EAPSU Online:

A Journal of Critical

and Creative Work

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Table of Contents   Volume 7, Fall 2010

Introduction

The Fall 2010 edition of *EAPSU Online* features a fine range of writing, both scholarly and creative, that, as a whole, speaks to a key strength of this journal: its ability to serve as an open forum for academic studies in literature and teaching, and for new fiction, creative non-fiction, and poetry. Such breadth makes for interesting reading, stimulating the type of reasoned reflection that we expect to find in the language arts.

With this said, it is our pleasure to present the work of our contributors in the Fall 2010 edition.

The two opening selections engage questions of multiculturalism. Brian Flota opens with "Multicultural Men?: The Early, Exclusionary Multicultural Vision of Edward F. Haskell's *Lance*." Flota's work examines the origins and use of the term "multicultural" in Haskell's little known 1941 novel. Fannie Peczenik's "Baggage Allowance: Triptych," a creative non-fiction piece, narrates the life of a multicultural suitcase, the so called "ugliest suitcase in the world," and engages themes of travel, identity, language, and history.

Next, we have two essays that address matters of theory. Tom Stewart's "The Oxygen in the Air: Motivation in Two Types of Composition Courses" discusses student motivation in college classroom. Stewart describes two different models of college composition instruction: the current traditional model versus the expressionist writing approach. Monica F. Jacobe's "The Marked Narrative of Realism: *Madame Bovary* as Case Study" applies narratological theory, particularly Gerard Genette's concept of focalization, to Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* in order to argue for the usefulness of narratology theory in the study of nineteenth-century realism.

In the middle of the edition, we have two pieces that deal with language use and identity. Florina Catalina Florescu's "Disappeared," a work of creative non-fiction, offers a picture of the challenges of motherhood for a new mom. The work presents two divergent language trajectories: language acquisition for a son, on the one hand, and a mother's loss of identity and language, on the other hand. Michael Downing's critical essay "August Wilson's Mythic Conversations in Joe Turner's Come and Gone" examines August Wilson's use of archetypes as a vehicle to dramatize multiple dimensions of African American community and identity.

The edition concludes with an academic essay on girls' detective fiction and a sequence of poems focused on the natural world. Michael Cornelius's "Dyadic Relationships in Girls' Detective Series Books: The Case of Vicki Barr, Flight Stewardess" examines the Vicki Barr Flight Stewardess Series, begun by Helen Wells in 1947. The essay discusses dyadic relationships among the characters in the series as Vicki Barr, detective and literary character, gains greater independence. Michael Downing's poem sequence, entitled "Water, Spirits, and Words," concludes the Fall 2010 edition of *EAPSU Online.* These poems offer a sensitive engagement with the natural world as the persona responds to nature and nature responds back.

We thank our fine contributors for their excellent work, and, as always, we thank our readers for their continuing support and enthusiasm for *EAPSU Online*. Last, as new editors of this

publication, we extend our heartfelt admiration for the dedication of Kim Long, the founding editor of *EAPSU Online*, who was, and still remains, the guiding light of this publication.

Yours truly,

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&

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Multicultural Men?: The Early, Exclusionary Multicultural Vision of Edward F. Haskell's *Lance*

Brian Flota, Oklahoma State University

The first two quotations for the *Oxford English Dictionary* entry on the adjective *multicultural* include a passage from University of Chicago sociologist Everett V. Stonequist's article "The Problem of the Marginal Man" (1935), which appeared in *The American Journal of Sociology*,[1] and another from a book review by Iris Barry that was published in the July 27, 1941 issue of the *New York Herald-Tribune*.[2] It is worth noting that the scholars for the *OED* neglected to look at the text Barry reviewed—*Lance* (1941), by Edward F. Haskell (1906-1986)—because its subtitle[3] is *A Novel about Multicultural Men*[4]. Today, Haskell's neglected novel remains a revealing curiosity for a few reasons, most notably for its incredibly early usage of the term "multicultural," especially as a socially progressive adjective, long before the founding of *MELUS* (Multi-Ethnic Literature of the United States) and the Before Columbus Foundation in the mid-1970s. Haskell's novel follows the travails of Lancelot Tenorton (Lance), a brilliant young social scientist—raised in England and Germany—who becomes a prisoner of war in Bulgaria during World War I, suspected of being a German spy. Lance's mentor, Major Bruce

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[1] "Let us begin with the social situation, since it is this which produces the marginal type of personality," Stonequist writes, adding, "We have already indicated its general configuration: a bi-cultural (or multi-cultural) situation in which members of one cultural group are seeking to adjust themselves to the group which possesses greater prestige and power" (3). He later devoted a monograph to the topic—*The Marginal Man: a Study in Personality and Culture Conflict*—which appeared in 1937.

[2] The passage cited by the *OED* opens up the review's third paragraph: *Lance* is "a fervent sermon against nationalism, national prejudice and behavior in favor of a 'multicultural' way of life" (Barry 3).

[3] Barry's review does not mention the novel's subtitle.

[4] Haskell uses the term "multicultural men" in various places throughout the novel. He is using the word "men" to refer to humanity, rather than men specifically. One of the novel's major characters is a female Eleonora Halley. As a result, I will use his terminology at times throughout this essay.

Campbell, who formulates the multicultural ideology that Lance abides by, explains, late in the novel, "We, being children of the great age of transportation and communication, have contacts with *many* languages, *many* faiths, and *many* nations. We are *multi*cultural" (321). These children form the basis of the sociological phenomenon Haskell examines in *Lance*.

Haskell, who was himself a sociologist, anthropologist, and ecologist by trade, was only a part-time novelist at best, as *Lance* proved to be his only novel. Iris Barry notes the peculiarity of Haskell's novel in the opening paragraph of her review, proclaiming, "This long and exciting adventure story, which is also a modern tract, must surely be one of the oddest novels to appear since M.P. Shiel published his last one" (3).[5] As a result, *Lance* often reads like a "tract," as Barry states (3). Stylistically, it is a piece of modernist realism, as Haskell's narrative includes frequently essayistic (or "tract"-like) asides, intertextual references to the poetry of Bulgarian revolutionary Hristo Botev, and the occasional use of free indirect discourse. And though it is set in Bulgaria during World War I, Haskell's commentary is frequently topical, presenting a cautionary tale against nationalism, especially the most brutal example of it then being promulgated by Hitler's German forces.[6] Interestingly, as the novel concludes, Haskell, a native of Bulgaria who permanently immigrated to the United States in his twenties, presents the United States as the nation-state best suited for these "multicultural men." For Haskell, these are individuals whose lives (and their bases of knowledge) have been expanded yet fragmented by technological advances in telecommunications and transportation during the first two decades of the Twentieth Century. Lance explains his part in this existence to Captain Gerhard

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[5] Shiel's most recent novel at the time this review appeared was *The Young Men are Coming!* (1937).
[6] Haskell inserts an anachronistic bit of prophecy in one of Major Bruce Campbell's monologues near the novel's conclusion. Campbell claims, "I foresee the rise of some leader toward German dominance like Botev's rise to lead toward Bulgarian freedom. A struggle in the future, gentlemen: a war more terrible and gigantic than any we can dream today" (*Lance* 348). This German leader is to be, presumably, Hitler.

later in the novel: "My life is the quintessence of the century's conflicts, modern fate's ironic masterpiece" (261). Haskell's semi-autobiographical socio-political adventure romance draws off prevailing discourses of cosmopolitanism, modernism, and social science to advocate its intriguing but incomplete ideology of multiculturalism. In this essay, I discuss Haskell's configuration of multicultural people, the ways in which his construction is problematic, and how Haskell's narrative concludes that the United States provides the utopian means for avoiding these insufficiencies.

Very little has been written about Edward F. Haskell. According to a profile in *The New York Times Book Review*'s "Books and Authors" feature from their June 29, 1941 issue, Haskell was born in Philippopolis (now Plovdiv), Bulgaria in 1906. His grandfather, Dr. Henry C. Haskell, was among the missionaries who founded the American College of Sofia in 1860 ("Award" 14; "History"). His father, Rev. Dr. Edward B. Haskell, born in Bulgaria, was also a missionary there for nearly half a century ("Award" 14). These conditions no doubt contributed to his son's cosmopolitan upbringing. In his formative years, he spoke "a conglomerate of English, Swiss-German and Bulgaria,"[7] and he was educated in "an American kindergarten, German schools in Turkey, Greece and Bulgaria, public school in Oberlin, Ohio, [and a] mid-Victorian girls' pensionnat in French Switzerland (where he was the only boy)" (11).[8] Haskell lived in Bulgaria for the duration of the first World War, and, according to Iris Barry, during those years, he "investigated political trials, [was] shadowed by the police, and served on the International Committee for Political Prisoners" (3). For all these reasons, the one paragraph profile in "Books

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[7] Haskell's mother was Swiss (Quine 56).
[8] Major Bruce Campbell's family, in *Lance*, is very much modeled after Haskell's. The Campbell's had left the United States for life abroad "to do good" (Haskell, *Lance* 21). Campbell is, as a result, like his author, raised in Africa, taught in an English school, speaking "such a jargon of English and African dialects that his own mother literally could not understand him" (22).

and Authors" concludes, "If he is not a cosmopolitan, then there just 'ain't no such animal'" (11).

His first published work was an entry in a "Why I Subscribed" contest for a 1922 issue of *Boy's Life* in which he indicated his desire "for complete Americanization" ("Books" 11). Presumably his Americanization indeed became complete as he returned to America for good to complete his higher education, obtaining his A.B. at Oberlin College in 1929. While there, he met noted American philosopher W.V. Quine, who later boasted, in his autobiography, *The Time of My Life* (1985), "Ed has long been my closest friend" (56). He studied briefly at Columbia University, but left school for a five year hiatus, traveling and writing the manuscript for his novel. According to Quine, Haskell began composing *Lance* as early as 1931. After completing two years of graduate work at Harvard (1935-7), he became associated with the University of Chicago from 1937 to 1943, where he became a fellow, despite failing to complete his doctoral thesis (Wilken). During these years, he produced two scholarly essays: "Mathematical Systematization of 'Environment,' 'Organism' and 'Habitat'" (1940, in *Ecology*) and "The Religious Force of Unified Science" (1942, in *The Scientific Monthly*). The latter essay, though only seven pages long, shaped the future trajectory of his research and gave him his life's mission: to establish "a modern sacred society: Its method is scientific; its extension, universal; its direction, progressive; and its force, religious" (Haskell, "Religious Force" 551). According to Timothy Wilken, Haskell was highly instrumental in the formation of the Council for Unified Research and Education (CURE) in 1948—which he chaired from its inception to its dissolution in the mid-1980s—a "private non-profit research organization of scientists committed to the unification of science and education" (Wilken). Their interdisciplinary goal

was "the synthesis of all knowledge into a single discipline" (Wilken). The culmination of the group's efforts was the publication of *Full Circle: The Moral Force of Unified Science* in 1972, which Haskell edited, contributing to three of the book's five chapters. The scant scholarly attention that has been paid to Haskell's work has focused on his Unified Science theory, while *Lance* has been all but ignored by literary critics.

