in, he’d go back. He’d never come again.

He grabbed his stuff and ran to his favorite window. The line was long. His upper lip was already feeling sweaty. He fumbled through his pants pocket for a handkerchief. He couldn’t find one. He went for his wallet and remembered he was out of cash. Three minutes to post time.

Mason jogged over to an ATM. Just like an old, trustworthy friend. The sweat was really coming down fast now. He stuck his card in. “Let’s see... first the checking....” he said to himself. But after it made

a few beeps and whirling sounds the machine rejected his card. He'd forgotten how he'd bled it dry that morning. "God damn it! These stupid machines!" he said, more loudly. Fortunately, it was pretty noisy in the building. Not too many people heard him.

He thought of the money booth. He could get a cash advance on the Visa. The others were over the limit. He knew it. He'd already tried them. He hurried over. Luckily, there wasn't a line. "Gimme three thousand dollars," he said to the man behind the counter as he handed over his plastic card.

"Yes, sir. It'll just take a couple of minutes."

"I don't have a couple of minutes. I need the money now, god damn it." Mason could feel how hot and red his face was getting. People were smoking all around him and he couldn't breathe. He loosened his tie. He just had to bet that horse. He was afraid of what would happen if he didn't. He didn't mean to yell at the guy. He couldn't remember ever swearing so loudly in a public place. He could feel the man in line behind him staring at his neck. As soon as he got his money, Mason ran back to the betting window. He put all of the money from his credit card on Her Bright Eyes to win.

He took his ticket and walked over to one of the t.v. monitors. One minute left. He looked down at his ticket. It was damp and smudged.

“And the horses are now at the gate,” the announcer called.

Mason hurried outside. The cool breeze felt good on his face. He tried to wipe the sweat off with the back of his hand but there was so much of it. He couldn't get it all off. As he walked he shifted his jacket to the other arm. Kelly's pen fell out and dropped to the ground. He didn't notice.

He stopped a few feet in front of the black metal fence separating him from the dirt track. He could see that the horses were close to the gate. He put his hand to his chest. It was hurting. It felt tight. It'd been feeling that way a lot.

Mason started talking to himself. Not many people were around. It was before the lunch-hour crowd. “Oh, please, please, please just let me hit this one. Please don't let me down. Please, Her Bright Eyes, please. I swear, I swear, I'll never come here again. I know I can make it back in this one. I can win everything back. I'll make you proud of me again, Marilyn. And then it will all be okay and you'll want to stay. And then I'll work hard again. Really hard. And everything will be good.”

The bell rang. The gate went up. “And they're off!” cried the announcer.

It was a long race. Mason knew the horses would come by him before they made their first full lap.

He looked towards the gate. His horse was beautiful. And moving quickly. It was coming closer. It was in front. In front by at least two lengths. Maybe three. Mason was going to win. He could feel it. He'd win. He'd buy clothes. He'd pay for the car. And Marilyn. He would buy her anything. She'd love him again.

Her Bright Eyes was right in front of him. She seemed almost close enough to touch.

The crowd gasped.

"Oh no! Number one has gone down! Her Bright Eyes has flipped over the inside rail! She's unseated her rider!" the announcer screamed.

Mason stared. Stared at Her Bright Eyes as it lay on the infield grass. Its body was contorted and it didn't get up. It wouldn't move. He saw people running toward it. He heard sirens coming closer. But he just looked at the horse. How strange it looked out there. How out of place it was amidst the grass and the people and the cars. It had gone down so fast. It wasn't going to get up.

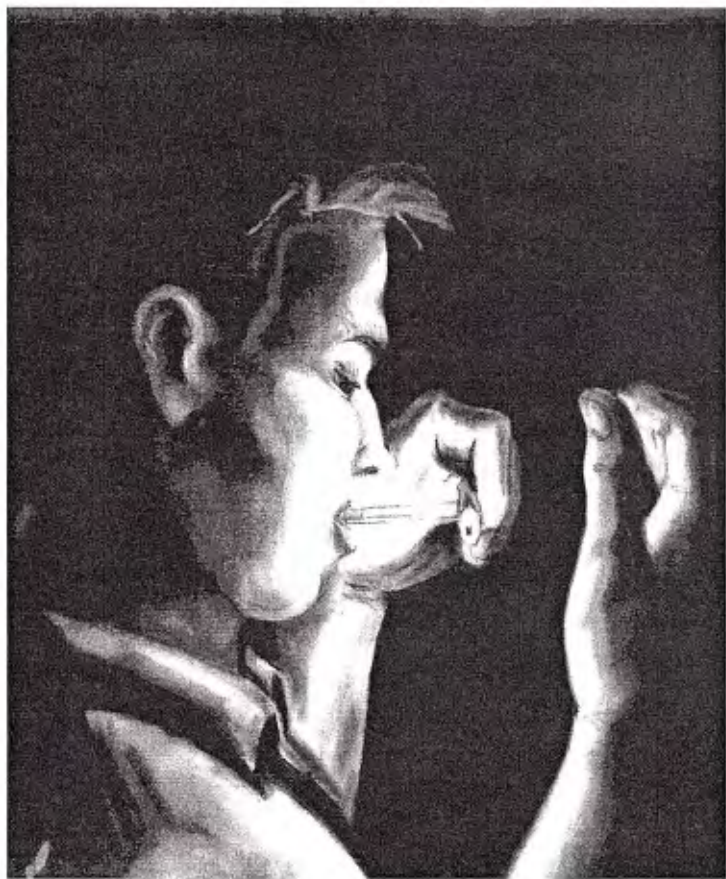
Mason jerked his head away. He realized that he was on his knees on the cool concrete. In his good suit. He got up and brushed himself off. He sniffed. His eyes were wet. But he didn't bother to dry them. People were looking at him. One woman asked if he was okay. He didn't answer.

He walked back through the inside of the

track and out to the parking lot. As he walked through the lot he reached in his pocket and pulled out his ticket for the last race. His eyes were still wet. He tore it up into little pieces and scattered it on the ground as he walked.

He was walking fast and sweating a lot. He crossed the street to City Hall. He was getting there fast. Like he used to. He crossed against the light. Against the little red man. A guy in a truck had to swerve to avoid him. "Hey man, move it!" he yelled. "You're gonna get hurt out here if you're not careful!" Mason kept walking.

He ran through the parking lot to his Cadillac. He was panting when he got to the door on the driver's side. He unlocked it and got in. The shiny paint coat of the hood glistened in the sun and blinded him. He closed his eyes. Then later, he opened them. He could see again. He looked at his watch. It was five. People were streaming into the parking lot. Everyone was leaving for the day. It was over. And he knew it. He turned the key. It was time to go home.



Wisdom At One Entrance Quite Shut
Out

by Lisa Nunn

Years of blurry vision, creeping grayness and swimming objects led to a defunct left eye at age 42, culminating in absolute blindness two years later. Forced to 'bear the yoke' of perpetual darkness, John Milton suffered immeasurably. As a scholar, losing his eyesight meant that he could no longer rely on his eyes as he had done all his life to sustain his hunger for knowledge through reading. As a poet and political speaker, the extermination of light held equally tragic physical and emotional ramifications. Almost ironic are the beautifully tender effects blindness had on his poetry. Two of his most touching sonnets deal exclusively with his newly darkened world. "When I Consider..." and "To Mr. Cyriack Skinner upon his Blindness" (sonnets XIX and XXII) both illuminate for the rest of the world Milton's process of coping with his blindness through an attempt at spiritual interpretation.

Deviating from traditional use of sonnet form, Milton often wrote poems of war heroes, the social agony of battle, etc. rather than of love, time and romance. Therefore, it is not surprising that he piled his emotions of blind lament neatly into the rigid structure of Italian sonnets. With strict iambic

pentameter lines opening in an octave designed to introduce the “problem” and a concluding sextet to resolve it, the demanding formula itself helped Milton to process his unsung dirge. He had to articulate his internal angst precisely enough to express it within the confines of a sonnet, so he had to have pre-evaluated his emotions and drawn confirmed conclusions about his reaction to his blindness. The Italian sonnet forced Milton by its very nature to come to terms with his situation before he could begin writing about it.

Evidence of Milton’s acceptance of his fate lies in the lack of anger in his sonnets on blindness. “When I Consider...” embodies the defeated self-pity of a man yearning to serve his master but feeling useless. He comforts himself with the biblical reminder that “They also serve who only stand and wait” (Milton, l.14), but never indicates bitterness. Anxiety, emotional trauma and sorrow are readily felt in the poem, but tone and mood remain consistently free from aggression or the harshness of anger.

The images presented underscore the non-violence of Milton’s voice as well as heighten by contrast pity for this poor man shackled into shadows. Opening the poem, Milton expresses time as a commodity, but replaces the concept of time with the image of light: “When I consider how my light is

spent" (Milton, l.1). The line conjures an image of a man exhausting his pile of time like a stack of one dollar bills. But because the money is "light" and Milton is blind, we know that he has come to the end of his funding and now must continue on in poverty. Instantly he is presented as poor and pitiable.

Next we feel his anguish and dilemma through the biblical allusion to the parable of the "talent." In the parable the servant was chastised for burying his talent (coin) in efforts of preservation and safe-keeping because according to the master he should have invested in risks that would have multiplied the money (as the good servants did). The bad servant of this parable gets cast into hell for his foolishness, so Milton's fear of "that one Talent which is death to hide" (Milton, l.3) holds serious weight. Milton desperately wants to please his master, but is horrified by the prospect that his blindness could keep him from manifesting his talent of writing.

Throughout the rest of the poem imagery abounds. Milton's fear of uselessness in God's eyes brings us to judgment day. The elaborate images associated with God in all his splendor sitting on an enormous throne come into play here as poor, blind Milton humbly presents his "true account" (Milton, l.6) with fear that the Lord will find him inadequate and rebuke him. Luckily, personified patience steps

in here and reminds Milton that God does not rely on mortal man's greatness in earthly acts. He only needs man to "bear his mild yoke" (Milton, l.11) with enduring faith. Although Matthew 11:30 tells that Jesus' "yoke is easy" and His "burden is light," we are left with an image of men bearing yoke like oxen as they drudge through mortality. This gloomy image is abruptly overshadowed as thousands of angels at the Lord's bidding "speed and post o'er Land and Ocean without rest," and also those who do not fly serve Him as they "only stand and wait" (Milton, l.14). Like the image of Milton's judgment day, the contrast of grandeur and humility here dramatically emphasizes both ends of the spectrum. In all instances, Milton is identified as a despairing man who finds solace in his ability to serve God despite his deficiency. But the solace isn't quite complete, as an intense sense of loss underlies the poem.

Milton's humbled, defeated acceptance that appears at the end of "When I Consider..." progresses into a much less emotional and almost prideful discussion of his blindness by 1655 as presented in "To Mr. Cyriack Skinner upon his Blindness." Here Milton uses the sonnet as a verse epistle, writing to Mr. Skinner to share his emotional recovery from the blindness. No longer does Milton appear weak and pitiable; in fact his self image has evolved into quasi-

martyrdom.

The title makes the sonnet appear didactic, but the fourteen sturdy lines proceed to portray a different intent. Milton uses crisp language, carefully avoiding melancholy without sacrificing sincerity or seriousness. He begins to paint a picture of himself, first physical, then psychological, as a secure, confident and competent man despite blindness. His eyes are clear "to outward view of blemish or of spot" as he "bear[s] up and steer[s] right onward" (Milton, l.8). He appears in this more public sonnet to be satisfied wholly by the "conscience" of having lost his eyes "in liberty's defense" (Milton, l.11), content to have sacrificed his eyes for the greater good of humankind.

This notion of sacrifice rings a bell. Milton gave his eyes, the right hand man of a scholar, to the pursuit of liberty for his fellow Englishmen. He wanted England to be able to experience political freedom. God allowed his own right hand man to be sacrificed for mankind's freedom. Jesus eventually returns to the Lord's side, re-entering heaven "long absent" as Milton himself describes in Book III of *Paradise Lost*.; just as Milton expects to re-acquire his sight after his days on earth are finished, as he describes in another sonnet about his wife (XXIII) , "once more I trust to have / full sight of her in Heaven without restraint (Milton, ll.7-8). The parallel,

though not explicit in the poem, is implied in the subtext of Milton's outward confidence. He exits the sonnet led by his "better guide" (Milton, l.14) illustrating that following the Lord has more to offer him than anything mortal.

Although Milton attempts to sound stable and composed in this sonnet to his friend, an emotional undertow sweeps along beneath the confident diction. Very few of the fourteen lines are end stopped. Milton's thoughts spill from one line into the next, and on occasion even into the next. This running flow indicates a current of unhindered feeling underlying the text. He describes blindness almost as a mere void of sight in the opening five lines, yet as the lines topple onto one another, a passionate subtextual tone emerges. This tone climaxes half way through line six with the word "woman":

Not to thir idle orbs doth sight appear
Of Sun or Moon or Star throughout the
year, Or man or woman. (Milton, ll.4-
6)

By the sheer distinction of gender Milton alludes to his sorrowing romantic heart filled undoubtedly with an endless expanse of torment. His wife and son have both recently died, and he lives now without the ability to look at a woman, nor to touch the woman of whose body he does have a visual memory.

He married again a year after this poem was written, proving his need for female companionship especially in his new lonesome gray world. The emotional impact of the word “woman” in line six is enough to break the line in half. Milton rapidly changes gears to finish off the line and reaffirm his stability of faith after his moment of weakness: “Yet I argue not / Against heav’n’s hand or will” (Milton, ll.6-7). There exists a physical stretch of space on the page—“Or man or woman. Yet I argue not”—during which the reader can just see Milton’s plume hesitate in the air as the emotions overtake him (or rather, the poet’s voice might have stopped short in the midst of dictation). Gathering his mettle, he plunges on with amazing conviction, but the tender, aching moment does not slip by unrecorded. By distinguishing a difference between men and women, Milton, with incredible subtlety, allows a peek into his tragic pain. The broken line tells a tale in itself.

Despite the potent subtext, sonnet XXII really describe Milton’s progress of psychological recovery. Heartache may still linger, but Milton has successfully found relief from the anxiety and shock exhibited in “When I Consider....” Milton now, in 1655, sees himself as worthy of blindness as a divine gift. Earlier, in the murky perplexity surrounding sonnet XIX, Milton hardly felt worthy of God’s acceptance. Now he actually delights in the divine favoritism

that blindness can imply. In "The Second Defense of the English People, he compares himself to Homer, blind prophets, and even to Apollonius. He asserts in that same work the notion that "God himself is truth; in propagating which, as men display a greater integrity and zeal, they approach nearer to the similitude of God, and possess a greater portion of his love" (Hughes, p.825). Surely Milton would consider defense of liberty for the benefit of an entire nation as propagating truth. So sight loss through "liberty's defense" was actually a divine intervention—"I argue not against heav'n's hand or will"—so that Milton could be inwardly illuminated like so many other blind historical figures. Again the image returns of Milton exiting the sonnet following the lead of his "better guide."

Coping with a sightless world caught John Milton in a moral dilemma undoubtedly more painful than he ever imagined. Sonnets XIX and XXII demonstrate his recovery process in progress as he moves from acceptance through divine patience to an almost prideful assumption of blindness as a divine gift. Despite his rationalizations one way or another, the implicit sorrow rolling in the undercurrents of his work remains steady. These two sonnets exemplify most thoroughly the poet's heartbreaking trauma, but the theme of blindness runs through the fabric of all of Milton's work.

Profound passages arise in his prose as well as poetry, but one of the most memorable appears in Book III of *Paradise Lost*:

But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways
of men Cut off, and for the book of
knowledge fair Presented with a
Universal blank Of Nature's works to
me expung'd and ras'd, And wisdom
at one entrance quite shut out. So much
the rather thou Celestial Light Shine
inward, and the mind through all her
powers Irradiate, there plant eyes, all
mist from thence Purge and disperse,
that I may see and tell Of things invisible
to mortal sight. (Milton, ll.45-55)

Milton dedicated many hours of poetic labor to his empty eyes. The suffering pain shines through unrepressed in Book III. Equally as strong as his torment, Milton's prayer for internal illumination is heard. From his sonnet and other works, including *The Second Defense of the English People*, we know that he feels worthy of internal illumination and even assumes that his blindness is indeed a divine gift, but in this invocation to light in Book III he boldly asks for super-human insight. When he wrote this passage, Milton was in the midst of attempting his lifetime challenge and dream: to write the greatest epic poem ever written. The completion of *Paradise Lost* made that dream reality. Milton

mastered the epic poem proving that he must have indeed received a response to his prayer for “Celestial Light.” Perhaps it was heavenly inspiration and intervention alone that brought this incredible poem to life. His blindness could have been necessary foreground divinely mandated to meet the challenge of the epic. Without blindness, the passionate emotion and tender currents might never have appeared in Milton’s work. As tragic as loss of sight was, it gave Milton a perspective that enhanced his work immeasurably.

It is Christmas
by John Maki

It is Christmas
the dead yellow leaves
scurry silently across the silent streets
as rain orchestrates her symphony
the lights are dimmed
all but extinguished
the trees that lived are dead
and the children are fast asleep
Yet the earth cries not for sorrow or joy
but merely sighs the passing of a day
and the dawn of the new
we sing not for birth or death
but raise our voice for Christmas cheer
while Time passes from dawn to dusk
we die amongst those yellow leaves,
the fallen rain, and the severed trees.
Christmas tickles time but once a year
Life scrapes eternity



"Something Wicked This Way Comes":
The Onslaught of the Unconscious in Macbeth
by Kelly Thompson

In the beginning of William Shakespeare's play, Macbeth, when the three weird sisters chant, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair," we are being warned that we are entering a time and place where things that should remain separate merge together (1.1.11). The atmosphere of "filthy air" at such a place is an ominous sign that the fair and foul cannot coexist and remain distinct but that the foul will contaminate the fair (1.1.12). In this short scene, Shakespeare gives us an early indication of what is in store for Macbeth.

Shakespeare shows us the internal struggle within Macbeth as Macbeth's unconscious is gradually provoked to the point where it is powerful enough to dictate his actions. By examining how Macbeth's story corresponds to Jung's Shadow archetype, we can better understand how and why the dark side of Macbeth's personality, his unconscious, must eventually contaminate and completely overshadow his conscious in order to achieve its desires. By becoming aware of the presence of an archetype in this play, we are also able to speculate about why the archetype of the Shadow

found its way into Shakespeare's work.

According to Jung, archetypes come from the collective unconscious, the oldest area of our psyche which has been shaped and influenced by the ancient experiences of our ancestors.¹ Experience itself is not inherited but tendencies which influence the way we view the world and interact with one another are.² Because archetypes are lodged in the fiber that constitutes our unconscious, we only become aware of them through recurring images that flare up into our conscious world.³

The Shadow is one such archetype. The Shadow describes the contents of our personal unconscious. All the things our conscious self doesn't allow us to do or articulate are stored in this region of our psyche.⁴ We hide and repress the unfavorable aspects of our personality in the Shadow.⁵ The Shadow contains the thoughts or instincts we might have that our culture deems unacceptable and detrimental to society.⁶ The Shadow is an unavoidable part of our psyche, and if recognized for what it is, Jung contended that we can assimilate it so that it doesn't threaten to control us.⁷ However, the fear that our shadow may become too powerful, that we may fall "into iniquity has been expressed throughout the history of Christendom as terror of being 'possessed' by the powers of darkness."⁸

The character of Macbeth becomes engulfed

in this terror as he finds himself confronting his shadow and ultimately succumbing to it. The Macbeth we initially encounter in the play is a very different man from the fallen Macbeth at the end of the play. He is a war hero, fresh off the battlefield, described in glowing terms by those who witnessed his valor. He is the "brave Macbeth," the "valiant cousin," and a "worthy gentleman." (1.2.16,24). Lady Macbeth fears he is "too full o' the milk of human kindness" to murder the king for his own gain (1.5.17). How does such a man come to the point at which he can carry out evil deeds? How does his Shadow come to darken the rest of his mind?

The Shadow is highly susceptible to "collective infections" which means that an individual is more likely to commit dark deeds when others around him or her are engaged in evil or primitive activities, than if he or she were alone.⁹ It is only after the war hero Macbeth encounters the witches (the collective aspect of the shadow and symbols of evil) who tell him he will become king, that he thinks about murdering Duncan. His unconscious floods his mind with the possibility of this murder, which Macbeth describes as: "My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,/ Shakes so my single state of man/ That function is smothered in surmise,/ And nothing is but what is not" (1.3.140-143).

After Lady Macbeth first confronts him with

the idea of murdering Duncan, Macbeth changes his mind when he is left to himself. When he is alone, he concludes that he cannot murder his king, relative, and guest. The rules society has ingrained in his conscious prop themselves up again in his mind to counter the influence of the witches and Lady Macbeth. However, once in Lady Macbeth's presence a second time, he changes the direction of his mind and agrees to carry out the murder. Both the witches and Lady Macbeth have provoked his Shadow to come forward.

Macbeth begins to experience thoughts and visions that almost overpower him in their intensity, an indication that his unconscious is indeed no longer tightly bound away from his conscious self but is struggling for control of his psyche. As we have seen, just the thought of murdering Duncan quickly overtakes Macbeth's mind, and the image of it makes his hair stand on end and his "seated heart knock" against his ribs (1.3.136-137). The thoughts and images that spring from his unconscious, like those that we experience in dreams, are more powerful and vivid to him because unlike the imagery of controlled conscious thought, they are full of the psychic energy which conveys their unconscious meaning.

In Macbeth's vision of the dagger, we see an object familiar to Macbeth, who used such a weapon

often in war, take on a new meaning for him. When the dagger appears before him, it is not an ordinary object, but a symbol, a direct expression of the unconscious that takes on a great significance because it is urging him closer to committing a crime that violates the ethical rules stamped into his conscious. Macbeth tells the dagger, "Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going" (2.1.43). The dagger from his unconscious provokes Macbeth not only to carry out the murder, but to cross over into the nighttime realm of evil and chaos.

When Macbeth says, "It is the bloody business which informs/ Thus to mine eyes" (2.1.49-50), he realizes that his dark side, the place of brutality is in control, creating his vision, and guiding him toward murder. When he comes to this realization, he has moved to the point where he begins to align himself with the forces of evil, the witches and Hecate (2.1.52-57) Macbeth asks to be transformed into a similar force of evil when he asks the earth to make him as silent as Tarquin, the ghost, as they both strive toward their design (2.1.55-61).

Although Macbeth's Shadow can control him and make it possible for him to murder Duncan, his conscious hasn't become dormant. It is still awake and monitoring Macbeth's actions. To be conscious means that one is aware of things as they really are and is able to be ethical.[<] Macbeth's repeated

attempts to somehow shut off his conscious indicate that his actions originate in the unconscious and are directed by the Shadow. Macbeth equates the eye and light with the conscious when he pleads to the stars, "Stars, hide your fires;/ Let not light see my black and deep desires. The eye wink at the hand" (1.5.50-52). Macbeth can't let his eye see what his hand is doing because he doesn't want his conscious, his ethical center, to be aware of his actions. His conscious will only hinder him by causing him to hesitate perhaps long enough to reevaluate what he is doing and change his mind.

After Duncan's murder, Macbeth can't make himself return to the scene of his crime and place the bloody daggers on the guards' bodies because he says, "I am afraid to think what I have done;/ Look on 't again I dare not" (2.2.55-56). To see what he has done is to become consciously aware of his action. After the murder is committed, his desire to block out his conscious intensifies and he wishes his hands, the instruments of the Shadow, could pluck out his eyes, the conscious, so that he doesn't have to suffer the mental agony the murder has brought upon him (2.2.63). His determination to rid himself of the conscious continues when he urges, "Come, seeling night,/ Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day" (3.2.49-50), as he plans to have Banquo and Fleance murdered.

After Banquo's murder, Macbeth reaches the point at which he must decide whether to reign in the Shadow or cut off the conscious because he can't endure the battle between the two any longer. He tells his wife, "I am in blood / Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more, / Returning were as tedious as go o'er" (3.4.137-139). Either way he chooses to turn, he will pay a price. As he continues to talk to his wife, Macbeth makes the decision to let the Shadow take possession of him by saying, "Strange things I have in head, that will to hand, / Which must be acted ere they may be scanned" (3.4.140-141). He will no longer think before he acts. There will be no mediation between his desire and its fulfillment. He has cut out the ethical buffer of the conscious, and with this in mind, Macbeth tells his wife, "We are yet but young in deed" (3.4.145).

In the next scene, Macbeth's crucial decision to let his unconscious control him is recognized by the witches because they identify him as an evil being for the first time in the play. As they sense him approaching, the second witch says, "Something wicked this way comes," (4.1.44), and Macbeth comes onto the stage. If Shakespeare's audience hadn't understood the implications of Macbeth's choice, they would understand it when the witches' address him as one of their own.

After Macbeth hears Macduff has fled to

England, Macbeth again states his choice, more firmly, when he says to himself, "From this moment/ The very firstlings of my heart shall be/ The firstlings of my hand" (4.1.146-148). Immediately he orders the murder of Macduff's family. This is the first action he has taken now that his Shadow is in charge, and we can see the savage cruelty that runs through him as his wish is immediately acted upon, without any hesitation or consideration of what he is doing. Without the slightest whisper of a second thought, Macbeth kills an entire family.

There is more to this story than a mere description of Macbeth's descent into the darkness of his mind. Even though things start to reel wildly out of control in Macbeth's inner world and in the outer world he shares with others, Shakespeare has countered this and maintains a sense of balance by widening the scope of the play. In the first act, Shakespeare begins to compensate for Macbeth's attempts and ultimate success at shutting down his conscious by shifting the responsibilities of the conscious to the audience.

Between Act 1: scene 5 and Act 1: scene 7, we realize we have not seen a crucial conversation that has taken place between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth in which Macbeth has vowed to murder Duncan. It is this vow which Macbeth is ready to turn back on when Lady Macbeth accuses him of cowardice. Her

reaction to his change of mind implies that he wasn't fully aware of what he was doing when he vowed to kill Duncan: "Was the hope drunk/ Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?/ And wakes it now, to look so green and pale/ At what it did so freely?" (1.7.36-39). The fact that Macbeth wasn't totally conscious of what he had agreed to indicates to us that he is capable of successfully shutting off the conscious. (It is a foreshadowing of what is to come.) We were not at all aware of this vow until Lady Macbeth holds it over Macbeth's head in Act 1: scene 7. Like Macbeth's conscious, we have been shut out of this decision making process.

Like Macbeth's conscious, we are also at a similar disadvantage as we realize we aren't seeing everything. It is as if we are witnessing the actions of the characters by a flickering candle, an unreliable source of illumination. By placing us in this position, Shakespeare draws us into the play so that we become the conscious, replacing Macbeth's conscious because it is growing weaker. We become extra wary of Macbeth who is able to slip past his moral censors. We become the watchful eye of society. Shakespeare draws the audience further into monitoring Macbeth's mind by using the chaotic external phenomena to portray what is going on within Macbeth. Unnatural things occur indicating that Macbeth's evil tendencies are overshadowing his

conscious.

Macbeth is out of balance and so the world Shakespeare shows us is a manifestation that reflects the unnaturalness of Macbeth's mind. During the night of Duncan's murder, Lennox reports that chimneys were blow down and there were strange screams of death in the air (2.3.54-56). The day after the murder, Ross describes the absence of daylight: "By th' clock 'tis day,/ And yet the night strangles the traveling lamp" (2.4.6-7). Ross also states that he saw the kings' horses eat each other (2.4.18-19). Wild horses "often symbolize the uncontrollable instinctive drives that can erupt from the unconscious." Ross feels he is afloat on "a wild and violent sea/ Each way and none" (4.2.21-22). Nature has lost what stability it may have had as it mirrors Macbeth's loss of control over himself.

Shakespeare also includes the disorder of the outside world to show the conscious society of the audience the damage to a community one individual's deviation from society's rules can cause. When Macbeth laments the course of his life as he utters the words,

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor
player That struts and frets his hour
upon the stage And then is heard no
more. It is a tale Told by an idiot, full
of sound and fury, Signifying nothing"
(5.5.24-28),

His words ring hollow because he is missing the conscious to make them truly meaningful. He is still unable to see that the events unfolding around him are a cataclysmic cascade that began within himself. Those possessed by the shadow consciously bewail and curse a “faithless world” while remaining “totally incapable of seeing how much the whole tragedy originates in [themselves].”>

Macbeth’s statement that he is a poor player also serves as a general reminder to the audience that Macbeth is only a player, that he is confined to a stage in a play that is almost over, and that we can leave him behind and his mistakes will not affect the world we live in. Shakespeare brings us back out of the play and relieves us of the role of the conscious that we have filled as the other characters in the play move in to take our place and to restore order in their world by killing Macbeth for the good of the country.

At the end of the play, order is restored. There is a resolution, and after being in the position Shakespeare has created for us, we cannot help but feel that things might have gotten out of control if we hadn’t been there, aware of what was really going on and of Macbeth’s murderous nature, offsetting Macbeth’s unconscious until the characters within the play awoke to our level of awareness and realized the true state of affairs. Perhaps after an evening of entertainment, Shakespeare hoped his audience

would understand the need to maintain a heightened state of consciousness as they would file out of their seats, walk through the streets, and return to their homes.

As Shakespeare was writing *Macbeth*, England was experiencing a time of uncertainty as it turned away from a world view oriented around God. By creating a special function for his audience in this play, Shakespeare was indicating to his viewers that an orderly world not based on the belief of God's guiding hand was possible. By recognizing the existence of our own dark sides as we consciously watched *Macbeth* succumb to his, Shakespeare may have hoped that we might better be able to handle the responsibility of watching ourselves and each other as the Providential eye faded away. Shakespeare demonstrated in his play that by seeing, we are conscious, and if we are conscious we are capable of controlling our internal and external world. By seeing *Macbeth's* downfall, we may be able to prevent our own.

FOOTNOTES - ENDNOTES

¹ Frieda Fordham, An Introduction to Jung's Psychology (Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1953) 23,24.

² Fordham 24.

³ Fordham 24.

⁴ Fordham 49.

⁵ Carl G. Jung, M.-L. von Franz, Joseph L. Henderson, Jolande Jacobi, Aniela Jaffe, Man and His Symbols, Ed. Carl G. Jung and M.-L. von Franz (Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Co., Inc., 1964) 118.

⁶ Anthony Stevens, Archetypes: A Natural History of the Self (New York: William Morrow and Company, Inc., 1982) 211.

⁷ Fordham 50,51.

⁸ Stevens 212.

⁹ Jung, Man and His Symbols 169.

∴ Fordham 50.

∴ Jung, Man and His Symbols 43, 49.

< Stevens 240.

= Jung, Man and His Symbols 174.

> Carl G. Jung, Aion: Researches into the Phenomenology of the Self, Trans. R.G.C. Hull, 2nd ed., vol. 9, Bollingen Series XX (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1959) 10.

*Analytic Memo Regarding the Federal
Deficit*
by
*Maria Zavala, Erika Enomoto, and Tina
Ibañez*

Dear Mrs. President (and Bill), Dear Mr.
President,

Bill, being your trusted economic advisors, we'd like to give you a few pointers on how to reduce that damn deficit. Historically, a continuous increase in the nation's debt has risen as a result of three major sources: wars, recessions, and tax cuts.

Despite the fact that we have had no recent wars, a good portion of the debt has arisen from the first major source, the financing of wars on the past (i.e. WWI and WWII). The financing of WWII was done by selling bonds to the public, draining spendable income and freeing resources from civilian production so they would be available for defense industries. Recessions have been the second major source to contribute to the debt. When national income declines or it fails to grow, tax collections decline and tend to cause deficits. The most recent recession was in '90-'91, adding significantly to the debt.. The last source and the larger deficit in recent years is the primary result of tax cuts. The tax cuts by

the Reagan Administration in 1981 and the recession of '81-'82 increased the annual deficit from \$128 billion in 1982 to \$221 billion in the year 1986.

There are several different methods that could reduce the deficit. Also mentioned are potential drawbacks to some of the following ideas. They fall under two categories: increasing revenue and reducing spending (make more money and spend less).

Ways to increase revenue:

1. The lotteries in the U.S. should help contribute toward the deficit. A certain percentage of the total winnings should be set aside for the debt. Gambling should also be taxed and the amount taxed should go toward the debt fund.

2. Taxes could be figured out depending on how much people spend on everything. This "usage tax" would apply to any goods the public purchases. The drawback to taxing all goods could be protesting from the voters. No one wants to be taxed on everything and the people will naturally object to this. A method that lessens the disapproval of the public while allowing the government to generate revenue through taxes would be imposing a sin tax. Even though sin taxes have continuously been imposed on the public, if another tax was imposed on almost all perfectly inelastic goods such as tobacco, alcohol, gasoline, etc. the consumers will continue to

purchase the product regardless of the increase in prices.

Ways to reduce government spending:

1. Cut back on all social services (Ross Perot idea) such as social security, unemployment checks, welfare, etc. The drawback? Reelection, buddy.

2. Reduce the amount of money spend on the National Defense (the Republicans won't fall for this one, but what the heck, try it anyway). The drawback would be that the majority of your cabinet is Republican and they may not hang with us on this idea.

