

the 1995
Writing
Anthology



The Writing Anthology: 1995

Each term Central professors enjoy reading a plethora of student papers. A few of these papers truly stand out due to their superior level of thoughtfulness, creativity, and craftsmanship. Professors from across the curriculum were invited to submit papers which, in their judgment, demonstrate this type of outstanding workmanship.

Of the forty papers submitted, twelve were selected for their originality and insight and compiled into this literary mosaic. Two of the twelve finalists received the John Allen Writing Award for overall excellence. Nathan Poe's essay was chosen for its incredible amount of personal insight into an abstract academic concept. Paula Peterson was selected as she used a remarkably innovative approach to illuminate her extensive research of the "Yellow Nineties."

We extend a special thanks to Randa Van Dyk for her patience and computer expertise in preparing this anthology for publication and to Daniela Koger for her artwork.

— Stacy DeBoef and Brandee Marckmann, editors
Walter Cannon, faculty advisor

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover artwork by Daniela Koger

Untitled	Nathan Poe	2
Reinterpreting "Yellow Fever"	Paula Peterson	5
Fury and Grief: Medea's Chariot Ride to the Temple	Bonnie Klassen	11
The Wooden O	Scot Shepley	12
American Meat Consumption	Tracy Koogler	14
The Illustrious Dr. Ho	Chris McMorrان	18
Good to See You Again, Old Friend	Mark Sandbulte	19
Through The Eyes of Love	Sinikka Wainionpaa	22
A Comparison of the AIDS Epidemic in the United States and India	Angela Taylor	23
Literature, Gender Roles, and Politics of the Neoclassical Era	Stacy DeBoef	27
The Story of an Hour	Leslie Maynard	28
Rumplestiltskin—Hood Style	Frank Apaez	30

Untitled

by Nathan Poe

Recent United States

Dr. Jim McMillan

Assignment: Write a paper about Jack Kerouac's On The Road that shows the author as either a radical genius, or a drunken bum.

The Kirkus Review said that Jack Kerouac's On the Road was "an excellent and compassionate picture of that segment of the generation which was left to fend for itself after World War II." It's on the back of the book, you can read it yourself. But I wonder, as I read the definition of another generation, what will define my generation, "Generation X," as the advertisers and MTV have so joyfully defined us. We wear flannel shirts, are not supposed to wash our hair often, and speak, or at least write (if we're truly "alternative") in paradoxical phrases of gibberish brilliance like "force fields of multiplying meat" or "running around in New Age bionic jogging suits." Maybe the definition of my generation is that we have no definition. Maybe we're all so aware that we have no definition, that our definition, even if there was one, would be summarily rejected without thought. Maybe Star Wars and Scooby-Doo define us. It was with all these thoughts shuffling, in addition to a general nervousness about future plans, in the back of my mind that my friends and I set out west on our spring break.

It started out as a planned spontaneous road trip. If you can imagine such a thing.

"We gotta go somewhere."

"Where?"

"Somewhere cool."

"Someplace spontaneous, we just get in a car and put the gas on the Mastercard." You can go anywhere with a Mastercard.

"I've always wondered what the Victoria's Secret warehouse would look like. You think it would be like just mountain-loads of bras and panties? We could dive into them like Scrooge McDuck with his money bin."

"If we're going someplace, it should be out West. If I lived in Indianapolis, I'd go to the Victoria's Secret warehouse. We live in Iowa. We should go West."

Three weeks later, with a couple phone calls to friends and relatives, everything seemed to be settled. Spontaneity would exist within the confines of the general trip outline. A car, a tent, and a Mastercard and we were off to the West. Through Kansas City.

Unfortunately, when I jumped into the Hyundai, the gas tank did not read full. Not even full. We stopped in Knoxville.

"Sam, I'll get the next drink, if you get this one." I had left school with a five-dollar bill in my brown wallet and felt unwilling to break it for a bottle of flavored water.

"Okay Twain."

The two girls at the front desk of the Casey's General Store were easily the two most beautiful girls I had ever seen in a convenience store. They smiled at the three of us; I was the most clean cut of the three, and after two all-nighters, a finals test over World War I and the roaring twenties, I looked and felt like an old metal garbage can. Sam sported a Tennessee Hatfield-and-McCoyesque goatee and the roughest five o'clock shadow I can remember ever seeing. Sam could grow a full beard in a week. I had to work on my sideburns for a month before I

could leave the house. Matt, outfitted in an orange plaid shirt and a tired old pea green army jacket, possessed the most magnificent pair of triangular sideburns on campus. He wore a Marlboro hat with a big red "M" on the front that he got for free when he bought three cartons at one time, and he almost never took it off. We paid for the gas and drinks and tried to walk out of the store as coolly as possible.

"I predict that we will drive this entire trip, and not come across better-looking convenience store workers than the two we just left sitting in the Knoxville, Iowa, Casey's General Store," I said.

"Jesus, I hope not, we've got a long way to go, I hope not," Matt replied, as he puffed on his Marlboro. But we didn't.

As we headed down to Kansas City, I tried to get a feel for the guys I would live and sleep with the next ten days. Matt was one of those guys that laughs at anything remotely funny when you first meet him. It was a forced laugh, but I appreciated it; a little fake laughter makes everyone more comfortable. At least you know this person is making an attempt at liking you. Sam, a quiet guy, sat in the passenger seat as Matt and I probed each other's characters. He knew both of us, but none of us had been in forced isolation with each other. We talked about chicks, or "gurls, gurls, gurls."

Matt spoke with the unmistakable air of experience that I've been faking for the last six years. I think about girls a lot. Matt knew lots about girls. Sam really didn't seem really too impressed by the whole line of conversation. Undoubtedly more girls looked at Sam with a raised eyebrow of interest than ever were thrown my or Matt's way.

We kept heading south.

Eventually Kansas City glowed in the distance, and a night on the town loomed in all our minds. We were to stop at Matt's sister's apartment and drop off our stuff and then go to a concert in the basement of some run-down church near the Plaza. We knocked on the flimsy wooden door and waited. Nobody answered, and a smart ass comment waited on my lips, ready to question Matt about the actual existence of this so-called sister. A young, pretty girl slowly cracked open the door. She held a baby in her arms. The first thing that came to my mind was, "Jesus Christ, the baby is barely older than the mother." With a glance at the confused face of Matt, however, I realized that this was not someone he recognized; the baby-sitter.

In an alto southern drawl, "They've awready laeft, you bother-en-law laeft some deerections." She wouldn't let us in. Her eyes looked us up and down quickly, two white Iowa boys and a white Michigan kid all looking desperately different from anyone else.

"He laeft some deerections." The directions were a pain long--I knew we wouldn't find the place. And as I watched the mint green clock above the tape deck, an hour of wandering around trendy Kansas City streets quickly passed by. We ended up pulling into a 7-Eleven. Matt loved to play pinball, and so did Sam; they put in a quarter for me, so I played--I still hadn't broken that five in my wallet. After a couple of rounds, and a couple of kids complaining about Matt's Marlboros, we jumped back into the red Hyundai in search of action. Bars.

I could here the pounding of a live band through the windows of the cars, and ordered a pullover. I flashed the bouncer my ID and stepped into the bar. Cover charge - never read about any cover charges in On the Road, but times change, I guess.

No one followed me in, so I turned around to see what was up. Matt was experiencing difficulties in gaining access to the bar. The bouncer glanced from Matt's terrible fake ID to Matt's sideburn-covered face. The

bouncer shone his flashlight into Matt's face. No way. Matt couldn't get into a fountain shop with that ID. Luckily, I hadn't paid the cover yet. We ended up going back to Matt's sister/brother-in-law's place and forcing our way in. The husband and wife showed up around one-thirty. I liked him immediately. Matt's sister was cute. We all sat around burping and farting. Matt's sister pretended to be disgusted. She told us the baby would get up around eight o'clock or so and would refuse to let us sleep. We watched a couple a minutes of cable TV and then fell asleep, Sam on a love seat, me on a couch, and Matt on the floor.

We woke up around ten, (no baby this morning I guess) Sam, Matt, and the brother-in-law all went out for a smoke as soon as they woke up, the sister and I stayed inside and watched the baby watch Barney videos. The sister was interesting; she was only a year older than me, but her entire life had already started. But she wasn't going anywhere. The kid had a bad cough--she called the doctor--I've never called a doctor in my life, my mom always called.

I phoned my nervous grandmother in Arkansas and told her we'd be leaving in a few minutes. We'd be in Clinton-land in a manner of a few hours.

About three hours south of Kansas City on reliable old Highway 71, we ran out of things to talk about. I liked girls, history, and basketball, Matt liked girls and cigarettes, and Sam liked basketball, forests, and remained pretty quiet on the subject of girls. At the next truck stop, I bought a book on tape. Star Wars: The Jedi Academy—complete with authentic sound effects and music from the movies. Unfortunately, the narrator had problems recreating the roar of a Wookiee, or the whiny voice of See Threepio, let alone imitating a decent version of Han Solo.

Travelling at an even 63 m.p.h., (Matt had never gotten a speeding ticket and evidently intended on never receiving one) we made it to the Ozark Mountains right before sundown. The familiar road sign with flashing lights above it greeted us.

"Fourteen people have been killed on the next ten miles of roads in the last three years—DON'T YOU BE NEXT." And thus our ominous entrance into Arkansas.

We stopped on the top of the spine of the hills/mountains. I remembered an overlook tower that my grandpa had taken my brother and me to when we were small. Now the tower stood atop the mountain guarded by an eight-foot-high fence and barbed wire. The only entrance was through a roadside craft shop, (of which thousands exist south of the Mason-Dixon line and west of the Missouri,) with a sign hanging from the screen window, "See you in the Spring!" Sam decided to climb the fence. Somebody is always looking out a window, though, and as soon as Sam placed his foot in a chain-link an old man started wildly tapping from a window near the craft shop. It seemed everywhere we went closed doors, chain-link fences, and no trespassing signs sat in the way of where we wanted to go.

We rolled into Fort Smith after nightfall, and my grandparents jumped out of their modest home to come and greet us. Feeling a bit tentative, I introduced my friends. Though not exactly clean-cut American boys, Nana and Pop took to them immediately and we went out to eat at Catfish Cove. I wondered if Nana and Pop didn't know what we were supposed to look like, or being old, if they just didn't care.

Rutha began quizzing me on my plans as soon as I collected the frog legs and chicken brisket from the buffet.

"When do you graduate, sonny boy?"

"In May."

"What then—graduate school?"

"I guess, if I get accepted."

"What will you do?"

I wanted to tell her, "Nana, I'm going to move to New York City and disappear for a year and try to figure out what I really want, who I am, who I'm supposed to be." I wanted to tell her that none of us knew what we wanted, and didn't understand what everyone else wanted us to want.

Instead I told her,

"I want to work in a museum." This, of course, made her happy.

When we got back to the house, Rutha pulled out the family history book—the photograph albums. Matt and Sam sat on the floor with my grandmother and watched my family slip by page by page. Buford, my grandfather, watched Arkansas play basketball. I read National Geographic. Matt, Sam, and I decided to go to a movie—The Shawshank Redemption. The main character was a banker sent to jail for killing his wife and you never find out if he did until near the end of the show. A friend acquired a rock hammer for him so he could sculpt a rock chess set. He spent twenty years in that jail before anyone found out that he really hadn't murdered his wife. Everyone's always innocent, but no one really thinks so. This guy was though. One night (and I'm leaving out a lot here) he pulled aside a huge poster on his wall and escaped out the hole he'd been digging with that rock hammer each night for the previous twenty years. He'd been the accountant for the warden all this time, and the warden was as crooked as the main character was innocent. Joe (that's his name) left enough evidence in the warden's financial portfolio at the local bank to totally screw the warden. Joe slipped off with a ton of money that he skimmed from the warden, and moved down to Mexico. He totally destroyed the system, even though it had mishandled him in every conceivable manner. What a great movie—it made me feel like Top Gun did the first time I saw it—I CAN DO ANYTHING. NOTHING CAN STOP ME.

We went out into the lobby and Matt and Sam spotted the bright orange buzzing noises of a top-notch pinball machine. We stuck our quarters into it and the damn machine ate them. We turned to the acne-ridden snobbish high school greasy popcorn-covered employee and he told us, "Tough shit." He refused to give us our quarters back. Matt said, "Fuck it," and we went back to Buford and Rutha's. My grandparents were sitting in front of the TV, both asleep; Rocky was on—what a stupid movie.

We didn't leave my grandparents' place until late afternoon, they wanted us to stay another night. It seemed like a sort of farewell forever. So many people you meet, and you always say, "well, nice to meet you," or some such bullshit, but what you really mean is, "have a nice life." Why can't we say what we mean?

On the road again, crossing the Oklahoma river, we left Arkansas and my tired grandparents. They've lived their lives now, and all that remains is keeping tabs on the day to day results—me, my parents and my aunts and uncles—of their lives.

The redness of Oklahoma astounded me. What happened to this place? Did the devil piss on the entire state, leaving his red urine in every crease of the landscape, forbidding anything but bushes and scrubby trees to exist in the aftermath? Yet people live here. More persons than in my homestate. A state full of Bubbas, Bobs, and Billy Bobs. Sam, Matt, and I rode across in continual amazed awareness.

"I can't believe the desolation," I said.

"How does anything live here," suggested Sam in a rhetorical statement.

Matt just smoked his Marlboros. He'd bought a carton in Kansas City at warehouse prices, and he'd be damned

if he didn't go through that entire box on this trip.

In some manner I felt like Oklahoma could be some religious shrine to an entire group of people. Seventh-Day Aftermathists or something. The entire state once boasted infinite numbers of sea life, which explains the equally infinite number of oil-sucking pumps stuck into the ground like giant Minnesota mosquitoes in your fleshy and tasty forearms. But now the whole region's claim to fame was the dust bowl of the 1930's and Okemah, Oklahoma, the residence of Woody Guthrie. It occurred to me as I viewed nothing that Oklahoma is America, not the physical aspects of it—but the social aspects. Oklahoma physically today is what America is, and what I sometimes feel like, used up, red, dusty and dry, socially evolving into. A wasteland of red tumbleweeds. So we decided to spend the night.

Pulling off of some road (we didn't care) with a case of Red Dog beer bought with additional trip funds courtesy of Rutha and Buford, we pitched a tent and stared at the stars. The stars, without the glare of a big city, shined so brightly that we could actually look at the *Playboy* magazine that Sam bought at a Git 'n' Go without turning on the lantern. So much for any deep philosophical discussions—we were on to much more important issues—the actual buoyancy and bounciness of Amber Smith's (super model) tits. I'd say breasts, but if they're in a magazine, they're tits.

In the morning, worried that some rancher would kick us off his red dust, Sam and I packed up the tent as Matt prepared a heart-killing breakfast of bacon and eggs. I love salt. I really don't care if my heart falls out. I'm gonna die anyway, so is it really worth not enjoying? I'm gonna enjoy things.

Oklahoma certainly holds vast buckets of nothingness. Texas, on the panhandle, and its emptiness, could not be held in large dumptrucks.

And then out of nowhere, the nothingness ends, and suddenly, there is somethingness.

New Mexico.

Is it possible that New Mexico once was Oklahoma, but with a river running through it? Can one element, one unaccounted for variable, change the aspect of everything? Martin Luther, Isaac Newton, Martin Luther King, Jr., Bob Dylan, do I dare mention Kurt Cobain? Somehow, this lends to me some quivering splinter of hope. Somehow, in some manner, the belief that a river runs through it, through my Oklahoma, through our Oklahoma, Sam, Matt's and mine, forces me to know, forces me to face that no matter how undefined, how flat and desolate our landscape looks, someone or something will cut into us, and sculpt out of that red nothingness a shape that we can lift up and carry as a banner, shape us all into a composition that can and will last into the books. It hasn't happened yet. But it will. In the meantime, I'll keep searching for our New Mexico, keep searching for the land that's been changed and defined into something worth gawking at. In the meantime, I'll break that fiver. In the meantime, I'll make my grandparents happy. In the meantime, I'll keep eating too much salt. In the meantime, I'll keep riding with our version of the Merry Pranksters.

Reinterpreting “Yellow Fever”

An analysis of the “Yellow Nineties” with speculation on the appeal of the color to the obscure 1890s

by Paula Peterson

Seminar in British Literature

Dr. Michael Harris

Assignment: Write a 12-15 page essay on some aspect of British literature of the 1890s.