Lance: a Novel about Multicultural Men was published by The John Day Company of New York City in 1941. John Day was founded in 1926 and published books intermittently until 1978.[9] They generally published left-of-center material, including most of Pearl S. Buck's books,[10] Joseph Stalin's five-year plan for 1931, anti-Nazi literature (including Leon Trotsky's tract *What Hitler Wants* [1933]), pro-Communist and socialist literature, Franklin Delano Roosevelt's *Looking Forward* (1933) and *On Our Way* (1934), Mohandas Gandhi's *My Appeal to the British* (1942), as well as several books by Jawaharlal Nehru. Haskell's *Lance* surely appealed to the multicultural and internationalist interests of The John Day Company, which additionally published a variety of travel guides, numerous narrative accounts of bi-cultural experiences, and even eleven of early Chinese American writer Lin Yutang's books. According to Quine, Haskell "was a Marxist" during the period in which he began work on the novel, and as late as 1935, he was in his "communist phase" (78; 121). It appears that between then and the time the novel was completed, Haskell's "communist fervor had been reversed by his intimate acquaintance with the party and the system" (Quine 192). As a result, Haskell is generally critical of Communism in *Lance*. However, his anti-fascist and pro-multicultural rhetoric remain unfettered throughout the novel and are consistent with certain aspects of the Popular Front of

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[9] The company was presumably named after the early English Protestant printer (~1522-1584).
[10] Buck married the publisher of The John Day Company, Richard Walsh, in 1935.

Communism, which peaked during the years *Lance* was composed and being shopped to publishing houses (roughly 1934 to 1939). Michael Denning observes, "'Pan-ethnic Americanism' is perhaps the most powerful working-class ideology of the age of the CIO [Congress of Industrial Organizations], and it significantly reshaped the contours of official US nationalism" (130). Denning also argues, "The tale of the 'great dictator' haunted the Popular Front imagination" (376). This is worth noting because Haskell got the attention of *The New York Times* in April 1935 when he returned the Cross of the Order of Civic Merit which Bulgaria's King Boris III had presented to his father in 1927 for his half-century of missionary work there. According to the *Times*, Haskell "left that decoration at the office of the Bulgarian Consulate General" in New York City to protest "past atrocities and particularly against the March raids on workers' homes" and "the military Fascist dictatorship of Bulgaria" ("Award" 14). And while no fascist leaders populate the pages of *Lance*, Haskell is clearly quite critical of the nationalist characters in the novel, for nationalism was very often a key political tool of fascist regimes.

Haskell's association with the University of Chicago sociology department, beginning in 1937, is also important to note here. Many scholars, such as Martin Bulmer, refer to the years 1915 to 1935 as the halcyon days for the department, which was "the leading center of sociology in world at this period" (1-2). Their department included Robert E. Park, W.I. Thomas, Nels Anderson, Paul G. Cressey, and Clifford Shaw, while Everett Stonequist (who was mentored by Park) and E. Franklin Frazier received their Ph.D.s there during these years. Park and Stonequist's work on "the marginal man" surely informed Haskell's construction of the

multicultural class that populates *Lance*.[11] Park is credited for creating the concept of the

marginal man in his essay "Human Migration and the Marginal Man" (1928). He explains:

> In the case of the marginal man the period of crisis is relatively permanent. The
>
> result is that he tends to become a personality type. Ordinarily the marginal man
>
> is a mixed blood … but that is apparent because the man of mixed blood is one
>
> who lives in two worlds, in both of which he is more or less of a stranger. The
>
> Christian convert in Asia or in Africa exhibits many if not most of the
>
> characteristics of the marginal man—the same spiritual instability, intensified
>
> self-consciousness, restlessness, and *malaise*. (893)

In the novel, Eleonora Halley, Lancelot Tenorton (the man Eleonora loves), Bob Ivanoff (the

man who loves Eleonora), and Bruce Halley (Eleonora's younger brother) each share

experiences similar to the "Christian convert" Park describes, as they have lived in multiple

countries during their formative years. In "The Problem of the Marginal Man," the essay in

which, according to the *OED*, the term multicultural is used for the first time, Stonequist

attributes the growth of "bi-cultural (or multi-cultural) situation[s]" to the fact that "the

economic system has expanded so much more rapidly than have the other aspects of culture,"

and, as a result, "many individuals [are] growing up in a more complex and less harmonious

cultural situation" (2-3). Tellingly, throughout *Lance*, Haskell is much more interested in the

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[11] Robert E.L. Faris observes, "Park's contributions on [the marginal man] were transmitted in detail to his student, Everett Stonequist, for the latter's doctoral dissertation and the book [*The Marginal Man: a Study in Personality and Culture Conflict*] which appeared a few years later" (108).
It is also important to point out that there is no conclusive evidence that Haskell was in contact with Park or Stonequist. Stonequist was affiliated with Skidmore College from 1930 to 1970, and Park retired in 1935, the year before Haskell arrived at the University of Chicago. But due to the importance of their work and their contributions to the University of Chicago's status as the leading Sociology program in the country from 1915 to 1935, there is a high probability that Haskell was familiar with their work.

cosmopolitan multicultural individual than the "mixed blood":[12] the growing economic system Stonequist refers to, the earliest manifestations of the multinational global economy, has generated vagabond existences for many of the children of those initial traveling businessmen following the boom in automobile and air-travel.

Given Haskell's background, it is not surprising that cosmopolitanism is crucial to understanding his construction of multicultural men in *Lance*. The *OED* defines the cosmopolitan as "belonging to all parts of the world; not restricted to any one country or its inhabitants" and "composed of people from many different countries." Nationalism might seem antithetical to cosmopolitanism, but, as critics like Pheng Cheah and Daniel S. Malachuk have observed, "advocates of Enlightenment cosmopolitanism and of the nationalism that followed generally understood one another to be allies rather than opponents" (Malachuk 139). Malachuk notes that these allegiances continued until the late nineteenth century. In *Lance*, the patriarchs Robert Ivanoff and Mr. Halley embody this generational divide, as their multiple inhabitations throughout the world are in the service of war profiteering. The novel's younger characters are cosmopolitan by definition, but, instead, according to David Hollinger, practice cultural pluralism, which "prescribes [ethnic particularlism] and envisions a society full of particular groups, each respecting another" (57). Hollinger's conception of cosmopolitanism in "Ethnic Diversity, Cosmopolitanism, and the Emergence of the American Liberal Intelligentsia" (1975), though specifically limited to the American intellectual, is useful here as well. The novel's younger cosmopolitan characters (Major Bruce Campbell, Lancelot Tenorton, Eleonora

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[12] Cultural or racial "mixing" is referred to in the novel. In Major Bruce Campbell's defense of Lance near its conclusion, he claims, "*The peoples of the world are rapidly being scrambled!* Whether they want to be, like the Americans, or whether they do not want to be, like the Germans, they are mixing themselves anyway. You need only look, and you will already find blue-eyed, fair-haired babies all over the Balkans!" (330).

Halley), like Hollinger's cosmopolitan, seek to "transcend the limitations of any and all particularlisms in order to achieve a more complete human experience and a more complete understanding of that experience," and Campbell and Lance, in particular, view specific cultures "as repositories for insights and experiences that can be drawn upon in the interests of a more comprehensive outlook on the world" (59).

Since *Lance* has never been reprinted and no scholarship exists about it, I will provide a brief summary of the novel. Lance (nee Friedrich "Fritz" Rossner) is raised by German man ("Professor" Friedrich Rossner) who performs throughout Europe as a clown. Lance has no memory of his English parents ("if, indeed, they really were his parents," the narrator claims), and, according to "Professor" Rossner, he was found deserted in a Berlin alleyway (11; 24). While being schooled in Berlin, he is introduced to his mentor, Bruce Campbell, who inculcates Lance with his multicultural philosophy and eventually adopts him. Here, he also meets Eleonora Halley, his love interest throughout the novel. Her father (Mr. Halley), an American industrialist, has sent her abroad for her education as well. When Mr. Halley finds out about Lance's mysterious origins, he is able to prove in an English court that he is the heir of the vast estate of Lancelot Tenorton. Mr. Halley is appointed trustee of his estate, and sends him to a traditional English school. While still in school, Lance learns that "Professor" Rossner committed suicide. Contributing to his malaise is the fact that Mr. Halley never sent the "Professor" the living wages he promised Lance he would send to him. Lance cuts off all ties with the Halley family, including Eleonora, and leaves England to travel abroad. Years later, at the height of World War I, Lance falls into the hands of the Bulgarians while doing anthropological work,

suspected of being a German spy. During his imprisonment, aboard a railroad prison nicknamed the "Orient Express," he has the extreme latitude to sing for high-ranking officials, travel, and conduct sociological experiments. He even finds the time to marry his life's love, Eleonora, who has joined the Communist effort, much to the chagrin of her capitalist father and to the skeptical Lance. Because of Lance's complicated national heritage, his aversion to nationalism, and his radical new multicultural philosophy, he is court-martialed by the British, suspected of being a traitor to England. Lance's court martial is ultimately annulled after a successful defense by Major Bruce Campbell.

From the outset, Haskell's multiculturalism is intellectual rather than familial, ancestral, or locational, its intellectualism essentially rooted in anti-nationalism. The narrator begins the novel's second chapter: "An integrated man has warmth, wholeheartedness; he feels 'deep reality.' Such a man, who has a real, loving mother and father, a real, happy home, and a real, wholly-loved country, cannot understand how anybody would give his life for anything so pale and '*unreal*' as an idea. He must regard such a person either as crazy or as a saint" (11). This passage does not promote pacifism so much as it espouses an "institution-building" internationalism,[13] where a coalition of nations work to develop peace and security through law and the respect of cultural tradition (Goldmann 2). Haskell, however, assumes that culturally static people make it difficult for people like Lance, who "was like the increasing millions in our towns today whose homes are disrupted by diverse languages and loyalties and most of whose

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[13] This form of internationalism is recognizably different from the kind advocated in the novel by the German Communist Captain von Gerhard-Seeburg. Haskell is quite critical of Communism for its absolutism throughout *Lance*, viewing the tactics of the Communists as consistent with those of the nationalists. It is clear that Haskell is ridiculing Gerhard when he attempts to recruit Eleonora, telling her to "join our international organization and change this hideous system of thievery and lying from the ground up! Eleonora, you know our program; you know that we are the party of science and internationalism. You belong with us. Your very instincts are international" (167). Later, Lance refers to the Bolsheviks as a "power-organization" (260).

countrymen therefore are unsympathetic people" (11). The reason these "unsympathetic people" will kill to preserve ideals is because of their unwavering belief in absolutes. Major Bruce Campbell teaches Lance that "life is multiordinal; death alone is absolute! … absolutes are forces of death" (20). Campbell, who is often Haskell's mouthpiece in the novel, has "adapted to the new world of rapid transport and communication" unlike "most multicultural people" because he is not an *oppositionist* "crippled by the blows of … unicultural worlds" (21). Campbell even views multicultural people in terms of biological evolution in this lengthy passage:

> When the lobe-finned fishes crawled shakily out of the sea, as the first animals to live on land, their fins had only half evolved into feet, their air-bladders only half into lungs. It was a terrible, gasping struggle: a great battle with the unknown earth and air, a war of defense against the strong, sure, unprogressive fishes that would never rise to a higher form of life. So we and all multicultural people who crawl shakily out of the national narrows into the open world have no more than a half-evolved world feeling and world knowledge … We find ourselves at odds with strong, sure unicultural people. Yet we feel sure that our vision is much truer than the vision of provincial people. We see their mistakes. We try to save us and them from themselves, and lead everyone into a higher, and we hope, a happier way of life. (321)

Campbell's extended analogy presents "unicultural" or provincial people as unevolved, suggesting that a multicultural mindset is partly biological, not simply intellectual. However, Lance's multicultural ideology is rooted in an ecumenical view of social science, which he argues

"aims at eliminating war, suicide, insanity, revolution just as wholly as biological science eliminated the Black Death, smallpox, and typhoid fever" (345-6).