3. Cut back on U.S. involvement abroad (i.e. aircraft carriers in the Mediterranean). A likely drawback through such means would be the reverse. Other countries would in turn cut back their involvement with the U.S. Through such a cutback the U.S. exporting industry could suffer, giving us an unfavorable balance of trade.

Well, that's all for now, Bill — take it or leave it. I'll take my payment the usual way (under the table, of course!). Tell Hil and Chelsea hello! (Socks too, of course).

P.S. Happy Holidays and we'll see you at our house again this year, right? Tell Hil not to drink too much egg nog this time, remember what happened last year?!? That crazy gal! Oh, and this year we've decided to start the party at 7:00 p.m. instead of 6:00

Untitled
by Colleen Windham

"I do not believe in miracles;
We are what we will be."

"How could you if you don't believe?
You have not eyes to see."

"If believing gives me eyes,
There's no truth in that at all."

"There's truth enough for living;
That's reason for us all."



Witches and Ghosts:
The Haunting of Bly
by Tom Manley

When “The Turn of the Screw” was originally published in 1898, “James’s contemporaries thought ‘The Turn of the Screw’ was about real ghosts in the good old-fashioned tradition” (Banta, 116). However, this understanding has not lasted and modern criticism tends to read it as the story of a woman’s hallucinations. “The criticism of ‘The Turn of The Screw’ was long nailed to the plank of ‘Is it real?’ (therefore, serious) or ‘Is it illusion?’ (therefore, frivolous)” (Banta, 116). “The Turn of The Screw” has been subject to interpretation by the Society for Psychical Research and Freudian psychologists, each pulling the tale one way or another: the story belongs in the realm of the psychical if the ghosts are real, if they are hallucinations, in the realm of modern science and the fledgling practice of psychology.

R. W. B. Lewis describes the central issues of this argument:

The central issue, to the arguing of which there seems no end, is: are the alleged ghosts of the former valet Peter Quint and the former governess Miss Jessel genuine phantoms... Or are they pure hallucinations on the part of the new governess? Are they projections

from a sexually repressed parson's daughter who has fallen secretly in love with the children's lordly uncle? (James 1981, xii).

Banta recognizes the argument but, unlike most of James' critics, does not believe it to be the key to interpreting "The Turn of the Screw." "The matter of the story's telling...makes the issue of the apparitions' reality (while certainly not irrelevant) of less crucial moment than the style and the structuring of the experience undergone by its participants" (Banta, 115). Lewis agrees that the issue is not the most important in critiquing "The Turn of The Screw." "Henry James's histrionic genius would never settle for an either—or account of experience, especially of the kind established by many critics of "The Turn of The Screw": it is *all* the ghosts' wicked responsibility, or *all* the governess's doing" (James 1981, xv).

While both Lewis and Banta believe the ghosts were *intended* to be real, neither focuses their criticism on this point. "James talked forthrightly about Peter Quint and Miss Jessel as 'my hovering blighting presences, my pair of abnormal agents'; he described them as the haunting pair' driven by a 'villainy of motive'" (James 1981, xv). James' understanding of Quint and Jessel is that they are not "'ghosts' at all, as we know the ghost, but goblins, elves, imps, demons as loosely constructed as those in the old

trials for witchcraft; if not, more pleasingly, fairies of the legendary order, wooing their victims forth to see them dance under the moon" (James 1934, 175). James wrote, "The exhibition involved is in other words a fairy tale, pure and simple" (1934, 171).

As a Jamesian fairy tale, "The Turn of The Screw" conforms both to James' own sensibilities and to the traditional structures of fairy tales. "James recognized that the 'fairy tale' type tends, by its nature, to simplify, to pull in and intensify its effects" writes Banta (p. 120). James' own writings support this analysis. "The thing was to aim," he wrote, "at absolute singleness, clearness, and roundness," and goes on to say, "the study is of a conceived 'tone,' the tone of suspected and felt trouble, of an inordinate and incalculable sort—the tone of tragic, yet of exquisite mystification" (1934, 172).

Ruth Bottigheimer defines another characteristic of fairy tales. "It can be said with certainty that fairy tales exhibit 'archetypal' contents and that with reference to their contents they correspond to elementary anthropological models. Fairy tales concern everyone, because they reproduce and Everyman-Reality and an Everyman-Ideal" (p. 9). "The Turn of The Screw" exhibits these qualities in many ways. Henry James deliberately employed the fairy tale structure to develop a desired effect. By

examining “The Turn of The Screw” as a fairy tale, and by comparing it to other fairy tales, many of James hidden purposes and themes are revealed.

Although “The Turn of the Screw” is written as a fairy tale, it is not simply a retelling of any particular tale. It incorporates aspects of many tales and is lavished by classic fairy tale imagery, plot devices, and morality. Many of the story’s fairy tale aspects may be illuminated by comparing it to some common classic fairy tales. In *The Classic Fairy Tales*, Iona and Peter Opie reprint the “texts of the best—known tales as they were first published in English” (Opie, 5) along with an introduction to each tale detailing its origin and history. The two most relevant tales in the collection are “Rumpelstiltskin” and “Hansel and Gretel.” Although “The Turn of the Screw” is obviously very different from both of these tales, there are enough similarities to make the comparison profitable.

There are two possible readings of “The Turn of the Screw” as a version of “Hansel & Gretel”: the first is with Miles and Flora playing Hansel and Gretel and the second is with the governess filling the role of the lost children. The story of Hansel and Gretel begins with the willful abandonment of the children. The father complains to his wife, “What will become of us? How can we feed our children when we can’t even feed ourselves?” She suggests

they abandon them in the woods but he cries, "the wild beasts will soon come and tear them to pieces" (Opie, 238). Hansel and Gretel's step-mother convinces their father that it is the only way that they can survive and so they abandon the children. In "The Turn of the Screw", Miles and Flora's parents do not willingly abandon them, but they are abandoned still. Their uncle "had been left, by the death of his parents in India, guardian to a small nephew and a small niece, children of a younger, a military brother whom he had lost two years before," (James 1981, 7). There is no mention of their mother and no further mention of either their father or grandparents. Their uncle, by unhappy circumstance, is left as caretaker to Miles and Flora and does not relish the job. "These children were, by the strangest of chances for a man in his position—a lone man without the right sort of experience or a grain of patience—very heavy on his hands" (James 1981, 7). He too, though not in death, abandons the children. He hires a young tutor to see over their upbringing. The uncle's primary condition is, "That she should never trouble him—but never, never: neither appeal nor complain nor write about anything" (James 1981, 9). Miles and Flora are abandoned as surely as Hansel and Gretel, with variations of place and reason.

While Hansel and Gretel are turned out into

the woods because of a shortage of food, Miles and Flora are sent from their uncle's London apartments out to the country because of a lack of care. The uncle feels distant to them and since "his own affairs took up all his time" (James 1981, 7), he decided to hire a young woman to look after them for him. While sending Miles and Flora to Bly cannot be seen as equivalent to leading Hansel and Gretel into the woods and leaving them there, there are some parallels. The poor woodcutter feared that his children would be eaten by wild animals—that the evil and wild forces found in the jungle would consume them. It is at Bly that Miles and Flora first come into contact with Peter Quint and Miss Jessel, the beasts of this particular jungle. In both stories, the beast is human in form, the witch in "Hansel and Gretel" and Quint and Jessel in "The Turn of the Screw".

While alive, Quint and Jessel exercised power over Miles and Flora, introducing them to evil. Mrs. Grose tells the governess, "It was Quint's own fancy... to spoil him [Miles]" (James 1981, 32). "Spoil" here may be read both as spoiling a child or spoiled food—Miles is not only pampered, he is turned bad. Quint took control of Miles and the result, as the governess writes, was that "the imagination of all evil *had* been opened up to him" (James 1981, 77). After Quint and Jessel died and returned to haunt

Bly, they continue to tutor the children. Now, as ghosts, they are not trying to spoil the innocence of the children but rather trying to control them for their own comfort. The governess relates to Mrs. Grose a conversation she had with the ghost of Miss Jessel:

“And what did she say?” asks Mrs. Grose.

“That she suffers the torments—!”

“Do you mean—of the lost?”

“Of the lost,” says the governess. “Of the damned. And that’s why, to share them—”

“To share them—?” repeats Mrs. Grose.

“She wants Flora.” (James 1981, 71).

In life, Quint and Jessel corrupted Miles and Flora and in death, they want to possess them, consume them to ease the pain of their own damnation. Hansel and Gretel are threatened with the witch’s oven, but if she’d had a pressure cooker, the parallel between her oven and James “The Turn of the Screw” would be fractionally more obvious. As “The Turn of the Screw” moves from summer to fall to winter, the pressure on the governess and the children increases steadily to the point where something must blow. If James had been able to write a happy ending, he may have followed Hansel and Gretel’s triumphant return home after killing the witch and filling their pockets with her treasure.

However, James was apparently unable to write a happy ending and so, while his “witches” are exorcised, there is a great price to pay.

The governess’ role finds no counterpart in “Hansel and Gretel” until the end of the novella. Hansel and Gretel have nobody trying to help them escape the witch. However, when the governess stops trying to free Miles and Flora from the ghosts, she inadvertently becomes one of them and becomes a witch herself. “Peter Quint and the governess collaborate, by a dreadful collision of psychic energies, in the death of young Miles” (James 1981, xv). When Miles becomes aware of Quint’s presence, he demands to know where he is. The governess says, “What does he matter now, my own?—what will he *ever* matter?” She claims victory not by liberating Miles from Quint’s control but by exerting her own control of him. She does not tell Miles “you are free,” or “he has lost you.” She says, “I have you” (James 1981, 103).

Henry James cannot simply let it go at that. The governess, while playing the witch to Miles, also plays the role of the lost children. Her history is vague, her life away from Bly nearly nonexistent—she is “the youngest of several daughters of a poor country parson” (James 1981, 6), and we later learn that there is some trouble with her family but neither she nor the reader knows what and she expresses no

interest in finding out. The governess is abandoned by her family. She is given a small education, like Hansel & Gretel's small crust of bread, and left to survive on her own. She responds to Miles and Flora's uncle and, like Hansel and Gretel with the witch, is taken in. He offers her shelter and a place to sleep which quickly turns dangerous. While the ghosts, who played witches to the children, are not threatening to consume her, the governess is nearly consumed from within. As she realizes that she is the only person who sees the ghosts of Quint and Jessel, she begins to fear for her sanity. When Mrs. Grose finally tells the governess that she believes in the ghosts, in spite of Mrs. Grose's fear, the governess cries, "Oh thank God!"

"Thank God?" echoes Mrs. Grose.

"It so justifies me!" Without Mrs. Grose's confirmation, the governess is in danger of insanity. Confirmation of her sanity serves the same purpose for the governess as locking the witch in the oven did for Hansel and Gretel. The governess played both the persecutor and the persecuted—she was the victim of her own mind and was set free by Mrs. Grose.

Bruno Bettelheim, in *The Uses of Enchantment*, writes, "'Hansel and Gretel' deals with the difficulties and anxieties of the child who is forced to give up his dependent attachment to the mother and free himself

of his oral fixation" (p. 170). In "The Turn of the Screw", Miles, Flora, and the governess are all forced to give up the protection of their parents and other family members and are, in various ways, threatened with consumption although none of them seem to be fighting an "oral fixation." Maria Tatar refutes Bettelheim's thesis that "Hansel and Gretel" is about being freed of an oral fixation. "To speak of the heroes' 'oral fixation,' " writes Tatar, "seems preposterous in light of the facts of the story" (Tatar, 197). Instead, she focuses on "Hansel and Gretel" as a story of parental abandonment. This view is far more in concert with "The Turn of the Screw". While the children's parents and grandparents can hardly be blamed for leaving them, their uncle can.

In "Hansel & Gretel," the lack which leads the parents to abandon their children is a lack of food. We do not know what lack drives the governess' family to abandon her, but, as she is one of several children of a poor man, food and money may also be their impetus. The children's uncle, however, is a wealthy man. For him, it is a lack of experience, affection, and time. "Whatever the motive for abandoning hungry children..." writes Tatar, "the result is always the same... One way or another, the parents are to blame and begin to emerge at the least as monsters of negligence" (p. 195).

While it is obvious that Quint and Jessel are

monsters, it is less apparent that the uncle and that even the governess' family are as well. The governess, turned out by her family, eventually turns her back on them as well. She is unconcerned with their problems, not merely because she has her own but because they are unconcerned with hers. In *Henry James and the Occult*, Martha Banta writes, "The absent uncle and the present Quint are the same 'type'... The governess refuses to see how alike the two men's natures are" (p. 122-3). She pulls her punches when she writes, "she cannot admit that if Quint is no gentleman in class status, neither is the uncle one in the moral sense" (p. 123). Quint and the uncle have more in common than that they are both not gentlemen, they are both monsters—the difference is that Quint is active and the uncle passive.

Henry James thought of "The Turn of the Screw" as a fairy tale and offered the reader a fairy tale moral. "The moral of which was, of course," says a brash listener of Douglas' "prologue" to the story, "the seduction exercised by the splendid young man. She succumbed to it" (James 1981, 8). But the speaker is wrong. He hasn't even heard the story yet. The moral is, when filtered through "Hansel and Gretel" just what Tatar suggests—abandoning children will lead to no good.

While "Hansel & Gretel" bears a number of similarities to "The Turn of the Screw" regarding

plot and character relationships, the value in comparing "The Turn of the Screw" to "Rumpelstiltskin" comes from what makes them good stories. "Rumpelstiltskin" is a simple tale. "The Turn of the Screw" and "Rumpelstiltskin" are very different, touching each other in only a few places: these intersections prove interesting, though, for their differences as much as for their similarities. Iona and Peter Opie write:

It [Rumpelstiltskin] is a fairy tale in that the heroine receives supernatural assistance. It is a properly constructed dramatic tale in that to obtain such assistance the heroine has to make the most terrible of pledges... And it is a primitive tale in that it hinges on the belief of the interdependence of name and identity... It is also a tale possessing genuine folk appeal in that a supernatural creature is outwitted by human cleverness (p. 195).

These themes are reflected in "The Turn of the Screw," albeit in a funhouse mirror—inverted, skewed, misshapen, or even, perhaps, undistorted.

In "Rumpelstiltskin," the poor miller's daughter is forced to either spin straw into gold or die. She is, obviously, unable to do so, regardless of her father's boasts, and, until Rumpelstiltskin arrives, weeping for her life. It is only with Rumpelstiltskin's help that she is able to complete her task and not get

killed. The “poor miller’s daughter” in Rumpelstiltskin is, in “The Turn of the Screw,” a “poor parson’s daughter,” the governess, and the supernatural helper is the ghosts of Peter Quint and Miss Jessel. Rumpelstiltskin helped save the miller’s daughter’s life and the “help” the ghosts provide the governess is in raising Miles and Flora. While this is a stretch, the comparison yields some interesting results.

The miller’s daughter asked for help while the governess only wanted the ghosts to go away. It is obvious that the ghosts intend no good for Miles and Flora but it takes time for the miller’s daughter to discover Rumpelstiltskin’s darker purpose. She is enticed by Rumpelstiltskin’s relatively cheap help, giving him her necklace and her ring for his services. She then makes the “most terrible of all pledges,” which proves to be the one that saves her life. She marries the king and bears him a child. Rumpelstiltskin comes back to claim his prize and, finally, the miller’s daughter only wants him to go away. The difference between Rumpelstiltskin and the ghosts is that Rumpelstiltskin provides a vital service before he is found out to be a manipulative, evil creature. In this respect, the ghosts are more straightforward. They, and the governess, know theirs is a contest for the souls of the children. Rumpelstiltskin is more devious: his process, but not

his goal, is different.

When Rumpelstiltskin comes to claim his payment, he is softened by the queen's tears and strikes a new bargain. "I will give you three days' grace, and if during that time you tell me my name, you shall keep your child" (Opie, 198). It is only by luck that one of the queen's messengers hears Rumpelstiltskin sing his name and the queen is allowed to keep her child. It is speaking his name that the queen gains power of Rumpelstiltskin and is able to keep her child. In "The Turn of the Screw," the governess is unwilling to speak the names of Quint and Jessel to the children and they are unwilling to speak of them to her. It is only when, after months of circumvention, Miles and the governess are able to speak the names of the ghosts to each other that the ghosts lose their power.

"'Is she *here*?' Miles panted as he caught with his sealed eyes the direction of my words. Then as his strange "she" staggered me and, with a gasp, I echoed it, 'Miss Jessel, Miss Jessel!' he with sudden fury gave me back" (James 1981, 102). And similarly, "It's *he*?" asks Miles.

"Whom do you mean by 'he'?"

"Peter Quint—you devil!" (James 1981, 103).

In both "Rumpelstiltskin" and "The Turn of the Screw", the supernatural forces are defeated when, by speaking their names, they are known.

Defeating the supernatural does not necessitate a “happily ever after.” “Rumpelstiltskin” does have a happy ending—the queen keeps her child, and “The Turn of the Screw” does not—Miles falls to the ground, “his little heart, dispossessed, stopped” (James 1981, 103). The Opies writes that “Rumpelstiltskin” has “folk appeal in that a supernatural creature is outwitted by human cleverness,” but this is incorrect.

It is not cleverness which defeats Rumpelstiltskin but his kindness and the messenger’s blind luck. Likewise, in “The Turn of the Screw”, the ghosts are not defeated by cleverness. In fact, they are very nearly successful due to human obstinacy. “The Turn of the Screw” appears as a distorted version of “Rumpelstiltskin” when viewed through the Opies’ four reasons why it is a good story. In both, the downfall of the supernatural turns on the characters naming them. Names have power: there is an “interdependence of name and identity.” However, in neither “The Turn of the Screw” nor “Rumpelstiltskin” is the leading female character named. She is simply “the miller’s daughter,” “the pastor’s daughter,” “the queen,” or “the governess.” Bruno Bettelheim addresses this when he contrasts myths and fairy tales. “The psychological wisdom of the ages accounts for the fact that every myth is the story of a particular hero: Thesus, Hercules, Beowulf...

The fairy tale, by contrast, makes clear that it tells about everyman, people very much like us" (Bettelheim, 40). It is when names are unique and can identify an individual that they are powerful. There is one Hercules in mythology but countless Jacks in fairy tales.

By using common names, or leaving characters unnamed, fairy tales, according to Bettelheim, encourage their audience to identify themselves with the characters. The problems confronting mythological heroes are as unique as they are: the battle with the Minotaur, the Seven Tasks, and the quest for the Golden Fleece all have one hero. "Though the fairy tale offers fantastic symbolic images for the solution of problems," writes Bettelheim, "the problems presented in them are ordinary ones: a child's suffering from the jealousy and discrimination of his siblings, as is true for Cinderella; a child being thought incompetent by his parent" (p. 40); or a child being abandoned by his or her parents, as is true in "The Turn of the Screw."

By accepting James' assertion that the ghosts are indeed real and reading "The Turn of The Screw" as a fairy tale, the reader is treated to an unusual and refreshing interpretation of the tale. Criticisms which define "The Turn of The Screw" as either psychological or psychical tend to spend their time discussing why or why not the ghosts are "real"

and ignore the basic themes of the story. Regardless of whether or not the ghosts are real, they have a real impact on the story, but they themselves are *not* the story. "The Turn of The Screw" is not a ghost story. It is not a hallucination story. It is a story of the power of knowledge, the power of speech: it is a story of abandoned children looking for shelter, guidance, and a home.

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6-99

Breasts to Die For
by Ryan Alexander

Ed Levandowski fidgeted, bothered by how uncomfortably close the Semis sped by him. He felt as though a rush of wind might yank him from the bus stop, sucking him under the eighteen wheels of the behemoth vehicles. He feared the truck was a magnet and he was an iron shaving. He felt the pull of the trucks as they passed. He was a real halfling of a man and he imagined himself ornamenting the side of the truck quite nicely, like a midget Christ crucified on a Mack Truck.

Like Christ, Ed never told a lie. He had an uncompromising will that never allowed him to be dishonest, as if he had an allergic reaction to lies. He would swell, vomit, and eventually pass out from exhaustion if he even tried. He always lost friends, and jobs over it. He hated the truth. It could be painful. Several girlfriends left him when he couldn't answer certain questions dishonestly, the right way. Do you think I've put on weight? Do you like what I'm wearing? Do you love me? He wished that he could lie. It would make life a lot easier.

He was half an hour early for the bus, having enough time to smoke two cigarettes. He waited, hoping that his last girlfriend would not drive by and see him at the bus stop. He knew how painful

the truth could be. A man, much larger than he, a giant, glandular freak and his mousy woman sat next to him on the bus. They were an overly affectionate couple, the kind that are always necking in public. He could not imagine these two in bed. The man must crush her, he thought.

"You got a problem, what are you looking at?" the giant asked.

"I wasn't," Ed said, and he wasn't really. In fact, he was trying to ignore them. Public displays of affection really irritated him. He thought about suggesting a hotel room, but didn't.

"You were looking at my woman, asshole."

"No, I wasn't."

"Why the hell not," he demanded, "you think you're too good for her?"

"She has small breasts," Ed said. He hated the truth, he knew how painful it was going to be. The woman's eyes began to swell and she began to wail, violently sobbing. She pounded her chest, beating herself.

"Now look what you've done," the giant said. He began slugging Ed with his tree trunk arms and hammering fists. He pounded Ed in the arms and in the gut, saying, "Take it back, take it back." The woman wailed, pulling out her hair, as the man whaled on Ed.

"Take it back, take it back!"

Ed wheezed and sputtered, gasping for breath, "I can't. It's true. You girlfriend has small breasts. She's flat as a board."

The man, twice his size, picked Ed up and broke him in half. And as Ed lay there on the still moving bus, he saw the giant comforting his woman, saying "It's OK, I love you. You're beautiful."

Ed Levandowski wept. He looked out the window of the moving bus, up into the diffraction of telephone lines, into the betemped sky, and cried, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" To which there was no reply.

Legless
by *Chris Allen*

I miss the days when holding hands and first
kisses meant everything.

Where ritual once roamed, apathy creeps,
Legless, condemned to exist its bitter ground,
slithering.

I can no longer distinguish the evil lies from the
evil truths.

I am the weathered sidewalk. Trodden upon,
Cracked and crumbled, unnoticed.
I try to patch the destruction with the cement that
worked for my father,
But things are not simple.
Where hope and love grew,
Confusion roots in the stagnant rubble.

I realize my soul for the shape it has assumed;
Sweet yet bitter, cold as the tomb of Romeo with
all its bleeding desire.

1995 Freshman Essay Contest Winner!
Henry V: The Machiavellian Timocrat
by Betsy Dolan

In Shakespeare's play, Henry V, King Henry V faced the gigantic task of reuniting a disjointed England. The measure of his ability as a king can be found in how he dealt with the problems facing the nation. Examined in light of The Prince and The Republic, Henry was a kind with what Plato would term timocratic ideals using Machiavellian means to unite his country. Upon examination of these Machiavellian means, it would seem that Henry's actions contradicted his Timocratic nature; that a blend of Machiavellian means and Timocratic ideals would be inherently contradictory. Henry's strength as a leader, I believe, lies in this contradiction. He was able to lead successfully and effectively in situations where any solution with any possibility of success would be flawed.

As noted above, Henry's greatest task as a king was the re-unification of England. In the beginning of Henry V, England was split into factions resulting from previous civil wars. The first three plays in Shakespeare's Henry V series, Richard II, and Henry IV, Parts I and II, tell of the disunity that affected England. Henry Bolingbroke, Henry V's father, overthrew the unpopular King Richard II

while Richard fought another rebellion in Ireland (Chute 235-239). The events set in motion as a result of Henry IV's overthrow of Richard II created the disjointed, wounded England, plagued by civil wars, that Henry V had to unite in the final play of the series.

Henry was in fact able to achieve England's unity. At the beginning of the play, Henry's captains from the different parts of England could not agree on anything. Fluellen of Wales said that Macmorris of Ireland had "no more directions / in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of / the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy dog." (Shakespeare, Henry V III.ii.74-76) The captains' felling represent the hostility that existed between the various segments of England. By the end of the play, Henry had so unified England under his rule and was so integral a part of its peace that the country was dubbed "his England" (Shakespeare, Henry V Epilogue.12). After Henry's death, England fell apart again; the unity he crafted could not survive without him.

Henry was able to unify England by winning a war against France using methods outlined in Machiavelli's The Prince; methods that Machiavelli would greatly approve of. A ruler, according to Machiavelli, "should not deviate from what is good, if that is possible, but he should know how to do evil,

if that is necessary.” (Machiavelli 101) The key idea expressed here is that rulers need to unify their countries by doing anything necessary and effective. Henry chose to use war against France to unify England, I believe, with the idea to make the English fight the French instead of each other. In Henry IV, Part II, Henry IV tells his son, Henry V, to “busy giddy minds / With foreign quarrels, that action, hence born out, / May waste the memory of the former days...” (Shakespeare, Henry IV, Part II, IV.v.214-216). Henry V won the war against France using the most effective weapons available to him. Henry’s gifted use of language was one of those tools, for much of the war, as Shakespeare presents it, was won with his speeches. So powerful were Henry’s threats of “licentious wickedness” (Shakespeare, Henry V III.iii.22) that Harfleur surrendered to Henry’s English forces. His use of language in the St. Crispian Day speech before the battle of Agincourt so moved the soldiers that they defeated the French, who grossly outnumbered them. Henry had the ability to use language to make his soldiers strong, powerful, and unified.

Henry again did what was necessary and effective to win the war and unify England when he killed the French prisoners at the Battle of Agincourt. The prisoners, a threat to the English when the “French...reinforced their scattered men,”

(Shakespeare, Henry V IV.vii.39) were killed to help ensure the survival of the English troops. While the killing of many unarmed soldiers appeared to be an atrocity, Machiavelli would praise Henry for doing whatever needed to be done to achieve the war's victory and England's unity. the ideal ruler, with respect to Machiavelli's beliefs, accomplishes the unity of his country through whatever means deemed necessary and effective. Henry was able to do exactly that.

Machiavelli would think Henry a great king for other reasons as well. Central to Machiavelli's idea of rule is that "it is far better [for a ruler] to be feared than loved if [he] cannot be both" (Machiavelli 96). Henry was definitely feared by many around him. He made examples of his three close companions who conspired to murder him for payment from France. Their sin, so hideous, was "another fall of man" (Shakespeare, Henry V II.ii.153). Henry, with this idea, was able to inform the people around him that he expected to be obeyed as they obeyed God, to be feared as they feared God. Henry put everyone on notice that he would punish those who crossed him.

Henry was also feared by the French. The Constable told the French King "how well supplied with noble counselors, / how modest in exception, and withal / how terrible in constant resolution" Henry was (Shakespeare, Henry V II.iv.26-28).

Henry again created fear when he made an example of Bardolph. Hung for theft from the French, Bardolph was a reminder to all of Henry's desire to enforce the laws he put in place. Bardolph was once Henry's close friend and those around Henry would have realized how serious he was about enforcing the laws if he was willing to hang Bardolph. In all these instances, Henry engulfed those around him in fear.

Henry, feared as he was, did not cross the line into being hated. Machiavelli would approve of Henry's balance of fear without hate, for The Prince expresses that a ruler should "make himself feared in such a way that...he escapes being hated." (Machiavelli 97) Henry avoided hatred because of the compassion he expressed for others many times throughout the play. Concern for the innocents who would "drop their blood in approbation" of the war occupied his mind during the discussion of the Salique law towards the beginning of the play (Shakespeare, Henry VI.ii.21). He also showed great compassion to the drunkard who said slanderous things about the monarchy. Henry could have been extremely harsh to the man and used him as a stepping stone to the executions of the traitors, saying if a drunkard received such a harsh penalty, the penalty for treason would be unimaginable. Instead, Henry gave the drunkard compassion. Additionally,

after the French surrendered at Harfleur, Henry told Exeter to “use mercy to them all” (Shakespeare, Henry V III.iv.55). He also understood that after the surrender of Harfleur, his soldiers were becoming sick and needed to rest. Even though Henry was able to create fear around him, he did not cross the line into being hated because of the compassion for others he so often revealed. Because Henry used ideas expressed in The Prince in his handling of the war, he was a great king with respect to Machiavellian beliefs.

Throughout Henry’s Machiavellian style struggle to win the war against France and unite his people, the fact that he valued honor is apparent. At the Battle of Harfleur, Henry told his troops, “dishonor not your mothers; now attest / that those whom you called fathers did beget you!” (Shakespeare, Henry V III.i.23-24). He wanted his forces to strive for honor and did so by reminding them of their proud English heritage. In his St. Crispian Day speech at the Battle of Agincourt, Henry further revealed the value he placed on honor when he told his troops that he was “not covetous for gold, / . . . but if it be a sin to covet honor, / [he was] the most offending soul alive.” (Shakespeare, Henry V IV.iii.27-33) He also revealed that he was glad there were so few English forces because “the fewer the men, the greater share of honor” for those who were present (Shakespeare, Henry V IV.iii.26). Henry

“would not lose so great an honor” as fighting in the war by sharing it with more soldiers (Shakespeare, Henry V IV.iii.35).

The honor-filled speech at the Battle of Agincourt is contrasted in the play by the next scene. The French, realizing their impending defeat, lamented their dishonor at the hands of the English. They understood the “eternal shame” that awaited them at the battle’s end (Shakespeare, Henry V IV.vi.11). Hoping to salvage something of their situation and to “die in honor,” the French commanders ordered their troops “once more back again” to the battlefield (Shakespeare, Henry V IV.vi.13). The French shame and dishonor contrasts nicely with Henry’s talk of honor in the St. Crispian Day speech and it works to emphasize the value he placed on honor.

Plato would classify Henry as a timocratic man because of the King’s desire for honor. In The Republic, Plato describes the different types of governments, the men who run them, and their relative worth. In the timocratic form of government, the timocratic “man’s love of honour” is the main focus of the ruler’s governing style (Plato 265). As discussed above, Henry fit the timocratic ideals because he “covet[ed] honor” so highly (Shakespeare, Henry V IV.iii.32). Because Plato saw the timocratic government as a good form of government, though

not the best government (that honor was saved for the Philosopher king and his government), Henry would have been judged by Plato as a good ruler, but not the ideal ruler.

The greatest type of government, according to Plato, is the government headed by the greatest ruler, the Philosopher king. This type of government is based on the ideals of seeking truth and excellence through dialogue. The timocratic government, the type that Henry led with, is a step below the ideal government because it seeks excellence on the battle field, but is not concerned with seeking a higher and complete truth. Henry was therefore, in the Platonic sense, an extremely good leader, but not a great leader.

As we have seen above, Henry was a timocratic ruler who used Machiavellian means to win the war against France and unite his country. I would speculate that Shakespeare created Henry as a combination of perhaps not the actual philosophies, but at least of the ideas expressed in The Prince and The Republic. For example, in the argument between Henry and one of his soldiers, Williams, the night before the Battle of Agincourt, Henry used a combination of both ideas. Williams brought into question the justice of Henry's war against France. The two engaged in a Platonic style dialogue to discover the answer. However, in true Machiavellian

form, Henry used his most effective tool, language, to sidestep the heart of Williams' question, the validity of the war. Instead of seeking the truthful answer to Williams' question, Henry talked about the issue of personal responsibility and the honor of keeping one's word. Henry reminded Williams that "every subject's soul is his own," meaning that everyone must take responsibility for his or her own personal honor (Shakespeare, Henry V IV.i.181). This idea of honor that was so dear to Henry is, of course, a timocratic ideal. Blending the two philosophers even more, Henry discussed the Platonic ideas of timocracy in disguise, not befitting the Platonic idea of open dialogue, where the truth of everything is sought and nothing is hidden. Machiavelli, however, with his doctrine of doing whatever is necessary, would find nothing wrong with Henry's disguise.

Shakespeare takes the philosophic ideas and, blending them together, creates an effective leader. Machiavellian and timocratic ideas come together in the play to create a realistic, imperfect, effective, and basically good leader who was able to unify his country. I believe that Shakespeare brought these philosophies together in Henry in such a way to create a king who was able to use the most effective parts of each to become an *effective* leader himself. Henry was definitely an effective leader because he was able to achieve his goal of re-unifying England.

For myself, however, whether or not Henry was an *honorable* leader lies in how he accomplished his goal. Did he stick to his ideals of honor during the war? Can a Timocratic man use Machiavellian means, any means necessary, and still be honorable; or is it so contradictory for a man who values honor to use Machiavellian means that the only way Henry could have done so was to have abandoned his Timocratic ideals? Did Henry change his ideals to fit the situation?

When Henry committed himself to the war with France, he was, I believe, a very honorable man with high ideals. The compassion he revealed and the honor he spoke of throughout the play that we have already examined show Henry's high-mindedness. Once Henry was fully involved in the war, however, he had to change his ideals to enable his people to survive. He won as much of the war as he could with honor and his Timocratic ideals and then turned to the Machiavellian means we have examined.

Henry's ability to turn away from his personal ideals to ensure the survival of his people was the greatest strength as a leader. I believe his country's unity and his people were more important to him than his own notions of honor and glory. Being a Machiavellian Timocrat, Henry may have contradicted himself, but the contradiction saved his

people and unified his country.