The distinctive 1890s have endured many nicknames, but one that is customarily alluded to is the “Yellow Nineties.” Although “yellow” seems to be a universally accepted description for this colorful decade, no concise explanation exists as to the question, “Why yellow?” The obscurity in the choice and boundaries of the color seem to be much of its appeal. The literary and artistic climate was changing, and the resulting new environment was not entirely cloudless in its intentions and distinctions between movements in that environment. Yellow was used by both artist and writer, aesthete and decadent. Each was able to use it to his/her own advantage. It acted as a single ray of light trying to break through a cirrostratus sky. Yellow willingly lent itself to different genres and movements, without having to sacrifice any of its other allegiances.

What is unquestionable is that the Nineties were yellow. In his essay, “A Boom in Yellow,” Richard Le Gallienne paints a picture of the times: “Let us dream of this: a maid with yellow hair, clad in a yellow gown, seated in a yellow room, at the window a yellow sunset, in the grate a yellow fire, at her side a yellow lamplight, on her knee a Yellow Book” (Le Gallienne, 133).

The “yellow spark” may not have ignited in the Nineties but in an earlier decade, only to smolder in the last decade of the century. Vincent Van Gogh undoubtedly provided inspiration for the “Yellow Nineties.” In February, 1888 he rented the right wing of a yellow house in Arles, France where he set up his studio. In a letter to his brother, Theo, Van Gogh writes about his house which he has drawn hastily for him on a yellow piece of paper (Stone, 341). He felt at home in his yellow house, creating a painting of it, and inviting his friend and fellow artist, Paul Gauguin, to live with him.

Van Gogh was also known for his love of the yellow sunflower. He painted twelve sunflower canvases in his lifetime, seven of which proved masterpieces which contributed to his legendary status. In his photographic tribute to the artist in the book, *Sunflowers for Van Gogh*, David Douglas Duncan says of Van Gogh's funeral, “Friends of the artist encircled his coffin with his canvases—a riotous garden of blues, crimson, emerald and sunburst yellow, blinding yellow so pure and unfiltered and straight from the squeezed tube and wrenched soul that nothing lay between Vincent and his God...nor his love: Sunflower” (9).

Van Gogh died in 1890, a timely death considering the impact his sacred color had on that decade. In the same

letter to Theo, Van Gogh expresses his love for the hue: “Just now we are having a glorious strong heat, with no wind—just what I want. There is a sun, a light that for want of a better word I can only call yellow, pale sulphur-yellow, pale golden yellow. How lovely yellow is!” (Stone, 375).

Like Van Gogh, the founders of the Aesthetic Movement, which actually began in the 1870s and 1880s, saw meaning in sunflowers. This flower was to be the symbol of the movement, perpetuated by William Morris and Oscar Wilde. In 1851 Morris and Edward Burne-Jones took on the project of “frescoing,” or painting on wet plaster with watercolors, the Debating Room of the Oxford Union. Among their murals, Morris painted a congregation of sunflowers soaring on tall stalks. A few years later, nothing remained of the murals “but curled flakes of color on a peeling wall while the sunflowers, so vividly alive with the energy which indefatigable Morris had imparted, showed faint as the ghosts of bloom in another world. The sunflower as a symbol of aestheticism, however, had come to stay” (Winwar, 21).

Wilde also became known for his fancy toward the sunflower. Students awaiting his arrival at university lectures would ask themselves and others, “Will he wear a sunflower?” (Winwar, 80). Katherine Mix describes Wilde's influence on the younger generation: “Yellow sunflowers...became the symbol of aestheticism in the hand of Oscar Wilde, who praised the leonine, gaudy beauty of the flower so fervently that American undergraduates at Harvard and Yale marched to his lectures bearing stalks of the yellow blossoms—probably artificial, since it was winter” (2).

It wasn't until 1894 that the decade acquired its nickname “yellow” from the London *Times*. After this reference, the public opened its eyes and “became yellow-conscious” (Winwar, 239). It was encountered in both art and literature and this exposure mainstreamed “yellow” into the fashionable. French novels, which were becoming increasingly popular, were called “yellowbacks” due to the color of the book covers. Fashionable women were seen in yellow satin evening gowns. Notable artist Aubrey Beardsley redecorated his studio in Warwick Square, painting deep yellow walls (Winwar, 239). *The Yellow Book* editor Henry Harland wrote under the pseudonym “Yellow Dwarf” (Mix, 230). The color yellow was quickly adopted as the mascot for the decade and “yellow became the colour of the hour, the symbol of the time-spirit” (Jackson, 46).

The Aesthetic Movement that came of age in the 1890s was a reaction against the Victorian standards for art—namely that art was connected with morality. The aesthetes believed in “art for art's sake”; art was not didactic and was irrelevant to the subject of morality. Art and literature were simply to be judged for their beauty itself. Walter Pater contributed another catchphrase to this group of artists. In his ‘Conclusion’ to *The Renaissance*, he said, “To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy is success in life” (Bergonzi, 369). This meant that an aesthete was to strive for striking sensations in paint color or words, even if only momentarily; these images exemplify “art for art's sake.”

It seems natural to represent the Aesthetic Movement and aestheticism by a bright yellow. The vividness of this color corresponds with the tenets of the aesthetes who emphasized sensation and impression. The aesthetes “did nothing but with intensity” (Winwar, 51). Bright yellow is the epitome of intensity on the color spectrum. Winwar maintains that the aesthetes believed that “nothing was beautiful unless it was intense—a color, a face, an emotion. To be intense was to be of the elect, and to be of the elect one had to be aesthetic” (52). In a letter to Theo, Van Gogh praised the use of audacious color, citing Delacroix as an example of a painter who loved and did marvelous things with two colors which are “most

condemned"—lemon yellow and Prussian blue. Van Gogh demonstrates the early influence of aestheticism by defending the creation of momentary sensations: "All the colours that the Impressionists have brought into fashion are unstable, so there is all the more reason to use them boldly...time will tone them down only too well" (Stone, 338).

With the focus on intensity, the daring and unconventional became the trend and what Jackson calls the "art of shocking" (126) came into vogue. At the heart of this movement toward the avant-garde was the literary magazine, *The Yellow Book*. This was more than just a magazine. "It was a rallying cry, a term of opprobrium, a ventilator of the stuffy nineteenth-century literary air, and—briefly—an institution" (Weintraub, vii).

In 1894, Beardsley and American expatriate writer Henry Harland conceived the idea of a new magazine what would publish certain works that were not accepted for publication in other conventional magazines. John Lane, who was chosen to produce the publication, "welcomed it, calculating the precise degree of shockability that was profitable, though the new periodical was not intended as the organ of decadence or of any new movement at all" (Fletcher, 13). It was decided that Beardsley would serve as art editor and Harland as literary editor. They chose a hardcover in yellow, resembling the French novels. In March of 1894 a publisher's announcement went out:

The aim...of *The Yellow Book* is to depart as far as may be from the bad old traditions of periodical literature, and to provide an Illustrated Magazine which shall be beautiful as a piece of bookmaking, modern and distinguished in its letter-press and its pictures...And while *The Yellow Book* will seek always to preserve a delicate, decorous and reticent mien and conduct, it will at the same time have the courage of its modernness... (Weintraub, x-xi).

In an attempt to preserve the dignity of the magazine, Beardsley and Harland excluded Wilde, a key figure in the Aesthetic Movement, from their collection of contributing writers. Wilde was hurt by this ostracism and so criticized the new publication, giving it the worst insult he could: "It is horrid and not yellow at all" (Winwar, 240). The editors and publisher wanted to distance their new creation from the rumors and scandals of Wilde. He was rightly suspected of being a homosexual, which was a criminal offense in England at the time. Beardsley had a singular contempt for Wilde, partly due to a falling out after he illustrated Wilde's book *Salomé*. Beardsley's antagonism went so far as to claim that Wilde brought bad luck, refusing to have any of his books near him (Winwar, 180). Wilde's disappointment stemmed from the fact that he read this publication and saw in it everything he stood for, writing by young artists whom he thought of as his disciples, and art created by those who were his friends. But "there was not the least reference to him, the prophet of art for art's sake. The format of the book, the very color owed something to his influence" (Winwar, 240).

Beardsley's explicit black-and-white drawings, which appeared in limited editions of the magazine, were new and intense, representing aestheticism. In his essay, "The New Fiction," H.D. Traill wrote, "Not to be new is, in these days, to be nothing" (Jackson, 21). The world looked at Beardsley's art as an icon for the bold period. Jackson credits the initial success of *The Yellow Book* to the fact that it was unprecedented: "It was newness in excelsis: novelty naked and unashamed" (46).

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec was another artist who, like Beardsley, was popularized in the nineties by his

modernity. He is called history's greatest poster artist, whose best posters are seen as the classic representation of this type of art. Many of Toulouse-Lautrec's posters radiate with the color yellow, which may contribute to the description of his works as possessing an "aggressive vitality" (Feinblatt and Davis, 35). Another artist of the "Belle Epoque posters," as they are called, Jules Chéret, also favored the color yellow in his art.

"Yellow" as a symbol for aestheticism and the intrepid modernity of the Aesthetic Movement appears in many of the novels, stories and poems written in the Nineties. In Kate Chopin's short story, "An Egyptian Cigarette," the cigarette, which the narrator smokes, is wrapped in "pale yellow paper" (1). It does not seem incidental that this cigarette, which is from the Orient and therefore exotic, is yellow. The fact that the smoker is a woman, a daring act of the times, reinforces the motives for using the color.

There are many references to "yellow" in Wilde's novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray*; however, one seems to stand out in the spirit of the aesthete. In one scene Lord Henry is "sinking into a chair, and slowly pulling off his yellow gloves" (126). In *Oscar Wilde and the Yellow Nineties*, Beardsley is described as the "loose-limbed, gaunt apparition in a black cutaway, silk hat and lemon-coloured gloves..." (Winwar, 242). It seems that Wilde could be comparing Lord Henry to Beardsley, and also to himself. Jackson finds a resemblance between the two artists who did not particularly like one another. He sees both as prototypes to the character of Dorian, as Lord Henry is a fictional prototype, and characterizes both as being perverse in thought, especially in their idealization of the artificial over the natural (63). Although the yellow gloves represent aestheticism, the connection they produce between these aesthetes and Dorian leads to decadence, Dorian's decay and destruction.

Wilde also wrote poetry which illustrates the values of aestheticism. In *British Poetry 1880-1920: Edwardian Voices*, many of Wilde's poems are described as "impressions, emphasizing color and momentary moods. They transfix what by their nature cannot be held for very long..." (43). This was the marrow of aestheticism. His poem, "Symphony in Yellow," is saturated with yellow impressions describing scenes in London. An omnibus "crawls like a yellow butterfly," "yellow hay" and "yellow leaves" are images described, and the fog hangs "like a yellow silken scarf" (Wilde, 240).

In the tradition of aestheticism, the appeal of yellow in the nineties could have been merely an "awakening" to the color. According to *The Enjoyment and Use of Color*, "We break through our habits of thought which have limited our seeing, and find in nature and in art fresh sources of keen enjoyment and of profound aesthetic experience" (2). This work later describes yellow as a color that gains in charm as its qualities are studied (47). So, with the increased exposure to yellow, the color became more charming. The more people were exposed to it, the more appealing it became and the more it was used, therefore further heightening the exposure—a seemingly infinite loop. Thus, the aesthetic commandment, "art for art's sake," could be rewritten as "yellow for yellow sake." To use yellow was to be *en vogue* and to leap into aestheticism with both feet.

In Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, in preparation for the wedding of Tess and Angel, a "blazing yellow damask blower" (164), a curtain that hung over the top part of the opening of a fireplace, was hung to replace "the old grimy blue cotton one with a black sprig pattern" (164). "Blazing yellow" is more sensational and aesthetic than "old grimy blue." Nearly any color would actually be more aesthetically pleasing, but it is significant as an indicator of the flavor of the times that "blazing yellow" was chosen for the aesthetic transformation.

The Picture of Dorian Gray is full of many impressions with "yellow" which adhere to aestheticism. One intense image which uses "yellow" to further the sensation is "The heat was terribly oppressive, and the huge sunlight flamed like a monstrous dahlia with petals of yellow fire" (109). Instead of describing the fire as orange or red, which it most commonly is, Wilde chooses "yellow" which, important to an aesthete and popular at the time, has the most intensity.

Yellow is also associated with light. Jackson says of the 1890s, "It would seem as though the Impressionist painters had made the world more conscious of the effects of light, and inspired writers with a desire to seek out colour visions for themselves" (139). The writers, newly conscious of light, are naturally drawn to yellow. It is the most luminous of colors, next to white in its brightness. In his essay on the color yellow, Alexander Theroux writes, "It represents wisdom, light, illumination, intuition, power and glory..." (68). The lucid property of yellow is referred to in many of the works from this decade. Light allows vision, and with vision comes enlightenment, the ability to see things not previously seen. This coincides with aestheticism, seeing and appreciating things for the first time, as they are or for what they are, instead of always overlooking the "thing" in searching for its utility in society.

In a passage in *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, the narrator describes the setting: "It was a fine September evening, just before sunset, when yellow lights struggle with blue shades in hair-like lines, and the atmosphere itself forms a prospect, without aid from more solid objects..." (47). The admittance of the yellow light causes the atmosphere to be viewed in and of itself. Thus, the yellow light brings the enlightenment of the ideals of aestheticism.

In two of Arthur Conan Doye's "Sherlock Holmes" stories, yellow light is used, and in both it is used to break through gloom. In "The Man with the Twisted Lip," the story reads, "a tall dog-cart dashed up through the gloom, throwing out two golden tunnels of yellow light from its side lanterns..." (117). The scene in "The Speckled Band" unfolds: "A moment later we were out on the dark road, a chill wind blowing in our faces, and one yellow light twinkling in front of us to guide us on our sombre errand" (169). These "guiding lights" could be interpreted as knowledge or wisdom, helping Holmes and Watson through the despondency and decadence of the times. Holmes is an aesthete, solving mysteries for the sake of the solve, not for money or due to any moral obligation to society. He does become decadent, especially through his cocaine addiction, but his ability to solve crimes in this manner is his "yellow light" to find his way out of the "gloom" of decadence.

The last chapter of Olive Schreiner's *The Story of an African Farm* is entitled "Waldo Goes Out to Sit in the Sunshine." Waldo, who was preoccupied with there being more to his life, comes to a realization that life is to be loved and appreciated simply for itself. This is a very aesthetic view. The narrator explains, "There are only rare times when a man's soul can see Nature. So long as any passion holds it revel there, the eyes are holden that they should not see her...when the very thirst for knowledge through long-continued thwarting has gone dull; when in the present there is no craving and in the future no hope, then, oh, with a beneficent tenderness, Nature unfolds you" (298). Waldo's enlightenment occurs through yellow light. "Waldo looked out into the yellow sunshine that tinted even the very air with the colour of ripe corn, and was happy" (299). He is surrounded by yellow. "Yellow-legged bees" (299) hum around him, he is seated by "round-headed yellow flowers," (297) and as he dies, yellow chicks perch on him. The illumination of yellow results in Waldo's epiphany, through which he finds his

peace in life, rendering him ready to die.

As at the end of any century, the 1890s brought feelings of disenchantment with the world, listlessness and the fatalistic emotion of decay. In this particular decade, however, these attitudes played off of the already thriving Aesthetic Movement, transforming some of its ideas to form a new literary and artistic movement, the Decadence. The aesthetic's quest for new sensations was mutated into the decadent's praise of the artificial and bizarre. Arthur Symons called the literature of this movement "a new and beautiful and interesting disease" (Beckson and Ganz, 39). The decadence of the 1890s is an ugly and sickly yellow. The editor of *Harper's Magazine* said in 1895, "The Yellow literature is not new. There have always been diseased people seeking notoriety by reason of their maladies" (Mix, 3).

The Yellow Book was as much a symbol of decadence as it was of aestheticism. Jackson said of the 1890s, "The decadence was to be seen in a perverse and finicking glorification of the fine arts and mere artistic virtuosity...[which] produced *The Yellow Book*" (22-23). After the initial intrigue of the new periodical, attitudes fused into what Weintraub calls a "most jaundiced reception" (viii). The French novels or "yellowbacks," being considered by many as wicked and decadent, also contributed to the decadent perception of this similar-looking periodical.