Though multiculturalism is, at least for Lance and Campbell, anti-nationalist, anti-absolutist, and averse to oppositionism, for Eleonora it is the practical result of her father's cosmopolitanism, which has exposed her to life in at least five different countries. She jokingly asks, "What could I call myself?" acknowledging the rootlessness of her childhood, adolescence, and young adulthood, answering, "Bulgaria, America, France, England, Germany—B-A-F-E-G—*Bafeg!*" (79). Though her enthusiasm for her "Bafeg" identity eventually wanes, her conscious cultural identifications remain fragmented throughout much of the novel. She resists a national self-identity unlike Bob Ivanoff, another multicultural character who went to school with her and Lance in England. To alleviate his multicultural social anxiety, he has followed the path of his father, Robert Ivanoff—who is a corrupt Captain in the Bulgarian army—by joining the Bulgarian war effort, despite never having lived in Bulgaria nor experienced Bulgarian culture. When Bob, who has long been in love with Eleonora, hears her admit that she wishes to join the Communists, he asks her, "Are you mad?" She answers, "I'll tell you what I am; I'm a human type created by modern transportation and communication, a polyglot; an international, many-hearted girl who is going mad because she's torn ten ways and has no one to understand her" (176). Unlike Bob, who has adopted Bulgarian nationalism, Eleonora does not privilege one of her experiences inside one nation's borders over another. This is what it means to her to be multicultural.

While Haskell's advance of a multicultural philosophy in the early 1940s[14] may seem ahead of its time on the surface, it bares only a minor resemblance to the practical or intellectual multiculturalism practiced today. Contemporary multiculturalism is not rooted in anti-nationalism (as many multicultural student organizations and literary anthologies, for instance, do, to a certain extent, embrace some of the national components of their cultural experiences), and it is not confined to the wealthiest or most well-traveled individuals. Similarly, today's multicultural people can include individuals with family members from different cultural backgrounds as well as those whose selected forms of expression originate from a variety of cultures. The collective aspect of contemporary multiculturalism is markedly different from the sort of misanthropic, elitist individualism that the first chapters of *Lance* seemingly espouse. As a child, Lance shares his formative opinions with Campbell, telling him, "the world is divided into himself [Campbell] and Fritz [Lance] on the one hand, and the dumbheads on the other" (18). Campbell affirms his contention, saying, "That jolly well puts it in a nutshell, Fritz, doesn't it!" (18).

Campbell extends this division to distinguish between himself and Lance and provincial nationalists by evoking the image of "the native." After Lance studies a "marvelous mask of the East Borneo *Kenyahs,*" agreeing with Campbell that it demonstrated wonderful insight into human character," Campbell offers the following mediation: "Do you see the savages who made that mask? They know only their own people, their own land, and a little of the sea, and their world-controlling 'demons'! They never understand anything else because their provincial

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[14] This essay is not suggesting that Haskell's *Lance* is the first multicultural novel. A cursory look at just about any issue of *MELUS* would debunk this notion instantly. The earliest piece of literature usually cited with a socially progressive analogue for "multicultural" is Israel Zangwill's play, *The Melting Pot,* first staged in 1908. Haskell even uses the term at least once in *Lance* (194).

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minds automatically view newcomers as demon-ruled people like themselves. We call such people 'natives'" (17-8). This passage is problematic for any number of reasons, most notably the belittling of the East Borneo Kenyahs' cosmology to service the colonialist project of Western civilization.

Interestingly, Haskell applies this "native" terminology throughout the novel to criticize nationalists and provincialists (i.e. there are German, French, and Italian natives as well). Later, when Bob Ivanoff suggests Eleonora should seek the approval of Bulgaria's politicians and journalists so she can be considered one of the best piano players in Sofia (Bulgaria's capitol), she retorts, "I'll play as well as I know how—even if no one in the world likes it and I have to go and live by myself in the mountains! You won't catch me going native even if you and everybody else become generals and admirals!" (71). Here, she inverts Kurtz's notion of "going native" in Joseph Conrad's novel *Heart of Darkness* (1899) by aligning the concept with an unwavering defense of a Western nation's system of beliefs. According to Patrick Brantlinger, when Kurtz "goes native" in *Heart of Darkness*, "he betrays the ideals of the civilization that he is supposedly importing from Europe" (193). Eleonora's meaning is, instead, contrary to this standard understanding of the term: by resorting to nationalism, she argues, Bob Ivanoff (for example) is betraying the tenets of Western civilization. While the purpose of Haskell's reconstruction of "going native" here is to chastise nationalism wherever it occurs on Earth, especially in Western countries, his sharp criticism only gathers strength if we are to think of Africa as the proverbial Dark Continent, an analogue and archetype for this "native" ideology.

These examples from *Lance* expose two glaring weaknesses with Haskell's early conception of multicultural people: 1) they are necessarily cosmopolitan Westerners (either

European or Euro-American), which presupposes a highly educated, upper-class identity, and; 2) because of their diasporic dispersal, they become highly individualistic and stubborn, resulting in their social isolation. The narrator says of Lance, "He lived his life everywhere, but had his place nowhere. His gears did not mesh with any of the conventionalized social mechanisms about him. While he lived he was a foreigner everywhere. And when he died all would simply be a blank" (105). Eleonora is similarly described as having "*no* religion, *no* country, *no* ethnic customs in common with anybody but Lance" (133). Lance later perfectly describes their status as culturally elite and isolated cosmopolitans: "It must be something in our sort of people that isolates us, even in our own families. We've seen things as few others, even our parents, have seen them. It's as though we were high on a mountain peak, looking down into many sharply separated valleys where the different nations live" (219). Haskell's choice of the words "as few others" also implies that the "multicultural men" he writes about are quite limited in number globally, thereby limiting the broader appeal of his categorization.

While the first weakness is not resolved in the novel, Haskell's narrative does alleviate Lance and Eleonora of their social loneliness by suggesting that the adoption of a cultural identity can indeed be empowering. The two characters elope in a historically Turkish Bulgarian village. Still worried about making commitments to any organized social group (excepting Eleonora's Communism), they are initially reticent about marrying in a Bulgarian Orthodox Church. Ultimately, Lance succumbs to the pragmatism of compromise, admitting, "We exert this pressure consciously, and that is sophisticated, democratic change: some temporary compromise on the one hand, certain ultimate progress on the other hand. That's not dishonest!" (231). They are baptized, married, and then treated to an Orthodox ceremony to

celebrate their nuptials. He admits to Eleonora, "You showed me the power of religion, the power of kinship, of clan, and of country is an eternal power, as eternal as mankind" (299). As a result, Lance is "no longer a split-minded scientist but an integrated one with a direction and a chance to live!" (286). This is a lesson that Major Bruce Campbell seems to have withheld from both characters, suggesting that the novel is not only *about multicultural men*, but also a dual bildungsroman. He explains to Eleonora:

> Multicultural people … are just like unicultural people. They develop faith and loyalty and patriotism too: faith in science, loyalty to world organization, and patriotism for mankind. We develop it whether we realize it or not. And we develop it in many different forms: some of use develop it as religion; others, like Captain Gerhard, as a political creed; others—say Lance—as science; others, like you, as art; and others—Bob Ivanoff—even as nationalism. Your little brother calls it 'America' and fights as hard for it as any of us! (321)

Campbell's monologue serves a dual function here. First, it ties up the philosophical loose ends of each of the novel's characters, providing a simple explanation for their convictions. Secondly, Campbell acknowledges what it takes Lance and Eleonora so long to realize: that people can have faith, loyalty, and patriotism, so long as they avoid thinking absolutely about these principles.

Interestingly, Campbell's monologue concludes by assessing his nephew Bruce Halley's view of America in conceptual terms (note that America, in the passage, is analogous with religion, a political creed, science, art, and nationalism). Though *Lance* is not set in the United States, the country's presence hovers over the novel's multicultural characters, especially

Eleonora and Bruce Halley, who were born in the United States, and Major Bruce Campbell, whose father was born there. American regionalism or classism is of no concern for Haskell, but like his youthful character Bruce Halley, America remains a powerful concept and a universal symbol for multiculturalism in the novel. From the very beginning, Haskell makes this clear. One of the lessons Campbell teaches the teenaged Lance is this: "America is the country. Its wilds and minorities have made flexible minds. Experiment and invention can develop best in America. Scientific study and direction of society will emerge there first of all" (20). Haskell even offers up another semi-autobiographical statement: "Mark my words, [Lance]. Your fatherland is America! That's where you'll fetch up some day" (20). Intriguingly, Haskell is indifferent at best to Anglo American privilege in the United States during World War I, or simply ignorant at worst of America's racist Jim Crow laws, its destruction of the Native American nations, the various Asian Exclusion acts in place, or even the anti-German sentiment that swept the nation. None of these realities of the World War I-era United States, which strongly resists his characterization of the nation as multiculturalist, are contained within Lance, Bruce Halley, or Bruce Campbell's utopian vision of America.

As I have already stated, Lance and Eleonora's multicultural identities, throughout most of the novel, turns them into individualistic, lonely people. Haskell's counterexample to their relative isolation is Bruce Halley, Eleonora's younger brother. In his boarding school classes, taught by the inflexible German nationalist Herr Horst Forst, he is frequently picked on by other

cosmopolitan boys with nationalist mindsets. Curiously, Bruce's love for America is never considered nationalist by Haskell.[15] The narrator explains:

> Bruce attributed his unusual attitude to his nationality. And there was a great deal of justification for it in actual fact: the Great Melting Pot, of which he was so terribly proud was more tolerant of the world's modern wanderers than any other country he knew … He in his childlike simplicity, however, claimed the backing of a mighty nation of a hundred millions. (194)

By evoking Israel Zangwill's popular cultural metaphor here (the Melting Pot), Haskell, and therefore Bruce Halley, presumes that America is exempt from nationalism and even racial intolerance[16] because of its ethnic diversity, "wilds," and "minorities." Though the young Bruce is naïve regarding the history of racially and culturally motivated violence in the United States, his awareness of America's multicultural population is quite savvy. After Herr Forst calls America "the land of criminals and mongrels," a place where "Indians, Jews, Negroes, Chinese, Italians, Poles, Irish, and God knows what all are mixed up," a place where "Half the countries of Europe have sent all their convicts … and their bastards and slum degenerates" (209). Bruce defends American diversity, responding: "I've been in America, and I know they speak *English* there! And it's *good* that there are many other languages too! And it's *good* that there are

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[15] Though there is one curious passage where, after being punished by Herr Forst, Bruce daydreams about running away from school and murdering Germans, including, specifically, Herr Forst:

> Maybe he could stay with the soldiers at the front, or even sneak past the front to the English soldiers on the other side, to the men who were so generous with their good things to eat. Then he could get a gun and kill Germans. And perhaps some day he could kill Herr Forst himself! That would be the happiest day of his life, when Herr Forst would kneel in front of him and beg, and Bruce would tell him to show German diligence, order, respect, and thoroughness in his begging. Then Bruce would tell him that this was not good enough, and tell him that he would now see what is meant by American thoroughness, diligence, and order. And then he would shoot him dead, dead, dead! (211)

[16] After being told a particularly disturbing tale of cultural violence by Turkish classmate Bedros Kalpakian, Bruce replies, "But in America they don't make Armenians spit on the Cross or rub pork on the mouths of Jews or anything like that" (199).

many kinds of people! That shows how much *better* America is than Germany! Many kids are *better* than just one kind" (209-10).