We can analyze Henry's ability as a leader from every philosophic vantage point and I could very easily condemn Henry for changing his ideals to fit the situation. However, the truth is that the task of leadership demands perfection from imperfect humans. The fact that Henry came out of this situation, with his men and his country intact, if not his honor, I believe, is a testimony to his leadership abilities.

So much of how we judge leaders is based on the society that we live in. Because values and standards change with societies and time periods, Machiavelli, Plato, Shakespeare would all view King Henry V in different lights. I think we would all agree that Henry was, for various reasons, an effective leader. When a leader such as Shakespeare's King Henry V can be judged a worthy leader by many different points of view, that leader's importance transcends the distance of time that separates them from us and their struggles can help us today.

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Poem
by George Riggle

“So long as a man likes the splashing of a fish, he is a poet; but when he knows that the splashing is nothing but the chase of the weak by the strong, he is a thinker; but when he does not understand what sense there is in the chase, or what use in the equilibrium which results from destruction, he is becoming silly and dull, as when he was a child. And the more he knows and thinks, the sillier he becomes.”
—Anton Chekhov

Here is a machine gun
for your nihilism.
Here is a rope burn
for your near future.
Here is an enemy uniform, covered in blood. I found
it in a
phone booth in New York or on a hook in a hotel
room.
—The life of a poet is so short.
Still, here is the clip of blank rounds.
Here is the luxury of an execution.
Here is the photograph of death.
Here is another poem for your nakedness and bleed-
ing,
for your crying in Oklahoma, and in Des Moines, IA.
While I am surrounded by the subtle enthusiasts, the
foot soldiers with bayonets, the human tugs-of-war;
by gentle Woo
stained with fish market skins, by Yancey, crackling,
pissing himself mad, by men with guns at each
others’

temples, by futile gods.
Here are the parking garages and office buildings
and
marinas. Here are the poets. By now, they have
taken the city like a sadly steered car. They have
taken nightmare like bullets in the head. Here is
your poem.

Grandmother

(for Ruth Riggle 1922-1994)

by George Riggle

Grandmother, when midnight strikes,
again, you will climb the creak-stairs
and hobble to heaven
(or at least to western Pennsylvania).

You will count the empty water glasses,
and pet the flowers grown old in jars
or circle like a foreign sun
around the bric-brac and the relics,
and talk to the backs of hands and milkless
breasts.

Grandmother, you will be holy
in your dress with big pockets,
peeling potatoes, wandering among the apple
trees
where first you saw God,
softly, like a sparrow's nest

and sit at the porch swing,
introducing yourself, a stranger, to
the varnished wood and bird feeders, to
the dry garden flowers.

You will tear at the reading room clocks
that wear gold medallions from their necks;
surprised to see the saints so skinny,
to hear the trees scream wolf.

Grandmother, you will watch from your window,
the bright moths gather and spin, and
flap down like white linen sheets; as
they jump on the wind, at your light,
you will say how much they look like angels.



The Moral Relevance of Style and

Motive:

*An analysis of Geary Hobson's "Deer Hunting"
by Jedediah Gilchrist*

In the summer months of my early youth, the boys next door would frequently trundle though our property and into the woods behind our house to hunt for small birds with BB guns. Such a pastime is not unusual in rural Oregon, but these fellows had the bad taste to drag the carcasses out of the woods and leave them on our unkempt lawn. Upon hearing about this activity, my father angrily marched up to our neighbors' door and decreed that from that day forth, any animal killed on our property was to be wholly eaten by the killer, and not a single part was to go unused. This deterred any further wildlife extermination on our property, but being a child of seven, I didn't fully understand the reasoning behind my father's mandate. I asked, and he explained to me that if someone kills any creature intentionally, it is the hunter's responsibility to make use of every item made available by the animal's death.

It is this deep respect for the majesty and balance of nature that Geary Hobson seems to be promoting with "Deer Hunting", a poem that juxtaposes two radically different perceptions of the act of skinning and eviscerating a freshly killed deer.

By dividing his single poem into two thematically connected vignettes, Hobson creates a sort of poetic diptych that, through its use of language and imagery, urges the recognition of a sometimes spiritualized notion that all living things are intrinsically connected to their earthly environment.

The first stanza of the poem describes a stereotypical hunter's systematic yet brutal disembowelment of a deer he has just killed. Entrails and hooves are discarded, while the pelt, meat, and antlers are kept. Fellow hunters are talking loudly nearby, and one urinates in the hole designated for deer entrails and waste. It is noted that the dogs, presumably used during the hunt, are given canned dog food instead of the meat they helped kill. Part two opens with a possibly Native American grandfather gently showing his grandson how to skin a deer, which he does with skill and grace. This is the grandson's passage to manhood, for it is by his hands that the animal was slain. The entrails in this case are given to the dogs in stew form, while the father, grandfather, and grandson all eat the deer's liver. The grandfather also throws a piece of the deer's flank into the bushes, symbolizing a reimbursement of nature's stores.

Situational similarities abound between the two vignettes. Both feature the product, participants, and aftermath of a hunt; both make reference to the

role of hounds in the pursuit of game; and both are set in an at least semi-wooded area, as suggested by the reference to the waste-hole stump in the first part and the pecan tree in the second. The poet's voice in both stanzas seems to be that of an objective observer with no real persona; events are recounted in terms of actions and not thoughts. But the main similarity—the hinge in the diptych—is the deer's disembowelment. In both versions of the tale, it is the ethos behind and language surrounding this crucial act that allows the audience, the reader, to accept the second tale and be outraged by the first.

Hobson uses a variety of techniques to delineate the philosophical differences found within the poem. Though no clear lines separate these techniques, they can be easily grouped into three key categories: style and form, figurative language, and verb/noun relationships.

The first of these classifications, however subtle, is the one most widely employed. The whole of the poem is constructed as two distinct sections, both written in prose-like free verse with equivalent amounts and haphazard placement of run-on and end-stopped lines. Upon first glance, the body looks rather chaotic. But the frequent use of assonance and consonance throughout the poem manipulates the apparent pandemonium, shaping it into a solid platform upon which the other devices can function.

A feeling of coarseness is effectively conveyed by the prevalence of consonance over assonance in the first stanza.

...Knives flash in savage motion
flesh from hide quickly severs
as the two men rip the pelt tail downwards
from the head... (Hobson, ll. 5-8)

When read aloud, the underlined letters cause this passage to echo with hisses and hard sounds, connoting a certain harshness. By contrast, the second stanza has a fairly even ratio of consonance to assonance with a few clusters of alliteration in the midst of it all:

...The older man cuts
a small square of muscle
from the deer's dead flank,
and tosses it solemnly into the bushes
behind him... (Hobson, ll. 65-69)

The combination of the elements in this section provides a smooth quality that only supports the gentleness implied by the choice of words.

With this subtle but sturdy foundation beneath them, several figurative devices help to display the difference in ethos between the two sets of hunters. On the surface, a few powerful similes call attention to themselves with their stark imagery:

...the antler rack is saved,
sawed from the crown with a hand-saw,
trophy of the hunt,
like gold teeth carried home

from the wars
in small cigar boxes... (Hobson, ll. 15-20)

This elicits feelings of contempt for the hunters by preying on the prejudices of the reader. By describing the image in this way, Hobson compels the reader to visualize atrocities wherein soldiers rummage through battlefield corpses, taking even the teeth of the dead for their paltry worth. The teeth, wrongfully taken by the soldiers in this image, are compared to the antlers, staining the hunter's gesture with a shade of malfeasance.

Another powerful image is found in stanza two:

...The old man hangs the carcass
feet-first from the pecan tree
with gentleness
like the handling of spider-webbing
for curing purposes... (Hobson, ll. 38-42)

This excerpt describes the gentleness of the act in terms of senses as well as action. One can almost feel the softness of the webbing between his/her fingers when reading this line, and the fact that the spider-webbing is used for curing purposes is valuable in that it lends to the act a benevolent aura. This benevolence persuades the reader to accept the deer's death at the hands of these gentle and careful people.

Synecdoche is used in both parts to illustrate an exchange with nature. In the first, the antlers are taken by the hunters as a trophy representative of

their kill. This action differs from that of the grandfather, who cuts a small section of deer muscle (which in this case represents the deer's swiftness) and throws it into the forest, thereby giving back some of what was taken. Again, the reader is compelled to understand the ritualistic hunters for taking a life.

The rotting stump in line 14 that serves as a waste hole and urinal seems to symbolize the hunters' disregard for the spirit of the deer they have just killed. The same elements that are used to feed the dogs in stanza two are tossed in this waste hole and left to rot. This effectively shows the first hunters' discordance with the natural world, in that they waste a large portion of their kill and give nothing to the dogs, a symbol of the embodiment of nature, for recompense. The native hunters, however, compensate for their actions by feeding the dogs, offering the piece of muscle, and eating the deer's liver as an act of solidarity with the universe.

The final and most potent tool implemented by the poet is his choice and placement of words—specifically, the relationship between nouns and their actions. The majority of the difference lies in the description of the deer's deconstruction. In both sections, the same basic set of actions takes place, but words like "sever", "rip", "whack" and "spew" imply jagged wounds and give the first stanza an

unsavory, barbaric flavor. Not only are these words shocking in their connotative meaning, but they are unmodified and therefore naked as well:

...Knives flash in savage motion
flesh from hide quickly severs
as the two men rip the pelt tail downwards
from the head...Guts spew forth
in a riot of heat and berries and shit...

(Hobson, ll. 5-10)

By contrast, stanza two describes the same scene, but with gentler terminology:

...The hide is taken softly,
the head and antlers brought easily with it,
in a downward pull by the two men...

(Hobson, ll. 53-55)

The verbs in this section are innocuous by themselves, but they are further cushioned by the presence of gentle adverbs (softly, easily). This covers the verbs' nakedness, making them more palatable to the reader.

By pairing the carelessness of the modern hunters with the skill and ritual of the "savage" natives, Hobson has effectively compared these cultures in terms of their harmony with nature. The audience is moved to condemn the first hunters' disregard for the balance between nature and man; and though the second hunters have in effect committed the same act, their technique and motivation marks them as morally superior to the first set. With the use of an arsenal of literary

mechanisms, "Deer Hunting" presents the reader with a significant message—that he who lives his life in closest accord with nature is truly humane.

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The Road Back
by Kelly Thompson

Joseph's hand fumbled toward a light switch. It had been so long since he had been there that the wall his fingers traced was foreign land. He found it, and turned the light on. Rows of fluorescents bubbled to life and brought forth shadows that spiralled out from the walls. Everything flooded back to him, swooned in toward him, leaving him dizzy.

He had always wondered when he would have to come back. He had never wanted to think about why. He hadn't been here in this room, hadn't lived in this house for decades, but he saw that nothing had changed in his absence—or because of it. Nothing had changed. The sculptures were everywhere. Joseph saw them in the corners crowded together, awkwardly huddled to form a troop of forms and shapes in angry combat, competing for attention. The finished ones lined the walls, a regiment ready to ship out and invade other rooms in far away places. The unfinished ones stood naked, alone in the middle of the room - they were forlorn, drooping with unwanted weight, swollen, aching to be chipped at and gouged out so they could become something. Joseph thought these half formed ones were like muted voices, garbled, their breath confined. They were not able to make themselves

comprehensible until she had refined their positions and modified their angles.

Through the morning light that was beginning to soak through the trees, Joseph could see the dust drifting through the air, pattering a soft shower onto the hard stone surfaces, as if the particles were trying to find their rightful place, the origin they had been disconnected from when the plunge of a chisel had sent them ricocheting out and away. He could see the tracks she had made in the dust that had settled on the floor—the wooden floor he had made so her feet wouldn't grow sore from working on the concrete driveway outside. He had built this whole room for her. He wondered—as if he didn't know—if she still lay on the floor here, on her back to chisel out contours no one would see, if she still talked to her sculptures as she worked, cursing them when she wasn't cooing to them, if she still fell asleep out here on the sagging couch.

His wife.

He hadn't seen her since he had put his clothes into a suitcase, and had put the suitcase in his pickup truck along with his toolchest, his western albums and their two year old son and had driven west along highway 70 to somewhere else. That was forty years ago. He had been twenty five years old. He had limped away, gasping for breath. He had almost drowned at her side. He couldn't keep up. He had

suffocated until he stepped away and stayed away.

He had driven out across the flat Kansas plain, dreaming for awhile about how far he could get. His ideas rose up as fast and as high as the droning of Junebugs, their song along with his thoughts littering the moist Kansas dusk, and they fell just as quickly, weightless when the Junebugs paused for breath and he came back to who he was in his rusted out pickup with a young son beside him who was restless and wanted to know when they were going to eat.

They ate at Tucker's diner that night and drove no further. They settled just about a hundred miles away from where they started. Joseph decided that was about far enough.

He had lived his own life, starting where he had left off as if he had made a detour by mistake and was now back on the main road. He fixed tractors, machinery, ordered parts. He made it a point to pay regular visits to people who had been his customers or who could very well become his customers. He watched them work, watched their tractors and combines pull into barns the size of warehouses while he drank tea drenched with the juice of lemons and talked to their wives. He could hear when an engine needed a part, he could hear the beginnings of problems, and he would go back to his shop and order parts so that next week or the week after that,

he could quickly fix what wasn't working right. Machines he could fix.

Joseph walked through the maze of upright forms to the window. He cupped his hands around his eyes to block out the brightness of the room as he looked through the glass. He saw her there kneeling by the stream before his vision was blurred by the sweat of his breath on the window. She used to explain what she did out there as if it was natural and explainable, as if she assumed he would understand. He had thought she could see what other people couldn't, that somehow she was wiser for that. He had trusted her because he used to think she could see things outside of his vision.

They were tokens, she had told him, these things she placed in the stream. These smooth, stone carvings of amorphous shapes were offerings. She had felt she was feeding whatever it was that gave her the power to do what she did by leaving traces of her efforts in this moving artery of the land. Or maybe she was documenting the process, leaving herself out in the open water for the stars to see. Maybe something of her would be carried along downstream to feed someone or something else. She could transform the terrain of the water she had told him. She could make paths in space the water had to adjust to and follow. He had taken her word for it.

Again looking through the window, Joseph

saw her stepping over the stream and walking back towards the house, towards him. She must have heard his truck pull in. He wondered if she could see him standing there in the window looking at her. He didn't know how much she could see now. He had come because she was losing her sight. She was going blind.

She walked through the doorway and scanned the room to find him. She smiled knowing he was there, but he could tell he was too far away for her to see him. He moved closer.

"I'm over here, Ellen," he said.

She saw him now and walked towards him. He wondered if she could see the age in his face that he saw in hers. Her hair had turned snow white, her chin had puckered into shallow rivulets of wrinkles, her cheeks hung slightly from her cheekbones. And her eyes, they were dark and unfocused against her pale skin.

"Joseph, you remembered how to get here," she said still smiling.

"Evidently," he said, returning the smile.

"Dave called you?"

"Yes." Their son had called Joseph the day before with the news. He had told his father he didn't know what to do, he had a meeting in Chicago he had to go to, would Joseph mind checking on her because somebody should.

"I hope you didn't mind. Him calling you about this I mean."

"No, no problem."

"Do you want something to drink?"

"No, I'm fine... You've been working a lot."

Ellen worked over to a wooden stool and picked up the chisel she had left on the seat. She turned it around in the palm of her hand.

"Of course. I cancelled my last shipment of stone. By the time it would get here, I don't think I'll be needing it. Thought I'd keep working on things I've already started. See if I can't finish all of this somehow. Are you sure you don't want something to drink?"

"Ellen."

"What?"

"Well, I'm here to help if you need anything. I mean at some point, I guess you might need some help," Joseph said, shoving his hands into his pockets.

"Yes, well, I'm trying to adjust. If there's a good thing about going blind gradually, it's that it gives you a better idea each day of what's to come. I'll be alright. I'm stumbling less than I used to— learning to rely on my hands and feet more. Guess I'll just keep working until I can't anymore."

"What then?"

She slowly turned away from him and walked over to the counter covered with tools. She put the

chisel away.

"I'll suppose I'll find out when that time comes."

"Well, have you thought about selling the house? Have you thought about moving into a smaller place? Have you started to learn braille so you'll be able to read? I mean, have you—"

"You know, Joseph, I've been trying very hard not to think at all. All I want to do right now is finish my work while I still can. I'll start worrying when it's the only thing I have left to do. But I don't have time now."

"Okay."

"Thanks for coming, really. I know you didn't have to, but there's no point in you worrying about any of this."

"Alright. Will you call me every couple of days, though, so I'll know how you're doing?"

"If you want. Let me get a piece of paper so I can write down your phone number."

He watched her write down the numbers in big black stokes with a fat magic marker, filling the whole page.

"Well, I'll call you then," she said.

As Joseph drove home, he thought about their meeting. It had gone rather well, he thought. It hadn't been too awkward, each had told the other where they were. Each had made sure the other

wouldn't carry an unnecessary burden. He had told her he would help her if she needed help. She had told him he didn't have to worry, she was doing alright. He thought it would be hard to see her, that it would be like trying to find his way back to a time line that he had abandoned years before, trying to find the frayed end of it and somehow reattach it to who he had since become. It hadn't been that hard.

She called him two days later. She was fine. Would he mind coming next week to oversee the loading of a dozen sculptures? She always supervised the packaging process and watched them load the sculptures on the truck, but she didn't think she could do that anymore and she didn't want to take time trying. Sure, he could do that. She continued to call the next three weeks every couple of days like he had asked. He repaired a hole in the roof so the rain wouldn't leak down into her room, he bought her a new hammer to replace one she'd lost and six packs of sandpaper, he built crates so more sculptures could be shipped off.

Her work room seemed to grow larger the emptier it became. The walls loomed outwards, meeting the ceiling ten feet higher than before. Joseph no longer saw angry mobs of stone clumped together, instead there were wide gaps of loose space in between solitary forms. The tension that he had always felt held the room in one piece was slack now.

He could move too freely from one side of the room to the other without having to dodge around her work. This was her place, this was the air she breathed, and now he began to worry, as she had told him not to, about where she would go after this.

What would she do? There had always been a direction that she followed instinctively. He had known when he had left forty years ago that she would keep moving forward as she always had, without hesitation. But he feared she would stumble at this point and lose her balance. He could feel it coming, like the wrong sound rumbling out of a tractor telling his ears something needed to be fixed, but he didn't think he could fix this. He didn't even know if it was his responsibility to try.

Ellen called four weeks after his first visit at 11:37 on a Saturday night.

"Sorry to wake you."

"Is everything alright?"

"No, could you come?"

"Sure, you know it'll take me a couple of hours to get there."

"I can wait."

"You're sure?"

"Yes, and Joe, I think this'll be the last time I'll be bothering you. I know you've spent a lot of time out on the road this past month because of me."

Joseph got dressed. When he got in his pick-

up, he checked to make sure he had enough gas to get out there. He did, but he wasn't sure he had enough to get back. He pulled out of his driveway and turned the radio on to keep him awake. He wondered where he was going now, what he would find when he would get there.

As he plowed through the darkness, he caught slices of his forehead, his gray hair, his left cheek reflected in the side and rearview mirrors as the occasional car would streak by, its headlights illuminating his face. God, he was old. He looked much older than Ellen did. It was amazing she even recognized him at all. She had told him once, before they were married, that his face looked like the Roman sculptures she had seen in books. She said he looked like someone who had made himself familiar in a landscape that was inherently foreign to him. She told him that he belonged somewhere else. He had thought that he looked ordinary enough, his face broad and flat like the faces he saw looking back at him in the yellowed black and white photographs of his ancestors, who stared out silently, eyes open wide, asking no questions, providing no answers.

He had thought Ellen could really see who he was, a someone that he didn't even know. He believed if she saw something wondrous in him, it must be there, it must be true. But if someone like that existed in him, he never found him. He was

ordinary and he hadn't been able to continue living with her, pretending that he wasn't. She had married somebody who had only existed in her mind.

She did that with people, conjured up images and personalities of them that didn't usually fit into reality. When she met people, he used to see her mind working, slowly grinding away edges, developing a form that reflected what she heard in their words and what she saw in their faces. But she wasn't very good at her interpretations of people. All she created were representations, a collection of vague shapes and angles that were not nearly strong enough to be reliable at all. He met her eyes one day and he realized she had done the same thing with him, she had never seen him at all. She had built up a ghost, a representation of him that was better than he could ever be, and he realized his soul had become hollow as the illusions that had given it shape vanished.

He pulled into her driveway, tired from his journey. He was wrong. He hadn't come back at all. It hadn't been hard to see his wife again this last month because he had left the past buried back behind some bend in the road. He had been pretending again, pretending that everything was over and forgotten and that he didn't hurt anymore.

The lighted square windows of her studio seemed to float in the darkness as Joseph walked to

the door. He opened it without knocking. There were only three sculptures now out on the floor. This was all she had left. Ellen was standing at the window that looked out at her stream. Her forehead and hands were pressed flat against the glass. Her breath created a white patch of moisture that shrank and swelled as she inhaled and exhaled.

"I can't do it anymore," she said without moving, her voice tightly controlled. Joseph didn't know what to say. What was there to say?

"You have to help me," Ellen said.

"Do you want the sculptures out of here? I could move them out first thing tomorrow morning."

"No, you have to help me finish."

"What?"

"Joseph I can't see. Things aren't just dim. I can't see anything anymore. I can't see shadows, I can't see the lights on the ceiling, I can't see my hands, my work. I can't see you," her voice was hoarse, her hands had become fists pressed against the glass.

"Joseph, I thought I could do it. I thought I could feel along with my hands and keep working, but the chisel keeps slipping and I make bumpy trails that shouldn't be there or I chip out more than I mean to. I'm ruining it. I've finished everything else, I only have one sculpture left. I need you to help me."

“I don’t understand what you expect me to do.”

“Over on the counter where the tools are, I have a sketchbook. The last page shows what this one is supposed to look like. You can finish it for me. I know you can do this. You can work with your hands and make things come together. Dave used to tell me all about your work at the garage when he came to visit me every month. Did you know how much he loved to watch you fixing engines and tractors? That’s all he used to talk about. You can do this if you want to. I know you can.” Ellen had turned from the window, her head was down, her eyes directed at the floor.

“Ellen, I’ve never done this before. I can screw a nut on a bolt, but that doesn’t mean I can carve a sculpture out of stone.”

“You used to watch me, didn’t you?”

“Well, yeah, but Ellen you could probably do a better job of finishing this now than I could using my eyes. It doesn’t look like you’ve ruined it to me.”

“Please, Joseph, I can’t anymore. I don’t want the last one to be left incomplete.”

Joseph stood with his arms crossed. He stared at the sculpture she wanted him to finish. She was deceiving herself again, he thought. Well he would finish it and this time she wouldn’t be able to tell how far short he had fallen from her expectations.

"I'll try, but I'm afraid you might regret asking me to do this."

"I trust you."

Joseph certainly didn't know why as he walked over to the counter to find the sketch in her book. He took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves. He took his reading glasses from the pocket of his shirt and put them on, he figured they would help.

"Any suggestions on where I should start?" he asked as he selected his tools.

"Anywhere you want, just make sure to move around and work all over so the whole piece comes into focus at once."

"That doesn't help much."

"Joseph, thank you for doing this."

Joseph laid the sketch at his feet on the floor. He put the chisel's edge against the white stone and struck it with a hammer. The chisel vibrated into the marrow of his fingers, and a chunk of rock dropped to the floor. He felt like a worshipper doubtful in his faith trying to will the image of a god to emerge from the stone. He kept going, irregular shapes of stone pelted the floor and crunched under his feet as he worked around the sculpture. He referred back to the sketch again. He felt like he was doing an advanced paint by numbers kit only he couldn't paint over his mistakes. He laid on his back to finish rounding off curves. Ellen brought him coffee. As

the dark hours ebbed away to morning, Ellen moved from the old couch to the window to the kitchen and back again. Joseph kept asking her to come feel what he had done so she could make sure he was doing it right, but she told him to keep working. She asked if he wanted something to eat, but he said he wasn't hungry.

Joseph forgot his clumsiness. The tools began to feel natural and they started to warm in his hands. He could feel the heat on the tip of the chisel as he continued to drive it down into the stone. He felt like he was melting the rock. Shapes softened and began to flow into one another. He forgot to refer back to the sketch. He forgot Ellen was in the room.

By the time he finished, it was three o'clock Sunday afternoon. Ellen looked up from the couch when it grew quiet. Joseph used his sleeve to soak up the sweat from his face. All of a sudden, his hands burned and he had trouble unclenching his hold on the tools. He had new calluses all along his palms. His back ached and his neck was stiff.

"All done?" Ellen asked.

"Think so," he said as he stepped back to see what he'd done. Then he remembered the sketch. His stomach plummeted as he realized what he had made wasn't what Ellen had wanted. It didn't look like the sketch. It looked terrible. He felt sick as he watched her walk towards it, arms outstretched

waiting to find it. Her fingertips bumped into it and her arms started to move around guiding her hands over the surface. She walked around the entire piece, meticulously exploring what he had made.

"You changed it," she said.

"I guess I did," he mumbled, scratching the back of his neck.

"Joseph, you did a good job," she smiled.

"It's not what you wanted. It doesn't look the way it should."

"I like it. You did a good job."

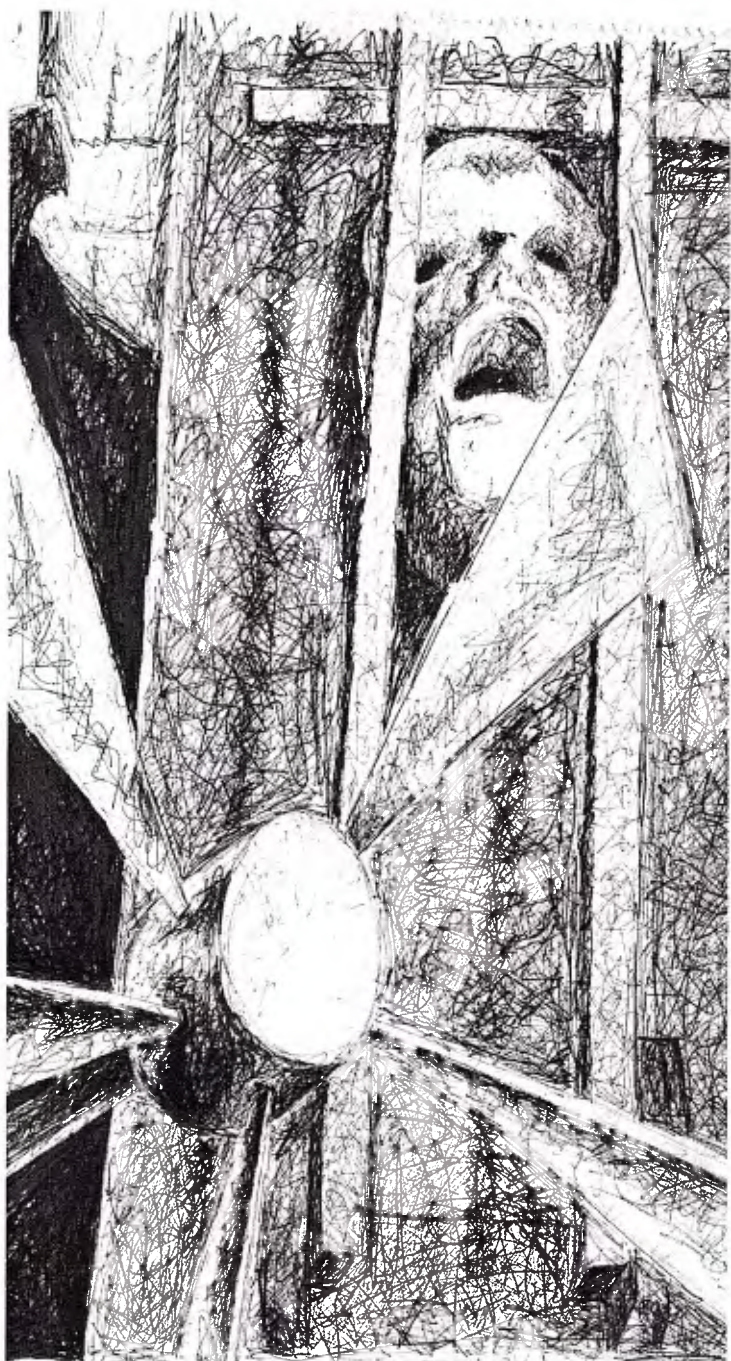
"Ellen, I'm sorry."

"Joseph, look at this. This is very nice. You did a good job."

"Well, when do you want these moved out?"

"Um, if tomorrow's good, you can send those two out. This one I'd like to keep," she said, her hands still embracing the sculpture he had made.

Then Joseph really looked at it. He stopped comparing it to her sketch and he saw it there by itself. It didn't look that bad. He'd been mistaken. She was right. He had done a good job. There was something there after all, he found what she had been able to see all along.



The Unfinished Poem
by Colleen Windham

I stare at an unfinished poem,
Though finished it is, I know:
No more ideas,
Inspiration expired,
No real place to go.
Right now it means so little,
I doubt it ever will—
A mediocre platitude,
A momentary thrill.
The author thinks it's something,
Holds it high with great reverence,
Is proud of his creation,
Thinks the meaning should be clear.
It is the poem that's the problem,
Resisting meaning,
Life is grim—
If will was there, trust in its verse,
Meaning'd reveal itself to him.
But he resists all meaning,
As he resists an end;
He plods along, not knowing
He would make a worthy friend.
Himself he thinks unpublishable,
An item for the rubbish,
And so will not find meaning,
Will not live, will not wish.
I want to like this poem,
I have the will but not the way;
How do you love another
When they insist on self-decay?

Janie's Journey from Object to Subject
A Character Analysis from
Their Eyes Were Watching God
by Ryan Nielsen

In Zora Neale Hurston's *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, Janie's self-development can be traced by examining the initial suppression and her eventual acquisition of a voice. Over the course of the novel, she gradually comes to discover her identity, as she masters the art of speaking. Although Janie goes from one man to another and journeys from one geographical location to another throughout the novel, her destination is an interior one all along. She is seeking a freedom that can only come from within. As Deborah McDowell maintains,

The Black female's journey,...though at times touching the political and social, is basically a personal and psychological journey. The female character in the works of Black women is in a state of becoming "part of an evolutionary spiral, moving from victimization to consciousness" (195).

Janie stops being a victim when she begins to author her own life. She must learn to define herself in order to stop being defined by others. Janie's experiences as a child, her interactions with her grandmother, and her first two marriages greatly hinder her self-

growth, whereas her relationship with Tea Cake aids her process of self-development. Her self-realization takes the form of a transformation from object to subject.

Janie's first experience with viewing herself as an object occurred when she was six years old. When she looked at a photograph of herself and the other children whom she played with,

and everybody got pointed out there wasn't nobody left except a real dark little girl with long hair....Dat's where Ah wuz s'posed to be, but Ah couldn't recognize dat dark chile as me. So Ah ast, 'where is me? Ah don't see me.'...Ah looked at de picture a long time and seen it was mah dress and mah hair so Ah said: 'Aw, aw! Ah'm colored!'" (21)

This was the first time she saw herself through other people's eyes: as "colored," objectified by her appearance. She also recalls that as a young girl, "Dey all useter call me Alphabet 'cause so many people had done named me different names" (23). In her childhood the process of being defined by others began. And it takes her two marriages and a few decades to be able to see herself subjectively once again, as a person with a self-defined inner life that is not contingent upon how others view her or define her.

Once Janie enters puberty, Nanny objectifies

Janie by making decisions for her, especially by arranging Janie's marriage to Logan. Having been born a slave, Nanny values above all else the kind of freedom provided by a financially-secure husband. Out of her desire to provide security for her granddaughter, Nanny restricts Janie's possibilities and prevents Janie from having a say in her own future. Although Nanny only does what she believes is best for her granddaughter, Janie is victimized by the limitations that her grandmother places on her. Because in Nanny's experience black women's sexuality and reproductive abilities have been abused, Nanny sees the blossoming of Janie's sexuality as a threat to Janie's well-being and potential. As soon as Janie begins to experience the "blossoming pear tree" (23) of her sexuality, Nanny wants to harness Janie's spirit. Janie's sexual maturation serves as a commodity with which to acquire a husband, in Nanny's view. By forcing Janie to marry Logan, Nanny stifles Janie's sexual awakening and, therefore, the blooming of Janie's subjective self.

For Nanny, escape from the slavery of her past necessitates finding protection for Janie in the domestic sphere of "wife," a privilege that slave women were not afforded. Nanny has internalized the white value system of gender roles. Janie internalizes Nanny's perspective. In response to

Logan's statement that she is spoiled because she does not help him chop wood, Janie asserts, "Ah'm just as stiff as you is stout. If you can stand not to chop and tote wood Ah reckon you can stand not to git no dinner. 'Scuse mah freezolity, Mist' Kellicks, but Ah don't mean to chop de first chip" (45). On one hand, her refusal to take on the traditional role of a male while still performing all the conventional female duties shows her knowledge of the necessity of the domestic chores she performs in contributing to the running of the household. But, on the other hand, by accepting the traditional division of tasks along gender lines, Janie demonstrates how much she has incorporated Nanny's beliefs into her own value system. Janie explains to Logan that "You don't need mah help out dere, Logan. Youse in yo' place and Ah'm in mine" (52). She seems to think that she belongs solely in the home.