The press and other literary magazines sharply criticized and satirized *The Yellow Book* for its perversity and commitment to artificiality. *The Spectator* called it, "a jaundiced-looking indigestible monster, half-book, half-magazine..." (Mix, 91). An essay that many who weren't inspired by the Decadent Movement found offensive was Max Beerbohm's "A Defence of Cosmetics" which appeared in the first volume of *The Yellow Book*. This farcical piece calls for a return to cosmetics as a means of beauty; it exalts the artificial and degrades the natural. In the second paragraph Beerbohm boldly sums up the attitude of the decadents: "The Victorian era comes to its end...The old signs are here and the portents to warn the seer of life that we are ripe for a new epoch of artifice" (65). He later restates the belief in "art for art's sake:" "And, truly, of all the good things that will happen with the full renaissance of cosmetics, one of the best is that surface will finally be severed from soul...Too long has the face been degraded from its rank as a thing of beauty to a mere vulgar index of character or emotion" (71). He also ties in Beardsley's art with the epitome of the artificial: "And, as in another period of great ecstasy, a dancing woman, la belle Aubrey...ashamed at length of skulking between the soup of the unpopular and the test-tubes of the Queen's catalyst, shall be exalted to a place of highest honour upon loveliness's toilet-table" (82). Those who were uncomfortable with the new trend toward the artificial and unconventional found plenty to renounce in *The Yellow Book*.

Aiding the ruin of *The Yellow Book* was, ironically, Wilde, even though the periodical tried to distance itself from the scandalous aesthete by exempting him as a contributor. While being arrested once, Wilde was seen with a yellow book under his arm. Although the press reported it to be *The Yellow Book*, it was only a French novel. The public's association of Beardsley with Wilde in conjunction with pressure from contributors convinced Lane to dismiss Beardsley as art editor. Mix summarizes the feelings of the general public: "They took the esoteric quality of Beardsley's art as the outward manifestation of an inner debauchery like Wilde's" (146).

The Yellow Book survived for a while after this disrepute, but eventually it decayed, and after the thirteenth volume it was put to rest. Mix identifies Wilde as the catalyst in the death: "Yet all unwittingly, when he

associated himself in the public mind with the *Yellow Book* he set in motion the forces which doomed Aubrey Beardsley and eventually finished the *Yellow Book* (147). Lane shared this same opinion and looking back upon this incident, laments, "It has killed *The Yellow Book*...and it nearly killed me" (Weintraub, xvii). In this sense the *Yellow Book* met the most severe form of decadence: extinction.

However, the life it lived was not in vain. Harland is reminiscing without regret when he writes, "...we made most of the London critics gasp a bit and we forced the recognition of any number of principles and ideas for which we had been striving" (Mix, 280). *The Yellow Book* also influenced later periodicals, such as *Blast*, a magazine introduced just before World War I whose intent was to publish the literature and art of the times. Its sponsor proclaimed, "No periodical since the famous *Yellow Book* has so comprehended the artistic movement of its decade" (Mix, 280). When *New Writings* was revealed in 1935, it proudly proclaimed itself the "Yellow Book of the thirties" (Mix, 280). So, although *The Yellow Book* met a decadent end, it was able to resurrect in spirit as a paradigm for other magazines with similar ambitions.

Decadence through yellow is also identified in "yellow journalism," a phrase which originate in the 1890s. Although this type of journalism, also called "sensationalism," is concerned with quick impressions as being saleable which coincides with aestheticism, it is generally seen as decadent: a degeneration of journalistic principles and the morality of truth.

According to the *Encyclopedia Americana*, the "yellow" in the name of the concept is attributed to two rival newspapers' comic strip characters, those of the *New York World* and the *New York Journal*. With the recent development of color in the press, comic strips meant big business. Richard Outcault was commissioned by *The World* to produce a series of drawings depicting a "gap-toothed young ragamuffin" in a sack-like garment with a yellow tint, called "the Yellow Kid of Hogan's Alley" (663). *The Journal* offered Outcault financial incentives to produce the strip for them, whereas the *World* engaged George B. Luks to continue "the Yellow Kid" in it. Thus, the papers used the "Yellow Kids" as representative rivals.

The Journal and the *World* began to use other tactics as a means of competition. In order to gain maximum emotional response from readers, the papers emphasized crime, sex and violence and instigated "typographical extravagances" not previously used, including large headlines (664). "Yellow journalism" was, therefore, decadent in the sense that it sold out, compromising news for the sake of popular culture and producing a diseased or tainted view of the responsibility of the press.

Yellow, synonymous with decay or disease, can be found in much of the literature of the nineties. In *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, the words given to describe the interior of Tess Durbeyfield's house are "yellow melancholy" (11). Her family is dysfunctional or deteriorating in the sense that her father is an alcoholic who refuses to work, leaving them to live in poverty. For this reason, "yellow" seems an appropriate adjective, taken in the context of the decade. Toward the end of the novel, Angel is referred to as a "mere yellow skeleton" (298), not only because he had suffered from disease while in Brazil, but presumably also due to his artificial, hypocritical rejection of Tess because of her tainted past. This rejection of Tess caused her demise, the death of Alec and ultimately Tess' death.

The Picture of Dorian Gray is the representative novel of decadence and repeatedly used "yellow" to thematically enforce this. Yellow appears to haunt Dorian, as it also revolts him at times. There are two references to "yellow hands" in the novel. In the first instance, strolling through his picture gallery, Dorian looks at the picture of

George Willoughby. "How evil he looked," (176) Dorian thinks and then notices that "the delicate lace ruffles fell over the lean yellow hands" (176). He later picks up a book at random out of his bookcase in order to take his mind off Basil's murder. He chooses Gautier's *Émaux et Cameés* and turns to the poem about the hand of Lacenaire, the "cold yellow hand," (198) and Dorian looks "at his own white taper fingers, shuddering slightly in spite of himself" (198). After Basil is killed, Dorian convinces Alan Campbell to dispose of the body. Dorian shows Campbell to the room. "He turned and hurried out, just conscious that the dead man had been thrown back into the chair, and that Campbell was gazing into a glistening yellow face" (209).

Yellow signifies death to Dorian, which is frightening to him in itself, but also because it reminds him of his own immortality and sins. Basil's dead face is not only yellow, but "glistening yellow." Basil's death shines bright in Dorian's face; it shines brightly in order to be noticed and intimidating. Yellow is the color of decay, but Dorian's own unaged hands remain white in contrast. However, although Dorian is not decaying physically, he is decaying mentally, through his hedonistic outlook and his destruction of others, such as Sibyl, Basil, and John Vane. Dorian even sees death through yellow in nature. As he is walking to the opium den, he is surrounded by gloom and the moon "hung low in the sky like a yellow skull" (220). Death, disguised by the color yellow, follows him everywhere, reminding him of his sins and his curse.

It is also significant that the cause of Dorian's demise, he alleges, is not just a book that Lord Henry gives him, but a yellow book: "His eye fell on the yellow book that Lord Henry had sent him" (155). This was not just a yellow book, either, but "a poisonous book" (156). Jackson speculates on the identity of this book, saying that "although *A Rebours* is not named, [it] is generally understood to refer to that book..." (61). As Dorian reads this book, he becomes the main character of it, the Duc Jean des Esseintes, who, like Dorian, is a decadent. Des Esseintes is described as suffering from the *maladie fin de siècle*, or end-of-the-century illness. *A Reader's Guide to Literary Terms* summarizes Des Esseintes' character as being "abnormal in his tastes and behavior...with his bizarre curiosity, [he] seeks to replace the natural with the unnatural in his search for new experiences" (Beckson and Ganz, 39). Wilde echoes this similarity between Des Esseintes and Dorian: "And, indeed, the whole book seemed to him to contain the story of his own life, written before he had lived it" (158).

After reading this book, Dorian becomes more decadent: "There were moments when he looked on evil simply as a mode through which he could realize his conception of the beautiful" (179). This parallels one of Jackson's characteristics of the decadents: "They loved the cleanliness in unclean things, the sweetness in unsavory alliances" (66). This decadent yellow book controls Dorian and he could not, or would not allow himself to become free of it.

Some of Wilde's poetry also conveys the feelings of a decadent in society. *British Poetry 1880-1920: Edwardian Voices* suggests that "Oscar Wilde tried to define a viable Aesthetic doctrine in the 1880's; the Decadence of the 1890's is essentially a decayed Aestheticism" (42). This image of a "decayed Aestheticism" is clear in Wilde's poem *Le Jardin*, which appeared in a Philadelphia magazine.

The whitered lily's chalice falls...
The gaudy leonine sunflower
Hangs black and barren on its stalk,
And down the windy garden walk
The dead leaves scatter,—hour by hour. (Winwar, 93).

The once vibrant yellow sunflower is now black and dead—as Wilde, in this mood of despondence, sees aestheticism as lifeless, possibly superseded by decadence.

Undoubtedly the most famous woman's short story of the 1890s, which also portrays yellow in a decadent light, is "The Yellow Wallpaper" by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, published in 1892. However, it was essentially ignored until the women's movement of the twentieth century when the *Feminist Press* reprinted it in 1973. The story is about a woman who is suffering from depression and is forced by her husband/doctor to endure a modified "rest cure." Developed by Silas Weir Mitchell, this was a common treatment in the late nineteenth century for women who were thought to be suffering from anxiety or depression. The women had to constantly lie in bed, were continuously fed and were not allowed to partake in any pastimes, especially not reading or writing. The narrator of this story is shut up in a room where he is haunted by the yellow wallpaper.

The yellow wallpaper is representative of the mental decay and disease of the narrator. At first she is revolted by the paper and is able to distance herself from it. She says, "I never saw a worse paper in my life" (Gilman, 100). She is able to look at it subjectively, or critically, through the eyes of an artist or writer, which she is. This suggests that her mental deterioration has not yet begun. She calls the wallpaper, "One of those sprawling flamboyant patterns committing every artistic sin" (100). She also describes her initial reaction to the yellow: "The colour is repellent, almost revolting; a smouldering unclean yellow..." (101).

As her "treatment" progresses and her writing diminishes, she becomes more attracted to the paper, and also more mentally unstable. The paper begins to rub off on her, and the narrator says of her nursemaid/sister-in-law, "She had found yellow smooches on all my clothes..." (111). The paper affects her senses, including her sense of smell. The smell follows her as the lurking mental illness. She finds this upsetting at first, but then becomes immune to it, just as she becomes accustomed to the wallpaper and her mental decay. She says, "I find it hovering in the dining-room, skulking in the parlour, hiding in the hall, lying in wait for me on the stairs...It used to disturb me at first...But now I am used to it...The only thing I can think of that it is like is the colour of the paper! A yellow smell" (112).

The narrator begins to see the pattern of the wallpaper as bars and she gradually spies a woman who is trapped behind the bars. She feels the need to free this woman, not realizing that the woman she is trying to free is herself. Her increasing dementia is demonstrated by her changing attitude toward the wallpaper. The narrator says of her husband, "He laughed a little the other day, and said I seemed to be flourishing in spite of my wallpaper. I turned it off with a laugh. I had no intention of telling him it was because of the wallpaper...I don't want to leave now until I have found it out" (111). What she doesn't realize is that in pursuing the "secret" in the wallpaper, she is actually pursuing her own insanity. She becomes possessive of her wallpaper: "But here I am, and no person touches this paper but me..." (115). Her possessiveness compels her to tear down the wallpaper in order to free the "woman" behind it, but also so she can keep the woman, who represents her potentially deranged self. She says, "If that woman does get out, and tries to get away, I can tie her!" (116). When she finally manages to pull down all of the wallpaper she exclaims, "'I've got out at last,' said I, '...And I've pulled off most of the paper, so you can't put me back!'" (117). However, she is now too deranged to realize that her determination to free this woman, herself, from insanity has ironically driven her to

it.

Gilman, like many authors of the period, had a discouraged outlook on life. Hers was different from many male authors, though, because she wrote about the injustices and maltreatment of women at that time. Giving her story an even more decadent tone is the ending; the woman fulfills man's prophecy and reaches insanity. Gilman is not looking with hope, but with disillusion, into the coming century.

Yellow proved adaptable to both the world of aestheticism and decadence with its extremist quality. Yellow can be brilliant to the point of fluorescent, which is nearly blinding. It can be soft and subtle like the color of a young chick. It can also be seen in a tainted hue, a horrid, sickly yellow. The versatility of the color allowed it to satisfy both aesthetes and decadents without discrediting one or the other. In fact, it can be argued that "yellow" brought the two realms together. In his essay, "The Boom in Yellow," Richard Le Gallienne writes that "yellow leads a roving, versatile life" (Beckson, 131). It is not a static color, but is readily changeable, thus easily satisfying to both tendencies of the nineties. Toulouse-Lautrec shared this view on the distinction of the color. He credited his use of yellow in many of his posters to its characteristic as a "unifying device" (Feinglatt and Davis, 15).

Yellow's adaptability and flexibility justify it as an appropriate description of the 1890s in which the boundary between the realms of aestheticism and decadence was not always clear. It was a kind of "make up your own definition" decade, and yellow was quick to offer itself to either side. Theroux, in describing yellow, says, "So few colors give the viewer such a felling of ambivalence or leave in one such powerful, viscerally enforced connotations and contradictions...Dreams and decadence. Gold here. Grief there...An opposing duality seems mysteriously constant" (75).

This acceptance of the incongruous and murky could be said to stem from the environment of the heart of the nineties: London. London, itself, is a hazy place, plagued by a persistent and seemingly eternal fog. In his poem, *Impression du Matin*, Wilde writes, "The yellow fog came creeping down" (Wiley and Orel, 47). When recapping the night that Harland and Beardsley conceived *The Yellow Book*, Harland remembers it as "one of the densest and soupiest and yellowest of all London's infernales yellow fogs" (Weintraub, ix). London fog is yellow. Theroux confirms this in his essay: "London fog is correctly described...as yellow, which is how it appears in that city by the Thames..." (68).

The writers of the 1890s, living amidst haze, learned to live artistically by haze. The fact that their continuous source of haze was yellow made it a natural color to spread out and blanket the artistic fog. Wilde reinforces this through Lord Henry's words: "It is the uncertainty that charms one. A mist makes things wonderful" (244).

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Fury and Grief: Medea's Chariot Ride to the Temple

by Bonnie Klassen

World Literature

Dr. Mary Stark

Assignment: Assume a persona of a character from our class readings. Create a credible character's voice using specific facts and references from the text.

The clouds in the sky rip apart as the chariot, my only escape from the horrors which follow me, races across the heavens. Drawn by the mighty dragons of my father's father, Helios, I am hidden by the golden brilliance of the carriage. In his chariot, I am allied with my grandfather and with the gods. He has sent this instrument of salvation to snatch me away from the forces which would drag me down too early to the gates of the Underworld. This chariot, "given me to defend me from my enemies," (1297) keeps the hands of avengers off of my breast.

Though I am safe inside this chariot, I cannot escape the torments of my soul. The skies shift. Clouds chase in to fill the void created by my route of escape. But though my tracks are covered as dew covers the morning earth, the darkness which falls only reflects the sorrow which fills my heart. I move on towards the wondrous temple of Hera, and then, after my grief is made known, to yet another land of strangers.

The poor, pitiful objects of my journey lay bruised and crumpled at my feet. My two small sons, once so loving, now cold in the deadly grasp of Hades. The last echoes of their innocent voices ring in my ears. Once so trusting, they begged for escape from their mother's hands. These very hands which are stained red with their young blood caress the silken hair that covers their delicate heads.

Even the skies seem to weep. Grief tears at my heart. "Ah wretch! Ah, lost in my sufferings, I wish, I wish I might die" (96-97). Oh, that I had listened to "that bright look in the children's eyes" (1017) and fled with them to the ends of the earth. My breast, a mother's breast, would not now be greeted by the cold hand of death. Oh, that I had stayed my hand from the dagger's hilt which so easily pierced their tiny hearts. If only I had never borne them for this hideous end.

And yet, the deed is done. The skies change again and thunder sounds the rage of the gods. Still am I sheltered in this glorious chariot. My rage is heard by the birds who fly, by my grandfather Helios, and by ungrateful and unfaithful Jason. My heart lashes at "my hateful husband" (161). Though I betrayed my country to help him capture the Golden Fleece, though I left my father and killed my brother to aid in his escape, Jason neglected me for his new bride. He made a mockery of me with the very life that I myself delivered.