And while Bruce remains the novel's most visible propagandist—giving Lance an American flag at the onset of his court-martial trial—ultimately it is Campbell who recommends to Lance and Eleonora that, if he is victorious, he should "Go to America. It's the most flexible, progressive country in the world today" (276; 323). Prior to receiving the verdict, Haskell implicitly gives for him what should be the most ringing endorsement of the United States. Lance tells Eleonora, "If I catch it [death resulting from a guilty verdict], tell Bruce that I'm going out on that field because I was clearing the road for him to go ahead." Eleonora adds, "And I'll tell him that you left [the American flag Bruce gave him] for him … a flag under which science can become religion" (357). This final statement foreshadows Haskell's conclusion to his essay "The Religious Force of Unified Science" as well as his life's work. Since Haskell theorizes America is immune to nationalism because of its multicultural diversity, Bruce Halley's strong identification as an American—especially in his cosmopolitan travels abroad—epitomizes well-contented multicultural identity in *Lance*. Therefore, in order for Lance and Eleonora to escape their social isolation, their migration to the United States would give them the stable identity they desire while simultaneously embracing their multicultural upbringings.

Haskell's display of American patriotism at the novel's conclusion is complicated to interpret, especially because of his tenuous status[17] as an American immigrant to the United States. Its flag-waving gesture seemingly undermines his constant critiques of nationalism

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[17] I use the word "tenuous" here because Haskell's grandfather was born in the United States, though he and his father were not. However, his father maintained ties and allegiances with America during Haskell's upbringing. Therefore, his ties to the United States, as a citizen who migrated from Bulgaria, hardly represent the archetypal immigrant narrative.

throughout *Lance*. However, his ahistorical construction of the United States throughout the novel as a concept—or better, a theory in practice—free of regionalisms, nationalisms, racism, classism, or forms of genocide, is really a sustained criticism of early Twentieth Century European nationalist movements and the bloodshed that resulted from them. The United States, therefore, is presented as a sanctuary for his Eurocentric conception of multicultural men, a place where well-educated, cosmopolitan Europeans can flee from the culturally suicidal "natives" of Europe.

Lance is a fascinating piece of neglected literature most notably for its early emphasis on cultural exchange and its embrace of modernity as a swiftly-changing reality that humanity must adapt to. Ironically, reviewer Iris Barry predicted, "the mingled originality and adventurousness of the book will have an even wider appeal. It will be surprising if *Lance* does not cause something of a flutter" (3). What Barry observes as the novel's "adventurousness" could have contributed to its negligible critical and public reception. But what makes *Lance* such a singular piece of literature is his syntactic development and acknowledgement of a "multicultural" people, especially as nationalist fascism was ravaging Europe. There are limitations to his nascent formulation of "multicultural men"—as this article has clearly illustrated—but his contention that the comprehension and recognition of multiple cultural traditions within the borders of specific nation-states can serve to improve society is one shared by contemporary multiculturalists. His "multicultural men" are a psychically isolated, nation-less people, but they embrace the variety of their cultural experiences and existences while rejecting monoculturalism in all its forms. And though these multicultural men are limited

to a sociological phenomenon in the novel, Haskell ultimately attempts to convince us that in

an increasingly connected world, we are all "multicultural men."

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Baggage Allowance: Triptych

Fannie Peczenik, Independent Scholar

I once owned the ugliest suitcase in the world.

As I recall, several close friends chipped in to buy it for me before I left for summer courses in Madrid. Giddy excitement may have caused the lapse in taste. It was 1966, our junior year, and study abroad wasn't yet common, especially for students like us, who attended a public college and commuted from home to campus by subway. But precisely at that time, Francisco Franco, exponent of a personal form of fascism and styled leader by the grace of God, was trying to make Spain more attractive to tourists. The courses, along with room and board, were offered for minimal fees.

Since I was a Spanish major, I signed up for the courses. But I never thought I'd go because my father usually tried to restrict my ambit to familiar territory. In this case, however, his own experience persuaded him otherwise – he spoke six languages, most of them acquired in the street and the marketplace – and he readily agreed to send me. So to my surprise, early one July morning, I found myself in Madrid with my suitcase in hand. Was I dreaming? Maybe. How else could I explain the unexpected whim of fate that had just transported me to a country which hitherto I'd only known through surveys of its literature and history, the most important names and dates committed to memory?

It no longer matters whether my Spanish improved that summer – language skills are notoriously ephemeral. The important lesson was Spain itself, which was exactly as I'd imagined it: the silent, dusty afternoons, the perfect reserve of the people, the sober walled towns. By

that time, I'd already tested enough reality against imagination to know that most things didn't live up to their reputations. Was Spain a special case? Or would other places measure up to my idea of them? I was determined to find out.

Three years later, carrying a copy of Frommer's *Europe on $10 a Day* and the same suitcase, I set off for my native city, Vienna, to see if my jumble of childhood memories was accurate. I flew from New York on Icelandic Air, then the preferred airline of budget travelers willing to endure indirect routes and unscheduled stops. After a long day's meandering journey, I landed in Luxembourg, where I took a train east. At deserted and dimly lit railroad junctions whose names I'd never heard of, I changed trains several times during the night.

I'd set out hoping for adventure and I was certain that my stance – existentialism annealed to a dark Byronic mind – was equal to my purpose. There was only one problem – I had the wrong suitcase.

The suitcase was embarrassingly, painfully wrong. It had been all right in Spain, where it was discreetly whisked away by a porter sent to meet me at the airport. Now, left to fend for myself, I quickly discovered how unwieldy the suitcase was for a person barely five feet tall, even in high heels. The suitcase dragged on the ground, got caught on the steep metal stairs of the railroad cars, blocked the corridors between compartments. Worst of all, it was made of cheap black and red plaid fabric that implied bargain basement economies and clashed preposterously with my powder blue trench coat, chic that season.

The suitcase didn't go unnoticed. Having grown up in New York, I had the typical preemptive, basilisk stare (warning, "Don't even *think* of talking to me, buster"), but someone always showed up to lend me a hand. I'm sure that being twenty-two and having a rich head of

hair helped elicit the ubiquitous chivalry, but the proximate cause was that unwieldy suitcase. So I relied on the kindness of American servicemen stationed in Europe, Frenchmen, Germans, and a Turkish guest worker. For the most part, my volunteer porters entertained me with breezy flirtations and the kinds of stories travelers tell each other to forestall boredom. The Turkish *Gastarbeiter*, with whom I could establish no common language, bought two bottles of Coke and we drank them together in companionable silence.

My memories of Vienna proved true in the rhythms of the local dialect, the vegetable smells of the outdoor markets, and the curve of the streets. There, and later in Zurich and Paris, both of which also measured up admirably well to my ideas of them, I became increasingly conscious of my own failure to measure up. The truth ineluctably evolving with each mile I traversed was that the proper tone of my journey was mock heroic. Weighed down with a hideous red and black suitcase stuffed with two dictionaries for two languages (plus lighter reading material), a travel iron, and assorted paraphernalia, I approached the condition of Byron's *Don Juan,* not *Childe Harold*. Or from an existentialist perspective, I was Sisyphus condemned to *schlep*, with the help of strangers who occasionally provided refreshments, a ridiculous suitcase on and off trains along an infinite railroad.

That summer of 1969, while I was maneuvering my suitcase around Europe and deploying my imagination as a measuring device, the astronauts landed on the moon. On television in a *pension* in Vienna, I saw them bouncing on the lunar landscape. It would be nice to say that as I watched the trope of travel become revised and enlarged, I decided to jettison some of my luggage. But that didn't happen. I wasn't interested in freeing myself from the earth's gravitational field. I didn't care about the right stuff. I just wanted the right suitcase: one

of the new streamlined models made of hard plastic, preferably in powder blue to match my coat.

I never got the streamlined luggage. Instead, I eventually went halfway around the world with the ugly cloth suitcase. But I never reconciled myself to its obtrusive presence, even when, towards the end of its tenure, that quality proved useful. I'd decided to spend a couple of months in London and on my way to the airport, I stopped off at my then boyfriend's apartment for a last afternoon together. His roommate, who'd never liked me, took one look at the suitcase in the hallway, assumed I'd come to stay, and announced that he was breaking the lease and moving out immediately. On my return from London, I found my boyfriend living in a smaller apartment, minus the roommate, and I moved in. A sleeker piece of luggage might not have been so effective.

As it turned out – inevitably – those years when I lugged the red and black suitcase from city to city, I was as free as I'd ever be. Vague about schedules and obligations, I assumed that whatever happened today could be undone tomorrow. My only encumbrance was that omnipresent suitcase. Now, decades later, I wish I could Photoshop my memory and delete the suitcase.

These days I travel with the usual black nylon wheeled bag trailing after me. It is neither ugly nor obtrusive but I dream of escaping its rumbling shadow. In my favorite, recurring fantasy, I set out on a voyage with nothing more than a passport and a credit card. Empty-handed, I shrug off the habits of everyday life. As in the strong, clear light of a Mediterranean afternoon, I've sometimes imagined I could see into the life of things, so now, baggage-free, I feel my senses sharpening. I have no itinerary, no plans. The world is all before me.

I go.

* * *

When a plumbing accident flooded the basement of the townhouse we lived in – I'd married the boyfriend whose roommate panicked at the sight of my red and black suitcase – among the pieces of ruined clutter I discarded was a hefty imitation leather valise. My husband had used it in college, and it traveled with him on many Greyhound bus routes, and it was among his luggage when he sailed to Great Britain in 1966 (transatlantic sea voyages were still common then) to take up a Marshall scholarship. For sight-seeing on the Continent and an excursion to India by bus, he took a rucksack instead of the valise. He kept the latter as a packing box for house moves.

Early in our courtship, I registered the suitcase as a stylistic anomaly, a noisy intrusion into an otherwise damped aesthetic. His hair was a mass of unruly curls; his shirts were a shade of gray that could only be achieved by laundering light and dark colors together; he slept on a prickly horsehair mattress. A bulky suitcase, its tan color striving hard to mimic cowhide, was out of place here.

What's the suitcase about? I asked, although at that point, I didn't have any real right to demand explanations.

Es mi maleta cubana, he answered with a broad grin, as if he'd been waiting for my question. It's my Cuban suitcase.

The valise turned out to be a hand-me-down from a stranger who left it in a motel room in Daytona Beach, Florida, sometime early in 1959. Soon afterwards, the motel keeper gave it to my husband's father, a television repairman frequently on call there. No one knew the exact

identity of its owner. The cleaning staff found it in a room that had been occupied by a group of Fulgencio Batista's bodyguards.

A number of them suddenly arrived in the motel one day. It could have been any time after January 1 of that year, when Batista's government fell and he fled Havana for Ciudad Trujillo (now Santo Domingo) on his way to permanent exile in Portugal. For several days, the bodyguards lived crowded together in a couple of rooms, and then departed as abruptly as they'd come. Batista had a vacation home in Daytona Beach and these men, as part of his entourage, would have known the town well. Presumably, with the homing instinct of fugitives, they'd sought safety in a familiar place. The motel keeper didn't know whether they'd arrived directly from Cuba or from an intermediate point, and he didn't know where they went after they left. They might have followed Batista, or they might have devised an exile of their own.

When my husband's father brought the valise home that night, he discovered that it was tightly packed with men's shoes: half a dozen pairs of dress business shoes, wingtips. Some were highly polished, some less so, but all were fairly new. How many pairs of shoes did a man need? The family was baffled. They were frugal people, recently relocated to Daytona Beach from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, and my husband's father hadn't worn dress shoes in a long time (my husband, now in his sixth decade, has, to the best of my knowledge, never owned a pair of wingtips).

With incredulity, as though they'd come upon the archaeological remains of a lost civilization or fossils of an extinct species, the family inspected the shoes. My husband and his father tried on all six pairs and paraded them around the kitchen table. The shoes were too small for them and too formal for the customary Florida attire of shorts and T-shirts. Bafflement

yielded to laughter. His mother giggled at the shoe parade, and my husband and his father giggled at themselves, and then his mother giggled again when she threw the shoes into a paper bag and took them to the Salvation Army. Forever after, when they talked about the shoes, the whole family laughed. They saw the comic potential of the suitcase, too, but kept it because it was in good condition.