Logan tells Janie, "you ain't got no particular place. It's wherever Ah need yuh. Git uh move on yuh, and dat quick" (52). Logan wants to dominate Janie, ordering her to work wherever he needs her. He sees her isolation in the domestic sphere as a frivolous privilege, as revealed when he says, "Ah just as good as take you out de white folks' kitchen and set you down on yo' royal diasticutis" (53). He is not advocating a freedom from oppressive gender roles, but rather a sort of slavery in which Janie acts

on his every demand.

Janie's life with Logan is the first step in her disillusionment. With Logan, Janie becomes disillusioned. She learns "that marriage [does] not make love. Janie's first dream [is] dead, so she [becomes] a woman" (44). Janie is ready to endure the suffering and disappointment that she believes is part of being a woman. She does not "grow" to love Logan so she leaves him. With Jody she believes she will have freedom, but she is wrong. She does not even find love.

Jody represents something new for her, but he is not the fulfillment of all of her hopes and expectations. When she joins Jody in the "hired rig," she realizes that Jody does not represent her sexual ideal, nor fulfill her love dream. Janie "pull[s] back a long time because he [does] not represent sun-up and pollen and blooming trees, but he [speaks] for far horizon. He [speaks] for change and chance" (50). But the change is not as radical as Janie would like. Sitting on the boarding house porch after they get married, they watch "the sun plunge into the same crack in the earth from which the night emerge[s]" (55). Even in this short length of time, the imagery has gone from being about the horizon to being about nightfall and "a crack in the earth."

When Janie meets Jody for the first time, he says he wants to be "a big ruler of things with her

reaping the benefits" (49-50). Jody has already foreshadowed a marriage of power and control between himself and Janie in which he is above her. Jody says, "Ah wants to make a wife outa you" (50). He is obviously not too different from Logan who later that night tells Janie, "Thought Ah'd take and make somethin' outa yuh" (51). Jody is clearly not offering Janie the freedom and independence that is lacking in her relationship with Logan. However, Jody does offer Janie change, something new. "A feeling of sudden newness and change came over her" when she thinks about running off with him, and "the morning road air was like a new dress" (54). Although she realizes that Jody will probably not provide the opportunities she hopes for, she settles for him because she wants to leave Logan and views Jody as a means of escape.

In her relationship with Jody, Janie is once again restricted by oppressive gender-role distinction. Jody allows Janie to be part of the economic public sphere in that he has her work in the store, but "she [is] there in the store for him to look at, not those others" (87). Janie is still an object; Jody's possession. Jody tells Janie how she should look: he insists that she "dress up" (66) and wear her hair up. He prevents her from fully participating in the social side of the public world by forbidding her to participate in the front porch bantering and story-

telling. He forces her to retreat inside the store when the storytelling rituals commence ("Reading the Tradition" Ch. 5). She has no freedom to interact socially with others or to tell her stories, and she is, thus, voiceless.

When the people of Eatonville request "uh few words uh encouragement from Mrs. Mayor Starks," Jody responds for Janie, saying "Thank yuh fuh yo' compliments, but mah wife don't know nothin' 'bout no speech makin'. Ah never married her for nothin' lak dat. She's uh woman" (69). Janie is bothered by "the way [Jody speaks] out without giving her a chance to say anything one way or another," and this "[takes] the bloom off of things" (70). Jody suppresses her voice.

Jody throws women into the same category of subservience as children and farm animals when he says, "Somebody got to think for women and chillun and chickens and cows. I god, they sho don't think none theirselves" (110). Janie attempts to stand up for herself by asserting, "Ah know uh few things, and womenfolks thinks sometimes too!" (111), but Jody refutes her opinion on women, condescendingly explaining that women "just think they's thinkin'" (111). Jody constantly insults Janie's intelligence.

Janie continues to be victimized and defined by an "other." As Jody puts it, "Ah'm uh man even if Ah is de mayor. But de mayor's wife is something

different again" (94). Jody tells Janie "Ah aimed tuh be uh big voice. You aughta be glad, 'cause dat makes uh big woman outa you" (74). Jody suggests that Janie can only gain value and importance in respect to "her man." After this statement, "a feeling of coldness and fear [takes] hold of [Janie]. She [feels] far away from things and lonely" (74). She is treated as an object and has no one (not even herself) to whom she can reach out and from whom she can seek affirmation.

But Janie speaks one day, complimenting Jody on freeing the mule, and Hambo proclaims to Jody, "Yo' wife is uh born orator, Starks. Us never knowed dat befo'. She put jus' de right words tuh our thoughts" (92). Janie can speak—and well—if she only decides to make up her mind to do it. When Jody is sick Janie begins to develop her voice gradually. She tells him "Ah'm uh woman every inch of me, and Ah know it. Dat's uh whole lot more'n you kin say" (122). A "big voice" is all that Jody ever is.

"The years [with Jody take] all the fight out of Janie's face. For a while she [thinks] it [is] gone from her soul" (118), but Tea Cake comes along and helps her to come out of herself again. Suppression of her inner self is a coping mechanism she uses with Logan and Jody; "she [gets] so she receive[s] all things with the same stolidness of the earth which

soaks up urine and perfume with the same indifference" (119). Towards the end of her relationship with Jody, Janie has "an inside and an outside and suddenly she [knows] how not to mix them" (112-113). This type of a "hard shell" approach to the outside world is a survival method that Janie creates to deal with the split between what others dictate she must be and who she herself might want to be—if she only had the chance.

After Jody hits her and stops sleeping next to her, Janie realizes that "new thoughts [have] to be thought and new words said" (125). This reclamation of thought and language symbolizes the commencement of Janie's self-realization and her quest to recover her own voice. When Jody is on his death bed, Janie tells him how she has felt for the last twenty years: "But you wasn't satisfied wid me de way Ah was. Naw! Mah own mind had tuh be squeezed and crowded out tuh make room for yours in me" (133). Jody prevents Janie from thinking for herself. Right after Jody dies she acknowledges that "her girl self" is "gone, but a handsome woman [has] taken her place. She [tears] off the kerchief from her head and [lets] down her plentiful hair" (134-135). By letting down her hair, Janie begins to release and acknowledge her suppressed sexuality. After Jody's death she changes in many ways. Wearing her hair in a long braid is "the only change people [see] in

her" (137), because the other changes are taking place on the inside. She has begun her journey towards self-awareness.

Although she is a woman now, Janie resurrects her girlhood dream of finding true love. She is still "saving up [her] dreams for some man she [has] never seen" (112). Tea Cake comes along and fulfills her dream of a loving marriage. Tea Cake tells Janie that he wants her to be herself. He serves as a catalyst to spur the inner-development that Janie has already begun to cultivate. Only after she meets Tea Cake can she work towards integrating her inner and outer selves.

Tea Cake facilitates Janie's acquisition of voice. When they are still just "courting," he tells her to "have de nerve tuh say what yuh mean" (165). Tea Cake knows the value of speech, and so he helps Janie to realize her own worth through speaking. He does not view Janie as an object; for this reason, the age difference between Janie and Tea Cake does not matter. Unlike Jody who "usetter tell [Janie] that [she] never would learn [because] it wuz too heavy fuh mah brains," Tea Cake acknowledges her intelligence: "you got good meat on yo' head" (147). He teaches her to play checkers. "She [finds] herself glowing inside. Somebody [wants] her to play. Somebody [thinks] it natural for her to play" (146). For the first time Janie is in a relationship with a man

who respects her.

On the muck with Tea Cake, Janie begins to flower, to realize herself.

Janie's place in her relationship with Tea Cake is on the muck, a blooming farming area, picking beans at his side. Janie has come down, that paradoxical place in Afro-American literature that is both a physical bottom and the setting for the character's attainment of a penultimate self-knowledge (think of Ellison's *Invisible Man* in his basement room....)" (Williams xiv-xv)

By stepping off of Jody's oppressive pedestal and by moving "down" in society—living in a hut on the muck, Janie begins to discover her inner value. Only in the Everglades with Tea Cake does she realize that her self-importance is not contingent upon her position in society, but, rather, her self-importance comes from within. Janie is triply oppressed, in a sense: she is poor, black, and female. Yet, she now possesses the ability to overcome the prejudices of others through inward strength. Ironically, only now that Janie is in the "dregs" of society does she escape Nanny's words: "De nigger woman is de mule uh de world" (29). She learns that in order to overcome outer oppression, she must begin with her own inner transformation. Her new-found inner strength will be her defense against "attacks" from the outside.

Tea Cake challenges the traditional gender roles that have been oppressing Janie and objectifying her. He has faith in Janie's abilities, and unlike Jody, he does not place her on a pedestal as an object to be "seen and not heard." Instead, Tea Cake affirms her in many ways. Janie doubts herself, saying "seven miles is uh kinda long walk," and Jody replies "you could [do it] too if yuh had it tuh do" (148). He teaches Janie to shoot a rifle and to hunt. Janie throws aside conventional gender roles when she chooses to work alongside Tea Cake in the bean fields—out of love. Tea Cake cannot stand to be away from her all day. His reasons for shedding gender roles result from love, not a desire to subjugate Janie, as Logan's did. For the most part "their relationship rejects ordinary conceptions of dominant and subordinate sex roles" (Kubitschek 7).

But, although her relationship with Tea Cake does represent the questioning of a whole social structure in which women submit to men, her relationship with Tea Cake is not perfect. Times when Tea Cake seems to be asserting his male superiority, such as when he steals Janie's money, refuses to invite her to the big party he organizes, and whips her are problematic. But Janie accepts Tea Cake for who he is, despite his shortcomings. Even after he steals her \$200 and loses it gambling, Janie does not judge him. Because she loves him despite

his shortcomings, she takes him as he is, not expecting or wanting him to change. "She [is] not shocked at Tea Cake's gambling. It [is] part of him, so it [is] all right" (188). Her love for Tea Cake is enough to allow her to overlook the problems. Although he fails occasionally, Tea Cake is generally able to transcend his own limitations as a human being by concentrating on helping Janie to get to know herself better and to celebrate the wonders which she finds within.

By making Tea Cake an imperfect character, yet one who has an immensely positive influence on Janie's self-realization, Hurston universalizes Tea Cake's character and thus makes him more realistic. Hurston is concerned with the self-development of the black woman, and she creates a situation in which a black man encourages a black woman's development. At the end of the novel, by going beyond the traditional images of black women being oppressed by black men who are oppressed by white men, Hurston suggests an alternative. Tea Cake and Janie have a relatively equal relationship, and oppressive, white society is merely a distant backdrop to the central plot focus: Janie's self-development. As a writer, Hurston wants to avoid the pitfall of protesting without offering solutions. By arguing for an end to a hierarchical model of human relations, she puts forth realistic ideas for ways in which black

men and black women—and perhaps all men and women—can begin to work hand in hand to attain their own freedom.

Although Janie and Tea Cake's relationship is not perfect from the reader's perspective and Tea Cake definitely has his flaws, what is important in the end is what Janie feels and remembers, how her living with Tea Cake has affected her. The second paragraph of the novel explains that "women forget all those things they don't want to remember, and remember everything they don't want to forget. The dream is the truth. Then They act and do things accordingly" (9). The memories of him that she wants to preserve have become part of her. Tea Cake fulfills her love dream. But he has to die before she can achieve her ultimate dream of self-fulfillment.

The novel's circular structure, provided by the framing device of Janie's telling of her story to Pheoby, enables Janie to come back to where she began—only this time as a grown-up woman who seeks strength from her inner self and profess this self-knowledge with her new-found voice. She goes back to her "kissin'-friend" Pheoby (19). No longer in a marriage relationship, she returns to the stability and comfort of female companionship. She passes her story on to Pheoby. Once Tea Cake is dead, Janie is not lonely. She has his memories. She has Pheoby. She has herself. She is at peace.

As the McDowell quote in the opening paragraph of this paper reveals, this is a novel of personal growth, not political protest. Janie knows the value of her inner self, and, therefore, can no longer be “enslaved” by society’s constraints. Because she is a subject with a voice, she can transcend the role of object that the outer world places upon her. This type of liberty is not unique to black women, but can extend to all people who are oppressed and/or objectified.

Their Eyes Were Watching God is a novel about survival. In Eatonville, Coker observes that “Us colored folks is too envious of one ‘nother. Dat’s how come us don’t git no further than us do. Us talks about de white man keepin’ us down! Shucks! He don’t have tuh. Us keeps our own selves down” (63). Mrs. Turner fulfills this statement by esteeming whites so much that it drives her to reject part of herself. Hurston demonstrates that blacks must create a new system of interaction, but this is not a radical political call for action so much as it is a call for each individual to look inward and discover his or her own value. Hurston is speaking out about the importance of the survival of humanity—and that includes both genders, but she believes that power comes from within. Each person must seek to nurture an independent self that can be a subject and psychologically distance him or herself from tangible

modes of oppression.

Janie's initial survival strategy is to repress her inner self and conform to what others expect of her. But with Tea Cake, as she begins to realize her potential as a woman, she gains a new and much more valuable and versatile survival skill: the ability to look towards her interior freedom. She achieves this liberty through interpersonal discussions which allow her to define herself, tell her story, and learn from other's experiences. Language is the freeing agent. The mud ball creation story is one example of an image which illustrates the significant role that positive relationships play in fostering self-development. This alternative creation story breaks down the binary oppositions of female-male and good-evil found in the traditional Adam and Eve creation story. god made all people from "The Man" who was "chopped...into millions of pieces, but still...glittered and hummed," so then the angels beat the pieces into sparks, but each had "a shine and a song," so the angels "covered each one with mud. And the lonesomeness in the sparks make them hunt for one another" (139). This story reveals that people need each other and can not live in isolation from a community.

Here, Hurston is advocating a philosophy that was later coined by Alice Walker as "womanism." Womanism is concerned with the

survival of all people and recognizes the need for people to live in relationship to each other, while simultaneously supporting each other in their search for self-knowledge. According to Walker's definition, a womanist is "committed to [the] survival and wholeness of [an] entire people, male and female. Not a separatist, except periodically, for health" (xi). By returning to her community in the end, Janie makes communal growth possible. Janie's self-realization finally culminates when she is able to say "mah tongue is in mah friend's mouf" (17). By sharing her story with Pheoby, Janie is sharing her understanding with all of the community—in hopes of enriching it. Unlike Jody, she is never just a voice; she always provides "de understandin' to go 'long wid it" (19). This is Janie's power as a story-teller. She has the power to make others understand her. Janie's poetic command of language offers her new ways to define herself and an opportunity to provide the reader with "de understandin' to go 'long wid" (19) her "autobiography."

Only at the end of the novel does she finish this process of letting her exterior self mirror her inner self, while simultaneously taking the outer world into herself—an action of empowerment. "Her invitation to her soul to come see the horizon that had always before been a figure for external desire, the desire of the other, is the novel's sign of Janie's

synthesis" ("Reading the Tradition" 214). She pulls "in her horizon like a great fish-net" (286) and claims her space in the world. Janie learns to take pride in who she is: a black woman telling stories that articulate her life experience. Her voice and her art subjectify her at last.

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Flavio Soliloquy
by Oneyda Perez

To love him
Or not to love him
That is the pertinent question.
Whether tis healthy to the mind
To suffer the torments and euphoria
Of courageous love,
Or to take arms against an abyss of despair
And by opposing end the pain enough.
By rejection I say end the heartache
And emptiness that my heart is subject to.

To forget; to move on.
To move on; perhaps to fantasize.
Oh, but there lies the problem,
For in fantasy
He is not real.
How can I bear the chill of a closed heart;
The unfathomable stare of "I do not love you"?

The pangs of unrequited love, Flavio's delays;
The arrogance of his honey gaze
And the spurns of his attentions.
Who can understand a man's arrogance?
To believe that adulation lasts forever
In the face of ignorance.

To pant and to pine
For a man's conceit
When all others are less prone
To self-indulgence.
Love not returned puzzles the heart

And makes us rather hide those affections we
have
Rather than run to others and proclaim!
Thus love makes cowards of us all...

Therefore the heat of passion is cooled
With the coldness of others
And we wane away.
In this regard a heart turns to stone
And loses the name Flavio—
Goodbye now, Flavio
In my heart be all my love forgotten.

The Early Poetry of John Milton
*"Sonnet VII: How Soon Hath Time" and "On
Time"*
by *Amy Raat*

After John Milton received his degree from Christ's College in 1632, he began what he called his period of "'studious retirement,'" (Shawcross 4) which lasted until 1638. During this time, Milton did a great deal of reading and studying, particularly in the classics. He also wrestled with which direction his life should take, and by 1637, "Milton's decision not to pursue the ministry was now firm, as were his hopes for a poetic career" (Shawcross 4). Thus, these six years spent at his parents' home were vital to Milton's growth and development as a mature individual in a number of ways, many of which are autobiographically reflected in the poems he wrote between 1632 and 1638.

Two such poems, "Sonnet VII: How Soon Hath Time" and "On Time" written in 1632 and 1633, respectively, are illustrative of the emotional and intellectual progress, one might say, which Milton made during his years of quiet and intense scholarship. Although only a year separates these poems, there is a remarkable, and readily apparent, difference in terms of Milton's attitude towards Time in the two works. In order to show this, each poem

must first be looked at on its own merits. After this is done, the poems can be examined in light of one another in order to gain a deeper understanding of Milton himself at the time that each was written.

“Sonnet VII: How Soon Hath Time” is, in its simplest form, a poem about growing up. Milton was just twenty-three years old when he wrote it, and was at a point in his life when he was not exactly sure what he wanted to do with the rest of it—a perfectly natural phenomenon which is, to this day, still experienced by most individuals his age. Although Milton looked mature on the outside, inside he still felt young and immature. Thus, he says, “Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,/ That I to manhood am arriv’d so near,/ And inward ripeness doth much less appear” (Milton, “Sonnet VII: How Soon Hath Time” 5-7).

But what concerns Milton more than his physical appearance is his belief that by the age of twenty-three he should have written something great—a literary masterpiece, even. He writes that, “My hasting days fly on with full career,/ But my late spring no bud or blossom show’th” (“Sonnet VII” 3-4). In his assessment of his progress as a writer, Milton focuses on the concept of Time, and how it is quickly “flying by,” so to speak. In doing so, he personifies Time by capitalizing it, and by giving it a negative identification as “the subtle thief of

youth,/ Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!" ("Sonnet VII" 1-2).

Thus, as is common in Italian sonnets, Milton has written his octet, the first part of the poem, in the form of a problem. Although his problem—that he has not yet written a brilliant literary work—is certainly one with which many individuals never have to struggle, it is still a problem nonetheless. In typical Italian sonnet form, Milton, in his last six lines, known as the sestet, comes to terms with what is chiefly bothering him: the frustratingly high speed at which Time moves.

Shifting from an almost angry, and certainly anxious tone, Milton moves on to a much calmer second half of "Sonnet VII." In fact, just as the poet's thoughts are on a slower-moving Time, so does the poem's meter slow down in the lines which read, "Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,/ It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n" ("Sonnet VII" 9-10), referring to Milton's mature acceptance of the fact that his greatness as a poet will eventually come, and that Time will eventually lead him to it ("Sonnet VII" 11). Clearly, this is a gentler personification of Time than the first few lines of the poem express.

Also, in the sonnet's last lines, Milton comes to the conclusion that God, too, will lead him to greatness, when God believes he is "ripe" for it, because God has given him grace. Although Milton

realizes that his success or failure primarily lies "As ever in my great task-Master's eye" ("Sonnet VII" 14), he knows that his efforts, combined with his God-given grace, will be responsible for the great achievements which he will make as a poet.

Thus, in "Sonnet VII" a rather dramatic leap is made from the octet to the sestet. Milton begins the work by complaining about, and almost pitying himself for, how quickly his life is moving, and how terribly unproductive it has been thus far. But, after a quick transition, his mood shifts from one of sadness and despair with his current situation to one of optimism and confidence in what the future holds for him.

In continuing to analyze Milton's early poetry from the standpoint that it often contains important autobiographical elements, "On Time," written in 1633, appears to pick up where "Sonnet VII" leaves the reader. To explain further, "On Time" also personifies Time, but in a much more direct fashion: "Fly envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race" (Milton, "On Time" 1). It is as though Milton has gotten over his initial fear of Time as the thief of his days and his years, and has progressed to the point where he no longer sees Time as a threatening entity.

Although Milton characterizes Time as a violent "womb" which "devours" ("On Time" 4) the very things to which it gives birth, it only consumes

that which "is false and vain,/ And merely mortal dross" ("On Time" 5-6). Milton goes on to say that "when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,/ And, last of all, thy greedy self consum'd" ("On Time" 9-10)—meaning that when the earthly world comes to an end, so will Time, for it is mortal, and therefore quite the opposite of eternity. Also, this quote demonstrates Milton's religious belief that good people will be saved, and will live as immortal beings in eternity; whereas evil people are as mortal as Time itself.

Thus, "On Time" illustrates Milton's faith that when "all this Earthy grossness quit" ("On Time" 20), the good and righteous person's "heav'nly-guided soul shall climb" ("On Time" 19) upwards to be forever with God. Thus, in just a year's time, Milton had gone from believing that Time was responsible for stealing years from his life, to thinking that in the end, good, righteous human beings would confidently and easily triumph over the selfishness and vanity of Time.

At this point, it is important to note that "Sonnet VII" begins with a pessimistic discussion of *chronos* time, which is time that can be measured in years, days, and hours; and ends with an optimistic view of *kairos* time, which is time that the divine (i.e. God) has entered in some way. "On Time" is constructed in much the same way. Time is first

mentioned in the *chronos* sense: it flies about the earth, "glutting" itself on "merely mortal dross" ("On Time" 4-6). Then, in line 11, when "Eternity" is first mentioned, the reader is led into a kind of *kairos* time, in which God is the ultimate ruler, and in which "Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine/ About the supreme Throne [of God]" ("On Time" 16-17).

Although Milton reaches *kairos* time in both "Sonnet VII" and "On Time," he does so to a different degree in each poem. In the earlier work, Milton comes to the realization that God is intimately involved in his quest to write great literature, and he certainly cannot be rushed, as God does not exist in earthly, *chronos* time. In "Sonnet VII," Milton does not know exactly when greatness will come to him, but he is willing to wait for it. In "On Time," he knows that as soon as the earthly world comes to an end, his soul will ascend to God, and will forever exist in eternity, which is really the ultimate form of *kairos*.

Turning again to the subject of Milton's religious faith, just as he, in "Sonnet VII," was sure that he was in possession of God's grace, so did he think that he would reach the eternal world. This is demonstrated by his use of such words as "our" and "us" in these eloquent lines: "Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss/ With an individual kiss;/ And

Joy shall overtake us in a flood" ("On Time" 11-13). And just as Milton seemed to know that he was destined to be one of the truly great writers of his time, he must have been confident in the knowledge that his God-given grace would lead him to an eternal existence with Him.

Milton's early poetry is, of course, less well-known than his later works, namely *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*, however, that does not mean that it is any less important to the study of Milton as one of the greatest writers in English history. In fact, it is quite the opposite. "Sonnet VII" and "On Time" in particular provide the Milton scholar with a great deal of insight into the workings of the brilliant young poet's mind, as they show just how quickly his thoughts matured and developed, even in the small space of one year. Fortunately for the literate world, Milton did have enough Time to write, and to produce the great poetic works to which he so earnestly aspired in his early years.

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*What Ever Happened To The Art of
Letterwriting and the
Twenty Cent Stamp?*
by Shu-Shu Loh

He stood staring at her house, hands thrust in his front pockets. She wasn't home, the lace curtains drawn and her parents' car, gone from the driveway. He rubbed the stone in his pocket while staring at the window of her room. If the neighbors saw him there, they would find him a suspicious character in their neighborhood, thinking he would break into the house. But his dirty t-shirt, worn out jeans, uncombed hair, and youthful body made him seem like a punk, a delinquent, perhaps, loitering in front of this house, maybe with the intent to vandalize it for some strange reason. And they would call the police and he would hear the sirens soon. And they would stop him, interrogate him, search him. But they wouldn't find anything, only a stone and a letter in his backpocket, addressed to her.

And they would ask him about the letter, what was he doing with her letter? And he would have to explain that he wrote it for her but she wrote back, return to sender. Yes, officer, like that Elvis song. And his partner would say, "no wonder no one writes letters anymore, they keep getting

returned." Then they would laugh and tell him to leave the property or they would have to arrest him for trespassing. "Sorry, son," they would say, "that's just the routine." And he understood and would say "bye" to them and walk home with the letter, back in his pocket. But he didn't hear any sirens and he didn't see any neighbors out; they were probably minding their own business.

He felt like Romeo, staring out at her window, waiting for her, Juliet, to come. He would read to her from the letter or maybe, just the poem, and she would realize how much he loved her and how sorry he was. And she would forgive him, forgive him for what he had done to her. And they would be together again, exchanging kisses instead of words. But it was useless, the curtains were still motionless. He took out his hand, warm from the friction of rubbing the stone and patted his backpocket. It crinkled which meant that the letter was still there. He was going to put the letter on her doorstep but he was already used to feeling the bulge and hearing the crinkling reminder of its presence.

He hid his hand back in his front pocket and felt the stone already cooler. So much for a lucky charm, he thought. He found it in his backyard. He thought it was the most beautiful white stone. It was a quartz but to a seven-year old, he thought it was a diamond and declared it his lucky charm. He found

five dollars the day he found the stone. Throughout his childhood, he would rub it for extra luck and he would pass the test or so-and-so would not pick on him anymore. It even helped him get his guitar. But he was getting older now and he learned in geology class that it was a quartz. Then his luck began to wear off. He wasn't doing too well in school and the number of people who didn't like him was growing. Like her. He wished that he didn't hurt her again but everytime they were together, he kept hurting her more and more, over and over. He wanted to stop but he couldn't. He needed her to stop him. If she would give him another chance, he would never hurt her again. He promised. He had planned to give the stone to her, like a friendship ring, before all of this had happened, before his luck had changed for the worse.

He took the stone out from his jeans. He only did this in his bedroom when he would change from one jean to the other, for fear of losing it. But it didn't matter anymore. He could lose it now and it wouldn't mean much. It had lost its magical power.

The stone lost all of its coolness as he suffocated it in his fist. He withdrew his arm and with a flick of his wrist, it escaped from his hand, gathering air and speed. He waited until he saw the glass shatter and ran, trying to escape from the crying sparrows.

Love Envies Not

Anonymous

I long to be the one who holds her hand,
While sitting close beside her through the night.
And if her head, as seashells rest on sand,
Would rest upon my shoulder, all'd be right.
Yet as it is, my hope burns not so bright,
But rather, as a salted wound it stings;
Another sandy shore is her delight,
And tightly to another hand she clings.
But needless is the pain that envy brings,
For why should sorrow stem from someone's joy?
Says God, "True love is not a selfish thing,"
So int'rests of my own, love shan't employ.
My love for her shall be the kind most pure.
Though scarce on earth, in heav'n it shall endure.

Writing: The Woman's Way
by Shefali Desai

The crusade for equal rights, acceptance, and recognition for women has been propelled, over the last few centuries, by female writers. Through literature women have sought to understand their female tendencies and what makes them so different from those of males. This is the question Elaine Showalter sets out to tackle and it is also the subject of her book; A Literature of Their Own: British Female Novelists From Brontë to Lessing. Showalter, who is a feminist critic, examines three generations of British women's literature, and then proceeds to explain the factors taking part in shaping the writing of each period. She also explores the notion of the "existence of a female literary tradition," and makes it clear that there is evidence of a unique voice in women's literature (Hiram, 1217). Showalter's goal is to analyze the essence of female literature through feminist criticism and by unearthing the possibility of "a special 'women's language' that is different from that spoken [or written] by men" (Richter, 1067).

Elaine Showalter makes a strong case for feminist criticism, which she terms "gynocriticism." In A Literature of Their Own, she "calls for an autonomous, political, more broadly class-and-race-

oriented female literature" (Baker, 314). However, it is hard to understand why such large numbers of female authors are demanding widespread gynocriticism since the term, itself, is quite ambiguous. There are a wide variety of definitions as to what gynocritics study and why they study what they do, but there are a few characteristics common to most gynocritics. The school of gynocriticism was created, in part, due to a "concern for the impact of gender upon reading and writing" (Richter, 1063). As women writers flourished in the late 19th century, some of them noticed that their works were being unjustly compared by the standards of the male-dominated literary society. These women wanted to illustrate that there were certain aspects of their literature which were specifically female since "feminine language and creativity differ from masculine language and creativity" (1063). Thus, according to Showalter, "feminist criticism has shown that women readers and critics bring different perceptions and expectations to their literary experience" (Literature of Their Own, 3).

For a number of reasons, Showalter and others believe it is vital to bring out the characteristics peculiar to women's writing by way of gynocriticism. To begin with, it is not unusual for female writers, as well as readers, to see works by women as containing

a greater combination of “the theoretical and the personal” (4). Women tend to draw on their past emotional experiences quite frequently, and gynocriticism allows an exploration of this tendency. Gynocriticism also aids in erasing the often stereotypical conceptions attached to women’s literature. This school of criticism insures that women’s literature will be considered and judged on its own “historical and thematic coherence” rather than being “obscured by the patriarchal values that dominate our culture” (6). Society is constantly comparing all literature by a universal standard. Gynocriticism, on the other hand, gives the chance to evaluate women’s literature in a way which is “genuinely women-centered, independent, and intellectually coherent” (Moglen, 16).

Gynocriticism has had widespread effects on the literary world. For instance, “by focusing on women as readers and writers, [gynocritics] have been able to reveal the distortions of what is referred to as ‘masculinist’ bias” (Booklist, 1289). Gynocriticism removes this bias because it unveils the special nature of women’s creativity, and this is exactly what Showalter is searching for. She believes women have, for decades, “been underestimated, misread, or flatly ignored” since there was no form of criticism expressly designated to analyze their works (Showalter, Literature, 21). The literary world

had considerable difficulty interpreting and fully comprehending the often non-traditional ideas and feelings put forth by female authors. Instead, these authors were discarded, and the significance of their words was lost. Without gynocriticism, women authors were quickly forgotten, thus, posterity was rarely given the opportunity to study these sometimes highly talented writers. Showalter is one of the few critics who "restores to her women the fluid community of history and time" (Auerbach, 343). Unfortunately, since gynocriticism did not become a noteworthy factor in the world of literature until quite recently, each generation of women writers "had found itself...without a history, forced to rediscover the past anew, forging again and again the consciousness of their sex" (Showalter, Literature, 11-12). Gynocriticism will help eliminate the uncertainty and loss of identity which has been strongly felt by many female authors.

Showalter, in her anthology, The New Feminist Critic, recalls the aim of French feminists who have been trying to show "the ways that 'the feminine' has been...repressed in the symbolic system of language" (9). It is easy to understand why Showalter thinks it is crucial to bring out this "feminine" part in all women's literature. She wants to identify "the role of gender in determining...interpretive patterns" to bring the

world one step closer to comprehending the special part of human nature which belongs, exclusively, to the female sex (Moglen, 17).

Of course, it may be said that there are a vast array of aspects by which literature should be viewed. "National, racial, ethnic, sexual and personal differences" also play a role in how literature should be interpreted (Showalter, Literature, 13). Showalter, on the other hand, is only interested in "the psychodynamics of female creativity," and this she analyzes in both individual women as well as in women as a whole (17). Therefore, gynocriticism has been supported and nurtured by critics and writers like Showalter because it not only identifies qualities unique to women's writing, but it also brings with it a new kind of awareness which will be very useful for both women and men.

Thus, gynocriticism has changed the way in which female authors are interpreted. However, what influential characteristics manifest themselves in the works of women writers? Obviously there are many traits, some of which apply only to certain groups of women and some which apply to other women. Showalter approaches this question by dividing female writers into three distinct categories based on time periods. Thus, the first category of women writers is also the eldest generation. Showalter has dubbed it the "feminine" stage, which

stretched from 1840 to 1880. Although there are many ingredients which make up the "feminine" generation, the common thread is that all these women sought to imitate "the prevailing modes of the dominant tradition" (Showalter, Literature, 13). This means they, in a way, internalized the values and ideas of their society instead of innovating their own theories. Helen Moglen supports this notion by commenting that products of writers such as the Brontës, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and George Eliot belong to the "feminine" generation because they are a direct result of "the woman writer's relationship to her society" (155). In addition, writers from this generation felt they had to compete against each other for recognition, and this "pressure to prove themselves" kept them from introducing new ideas which may have been rejected (Showalter, Literature, 46). In this way, the first generation prevailed and maintained a strong foothold due to the fact that it "drew strength from its identification with its society" (Auerbach, 344).

The second generation spanned the years between 1880 and 1920, which was also the period of the women's suffrage movement. It is very appropriate that Showalter calls these fiery writers the "feminists". As may be expected from the history of this time period, these women's writings were a "protest against...standards and values" with an

emphasis on minority rights and individualization (Showalter, Literature, 13). These authors were indeed direct opposites of the previous literary generation. Perhaps one reason behind this startling change was that women were beginning to realize that they could have their own values and exhibit them by way of literature. Slowly, these writers had acquired the "awareness of conflict between their vocation and their status as women" (Choice, 1217). The result of this awareness was a kind of "protest fiction" which, for the first time, "entered active confrontation with the values of male society" (1217). On the same token, women authors wanted their voices to be heard, not solely for their own personal benefits, but also "to change the perceptions and aspirations of their female readers" (Showalter, Literature, 99). "Feminist" novelists knew that the majority of British women were hopeless, spiritually broken housewives. The writers had the power to create "new heroines, new role-models" and ultimately new hope and new lives for the many dejected women who lived in bondage and unhappiness (99). This second phase which women's literature entered was clearly stronger than the one preceding it, but there was yet another, perhaps more successful, phase to come.