It was his betrayal which aroused my "passion increasing" (108). With the same ruthlessness that won Jason his life, I destroyed him for destroying me. He has heaped anguish upon anguish on my shoulders, and in return I have shattered his life. My rage called out, "Arm

yourself in steel, my heart!" (1217), and I did without compromise. I destroyed his new bride, burning her still living flesh with poison. I slew these precious babes to make my grief a gain which Jason could not mock.

Violence will forever sit side by side with grief in my soul. Although my heart shouted, "You must not do these things" (1031), I did. For stronger than the misery which tears and wrenches my being in two, "is my fury, fury that brings upon mortals the greatest evils" (1053-1054). And the evil has been brought. As the chariot left the ground, I peered over the edge and saw Jason, in all of his grief fall down, wishing for the end to come swiftly. And my heart leapt with the sweet taste of vengeance. Jason, who lost all feeling for his house, who neglected his precious children, who betrayed our love, now feels the pain of his house crushed and the stone cold gazes of his children. For he knows my children did not truly die by my hands, but of the "disease they caught from their father" (1339).

My agony and my heartache spurned me on in my "evil arts" (283). They could not sway me from my deadly purposes. Although my hands long to feel the warmth of the bodies of my boys alive, and although the anguish in my heart is almost more than I can bear, I know Fury and Cleverness must win the battle which wars within me. "In craft and silence," I plotted and planned these things (388), and with a stone, cold heart I carried them out.

And now I must continue on in my task. Although I will not be able to be near to them and mourn them as a mother should, I must bury these precious children far from the reaching arms of their father. I must leave their graves behind as I make my way to another place. Though through this I will suffer, Jason will suffer more. Forever he will know that he was never able to bid his boys farewell, never able to kiss their poor dead bodies. Through my suffering, his is made complete. I have left him childless and hopeless. In this, my fury is abated.

The clouds begin to break. On the horizon I see the wondrous glory of the temple. As the sun begins to filter through the dark and deadly sky, I see that my sorrow has been repaid. Although my heart is burdened and sliced by pain, it is made peaceful by the sight of Hera's altar. No one may mock and "scorn my love" (1329), and no longer am I laughed at in my misery. Instead, the multitudes will talk in hushed tones about the dreadful deeds I have done. Hera alone will tend to my wounded heart.

Now I may weep over the tender bodies which lay at my feet. I can set aside fury and let motherly grief take hold. As I bury these tiny babes, I can atone for the blood caked on my hands. After they are safely stowed in the ground, "I shall establish a holy feast and sacrifice" (1357). Here, at Hera's temple, no man may treat my children wickedly for the passions which have taken hold of me. Under Hera's watchful eye, they are protected from my enemies who would mock me by "tearing up their graves" (1355).

The chariot touches softly on the ground. I gather in my arms the two broken bodies, carefully kissing their silent brows, and begin the walk to the temple. The bright sun of my grandfather Helios shines upon my back. As I lay my dead children down in front of Hera's altar, grief for a time tempers the violence within. But if the need should come again, it will rise as the phoenix and once again, destroy all who cause me to suffer as Jason did. Oh, Jason. "It was not to be that you should scorn my love" (1329). No, "I too, as I had to, have taken hold of your heart" (1335). Just as you crushed me, so have I crushed you.

The Wooden O

by Scot Shepley

Nonfiction Writing

Dr. Kim Koza

Assignment: Write a reflective essay on a place.

Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine described the concept of beginning succinctly in their musical tribute to creativity, *Sunday in the Park with George*: "White. A blank page or canvas. ... So many possibilities." Although the space I know so well is not white it still contains a host of opportunities. In its neutral form the space is a dirty black floor surrounded by red brick walls. When I first encountered this space, it grew to become an ugly, trash-infested area symbolizing the despair of a community. Since that time, I have seen a boathouse in Missouri, various locales in Renaissance Italy, a storybook farmyard, the living room of proud New Englanders, a bright and zany set of ramps and levels, a lone dining room, a hauntingly white island of a home, a forest of fairies and Grecian marble coexisting in the same area, a cottage in a Dutch fishing village, the contemporary home of two repressed and sad siblings, and the many-doored, pop-up storybook-like room in a wild Russian house. This space is, of course, the mainstage of the Kruidenier Theatre.

It is a remarkable space in that it can take almost any form desired. For some plays audiences have been on one side of the stage, others two sides, sometimes three sides, and even all around the stage. One play, *The Life of Galileo*, intended the audience to sit on the stage itself as the actors moved and interacted around them. The shapes and dimensions of the space have ranged from the simplicity of a dining room table to the technicolor playground of *The Government Inspector*. I have even heard tales of the time a section of the Himalayas was created for the play *K2*. The nature of the space is determined by the demands of the play and the creative efforts of those behind the scenes in visualizing the setting for the script.

Whatever the shape or form the stage has taken, it has always served to transport me to something beyond the boundaries of Central College in Pella, Iowa. Although common sense will always say that what is being enacted is not real, there is something that takes actor and audience member somewhere else. Imagination is a very powerful instrument for human beings. It is the drive for creativity that leads a person to experience things outside of their own lives and knowledge. It is this force--imagination--that motivates and inspires me. The theatre is a place to discover ideas and feelings not often expressed in our daily existence. Where else can a person safely understand what it is like to be a murderer? Where else can one become a king or the poorest of beggars without gaining or losing a penny? Where else can one witness the horrors or joys of life played out before their very eyes? Where else can one see real, live individuals taking on personas perhaps far removed from the experience of the audience member? The theatre is a place to unleash those wants and desires long repressed. It is a place to meld the lowly mortal actor with the remarkable character known only on paper. There is a common belief that most actors are introverted by nature. I certainly follow this line of thinking as acting becomes a way to express myself through assuming other characters.

The theatre itself is far more than just a stage to act on. There are many areas of production that must be understood to really appreciate how a play goes from paper to live performance. From the actors on stage to the designers creating what the space will look like to the crew hands up in the catwalks, the process of creating a production involves a multitude of people. At any one time, there may be someone hooking up lights far above the stage floor; there may be someone creating a series of sounds to add to the theatrical atmosphere; there may be someone building or painting the "unworthy scaffold" on which the actors are to perform. Even beyond the stage itself, there are those making properties to give the play its material life or creating the garb in which the actors truly become their characters. It is an amazing process to realize how much effort goes into the development of a theatrical production, and that's just here at Central. Imagine what it takes to mount a show on Broadway or in the West End in London!

Throughout my four years, I have had the good fortune to evolve as the space has numerous times. I have been an actor, director, stage manager, and crew member for both set and lights. I have laughed and wept, loved and hated, screamed and whispered on this stage. I have been able to see the process firsthand. Many times this process will get pretty crazy in the course of six weeks. I have often been critical of the tendency to finish things at the last minute, perhaps unfairly. I do feel strongly that almost anything can be accomplished in the theatre. I plan to continue working in theatre because I feel the need to explore and create ideas. The work in the "Krud" has sometimes been excellent, sometimes lackluster, but in all an incredible lesson in creativity and imagination.

In the midst of all this work and effort in making a play come to life, there is still an ingredient often overlooked in the theatrical experience. Without an audience there would be no actors, no stage, no set, no lights, no costumes, no props, no makeup. It is the audience who gives purpose to the theatre. Lately, I have seen a drop in attendance at the productions in the "Krud." Excuses can be given: not enough publicity, the play is too obscure, other events on campus. However, there is something deeper to this trend. Do people simply not care? Theatre is like any other art; it must be experienced firsthand. Plays and productions of them serve as examples of the human condition. Maybe a film can give a more engrossing visceral presentation, but is it live, with the actors sometimes standing next to the audience? A book can have more description but the reader has to make up everything in his or her own head. A performance will give a specific interpretation of a text and bring to life the words on the page. To me, any play can be accessible to an audience if the actors give a good presentation and if the audience is willing to let the play into their hearts and minds.

The theatre is an amazing place. All of human experience can be presented in a theatre, even here at Central College in Pella, Iowa. I consider myself very lucky to have been able to present parts of the human condition to audiences through plays ranging from modern to classical, Gurney to Shakespeare. Shakespeare was acutely aware of the nature of theatre and the need for an active audience.

"O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention:
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene."

(*Henry V*, lines 1-4)

Within his "wooden O," Shakespeare, without the benefit of complex and realistic sets, artificial lighting, or period costuming, wove incredible tales by invoking the

audience's imagination to create the worlds and characters he had fashioned on paper. Nothing has really changed. Empty seats do not give back any response for the actor, believe me. The theatre is a magical place not only for those who create but also for those who imagine. Inside the walls of any theatre, a wondrous communion is possible between performer and audience. Theatre is a shared experience and one in which much can be learned and felt in the course of a play. As Shakespeare asked his audience, so I ask all potential audiences to let the theatre be such a place for the magic of imagination: "So let us, ciphers to this great account, / On your imaginary forces work" (*Henry V*, lines 17-8).



American Meat Consumption

by Tracy Koogler

Global Environmental Politics
Dr. Jim Zaffiro

Assignment: Write a paper of 12-15 pages on a topic of significance for global environmental politics.

"I come from a family where gravy is considered a beverage," says Erma Bombeck, popular author and columnist (Krizmanic, 1994: 56). The United States has evolved into a highly meatbased society. This began when the colonists brought their cattle to the New World. The higher one ate on the food chain, the more powerful status that person had. This belief was based on passages from the Bible stating that humans were empowered with dominion over God's creation. "Thou madest man to have dominion over the works of thy hands...all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea..." (*The Holy Bible*, 1965: 392). Cattle became the symbol of a civilized people, a fact which is easily displayed today. Third World nations consume very little or no meat, while Americans and Western Europeans eat meat two or three times a day. In fact, an average American house cat consumes more meat than the average Costa Rican family (Robbins, 1992: 35). In looking to the North for "civilization," the way industrial countries eat has become a very desirable lifestyle for developing countries. U. S. style animal farms are popping up across Third World nations. However, at this point in time, no other nation can afford to feed the necessary grain to animals in order to sustain such a lifestyle (Durning, 1991: 13). The politics of American meat consumption must be examined in closer detail.

U. S. policies on meat production seem askew when looked at specifically. Private and publically owned land used for meat production accounts for nearly forty-five percent of all the land area in the United States. Over 268 million acres of public land are used for grazing in the U. S. (Holmes, 1992: 32). This land is controlled by the Bureau of Public Lands and the National Forest Service. Leasing land for about two dollars a month per cow and her calf on public land proves to be five times less expensive for ranchers than using private land. Such low prices encourage misuse of the land, especially overgrazing. Money needed for water is also provided by the government. Subsidies of more than 2.2 billion dollars are granted to Western water projects. Between twenty-two and forty-five percent of this money ends up in the pockets of feed and fodder growers (Durning 1991: 19). Through these subsidies, the government is able to save ranchers about 100 million dollars per year (Holmes 1992: 32). Without such subsidization, meat would cost around thirty dollars a pound. American tax money is what funds these subsidies, and meat programs cost the average American family an extra one thousand dollars a year in taxes (Stepaniak, 1992: 5).

The idea of meat-reduced diet is not new. Two out of three world citizens consume a mainly vegetarian diet (Rifkin, *Beyond*, 1992: 163). If 3.3 billion people can survive on this type of diet, why can't 250 million Americans? The call for a more vegetarian diet is not unreasonable. The three areas in favor of meat reduction

are ecological, health, and ethical. However, economy and tradition pose strong arguments against meat reduction.

ADVANTAGES

Ecology

The ecology of our planet will be in grave danger should American meat-consumption remain at present levels. Meat production may very well be the most ecologically damaging part of American agriculture.

The world's most precious resource, land, is being destroyed on a daily basis by American demand for meat. In regard to the meat the United States imports, over 11,000 square miles of rain forests are burned each year for cattle grazing (Rifkin, *Biosphere*, 1992: 52). This translates to an area the size of Vermont being destroyed each year. Since 1960, more than one-third of Central American forests have been destroyed for the production of beef (Collins 1986: 39). These areas are poorly suited for grazing, and within three to five years, the soil is so depleted that it can't sustain the cattle any longer. This abusive grazing leads to erosion, desertification, and ultimately a shift in the food chain when species are destroyed.

United States land is feeling the effects as well. Harold Dregne, Professor of Soil Science at Texas Tech University, estimates that ten percent of arid land in the western United States has been turned into desert by livestock grazing. Responsible for maintaining public rangeland, the U. S. Bureau of Land Management and the U. S. Forest Service reported in 1990 that about seventy percent of their holdings were in unacceptable condition, including extensive soil erosion, overgrazing, and loss of natural vegetation (Durning 1991: 15). That means approximately 188 million acres, an area comparable to the size of Texas, has already undergone extensive damage.

A portion of the money these two overseeing departments charge ranchers for the use of public land is supposed to go for "range improvements." However, these "improvements" are frequently adjusted to actually benefit the commercial interests of the ranchers themselves! These commercial interests include building water pipelines, drilling wells, building fences, building stock ponds, spraying herbicides, and seeding exotic grasses (Luoma, 1986: 98).

Not only are natural lands destroyed for livestock grazing, but they are also transformed into farmland to grow grain to feed this livestock. Unfortunately, much of this land is not naturally suited to raise such crops, so irrigation has become commonplace. Irrigation guzzles water. Today, seventy percent of American water resources goes towards growing feed and fodder for livestock (Corson, ed., 1990: 79). To provide one person with his or her daily milk and meat takes one hundred gallons of water; this one hundred gallons is in addition to water coming from natural sources (Stepaniak, 1992: 1). Many western cities are already suffering from water shortages. The Ogallala aquifer, an underground river located under central United States, is the main source of water, and the massive amounts of water agriculture is using from it have seriously depleted it in the last forty years.

Because of the marginal lands farmers are now turning to, pesticides are used to encourage plant growth and prevent pests. Many pesticides have been deemed unsafe to humans and the ecological system as a whole. Although the short-term effects of pesticides have been profitable, the long-term effects are thought to be counter-productive, creating more resistant pests and depleting soil to a higher degree. Also, because of the toxicity of these chemicals, air and land pollution is

created and farm workers are poisoned.

Even more pollution is created from meat products through processing, packing, transporting, selling, storing, and cooking. Author Alan Durning states these processes alone account for more than twice the amount of energy used by all agriculture activities in the U. S. Although nearly all foods go through these stages, meat has absorbed the most energy per pound of product than any other food. For example, the production of one pound of pork uses nearly fifteen times the amount of energy used to produce one pound of fresh fruit (Durning, 1991: 14).

American dependence on meat is an illogical one. An acre of grain can produce five times more protein than an acre devoted to meat production; legumes (beans, peas, lentils) can produce ten times more; and leafy vegetables can produce fifteen times more (Dolye, 1985: 287). An area which can produce over 1,200 pounds of corn can barely sustain fifty pounds of beef (Collins, 1986: 40). An average middle class American eats over two thousand pounds of grain per year, but eighty percent of that grain is from eating livestock that are grain-fed (Rifkin, *Beyond*, 1992: 163). Eating grain "second hand" is an inefficient use of protein. A chicken must eat five and a half pounds of protein to yield one pound of protein; a pig a little more than eight pounds; and a cow more than twenty-one pounds. Of grain which is perfectly suited for human consumption, forty percent of the world grain and seventy percent of U. S. grain is fed to livestock (Krizmanic, 1994: 25; Durning, 1991: 13). Wouldn't this grain be used more efficiently for human consumption?

Health

Eating at the top of the food chain presents many health problems. Through eating meat humans indirectly absorb contaminants which the animal consumed before them. To what extent can the methods of meat producers be trusted? Illegal drugs have been found in meat by the FDA including chloramphenicol, carbadox, nitrofurazone, dimetridazole, ipronidazole...all of which are potentially cancer-causing (Holmes, 1992: 36). Among other things given to livestock are antibiotics and hormones. Currently tests are being conducted to determine the human health risks of eating flesh with these additives. But until results are known, trusting that these additives are safe is risky business comparable to playing a game of Russian Roulette... maybe this piece of meat is safe, maybe it isn't.

Through nutritional research, scientists tend to agree that vegetarians are perfectly able to be as healthy as meat eaters. In fact, research has even proven that those who eat less meat are actually healthier than those who consume higher amounts. Various studies conducted by scientists have found that people who eat less meat experience less heart disease, lower rates of certain types of cancer, lower rates of obesity and diabetes, and lower risk for kidney stones and gallstones (Krizmanic, 1994: 52).