What made you laugh at the shoes? I wanted to know. Did they have pointy toes, elevated heels? Were they patent leather? Two-toned? Embellished with large gold and silver buckles?

No, my husband said, nothing like that. They were just regular shoes.

So why were they funny? I always asked, but he never gave me a convincing answer.

For a long time, I assumed that he and his parents were laughing at male sartorial vanity. They could imagine a woman frivolous enough to buy six pairs of dress shoes and then flee the country with them. But not a man. Aware that a revolution was in progress and gaining strength, even a man of mediocre intelligence whose marketable skills were limited to the use of brute force would have been plotting an escape route. He'd have been reading maps and packing a compass and a Swiss Army knife – from what I know of the Nova Scotia perspective, finding oneself in danger would inevitably entail a flight into the wilderness. He wouldn't have been concerned about his clothes. And if he were, then he was ludicrous, and so they laughed.

I think now that I was unfair to my husband's family. They had, certainly, never experienced the frenzy of a midnight escape. They could barely imagine a circumstance, beyond nor'easters or hurricanes, which would deny them a tranquil and rational deliberation of their options. Yet they must have realized that the six pairs of dress shoes packed in the tan valise

were evidence that the power to control one's fate was an illusion. Intuitively, they must have sensed that the shoes weren't merely the artifacts of superficial narcissism but of a more serious vanity – the futility of all human schemes.

In 1959, war and devastation weren't yet endlessly broadcast as entertainment by various media competing for audiences. My husband's family wouldn't have learned to insulate themselves against the pathos of other people's troubles. Props from a medieval morality play had been tossed, as it were, into their suburban kitchen. Although the protagonist of the play was a thug, his plight was everyman's, and the pity of it was palpable.

The family laughed, but it was, I believe, a nervous laughter.

* * *

In 1951, as we were preparing to leave Vienna for New York, my father bought a small paperboard suitcase. Its color was nondescript, reddish brown too pale for faux leather, but it was well-made, the interior reinforced by wooden frames all around, and sturdy enough for the long, circuitous journey ahead. Since prospective U.S. immigrants weren't permitted to travel through territory under Soviet jurisdiction, we had to take several detours by air and land to get to Bremerhafen, where a converted troop carrier was waiting for us. Then we made the ten-day voyage in a cramped cabin shared with other Displaced Persons, most of them seasick and already homesick.

Because I was just old enough to appreciate the pleasures of ownership and the suitcase was packed with my toys and clothes, it was mine, or *mein*, as I would have said complacently. I'd been curious about the rest of the luggage, especially the wooden shipping crates that looked like enormous gift boxes to me, and I'd watched my mother pack goose down quilts,

dishes, and other household effects into them, but I was primarily concerned with my own little domain.

I retained a proprietary interest in the suitcase even after we settled in New York. For the first two or three years, it served as my makeshift dresser drawer. Every morning, my mother would search through the clothes neatly piled in the suitcase and carefully select socks and underwear for me, along with a pretty floral print handkerchief she'd pin to my skirt. The handkerchief was mandatory: school policy decreed that pupils in the early grades had to present visible proof of readiness to cover their mouths and noses when they coughed or sneezed.

I never found it strange that I was, in effect, living out of a suitcase, nor, on that account, did I envy my classmates, some of whom bragged of having their own rooms. I wouldn't have wanted to make any change in my morning ritual, which was a pleasant interlude before the insipid lessons and irksome playtimes in school.

When my parents purchased a large, inexpensive pine bureau, I was given an ample drawer for myself. I enjoyed the novelty of real furniture and the peculiar novelty of this piece, which, in the brash style of the 1950's, was finished with a cherry stain more reminiscent of fruit than wood. Once the bedizened bureau arrived, the suitcase was stored under a bed and became the source of spontaneous gifts. My mother had learned to shop the seasonal sales for small luxuries she otherwise couldn't afford, so whenever I got ready for a party or a school dance, she'd take a new scarf or sweater out of the suitcase and say, I bought it for myself, but it'll suit you better.

I was greedy for those gifts. In the late 50s and early 60s, preteen girls wanted to dress like grown women. And since I'd been advanced a couple of grades in school, I was younger than my classmates and needed all the help I could get.

Then suddenly my mother died and the suitcase was shoved into a closet and forgotten.

It didn't reappear until I was in my mid-twenties and preparing to follow my boyfriend to the foothills of the Smoky Mountains in Tennessee, where he'd just taken his first physics research job. Before I left New York, I had to go to my father's apartment and sort through the overflow of books and papers I'd left there.

While I sat on the living room floor and selected what to take, my father brought out the suitcase and handed it to me, saying, You probably want this, too.

No, I didn't want it. I'd come to get things like my copy of the *Kalevala* in translation and a study of Aristotle's *Poetics*, not a reminder of my childhood refugee journey. Besides, the suitcase was disintegrating – the outer layers of paperboard shredding, the lock broken, the hinges rusted, the two halves misaligned. But since my father was behaving with faultless courtesy, censoring his habitual sarcasm despite his disapproval of my informal domestic arrangement, I decided to accept the suitcase.

I soon found a use for it. It became an ironic counterpoint to my newfound status as a member, derivatively, of the professional élite and allowed me, I thought, to enjoy class privileges, even while I mocked them. The suitcase was thoroughly Central European bourgeois, but tattered and resolutely foreign, it acquired a countercultural cachet.

So far the privileges were, in truth, only theoretical. My new home was as shabby as any I'd ever had. We lived in Oak Ridge, a town built under wartime emergency in 1943, and rented

one of the old prefabricated houses. We furnished it with a boxy secondhand couch, a confusion of India print bedspreads, painted wooden crates, and hideous lamps. Our relationship was equally improvised, a tacit agreement that we'd stay together as long as we made each other happy.

I was pleased with the life I'd fashioned for myself, but in pensive moments, I knew that in time clarity would be demanded of us, or we would demand it of ourselves. Then we'd be bound by law and custom, and the haphazard decor would cede to conventional good taste. The paperboard suitcase helped me postpone that due date.

More importantly, in keeping with the notions of psychic healing widespread in the mid-1970s, I was trying to "come to terms" and "confront" my childhood. In those self-examinations, the suitcase became a synecdoche for everything that made me restive and caused me to cling to the provisional and shun the permanent.

The term Second Generation was being used for the first time to describe the children of Holocaust survivors and I was beginning to understand the complex legacy my parents had left me. The suitcase became commingled with the stories they'd told me – how, when the Germans invaded, they first hid in a neighbor's barn and then in a bunker in the pine forest, how they came out of hiding to find most of the people they loved had been murdered. A linguist as well as a scientist, my boyfriend tossed together the various languages native to my parents' home and dubbed the suitcase *polski chemodan*, the "Polish suitcase."

After a few years, the polski chemodan was girded with two green cloth belts, wrapped in a plastic tarp, and tied to the car roof rack when we left for a picturesque college town in New Jersey. Greater prestige and intellectual excitement awaited us there. And finally having

had the courage to imagine each other in the future tense, we planned to get married as soon as we were settled.

That was the last journey the polski chemodan ever made. It was stored in the basement, where it fell prey to the prodigious New Jersey mildew. And it was the first piece of clutter to go after the plumbing accident. I dragged it out into the yard and tossed it into the dumpster.

You're getting rid of that suitcase? my husband asked, surprised to see me dispose of it so unceremoniously.

Why not? It's just an old piece of junk, I answered.

I no longer needed a buffer between myself and the world. With marriage, my persistent disaffection had vanished; it was supplanted, to my astonishment, by a talent for the cozy requirements of housekeeping. I learned to cook, shopped for linens, studied china patterns, perused real estate ads. Tranquil for the first time in my life, I found it easy to think and write, and finally overcoming years of determined procrastination, I finished my doctoral dissertation. So at that moment, I was happier than I'd ever believed possible. Why keep a memento of loss and dislocation?

Shortly afterwards, I suddenly stopped being unbelievably happy. My husband discovered fraudulent data at his lab and in his earnest way, he objected. His objections were not appreciated. Then I was diagnosed with a grave disease that was, statistically speaking, atypical. It had progressed so far that the prognosis was dismal. I underwent a harsh course of treatments, and one day, as mysteriously as the disease had appeared, it disappeared from X-rays and CAT scans.

The treatments constituted an illness in themselves and left me frail, scarred, and estranged from myself. Meanwhile, my husband's career followed the usual trajectory of whistle-blowers, and he was fired. Loss and dislocation were mine again, along with other troubles new to me.

Reversal of fortune, outrageous fortune, rotten luck. Whatever it was, I scrutinized my life trying to remember alternative choices that might have led to a different outcome. In those meditative reconfigurations of the past, temporal contiguity easily elides into causality: I began to regret discarding the suitcase. Wasn't it hybris to disdain my past?

Eventually I gave up the atavistic logic but the regret remained. Several times I've been tempted to search among the superannuated objects on eBay for a substitute paperboard suitcase of the same make and vintage as the original.

Or that's what I might have done, if a friend in Budapest hadn't read this story and told me he has a suitcase just like the polski chemodan, in which he keeps his daughter's old musical scores.

A suitcase full of music. A music box. Almost a happy ending.

I'll leave it at that.

The Oxygen in the Air:
Motivation in Two Types of Composition Courses

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"Each year I teach less and less, and my students seem to learn more. I guess what I've learned to do is to stay out of their way and not to interfere with their learning."
-- Donald M. Murray ("The Listening Eye" 14)

More than three decades after these words were first published, it is still easy to see why the late Don Murray's new gospel of writing instruction gained so many converts during his lifetime. The vision he described – student writers pushing themselves to better and better work, as the teacher worried only that his colleagues would "find out how little I do" ("The Listening Eye" 14) – looks like some sort of pedagogical heaven. This once-radical new testament came to be known as Murray's version of expressivist, process-based pedagogy, itself a subgenre of the student-centered approach to writing instruction. An expressivist writing course focuses on the individual writers' expression of their own thoughts in their own "voice," and generally eschews the idea of rigid forms of writing or ways of learning them. As the spotlight in Murray's writing course moved to the writer and the writing, it moved away from the teacher as giver-of-knowledge, judger-of-final-product and ultimate authority. And therein lay a mystery: if the now-sidelined teacher merely tried, as Murray said, "not to interfere" ("The Listening Eye" 14) with students' learning, how important was the teacher, and what induced these students to work so hard, to do so much? Was Murray claiming miracles?

Of course, Murray's self-deprecation was part of his charm, and he did not hide the difficulties that lay in the path he suggested. His many explications of the writing instruction that he proposed acknowledged and addressed what every teacher knows: student involvement, always important, is never a given. While Murray would free writing teachers from many of the overt duties of traditional instruction, he placed upon the teachers' shoulders the burden of motivating students in an entirely new way.

In this paper I hope to shed some light on the question of motivation in two very different types of composition courses: those designed on the Murray model, and those fashioned in what was the dominant model when Murray began to teach writing. Motivation is a type of persuasion; a teacher tries to persuade students to be interested in the subject, to work hard, to do better, to learn. Since the primary persuasive tool available to the teacher is language, both spoken and written, it is reasonable to conclude that writing-class motivation will involve rhetoric in some form, and so this investigation will look at the rhetorical roles of teacher and student in both pedagogies. As a prelude, I will review some of the key points of the two types of composition instruction under scrutiny, and discuss some aspects of rhetoric itself.