Named the "female" stage by Showalter, the last period of women writers was completely

different from the other two. It was almost as if women writers had undergone a deep spiritual metamorphosis that resulted in "a search for identity" and "self-discovery" (13). The "female" writer emerged in the 1920's and has persisted up until the present, even though she underwent considerable changes, especially in the 1960's. Unlike the "feminine" authors, these women have their own ideas, and as a result, their works represent "the passionate female essence" instead of "the remote androgynous seer" such as is exemplified by Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot (Auerbach, 345). At the same time, the "female" writer is also not interested in the constant conflict presented by opposing the male-dominated world. She, instead, "retreats into a glorified 'pure womanhood'" (345). As shown above, it is simple to define Showalter's final generation by comparing it to the previous two, but what exactly is the aim of "female" novelists?

The women authors of the "female" generation were disgusted with the material world of selfishness and violence and their new awareness seemed to be born from a slow withdrawal from these aspects of society. These authors did not want to be dominated by their egos, and as an alternative, they became "oddly impersonal and renunciatory" (Showalter, Literature, 241). Virginia Woolf saw this phase as a time when the woman's novel did

“not insist upon its femininity,” but at the same time it was also “not written as a man would write it” (241).

One of the foremost “female” novelists is Dorothy M. Richardson. In her works, it is evident that she wants to explore the female consciousness and gain “control [of] a female identity” (248). Like other female writers, Richardson “chose to live at the perilous borders of egolessness,” meaning that she wanted to keep her mind open and multiply receptive to the states of good and evil all around her, rather than rejecting psychological stimuli (245). As exemplified by Richardson, the women of the “female” literary tradition are attempting to combine female consciousness with female experience to see “the world as a place for self-exploration” instead of crowding their literature with intent to preserve an already existing system (Hiram, 1217). Therefore, the “female” writer is above all concerned with bringing out the purely female part of herself in her writing, and her goal is “not to copy Man, but to carefully preserve her beautiful Unlikeness to him in every possible way so that, while asserting and gaining intellectual equality with him” she will also be displaying the essence and meaning behind being female (226).

These three categories, when taken together, reflect the wide range of characteristics which enter

into the domain of women's literature. However, it is very possible that several women have crossed the boundaries from one stage to another, and some have been all three: "feminine", "feminist", and "female" at some point in their lives. The three distinctions seem to be more of a convenience than a strict rule. In fact, Showalter, herself, admits that the phases overlap and "One might also find all three phases in the career of a single novelist" (Literature, 13). This makes sense since women, like all writers, must go through periods of discovery as they write and their writing matures. At the start, a woman is unsure of herself, and although she does have ideologies of her own, she is intimidated by the persevering ideologies. As a result, she writes in the same manner in which she has been exposed to all of her life. She may write beautiful literature, but it will contain nothing new; it is just a rewording of old themes. This characterizes the "feminine" phase. Then, as her writing career grows, she discovers that the thoughts which she has been harboring are trying desperately to make their way onto paper. At first, she is frightened because this "feminist" writing is very different and perhaps in opposition with the status quo. Little by little, the woman writer allows her own ideas to materialize and they cause disturbances since they are, if only minutely, an attack against the dominant repressive culture.

Finally, the author has written enough that she no longer cares or is influenced by the outside world. She has a longing, a desire to turn inwards and discover the hidden meanings within herself. Her writing is finally at the "female" stage where it is, according to Showalter, the most mature and productive because it brings forth the core of a woman's spirit. Thus, Showalter's three phases need not be categorized only by time periods, and it is surprising that although this "point seems particularly worthy of elaboration...nowhere does Showalter develop it" (Auerbach, 155). The woman author is most likely a good mixture of the "feminine", "feminist", and "female" categories, and all three of these stages have not only helped her literature, but through them, she has arrived at the true meaning of her womanhood.

Even though the classification of British women novelists into three sections has aided in understanding what sets women, as writers, apart from men, there are several other features which distinguish women novelists from their male counterparts. One of the most obvious differences in women authors is the fact that they have had a great educational disadvantage. Showalter sadly points out that "The classical education was the dividing line between men and women" (Literature, 42). Women who strove to write, therefore, had to

take on the burden of teaching themselves all that they had been denied. This deep thirst for knowledge is illustrated in the novels of the "feminine" era. In these books, the heroine makes "mastery of the classics the initial goal for her search for truth" (42). It is indeed awe-inspiring to think these women, who were completely self-taught, produced such fine literature. However, instead of being praised by society, their works were judged by the same "male standards of scholarship if they [women] ventured to use their knowledge" (42). This shows evidence of many misconceptions on the part of literary society. First of all, since the education women received was an entirely different mode of learning, it could not and should not have been compared to the formal mode of education received by males. Some women, such as Florence Marryat, even felt that a woman writer's education entailed much "more learning" than that of the schoolroom (44). Perhaps this divergence from traditional education, more than anything else, is the major explanation as to "why women write differently" (Hiram, 440).

Apart from being denied a formal education, Showalter's British female novelists share two common characteristics. Nina Auerbach describes one of these aspects as "The masculine pseudonym [which provided] a liberating mask for procribed female strength" (344). Many women wrote under

names which would be identified with the male sex rather than their own. Sometimes the pseudonym was used to ensure that a piece of literature would receive the unbiased credit it deserved, but many times it was employed to “deal with male hostility, jealousy, and resistance within the family” (Showalter, Literature, 57). In her book, Showalter demonstrates that “The psychological reasons for women’s adopting male pseudonyms” were often the only reasons (Moglen, 156). A woman, especially in the 19th century, had a great “fear of discrimination and anxiety about causing pain, offending friends, or betraying affection” (Showalter, Literature, 59). It is unfortunate that this meekness and desire to please everyone made women novelists forgo the pleasure of using their own names.

The second characteristic, displayed by many of the female novelists studied by Showalter, was the need “to build their heroes from imagination, since so many areas of masculine experience were impenetrable” (133). Women writers, when creating their main characters, had nothing to draw from but books written by other males and their own creativity. Women were denied a wide variety of experiences, and as a result, they did not have the resources available for writing which men did. This disadvantage brought about two outcomes. The first was women novelists portraying men as

“shadowy individuals” as declared by Mary Oliphant (135). The other consequence, was that the heroes in a woman’s novel were “not so much their [women’s] ideal lovers as their projected egos” (136). Women had at last begun to express themselves, but this expression came in the form of male heroes who were actually dream selves. This is represented by the fact that heroes such as “Rochester are less phantom lovers than surrogate selves” (Auerbach, 344). This meant, when women were fashioning their heroes, they were pouring their wishes for “greater freedom and range,” which masculinity offered, into their leading male characters (Showalter, Literature, 137). The dreams and hopes which would never materialize for a woman in reality, came alive for women writers in the worlds of their novels.

The educational barriers, the usage pseudonyms, and the creation of male heroes who portrayed their longing for freedom were all ways in which the British female novelists of the 1800’s and early 1900’s differed from male authors. However, these are all external factors shaping and developing the woman writer. Showalter also feels that there are aspects of women’s literature which occur because of inherent reasons; because the writer is female, and being female has a lot to do with the way one writes.

Women, in the eyes of society, have a very

demanding role to play. They must be a good mother to their children, an honorable wife to their husbands, a volunteer for the community--the list is inexhaustible. Therefore, it is not hard to comprehend the difficulties women had, and still have, when they try to satisfy the "conflicting claims of love and art" (244). In order to ease this struggle, the earliest British novelists, classified by Showalter as the "feminine" writers, tried "to integrate and harmonize the responsibilities of their personal and professional lives" (61). At first, these women were scorned because "they did not have the single-minded dedication to art that supposedly characterizes the romantic male artist," and it is also easy to look down upon them because they were very devoted to their domestic lives (61). However, was it not possible that these women had discovered a secret which had eluded men? Women writers had learned that integrating their seemingly opposite roles "would enrich their art and deepen their understanding" (61). Mary McBride, in *Book Review Digest*, agrees with Showalter that the "conflicts that were deeply felt by women novelists" led to a new and higher level of consciousness in their novels (1220).

The common ground women writers discovered between their functions as the traditional female and the artistic female brought about a subtle yet important change to women's literature.

Gradually, the "domestic role enriched the art, and the art kept the domestic role spontaneous and meaningful" (Showalter, Literature, 69). Women authors had found a trick for blending two very contrasting features of their lives, and in the process, they had also found a way to enrich both of these domains. This, unfortunately, did not bring about the results female writers of the 19th century expected. Although the author had, in her opinion, come to terms with her womanhood, Showalter explains that the male-oriented society continued to see 19th century women writers as "women first [and] artists second" (73).

The characteristics cited above make it clear that women writers have taken a very separate path than the one men writers have chosen. However, gynocritics, such as Showalter, have declared that women write in a completely different manner than men. In her anthology, Showalter presents an essay which illustrates four theories of sexual differences in women's writing. They are the biological, linguistic, psychological, and cultural. She goes on to say that the unique characteristics of women's writing "draws on female body images...[and] reflects women's complex cultural positions" (Showalter, New Feminist 14). This distinct method in which women write has led their literature to be referred to as being written in an entirely different "language".

The title of Showalter's book: A Literature of Their Own, itself, indicates that women's literature is in a category all its own.

The women writers of the "female" era were the first to recognize the uniqueness of literature by women. They claimed that the "language" which male writers employed was derived from the "external objective standards of knowledge and behavior," and this type of writing "cut them [men] off from the 'real reality' of subjective understanding" (Showalter, Literature, 243). Women, conversely, had subjective knowledge which allowed them to reach a more comprehensive meaning of the world. One may question, though, why "female" writers, such as Richardson, claim they have a more complete understanding than male writers? A part of the "female" writer's wholeness comes from her ability to "exhibit self-exploration" and inward searching (Hiram, 1217). "Female" writers also approach the search for this "female consciousness" by using a mystic spiritualism to get "in touch with the Beyond" (Showalter, Literature 260). However, the greatest factor in a woman writer's deep understanding, Showalter explains, is her openness to new and different ideas which, in turn, ultimately give her a wider range to work with in her writing. Women, then, "can hold all opinions at once, or any, or none. It's because they see the relations of things'" (251).

Richardson declared that this willingness to experience psychological stimuli has made women's literature more inclusive, more human, and has introduced a new language; a women's language.

Women's literature has made a significant impression on modern literary society. The British novelists of Showalter's study, as well as female authors worldwide, have demonstrated a richness and uniqueness in their literature which has come about as a result of the female essence. Gynocriticism has helped to understand and to research this special essence through books such as Showalter's, which do a marvelous job of "unifying women's separate voices into a cultural shape of their own" (Auerbach, 341). Showalter's goal is close to being attained, and the literary world is not far from discovering the hidden depths of women's literature.

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Introduction to the *Biology of the Tao*
by Matthew Sellers

"There is no conflict between religion and science in the East, as no science is there based on a passion for facts, and no religion upon faith; there is religious cognition and cognitive religion."

-Carl Gustav Jung

Witter Bynner, in his translation "The Way of Life," describes the legendary history of the man who is credited with creating the monumental Chinese philosophical work the *Tao Te Ching*. Bynner quickly breezes through the mythological aspects of the birth of a man known as Lao Tzu (which simply means "Old Guy") as those items that are normally fastened by the zealous if not misguided followers to someone of great wisdom; such as being conceived by a shooting star, then gestating for 62 years in his mother's womb only to be born white haired and old. Of more plausible history, Lao Tzu was perhaps born around 604 B.C. and went on to become the head librarian of Loyang, then capital city of Hunan. During his lifetime, the figure of "The Master" was said to have taught a reactionary philosophy to that of Confucianism, which at the time was all the rage in a war-torn China that was desperately in need of

some moral guidance. The tenets of Confucian thought, at least to Lao Tzu and his followers, were much too rigid to fully deal with the organic nature of life, and preyed too heavily upon semantics and ceremony to be usable. In one legend, which is also told by Bynner in his introduction, it is said that Confucius met Lao Tzu, and upon his return Confucius told his disciples, "For feet there are traps, for fins nets, for wings arrows. But who knows how dragons surmount wind and cloud into heaven? This day I have seen Lao Tzu, and he is a dragon." Evidently Confucius found Lao Tzu's ways to be fairly unconventional, and as convention was a prime virtue to Confucius, he probably came away from this meeting with some amount of awe and confusion.

The text of the *Tao Te Ching* ("Tao" meaning way or path, "Te" meaning virtue or power, and "Ching" meaning book) was reportedly transcribed by a gate guard who intercepted Lao Tzu as the Master left the city to wander the deserts, supposedly fed up with the ways of men and on his way to a life of solitude. The 81 verses have been in other works described as the results of various authors, but who penned the words is but an interesting footnote, for the words themselves are timeless and universal, as their message has been related by many others of different eras and cultures. The basic content describes the easy flow of life, a harmonious and

simple relationship between all events. This account of our world conforms to my bias of how I believe life really works.

The idea that the "intellect" of the west could use a dose of eastern "mysticism" (both words in quotations gain no small amount of my disdain) is not new, and a few pioneers of thought have gone out on a limb and proclaimed that we Westerners were making things much too complicated. It is more commonplace now to see the mesh of these two worlds of thought, but there have been much less tolerant eras in which such proclamations were more hazardous. An early example is an Englishman who lived nearly 1900 years after Lao Tzu. William of Ockham (or Occam, in some texts) was born, as near as anybody can guess, around 1285 A.D. and was among other things a theologian and a logician (New Encyclopedia Britannica, 15th Edition). It is doubtful if this Franciscan priest was familiar with the works of a mystic two millennia and half a world away, and yet Ockham's best known contribution to the scientific world is based soundly near the heart of Lao Tzu: "Ockham's Razor", as it is called, or *non sunt multiplicanda entia praeter necessitatem*, literally "entities are not to be multiplied beyond necessity" (New Encyclopedia Britannica, 15th Edition). This principle, which has also been called the Law of Economy or Law of Parsimony, is actually credited

to a French Dominican priest by the name of Durand de Saint-Pourcain, but due to the frequency of Ockham's use of the concept to shred the arguments of his adversaries it now bears his name (New Encyclopedia Britannica, 15th Edition). Ockham rose high enough in acclaim to merit excommunication by Pope John XXII, whom Ockham viewed as a heretic, although Ockham made most of his enemies within the church by expounding his views of poverty; or more precisely, the view that to be a Franciscan priest, poverty is essential (New Encyclopedia Britannica, 15th Edition). Of all his multitudes of ideas, many of which dominated scholarly thought for much of the 14th century, it is Ockham's Razor that has remained, and is referred to when discussing broad principles underlying the study of our world. By using the "razor of one's mind" (quoting Dr. Cliff Morris, the professor at Whittier College who first introduced me to the concept) to cut away the outlandish nature of a hypothesis, only the simple truth is left. "Why start with the most complicated explanation when most of the time the simple answer is exactly right?" Dr. Morris would bellow, wild-eyed (Ockham is one of his favorite subjects). The beauty is that this is a perfectly obvious way of going about things, and many people have been doing just that all along without knowing anything about 13th century

academicians. Which is exactly the way Lao Tzu would have wanted it.

The opening quote by C.G. Jung is just one of many of Jung's thoughts about the merger of Eastern and Western thought. Despite whatever taboos people wish to tack onto Jung due to his theories on dream analysis and psychic power, I find the man to be *spot on* when it comes to a number of other topics. He spent a great deal of time regarding the problems with Western reasoning, and the complications brought on by ignoring the teachings of the East, and the further muddle brought on by Westerners too eagerly devouring these same teachings. I share many of these same reservations and observations, but lack the power of his prose.

"While the Western mind carefully sifts, weighs, selects, classifies, isolates, the Chinese picture of the moment encompasses everything down to the minutest nonsensical detail, because all of the ingredients make up the observed moment."

The power of perception lay in combining a myriad of thoughts and disciplines. As a self-proclaimed biologist, I am fearful of being sucked into some uni-dimensional lens that allows me to look only at pieces without witnessing the whole. As a purveyor of Eastern philosophies I am endangering myself with the prospects of losing "touch" with the clinical logic that I have been geared with by my

heritage. The Truth, in some subjective and objective form, has to be around somewhere. Which is why I choose to exchange the typical etymology of biologist as "one who studies life" for "life detective." A study implies that all the elements are lain out in some plain fashion, to be picked up piece by piece and scrutinized, which is the power and the failing of science. But the detective understands that even in the clearest of pictures some leaps of faith must be made to regard it in its entirety. When concentrating on specific pieces others are being ignored, while viewing the picture as a whole can only be superficial at best. Somewhere there lies a balance.

Enter this work.

The thrust of my collegiate goals has been the striving to attain a "power" of perception that I find is analogous to the way in which plants harvest light. Most plants utilize light from both ends of the visible spectrum, red and blue. Red light is low intensity, large wavelength energy that travels great distances but at a relatively slow pace. Blue light is much more active; it is fast, short-waved and potentially damaging if intensified. Plants gain more energy from red light, and can theoretically survive if deprived of it, but do much better when exposed to blue light as well. This gain, not being merely additive, is a logarithmic jump in power as the both ends work in conjunction. I find Eastern thought

akin to the slow, steady movement of red light: enough to power a heart and mind, if need be, but something will be missing. Western rationale is very much like the high intensity blue light: lethal if left to its own means, but utterly stunning when combined with a less eradic energy. Many things have kept my mind from flowering in such a way, yet the epic battle continues upon the pages you are about to be subjected to.

Much of this project is merely based on perspective. My perspective, that of the philosophies that I am attempting to highlight, and that of the sources where I am lifting facts from as fast as I can grab them, all go into this work. I feel myself to be more of an editor than author, quilting together pieces of intuition and data in ways that attempt to unify these perspectives. Each of the essays that follow seek to look at ways in which nature follows the quiet, yielding tenets of the Tao; reciprocally, the Tao Te Ching will be shown to accurately reflect the "nature of things." These topics cover just a small amount of what is out there, but each of these exhibits a strength. What is strength and what is weakness is another matter of perspective. Again I turn to Jung to point at the differences between occident and orient.

"The West is always seeking uplift, but the East seeks a sinking or deepening. Outer reality,

with its bodiliness and weight, appears to make a much stronger and sharper impression on the European than it does on the Indian. The European seeks to raise himself above this world, while the Indian likes to turn back into the maternal depths of Nature."

And finally to the name of the project. Originally I was going to call it the "Tao of Biology," which could still be accurate as I hope to explore the "Way of How Life Works." But the reverse order of the "Biology of the Tao" was chosen as this is as much or more a work that seeks to be a "Detective of the Way of Life." Adds Jung:

"The wisdom and mysticism of the East have very much to say to us, even when they speak their own inimitable language. They serve to remind us that we in our culture possess something similar, which we have already forgotten, and to direct our attention to the fate of the inner man."

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New Moon
by Tom Manley

I sling my backpack over my shoulders and hunch up to buckle the belt. The V-dub is idling at the side of the road. I wave good bye. I make it a point to let rides know I appreciate them. For I do appreciate them. It would be tough to be a professional hitcher without them. I just don't listen to them. When I was younger, I would listen to what my rides had to say. I was interested in hearing the stories of the American People. I listened, I made comments. I reacted.

I heard stories from rich and poor, men and women, young and old, Caucasian and Oriental, Indian, Native American, African. Happy stories and sad stories, both from sad and happy people. People would tell me their triumphs and failures. I was confidant, psychologist, dream interpreter, philosopher, entertainer, priest, and friend. I forgave, I condemned. I listened. I heard. I believed.

I believed that what people told me was the truth. Not just their truth, but the Ultimate Truth. The Truth, that someone once told me, belongs to God. Someone else once said that God is the Truth. Another said a lie usually works better anyway. And another still said lying is all right if it gets you ahead in this world, which is, as another ride pointed

out, plagued by assholes. So, I figure, in the inimitable logic of the American People, God is an asshole.

I suspect this isn't the case and stopped believing my rides. For a while I still listened, but, slowly, I began to speak more. Not the kind of speaking I did some years ago, not the kind of speaking that brings people out from behind their masks. But the kind that prompts people to put on their finest Mardi Gras smile. I became an entertainer. A comedian.

I had heard so many stories that they began to repeat. And not one had told me the Truth. I realized that America is the Land of Lies. People here are interested in feeling good about themselves. They are not interested in reality. Constructed fiction is about all they can handle, and the more poorly constructed, the better.

I entertained with lies. Lies as small as the mustard seed and as grandiose as the resurrection. Most fell in between, and I found that lies the size of a baseball work best. I carry around an old ball, a ball I'd hit for a homer in little league—a ball I'd John Hancocked "Babe Ruth."

I once told a ride about that game. She asked me why I carried the ball, so I told her the story of the only home run I ever hit. I played for a mediocre team and we were going up against the unbeaten Titans. We somehow managed to make it into the

last inning tied at two. I was batting third and neither of the kids before me got on. We needed a rally. Everyone knew I couldn't hit the long ball, but I had a good average. The coach told me just to go up and make contact. I waited a pitch, and then John Curry, the Titans' pitcher, threw the ball waist high, right over the plate. I smacked the ball. I lifted it up and just over the right field fence. Nobody could believe it.

I rounded the bases slowly, relishing the glory. Every mother and sibling, every kid on the team, and all the coaches were going wild. I was their hero. I crossed the plate and the score went 3-2. All we needed to do was hold the Titans for the win. We nervously took the field. Two batters later, a double and a homerun, we dejectedly walked back off. No one spoke to Joey. They all figured he'd lost the game for us on that last pitch. But I talked to Joey. He pitched a hell of a game. No other pitcher in the league had held the Titans to just four runs. He pitched a great game and nobody acknowledged it. I hit the ball out of that little park, but five minutes later, it was forgotten. Neither of us played another season. We didn't want to be part of a system where judgement was so quick, so subjective, and so brutal. But I kept the ball.

I couldn't understand why my ride didn't react. She just sat there staring at the road ahead and

spoke a single syllable. "Unh." I couldn't believe it. I never told that story again. Not honestly. The story grew. First, we held the Titans and won the game. Then we went on to take the league championship. Soon after that, I promoted myself and teammates to the minors. Joey Punchinello became a kid named Zane Smith and Johnny Michner became Roger Clemens. When that wasn't enough, he became Babe Ruth and I became my grandfather. Through all the revisions, the only thing to stay constant was the ball.

I am now holding that ball in my hand, like I do after so many of my rides. I wave again to the driver as the bug slowly pulls away. The ride rewards me with an extended middle finger. I smile and look to the ball in my hand. I rub it down. Its time worn leather feels as smooth to me as I imagine the silhouette of this new moon feels to God. Babe Ruth's signature stares back at me, taunting me. It knows that which I do not wish to admit. The American People are right.

I hear the horn honk twice quickly. I listen to the horn. And I believe it. For the first time in years too steeped in falsehood to count, I believe a ride.

I drop the pack and it crumples wearily to the ground. The bug is a hundred feet away now. My right leg steps back and buckles beneath me. My arm stretches back as far as it will go. My elbow cocks.

And with a sudden uncoiling, I fling the baseball after the car that der Fuehrer had commissioned.

The baseball hurtles across the dim sky and I lose sight of it in the shadows deep on this moonless night. For the first time since I was nine, I have no claim to that ball—that ball which brought me glory in a meaningless little league game in an insignificant town in an ignored state. The ball of lies is speeding away from me. And all of those baseball sized lies go with it. Quickly following on their parabolic arc go the mustard seeds and the resurrections as well.

I crumple wearily beside my pack, I have cast away my mask, and with it has gone the one real piece of my life that I would have one day loved to have seen in a son's drawer filled with baseball memorabilia, cards and pennants.

I look up to the sky, admiring the silhouette of the moon and wonder if God feels the same way about it as I feel about my ball. Once it flung forth from God's mighty hand, did he sit down and cry, mourning for its loss? Can he see it? Does he know where it will land?

I look away. My gaze falls from the heavens just in time to hear my ball do the same. Der Fuehrer's rear window sings out into the still Mojave night, sings out in a voice reserved solely for violently shattering glass.

I cry out an extemporaneous melody line as

the Volkswagon's wheels complete the startled trio. The headlights swing around. I leap to my feet and grab my pack with one hand as the other gropes for balance. I run.

I run west, perpendicular to the highway. My ride stops even with me on the road, but he does not get out to follow. I hear his angry shouts. His screamed obscenities chase me down where he is reluctant to follow. He waits some minutes, then roars off down the highway and I hear the twin tracks of rubber that he leaves behind. He keeps my ball.

I do not think he understands my gift, my strange offering. I believe that he views the incident as one of anger, one of spiteful passion. It was passionate, but not spiteful. It was an act of love. Does my ride not see that I give him my lies? I give him the ball that holds the lies that have filled the years of my life. I feel younger: I am free of those years and those lies. And I am again free to seek the Truth.

I ask God to bless you, my ride. And I pray that my baseball will end up in your son's drawer, the one filled with baseball memorabilia, cards and pennants. And I thank God that you see the lies for what they are. I hope they do not seduce you as they seduced me. The world will be a better place if you continue to say "Bullshit," and throw the lies and

liars from your car at two AM, half way between the sun and the moon. Continue to hate the lies and liars. And continue to hate me, if you must. Even as I love you, my ride. Amen.

Stranger in the kitchen
by Colleen Windham

There's a stranger in the kitchen;
I'm always in his way.
At first I left him by himself,
Now he asks if I will stay.
The stranger didn't tell me
He would sweep me off my feet.
It's just that every time I stood
He offered me a seat.
And walked with me in pouring rain,
And made me coffee too.
He made the coffee my way;
Do you think you have a clue?
So the stranger in the kitchen
Isn't strange—not anymore;
In fact, I'd stand a thousand years,
Again to block his door.

Budget Memo
by
Ed Jankowski, Joe Kozel, John Brooks
and David Wang

Mr. President,

We are sure the subject of the federal deficit is on your mind, as it is with every other American. The projected debt is expected to be 4.2 trillion dollars by 1994, up from 2.7 trillion dollars in 1991. To try to curb this rapid increase in the debt, we encourage you to make the tough choices to cut the deficit this year. We have drawn up a brief outline of changes that will reduce the deficit by over 100 billion dollars. The ideas call for tough policy changes, but we feel that they are inevitable.

The first change will affect those now involved in and receiving welfare. First of all, the amount of time that a person can receive welfare benefits must be limited. We must break the chain of so called "Welfare Families." These families have no hope of getting out of the system. Their family has been supported by the system for generations. The cycle must be stopped. To break this destructive chain, we propose a WorkFair program. This idea is not a new one. This will allow the recipients of social services to do community service or some kind of other work

for the state. Under a program like this, the people would actually be paid indirectly for work instead of taking direct handouts from the government. An obvious problem with this program would be visible when single parents are forced to leave their children at home while they were "volunteering." To solve this, a child care system will have to be created. In this system, one of every ten adults who are using the service will be working in the child care facility. Therefore, one "volunteer" will care for the children of nine other parents. The other nine "volunteers" will not have to worry about their children. They will be able to work and improve society. The projected output of these new workers would be \$65 billion. Those receiving welfare who do not participate in the WorkFair program will simply be cut off. There mustn't be any alternatives.

The second change will alter the Social Security system. Although these changes are going to be unpopular, they will someday affect everyone, therefore, they are just. The first phase is to cut off people who have earned over 6 million over their lifetime. These people should have enough savings to live comfortably for the remainder of their life. Of course factors such as children and marital status will have to be considered. This will save the system an estimated 12.6 billion dollars. The second phase will increase the retirement age. In the near future,

two working Americans will be supporting one American receiving Social Security. This ratio is impossible to maintain. To remedy this, the age of retirement must be raised. We propose a one year increase every three years until the age peaks at 68. This will accomplish two things. The first will be to expand the pool of Americans paying taxes into the Social Security system. This will result in a 11.3 billion dollar increase in money that will be paid to the older class of Social Security recipients. The second result will be a reduction in the amount of money given out. People between the ages of 65 and 67 will receive no benefits. The money saved is an estimated 13.8 billion.

These savings would cut the budget significantly. We know that they are extremely controversial and that you would be committing political suicide, but they are necessary for the survival of our great nation. We can't spend now at the expense of our children's future. The time has come for our country to think long term. If we don't act now, it will soon be too late.

Sincerely, The American Public

Warm Night for a Prostitute
by Ryan Alexander

kimberly tells stories, sells stories, keeps them
hidden in woolen socks and her battered leather
bag.

she wears them in her bra, stuffed with aged
flesh.

her teeth are a few gnarled old rocks, and her
face is swollen and her mouth pouches in.
her body is plump with mileage and suffocation.

she prostituted her body when age would allow
it.

she made money, sat naked in rooms, waiting to
be paid.

and each man, she said, paid her much much
more

more than they ever knew, each man had a
story,
of mischief and manners, and courage and pity
and with each tear of her clothes, each raptured
moment

she begged, tell me, tell me, what is it that
makes you do this?
occasionally a man, between thrusts, or cli-
maxed enough,
would tell, slip her a story along with a twenty
dollar bill.

now she'll work for food, she says, she'll bare
all, she says,
she'll let you dabble your fingers in her soul,
lay your head on her breasts, and listen, listen.

for a price, there are stories to be heard.

Listen to Your Mother. Young Lady!
by Shu-Shu Loh

Caught between the prevailing morality of the 1950s and the greater personal freedom of the 1970s, she is very much a character of the 1960s, unable to reconcile the values of her upbringing with the imperatives of love and necessity [Walker 80].

The above quote best describes the struggles of the nameless narrator in Margaret Atwood's Surfacing: a novel about a woman's plight of living in contemporary life. Throughout the novel, the main character struggles with the meaning of love, the loss of her parents and child, and female liberation. Her journey can be described as a process of individuation. According to Carl Jung, individuation is a psychoanalytical concept where "the contents of the personal unconsciousness are mixed up with the Persona" [Goldbrunner 121]. The personal unconscious is the "subliminal perceptions... the repressed or forgotten memories" [Fordham 21] hidden within a person that does not appear in the Persona. The Persona is

...a kind of 'mask,' for its purpose is to hide the individual's true nature and at the same time to make a particular impression on the surrounding world

[Goldbrunner 120].

or a personality for the “complicated system of relationships between the consciousness of the individual and society” [Goldbrunner 120]. In other words, the personal unconscious is the true nature of the person, the Self, that does not appear in daily life when daily life becomes complicated by societal relationships.

The narrator’s problems of love, loss, and liberation are an unconscious but direct connection to the “collective unconscious.” The collective unconscious is “a realm of the psyche that is common to all mankind” [Fordham 23]. Unlike the personal unconscious, which is different in each person, the collective unconscious is a layer of perceived common traits that each person unconsciously manifests. Jung calls these traits, as formed and conditioned by past social history, “archetypes” [Fordham 24]. One of these archetypes, the “Great Mother” or a mother who is “...what a mother should look like, act like, as those in one’s childhood culture” [Estés 174] continually haunts the narrator. Because of her abortion, an unnatural act, she perceives herself as “the Terrible Mother who devours and destroys, and thus symbolizes death itself” [Jung no 5, 328]. Since “all animals belong to the Great Mother and the killing of any wild animal is a transgression against the mother” [Jung no 5, 327], she feels

immense guilt for not behaving like a Great Mother and for not living up to the motherly role that is attributed to women. Her abortion has gone against the natural cycle of life as well as the natural role that women are to assume. In order to live in society without losing her sense of Self, the narrator must shed the Terrible Mother image and become the Great Mother.

The novel is divided into three books—the first serving as an introduction to the narrator’s Persona or to her contemporary life. Readers discover that the narrator is traveling with her lover, Joe, and her best friend, Anna and Anna’s husband, David. They travel through the Canadian wilderness, where the narrator used to live, and is returning home for a visit. Her mother is dead but the narrator has returned home for another reason: to look for her father who has suddenly disappeared. She worries about telling her father (if they meet) about her husband and her child now not with her. She fears that her traditional family will not approve of her divorce and for her to not care for her child like a mother should; however, these are lies. She was never married and never had a child. The loss of her “husband” is called a “divorce” [Atwood 28] and the abortion of her child is “the unpardonable sin” [Atwood 29]. Her lies are a technique of “projection and transference,” an inventive form of coping [Hinz

et al 224]; she keeps these lies as a part of her Persona. In society, it is not moral when a female leaves her husband and child but it is more acceptable than having premarital sex and having an abortion: "For generations, women accepted the role of legitimizing humans through marriage to a man" [Estés 178]. The narrator creates her own world where she breaks one rule instead of many so that she will have less to blame on herself; ironically, her lies do not help her cope. They worsen her situation since not only has she given herself a failed motherhood, but a failed marriage also. She thinks she has trapped herself into circumstances of considerable normalcy by separating from her child and husband but in reality, her circumstances exceed normalcy and cannot be coped through minor coping devices such as projection and transference.