Americans have been taught since an early age that the only way to get protein is from meat and dairy products. It is commonly believed that vegetarians cannot possibly get enough protein; however, most get more than they need. In fact, an average vegetarian gets twice as much, while a meat eater gets nearly five times as much protein as he or she needs (Akers, 1983: 205). Too much protein has been linked to other health problems such as cancer and osteoporosis, making meat-eaters especially prone to these problems. Protein deficiency is a rare occurrence in this country. When it does occur, it is rarely in vegetarians (Kummer 1991: 106). In fact, unless a person is surviving on merely junk food, his or her chances of being deficient in protein are very slim.

Bovine leukemia virus (BLV) is an insect-borne retrovirus that causes malignancy in cattle. It has been found in twenty percent of cows in the U. S. BLV has been found in human leukemia patients. In countries where the BLV rate in cattle is higher, there have been more reported cases of human leukemia. Recently a common gene between BLV and HTLV-1, the first human retrovirus known to cause cancer, has been found. Although the type of leukemia HTLV-1 causes is rare, it is fatal. Also present in cattle is bovine immunodeficiency (BIV) which has a genetic structure similar to that of HIV. BIV has infected human cells, but the human risks of contracting HIV from this is unknown. Since 1987 research has been conducted by the USDA Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service with the Nation Institutes of Health to establish such a link. In 1991 they concluded that the cow AIDS virus was widespread. These cows had weakened immune systems, which made them susceptible to more diseases, thus making humans more susceptible to more diseases. The human risk in relation to the transmission of the AIDS virus has not yet been established (Rifkin, *Beyond*, 1992: 143-144).

Since 1991 the USDA has implemented a new inspection system in slaughter houses across the U. S. The Streamlined Inspection System (SIS) allows a forty percent increase in the production of meat. As Rifkin details in his book *Beyond Beef*, less than one percent of the carcasses are examined, equipment is not checked for cleanliness, and inspectors can no longer touch carcasses to inspect for disease. Inspectors view the carcasses from behind a mirror, and because the carcasses are covered with blood and debris, it is hard to notice diseased meat. Random checks of meat are not adequate. Animals are not like machines where all parts are made the same, each animal is different and needs to be inspected individually. And worst of all, the meat-producing companies are left to police their own inspections. In a place where profit is the main concern, safety becomes of secondary importance. Since employees want to keep their jobs, they are less likely to report bad meat or other instances of uncleanness. Since the implementation of the SIS, incidence of salmonellosis (a bacteria that can cause nausea, diarrhea, chills, fever, and possibly death) has doubled (Rifkin, *Beyond*, 1992: 139).

March of 1993 brought a deadly food poisoning outbreak. This e-coli contamination was traced to undercooked meat within fast food restaurants. The Food Safety and Inspection Service has spent about 500 million tax dollars to help implement new regulations. However, a survey of fifteen major beef packing plants has shown that few changes have been made (*Questions*, 1994: 37).

Ethical

Do animals really have feelings? Do animals experience pain? Are animals merely machines to be used for human advancement? Questions of this nature have existed for centuries. Based on the reasoning that they have no language, French philosopher Rene Descartes (1596-1650) suggested that animals are machines. But, do animals have a language which humans simply cannot understand? Descartes went on to say that animals do "express" themselves, but these reactions are simply instinct and are not based on reason. Even Greek teacher and philosopher Aristotle (c.384-322 BC) largely influenced the anti-vegetarian bias dominant in modern society by proposing that animals existed only for human benefit (Akers, 1983: 189).

Whether animals have feeling is purely a personal issue to be reckoned with. Scientists have yet to agree on this subject, and finding an acceptable method for testing such is improbable. After witnessing slaughterhouse processes first-hand, Victoria Moran, an animal rights

activist, details in her article "They Used to Call Them Slaughterhouses..." what she saw there. After such an experience, she states that she will never again claim to be a vegetarian for purely health and ecological reasons. But again, whether these practices are acceptable is simply in the eyes of the beholder. Religion and culture play large roles in guiding people towards a conclusion. Such religions as Christianity and Judaism have given humans dominion over the earth. The U. S. is predominantly Christian; could this be related to its policies and ethics in meat production? Jainism and Buddhism have high regard for life and feel nothing should die for human advancement. In countries where these religions are widely followed, vegetarianism is common. Hinduism regards meat as an impure food that warrants unworthy lusts and emotions. India is mostly Hindu, and it has gone so far as to ban meat in some cities (McDonald, 1994: 22).

Animals aren't the only creatures suffering in the issue of meat production. Humans suffer as well. Millions of farmers are forced off their land so multinational corporations and wealthy land owners can move in to either grow feed or raise livestock. Generally, meat, especially beef, is not consumed by the countries who raise it. Livestock are raised for export and nothing else. Americans save 500 million dollars a year by importing beef from Latin America (Rifkin, *Biosphere*, 1991: 52). Now landless people roam the countryside in search of a place to live, a way to feed their families. Hungry and often hopeless, many of these people end up in city slums, adding to pollution and overpopulation problems. Are the economic benefits of wealthy land owners and the American craving for meat justification for the mistreatment of these Third World people?

DISADVANTAGES

Economic

The United States is a very meat-centered society. This means lots of profits for those involved in the industry. Farmers, ranchers, chemical companies, slaughterhouse personnel, geneticists, veterinarians, truckers, railroad companies, government inspectors, butchers, and grocery store employees all rely on the meat production industry to feed their own families. The United States seems to be under constant pressure to make new jobs for its people, so why should it eliminate jobs that already exist?

Beef is especially a big business. Cattle bring in about 36 billion dollars a year (Bureau of the Census, 1990). This money accounts for nearly twenty-four percent of cash receipts in the U.S. farm sector and seven percent of supermarket sales (Coats, 1989: 69). Clearly meat production has benefited the American economy.

Emotional

"This is the way we've been doing it for years." It's easy to cling to something in the past, it is a logical thing to do. Things have worked out thus far, why should they not continue to do so?

Americans have become accustomed to meat at nearly every meal. It is no longer a luxury item, it has become a right not a privilege. A good comparison of how people feel about meat is how people feel about their cars. I for one am quite guilty of this. My car should always be there whenever I need it. Drive to school, drive home, drive to the library, drive to work, drive back home. At the moment, individual actions seem quite inconsequential. Personal happiness for the moment is all that counts, and the same has become true for meat.

Meat has fed families for generations. Those children have grown up strong and healthy, so why isn't this diet

good enough for today's generation?

SOLUTIONS

It's easy enough to analyze the problem, but it's a completely different situation to address the issue and start making changes. The concepts presented here all seem so overwhelming. Is there any way one can make a difference in a society which has found itself a warm spot by a fire by which it would like to stay?

First of all, there is nothing anti-ecological about farm animals. The problem lies in overconsumption of these animals. Livestock are an essential part of the ecosystem. Without them, the food chain would be incomplete. Animals provide essential nutrients for the land, the land provides all animals of the world with grains and fruits. Overwhelmingly, the issue is one of misuse. Overgrazing, air pollution, and farm runoff have become the accepted norm...and all for what? For meat two or three times a day.

Although over twelve million Americans are vegetarians (Atlas, 1994: 46), by no means am I suggesting that all people become vegetarians. This type of lifestyle is not ideal for all people, and at this point, it's not the only solution to the problem. However, I do believe that progress can only begin with the individual. This is not something that can be mandated by the government simply because of American philosophies on individual rights. When China began a reform limiting each family to one child, American society threw a fit! Americans feel a government cannot impose its morals on the people. Whenever individual choice is in question, people are bound to feel strongly.

Many people have already made healthy and ecologically responsible decisions in regards to this issue. Vegetarians can be found in nearly any part of the country. However, those who don't care to give up meat have also taken steps. An example: A friend of mine only buys her meat from a local farmer. She doesn't trust slaughterhouses, and buying locally is also cheaper for her family. Buying a side of beef at the beginning of the fall keeps their freezer full for nearly two years. Her family also doesn't consume that much meat overall, eating meat maybe once or twice a week. Individual actions such as this are a step in the right direction.

Government policies have encouraged meat production to become a central industry. If government incentives would somehow be shifted towards local production, more efficient use of resources could take place. Less money for transportation, packaging, and preservation would be needed, reducing consumer prices. Subsidies have created a cycle of overgrazing and land misuse. Making it so cheap for ranchers to raise livestock has also given the public a false sense of security in low prices; low economic prices cannot be equated with low environmental costs.

As a general rule, education is the best way to make a change happen. When people realize what is going on in their world, they are going to have some type of feeling about it. Some people just won't care, and that is their prerogative. But those who do care will be able to make a difference as informed citizens, whether that be through individual choices or political action.

Americans need to consider meat reduction. The benefits of such a choice highly outweigh the reasons for remaining a meat dependent society. The ecology of the planet is at stake. Continuing to consume meat at present levels poses many health risks, some of which are not clearly defined. The level on which animals are put affects meat consumption; do animals have feelings, or are they here for human use? In American society,

however, the meat industry has greatly benefited the economy. And for many people, tradition, the way "it's always been," will continually be in the back of their minds. Although solutions are not simple, the place to start is with individual actions and education. Together a difference can be made; leaving problems for future generations will only expand the problem. We must begin with today and every day thereafter.

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The Illustrious Dr. Ho

by Chris McMorran

Travel Writing

Dr. Walter Cannon

Assignment: Write a personal/informal essay based on an experience you've had in another culture.

The Chinese have been hailed for centuries as masters of herbal medicine, and upon arriving in Lijiang my French traveling companion Freddy and I were informed that one of the nation's best was only miles away. Actually, we were accosted in the street by the most friendly woman I had ever met. I wanted to run from her kindness, but with forty pounds of "home" on my back and an eleven-hour bus ride behind me, all I could do was submit to her hypnotic eyes and promises of good food and a cheap bed. That was enticement enough. So we relinquished our loads at her restaurant, Peter's Cafe, and drank cocoa by candlelight. We told her we had no reason for romance, but she told us the power went out every night at that time. So, we sat back and read the "notebooks" she provided as free reading.

These notebooks were a demented translator's dream come true and a discriminating travel writer's worst nightmare: poorly written, seldom witty accounts of all of Yunnan's "hot vacation spots" within half a day's trek from Lijiang, described in over fifteen languages and supported by terribly drawn maps. In my undernourished, quasi-delusional state, I trusted every writer and longed to visit each place described. I must have been temporarily insane, for any of the spots would mean additional hours spent on a bus; and I hadn't showered for two days, while doing nothing but go from bus, to train, to bus: with the exception of our hour-long diversion to see the Grand Buddha, which was as "(h)uge" as the Grecian had told us. In fact it was the (h)ugest in the world. But that's another story altogether.

So I'll move back to Lijiang and Peter's Cafe. The next morning, after falling asleep to the best Chinese karaoke, thank God the power came back on, I woke up refreshed and ready to tackle the world. But first I had to tackle a chocolate pancake at Peter's, very Chinese. After further "notebook" perusal and a mileage adjustment of travel possibilities, Freddy and I decided to pay a visit to the village of Baisha and Dr. Ho, who coincidentally is a doctor of herbal medicine.

We chose Baisha as our next stop because it was only eight miles from Lijiang and the trip could be done by bicycle. We needed to feel the wind through our hair, the sun on our faces, the diesel in our lungs; how romantic. So after haggling over whether to pay fifty cents or sixty cents for a day's bicycle rental and refusing to give my passport, of all things, as collateral, we paid the equivalent of fifty cents apiece and were on our way. Freddy and I picked the most magnificent day to ride into the cattle-grazing valley which lay at the base of Jade Dragon Snow Mountain. We were welcomed at every point along the road by the Naxi, a local Chinese minority indigenous to Lijiang, and they all knew where we were going. We had no need of signs to point us right to Dr. Ho's door. In fact, we couldn't get within a hundred yards of his house, as we soon were to discover, without some special "foreigner radar" of his going off. Out walked a

frail-looking man wearing a white medical robe and a humongous grin. His long, scraggly white beard gave him a look of intelligence, and I failed to doubt for a moment that we had found our man.

"Hello, hello. Welcome to my clinic. Hello. I am Dr. Ho. Welcome to Baisha."

"Hi. My name is Chris—." But he didn't seem to care much and went on.

"I'm Dr. Ho. You are American, yes?" I was disheartened to find it was that easy to tell.

"Yes."

He turned abruptly to my travelling partner and continued his guessing game. "And you too?"

"No." Freddy and I were both pleased at her ambiguity and smiled at him, encouraging him to make a second attempt.

"Dutch? Many Dutch come to see me, many Dutch." Wrong again.

"No, I'm Fr—."

"French!" His eyes blazed with his triumph, and now that he could label us, he felt an attachment to us and invited us to sit at his table and sample some of his special tea, served in tiny cups with the leaves already settling to the bottom. Assured by Peter's "notebooks" that the tea was free, we graciously accepted. Freddy, who had been travelling in China for just over a week, had not yet closely encountered any of the nation's people and was very anxious to meet some Chinese villagers and actually have a deep conversation with them. She must have thought this finally was going to be her chance: to find out what secret had been alluded to by Calgon so many years before. And by all impressions it did seem possible. This ancient, scholarly man was being friendly to us; and he spoke English.

"Please, have some tea. This is my special tea. I pick the leaves myself from high upon the Jade Dragon Snow Mountain." We both happily sipped as he relayed the details of his excursions up the mountain for rare flowers and leaves. I could only wonder how high up the snow-covered mountain, at the edge of the Himalayas, his plants could grow. But I dared not question the good doctor. We were there to learn about Chinese civilization and herbal secrets from a master, and we intended to do just that.

The next order of business for us, though, was to sign Dr. Ho's "notebooks." He had several for most countries on the map, and I found it difficult to find a spot not written in. Dr. Ho's excitement, bordering on anxiety, to have us write our names in one of his books implied that a visit to the village would not be complete without doing so. Actually, it seemed more likely that in Dr. Ho's eyes the visit hadn't even happened until our names were forever inscribed in the books.

We began to ask him about his work, when he interrupted and insisted on showing us all the magazine and newspaper articles written about him.

"Look at these. They have been in English and in French magazines, too. Many people write about Dr. Ho. Many people come visit me. Many Dutch people still send for my special teas and remedies."

As we were leafing through the articles he produced letters from people around the world thanking him for his help and professing his genius.

"Look at these letters. Many people write to Dr. Ho, thanking him for making them feel better. Many sick people come to Dr. Ho, asking him for his help. Are either of you sick?"

I was almost sorry to say I wasn't. Unfortunately, neither was Freddy. After bringing forth several cellophane bags full of business cards which further proved his importance, we still weren't sick. I could then tell that Dr. Ho was also sorry for our good health, and he

felt his consultation with us need not continue. Our health was obviously too good, and I felt that he knew we really didn't care about all of his fame anyway, so he gave us a hearty good-bye and reminded us to tell our friends about the good Dr. Ho. His rush may have been due to his ability to sense another pair of foreigners coming down the trail, for just such a pair mysteriously appeared just as we began to walk away, and one was coughing.

As we walked down the deserted street of Baisha in the afternoon sunshine, Freddy and I exchanged knowing looks, and we smiled at the absurdity of it all. Though she never found out too much about the villagers' lives from Dr. Ho, I knew she didn't mind, as she got as good of a joke out of the visit as I did. All I could think as I walked away was, "Ancient Chinese secret, huh?!"

Good To See You Again, Old Friend Reintroducing the Gray Wolf to Yellowstone National Park

by Mark Sandbulte

Fundamentals of Composition

Dr. Mary Stark

Assignment: Investigate the difficulties and complexities of the topic. The thesis may be the answer to one of your controlling questions and your stand on a debatable issue. You should come to a conclusion about the issue you were investigating. The thesis should be stated clearly at least once in the paper, probably at the beginning. However, be sure to refer to your purpose throughout the paper. Make sure you have listed your arguments and the arguments of the opposition.

Glowing, the moon illuminates the snow, just as if it were day. Snow falls quietly, covering the evergreen trees with a layer of fine, white powder. Amidst the trees frolics a wolf pack. Romping through the snow, a small wolf rolls into a larger one; the two wolves wrestle, covering their entire bodies with the fluffy substance. Suddenly the larger one is hovering over the smaller one, which is on its back, exposing its soft belly. The larger wolf licks the smaller wolf's face and then begins to burrow through the snow, snapping at the powder. Meanwhile, the rest of the pack continues to dance, jumping and hurtling through the snow. A few hundred yards away, cattle moo as a farmer fills a trough with hay.