Lecture- and Rules-based Writing Instruction

"Almost all of the papers were five-paragraph essays (an introduction with a thesis statement, three supporting paragraphs which each had to contain three supporting points which each had to be supported by three details or examples, and a conclusion); …"
-- Lad Tobin (1)

In 2001, Tobin chose to begin a book chapter on the process "school" of writing instruction by recalling his own experiences in a non-process composition class in 1971. The quote above is from that description. Tobin further described class meetings split between lively discussions of assigned literary texts and "listless" lectures on composition topics such as outlining and proper citation form. "We never wrote in class…" (1), Tobin noted. The model of writing class he described has come to be called "current-traditional" – though, as we'll see, there is some dispute as to what the model entailed, and even whether it was a real model.

The term was coined by Daniel Fogarty in his 1959 book *Roots for a New Rhetoric.* Fogarty was proposing a new theory and pedagogy of rhetoric incorporating then-recent ideas from I.A. Richards, Kenneth Burke and the general semantic theorists including S.I. Hayakawa, and addressing the changing needs of individuals in a modern society. He referred in the text to "the present-day traditional form" (117) of instruction in rhetoric; in a chart (118-119), he further shortened the concept into the column heading "Current Traditional." That term eventually stuck, with a hyphen added by later writers.

Fogarty was referring to the way writing and rhetoric generally were taught at the time, and had been taught since the late 1800s (thus, it was both current and traditional). His chart compared features of this pedagogy to Aristotle's teaching of rhetoric and to the "rhetoric possibilities and choices" he saw based on the ideas of Richards, Burke and the general

semanticists. Under "Current Traditional," Fogarty included a laundry list of "elements that time and expediency have added to the teaching rhetoric" since Aristotle. It is worth listing the elements here: first, (in all capital letters in the original) grammar, syntax, spelling, punctuation, and mechanics; next, four modes of discourse (exposition, description, argumentation, and narration), then argumentative features (clarity, logic, and coherence); style qualities (clearness, force, coherence, interest, naturalness, other devices); communication (symbols, word counts, concreteness, psychology of communication, audience reaction, etc.); divisions (words, sentences, paragraphs, the whole); and finally specialized forms (letter, essay, speech, news, feature, advertising, TV and radio, novel, and short story). This, then, is how a leading educator and researcher explained what was being taught in writing classrooms in the late 1950s.

In a 1987 article, Adams and Adams traced the roots of this pedagogy to a change in American higher education in the late 1800s and to three prominent educators of the day: A.S. Hill and Barrett Wendell at Harvard and Fred Newton Scott at the University of Michigan. Colleges were changing because their students were changing. For the first time, many were from the middle classes, and they were advancing their educations not to become lawyers or clergymen but to learn business, engineering and other professions. These students' career plans led some educators to believe they did not need the training in abstract rhetoric and logic that was the norm in American colleges prior to 1850. Instead, they needed "practical work" in language that would apply to their new professions. According to Adams and Adams, "(A)s this more diverse group reached Harvard and elsewhere, education suffered a back to basics crisis, with parents and educators insisting on more basic training for this new high school and college

Johnny" (422). Harvard responded in two significant ways. First, it introduced an entrance exam that included grammar and punctuation "to send a message that `college level' language skills would be required there" (422). Other schools followed suit, eventually leading to formation of the College Entrance Exam Board. Second, Harvard introduced a freshman rhetoric course built around "daily themes and grammar drill." (422). Both Hill and Wendell wrote texts for the new type of rhetoric course. Wendell's program differed in some ways from Hill's, but in both "we find reputable, national, and present use as final standards of usage and information on clearness, force, and elegance in style – the one right way to write" (425). At the University of Michigan, Scott introduced a similar rules-based freshman writing course that employed his text *Paragraph-Writing,* since Scott felt "the paragraph should be the basis for composition instruction" (426). There is a basic irony in the stories of Hill, Wendell, and Scott: each later opposed writing instruction based on rules, forms, drills and standardization, yet their early rules-based instruction plans became the basis of such courses for decades hence – indeed, to this day in many classrooms.

It is important to note some problems with the term "current-traditional." First, as Matsuda points out, it implies a sort of "monolithic" agreement (68) on writing instruction where none existed, even when the model was supposedly dominant. Second, Matsuda also notes that the term was first widely used, starting in the 1980s, by opponents of its basic tenets; as such, it may be considered a "discursive construction" (70) – an invented villain of "the bad old days" (67) against which these opponents could rail. As Connors put it, the term "became a convenient whipping boy ... for describing whatever in nineteenth- and twentieth-century rhetorical or pedagogical history any author found wanting" (5). That said, the record –

including personal recollections such as Tobin's (and my own), and artifacts of the times such as Fogarty's 1959 book – clearly show a focus in many writing classrooms on standardized rules and grammar, and on the teacher's central role as instructor in correct forms. Thus, this paper will continue to use the term "current-traditional," while acknowledging its shortcomings.

Murray's Approach

"Instead of teaching finished writing, we should teach unfinished writing, and glory in its unfinishedness."
-- Donald Murray (*Learning by Teaching* 15)

While many educators voiced dissatisfaction over the decades with rules-based writing instruction (see, for instance, Mason), it wasn't until the late 1960s that a clear alternative gathered steam. That alternative is the process approach, so named because it focuses on the process of writing rather than on the finished product of that process. Process proponents, Tobin writes, agreed what the problem was: "the canned, dull, lifeless student essays that seemed the logical outcome of a rules-driven, teacher-centered curriculum that ignored student interests, needs, and talents" (5). They did not agree on the solution. Murray, Peter Elbow, Ken Macrorie and others either implicitly or explicitly advocated expressivism, which prioritizes the empowerment of student writers to express themselves in their own writer's voice. Other flavors of process pedagogy include those that approach writing from the direction of cognitive psychology, those that emphasize the social nature of knowledge and communication, and those that focus on critical-cultural issues. For purposes of the present study, we will concentrate on Murray's particular recipe for an expressivist writing course.

Murray advocated, and taught for many years at the University of New Hampshire, a writing class in which the class did not regularly meet. (In the 1960s Murray was teaching via traditional class meetings, but by the late 1970s he had basically abandoned those meetings.) Students interacted with the teacher almost exclusively in short, individual conferences, usually one per week. This reflected Murray's belief that "(w)riting isn't taught in class. It is learned by a student who writes, then shows what he has done to an experienced, responsive reader" (Fisher and Murray 169). In initial conferences with each student, the teacher (a) got to know the individual and her or his interests, (b) showed that the teacher was not interested in the kind of academic essay many students had been taught, and (c) demonstrated an interest in what the student had to say. Fisher and Murray explained that the intent was to set up a new kind of relationship between teacher and student: "We had to establish our receptiveness, for most of our students genuinely did not believe they had anything worth saying and (felt) that no one would listen if they did. We had to establish ourselves as respectful, receptive readers" (170). This relationship would set the stage, they hoped, for a new kind of writing.

With the tone established, students were encouraged to write about what interested them, and to treat writing as discovery. Murray believed each draft was itself a compelling force: "Revision – the process of seeing what you've said to discover what you have to say – is the motivating force within most writers" ("Teach the Motivating Force" 56). The student, not the teacher, decided when it was time to stop revising a piece and move on to something else. In conferences, Murray saw his primary roles as listening and reacting:

> They experiment, and when the experiment works I say, "See, look what happened." I put the experiment in the context of the writing process. They

> brainstorm, and I tell them that they've brainstormed. They write a discovery draft, and I point out that many writers have to do that. They revise, and then I teach them revision. ("The Listening Eye" 16)

For Murray, this was all part of what he called "responsive teaching," which he advocated not just in conferences but throughout the writing course.

Rhetoric

Before examining rhetorical roles in the two types of writing classes outlined above, we must note two key points regarding rhetoric itself. Our first point: the concept of rhetoric has changed over the centuries, and it continues to change. When the ancient Greeks first used the term, it was often in reference to the type of persuasive public speech that was so important in a participatory democracy. Plato was suspicious of rhetoric, and the Sophists who practiced it were prime targets in his dialogues. Plato's student Aristotle was much more kind to rhetoric, seeing it as a coequal counterpart of logical dialectic. In *The Rhetoric*, Aristotle defined rhetoric as "the faculty of observing in any given case the available means of persuasion" (1355b25). In modern times, the shape of the concept continues to shift. Burke saw rhetoric not just as a type of language use, but as the central function of all language. Perelman and Olbrechts-Tyteca defined their "new rhetoric" as "the study of discursive techniques allowing us to induce or to increase the mind's adherence to the theses presented for its assent" (4). They specifically included written texts and one-on-one communication as rhetoric. Nienkamp has argued that rhetoric even extends to intrapersonal communication – thought – in that we all "debate" matters in our head and listen to the "voices" within our own psyche.

For the second point, we turn to Burke. He proposed that human social interaction could be understood as drama, and analyzed in terms of a "dramatistic pentad" – act, agent, scene, purpose and agency (which translate roughly to what, who, where, why, and how). The outcome of any such analysis, Burke wrote, depends on the "circumference" being considered. In other words, the act that seems perfectly fine when examined by itself may be problematic when wider or narrower consequences are considered.

Rhetoric in the Classroom

Finally, we are ready to begin a rhetorical dissection, if you will, of these two species of writing classes: the current-traditional model and Murray's. We shall consider current-traditional first, and gross examination of the subject leads us to our first finding: a lot of rhetoric is happening here. The quintessential classroom scene – the teacher speaks, the students listen – is the modern-day educational equivalent of civic oratory in ancient Greece. The teacher's words are meant to inform, certainly, but they are also meant to persuade students about what is true and right. Should a student speak in class, that, too, may count as a classically rhetorical act. (The student is speaking in a group setting, and the student's motivation is at least partially to convince the teacher of her or his scholarship and interest.) The teacher is probably dressed more formally than the students, usually stands above the seated students, and speaks with conviction. Aristotle would recognize all of these as overt acts to build *ethos* – the credibility of the speaker.

If we expand the concept of rhetoric just a little so that it includes written communication, then nearly every document produced for or in the class can be seen in

rhetorical terms. The syllabus is much more than just a collection of information about the class; it establishes a tone, announces goals, demonstrates seriousness and models purposive writing. Written assignments do the same. The students' writings can be viewed as rhetorical attempts on their part to convince the teacher that they have worked hard on assigned tasks and are endeavoring to improve. Most essays are returned to students with teacher comments; Perelman and Olbrechts-Tyteca would view those one-to-one comments, including grades, as rhetorical communication. So, we can conclude that no matter what definition of rhetoric you use, you'll find quite a bit of it in the current-traditional classroom (indeed, in most class settings in American education).

Amid all this rhetoric we next look for motivation, and our eyes are immediately drawn to the central organ: the teacher. The teacher decides the structure of the overall course, the focus of every class meeting, and the requirements of each assignment. The teacher chooses the drills and the lecture topics. The teacher is certainly in charge, but that doesn't necessarily imply that motivation is one of her or his primary duties. Looking back at our description of current-traditional pedagogy above, we find no mention of motivation within Fogarty's laundry list of its elements. The work the teacher assigns isn't particularly motivating, either. Who enjoys drills of any sort? Who wants to write in a format required by somebody else, on a subject chosen by somebody else?

Perhaps a better way to find motivation is to look inside the head of one of our current-traditional students, and here the answer becomes obvious. The student is motivated to do the work of the course the same way most students are motivated in most classrooms: they are told that the work, unpleasant though it may be, is necessary. It's necessary to learn the correct

way to write. It's necessary to pass the course. It's necessary to advance to the next grade, and ultimately to graduate and "get a good job." Grammar drills and five-paragraph themes aren't taught because they are particularly motivating in themselves; they are taught because of the presumption that they show the student the right way to use the language. They are endured in the current-traditional writing classroom for basically the same reason grade-school students endure phonics drills and multiplication tables – because they are told to.