Her guilt can be erased if she rids the duality that is persistent in her life. Her duality is indicated by Anna when she palm reads the narrator's hand: "'Do you have a twin?' I said No. 'Are you positive,' she said, 'because some of your lines are double'" [Atwood 4]. The double lines of her hands represents the double life the narrator is living—between her Persona and her Self. The narrator needs her lines to converge into one line, a line where her Self is existing in society:

...to part from the Persona, to detach

oneself from it as clearly as possible, to strive to achieve a harmony of the inner and outer life and to be to the outside world what one is within [Goldbrunner 121].

Her Self needs to achieve a harmonious interaction with society; she should not be repressed from exhibiting her true Self.

The beginning of the loss of the narrator's Self can be traced from the end of her childhood, where she leaves the safety of parents. Anna discovers that the narrator "...had a good childhood but then there's this funny break" [Atwood 4]. The breaking of the line is where the narrator has left the childhood life and begins her independent life:

The separation from youth has even taken away the golden glamour of Nature, and the future appears hopeless and empty. But what robs Nature of its glamour, and life of its joy, is the habit of looking back for something that used to be outside, instead of looking inside, into the depths of the depressive state. This looking back leads to regression and is the first step along that path [Jung no 5, 404].

It is in her independent life where she is thrust into the social world, forming relationships with friends, enemies, lovers, employers, etc., that she needs to form a mask, a Persona, to conform into society. The

formation of her Persona was not an act of assimilation but a result of society's consumption of her Self; she lost her total sense of Self.

As a result of losing her Self, she may:
...find herself giving in too easily; she
may find herself afraid to take a stand,
to demand respect, to assert her right
to do it, learn it, live it in her own way
[Estés 176].

One of the ways in which she loses a part of her Self is that she has no control over her art. She is an artist but works as an illustrator. Her art is controlled by her employer and the author of the books she illustrates, since they select and approve her art for their purposes. Instead of pursuing her own artistic talents, she pursued this kind of art partially because her "husband" had told her that she should "...study something [she would] be able to use because there has never been any important women artists" [Atwood 57]. Her Self has been so repressed in her Persona because not only does she have little control over her career, but she has let someone else—a man—convince her not to pursue what she wants. She must make her own decisions for her Self to emerge.

The first step towards control is regression.
Jungian regression is:

...carried to its logical conclusion a
means of linking back with the world

of natural instinct, which in its formal or ideal aspect is a kind of *prima material*. If this *prima material* can be assimilated by the conscious mind it will bring about a reactivation and reorganization of its contents [Jung no 5, 408].

Regression is healthy and necessary in order for the process of individuation to begin. When an individual regresses, the individual becomes closer to one's own natural instincts or primitive self. As an individual reacts more upon instincts, one is closer to being controlled by one's own emotions. Being entirely controlled by one's own emotions may seem illogical, but it is necessary when one is never allowed to express one's own voice; in this sense, an individual is controlling oneself or that the Self is entirely in command. When the Self is in control, it is often in:

a dreamy state after a period of concentrated and directed mental activity, or it may mean a return to an earlier stage of development [Fordham 18].

The Self regresses a person's consciousness during memories like those of childhood.

The second part of the book consists of the narrator's regression and reflection of her parents or the regression into her childhood. Her parents serve as the "anima" and "animus":

For a man or woman to achieve wholeness, it is essential that each

develop both the feminine and masculine sides of his or her personality [Matoon 84].

The animus is her father which represents the "...traditional spirit which expresses itself in 'sacred convictions' that the woman herself has never really gone through" and the anima is represented by her mother "...a creative spirit who can inspire a woman to undertake her own spiritual achievements" [von Franz 134]. She regards her parents as role models to understand the feminine and masculine sides of herself in order for her to become a complete individual.

Her father is an individual who tried to escape from society as much as possible:

isolation was to him desirable. He didn't dislike people, he merely found them irrational; animals, he said, were more consistent, their behavior at least was predictable [Atwood 24].

Because of her father, the narrator is exposed to an individual who tries to become a part of the animal world to find a constant, unfluctuating, and fulfilling life. It is a life where problems are basic: finding food, shelter, and surviving; however, a human who is possessed with further mental capabilities than animals, cannot live like an animal. But as demonstrated by her father, an individual can try to come close. One of the ways of being primitive is to

search for freedom from having to make societal decisions: "When they say Freedom they never quite mean it, what they mean is freedom from interference" [Atwood 65]. Her father longs for freedom from societal interference. He is also the part of her animus that needs to return to a more simplistic life; her biggest worries should be about surviving and not "dying" from societal complications.

Unlike the man, it is more difficult for the woman to escape from society. Because she has the ability to bear children, she is responsible for creating society. Women will always be associated with people and cannot escape from what society expects from them. One of these traditional expectations is that a woman will be, or is, a mother. So when a female child is born, she is essentially born a mother. The first training for the child's motherhood is the nurturing of the mother to the child. With the mother as the role model, the mother becomes the figure from where the archetype of the Great Mother is first connected to the unconscious.

As the powerful definition of the Great Mother suggests, the narrator views her own mother as having a godlike status:

Impossible to be like my mother, it would need a time warp; she was either ten thousand years behind the rest or

fifty years ahead of them [Atwood 56].

It is the memories of her mother that causes her to strive to become the Great Mother:

The woman's encounter with a feminine figure at the depths of her psyche, when it occurs, is more a fusion than an agon; the woman encounters a being similar to herself which empowers even as it exiles her from the social community [Pratt 106].

She raised the status of her mother as someone who is so timeless as to be immortal. At the same time, she also devalues her own status as a mother by saying that it is impossible to be like her. But when her mother dies, she was "disappointed in her" [Atwood 35]. The death of her mother made her aware that her mother was mortal and not the godlike Great Mother she believes her mother to be. Instead of not becoming the Great Mother, of accepting herself as the Terrible Mother, the narrator has taken the challenge. She wants to be forgiven from her sins and to redeem herself again by becoming the Great Mother; therefore, she still uses her mother as the role model for the mortal Great Mother.

In order to become the Great Mother, she must reestablish herself with her primitive, animalistic instincts. The Great Mother has a natural connection to all living things; she is:

...the progenitrix of all living things,
and the specific identification of the

feminine principle with the animal world [Hinz et al 229].

The Great Mother is essentially a symbol of the natural cycle of life. As the narrator is reminded of the natural cycle of things, she grows increasingly more connected to the animalistic state. When she goes fishing, she kills a fish and:

...I feel a little sick, it's because I've killed something, made it dead; but I know that's irrational, killing certain things is all right, food and enemies, fish and mosquitoes; and wasps... [Atwood 72].

She realizes that she should not feel sick for killing something that she needs or because she has to; it is a killing that is rational and justifiable. She is responding to her animus—the side that is learning from her father.

She immerses herself deeper in the forest, like an animal, to search for clues of her father's whereabouts. With the remains of the fish she caught, she "... burned the fishbones, the spines fragile as petals, the innards I planted in the forest." [Atwood 148]. The comparison of the fish to the plant petals shows she is thinking more and more about the cycle of life. She recognizes the fish as a part of nature and by burying it, she has returned it to nature; yet, she has the capability to realize the difference between the fish and a flower, "They were not seeds, in the

spring no minnows would sprout up" [Atwood 448]. She knows that everything is a part of nature and is able to differentiate each species of life as having its own individual course to follow. This is the beginning of her process in understanding her female role. Similarly, she is also beginning her process to understand her own individual role in society and the course she must follow.

In a symbolic gesture towards the immersion of her unconscious, she swims in the lake. The body of water is another archetype of "'the sea as the symbol of generation' from water comes life" [Jung no 5, 218]. Her immersion is an entrance back to a mother's womb. In this case, she is both in the protective womb of Mother Nature and her mother.

As she swims in the lake, she finds her father's dead body. She found his body apparently dead by drowning. But her father's death does not disturb her; instead, she thinks about her aborted child:

Whatever it is, part of myself or a separate creature, I killed it. It wasn't a child but it could have been one, I didn't allow it [Atwood 167-8].

She recognizes that her father's death was his natural course in life¹ but again, her abortion was not. In this realization, she no longer lies to herself; she admits to herself that she committed adultery and aborted her baby [Atwood 168-9]. By facing the truth, she is

becoming even more animalistic since animals do not deceive themselves.

In another gesture that turns away from society but turns towards individuality is her increase distancing of her social relationships with Joe, David, and Anna. She tells David that he is “interfering” [Atwood 178] and Anna says that “she is really inhuman” [Atwood 182]—the narrator is becoming an animal in the forest. When David tells her that this is the “twentieth century,” she replies “not here” [Atwood 178]. The forest becomes magical and loses the societal constraints of time; it is an archetype of “... another equally common mother-symbol... the wood of life or tree of life” [Jung no 5 219]. She is preparing herself to be reborn by the womb of the Mother Nature.

She also wants to become as timeless as the forest and as her parents:

I unclose my fist, releasing, it becomes
a hand again, palm a network of trails,
lifeline, past present and future, the
break in it closing together as I purse
my fingers [Atwood 188].

What was once the broken unparallelled lines representing the fragmentation of her life, the narrator now sees her life as coming together in one line. Her past present and future becomes one, decreeing timelessness and a search for a more everlasting, permanent, and constant Self. As her Self emerges,

she feels that she is becoming alive: “But nothing has died, everything is alive, everything is waiting to become alive” [Atwood 188].

She sees herself as a creator and returns to her natural cycle and:

...vows to bear the symbolic child—
who is both the released guilt of her
past and the potentiality of the future
[Rubenstein 396].

She makes love to Joe and

...feel(s) my lost child surfacing within
me, forgiving me, rising from the lake
where it has been prisoned for so long,
its eyes and teeth phosphorescent; the
two halves clasp, interlocking like
fingers... [Atwood 193].

Her child serves as a “... symbolic negation of her abortion” [Walker 141]. She has created life once again.² The clasping of the two halves is an extension of the twin metaphor—she can feel her Self forming as she becomes a mother—a Great Mother. She is no longer the Terrible Mother that symbolizes death, because she has forgiven herself by making her life the way it should be—with a child and as a mother.

In the third part of the novel, she completes her individuation process by losing her old Self to make way for the new. Having gotten rid of her old Persona, she needs to form a new Self. To find her Self, she grows “mad”: “‘Madness’ is a method of coping with experience by an unwilling act of

disassociation from what most people consider reality" [Walker 139]. She can accept her own madness; for her, it is logical: "What to others would appear to be insane behavior is for the narrator necessity, with its own logic" [Walker 141]. She runs naked in her natural fur—her human skin. She hunts for edible leafy plants and mushrooms and contemplates hunting with her bare hands; she spends her day immersed in looking for food. She survives according to her instincts, to "trust her emotions" [Walker 83], which almost disappeared because of her own rational lies.

Logic and rationality become concepts she can no longer believe in: "From any rational point of view I am absurd; but there are no longer any rational points of view" [Atwood 202]. She searches for the truth and she realizes that the truth is not necessarily logical or rational; the truth is being honest with herself: "I no longer have a name. I tried for all those years to be civilized but I'm not and I'm through pretending" [Atwood 201]. She searches and finds that, "the truth is here" [Atwood 203], in the environment of the forest. Her friends leave and without their interference, she can begin the search for her Self.

She begins by crying and releasing her anger against her parents:

But I'm not mourning, I'm accusing

them, *Why did you?* They chose it, they had control over their death, they decided it was time to leave and they left, they set up this barrier [Atwood 205-6].

Though she claims that she is not mourning, she is, in effect, not mourning the death of her parents but the death of her Self. She sees her parents as protectors of her Self—the protectors like God: “If I will it, if I pray, I can bring them back” [Atwood 206]. Since many people in society perceive their parents as role models, she has moved beyond this phase when she lost her Persona. Instead, they are symbols of the Great Mother and the Benign Father as manifested in her collective unconscious. She is calling them once again for answers and a return to her Self.

The next day, she asks “What sacrifice, what do they want?” [Atwood 210]. She burns her illustrations and proceed to burn other objects, like the picture of her parents. The burning is a sacrifice: “It is time that separates us, I was a coward, I would not let them into my age, my place. Now I must enter theirs” [Atwood 211]. She burns her pictures to sacrifice her Persona and she burns her parents’ picture to maintain her parents in timelessness before the pictures decay and they seem to lose their mortality. As she sacrifices to others, she also discovers what she wants. The burning of her illustrations represents the end to her career and her

false Persona. The timelessness she seeks with her parents calls for a resurgence of the memories of her parents within her personal unconscious. She wants to carry the memory of them at all times in her Persona, instead of needing to return to her old house to recall the memories.

Suddenly, illogically, she reaches a point where she is no longer the animal but immortal like the forest: "I lean against a tree, I am a tree leaning" [Atwood 217]. Her madness has made her feel invincible and she is able to overcome her lack of strength that engulfed her Persona:

The more 'crazy' Atwood's narrator becomes in this final section, the more she exerts control over herself and her environment [Walker 141].

In a further display of control, she realizes that: "I am not an animal or a tree, I am the thing in which the trees and animals move and grow, I am a place" [Atwood 217]. Again, she is trying to sort out what course she is to follow. Though she is separated from society, separated from thinking of herself as a human being, she sees herself as a metaphoric "place for growth" like a womb for a child to develop.

Because she thinks of herself as a place, she still needs to gain more control of herself; she needs aide to bring her back to the world of the living human. She still needs protection: "women characters

at the core of their (individuation) quest often encounter a powerful integrative mother figure who offers regeneration" [Pratt 105]. The vision she encounters is her mother feeding the birds like she remembers her mother doing throughout her childhood [Atwood 217]. Her mother helps her to serve as a reminder of who she is: "She is...rerooted in motherhood and daughterhood..." [Wilt 81]. The carrying of her baby, the return to her childhood, and the protection offered by her mother, all contribute in helping her form her Self. It is where her collective unconscious, the archetypes, meets her personal unconscious, her Self.

Pulling her further away from the depths of unconscious is the spirit of her father: "I see now that although it isn't my father it is what my father has become. I knew he wasn't dead" [Atwood 224]. As she is reminded of her mother, the model of the Great Mother, she is reminded of her father, the figure that symbolizes independence and the freedom of spirit. She is close to moving beyond her personal unconscious, emerging out of unconsciousness, and into a new Persona and into society.

As the signal to the end of her transformation, she watches a fish:

From the lake a fish jumps

An idea of a fish jumps

A fish jumps, carved wooden fish with dots

painted on the sides, no, antlered fish thing drawn in red on cliffstone, protecting spirit. It hangs in the air suspended, flesh turned to icon, he has changed again, returned to the water. How many shapes can he take. I watch it for an hour or so; then it drops and softens, the circles widen, it becomes an ordinary fish again [Atwood 224].

In this paragraph, Atwood has personified the narrator's individuation journey to the fish. As the narrator watches the fish, she realizes that she is that fish. She is that fish that is an "idea" or the concept of her daring moves to venture in the waters—in the depths of her unconsciousness and the waters of rebirth. She transforms in different stages from the human "flesh" to a brief notion of immortality, an "icon" of the Great Mother. She wonders "how many shapes he can take," like the many shapes she has taken: from animal, to tree, and to a place, until she finally realizes that it is an "ordinary fish again" or when she is an ordinary human being again. Upon seeing the fish, she sees:

... the footprints are there, side by side in the mud. My breath quickens, it was true, I saw it. But the prints are too small, they have toes; I place my feet in them and find that they are my own [Atwood 224].

Her transformation ends when she realizes that she is an ordinary being with small prints and no longer

an icon of grandness.

Readers realize that she has transformed back to humanity when she returns to societal worries: "Junk on the floor, things broken, did I do that?... I have no money... tomorrow, when I've eaten and I'm strong enough. Then back to the city..." [Atwood 226]. Like a human, she worries about the mess she made, of the lack of money to live on, and when she is ready to go back to the city like returning back to work after fallen ill.

She also regards her parents as humans and not the godlike figures:

...Our father, Our mother, I pray, Reach
down for me, but it won't work: they
dwindle, grow, become what they
were, human. Something I never gave
them credit for; but their totalitarian
innocence was my own [Atwood 227].

Not only has she realized her parents as humans and not gods or symbols, but she has realized herself and understood what she had done. She realizes that she had put the blame and fault on her parents for losing her sense of Self. At the same time, she understands her irrationality by accepting it as irrational and thus, in its own way, she made these thoughts rational to her. She is in full control of her thoughts without having to lie. Because of this ability to understand herself, she has achieved the creation of the Self:

... the Self is born. Insoluble problems

lose their urgency as a higher and wider interest arises on the horizon. The problems from which one suffers are not solved logically but simply fade out in the face of a new and stronger direction in life. Nothing is repressed or made unconscious but everything simple appears in a new light, and therefore becomes different.

[Goldbrunner 144]

Her perspectives are different; she no longer thinks entirely irrationally or to a point, completely rational either. Yet, she accepts these inconsistencies as a part of life. With her Self intact, she is ready to go back to society and make her irrational problems as rational as she can with her own thoughts and not what society thinks.

Her worries about wondering how to come back to civilization is solved as Joe comes back to look for her. She dresses herself: "I dress, clumsily, unfamiliar with buttons; I reenter my own time" [Atwood 229]. Her dress is a metaphor of her putting on her new Persona, and of coming back into the mortal society. She is ready for her Persona and for society because she has regained her strength and imbedded her sense of Self into her Persona. This Persona is no longer the weak Persona; it is willing to fight back to become who she is: "This is above all, to refuse to be a victim" [Atwood 229]. She has found the strength that she had previously lost and it is a

“signal that she is prepared to be a creator rather than being created to meet the needs of others” [Walker 84]. She is ready to think about her relationship with Joe and what he means to her. She cannot lie and say that she loves him but she is willing to give love a try because Joe is: “offering me something: captivity in any of its forms, a new freedom?” [Atwood 230]. She begins to adjust herself with society, realizing that though she cannot escape from societal confines, she can still live with a certain amount of freedom that Joe may offer through love.

Atwood’s title for the novel, Surfacing, is appropriate. It describes the rebirth of the narrator from the birthing fluid of her mother (and Mother Nature) and the emergence of the narrator’s Self from the unconscious. Her cycle of transformation is complete as “... the trees surround me, asking and giving nothing” [Atwood 231]. She is no longer asking or receiving anything from nature. She is an intact individual taking control of her life and she is ready to emerge from the forest and into society.

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¹ Even though her father died in an accident, it is still considered a natural death since accidents are a part of life.

² There is no proof that she did conceive a child. Readers must accept her word that she is pregnant since "it's the right time" [Atwood 172] of the month. The narrator is also not lying about her time of month because she is careful to admit that "it was the truth" [Atwood 172].



Return to Eyre
by Elizabeth Freudenthal

She often thinks of Jane Eyre's rival, that woman trapped up in the attic of her husband's house. In the girl's mind, antique ivory hands were banging open the shutters, grey Gorgon hair electrifying the air of Gothic England. The woman's eyes never look up or down, but straight ahead, pleading for release from the company of wind and rodents.

She was reading poems at 2 am with some music turned low. She skipped the poems she didn't know and turned again to the middle of the book. "Lapis Lazuli." An old man's search for spiritual peace. Her best friend's father gave his daughter a lapis ring. A perfect square of blue. The cover of her high school geometry book was that kind of blue. Blue beyond ocean waves, beyond twilight stormclouds. Flat, clear, full blue. She pictured Yeats' three old Chinese men carved in lapis. "Their ancient, glittering eyes are gay." The poem almost made her cry. That blue didn't exist in the Bronte moors, where the heather was ragged, dirty, and windblown. A corrupted pink.

The idea of the English moors always reminded her of Cathy's ghost wandering forever on

these moors. Usually she couldn't be objective about *Wuthering Heights*. How can Cathy's purgatory be noble, even if it was caused by love? Both Cathy and Heathcliff were so tortured by their passions; what kind of image of reality was that? Cathy's feelings were so tempestuous she couldn't even have a peaceful death. Relationships are hard enough when the people are alive. If even death fails to bring peace to the human heart, how much hope do today's youth have? She realized that she was getting angry at a dead author and that it was 2:30 am. The Bronte sisters responsible for the disillusionment of modern society? Please. Cookies and tea would probably help her mood profoundly, so she went into the kitchen.

She pulled the basket of teas from under the stove. Cardamon cinnamon. Lemon zinger. Lipton. Irish breakfast. None of them were right. And her mom had eaten all the cookies after dinner. She remembered a bag of chocolate chips hidden in the back of the pantry so her brother wouldn't eat them. Jackpot. She dug them out, knocking the back of her head on the wood in the process, but at least she had some chocolate.

That was more than the Bronte sisters had. Maybe that's why Cathy was so doomed; why Rochester's wife couldn't escape her attic. A lack of chocolate. When tempests raged inside them, they

could do nothing but sit in the drawing room and write. There were no private rooms, no clear walks along sunlit paths, no midnight ice cream runs. The closest to modern comfort they had was staying up until 2:30 am writing. Whether by candlelight or by a dim bulb, she could join the sisters in secret penning.

She imagined the Brontes writing in the family study. Each small candle flickers against red velvet draperies. Every Gothic study has red velvet draperies. Or maybe red brocade. Rich and textured, deep red, the most intensely feminine a cloth can get. The three sisters, their corsets loosened, transforming all their passion into violent moor winds, doomed velvet loves, haunted souls corrupting pure sleep.

If the Brontes had lived on the Mediterranean coast, would Cathy and Heathcliff have lived together happily? Would Rochester's wife have languished quietly in a garden while Jane and Rochester began a new life in America? Would Branwell Bronte's ancient, glittering eyes have been gay? If Euclid had lived on the moors, would we now know about congruent triangles?

The girl had no lapis lazuli to carve her own tempest. She had no red brocade curtains, no ragged heather, no corset to loosen. She had tight jeans that she would not wear for a week or so. She had no attic to trap her. She had no moor winds to deal with; all her storms could be contained on a computer screen.

She could languish on a couch, hide under layers of skirts, and write by moonlight. She could funnel all her Bronte passions through a clean, classic alphabet into stony sentences. And maybe they would last as long as Yeats's three men from China.

Dysfunctional Juliet
by Oneyda Perez

Flavio, oh Flavio!
Wherefore are you, Flavio?
Refuse all others
And deny your pseudoname;
Or, if you will not,
But swear your love,
And I will cease to be
Obsessive compulsive

It is but your pseudoname
That is my safety net.
You are yourself,
Not truly Flavio, Who is my Flavio?
he is warm granite,
sharp angles,
a brooding ridge overhanging
cavernous eyes,
painted liquid honey.
Oh, be your true name
Belonging to you.

What is in a name?
That which I call Flavio
By any other name would
Be as sweet.
So Flavio would be,
Were he not Flavio called,
Retain that precipice chin
Which he owns
Without that title.

Flavio, were I to toss away
That pseudoname,
Which is really
No part of you,
Would you take all of me?

The Evolution of Wal-Mart
by Nathan Malone

“Wal-Mart” was not a household name in suburban L.A., where I was born and raised. Retailers such as J.C. Penny, K-Mart, Target, etc... were, and still are, the local big city merchants. I never realized that these stores are very scarce in sparsely populated areas until I took a vacation to a rural area of southern Oregon. There the big names in retailing could not be found. Instead, there was Wal-Mart.

Within approximately 100 square miles four Wal-Mart stores thrived. It seemed as if most shopping needs people had could be met at this small town discounter. Everything from lawn and garden supplies to a wide variety of clothing was available. There was even a place to sit down for a bite to eat. It was clear that the first place people went when looking for certain goods was Wal-Mart.

Still, it puzzled me why people came from miles around to shop when they could find the same items at the local “mom and pop” merchants in their own area. A closer look inside this retail phenomena gave me a clue as to what it might be. The first thing I noticed were the prices. They were the lowest I’d seen anywhere. Also, the enormous amount and variety of goods in stock was amazing. But the one

feature that really interested me was how well customers were treated.

Sam M. Walton, co-founder and chairman, has had much success with Wal-Mart. A reinvention of retail management theory as well as the courage to tap into new markets helped Wal-Mart rise above its competitors and change the face of retail discounting.

One of the fundamental reasons for the success of Wal-Mart has been that demographics and location were focused on like no one else had in the past. Walton strayed from the conventional idea that a full-line discount store needed an area with a population of at least 100,000 to support it. 80% of Wal-Mart stores are located in regions with populations of less than 15,000 residents. Market domination has also been attained in these areas (3, 146). In times of recession, when family size decreased the cost of real estate increased, a resurgence in small towns furthered Wal-Mart's progress (3, 146). Taking advantage of the growing demand as well as the isolation in rural areas enabled Walton to acquire a majority of market share thus, discouraging other rival discounters from moving in.

In addition to proper store placement, the idea of discounting was more fully examined and developed by Walton. He followed the basic theory that people will buy your product if it is of good quality and cheaper than anyone else. In a book

excerpt from Fortune Magazine, Walton describes his simple discounting philosophy.

“Say I bought an item for 80 cents. I found that by pricing it at a dollar I could sell three times more of it than by pricing it at \$1.20. I might have made only half the profit per item, but because I was selling three times as many, the overall profit was much greater” (2, 100).

Not only did Walton lower markup to increase volume but he also bought products cheaper than the competitors (3, 100). He accomplished this by searching for suppliers that gave him good deals instead of marking prices up to compensate for higher wholesale prices (3, 100).

The combination of tapping into new, though smaller, markets and developing the concept of discounting helped establish a firm base on which the possibilities of expansion were vast.

After going public in 1970 a pattern of rapid growth had been set. Now out of debt, Walton began to place clusters of stores throughout rural areas across America (3, 102). A major factor in this continuing expansion was the organizational infrastructure and the methods of communication between management, employees, and suppliers.

A system had now been developed to monitor individual store sales and inventory and to prevent

potential abuses. This system consisted of regional vice-presidents and numerous district managers who constantly traveled to stores to check on procedures and evaluate progress (3, 146). Also, store managers posted charts in a back room of their store showing where each department ranked in sales (3, 146). Though relatively simple, this mechanism of management kept stores on track and prevented problems such as abuses of power and employee theft.

Communication was imperative, in Walton's mind, to the smooth operation of the corporation and to exposing creative ideas that might otherwise never have surfaced.

"If you boil down the Wal-Mart system to one single idea, it would probably be communication because it is one of the real keys to our success. What good is figuring out a better way to sell beach towels if you aren't going to tell everybody in your company about it?"
(2, 104)

The encouragement of inter-organizational communication goes hand in hand with the manner in which employees are treated. Store managers always received a percentage of their stores profits. The idea behind this was that the more you share profits with employees the more profit will be gained. Walton believes that the way management treats

associates is the way associates will treat customers (2, 103).

Besides a sound infrastructure and open communication, the distribution system and relationship with suppliers contributed much to Wal-Mart's growth.

The hub-and spoke distribution system had become the trademark of Wal-Mart (1, 83). Warehouses served clusters of stores located a day's drive from the center (1, 83). This enabled stores to be restocked at least twice a week, ensuring full stocks of merchandise at all times (3, 146). Being able to efficiently and quickly get goods to store locations cut costs and enabled prices to remain at rock bottom levels.

Also, Wal-Mart's relationship with suppliers is crucial to their success. Managers continue to work with companies such as Proctor & Gamble, Rubbermaid, and Helene Curtis Industries to assert the company's vision as leaders of a prosperous business ecosystem (1, 83). Most suppliers now need Wal-Mart in order to survive (1, 83). This symbiotic existence between supplier and buyer is what distinguishes Wal-Mart from other discounters.

The period of rapid growth experienced after 1970 would not have been as it was if Sam M. Walton had not revolutionized the theory of discount retail management. He developed a style never before

seen in the industry. Encouraging communication in the company and creating a distribution system unparalleled by any other retailer were major catalysts of success.

By 1984 Wal-Mart had emerged as a leader in the discount retailing industry (1, 83). But during times of recession and financial hardship what kept them growing and ahead of the competition? Operating efficiently and keeping costs to a bare minimum played a major role.

In the discount business every dollar counts. Walton takes this idea very seriously. He goes to such extremes as flying coach when traveling and staying in low-cost inns (2, 100). Bureaucracy is also an area that must be curtailed in order to sustain an efficient operation. Walton and his staff are always looking for pockets of duplication or areas of business they no longer need (2, 104).

Now efficiency is more important than ever. Walton sees a lot of new challenges coming from countries such as Holland, Germany, and France. The Japanese are also developing innovative retail concepts (2, 104). With competition coming from foreign companies now as well as from Wal-Mart's old rivals cost management will be a necessity for survival. Controlling your expenses better than anyone else is where you can find the competitive advantage (2, 105). Long before Wal-Mart was known

as the nation's largest retailer they ranked number one in the industry for the lowest expenses to sales ratio (2, 105). Walton believes you can make up for a lot of mistakes as long as you run an efficient operation (2, 105).

The development of Wal-Mart is an example of American ingenuity and the power of change. Sam M. Walton took a different approach to managing a retail discount store by setting up an organizational arrangement as well as a distribution arrangement that was unlike any before. In addition to managing unconventionally Walton also had the courage to tap into new markets that had never been recognized or capitalized upon until Wal-Mart.

If Wal-Mart had been resistant to change then it would not have succeeded like it did. Walton was not afraid to go against the grain and explore different facets of his business.

"I guess in all my years, the one piece of advice I heard more often than any other was: A town of less than 50,000 population cannot support a discount store for very long." (2, 105).

Just think what would have happened if he had followed this advice.

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Lycidas and Adonais:
the creative confrontation of mortality.
by Avtar Singh

It is perhaps one of the great paradoxes of poetry that the strongest of feelings are expressed in certain very artificial ways. This artificiality can, in the hands of amateurs, detract from the subjective experience of the poetry itself. Yet, as the history of literature shows, great poets in all ages have taken very formalized tropes and used them to express feeling in fresh, new ways, in the process often rejuvenating their own traditions. The pastoral elegy is one of these tropes, a clearly defined genre with conventions all its own. These conventions have not changed too much since the days of Moschus, lamenting the passing of Bion. Neither, apparently, have the emotions. The death of a friend is still a terrible occasion. Lamented in poetry, in the form of the pastoral elegy, it can also cause art of the highest order to be created. If, as in Moschus's *Lament for Bion*, the friend is also a poet, then the results are poignant indeed. In this tradition of poets lamenting the passing of one of their own belong *Lycidas* by Milton, and *Adonais* by Shelley.

Milton's eulogy was for his friend and contemporary at Cambridge, Edward King. He was a poet like Milton, and a promising young clergyman.

Combined in his own person were Milton's great interests, poetry and religion. It was thus doubly horrific for Milton when King drowned in an accident at sea, before his career in either calling had really begun. Milton had already "joined his voice unto the Angel Choir"¹ in *On the morning of Christ's Nativity*. His vision of the poet's elevated position in the world was in place; to make his own life attain the status of a poem was to become his avowed project. To see another poet die could only have reminded Milton of his own mortality. In this context, it is interesting to consider just who, or what, is being apotheosised in *Lycidas*. Indeed, if apotheosis, the very transformation of the human into the divine, is the project of the pastoral, then questing after the subject of the apotheosis is of paramount importance in understanding the poem, and its inspiration.

Shelley's *Adonais* is similarly compelling. Shelley wrote it on hearing of Keats' death, yet they, unlike Milton and King, were never friends. Though Shelley's grief for Keats the person is real, the poem itself is about the death of a poetic voice. Keats' talent was coming into its own when he died of consumption in Rome. Again, as Milton did, Shelley wrote a lament for potential unrealized, if one grants that Keats' poetry, already brilliant, could only have gotten better. Again, the apotheosis of the elegy is problematic. Is Shelley giving Keats immortality, or

is he ascribing it to himself and his art? The very real question of poetic motive arises. Elegies are written about the dead, but not for them, for they by definition are past caring. Why did Milton and Shelley write these elegies, and to what living audience were they addressed? Let us consider the poems themselves.

There is thematic and structural unity in *Lycidas*. Milton asks rhetorically, "Who would not sing for Lycidas?" (Hughes 120, ln 10), and answers his own question by having him entertained in the Kingdom of the Lord by the "Saints above, In solemn troops, and sweet Societies" (Hughes 125, lns 178-79). *Lycidas* moves gracefully and inexorably through the conventions of the pastoral elegy, to the apotheosis of its subject. Yet, within the formal structure of the poem, Milton is questioning his own, i.e. the poet's place in the world, and the *hubris*, if you will, of engaging in the pathetic fallacy. No less a poet than Orpheus himself had been decapitated, in spite of his art, and remembering him, the poet asks, "What boots it with incessant care to tend the homely slighted Shepherd's trade, and strictly mediate the thankless Muse?" (Hughes 122, ln 65-66). This section has threefold significance. Milton considers a world where art, in the figure of Orpheus, can be reduced to nothing by mortality. Secondly, by inserting the metaphor of the Shepherd into a discussion of the poetic impulse, Milton informs us that he sees the

poet and the shepherd as one. This is not merely because of the pastoral form of this poem, nor is it inspired only by the fact of King's double calling of poetry and the church. It seems to me that Milton saw the roles of the "good Shepherd" and the poet as connected in a very real way. Both come to us as gifts. Poetry is channeled through the poet by a muse, while the ability to be a shepherd is made human only through the grace of the divine "Shepherd" himself. Being thus blessed, the poet and the human shepherd have the normative duty to chart the flock's way through life, and the practical duty to see that the flock does not stray. To combine the two thus would not be strange; rather, to not see the two as being united would be to risk not actualizing either to its fullest extent. Lastly, of course, is Milton's question to himself, whether poetry really is worth it, if the work of the poet and the shepherd can be curtailed so cruelly by death, even though they both come to us as divine blessings. Indeed, if the work and worth of the poet can be questioned on the grounds of his mortality, then why not that of the shepherd? Sporting with Amaryllis is not merely a metaphor for indulging in questionable poetry; it is also a Miltonic view of a society with no morality, gone completely wild.