At one time, this scene was commonplace to most of North America. But in the Pioneer years, as wagon trains moved west from the East, humans and wolves were

forced to coincide in more closely grouped conditions. Seeing the wolves as a threat to their lives, humans began one of the earliest documented holocausts in the history of America. Between the years 1870 and 1877, 55,000 wolves were killed by bounty hunters yearly (Begley 46). In Montana alone, 80,000 wolves were slaughtered between 1883 and 1918 (Lypske 51). While wolf populations sustained themselves in Canada and Alaska, virtually no wolves in the lower United States were spared (Begley 69).

Through the beginning of the twentieth century and up to the late 1950s, public sentiment towards the wolf remained the same: kill it before it kills you, your family, your pets, and your livestock. Beginning in the late 1950s, however, attitudes towards the wolf changed. Erich Klinghammer writes that following the publishing of several popular books, including Farley Mowat's *Never Cry Wolf* in 1963, public opposition of wolves turned to public support of them (x). Then in 1973, the gray wolf was added to the Endangered Species List (Dawidoff 40). This meant two important advances for the wolf. First, it had the protection of the United States government. Anyone that was caught trapping, shooting, or harming a Gray wolf in any way faced imprisonment and possibly heavy fines. Secondly, like any other animal on the Endangered Species List, the government was dedicated to restoring the population living in the wild to the point where it could be removed from list.

Consequently, the wolf is making excellent progress. As of 1991, Minnesota had a thriving and fully protected wolf population of 1,550 to 1,750 animals; instead of "endangered," the population was given the term "threatened," (Begley 46) which meant it was growing and self-sustaining. Neither Canada nor Alaska has a lack of wolves, with 50,000 and 6,000/7,000 animals respectively (46). Northwestern Montana is inhabited by at least five wolf packs and there have been "confirmed...sightings" in Idaho and Washington (Dawidoff 45). Most likely any wolves that are in the United States migrated from Canada (45).

These numbers are pleasing to Renee Askins, a wildlife ecologist and the creator of the *Wolf Fund*. While an undergraduate student, Askins observed captive wolves and became entranced by their social behavior. She worked on wolf-recovery projects and in 1985 was given a grant to display an exhibit about wolves at Yellowstone National Park. Other work included speaking at universities and on NBC Nightly News about wolf reintroduction. After obtaining her master's degree in wildlife ecology from Yale, she moved to Wyoming and

started the *Wolf Fund*, an organization dedicated to the restoration of a gray wolf population in the United States, particularly Yellowstone National Park (44).

In the past, areas like Yellowstone were targeted for wolf extermination. Launching such a program in 1914, the United States government hired hunters and rangers to trap, shoot, and poison any wolves on United States land, including Yellowstone. "By 1926, rangers had killed at least 136 wolves in Yellowstone, including 80 pups." (Begley 46). Although visitors to Yellowstone reported seeing large animal-like wolves in the park, park officials never confirmed these sightings until 1992, when a film crew captured, on film, what appeared to be a wolf. After reviewing the footage, experts decided that the animal was probably a wolf or a wolf/dog hybrid (69).

Most likely the "wolf" that the film crew recorded migrated into the States from Canada (69). Renee Askins as well as other wolf supporters celebrate when they hear of wolf sightings like this one; they also enjoy hearing that the wolves are reentering the United States naturally and on their own. But Askins wants to assist the wolves in their return to Yellowstone. She fears that while wolves can and do move into the United States, it will take several decades for them to repopulate Yellowstone. That is why she and other conservationists have pushed for a program in which humans intervene and transplant wolves to Yellowstone (Dawidoff 45).

Just recently the United States Fish and Wildlife Service (USF&WS) took a momentous step as part of a program that Askins so desires. On January 13, 1995, the USF&WS placed eight wolves into one-acre pens in the Lamar Valley of Yellowstone. The wolves were brought to this part of Wyoming from Canada. They will remain in the pens for six weeks, feeding on road-killed elk, bison, and deer supplied by park officials (Associated Press 9). After that time period, officials will release the wolves from the pens to inhabit Yellowstone. According to Cheryl Matthews, an employee of Yellowstone National Park, the reintroduction project will span three to five years. During this time period, fifteen wolves will be released each year in two areas of Yellowstone: one in Wyoming and another in Idaho.

Normally reintroduction would have occurred right after the gray wolf was added to the Endangered Species List in 1973. But due to opposition from ranchers, not until twenty-two years later did wolf supporters' aspirations finally come true. This does not mean that all the ranchers have begun to support the reintroduction of wolves to Yellowstone; it means that the public supports wolves more than ranchers oppose them. Emotion pervades this controversial issue. Doug Crowe of the USF&WS knows this for a fact: "In 20 years in this business this is the damndest issue I've seen. It brings out people's passion in a way that is frightening," (qtd. in Begley 45-6).

The reason that ranchers oppose the reintroduction is simple: they fear that wolves will attack their livestock. Livestock graze in 392 areas surrounding Yellowstone (Williamson 58). Though not adjacent to the park, the areas offer easy prey for the wolves. At least ranchers hold that notion. Ranchers played a large part in the demise of the gray wolf. Forever they felt that the wolf represented a threat to their well-being. A calf, bull, or cow was expensive to replace; to lose twenty or thirty was disastrous. To combat economic losses, ranchers combated wolves.

But according to experts and statistics, wolves fail to damage the livestock populations as ranchers claim they do. For instance, in Minnesota ranchers lose one animal per 8,000 to wolves; in Montana one per 25,000, and in British Columbia one per 4,500 (58). Renee Askins says: "[r]anchers have a...lot more to fear from vegetarians,"

(qtd. in Dawidoff 42). Obviously these proportions do not support rancher's claims of crippling losses of income and livestock because of wolves. Geologist Dave Love, who once lived on a ranch in Wyoming when wolves still frequented the country, claims: "We had cattle. They never bothered the cattle," (qtd. in Dawidoff 42).

Even with this evidence, ranchers display resistance to sharing their grazing land with such a predator as the gray wolf. Pete Story, a fourth-generation rancher, a former state senator, and a 1992 candidate for lieutenant governor of Montana, expresses the dismay of ranchers: "Those of us who are affected, we feel like the Jews would listening to an affable Nazi talk about Auschwitz," (qtd. in Dawidoff 40).

Story and his constituent ranchers are not as helpless as they may think. Under the terms established by the USF&WS, which are based on public forums held in Wyoming, ranchers are allowed to shoot any wolves that they witness attacking their herds on their private land. For those ranchers whose livestock graze on public land, Cheryl Matthews reports that permits are issued to the ranchers which allows them to shoot any wolves they witness attacking their livestock. Admittedly, wolves do occasionally kill livestock and ranchers do suffer economic loss. Realizing this, *Defenders of Wildlife*, a conservation group, organized a fund in 1987 to compensate ranchers who prove that they lose livestock to wolves (Begley 48).

Hunters also oppose the reintroduction of wolves to Yellowstone. Their fear is that wolves will reduce the elk population in Yellowstone to the point where hunting in the national park would no longer be feasible or permitted (Williamson 58). These fears are unfounded and out of perspective; the wolves would not have the kind of effect on elk populations that hunters imagine. Contrarily, wolves would greatly benefit the elk population of the park. The wolves would keep the elk population in check, deterring the elk herd from overbrowsing plant life and overpopulating the park. Such was the case with the moose population in Isle Royale National Park. When wolves entered the park via an ice bridge, they culled the sickly moose population. In turn, vegetation that the moose had at one time overbrowsed was able to rejuvenate and flourish. These two factors resulted in a healthier moose population (Begley 47).

Opposition by hunters could jeopardize the privilege to hunt in the park. The majority of Yellowstone's summer visitors favor the reintroduction of the gray wolf to Yellowstone (Williamson 58). Any visible opposition by hunters could lead to a great deal of opposition to their hunting privilege. In essence, they could end their privilege of hunting in the park.

Several Western statesmen are on the side of the ranchers and others opposed to the gray wolf's reintroduction. Montana Representative Ron Marlenee equates wolves to pestilent roaches (Begley 49). Idaho Senator Steve Symms, in stressing his opinion of wolves, tells children that wolves "pose a real danger to humans," (qtd. in Begley 49). These men fear that if wolves are allowed to reinhabit Yellowstone, park visitors will have life-threatening confrontations with the wolves. According to L. David Mech, a wolf biologist with the USF&WS, "[i]f a wolf were really to attack a person like they attack prey...the result would be instant and deadly." (qtd. in Begley 49) Deadly attacks by wolves on humans are unheard of (49).

Consequently, if wolf-human confrontations are non-existent, Yellowstone's visitors can still safely enjoy the experience of being in the park. And if the wolf is allowed to remain in the park, Yellowstone will set a precedent for the entire world to follow. Wolves populated much of North America (including Yellowstone National Park)

when the Europeans arrived some 500 years ago. But between the 1800s (when the government first began killing wolves) and January of 1995 (when USF&WS placed eight wolves in the park), gray wolves, for the most part, did not inhabit Yellowstone (Dawidoff 40). By the wolf's return, USF&WS officials have recreated an environment that humans at one time dismantled.

United States Fish & Wildlife Service officials have taken a mammoth step in the conservation of the wild and natural United States. Bruce Babbitt, secretary of the interior for the United States, sums up their actions in an editorial that he wrote for the September/October 1994 issue of *Audubon*:

The reintroduction of the wolf is an extraordinary statement for the American people. It enables us to come close to restoring, in one specific area, conditions resembling what Lewis and Clark saw as they made their way across the West. It reconnects our historical linkage with the wilderness, which is central to our national character. It admits to past errors and asserts our willingness to correct them. It offers a new vision of a developed society living in harmony with its magnificent wilderness endowment.

Perhaps most important, bringing back wolves to Yellowstone will vastly expand our sense of what is possible—that we might be able to restore conditions long thought to be passed. (Babbitt 120)

Americans have taken this action that Babbitt desired. Reintroducing wolves is just the first step toward changing ethics and attitudes in the nation and in the world.

As the eight wolves adjust to their new surroundings in Yellowstone, the passionate controversy still rages. The West's ranchers still abhor wolves, but the wolves are there to stay. Conservationists celebrate a long-needed victory for the gray wolf and for nature. Although subtle losses for ranchers and hunters may occur, in the long run the reintroduction of wolves will benefit not only the park's elk herds and visitors, but America as a whole as it sees what it can do by cooperating with nature, not competing against it as has been the norm since the white race arrived on the continent. The gray wolf represents freedom and pre-human untamedness, "the unbridled spirit of the wilderness, the embodiment of all that is wild and free." (qtd. in Begley 44) Allowing wolves to live at Yellowstone shows that humans and nature can live in cooperative harmony.

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Through the Eyes of Love

by Sinikka Wainionpaa

British Literature III

Dr. Michael Harris

Assignment: Write an essay analyzing a modern British literary text.

In the story "The Horse Dealer's Daughter," D.H. Lawrence develops the character of Jack Ferguson through the use of eyes. By paying close attention to the narrator's descriptions of Jack's eyes, the descriptions of Mabel's eyes from what seems to be Jack's point of view, and the narrations of what Jack does with his eyes, the changes and inner struggles in Jack become evident. From a quiet, unfulfilled man hiding behind an easy facade, to a man fighting to retain control of his composure and his emotions, and finally to a man overcome with passionate love, Jack's existence takes a variety of turns, all of which can be seen in his eyes.

When Jack first appears, "his eyes [look] tired" (2099). Not showing any sort of emotion or even interest, he looks around "slowly" (2099) at first, casting a facade of disinterested nonchalance. Mabel catches his eye, and he begins "watching her interestedly" (2100). It is more than mere interest, however, for there is something in Mabel's "steady, dangerous eyes that always [makes] him uncomfortable, unsettling his superficial ease" (2100). Later, when Jack sees Mabel tending to her mother's grave, he seems to be guarded from her looks, and he glances at her "with his quick eye" (2102). He can feel the foreshadowing "power in her eyes" (2102), and though he drawn to it, he finds it unsettling. With the realization that their eyes have met, they each look "away again at once, each feeling, in some way, found out by the other" (2102). Yet when Jack sees Mabel later, he is watching her and "staring" (2102) at her. He is irresistibly drawn to her, yet he does not move because her eyes disturb him as they seem to see through his mask.

As Jack develops, a battle rages beneath his mask, it is the struggle of a man who is aware of a power greater than his own, but who tries to fight against that power with all of his will. He rescues Mabel from an attempted suicide, only as a doctor would rescue a patient, and upon having retrieved her from the pond, Jack is momentarily safe from her penetrating gaze: "her eyes [are] wide open and as if conscious, but there [seems] something is missing in her look. She [is] conscious in herself, but unconscious of her surroundings" (2014). For quite some time, he can feel Mabel's eyes "fixed" "full" on him, in an "inevitable" way (2014-5). He looks away feeling "dazed" because "her power [is] stronger than his" (21104). In an effort to distance himself from her when she is kissing his legs, Jack looks down, not at Mabel, but "at the tangled wet hair, the wild, bare, animal shoulders," and he is "amazed, bewildered, and afraid" (2105). He stares away at the door to avoid her eyes, yet when he looks down at her with the realization of the love that is tearing his heart apart, he sees her tears, and he can "not bear to look anymore" (2106).

Jack's discovery that he cannot look at Mabel without being overcome with love indicates his next level of development. As Mabel begins to uncover Jack's love for her, she looks "at him with flaring, humble eyes of transfiguration, triumphant in first possession" (2105), as

if she knows the effect she has on him. In her eyes, he sees "supplication of powerful love" and "transcendent, frightening light of triumph" (2105). Jack becomes more sensitive to Mabel's emotions, as befitting a man consumed by love. He notices when her eyes become "wide with fear, with doubt" (2105). Then he sees in her eyes a "question" and "the look of death behind the question" (2106), which installs fear in him. Again Jack tries to force himself to look away, but he cannot: "without knowing, he [is] looking down on her damp, soft brown hair" (2106). No longer wet, or wild, or animal-like to him, the sight of her hair touches his heart; the "wistful and unfathomable" look in her eyes touches his heart as well (2106). He looks in Mabel's eyes again and sees "that terrible shining of joy in her eyes, which really [terrifies] him, and yet, which he now [wants] to see" (2106).

As Jack views Mabel in this new light, he sees "for the first time that one of her shoulders [is] quite uncovered, one arm bare, he [can] see one of her small breasts" (2106), and he is filled with still newer, stronger emotions—so strong even, that he speaks "in an altered voice" (2106). His love for her grows, and he becomes more sensitive to what she feels. He notices the tears in her eyes; he sees "her look of shame" (2107), and he sees her "looking at him, rather frightened" (2107). He watches her movements closely, "relentlessly" (2107), for he is drawn uncontrollably to her, his eyes follow her as she leaves the room. When Mabel returns, Jack seeks to reassure her, calm her, and love her, for he sees her "look[ing] at him again with the wild, strained, doubtful eyes" (2107).

The emotions etched in the eyes of both Jack and Mabel are feelings which neither one is ready to accept; doubt, fear, and even passion can finally be seen clearly, not only by the reader, but by each other. The progression and development of Jack Ferguson's character centers around the awakening of his inner feelings, and the discovery of his love. This development can be clearly seen in the description of his and Mabel's eyes. It is fitting therefore, that at the very end of the story, when Mabel questions Jack's love for her, "I want you," [is] all he [answers] blindly" (2108).

A Comparison of the AIDS Epidemic in the United States and India

by Angela Taylor

International Politics

Dr. Jim Zaffiro

Assignment: Write a paper of 10-12 pages on a topic of significance for international politics.

In today's world AIDS has become a problem for all of us. Every day more people are infected, and as the days pass, the situation, especially in the Third World, worsens. The purpose of this paper is to depict the state of the AIDS epidemic in a First World Country, the United States, and a Third World Country, India. There are many arguments upon which this paper could be based, however, I would like to focus on the idea that we need better understanding of this disease. As we learn more about AIDS we should share this information with the other less prosperous or less advanced countries. In order to stop the progress of AIDS, we need to develop programs in our own country as well as a worldwide prevention program.