Motivation in the current-traditional classroom, we conclude, is assumed to come primarily from *outside* the work of the class. The model does not require the teacher to consider motivation when planning lectures, formulating assignments, leading discussions or grading papers. Like oxygen in the classroom air, motivation is necessary for learning but is not something the current-traditional teacher must provide. Our conclusion does not imply that the teachers in these classrooms do not or can not add motivation. Good teachers always look for ways to motivate students, and often the result is better learning. The current-traditional model, however, does not require it.

Next, we move to Murray's version of an expressivist writing course, where the quintessential event isn't a "class" in a classroom but rather is a teacher-student conference in the professor's office. In Murray's descriptions, it is a low-key affair – a chat, sort of, with the student doing most of the talking. The participants are seated at equal eye level, on the same side of the desk so that both can read the same page at the same time (*A Writer Teaches Writing* 150). Early "chats" in each course allow the professor to get to know the student; later chats focus on the student's newest drafts.

Is rhetoric even happening here? There is no public speaking to be found, so Aristotle might answer "No." On the other hand, modern definitions grant rhetoric a much wider scope, including one-to-one communication such as the teacher-student conference. And these chats have a definite purpose – a persuasive one, I argue. Murray saw them as crucial to the process of helping students become better writers.

If this is rhetoric, the participants' rhetorical roles are certainly different from those in the current-traditional classroom. The student is not an audience member, a passive receptor of knowledge. Instead, the student is the leader in an ongoing discussion about the writing, the architect of the writing style, and the primary judge of her or his own work. In Burkeian terms, the student has agency. Some of this new agency necessarily came from the person on the other side of the desk, the professor who now sits and (mostly) listens. Yet the two haven't traded roles. In Murray's model, they communicate not so much as leader-follower or speaker-audience, but rather as two writers pursuing better writing. Murray sought to establish "a tone of master and apprentice, no, the voice of a fellow craftsman having a conversation about a piece of work, writer to writer …" ("The Listening Eye" 15).

The professor has given up much more than just some agency in adopting this pedagogy. She or he also gave up many of the traditional ethos-enhancing trappings of a traditional class setting – including the central presumption that the teacher knows what's right. For Murray, each writing experience was a unique process of discovery, and real writing began with the difficult acceptance of the fact that the correct path and the destination were unpredictable. "If acceptance is hard for the writer, it is harder still for the teacher, for education is geared up for sameness," he wrote ("Writing and Teaching for Surprise" 7). Instead

of giving answers or directing, Murray felt the writing teacher's best role was asking questions such as "What did you learn from this piece of writing?" or "What do you intend to do in the next draft?" ("The Listening Eye" 15).

With these roles established, what motivates the student writer? On this question, Murray felt he had the answer: "The strongest motivating force for our students was the discoveries they made about themselves and their world through the evolution of the writing process" (Fisher and Murray 170). Writers "are compelled to write to see what their words tell them" ("Teach the Motivating Force" 56), and revision is a key element of the process: "The students are driven to write by the motivating force of revision, of reading what they have written to discover what they have said" ("Teach the Motivating Force" 60). Murray had faith that most students, freed from the saddle of assignments and the bridle of a controlling authority figure, would write for the pure joy of writing the way a racehorse gambols in a meadow.

Burke's pentad – act, agent, scene, purpose and agency – may provide further insight regarding motivation in the two types of writing classes. Under the teacher-centered current-traditional model, the primary act is teaching what is already known (by the teacher), the primary agent is the teacher, the scene is the classroom, the purpose is better writing, and the agency – the "how" – would be drills and practice in various known forms of writing. This model works, at least to some extent, in the circumference of the classroom. Yet if you narrow that circumference to the dimensions of an individual student's head, we find a problem. Besides the rules of grammar and syntax and all the other stuff the teacher intends to teach, she or he

also risks teaching the lesson that that writing is not enjoyable, that it is something to be endured.

Murray's student-centered model has the same purpose – better writing – but we find in the scene of the professor's office that student and teacher are co-agents in a mutual act of learning – about writing, about each other, about what works for each. They share agency; there is no set form for how the student writes or how the professor responds. And within the circumference of the student's head, this more-free type of writing at least sounds more enjoyable.

Louise Rosenblatt, in *The Reader, the Text, the Poem*, identifies two basic types of reading, with the difference being motivation. The first type is "efferent" reading, reading for some purpose outside the experience of reading itself. We read furniture-assembly directions this way; we usually read assigned textbooks this way. Rosenblatt called the other type of reading "aesthetic." This is reading undertaken for the experience itself, for the intrigue of a mystery novel or the insight of a poem. Rosenblatt's terms seem applicable to the present discussion as well. The current-traditional method depends upon efferent motivation, motivation outside the act of writing. Murray's model relies on the aesthetic motivation inherent in expression through language.

Psychologists might look at Rosenblatt's terms and see them as analogous to two general types of motivation long studied in their field: intrinsic and extrinsic. Intrinsic (like aesthetic) motivation comes from within. As Lowman explains, it is "largely internal and self-defined" (137). Extrinsic (like efferent) motivation comes from without, from others, usually in the form of tangible rewards or punishments. In any educational setting, according to Lowman,

both play a role, and those roles are interdependent. He writes: "Empirical research on these kinds of influences indicates that they are related to each other and to learning in complex ways" (137).

Both Lowman and Lin et al. refer to a curious but well-documented phenomenon in which the addition of extrinsic rewards actually tends to decrease intrinsic motivation. One classic experiment, repeated by a number of researchers, involves asking college students to arrange complexly shaped objects into various patterns. As Lowman explains, this is "a very engaging task for most college students" (137). After all subjects have done a few patterns, half are asked to continue the task as before; the other half are promised $1 for each correct construction. Afterward, all subjects are observed during a free period when they are given no instructions, but the objects and more patterns are available. The subjects who were paid are much less likely to continue the activity on their own. In other words, the extrinsic rewards have reduced their intrinsic motivation. (This interaction isn't limited to humans. Lin et al. refer to a classic experiment in which "monkeys who had enjoyed solving puzzles would, after being rewarded with food for each puzzle solved, no longer solve puzzles when they were not given the extrinsic reward of food.") What might this mean in the writing classroom? It might mean that the current-traditional model of efferent motivation – doing assigned tasks for the eventual rewards of good grades and advancement – inherently discourages students from writing on their own. It might also explain the success Murray reported while teaching – in the traditional sense – less and less. He saw writing as a natural, enjoyable act: "Writing satisfies man's primitive hunger to communicate... Writing is an art, and art is profound play. All students should have repeated opportunities for this significant form of fun" ("Why Teach

Writing" 1235). By getting students to think of themselves as writers with something to say, and to think of the act of writing as compelling in itself, Murray may have hit upon a recipe for a composition course that creates lifelong writers.

A Personal Postscript

It is probably clear by now that I am a sympathetic reader of Murray. I think he and other proponents of process- and expression-focused pedagogy were on the right track, and had an overall positive impact on composition as a budding discipline. In teaching college writing, I have tried to use Murray's techniques – surely not as well as he did – with varying levels of success. Motivation, for me, is the toughest nut to crack. I can recall few times when my students wouldn't have gladly skipped my carefully crafted motivating assignment and just taken the grade instead. That's not surprising. So many forces work against a switch from extrinsic, grade-based motivation to intrinsic motivation in the comp class. For one, the whole structure of our education system places enormous emphasis on grades and grading. For another, we inherit our students from all of their previous teachers. These students long ago were conditioned to link writing to the reward of grades, and the psych experiments noted above indicate that this probably lessened writing's intrinsic rewards for them. Finally, our students today are of a quite busy generation that doesn't spend much time doing any sort of traditional writing outside of school. Certainly they text, and fire off emails, and post on Facebook – and those are literacies, too. Yet taking the time to put complex ideas into thoughtful, organized, clear, compelling, long-form prose is not something most of them do on their own.

I have found in my own teaching that there is no surefire process to motivate a student writer, but there are methods that are more likely to succeed. My own best chance of success has been in the individual writing conference rather than in the classroom. Sitting side-by-side with a particular writer, learning about him or her and about where the particular piece of writing stands, I have found that it is sometimes possible to shift the mindset. This usually happens when I authorize involvement. The student has come in with a boring report on the fast-food industry that we both know is just going through the motions. During conference, I learn that she has worked at a McDonald's for three years, and knows intimately every step of the complex choreography behind the counter. *"That's* what I'd love to read about," I tell her. We discuss how she could tell what she knows about the operation of every McDonald's while showing how it all reflects a distinct corporate culture. Moments like this are when I am most likely to see some glimmer of enthusiasm. Even then, there are no guarantees.

Still, I propose that teachers of composition must try to make writing a motivating experience in itself – or at least as motivating as possible. Most of us have glimpsed what the oxygen of motivation can do in a composition course, whether it is causing a classroom discussion to suddenly catch fire or energizing the essay produced by the student who finally "bought in" to learning about her topic. Murray had some good ideas to encourage such motivation: treating the student as a real writer, letting that writer choose topic and genre, reducing the felt presence of grading. Writing teachers should be trying these and other ideas, and coming up with our own, not just because they may motivate our students, but because they may motivate us as well.

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The Marked Narrative of Realism: *Madame Bovary* as Case Study

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Most of the writings of narratological critics establish terminology or highlight a theory using literature as example, and, as such, applications of narrative theory solely to illuminate particular works are not considered ground-breaking work in the field. One of the exceptions to this trend is the use of narratology in the study of literary movements through their major works. While modernism and postmodernism, among others, have benefited from the literary clarity offered by narratological study, other movements and periods have not been so lucky, Realism among them. This essay seeks to change that by offering a narratological case study of the masterwork of French Realism, *Madame Bovary*. By questioning the rhetorical dimensions of the novel and applying twenty-first century narratological theories, this study will demonstrate how Realism in practice varies from the movement's philosophical base in a technical sense that paradoxically also helps accomplish the movement's most central goal. The resulting conversation about how the author relates to characters and subject matter as well as to readers in this archetypal Realistic novel will move beyond the philosophy that created it and onto the plane of text as artifact.

Realism, as a literary movement, developed in France in the mid-nineteenth century as a reaction both to Romanticism and to the political and social changes of the post-Napoleonic nation. This was not a loosely organized literary movement accidentally created and assembled into philosophy by modern critics. The writers of French "Realisme" and the Naturalism that developed out of it articulated their own philosophy, defining what their fiction was attempting

to do—and what values should be found by the readers on the page. Writers like Gustave Flaubert, Edmund and Jules de Goncourt, Guy de Maupassant, and Emile Zola offered critical writings along with the novels that are among the best-known creative works of Realism and Naturalism. They drew influence from the earlier works of Honore de Balzac and the pseudonyminous Stendhal to define themselves as writers speaking for and of the common people of their time—in opposition to the Romantic tradition of historical and upper-class characters and subject matter.

Although Zola is best known as a Naturalist writer who pushed the average, or everyman, subject matter of Realism even lower, portraying the lowest social classes and the everyday lives of the urban poor, he wrote landmark theoretical pieces, notably "The Experimental Novel" and "Naturalism in the Theatre," that helped make the Realism movement what it was. He grouped writers like Flaubert, the Goncourts, Balzac and Stendhal and defined their efforts as "taking man and dissecting and analyzing him in flesh and brain" (205). Balzac was driven, in part, by the categorization going on in science while he was writing in the 1830s, and his questions about the degree to which humanity is constructed by their chemistry became one of the central ideas of Naturalism. As a Realist and one-time Romantic, Flaubert was less concerned with the question of nature versus nurture and more interested in providing what Northrop Frye calls "the low mimetic mode" in his modification of Aristotle's *Poetics* in *Anatomy of Criticism*: "If superior neither to other men nor his environment, the hero is one of us: we respond to a sense of his common humanity" (33-34). Common humanity for Flaubert included common people in common places experiencing small and large tragedies or, in his own words "a book which would have practically no subject" ("On Realism" 90).