So the stage is set. The problem has been laid out, and it is the problem of justifying the poet's and

the shepherd's place in charting the normative future of the flock. This is where the poem is leading; in the apotheosis of King as archetypal "Poet/Shepherd" will be found the moral justification that Milton needs to continue in his self-appointed task as architect of a new moral revolution in England. King is dead, yet Milton is still alive, and painfully aware of his own mortality and the questions that raises for his project. Apotheosising King thus is more than the fulfillment of the elegy. It is also a uniquely effective figural tool, for King's immortality becomes the eternality of what he stands for in the elegy. What he represents is the transcendent unity of poetry and morality, independent of time *and* human creator, and it is this unity that Milton can draw hope from, and find faith in.

The procession of mourners is well-chosen; the figure of St. Peter, the archetype of the clergyman, deriding the "Blind Mouths" is a master-stroke. The diatribe against the corrupt clergy of England is apt in this context, and is intrinsic to the *affective* project of the poem, which is the granting to Milton of the faith in the eternality of his calling. The criticism of the clergy is actually Milton demonstrating his concept of the unity of the poet and the shepherd, joined in their *normative* nature, and presages where the affective apotheosis of the elegy will lead him. The whole section on the clergy is a poem within a

poem, made possible through the unique structure of the pastoral elegy.

Thus, there is a unity in the apotheosis as well, between the faith in his own art Milton can derive from it, and the normative vision to which it leads. This union between the eternality of moral poetry (itself a unity) and the normative vision it bestows, is what is being apotheosised in *Lycidas*, in that this unity is separated from the body of King, which is "sunk beneath the wat'ry floor" (Hughes 124, In 167), and transferred to the realm of the divine. The movement of King from "Lycid" the mortal poet/shepherd to the divine "Genius of the Shore," watching over the Irish sea, is what justifies Milton's life, and his view of the artist's place in the world. *Lycidas* is Milton's reaffirmation of poetic purpose and religious faith, and an early instance of him suiting the poetic word to the normative deed.

Adonais, on the other hand, is more problematic. Though it's similarities with *Lycidas* are many and obvious, it has points of departure as well, and significantly different world-views are at work in the creation of both poems. Milton's faith in the Bible and refined Platonism could lead him to an overriding belief in the transcendency of the poetic impulse and it's inevitable (in Milton's eyes) union with morality. Shelley's agnosticism, two centuries hence, would admit of no such solution to the problem

of the poet's own mortality.

Milton can invoke the figure of Christ, "the dear might of him that walked the waves," (Hughes 125, In 173) as the end to which King's fortune is joined. For Shelley, there is only Spirit, into which the human spirit retreats after death.

"Dust to the Dust! but the pure spirit
shall flow Back to the burning fountain
whence it came, A portion of the
Eternal, which must glow Through
time and change, unquenchably the
same,"²

And we see that Shelley has faith too. Yet his faith is his own, with no basis in a scripture granted the status of divine revelation.

His battle is not to reform a church, nor does he attempt to find meaning within chaos by clinging to an invulnerable faith. His is an agnostic quest for spiritual meaning, and it is perhaps inevitable that it would resolve itself in a more ambiguous way. The departure of Spirit from Keats' body cannot be explained, nor can Shelley find comfort in the apotheosis granted Keats, for there is no reason to suppose that the spirit of Keats' poetry will now enliven Shelley. Unlike Milton with *Lycidas*, Shelley did not write *Adonais* to give himself reasons for continuing to write in the face of certain death, or to explain why the good poet works under an imperative independent of time. Milton reaffirmed

his religious faith: Shelley the agnostic grasps the unknown:

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth
not sleep-
He hath awakened from the dream of
life-
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions,
keep
Keep with phantoms an unprofitable
strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our
spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.-*We decay*
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by
day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms
within our living clay. (XXXIX)

Faced with a world "that resists their (poets) prophecies and a nature that seems indifferent to their destruction,"³ Shelley embraces what seems to be opposed to him, which is that his life on earth is fleeting. He calls upon the flowers and the fountains to cease their mourning, for Keats is not dead, "He is made one with Nature" (Hutchinson 436, ln 370). The apotheosis has begun.

Keats is now one with the entity of whose beauty he once spoke; the beauty to which he aspired in his poetry, and which inspired him, has now become his, for he is not separated from it by the shadows of life. Here we see a far more real link with

Milton, a link that joins Shelley and Milton to Plato. This is where the love of beauty becomes beauty itself; Keats' life has become a greater poem than any he could have written with his pen. His apotheosis is complete. But the question to us remains. What of Shelley, who wrote the elegy? To whom did he address this work?

Here we have the normative vision of the apotheosis of *Adonais*, joined with the affective apotheosis that Shelley will undergo. Separated by his reason and prophetic vision from a belief in the Christian God, Shelley substitutes Spirit in its place. Yet even if it is an elegant and supremely attractive conception, it holds none of the *post-mortem* certainties that stem from a belief in the Kingdom of God. Therefore, Shelley must convince himself that this life is not worth holding onto anymore, even if he does not know where his spirit will go. He accomplishes this by joining Keats to nature, and in Keats' apotheosis he finds his own, at least emotionally, for he can now view his spirit and body as distinct from each other, with the inviolability of his spirit intact.

With this achieved, Shelley can now turn to the task of joining his own spirit to Spirit, and this is where his prophetic vision illumines his words:

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink,
my heart?

Thy hopes are gone before: from all
things here
They have departed; thou shouldst
now depart!
A light is passed from the revolving
year,
And man, and woman; and what still
is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee
wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind
whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let life divide what death can
join together. (LIII)

It is this suicidal speech that is the culmination of the poem's quest. Nature is indifferent to life, yes, but it is the body's life that it truncates. The spirit of life goes on, and seeks to join again with Spirit. Shelley sees no reason to cling anymore to the body, attractive though its pleasures are, for those pleasures are just as fleeting and illusory as the body, and serve only to tie the spirit to the body, when it should be seeking to escape. Even if the realm outside the body is unknown, it can scarce be more terrible than the uncertainty attached to life itself. Shelley thus confronts the existential crisis by disengaging from life. The "unbearable lightness of being" is left behind; all that remains is union with the great unknown, with Spirit, to which:

...burning through the inmost veil of

Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the Abode where the
Eternal are (lms 493-495).

It is worth noticing the plural form of Eternal. Adonais' spirit is joined in immortality to Spirit itself, and they exist together, for all time. This is the normative vision of Shelley's apotheosis of Keats, as applied to himself.

Thus, we see how Milton and Shelley use the form of the pastoral elegy in their own distinctive ways, and to serve their own ends. In both cases, the apotheosis of the elegy holds the key to the poem. In Milton's case, apotheosizing King as the "Poet/ Shepherd" gave him (Milton) hope and a vision of unity in his own quest for a spiritual rebirth in England, to be accomplished in his own life-time. For Shelley, it served a darker purpose, one that would justify the leaving behind of his own body in a quest for the real fountain of life. It is a measure of their greatness that they both accomplish their projects, and do so beautifully. It is perhaps paradoxical, but only fitting, that if asked to choose between Milton's transcendent vision of hope within life, and Shelley's vision of spirit transcending life, I wouldn't be able to. It is also fitting that these two theorists and poets of the immortal have created these great works of art, that have outlived them and

will certainly outlive us.

Ars longa, vita brevis.

¹ Milton, John. Complete Poems and major Prose, ed. Merritt Hughes. Pg.43, line 27. Macmillan (New York, NY) 1957.

² Shelley, P.B. *Adonais*, Lns 338-341. The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley, ed. Thomas Hutchinson. Oxford UP (1927) London.

³ Bloom, Harold. "The Two Spirits," *Adonais, and The Triumph of Life*. Shelley, A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. George M. Ridenour, pg 162. Prentice- Hall, inc. (1965) Englewood Cliffs, N.J.

The Road to Utopia (or I-10)
by Eryn Osterhaus

I fill 'er up every two hundred miles
so I won't get stranded
between
here and there

I breath Fishlake National Forest
passing a deer
paralyzed by my lights
who sees only a glare
a flash of yesterday
perhaps a memory of
suckling and mewling in a forest
made of sap, beds of orange,
natural nights, artificial light dreams
forest crunching under charcoal hooves

I hit an adobe tower
the mud hard made
with mild water and manners
conversation not a must and
time sleeps till someone
wakes up.
no alarm, just my car

I eat Cheetos, an orange
no deer can fathom nor
a real Wisconsin dairy man
who sees the bleeding sun and
the slivered moon daily
taking a calloused paw
worn but not weary

sifting the love of his life
into productivity

Vegas lights tease my car
two to 1000
no comparison except in mobility
garish to gasoline filled
I feel triumph over
smog as I break through it
and leave it a wall behind me
a mountain in front of me.

I'm glad my a/c doesn't work
so it's just me and my car
we sweat and till the
granite together
its our livelihood,
pounding out the miles
to the land of angels
 fallen
 risen
 riding
 ridden
and waiting for a new contestant.

The Daydream Lie
by Eryn Osterhaus

I was watching the doorway and
a phantom crawled in my eyes
My sister standing there
I, shocked, and realized
in the chilling dawn we ask to never happen
(oh please don't let that happen to me, a prayer
usually from a movie theater seat).
Hers a face no virgin to tears

I cry outloud, as there is no other way to cry,
and the droning stops—every head looks,
creaking to me and the eyes wipe my expression:
Fear.

How can I live in this fraction of a second

of ignorance—I want it to be dad
the hardened man who yells and throws
but is getting old, and lonely, a shell of
what I use to hide from. He stole
my diary once
and hid it next to the bug spray and rat traps
and made me cry but bought me shoes and toys
and my pen to write. How could I live
with guilt so deep in a death wish for Dad?
But if it is Mom—did I say I love you
when I hung up, did I say goodbye, will she
remember the time I called her a whore
and walked out of the house for five months?
Are these the memories that surface
in the bedpan breathings and shallow graves

they make these days?

In that fraction—I remember them both
in their age and youth, in their beauty
and faults and glamour and myth and
in their mortality

My sister stands in the door alone
and dark with some poison on her tongue,
to share so I too can cry.

How did she find me? Probably had to take a
shuttle
and walk this campus—blind and
trying “to remain calm.”
would she say tragedy or accident or disaster
or a peaceful resolution?
Mine,
the pity and desire not to be infected

In this fraction—I cover childhood,
adolescence, beginning adulthood—
their once secret fraternity.

Who will she tell me we lost?
Buried in regret, remorse, trying to recall
What was said or what is valid completion,
the tarnished or varnished daughter?
Whom shall I present to you?

I cannot live in shame.
To only never hear goodbye nor hello.

*Jackie Robinson and the Early Stages of
Integrated Professional Baseball:*

Process, Reaction, and Results

by Jill McManus

Every man is not so much a
workman in the world as he is
a suggestion of what he should be.

Men walk as prophecies of
the next age.

Step by step we scale this
mysterious ladder; the steps are
actions, the new prospect power.

--Ralph Waldo Emerson¹

Baseball is America's pastime; a game where fans can witness a collaboration of skill, strategy, strength, grace, and team camaraderie. The game seems flawless today. We, as fans, accept the occasional conflicts between teams, players, and management as nothing more than elements of the sport. In the early twentieth century a great proportion of the American population also accepted racial discrimination as part of the sport, and believed there was nothing wrong with the prohibition of blackball players in the all white professional baseball leagues. Although baseball was not the only sport to demonstrate discriminatory manners and actions, professional sports such as boxing, football, track

and field, and tennis had all become integrated by the 1920's. By 1944, professional baseball still practiced its unwritten law which proclaimed: "NO NEGROES ALLOWED." 2

It is important to trace the introduction of African Americans in organized baseball because the events of those first few years, beginning in 1945, mirror the attitudes of the American people and it shows the prejudices and the liberations of the human race. The integration of baseball provides a look at the way blacks came to be accepted as full-fledged citizens of the United States. The destruction of the color line in baseball served as a catalyst to eliminate the discriminatory Jim Crow laws, influencing desegregation in such places as trains, restaurants, and hotels.³ Bringing blacks into professional baseball was not an easy change. Problems awaited all who were involved in the adjustment. The press, the players, the fans, and the management were the major actors who played critical roles during the first few years. It was a difficult path to follow for the supporters, but through determination and humanitarian will, blacks ultimately overcame the color barrier, and since that time have played an enormous role within the structure of professional baseball. Before discussing the levels and the changes of integration, it is important to review the status of blacks in baseball prior to 1945.

In 1920, Andrew "Rube" Foster achieved a long-time goal and organized the first "lasting" baseball league for blacks, the Negro National League. Even before the formation of this league, black baseball had established itself apart from the prosperous white institution of the game.⁴ Foster, a former player, manager, and eventually owner of the Chicago American Giants (Negro League), hoped to create a league similar to the white American and National Leagues. He fulfilled his wish by taking the finest teams from black ball and organizing them into the Negro National League, and soon after more Negro Leagues developed.⁵

Black ballplayers found a place for themselves within the Negro Leagues, but it remained an organization overshadowed by the white ball clubs. The African American teams held anywhere from 14 to 18 men in comparison to the 25 man rosters of the major league teams. The black ball clubs took part in competing against their "white rivals" during off-season exhibition games, and it is known they played against each other at least 438 different times. In these games, the Negro Leaguers defeated the opposing teams 309 times, yet they still went largely unrecognized and widely disrespected.⁶

Prior to the breaking of the color barrier in professional baseball, there had been several attempts to eliminate the discriminatory practices of the game.

In 1942, Jackie Robinson and Negro League pitcher, Nate Moreland, asked for a tryout at the Chicago White Sox spring training site. Jimmy Dykes, former manager of the Chicago ball club, was impressed by Robinson's performance and stated that he would have no problem accepting the black men however, Dykes eventually released the players without any effort to sign them.⁷

Another effort to bring equality to major league baseball took place in 1945. A committee in New York asked Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia to force the major leagues to adopt a program that would grant blacks equal opportunity to advance in baseball. A report stated, "The only equitable solution to this problem is that individuals be treated alike and with relation to their abilities throughout organized baseball." The report claimed that because of the unfair status and the unmatched quality of the Negro Leagues, it was difficult for blacks to gain the skill needed for the big leagues. This did not mean they were unfit to advance into white ball. The committee cited six points in their report that stated legitimate reasons for the integration of baseball. These points were: exclusion was based on prejudice alone, blacks had already proved themselves in other professional sports, good "sportsmanship" should be enough to bring blacks in, baseball needed to end the unwritten law prohibiting blacks from playing,

the timing was right to make the move, and individuals needed to be treated equally on the basis of their abilities. A 1945 editorial in the *New York Times* applauded this report and stated, "If we are willing to let Negroes as soldiers fight wars on our team, we should not ask questions about color in the great American game."⁸ Though this report may have helped integration in the major leagues, other attempts resulted in unsuccessful manners.

Not all people associated with the game disapproved of the idea of allowing blacks into organized baseball. There were prominent players in the big leagues who voiced their opinion on the matter. In a 1937 article printed in the *Pittsburgh Courier*, Lou Gehrig stated, "I have seen many Negro players who should be in the major leagues. There is no room in baseball for discrimination. It is our national pastime and a game for all." Dizzy Dean was also quoted in the same text saying, "If some of the colored players I played against were given a chance in the majors, they'd be stars as soon as they joined up."⁹ Integration was also urged from the press. In 1941 Shirley Povich, a columnist for the *Washington Post* wrote:

There's a couple of million dollars worth of baseball talent on the loose, ready for the big leagues, yet unsigned by any Major League [team]. There are pitchers who would win 20 games a

season for any big league club that would offer them contracts, and there are outfielders that could hit .350, infielders who could win recognition as stars, and there's at least one catcher who at this writing is probably superior to Bill Dickey, Josh Gibson. Only one thing is keeping them out of the big leagues, the pigmentation of their skin. They happen to be colored.¹⁰

On March 12, 1945, Thomas Dewey, then Governor of New York, issued the Fair Employment Practices Bill (FEP) making it illegal to discriminate in the workplace.¹¹ Branch Rickey, who came to the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1942 as president, saw the passing of this bill as a green light to integrate organized baseball. Years after the signing of Robinson, Rickey acknowledged that having the law in his favor eased the pressure during the extremely difficult, racist times that followed.¹²

In 1944, Commissioner of Baseball, Kenesaw Mountain Landis, who had kept professional ball strictly white for 25 years, died. The man who took his job, Albert Benjamin "Happy" Chandler, was the final element which Rickey needed to fulfill his goal of integration. In April, 1945, Chandler was asked by two black reporters about his opinion of the segregated practices of baseball. His response was that he was, "for freedoms" and added, "If a black boy can make it in Okinawa and Guadalcanal, hell,

he can make it in baseball.”¹³ This served as yet another important signal for Rickey, and made it time for him to take action.

Rickey’s first move was to convince scouts, who tended to support segregation, to travel the Negro Leagues in search of the right player. He sent them out under the impression that he was planning to establish an all black team, the Brooklyn Brown Dodgers.¹⁴ While the scouts were observing players in the Negro Leagues, Rickey talked with sociologists and black leaders about the issues involved in crossing the color line in baseball. As a result, he specified the six most important factors in relation to integration: (1) the chosen player had to be the “right” man on the field; (2) the player had to be the “right” man off the field; (3) the reaction of blacks had to be “right” ; (4) the player would have to have a safe place to play the game, free from the harassment of racial prejudices; (5) the press and the general public reaction to the move had to be “right”; (6) the other ball players’ reactions had to be “right”. Rickey feared the outcome of his move if these six elements were not met.

In 1945, Rickey signed Robinson to a minor league contract with the Montreal Royals, a Brooklyn farm team. Since Montreal, Canada was the home of the team, racial challenges were minimal.¹⁵ When meeting with black, civic leaders, Rickey asked there

to be no exhibitions or actions on the chosen player's behalf. He wanted his player to have the opportunity to play his game and to not be bothered by public commotion. After some expected criticism and disapproval from the players, the press, and the public, the chaos eventually diminished, and Rickey's six points were ultimately fulfilled.¹⁶ The treatment by the public and those involved in organized baseball was the most important element in successful integration. The future of black ball players weighed upon the nature of both liberation and prejudice in society.

At the signing, Rickey warned Robinson of what lay ahead. He asked him not to respond to the abuse he would receive, saying it would only hurt African Americans and stall the integration of baseball for at least 20 more years.¹⁷ Rickey told Robinson:

I want a ballplayer with guts enough not to fight back, other people are going to say worse things to you. And we can't fight prejudice by force. We must recognize what we're up against, and fight the problem with good will and moral courage. You must be the one man in baseball who can't lose his temper, you're not going to like all the umpire's decisions. And all the insults. Just swallow them and grin. Because if you get in a brawl, Jackie, people will

stigmatize your people because of
you.¹⁸

Rickey also warned Robinson, that for his first season, he stay away from radio interviews, he sign no endorsement contracts, and he write no articles for magazines. He even went so far as to tell the player to stay away from card games with his teammates because they could result in "touchy" situations.¹⁹ Robinson followed the advice and in public kept his emotions to himself throughout his first three seasons with the Brooklyn organization. Hall of Famer, Frank Robinson, said he still thinks about Robinson and how he was able to walk away from the relentless harassment. Frank Robinson said, "It amazes me how he handled the situation... I couldn't have done it and no one I know of could have stuck with it like Jackie did."²⁰ Though it was a restriction placed on Robinson, the request from Rickey played a large role in paving the way for blacks in professional baseball.²¹

Rickey had been confronted with opposition from other club officials during the process, most of them struggling to keep the color barrier. Larry MacPhail, president of the New York Yankees, thought baseball should stay segregated, saying he wished to protect his profit which came from being president of an all white ball club, and that he wanted to protect the Negro Leagues "investment."

It was obvious that what MacPhail really wanted was the protection and security of the all white baseball league.²² Despite the protests, a league vote was taken of all ball club owners on the issue of integration. The vote came back 15 to 1, showing an overwhelming majority *against* the introduction of blacks into organized baseball. Rickey, still determined, went to Chandler directly, and asked permission to sign Robinson. The Commissioner agreed and Rickey proceeded, in spite of harsh criticism.²³

Not many baseball experts rated Robinson as the best player in the Negro Leagues, but Rickey believed him to be the best *man* to handle the imminent obstacles ahead. Robinson, the grandson of a slave, was raised in Pasadena, California where he learned to be proud of his race. He attended Pasadena State College and UCLA where he excelled in many sports from track and field to golf, basketball, and football, a reason why Robinson is considered to be one of the greatest athletes of all time. Rickey saw Robinson's background as one that denoted a dedicated, hardworking, intelligent man — a man who could handle the pressures and responsibilities of the nation and a race as he stepped into the role of a history-making figure.

In the Negro Leagues, there existed some opposition to Robinson's signing. Many men who

had played with and against Robinson felt that he was not the most deserving of becoming the first black in organized baseball. They felt there were more talented players than Robinson performing throughout the Negro Leagues and that there was some unfairness on Rickey's part in his choosing the player based on his background.²⁴ Satchel Paige, one of the greatest pitchers of the Negro Leagues and later the major leagues, responded with contrasting feelings towards Robinson's signing. Although he claimed that Brooklyn could not have chosen a more qualified player, his emotions ran deeper. In his autobiography, Paige stated, "Signing Jackie like they did still hurt me deep down.... I'd been the guy who started all that big talk about letting us [blacks] in the big time.... I'd been the one everybody said should be in the majors.... It was still me that ought to have been first."²⁵ Although the opposition ran through the Negro Leagues, most teams kept their opinions to themselves because Robinson had immediately been accepted by the black community as a great man.²⁶

The owners and management of the Negro clubs saw immediate and future problems with the onset of integrated baseball. Many feared the reactions of people throughout society. They were bothered with the possibility of violence and racial intolerance within certain states with discriminatory

policies. They were concerned about the problems of team travel in areas where Jim Crow laws were enforced. Ultimately, these people felt that the Negro Leagues were the safest place for blacks.²⁷

Many administrators involved in black baseball believed that Rickey had only one reason in mind when signing Robinson — monetary gain instead of “humanitarian” reasons.²⁸ Some men in the leagues sensed that organized baseball had started on a path to take advantage of their ball clubs, and there was nothing they could do to stop them. If the Negro Leagues had taken any step to prohibit the signing of Negro League ball players to major league clubs, the black community would have erupted in protest.²⁹ Tom Baird, co-owner of the Kansas City Monarchs, was against the Brooklyn signing of Robinson, and was reported as calling the player, “our property.” The day after this statement, Baird withdrew the comment and told the press he was happy for Robinson and added that the move was a great accomplishment for blacks.³⁰

After 1945, the Negro Leagues were gradually drained of their best talent by big league scouts. The attendance lessened as fans flocked to major league ballparks where they watched black stars play alongside whites. The small clubs were suspicious of the actions of organized baseball, and believed that underneath the alleged “good intentions and

public relations" there existed a large measure of racism.³¹ Some clubs tried to resist the increased Negro League scouting and major league signing, but they were unable to compete with big league management. This eventually led to the fall of black baseball.

Although the signing of Robinson opened the doors for all black ballplayers, many remained in the Negro Leagues because of the lingering prejudices which still persisted in baseball administration. Brooklyn Dodger broadcaster, Red Barber, a very popular figure in New York, noted that within the game there existed a set of laws separate from those of the government. Within the independent "constitution" of professional baseball, it was understood that no blacks would be allowed in the leagues. It was a "code" that was unwritten, but practiced by the majority of the clubs.³²

When the color line was broken in organized baseball, the scouting process changed. Those who worked for Brooklyn's opposers created a strategy which was of benefit to their teams. The scouts talked with potential star players from the south and told them that if they signed with Brooklyn, they would be forced to play with Negroes. The means of turning players away from the Dodgers ultimately deprived Rickey of about \$500,000 worth of baseball talent.³³ What the scouts failed to tell these players,

was that sooner or later, all major league clubs would be forced to allow blacks on the team. Many scouts, because of personal conviction, presented unfavorable reports on black players. Roy Campanella once spoke about the initial scouting report of Willie Mays, and called it the worst report he had ever heard. Apparently, the scout claimed that Mays was not worth signing because he was unable to hit a "good curve ball." Campanella said that if a player had yet to experience major league pitching there was no way he could make contact with a great curve ball. He said, "The onliest [*sic*] thing McCorry [the scout] had negative on Willie was something else: the color of Willie's skin."³⁴

Some people in the realm of baseball were skeptical about the process of integration. It seemed that many black players were taken advantage of by white management. In 1947, Willard "Home Run" Brown, one of the greatest power hitters of all time, and Henry Curtis "Hank" Thompson both joined the St. Louis Browns.³⁵ After beginning the season with average rookie numbers (Brown hit .179 in his first 21 games), the two players were released. This instance exemplified the fact that many blacks did not receive a fair chance at major league ball. Former Negro Leaguer, Buck O'Neil, felt that Brown could have remained in the majors and held his own with the rest of the players. He said the two men were in

St. Louis for one reason, financial gain. The American League management saw what Jackie Robinson did for Brooklyn with the rise in attendance and the increase in club revenue, and hoped that Thompson and Brown would do the same for the Browns. The plan failed and the ball club released the two black players. O'Neil said that if they had played for any other team, they would have remained in the league.³⁶ In 1949, Thompson got a break when the New York Giants offered him a contract, and it was there that he proved he could play with the best.

The release of Lorenzo "Piper" Davis was another example of black ball players' exploitation by organized baseball. Davis had signed a minor league contract with the Boston Red Sox in 1950. After giving a respectable performance for the minor league team, he was released in '51 on the basis of "financial reasons." According to Davis, there was no intention of keeping him or signing him to the Red Sox. The abrupt release of "Piper" Davis left many questioning the purpose of his signing.³⁷

In the late 1940's and early '50's, Major League ball club owners began to realize that an increase in black ball players meant two positive outcomes: more wins for the team and more money for them because of a rise in spectator attendance.³⁸ As Larry Doby once said, "Black players meant gold for baseball owners...."³⁹

The Brooklyn Dodgers remained at the forefront of black player signings. By the '46 season, they had signed, in addition to Robinson, Roy Campanella, Don Newcombe, and John Wright to minor league contracts.⁴⁰ By 1949, there were still only seven blacks on three major league rosters: the Cleveland Indians, the New York Giants, and the Dodgers.⁴¹ By 1952, six years after Robinson joined the Brooklyn organization, only six Major League teams had been integrated.⁴² During the 1950's, ball clubs held "strict quotas" which put a limit on the number of black players a team should carry, and that number was usually "set" at no more than two or three blacks per team.⁴³ Some clubs were worse than others at accepting the changes of integration, particularly the New York Yankees. Former general manager, George Weiss, once claimed he would, "never allow a black man to wear a Yankee uniform," and added that certain, affluent box ticket holders, "would be offended to have to sit with niggers."⁴⁴ Weiss was eager to keep the Yankees an all white team and called it his duty toward the investments of those whom he employed. Some years after the New York team had signed a black player, Weiss released Victor Pellot Power, a black Puerto Rican prospect. In regard to his motives, Weiss said, "Maybe he can play, but not for us. He's impudent and he goes for white women."⁴⁵ Clearly Weiss had difficulty in

handling the process of integration, as did many others. In 1959, the Boston Red Sox were the last Major League team to add a black man to its active player roster. It took 12 years for organized baseball to become completely integrated (on the field), and those blacks who endured the first couple years made it possible for others to follow.

“The Brooklyn Dodgers today purchased the contract of Jackie Roosevelt Robinson from the Montreal Royals. He will report immediately.” These words, spoken by Branch Rickey on April 9, 1947, marked the final destruction of the wall that barred blacks from professional baseball.⁴⁶ The door from the Negro Leagues to the major leagues was opened, but once blacks crossed the threshold, they became the subject of constant harassment and abuse. All sectors of baseball had to readjust, something that would take a great amount of time and patience.

No other team was as directly affected by the move as was the Brooklyn Dodgers. The members of the New York club had to try to accept a black man on their team almost overnight. The fact that Robinson had played in the farm system did not convince many players that he would eventually be called up to the big leagues. Before Robinson was called up, there was talk of a petition floating around the Dodger club, supposedly to keep Robinson from joining the team. Leo Durocher, the Dodger manager

at the time, learned of the form and called a team meeting. There he told his players that he wanted the black man on his team because he had seen him perform with Montreal and he liked his style of play. He convinced the majority of the team that Robinson would mean money in their pockets and success on the field.⁴⁷ Still, several members of the Dodgers refused to room with Robinson (in situations where the hotels allowed blacks), and some would not even take part in such a simple gesture as shaking his hand.⁴⁸ Many teammates took a more popular course and plainly ignored their new team member, leaving Robinson to himself in the clubhouse and on the field. Some of the players' reactions were more extreme than others.

Following the '47 announcement, Brooklyn Dodger, Fred "Dixie" Walker, wrote a letter to Rickey in which he requested to be traded to another team. Teammate Rex Barney called the southerner, "the worst of them all." Walker was strongly opposed to playing alongside a black man, and he made it a point to get this across to his teammates and management. Barney noted that in the middle of the season, when the Dodgers began to look like post-season contenders, Walker went to Rickey and asked to have the letter recalled. Rickey refused his request and at the end of the season, traded Walker to the Pittsburgh Pirates, the last place team.⁴⁹

Another of Robinson's teammates, Eddie Stanky, also had mixed feelings about playing ball with a black man. Though he did not ask to be traded, he let Robinson know how he viewed the situation. The first day Robinson was with the club, Stanky approached him and told his new teammate that because he was on the ball club, Stanky considered him to be one of the 25 players. Instead of walking away and leaving it at that, Stanky continued, "Before I play with you, I want you to know how I feel about it. I want you to know I don't like it. I want you to know I don't like you."⁵⁰

Not only were some players opposed to playing with Robinson, but many of their family members were also fighting the move. Pee Wee Reese was one whose family objected, but he saw the pressure Robinson was under and helped his teammate through the difficult times. In a 1990 article in *Sports Illustrated*, Roy Campanella stated that Reese was the man who held the Dodgers together during the early years of integration.⁵¹ It was men like Reese who eased Robinson's entrance into the big leagues, making him feel like part of the team by playing catch with him on the field or inviting him to join in a game of cards on the train. Little by little Robinson began to feel like he belonged on the ball club. Barney talked of a time in spring training when Robinson called a meeting with his

teammates. He had been in the majors two years and present at the meeting were those who had been with him from the start. Robinson said to these men that he did not care if any of them were his friends, and he did not worry if they liked him. The most important thing Robinson pointed out, was that he had finally reached the point where he felt like a major league ball player. He said to the men that he was no longer considered a "freak" on the field or in the clubhouse. He was now recognized as a player, something that he had aimed for from the first day. Barney also stated that more than anything, Robinson educated the team. "He showed us so much," Barney recalled, "Robinson had a lot of influence on the ball club.... He became a crusader."⁵² Robinson ultimately made many whites confront their personal intuitions and fears about blacks, and he changed America, not just baseball.⁵³

Gaining acceptance from teammates was one hurdle, but for black ball players, being accepted by opposing team players was a completely different challenge. Skill did not compensate for the pigmentation of one's skin. Players on rival teams found many ways to express their opposition towards a black man on the field.

Physical abuse of black players was significant during the early years of integration. Robinson was hit by pitches six times in his first 37 games. At least

once a week he was struck in the ribs, the back, or the arm by a 90 mile per hour fast ball.⁵⁴ "He was knocked down more than anyone ever," Barney said, "*Everyone* knocked him down." If the abuse did not come from the opposing pitcher, it was sure to come from others on the field. Barney recalled an episode where Cardinals infielder, Enos Slaughter, deliberately spiked Robinson's calf, *after* he had safely reached the base which Slaughter was covering. Not only did Slaughter injure the man, but the umpire called Robinson out when he was clearly safe. Robinson, unable to argue the situation, walked painfully off of the field. Two years later, Robinson was still haunted with the memory of Slaughter's aggression. During a game between the same two teams, Robinson, now able to speak his mind on the field, took it upon himself to remind Slaughter of the incident. Barney noted that on a routine double play ball, Robinson covered second with Slaughter moving from first, received the ball from his teammate and made the first out. The strange thing was that the ball never made it to first base to get the second out. Instead of completing the play, Robinson had shoved the ball into Slaughter's mouth as he slid into the bag. "The best thing about that play," Barney recalled, "was that he [Robinson] made sure he got Slaughter out... and *then* he put the ball in his face."⁵⁵

Larry Doby, the second black man in professional baseball, recalled his first few years in the major leagues as a time he would like to forget. He spoke of an incident where he slid into second base and the opposing player spit tobacco juice in his face. "When I think of the way things were," Doby stated, "I wonder how we [blacks] did it."⁵⁶ Most ball players felt little or no sympathy towards the minorities who were struggling to stay alive in professional baseball. The sport served as a microcosm of American society as it reflected the ignorance and hostility embedded in the hearts and the minds of the people.