I. AIDS—the Virus

1. The Effect of AIDS on the Body

As I began the research for this project, I realized I was fairly ignorant about the disease that is taking hold in many parts of society. According to Panos Dossier's *AIDS and the Third World*, when the virus first enters the body, it encounters the macrophages, which are the immune system's first line of defense. Next, the lymphocytes are called in to combat the infection, but instead, the virus is passed to them. From there, the HIV virus infects certain other cells in the body. Since the virus hides in the cells of the immune system, the cells that fight infection kill each other as the disease is passed and consequently, there is a civil war in the victim's body. Gradually, the body's immune system is disabled and the infected person becomes vulnerable to almost any other infection. These opportunistic infections and diseases occur mainly in the skin, lungs, digestive system, nervous system, and brain. Eventually, full-blown AIDS develops and death follows (Dossier, 1986: 34-36).

2. Stages of the Virus

The disease can be broken down into five stages: 1. initial HIV infection; 2. PGL: persistently enlarged lymph glands; 3. ARC: AIDS related complex; 4. full-blown AIDS; and 5. AIDS dementia, which occurs when AIDS enters the brain (Dossier, 1986: 37).

3. Transmission

AIDS is transmitted in various ways: Penetrative sexual contact, sharing tainted needles, blood transfusions, contaminated blood products, transplanted organs or donated semen, from mother to baby, and blood from an infected person entering another's cut or wound, which can happen in the case of tattooing, ritual

tribal scarring, circumcision, or where cutting or piercing instruments are shared (Dossier, 1986: 40).

II. The Consequences of AIDS on the World

As AIDS spreads there are repercussions around the world. This disease costs a great deal of money in terms of prevention programs, education programs, and care for the afflicted. There is also a great loss of manpower as people continue to become infected and die. As the terror spreads, new organizations and countries gain power. The World Health Organization is working on the problem and is likely to become even more influential. As an international intergovernmental organization, it could conceivably take control of the problem and have power over individual sovereign nations' AIDS policy: economic, political, and medical.

The countries best able to deal with this problem are the First World countries. First World countries generally control world affairs; however, lately the Third World has been able to exert influence in some United Nations' decisions because of the number that have joined. Most of the Third World is not able to handle the burden that comes with AIDS. They will need the economic, medical, and technological aid that the First World can give them. This could be a way for the United States to maintain its power since it is one of the strongest, most stable countries.

Moreover, this disease could potentially be another Black Plague. This virus could possibly destroy a large part of the world population if prevention is not started now. AIDS has the ability to infiltrate every segment of our population. There is no immune group apart from the chaste and those who abstain from drug use. However, even they are not protected from contaminated blood in surgery or blood products from hemophiliacs.

III. The United States

1. High-Risk Groups

AIDS was first recorded publicly in the United States. It was considered solely a homosexual disease. Yet, intravenous drug users actually exceed homosexual and bisexual men in the number of infected people. By 1991, the AIDS epidemic in the U.S. had entered its second wave, and there were more than 200,000 people diagnosed with HIV and 140,000 dead (Bayer, 1992:207). This second advance is hardest hitting in blacks and Latinos living in low-income inner city areas (Dossier, 1986: 34).

2. Prevention Tactics

Three percent of all AIDS cases in the United States are attributed to blood transfusions (Boswell and Sapolsky, 1992: 171). Before the known occurrence of AIDS in the U.S., blood banks rarely screened their donors. As the knowledge of AIDS and the way it is transmitted grew, medical persons increased the use of gloves and masks wherever blood contact was possible. Blood banks began to screen donors by asking question about sexual preference, AIDS symptoms, and contact with AIDS sufferers. They stopped accepting blood from people in high risk groups (Boswell and Sapolsky, 1992: 179). These practices brought about their own controversies, as did "directed donations." The person receiving the transfusion chooses several people to give blood for the operation. The recipient does not know whose blood he received and the donors' privacy rights are protected if it is discovered that one of the donors is HIV positive.

3. Government Policy

As our awareness of AIDS grew, so did our fascination and fear. We were fascinated with the virus because it could kill celebrities and were afraid that the virus would be transmitted to us. The government soon

realized policy toward the new virus had to be developed. Unfortunately, there was no consensus on how to educate the public about sexual behavior and drug addiction, which were the major transmitters (Fox, 1992: 129).

Initially, the government based their policy on the idea that it was a homosexual disease, but the politics of AIDS changed when infection spread rapidly through disadvantaged minorities. Policy makers and health professionals agreed that AIDS should be considered a chronic disease.

New drug treatments also created a burden for policy. The drug treatments were expensive and lengthened the life of the infected. Now the government was paying more money for poor people who were sick. HIV had become a *problem of policy as it related to the minorities and the poor*.

4. Economic Consequences

HIV infected people are often left without medical coverage because states determine Medicaid coverage and eligibility and private health insurance is the least comprehensive in providing long-term, outpatient care and prescription drugs for the HIV infected (Fox, 1992:135). As a result, the state and local governments took on enormous financial and political problems when they became health care payers of last resort. By 1989, half of the costs of caring for the HIV infected people was paid by state and local government through their share of Medicaid, by insurance pools and indigent care programs, and by operating subsidies to public hospitals and clinics (Fox, 1992: 136).

5. Economic Policy toward AIDS

As the government became aware of the growing problem, the first calls for money were for specific amounts to be used for research. As the full extent of the epidemic was revealed, there was more interest in additional monies for treatment and education. Congressional hearings enabled interest groups to put public pressure in the bureaucrats and the budget requests for AIDS research was increased from \$17.6 million to \$39 million (Altman, 1986: 124).

Cities set up task forces and bureaus to handle the problem. The majority of the money from the federal government went to research with just enough left over to start statewide prevention and education programs. By November, 1984, the direct cost of the epidemic was \$955 million, \$1 million in days of work lost and \$650 million in output had been lost. Consequently, the total cost was about \$1.5 billion (Altman, 1986: 125).

IV. Comparison of the Two Countries

As I researched the AIDS epidemic in the United States, I began to wonder about the epidemic of India. Was it as bad? Do they have enough money to counteract the effects of AIDS on their population? What will this virus do to their economy? Will it retard or stop their efforts at industrialization? When I finished researching AIDS in India, I had answered the questions in my mind.

Although the officially reported cases in India were much less than in the United States, AIDS has found fertile ground and the situation there will undoubtedly become much worse. The United States has better prevention techniques, and since we as a people are better educated and as a country more urbanized, our prevention messages reach and are understood by more people. Also, since India is considered a Third World country, it has much less money to spend on dealings with AIDS and must look to outside sources for extra help.

V. India

1. High-Risk Groups

According to official reporting to the World Health

Organization, the AIDS epidemic in India is not yet as widespread as in the United States. India has reported only 103 cases of infection (Mann, Netter, and Tarantola, 1992: 121), however, 310 people have died since the first reported case in 1986 and 500,000 more Indians are estimated to be infected (Jayaraman, May 27, 1993: 294).

The epidemic is largely growing on intravenous drug users, prostitutes, and the heterosexually promiscuous. In large Indian cities, the virus is estimated to have a prevalence of twenty percent in prostitutes (Palca, April 19, 1991: 373). Calcuttas, National Institute of Cholera and Enteric Diseases found HIV antibodies in 80% of the 273 intravenous drug users they screened in Churachandpur, a border town in Manipur (Jayaraman, May 27, 1993: 294). In fact, according to *AIDS in the World*, the HIV prevalence in IV drug users rose from zero percent in 1986 to fifty-four percent in 1990 (Mann, Netter, and Tarantola, 1992: 129).

2. Transmission

India's blood supply is no longer as safe as in the past. Many of the donors belong to the high risk groups and are so poor they use the money they receive from donating to buy food. India has also imported blood from the United States, which is the foremost supplier of plasma and clotting factor for hemophiliacs. Once the disease is introduced into these groups it has every chance of spreading like wildfire (Maitra, May, 1993: 23).

India has recently begun to screen its donors, however, blood and blood products are rarely and object of detection in rural areas (Palca, April 19, 1991: 372). In rural clinics, the habit of wearing surgical gloves and using sterilized equipment has not yet developed. Faced with this, India's first defense against the virus is the education of its people (Maitra, May 1993: 24).

3. Social Responsibility

Unfortunately, this is no easy task. Indians feel that the virus is a problem of foreigners. Many Indians still believe that nature created AIDS to revenge itself against all the misdeeds done to it (Maitra, May 1993: 23). The safer sex message must be remodeled as well to apply to the Indian ways of life. Too many people consider the condom merely a birth control device, not a barrier against disease. Many prostitutes do not require the use of a condom because their customers will pay more in order not to use one. Women seldom have control in their marriage over the use of birth control or condoms and little or no influence over the sexual behavior of their husbands.

4. Economic Consequences

Economically, this will be a nightmare for India and most Third World countries. The infected and their families face a massive reduction in income as the infected person can no longer work. Their family must relinquish jobs in order to care for them. Food supplies will also be threatened as the rural areas are struck by the epidemic. The government must cut money from other sectors to pay for education programs and welfare for surviving orphans and older citizens. The government will also not be able to invest in productive inputs such as seeds, pesticides, machinery and labor which developing countries badly need (Armstrong and Bos, 1992: 199).

This disease may be another justification for the First World countries to stay powerful and Third World countries to remain poor. The First World countries have the ability to financially counteract the virus while the Third World countries do not. Therefore, the First World will be able to continue controlling the Third World as long as it needs financial aid from the richer First World countries.

Third World governments must now expand the health infrastructure and reallocate funds to the health

sector. Unfortunately, they can do this only at the expense of domestic growth. They must accept money from other countries and the conditions placed on this money. The average direct cost of diagnostic procedures and drug treatments is \$1312 and eighty percent of that is for treatment (Cameron and Shepard, 1992: 493).

5. Sources of Aid

India receives nearly all of its money for AIDS from outside sources. The World Bank promised them aid of \$84 million, which must be used for a program of national control against AIDS in order to avoid 300,000 more people contracting the virus before the year 2000 (Maitra, May, 1993: 24). The United States' Agency for International Development has established a program calls AIDSCAP, AIDS Control and Prevention, which concentrates on 10-15 countries designated as top priorities for HIV/AIDS prevention activities. India was selected as a priority country because of its need for economic aid and the fact that it is at a higher risk. India has numerous prostitutes and intravenous drug users, which are two of the highest-risk groups. The Agency for International Development received \$79.5 million and obligated another \$68.1 million from other accounts to use in its bilateral HIV/AIDS activities (United States General Accounting Office, June 1992: 12).

6. Prevention in India

There are three key elements to the success of AIDS prevention. The first is information and education. Second, health and social services are needed for the sick. Third, a supportive social environment must exist.

In the United States, messages are key. We especially stress testing and partner notification. The general public, military and our young people are the target groups for these messages.

For India and most developing countries these messages and groups are important as well. However, India is also concerned with the prevention and treatment of sexually transmitted diseases and the increased usages of condoms. These messages go out, not only to the general public and the military but also to the religious leaders who have considerable control over the poorer people and the outlying countryside (Cohen, 1992: 401).

VI. AIDS and Our Responsibilities

AIDS is rapidly gaining a foothold in our country and in India. We need to set aside more money to study the problem, and we need more people working on a solution. If we do not begin now the consequences could be fatal to us all. The most intelligent of our scientists and doctors, the most creative of our artists and actors, the best and brightest of our world population can and are being destroyed.

I believe we need to look to the Third World now. Professor Essex form Harvard stated in "SIDA des Riches, SIDA des Pauvres," that the Third World bears 95% of the new HIV infections (Deniaud, August 1991: 105). Several centuries ago, the Black Plague wiped out two-thirds of the European population. I believe that we are looking at a disease that may similarly take the overpopulation problem out of our hands.

Everyday in class, we discuss International Politics and the relations between countries. We discuss nuclear weapons, the Cold War, colonialism and how all these affected our world and how the effects are manifested in today's world. We have yet to discuss AIDS and its significance for the present and the future. To me, this is a serious subject and, like the global environmental problems, it will not go away if we ignore it.

We have made a good start into prevention and research as a country. Now is the time to share our knowledge and set up a global research team, as we did to study the environment. If we can come together as a

unified world, we will feel better about the outcome. We may even discover a vaccine or cure when each country brings its unique perspective to the global laboratory. This problem could be the key to a lessening of tensions between countries, disarmament or even the key to global peace. If every country can connect with every other country because of this shared dilemma, it may heal the world "divorce."

VII. Research Strategy

I began my research by looking through the ABC Pol Sci Index and the Social Sciences Index. Then, I perused the PAIS Bulletin and Infotrac for more articles. I read and used most of the articles from these sources. I also read several books and took advantage of the interlibrary loan option to get the two French articles, which were integral to my understanding of the AIDS epidemic in India. I was also able to obtain a copy of the report to the government from the General Accounting Office that contained information about the international AIDS prevention programs.

AIDS in the World edited by Jonathon Mann, Thomas W. Netter, and Daniel J.M. Tarantola and *AIDS The Making of a Chronic Disease* edited by Elizabeth Fee and Daniel M. Fox were the most helpful in my understanding of the AIDS epidemic in the United States. The essays and articles these books contained were clear and concise. I did not have the extra work of deciphering and translating what the authors said into simpler terms. They gave many details about and reasons for the virus spread in our country.

"SIDA des Riches, SIDA des Pauvres" by Francois Deniaud in *Jeune Afrique Economie*, enlightened me as to the AIDS problem in India and the natives' attitude toward it. It was the first source I had on India and, although I read many articles after it, it gave me the most insight. It was not technical so I was easily able to understand it, and it was the most informative in the sense that it gave many details about the high risk groups, number of present reported cases, and an opinion about the trend of the disease in the future.

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Literature, Gender Roles, and Politics of the Neoclassical Era

by Stacy DeBoef

British Literature, 1660-1850

Dr. Michael Harris

Assignment: Write an essay analyzing a British literary text from the neoclassical era.

The eighteenth century was dominated by two clearly defined political parties: Whig and Tory. The Tories, the conservative party, were "strong supporters of the Crown and of the established church as the two great sources of political and social stability..." (Abrams, 1768). The Whig party was made up of a wide spectrum of members of the rising middle class, ranging from merchants, to clergy, to powerful nobles. The well-known literary works of the early eighteenth century generally reflect a strong affiliation to, or encompass the ideals of, either of the two parties. Daniel Defoe, an "ardent Whig" (Abrams, 1975), wrote "The Cons of Marriage" from *Roxana*. It is the story of a prostitute who refuses to marry her seducer because she is unwilling to give up her status as a "free agent" (Defoe, 1978). However, when compared and contrasted with "An Essay on Man" by Alexander Pope, a stout Tory, there are noticeable similarities between Pope's views and the views of Defoe's character, the "man." These parallels bring today's reader to the understanding that "The Cons of Marriage" is more than an assertion for gender equality. Defoe's work becomes an analogy of the entire political system, parties, and ideas of his time.

Pope's "Essay" is a polemical poem attacking the use of reason and pride as a means for man to better himself. Pope believes that man should be content wherever he may be, with whatever status or state God has given him. This traditional view, which is opposed to change, is also held by Defoe's "man" in "The Cons of Marriage." The "man" says to Roxana, "Come, my dear, you are the first woman in the world that ever lay with a man and then refused to marry him..." (Defoe, 1977). The "man," traditionally the head of the marriage union, has no notion that Roxana is opposed to marriage because she does not want to give up her freedom to submit to his authority. He simply sees this as the way marriages work. The "man" in the story is therefore characteristic of the Tory party, or the Tory way of thinking. The Tories believed, as expressed by Pope, man is at fault when he pursues the "...question (wrangle e'er so long) / Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?" (Pope, 2265), for this question need not be asked. Man [or woman] should accept whatever place God has given him, and acknowledge that "One truth is clear: Whatever is, is RIGHT" (Pope, 2270).

Defoe's "man" is also symbolic of the Tory party in that he believes in a Divine purpose. After Roxana expresses her perplexity with marriage, he tells her, "...that marriage was decreed by Heaven; that it was the fixed

state of life, which God had appointed for man's felicity, and for establishing legal posterity..." (Defoe, 1980). The "man" contends that in marriage there is "...but one interest, one aim, one design, and all conspired to make both very happy" (Defoe, 1979). Furthermore, Roxana, in desiring to be in control of her own affairs, "...was in some sense right, if the woman were able to carry it on so, but that in general the sex were not capable of it; their heads were not turned for it..." (Defoe, 1981). Pope, believing God put each man in his particular place for a purpose, instructs man [or woman] to "Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree / Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee. / Submit—..." (Pope, 2269).

Both Pope and Defoe's "man" identify groundless reasoning as the crux of erroneous beliefs. Pope says, "In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;" (Pope, 2266), and later:

From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;
Account for moral, as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit. (Pope, 2267)

Pope's writing typifies the opposition of the Tories to the rise of the middle class and the empowerment of the Whigs. The Tories believed the Whigs' individualism and drive to get ahead was prideful and egoistical. They concluded that the middle class should be content with the status God had bestowed upon them, and submit to those God had placed in power, as it was all part of "...how system into system runs, / ...[for] Heaven has made us as we are" (Pope, 2264). Likewise, Defoe's "man" acknowledges that Roxana has "...started a new thing in the world; that however [she] might support it by subtle reasoning, yet it was a way of arguing that was contrary to the general practice, and that he confessed he was much disappointed in it..." (Defoe, 1981). Therefore, just as the Tories were unable to give up their belief in a divine superiority to the lower classes, so is Defoe's "man" unable to accept the idea that woman is not dependent upon marriage to man. Roxana states, "...seeing I was positive in refusing him, notwithstanding what had passed, he had nothing to do but secure me from reproach by going back again to Paris" (Defoe, 1982).

Roxana ends her story by expressing her remorse for being "...blinded by her own vanity" (Defoe, 1982). She regrets throwing "...away the only opportunity I then had to have effectually settled my fortunes, and secured them for this world;...I am...a standing monument of the madness and distraction which pride and infatuations...run us into;...and how dangerously we act, when we follow the dictates of an ambitious mind" (Defoe, 1982). I posit that Defoe included this monologue as a reminder that there are costs involved in standing up for what one believes, and that one must always reason carefully, for there are rarely completely correct and incorrect views or stances on issues. Defoe himself, as a Whig, "...defended the Anglican's hostility to the Dissenter," and was thereby "sentenced to jail" (Abrams, 1976).

Defoe's "The Cons of Marriage" is a political allegory in which the male and female roles of the marriage institution represent the members of the Tory and Whig parties. Although Defoe claimed Whiggism as his political affiliation, his story of Roxana speaks to members of both parties. Defoe believes Tories such as Pope, whose convictions were portrayed by the "man" in marriage, are incorrect in maintaining that they are meant to be in power due to Divine appointment simply because they traditionally have been. However, Defoe cautions the Whigs not to become distracted with pride, but to be reasonable, because pride will lead to self-destruction.

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The Story of an Hour

by Leslie Maynard

Introduction to Literature

Dr. Walter Cannon

Assignment: Write an analysis of a story we've read.

Kate Chopin's *The Story of an Hour* is plain and simply that; the story of a single hour of life in a dull and monotonous existence. For that one brief moment, the main character gains a sense of herself as an individual, as a human being in and of herself. It is an ironic tale of life from death, and of death from life. It is an account of a difficulty everyone must face at one time or another; the struggle to strike a balance between the demands of society and self.

The simplest and most thorough way of breaking the story down and uncovering the hidden meanings is to work through the stages of revelation right along with Mrs. Mallard. The narrative begins with the news of her husband's death. Mrs. Mallard is described as a fragile woman incapable of dealing with such a tragedy, due to her ailing heart. In reality, this is a reflection of society at the time, just before the turn of the century, when women were generally seen as weaker and less adept at handling painful or difficult situations. She reacts to the news as any loving young wife would, by weeping hysterically. It is only when she goes to her room alone that she begins to think about the implications of her sudden bereavement.

The next several paragraphs are full of symbolic references to Mrs. Mallard's changing perception of the world around her. For example, paragraph four; "There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul." I took the chair to be a symbol of her life up to this point. She has been comfortably ensconced in her proper niche, and held there by the draining, confining pressures of society. Through the window, she sees signs of new spring life. Birds are chirping, the trees are green, people in the square are singing as they go about their business. All these things represent her

coming rebirth, her emergence as an individual. There are rain clouds overhead, but patches of blue sky are breaking through, just as through the dark tragedy of her husband's death, there is bright new hope for the future. She senses herself being drawn into the life outside her window, although she doesn't recognize the feeling for what it is at first. She only knows that "there was something coming to her... creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air."

Mrs. Mallard does not yield herself at once to the vibrancy of life around her. She has been forced into a mold her entire life; the first line of paragraph eight describes her face, which "bespoke repression and even a certain strength," leading one to believe that this woman is perhaps not so weak and helpless as she was initially portrayed. Rather, that is the image she has built for herself, the behavior demanded of her by society. Like most people, Mrs. Mallard attempts to cling to her familiar mask, both out of comfortable habit and fear of the unknown. But in the end, the pull of life is too strong, and she gives in to it.

"Free, free, free!" These are the first words Mrs. Mallard speaks upon surrendering her will to what proper society would consider the "monstrous joy" that comes with the realization of her independence. Now that her husband is dead, she can live entirely for herself, and the public will have no room to criticize her. Self-assertion would have been frowned on in an unmarried woman, but is perfectly acceptable in a widow. That's not to say that her husband was unkind to her; it says in paragraph thirteen that "she knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead." However, it has often been said that a gilded cage is nonetheless a cage. By keeping her in a position of subordination, even with the best of intentions, her husband took away her status as an individual. Mrs. Mallard admits to herself that on many occasions, she had not really loved her husband, but in the face of her new self-awareness, it matters little to her. After a lifetime of living as others have expected her to live, at long last she will be free to make her own decisions, and she knows this sense of her own individuality to be "the strongest impulse of her being." She looks forward to a long and happy existence now, when "only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long." Eventually, she leaves her chair by the window, and starts down the stairs with her worried sister, glorying in her freedom. She is finally her

own person. As it says in paragraph twenty, "there was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory."

Then her husband walks through the door. Knowing of Mrs. Mallard's supposed frailty, Richards, the man who brought word of Brently Mallard's death, tries to block him from her view, fearing the shock will be too much for her.

The shock is too much indeed, but not for the reasons everyone assumes. The last, ironic line of the story gives the socially acceptable explanation for her reaction; "when the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease—of joy that kills." Nothing could be further from the truth. For a few precious moments, Mrs. Mallard knew what it meant to be free. The cage in which she had passed her existence had been shattered. When her husband came back, alive, he effectively slammed the door in her face. She sees a dreary stretch of years before her, a return to subservience that, after her taste of liberation, her spirit will not tolerate. Her heart does indeed break, but it is from the unbearable thought of the renewed loss of her self-determination rather than from overwhelming joy.

Mrs. Mallard's predicament is one that most people find themselves in at one time or another. The demands of society often conflict with personal desires, or even personal well-being. *The Story of an Hour* contains an important lesson for us all, male or female. In a world that encourages conformity, it is often difficult to maintain any degree of freedom or individuality. So often, it is easier simply to always do what is expected of us rather than upsetting the comfortable balance of routine, as the principle of sacrificing autonomy to propriety has been pounded into us at every turn. Our lives are restricted by countless regulations; from our parents, our teachers, our churches, our friends, everywhere. However, rules are necessary. Without them, there would be complete and total anarchy. The trick is to find a balance between society and self, between expectations and desires. In order to grow, human beings need to possess an individuality of their own, in addition to a sense of community. In truth, no society can long survive without allowing freedom for creativity. A world in a perfect state of Law, without Chaos, will stagnate and die, just as a world of utter Chaos, without Law, will destroy itself. Some people spend their entire lives "finding themselves," searching in vain for the balance between the two. Some people never bother to look, and go through their lives without ever knowing what they have missed. Mrs. Mallard found her sense of self, and died rather than facing its inevitable loss. For some, the trade might seem ludicrous, but for her, that one hour of life was preferable to years of living death. Everyone, whether they realize it or not, must make the same decision; where and how they intend to fit into the world in which they live, or whether they intend to fit at all.

Rumpelstiltskin

by Frank Apaez

Introduction to Literature

Dr. Walter Cannon

Assignment: Write a transformation of a fairy tale.

Rumpelstiltskin – Hood Style

Dreaming of wealth, a poor choreographer decided to better his fortune. He had a dangerous-looking daughter who was also exceedingly talented and was a dope¹ little flygirl², and the choreographer was really proud of her. One day, he told the big top DJ by the name of King Mix-a-lot, that his daughter could make gold record mixes³ out of old Leena Horne records. Now King Mix-a-lot was dying for a hit record mix and he heard of the poor choreographer's trash talk and boastin', he was totally tripped out⁴ and desperate for a hit. He sent out some of his homeboys to give her lift from the corner of her old man's run-down dance school to be brought to the DJ King. He cruised her down in a Cadillac Eldorado, to a small studio on his estate where there were stacks of old folks music, gave her a whole turn table and mixing board, and said, "All this cheesy music must be mixed into a slammin' jammin' gold mix before tomorrow's DJ standoff, or I'll put the cap on you."⁵ It was for nothing that the poor flygirl cursed up a storm then felt really sad because, she couldn't do anything like that - she was a dancer, not a rapper nor a DJ. The studio was locked and she stayed there alone.

She sat down in one corner of the studio and had begun to trip out⁶ when all of a sudden the door started pounding and the "boom" of a funky bass line threw the door open and in stepped a little homeboy⁷ with dreadlocks, wearing Dazzy Dukes shorts backwards, his Cross Colors shirt backwards, gangsta shades⁸, combat boots, and as much jewelry as Mr. T. he strided across the room towards the little flygirl and said, "What's up Baby, why ya trippin'?" "I done did it this time," answered she. "I have to mix this cheesy music into a gold mix, I'm a dancer not a rapper nor a DJ, I don't know how "G".⁹ What's in it for me to mix it for you?" "My CD player," replied the flygirl. He was cool about it, so he sat himself before the turn table, used some of his funky tracks, grabbed the whole stack of Zsa Zsa Gabor's greatest hits and pumped up the jams; he mixed the whole stack of 8-tracks while the flygirl put steps to the music. It was definitely a slammin' gold record mix. As the little homeboy was leaving, the little flygirl said, "take me out of here homeboy." "I can't, I'm here to help you stay alive," he said, then the door shut and locked behind him.

When King Mix-a-lot took the gold mix to the DJ standoff, he kicked everybody's butt. The house was jumpin' and all the flygirls wanted to dance to his gold mix, he thought the mix was dope¹⁰, but his head puffed up from all the attention, so he shut the little flygirl in the studio again with another project. Then she didn't know what to do and started trippin' out again. Then at that moment, the booming bass line threw the door open and in stepped the little homeboy and said, "What's in it for me Baby, to do a new project?" "My Malcolm X commemorative ring," she replied. So her little homey

took the ring and began to pump up the jams and took an even bigger stack of the Bee Gees and the Village People, and by the morning there was a kickin'¹¹ gold record mix.

King Mix-a-lot was blown away to hear all this slammin' humpin' jumpin' jams gold record mix treasure -he couldn't believe the Bee-Gees could kick it so hard,¹² but he was still not satisfied, and took the poor choreographer's daughter into an even larger studio and said, "All of this cheesy 8-track tapes have to be mixed tonight, Baby, and if you're into by tonight, you shall be my Queen Mix-a-lot." As soon as she was in the lonesome, the funky bass line filled the room with a pounding sensation, and in stepped the little homeboy, and said, "What's in the money bag for me for another gold mix?" "I ain't got jack,"¹³ said she. "Then promise me," said the little homeboy, "your first kid to hold for a big chunk of record sales money when you become Queen Mix-a-lot." "That may never be," thought the choreographer's daughter, as she had no other way to bust a jam¹⁴, she was down with¹⁵ what she promised and so he created once more a solid gold mix out of a whole heap of Barry Manilow 8-track tapes. King Mix-a-lot pumped up the mix¹⁶, he was blown away by it, married her, and so the poor choreographer's daughter became Queen Mix-a-lot.

After the birth of her son and after many music awards, Queen Mix-a-lot was hype¹⁷ and forgot the little homeboy and her promise, but one day a souped up, lowered, boomin' truck with tinted windows and a mean sounding stereo system, cruised up the mansion driveway. He got off and slipped past all the protection equipment and stepped right up to the Queen's lair. He stepped right in and said, "It's time to collect Baby." She offered him everything-cars, planes, houses, and all the money she had received for her hit singles, but he wanted the kid to have her pay him to give the child back to her after he was satisfied with the amount of record sales money that he collected from her for the "pay for the child" fund. In other words he wasn't down with¹⁸ anything she offered him at that point, he wanted more, he wanted the her first-born kid. He was softened by her tears so he said, "I'll cut you some slack, I'll give you three days during which time you have to guess my tag, if you do the kid's yours, if not, he's mine."

Now Queen Mix-a-lot stayed awake all night watching MTV, thinking of the dopest names that she had ever heard of, and so she sent some of her hood¹⁹ all over the city to find out the new tags of the upcoming DJs. The next day, the little homeboy came, and she began with : LL Cool J, Duice, Young MC, and all the other tags of the brothers she had jammed with, but to all of them he said, "Baby, you must be crazy, that ain't my tag."

The next day she began with all the gangsta names she could hear of-Ice Cube, E-z E, Ice-T, and so on ,but O-boy little homeboy still said to everyone of them, "Not even Baby, that ain't my tag."

The third day one of her hoods came back and said, "I haven't heard of any other tag, but yesterday as I was cruisin' in my six-fo²⁰ past a house party among the condos of the southern coastline, I saw one condo that was jumpin'. I cruised up to the place and I saw a short runt looking rapper rockin' the house and he busted a rhyme that went like this:

I'll drop the mic, ya know what I'm sayin'.
Keep your promise, 'cause the boy ain't playin' ,

The jewelry, the glory, the money - yo!
Busted a jam from Barry Manilow,
Little Queen call my tag, 'cause I'm,
coming to collect,
Yo, I'm the man, **MC Rurple** in effect!

Queen Mix-a-lot was all hype when she heard this, she did a Janet Jackson number, and as soon as the little boomin' truck drove up and the little homeboy came and said , "Now flyhoney²¹, what's my tag?" "Is it Heavy D?" she asked. "Not!" "Is it Fresh Prince?" "Heck no, that's an insult!"

"Can your tag be MC Rurple?"

"Who told you that, I'm gonna smoke 'em²² if I find out who it was," said MC Rurple. "That ain't fair, no deal, one of your hoods was at my house party last night and heard my rap with my tag in it, I'm giving you three more days to come up with a billion dollars in unmarked bills for your kid." But little did MC Rurple know that some of Queen Mix-a-lot's hood found out where the Queen's son was, kidnapped him from MC Rurple's condo, and had already brought him to the Queen. The Queen put an Academy Award winning scene from *Beaches* and let MC Rurple stomp out the door into his ride²³, and she waited. When he turned the key to the truck, a big burst of flames and a loud explosion filled her driveway and little truck pieces flew everywhere. It didn't do much damage, a squirrel in a tree was fatally injured by the flying hubcap though. Queen Mix-a-lot didn't have to worry about MC Rurple anymore. She had the driveway swept, cleaned and disinfected, and had the charred little truck shell thrown in the recycling bin. King, Queen and Baby Mix-a-lot, had a dope life and had lived happily ever after. -Peace!²⁴

¹dope => good; awesome.

²flygirl => dancer.

³mix => samples of various pieces of music set to a modern dance beat.

⁴tripped out => blown away.

⁵put the cap on you => put to death.

⁶trip out => break down.

⁷homeboy => friend; confidant.

⁸gangsta shades => cool sunglasses.

⁹"G" => first letter in the word "guy"; used as an abbreviated friend name.

¹⁰dope => awesome.

¹¹kickin' => nice sounding; awesome.

¹²kick it so hard => make good music.

¹³I ain't got jack => I have nothing left.

¹⁴bust a jam => make music.

¹⁵down with => agreeable to.

¹⁶pumped up the mix => listened to the music.

¹⁷hype => feeling good.

¹⁸wasn't down with => didn't agree.

¹⁹hood => friends.

²⁰six-fo => sixty-four Chevy Impala.

²¹flyhoney => good looking girl.

²²smoke 'em => shoot them.

²³ride => vehicle; truck.

²⁴Peace => good-bye; take care; the end.

Rumpelstiltskin

by Frank Aspar

Introduction to Literature

Dr. Walter Conrad

Assignment: Write a transcription of a fairy tale.

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