Verbal abuse was another widely practiced way whites showed the black players what they thought of their presence in the leagues. "Bench jockeying" came from players, coaches, and managers. Every profanity known to man was directed towards the blacks who took the field. Doby claimed he heard the typical remarks, "nigger", "coon", and "shoeshine boy", and said he could ignore the comments if they came from, "some fan or some jerk sitting on the bench." What bothered Doby was if he heard the manager join in the heckling. He recalled Casey Stengel, manager of the New York Yankees, referring to him as a "jig-a-boo" during games. This type of abuse was deeply felt by the players.⁵⁷

One of the worst incidents of “bench jockeying” occurred on April 22, during Robinson’s first trip to Philadelphia. Phillies manager, Ben Chapman, born in Tennessee and raised in Alabama, constantly directed racially degrading remarks towards Robinson from the third base coaches box. Barney was on the mound for the Dodgers that game and said he, “heard it all.” Chapman hollered statements such as, “Hey you, there. Snowflake. Yeah you, you heah [*sic*] me. When did they let you outta the jungle?,” and referred to Robinson as a “no good rotten bastard.” Some of the Philadelphia players joined Chapman and yelled everything from profanities about Robinson and white women, to the diseases and repulsive sores his teammates would catch if they did as little as touch Robinson’s towels or combs. Chapman continued the abuse, and when Robinson failed to respond, he directed his comments towards other members of the Dodgers, calling Pee Wee Reese a “nigger lover”. Barney recalled that while the rest of his teammates stood in silence, Reese walked over to Robinson, placed his arm around his shoulders and said, “This is my man!”⁵⁸ Reese stood up for his teammate because he knew the man could not fight for himself due to his promise to Rickey. Robinson recalled the incident as the closest he had ever come to falling apart. He said it was a shock to hear that kind of intense abuse in a

northern city since he had only associated such bigotry with the south.⁵⁹ Robinson felt “tortured” by Chapman and the Philadelphia team, and throughout the game he continually asked himself what the men could possibly want from him. It was difficult for Robinson to stand in silence because he was a proud man. He recalled the urge he had to, “grab one of those white sons of bitches and smash his fucking teeth and walk away. Walk away from [that] ballpark. Walk away from baseball.” But Robinson had given his word to Rickey, so he stood firm, as the abuse continued.⁶⁰

Word of Chapman’s conduct spread throughout baseball. Rickey was informed of the incident and immediately called Commissioner Chandler. Chapman was threatened by the Commissioner, but no suspension was issued. He was told that to make amends for his actions he would have to take part in an interview with Wendell Smith, a black reporter for the African American paper, the *Pittsburgh Courier*, and he was asked to pose with Robinson for a picture to show there existed no hard feelings between the men.⁶¹

Another form of protest came in the way of strikes, when players refused to take part in games which involved the participation of blacks. When the announcement surfaced that Robinson was going to join the league, many strikes were rumored to

occur, but never was one officially carried out. The most famous of these protests came in May of 1947 when Brooklyn was scheduled to play at Sportsman's Park in St. Louis. The Cardinals were a team which thoroughly represented the prejudices of the south.⁶² The strike was to remain a secret until May 20, the day the series between St. Louis and Brooklyn was to begin. The players ultimately aimed for an entire league strike. They had the notion that if an abrupt refusal to play baseball occurred, blacks would be, "driven out of the game," before anyone had time to challenge the decision.⁶³ Against the players' wishes, word of the strike leaked to the Cardinals organization. National League President, Ford Frick, issued a statement to the team saying:

If you do this you will be suspended from the league. You will find that the friends you think you have in the press box will not support you, that you will be outcasts. I do not care if half the league strikes. Those who do will encounter quick retribution. All will be suspended, and I don't care if it wrecks the National League for five years. This is the United States of America and one citizen has as much right to play as another. The National League will go down the line with Robinson whatever the consequences.⁶⁴

The talk of a strike and the intention to get Robinson

thrown out of professional baseball ended, and the Dodger/Cardinal series was held without delay.⁶⁵

A situation which remained out of the hands of baseball management was the treatment blacks would be forced to endure while traveling through racially intolerant cities. Robinson experienced a great deal of local discrimination during spring training. Florida and Georgia, two popular sites of pre-season play, served as havens for racial injustice. These states were areas of the country where police took it upon themselves to keep towns and facilities segregated. During one incident in Florida, a sheriff called the end to a game in the middle of an inning, forcing the teams to leave the ballpark. The reason stated was that local law maintained that blacks were not allowed to use "public, recreational facilities."⁶⁶ Rickey found himself involved in another, similar situation in Florida where an opposing team was unable to play against the Dodgers because city law prohibited the involvement of racially mixed teams.⁶⁷ Some team officials in the south told Rickey they would participate in the games only if Robinson and John Wright, the second black signed to the minor leagues, sat out. Rickey chose to cancel those games instead of subjecting his players to such discrimination. He eventually canceled games in the Florida cities of West Palm Beach, Jacksonville, Sanford, and Deland, and

exhibitions in Savannah, Georgia and Richmond, Virginia were also called off.⁶⁸ Rickey finally moved the Brooklyn spring training site from Florida to the Dominican Republic where his players could live and play ball without the distractions of discrimination. This move did not keep the team out of the south permanently. Blacks continued to find difficulty in the South in subsequent years.⁶⁹

In 1949, two years after Robinson had joined the Dodgers, the *New York Times* printed an article which stated that three exhibition games, scheduled to be played in Atlanta, would possibly be called off. Georgia governor, Herman Talmadge, and the Grand Dragon of the Klu Klux Klan were reported to have investigated the legal issues which concerned racially mixed baseball. The Dodgers had Robinson and Campanella on their squad and some Georgians believed that competition involving these men would violate the state's segregation laws. In response to this, Rickey said he would never break the law, he would simply forfeit the games. Three days later, the same paper reported that Robinson and Campanella would be allowed to participate in the exhibition games. It was said that Georgia law only pertained to segregation in schools, transportation, restaurants, etc.. There were no laws in Georgia which prohibited integrated baseball.⁷⁰

During the regular season, blacks faced

constant attacks of prejudice and discrimination. They were often forced to stay in separate hotels, eat in separate restaurants, and travel separately from their teammates. In such cities as Chicago and St. Louis, Robinson was put up for the night in boarding houses or taken in by families.⁷¹ On one occasion in Philadelphia, the Brooklyn squad tried to check into the Benjamin Franklin Hotel and the man behind the desk refused to allow them to stay. He told them to leave and said, "...don't you bring your team back here while you have any Nigras with you!"⁷² This was one time when the white players felt what their black teammates had long suffered. There was nothing baseball could do about local laws against blacks. Those teams which carried black players were limited in their abilities to help team members, and much of the time the practices were out of their hands.⁷³

Racial harassment from fans was also difficult to avoid. The most a player could do was ignore the comments and walk away from the situation. In some minor cases, spectators offered Robinson watermelon, but it was not always that simple, some cases were much more threatening.⁷⁴ Barney remembered an incident which reflected the seriousness of Robinson's position. Barney was playing catch before a game with Robinson and another teammate. He recalled the other player

saying to him, "Hey Rex, how 'bout you coming over here and standing next to Jackie because if someone shoots at him, I don't want to be standing here." Though the player was joking, it was feasible that a fan might bring a gun to the ballpark and shoot the only black in baseball.⁷⁵

Throughout Robinson's career in the major leagues, he received numerous letters which threatened his life, and the life and well being of his family. One letter obtained by Warren Giles, President of the Cincinnati Reds, read, "ROBINSON WE ARE GOING TO KILL YOU IF YOU ATTEMPT TO ENTER A BALL GAME AT CROSLY FIELD." Despite the threat, Robinson participated in the game and acknowledged the letter by hitting a home run against the Reds. Not all letters to Robinson were negative, some offered encouragement and apologized for the reactions of others. One fan from Florida wrote, "I was humiliated to read of the callous and unchristian way in which many of our fellow citizens are treating you. I apologize for them.... Please accept this little word of encouragement for the splendid way in which you are fronting one sector of the fight to smash the color line." Another from Virginia read, "I happen to be a white Southerner, but I just wanted you to know that not all of us Southerners are SOB's. Here's one that's rooting for you...."⁷⁶

Other fans were hesitant about the move to integrate professional baseball. Joseph Clark, a man who had followed many years of the Negro Leagues, was worried about the signing of Robinson. He stated that Robinson had not been a very well known player within black baseball, and he was not sure that the man was of major league quality. When Clark heard Rickey's announcement about Robinson joining the Royals, he feared Brooklyn had signed him to eventually prove that blacks were not fit for the big leagues. He believed the organization had chosen a black man who was not very popular because they expected him to fail in the minor leagues.⁷⁷

The press handled the introduction of blacks into organized baseball in various ways. The largest difference in reports came between articles in white and black publications.

The black press was one of the most important components in establishing a successful, integrated baseball league. With thorough coverage of incidents relating to the black ball players by writers such as Sam Lacy of the Baltimore *Afro-American* and Joe Bostic of the New York *Amsterdam News*, African Americans were able to read about important issues which the white press generally neglected.⁷⁸ In a 1979 article in *Phylon*, Bill Weaver stated that the American black press had a duty to fulfill as it acted

as a major sponsor to the minority ballplayers, and ultimately an entire race. He wrote of the reporters' significance in, "assessing racial advances in context of what the race ultimately hoped to achieve."⁷⁹ The reporters were responsible for giving valid accounts of Robinson's progress beginning with his minor league career. If black publications printed false information or material that would violate Robinson, integration could have been brought to a halt.⁸⁰ The black press reports on integration fit into three distinct categories; the significance of breaking the color barrier, the recommended reaction from fans, and the pressure imposed on Robinson.

The significance of Robinson's breakthrough into professional baseball was reported in numerous ways. Some articles portrayed the importance that his entrance had on the black race and the meaning it had on the future of blacks in baseball. In an article dated, April 27, 1946, a reporter for the *Philadelphia Tribune* stated, "The signing of Jackie Robinson was but the forerunner of the days when practically every team-even the Athletics in our city-will have one or more colored players on their teams, solely on their ability to play their positions and on their value to the team." The article went on to say that Rickey was not finished the search for black players, and that Robinson would eventually move up to the major leagues.⁸¹

Most reports on the significance of the '45 signing were highly optimistic and supportive which continued on an even greater path of enthusiasm after Robinson was called up to the Dodgers. On April 14, 1947, the Boston Chronicle headline read, "TRIUMPH OF WHOLE RACE SEEN IN JACKIE'S DEBUT IN MAJOR-LEAGUE BALL." In articles which followed headlines such as this, reporters offered thanks, hope, and recognition towards the tremendous achievement to the black race. An article in one paper printed a picture of Robinson standing before a door to the Dodgers clubhouse which read, "KEEP OUT." It was a symbol of the breakthrough in black America. The caption beside the picture read, "This is the door that Rickey has finally opened. The keep out sign doesn't mean Jackie, or any other colored player who can make the grade. The great American pastime has really become American at last."⁸²

Along with citing the inevitable acceptance of integration by America at large, black reporters noted the significance of the impact on those white players who possessed prejudicial tendencies. One article, in the *Michigan Chronicle*, noted that the "southern white boys" would eventually overcome the uneasiness of playing alongside black men. It continued to say that the initial "shock" of the experience would be beneficial to the Southerners.⁸³

Another principle topic the black press touched upon during integration was fan reaction. Reporters took it upon themselves to inform the black community on how fans should react to the move. First, reports encouraged readers to thank both Rickey and Governor Dewey for their influence and motivation. One article labeled Rickey as the "John Brown of baseball," and said he knew that by signing Robinson, he was doing the right thing for humanity. There were many articles similar to this that praised Rickey for his persistence.⁸⁴

The other recommendation reporters had for fans was that they avoid over-enthusiastic behavior, and they asked this specifically for two reasons. The first reason was to shield Robinson from any embarrassment, and to ultimately avoid a reversal of the movement. Reports stated that a fan who became too engrossed with every move by a black player on the field, would end up placing even more pressure on the man. Articles claimed that it was acceptable to shout encouraging words, but only when there was reason to do so.⁸⁵ Sam Lacy reported in the *Afro-American*, that the man who is yelling and screaming could actually be yelling blacks right out of professional baseball.⁸⁶

Reporters also recommended that black fans stay away from alcohol while attending games. They feared the outbreak of rowdiness and violence if

drinking was taking place. They noted that such actions would embarrass black players and slow the process of big league integration.⁸⁷ When Robinson was added to the Dodger roster in 1947, reports continued urging readers to keep quiet. They asked for all to give Robinson “the chance to PROVE he’s Major League caliber!”⁸⁸ Integration was realistically a challenge to the entire black race, not just to Robinson.

The final topic that the black press emphasized was the pressure that was embedded upon Robinson as he became the first black player in professional baseball. Shortly after the announcement of the Montreal Royals signing, the *Pittsburgh Courier* published an article which said Robinson had, “the hopes, aspirations, and ambitions of 13 million black Americans heaped on his broad, sturdy shoulders.” Another article in the *Courier*, published in February of 1947, just days before the Dodgers purchased Robinson’s contract, stated, “If Robinson fails to make the grade, it will be years before [another] Negro makes the grade. This is IT! If Jackie Robinson is turned down this week, then you can look for another period of years before the question ever arises again.”⁸⁹ Reports such as this one exemplified the immense pressure Robinson carried on and off the field.

The black press also made it a point to remind

readers that it would perhaps be a couple of years before another black was signed because racial prejudice was so strongly set in the minds of the American people. The reporters wanted to keep the situation in perspective. In a 1947 article in the New York *Amsterdam News*, a reporter said that the signing was, "just a drop of water in the drought that keeps faith alive in American institutions." The *Courier* told its readers not to get too excited about Robinson until he made the Dodger team roster.⁹⁰ This type of reporting was to protect Robinson from the intense pressure, and also to protect the entire race from disappointment if Robinson failed to produce the numbers he needed to prove his worth.

The white press took a different approach in reporting baseball integration. Since the white reporters catered to the white majority, important information concerning black players was typically neglected. It appeared that most of the white press was unprepared to deal with such an issue. In a 1945 article in *Newsweek*, very little was said about the destruction of the color line in baseball. The half page article mentioned few facts about Robinson the man, and said that most players had no objection to the move, as long as Robinson was not a teammate of theirs. It also stated that the Negro Leagues had no problem with the signing of Robinson, but they wanted to prevent any further taking away of black

players.⁹¹ An article like this seemed to try to justify the American prejudices and it made the situation appear to be flawless and free of harsh reaction and judgment. An article in *Life*, said that *most* of baseball was willing to give Robinson a fair chance at the game. It stated that few players and owners opposed integration, fully downplaying the actual situation.⁹²

Negative reports were given by the white press before and after Robinson's first game with the Dodgers. A write-up in the *New York Daily News* claimed Robinson had a "thousand to one shot" at making the big leagues.⁹³ A *New York Times* article, published the day after Robinson's first game (in which he went hitless), stated that, "The debut of Jackie Robinson was uneventful. The muscular Negro minds his own business and shrewdly makes no effort to push himself. He sits quietly and unintelligently when spoken to...."⁹⁴ Another reporter wrote that Robinson could not hit, failing to mention he had hit .500 in one month with the Montreal club. After Robinson's second game where he beat out a bunt for a single, a reporter for the *Herald Tribune* said of Rickey, "He has done more to hurt baseball than anyone else in history....The Negroes have the legs. It starts with Robinson, but it doesn't end with Robinson. Negroes are going to run the white people out of baseball. They're going

to take over our game.”⁹⁵ This article obviously portrayed the fears and the grievances of white America.

Not all the articles by white reporters were biased from prejudice and fear. An article in the *New York Times* stated the truth when it read,

“Robinson’s path in the immediate future may not be too smooth, however. He may run into antipathy from Southerners who form about 60 percent of the leagues’ playing strength. In fact, it is rumored that a number of Dodgers have expressed themselves unhappy at the possibility of having to play with Jackie.”⁹⁶

Editorials in “white” publications were very popular in supporting the move by Rickey. The *Saturday Review of Literature* published an editorial that said it was time for integration to occur and there was no better place for, “America to begin this mode of democracy,” than in baseball. The article continued to say that the white and the black fans who would cheer for Robinson would mean more to America than “Hazel Scott’s piano playing or Paul Robeson’s acting.” The editorial praised Robinson and said the country needed the move to live up to its “democracy.”⁹⁷ Other editorials in papers and magazines made positive comments on Robinson as a ballplayer and Rickey as an innovator.⁹⁸

Historian, Ken Burns, remarked that baseball, "Is a glorious reflection of American democracy. It is a mirror or a prism in which we can see refracted all our tendencies as a people."⁹⁹ This statement exemplifies the importance of the sport to American social history. Jackie Robinson fought prejudice, hatred, and contempt to obtain a place for blacks in the white society. The integration of professional baseball was a precedent to the American civil rights movement. It occurred several years before the integration of schools and restaurants, and it preceded the crusade of Martin Luther King, Jr.. Robinson allowed the blacks who envisioned playing in the major leagues to experience their dream.

Blacks have contributed a great deal to professional baseball since 1945, thanks to those responsible for overcoming the racial barrier. Roland Hemond, General Manager of the Baltimore Orioles stated, "It is certainly encouraging to have seen such progress in my day with the advent of blacks into major league baseball, the caliber of play has vastly improved thanks to a number of super stars." Hemond went on to talk of the careers of Willie Mays, Hank Aaron, and other prominent black ball players.¹⁰⁰ The contribution of such great men could not have happened if there had been no Branch Rickey, "Happy" Chandler, or Jackie Robinson to tear down the color barrier and to endure the constant

discrimination.

One could not think of baseball today without the image of Frank Thomas, Kirby Puckett, or Ken Griffey, Jr. coming to mind. Though America is not free from racial discrimination, the country has advanced a great deal from 1945. Blacks have indeed secured themselves in baseball and in society.

Endnotes

1. Statement taken from The Jackie Robinson Foundation, *Jackie Robinson: An American Journey* (New York: 1987), 12. Poem title unavailable.

2. Bruce Chadwick, *When the Game was Black and White: The Illustrated History of Baseball's Negro Leagues* (New York: Abbeville Press, 1992), 157.

3. Robert Gardner and Dennis Shortelle, *Forgotten Players: The Story of Black Baseball in America*. (New York: Walter and Company, 1993), 98.

4. There were reports of Negroes passing as whites in organized baseball in the 1870's and 1880's. These players claimed to be from different nationalities which explained the non-Caucasian features. Passing was even reported in 1907 with Charlie Grant playing on the New York Giants ball club. He finally confessed he was black and was released from the team. Some even believed Babe Ruth to be a black man posing as a white to play ball. Bill L. Weaver, "The Black Press and the Assault on Professional Baseball's Color Line: October 1945-April 1947," *Phylon: The Atlantic University Review of Race and Culture* XL no. 4, Winter 1979, 305;

5. Dick Clark and Larry Lester, eds., *The Negro Leagues*

Book (Cleveland, Ohio: The Society for American Baseball Research, 1994), 15-17. The all black ball clubs were erected after the Civil War and survived until the 1950's. In 1884, Moses Fleetwood Walker became the first African American to play on a professional white ball club. It would be 63 years before integration would again occur.

6. Ken Burns and Geoffrey C. Ward, "Game Time," *U.S. News*, 29 August-5 September 1994, 84.

7. Jules Tygiel, *Baseball's Great Experiment: Jackie Robinson and His Legacy* (New York: Vintage Books, 1983), 39.

8. "Committee Report to Mayor Asks Equal Rights for Negroes in Baseball," *New York Times*, 19 November 1945; Editorial, *New York Times*, 20 November 1945.

9. Chadwick, *When the Game*, 160.

10. Chadwick, *When the Game*, 156.

11. The law was wanted by some to include baseball, which resulted in the formation of the "End Jim Crow in Baseball Committee." This group took part in meetings and picketing. A tryout with the Dodgers was held, but nothing was made of it. Weaver, "Press and the Assault," 304.

12. Roger Kahn. *The Era 1947-1957: When the Yankees, the Giants, and the Dodgers Ruled the World* (New York: Tinker and Fields, 1993), 44.

13. Burns. "Game Time", 85; Frank Robinson stated that he feels "Happy" Chandler needs more recognition for his part in the integration process. Robinson stated, "Rickey said, 'I'd like to have a black on my team,' but Chandler 's the one who said it was okay to sign him [Robinson]." He said that if Judge Landis had still been alive, Robinson (Jackie) would not have been brought in to the leagues and

added, "In no way am I underestimating Rickey's actions, but some tend to neglect what Chandler did for baseball." Frank Robinson, Assistant General Manager for the Baltimore Orioles, Hall of Fame outfielder. Interview by author, 18 November 1994, Los Angeles/Baltimore. Telephone.

14. Kenneth M. Jennings. *Balls And Strikes: The Money Game in Professional Baseball* (New York: Preager Books, 1989), 159-160.

15. An editorial dated April 13, 1946, in the *Chicago Defender* reads, "It is ironical that America, supposedly the cradle of democracy, is forced to send the first two Negroes in baseball to Canada in order for them to be accepted." John Wright was the second black signed to a minor league contract. Tygiel, *Baseball's Great Experiment*, 120.

16. Gerald Holland, "Mr. Rickey and the Game," *Sports Illustrated*, 7 March 1955, 62-63. It must be noted that along with the criticism and harsh treatment, many applauded the steps taken by Rickey.

17. Burns, "Game Time," 86.

18. Phil Dixon with Patrick J. Hannigan, *The Negro Baseball Leagues: A Photographic History* (New York: Amereon House, 1992), 276-277.

19. Scott Ostler, "A Day of Little Challenges that Changed the Face of a Sport," *Los Angeles Times*, 15 November 1987.

20. Robinson interview.

21. Barney remembered a time in the clubhouse after a game where Robinson was upset by the umpires' calls. Robinson was yelling about one play and teammate, Roy Campanella said to him, ". . .settle down. . .this beats the Negro Leagues. . .don't get us kicked out. . .". Rex Barney, Public Address

- Announcer for the Baltimore Orioles, former Brooklyn Dodger pitcher. Interview by author. 11 November 1994, Los Angeles/Baltimore. Telephone.
22. Dan W. Dodson, "The Integration of Negroes in Baseball," *The Journal of Educational Sociology-Special Issue: Racial Integration, Some Principles and Procedures*, October 1954, 75.
23. Chadwick, *When the Game*, 164; In a 1948 speech to Wilboreforce State University, a predominately black college, Rickey spoke for the first time about the vote. He claimed the owners who opposed said integration would "hazard all the physical properties of baseball." The owners present at the meeting denied there was any such vote. Alva Bradley, former owner of the Cleveland Indians, said the owners would never have been so "unwise" as to draw up a vote like the one Rickey mentioned. He said at the time there was only one player considered as major league quality, Satchel Paige. Bradley said he did not even think Paige would have wanted to leave the Negro Leagues. This stirred much controversy between owners and Rickey. "Rickey Claims that 15 Clubs Voted to Bar Negroes from the Majors," *New York Times*, 18 February 1948.
24. Kahn, *The Era*, 189.
25. Tygiel, *Baseball's Great Experiment*, 78.
26. Donn Rogosin, *Invisible Men: Life in Baseball's Negro Leagues* (New York: Atheneum, 1983), 203.
27. Dixon, *A Photographic History*, 244, 246.
28. Dixon, *A Photographic History*, 299.
29. Rogosin, *Invisible Men*, 216.
30. In 1949, Baird still held bad feelings for Rickey because he had not been compensated for Robinson. Baird said, "I have been informed that Mr. Rickey is a very religious man. If such is true, it appears that

his religion runs toward the almighty dollar." Dixon, *A Photographic History*, 282, 283, 300; In 1948 the *New York Times* quoted Larry MacPhail, who claimed Rickey, ". . . raided the Negro Leagues and took players without compensating them [the leagues] for the players he took." "MacPhail Contradicts Rickey on Speeches Regarding Negro Players," *New York Times*, 21 February 1948; In a related article, Baird stated MacPhail's comments were, "absolutely true," and continued, "We never got a dime for Robinson from Rickey." He said Rickey never answered his letters, but everyone knew that Robinson was the property of the Kansas City Monarchs. "Not Paid for Robinson: Kansas City Negro Team Owner Verifies MacPhail Charge," *New York Times*, 21 February 1949.

31. Chadwick, *When the Game*, 72, 75.

32. Red Barber, 1947 : *When All Hell Broke Loose in Baseball* (New York: DaCapo Press, Inc. , 1982), 51.

33. Dan W. Dodson, " Integration of Negroes", 75.

34. If the Yankees had signed Mays in 1949, their outfield for the tight '51 pennant race would have included Joe DiMaggio, Mickey Mantle, and Mays. Kahn, *The Era*, 190.

35. The first black player in the American League was Larry Doby who joined the Cleveland Indians shortly after the start of the '47 season. "Hank" Thompson was known to have beaten another black man to death in Texas. Garry Schumacher, a former member of the New York Giants front office, said, " When a colored guy killed another colored guy, it didn't count. The white cops wouldn't even make arrests...that's the way things worked in the south." This changed the barrier to blacks in baseball that said, "No drinkers" and "No rowdies." Kahn, *The*

Era, 188.

36. John B. Holway, *Black Diamonds: Life in the Negro Leagues from Men Who Lived It* (United States: Meckler Books, 1989), 107, 109.

37. "Piper Davis: The Baron of Birmingham," *Black Ball News: The Journal of Negro Leagues Baseball History* 1, no. 5 (1993), 11. It should be noted that The Boston Red Sox were the last team to bring a black player into the major leagues, in 1959.

38. Benjamin G. Rader, *Baseball: A History of America's Game* (Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1992), 153.

39. Jack Olsen, "The Black Athlete," *Sports Illustrated*, 1 July 1958, 39.

40. Dixon, *A Photographic History*, 257.

41. In 1948, Dr. Dan W. Dodson, director of the Mayor's Committee on Unity in New York, made a statement which said it was time for the Yankees and the Giants to bring blacks into their organizations. "Asks Yanks, Giants Use Negro Players," *New York Times*, 8 March 1948.

42. Jennings, *Balls and Strikes*, 163, 164; Chadwick, *When the Game*, 172; See Appendix 1 for list of first black major league ballplayers.

43. Jacob Margolies, *The Negro Leagues: The Story of Black Baseball* (Chicago: Franklin Watts, 1993), 87; The Dodgers, the Indians, and the Giants were the only teams to sign more than the "token" number of black players. By 1950, Brooklyn had Robinson, Campanella, Don Newcombe, and Dan Bankhead. Walter Leavy, "45 Years 1947-1942: Baseball," *Ebony* XLVII no. 10, August 1992, 56.

44. Jennings, *Balls and Strikes*, 163, 164.

45. Kahn, *The Era*, 189.

46. Barber, *When All Hell*, 130.

47. Barber, *When All Hell*, 113, 114.
48. Jennings, *Balls and Strikes*, 163.
49. Barney, interview. At the same time, Vince Lombardi and Hal Gregg were also traded because of problems with Robinson.
50. Barber, *When All Hell*, 115. It should be noted that after Robinson helped lead the Dodgers to the World Championship in '47, Stanky became one of his biggest supporters.
51. Ron Fimrite, "Triumph of the Spirit," *Sports Illustrated*, 24 September 1990, 107.
52. Barney interview.
53. The Jackie Robinson Foundation, *American Journey*, 7.
54. Kahn, *The Era*, 98.
55. Barney interview; *Hardball: Baseball from the Inside Out*, ESPN, 1 November 1994.
56. Olsen, "The Black Athlete," 39.
57. Jennings, *Balls and Strikes*, 163.
58. Barney interview; Jennings, *Balls And Strikes*, 161; Kahn, *The Era*, 46; Tygiel, *Baseball's Greatest Experiment*, 182.
59. The Jackie Robinson Foundation, *American Journey*, 20.
60. Kahn, *The Era*, 48, 49. Robinson went on to score the winning run of that game; Paul Dickson, *Baseball's Greatest Quotations* (New York: Edward Burlingame Books, 1991), 73.
61. Kahn, *The Era*, 50, 53. See Appendix 2 for picture of Robinson and Chapman. Following the incident, Chapman continued to justify his actions, stating that "bench jockeying" had always been a part of baseball, and what he did was no different than any other situation involving players hassling one another. Jennings, *Balls and Strikes*, 162.

62. The Cardinals were even known to be the favorite team of the Klu Klux Klan in 1947. Kahn, *The Era*, 54.
63. Kahn, *The Era*, 55, 57-59.
64. Roger Kahn, *The Boys of Summer* (New York: The New American Library, 1971), 59.
65. Barber, *When All Hell*, 174.
66. Chadwick, *When the Game*, 167.
67. Dodson, "The Integration of Negroes," 81. In some instances when the law prohibited the playing of racially mixed games, the team could talk its way into being allowed to participate. Rex Barney recalled a time when the Dodgers were scheduled to play in Macon, Georgia. As Robinson was about to enter the ballpark, a policeman stopped him and asked if he could read because a sign said, "No Colored Entrance." Leo Durocher, the manager at the time, explained to the officer that it was a very important game, many people were planning to show up and watch, and if Robinson was not allowed to go in, then the entire team would walk away with him. Finally, the policeman said it was all right to enter and the game was played. Barney interview.
68. Weaver, "Press and the Assault," 309.
69. Kahn, *The Era*, 179.
70. John Drebing, "Rickey to Cancel Atlanta Games if Negro Stars are Barred from Field," *New York Times*, 15 January 1949; "No Legal Bar Against Negro Players in Georgia, Officials Say," *New York Times*, 18 January 1949.
71. Don Buford recalled that in 1960, when he broke into the major leagues, he was forced to stay with a family while on a road trip in Lincoln, Nebraska. He also said that while playing in Savannah, Georgia, the black players had to live in a house which was rented by the team. This just shows that even 17

- years after integration, some things remained the same. Don Buford, Former Baltimore Oriole outfielder. Interviewed by author, 18 November 1994, Los Angeles/Baltimore. Telephone; Roland Hemond also remembered when Hank Aaron and Bill Bruton came to spring training in Florida and were forced to room in a boarding house owned by a black woman. Roland Hemond, General Manager of the Baltimore Orioles. Interview by author, 17 November 1994, Los Angeles/Baltimore. Telephone.
72. Barber, *When All Hell*, 179.
 73. Dodson, "The Integration of Negroes," 80.
 74. Chadwick, *When the Game*, 147.
 75. Barney interview.
 76. The Jackie Robinson Foundation, *American Journey*, 22, 24.
 77. Prentice Mills, "Baseball the People's Game: As Remembered by Negro League Fans," *Black Ball News: The Journal of Negro Leagues Baseball History* 1 no. 5 (1993), 12, 13.
 78. The Jackie Robinson Foundation, *American Journey*, 25.
 79. Weaver, "Press and the Assault," 303.
 80. Reports which ultimately labeled Robinson as, "the whole show," could do just as much harm as some other comments. Black papers had to be careful when it came to issuing reports like this. Weaver, "Press and the Assault," 316.
 81. Roy Campanella, Don Newcombe, John Wright, and Roy Partlow had been signed by the Brooklyn organization by 1947. Wright was released early in that year, but Newcombe and Campanella went on to become major league stars. Weaver, "Press and the Assault," 307, 311.
 82. See Appendix 2 for picture. Weaver, "Press and

- the Assault," 312, 314.
83. Weaver, "Press and the Assault," 308, 309.
 84. Weaver, "Press and the Assault," 306.
 85. Weaver, Press and the Assault," 311.
 86. Arthur R. Ashe, Jr., *A Hard Road to Glory-Baseball: The African-American Athlete in Baseball; Putting the Record Straight /Forgotten Facts* (New York: Amistad, 1988), 43.
 87. Rickey printed cards with the saying, "Don't Spoil Jackie's Chance" printed on them. These were handed out to black fans as they entered the ballpark. Dodson, "The Integration of Negroes," 80.
 88. Weaver, "Press and the Assault," 315.
 89. Weaver, "Press and the Assault," 312.
 90. Weaver, "Press and the Assault," 305, 306, 308, 314.
 91. "A Negro on the Farm," *Newsweek* , 6 no.19, 5 November 1945, 94, 95.
 92. "Jackie Robinson: The Dodgers sign First Negro to Play for Organized Baseball," *Life* 19 no. 22, 26 November 1945, 133, 134, 137.
 93. Ashe, *Hard Road*, 42.
 94. Scott Ostler, "A Day of Little Challenges that Changed the Face of a Sport," *Los Angeles Times* , 15 April 1987.
 95. Kahn, *The Era*, 43.
 96. Louis Effrat, "Dodgers Purchase Robinson, First Negro in Modern Major League Baseball," *New York Times*, 11 April 1947.
 97. John T. Winterich, "Playing Ball," *Saturday Review of Literature* XXVIII no. 47, 24 November 1945, 12.
 98. Effrat, "Dodgers Purchase Robinson."
 99. Burns, "Game Time," 57.
 100. Hemond interview.