An excellent summary of the philosophy of Realism comes from Rene Wellek's discussion of the standards for its art in his 1963 look at literary movements, *Concepts of Criticism*. He saw Realism as having four main aims: 1) to represent the world in a truthful, unstylized manner; 2) to focus only on contemporary subjects; 3) to use meticulous, literal detail; and 4) to maintain a dispassionate distance between author and subject matter (Wellek 222-254). American scholar of Realism, George J. Becker, concurred with Wellek's description of the methods of presentation for Realism, including objectivity on the part of the author and detailed physical descriptions, but in his introduction to the 1963 collection, *Documents of Modern Literary Realism*, he expanded this definition to require presentation without judgment or philosophical bent of any kind, which is an interesting nod to Flaubert's desire for a subject-less work (3-38).

The work to be analyzed here, *Madame Bovary*, which was first published in serial form beginning in October 1856 and took book form in 1857, was Flaubert's first Realist novel and was preceded and followed by historical novels and works aligning more with Romanticism than Realism. Nonetheless, it has long been heralded as a masterwork, and perhaps the exemplar of Realism. His literary history made Flaubert, according to the letters of Henry James and others in Paris after the full rise of Realism, uncomfortable in the position he had been elevated to by his fellow writers. Zola describes Flaubert's place in the movement after defining the roots of Realistic fiction found in the works of Balzac and Stendhal:

> First, there is M. Gustave Flaubert, and it was he who was to bring the present-day formula to completeness. It is here that we shall find the recoil of romantic influence... One of the sources of Balzac's bitterness was that he did not have

the dazzling form of Victor Hugo. He was accused of writing badly, which made him very unhappy... With M. Gustave Flaubert the naturalistic formula passed into the hands of a perfect artist. It solidified and took the hardness and brilliance of marble... When he published *Madame Bovary* it was as a challenge to the realism of that day, which prided itself on writing badly. He set out to prove that one could tell of the provincial lower-middle class with the amplitude and power with which Homer told of Greek heroes. Happily, however, the work reached out in another direction. Whether M. Gustave Flaubert wished it or not, he brought to naturalism the final strength that it needed, the perfect and imperishable form which helps a work to live (205-206).

While Zola conflates Realism and Naturalism here, Flaubert did experience this shift in purpose during the writing of *Madame Bovary* and recorded it in his letters to Louise Colet. In a February 1852 letter, he wrote, "I am trying to be impeccable and follow a geometrically straight line. No lyricism, no comments, the author's personality absent" ("On Realism" 91). And later that same month, Flaubert claimed, "in my book I do not want any reflection of the author" ("On Realism" 91). These quotes reaffirm the interpretations of Wellek and Becker that call for the author to absent himself from the text and merely serve as conduit for the story of his characters. This basic tenet of Realism gives rise to the descriptive techniques noted by Wellek and Becker, and as Zola explains above, these began with Flaubert, the figurehead of Realism, whose style is descended from both the detail-heavy but stylistically uninteresting Honore de Balzac as well as the flowery Romantic writers Balzac, among others, resisted.

But if Wayne C. Booth is to be believed, no author can remain neutral and uninvolved in a text of his creation: "The problem of objectivity is not, finally, a problem of particular techniques but of how all techniques are marshaled to convey a given vision of a world" (417). This clarification from the second edition's afterword makes plain that Booth sees true objectivity as impossible simply because of the act of textual creation. However, Booth does not retract his earlier assessment of subjectivity in the novel:

> The weaker the novel, on the whole, the more likely we are to be able to make simple and accurate inferences about the real author's problems based on our experience of the implied author. There is this much truth to the demand for objectivity in the author: signs of the real author's untransformed loves and hates are almost always fatal. But clear recognition of this truth cannot lead us to doctrines about technique, and it should not lead us to demand of the author that he eliminate love and hate, and the judgments on which they are based, from his novels. The emotions and judgments of the implied author are, as I hope to show, the very stuff out of which great fiction is made. (86)

Booth, then, is asking for a balance between objectivity and subjectivity in the novel, as writers should not alienate their readers with judgments that make the read difficult or pointless nor should they withhold emotion from a text. Early on in *The Rhetoric of Fiction*, Booth explains that "fiction does not reside exclusively in the moments of vivid dramatic rendering" like those Allen Tate uses to identify *Madame Bovary* as a form of art very close to poetry, so the detailed descriptions called for by Realism's philosophy will not preserve emotion in a novel with an author attempting to absent himself (28-29). Considering this in light of the assessments of Zola

and others that label *Madame Bovary* remarkable Realism at its best, can we say that the entire movement is made up of failed fictions? Not at all, and Booth would not say so either.

Instead of using himself as the generator of emotion, Flaubert uses his characters for this function, which fits well with the idea of serving as authorial conduit nearly absent from the page. In analyzing these narratological moves in the text, Gerard Genette's concept of focalization becomes important, along with related terms, to position the narrator in relation to the focalizing characters. *Madame Bovary* begins with a homodiegetic, collective narrator in a boys school: "We were studying when the headmaster came in, followed by a new boy, not yet wearing a school uniform, and a monitor carrying a large desk. Those of us who had been sleeping awoke, and we all stood up as if we had been interrupted in our work" (Flaubert 27). This class of schoolboys narrates the first section of the novel where Charles Bovary is introduced as a singular outside the collective, and it is the collective voice that dominates, with the narration never moving to focalize through Charles. Here, subjectivity and judgments are common, as for example with the quick assessment of Charles as "a country boy, about fifteen years old and taller than any of us. His hair was cut straight across his forehead like a village choirboy's; he looked sensible and very shy" (Flaubert 27). The reader is brought into observation with this voice while the lens is squarely placed on Charles.

The collective voice slips away almost imperceptibly during the following narration of how Charles's parents met, how he came into the world, and what his life was like leading up to the scene which began the novel. Then, a very curious line slips in, "Now none of us can remember anything about him," which is followed by a description of Charles at school:

> He was a mild-tempered boy who played during recess, worked in study periods, listened in class, slept soundly in the dormitory, and ate heartily in the dining hall. His local guardian was a man who owned a wholesale business on the Rue Ganterie. The guardian took him out one Sunday a month, after the store closed, sent him for a walk down to the quay to look at the boats, then took him back to school by seven, before supper. Every Thursday evening he wrote a long letter to his mother in red ink and sealed it with three wafers. (32)

While the schoolboy collective maintains no extraordinary memories of Charles, some voice attached to this narrative clearly does. Here, the homodiegetic narrator is giving way to the heterodiegetic narrator who will follow Charles briefly through his first marriage and to the title character who is actually the third Madame Bovary introduced in the text: Emma Bovary nee Rouault.

Focalizing characters switch as needed to keep what Marie-Laure Ryan calls "the window" on Emma (125). In her 1999 article "Cyberage Narratology: Computers, Metaphor, and Narrative," Ryan defines the window structure of narrative as made up of two categories: "Windows of focalization" and "storyline windows" (125-126). Windows of focalization is Ryan's term to describe the way a narrator steps into the perspective of different characters or looks through their windows into the story world, but to describe storyline windows, which is the focalization of a narrative being centered on a single character, she uses *Madame Bovary* as her example:

> Imagine that the moving window followed Emma Bovary from her life with Charles in Yonville to her escape with Leon to Rouen. The narrative presents

Emma's actions through a continuous report (we never lose sight of her), but as

the scene shifts from Yonville to Rouen, Charles moves away from the window,

and Leon moves into its frame from the outside. For the narrative to return to

what Charles is doing in Yonville during Emma's sojourn in Rouen, it would be

necessary for the observer to move to a different window. (126-127)

Here, Ryan is getting at the interrelated nature of her two kinds of window, as the window of

focalization changes from that of Emma's husband to that of her lover to maintain a storyline

window that is always following her. This reading of *Madame Bovary* is both correct in its facts

and important to this analysis; the common person and the common experience Flaubert is

after is that of Emma Bovary, which is a sharp move away from the deeply panoramic lenses

adopted by his predecessor, Balzac, in works like *Pere Goriot*.

Besides moving the camera and following the storyline window, however, our extra-

textual narrator retains specific duties in the storytelling. In descriptions unaided by Emma or

one of the men in her life, the narrator serves as focalizer. As Jim Phelan explains in *Living to*

Tell About It, reporting narrators can become focalizers because "any report entails an act of

perception" and "the narrator's perceptions (whether we call it "slant" or "focalization") will be

not only a report on the story world but also a report from within a particular angle of vision, an

angle that, in turn influences how audiences perceive that world" (115). When the narrator

steps up to the storyline window to give that perspective into the story world, physical

descriptions of places and the setting of scenes are most likely to be offered, panning in and out

of towns and cities before moving into appropriate focalizers to keep the reader at Emma's

window, a technique that provides a great deal of the meticulous, literal detail for which the

Realism movement became known. For example, as Part II of the novel begins, the narrator explains that "Yonville-l'Abbaye (so named because of an old Capuchin abbey even the ruins of which no longer exist) is a small town about twenty-five miles from Rouen, between the Abbeville and Beauvais roads, as the bottom of a valley watered by the Rieule" (Flaubert 85). Fully two pages later, none of the familiar characters of the narrative have appeared but the lens has narrowed to "the marketplace which consists of a tiled roof supported by about twenty pillars, [and] takes up half of the Yonville square" (Flaubert 87). After introducing Monsieur Homais, who will become an important character in the rest of the novel, the narrator finally takes us to Emma and Charles arriving in their new home: "The evening on which the Bovarys were to arrive and Yonville, the Widow Lefrancois, mistress of the inn, was so busy that the perspiration poured off in droplets as she busied herself with her pots" (Flaubert 88). However, the narrator relinquishes focalizing control only in the second chapter of Part II, where Emma first meets Leon, who is to become her second and last extra-marital love affair. In those circumstances, the window on Emma is reestablished to relay to the reader how both Emma and Leon think and feel before moving into their later relationship.

This relationship fully develops much closer to the end of the novel, after Leon has moved to Rouen to work and he and Emma meet in that city. Emma's carriage travel in and out of Rouen is focalized through her and not the narrator, whose interpretations of her would be different from her own romantic notions and perceptions. Instead of a movie-like and external focus on her, the reader is offered Emma's translation of the landscape through the lens of love and escape created by her affair. It is this shift in narrational habit that draws attention to the importance of Emma's perspective in that scene, as the window of focalization opens into her

mind and includes so much more than just what she sees: "Each turn in the road revealed more of the lights of the city. They glowed like a broad luminous mist above the blurred-looking houses" (Flaubert 252). Here, Emma is making the city of her affair a mystical, wondrous place that glows in the distance but remains fuzzy and indistinct. The city holds no repellent qualities for her; this haze is romantic rather than dirty, and its glow is one of promise alone. Here, the reader is meant to ride along with Emma, hear her thoughts, and share in her emotions to fully experience the space and place over which her story is told.

Now, we must return to Booth's assertion that emotion lies at the heart of good fiction. Although *Madame Bovary* is a novel that famously inspired emotion among its initial reading public, resulting in the trial of Flaubert and his novel for immorality, this analysis is after a different kind of emotion—that inspired for or about Emma not just by the subject matter but by the narrative technique of the novel. Focalization has already been discussed and Emma has been established as the center where Ryan's storyline window remains aligned. It now remains to examine how Flaubert's manipulation of the storyline window and windows of focalization can inspire emotion in the reader, which brings us to the concept of free indirect discourse (FID) also called free indirect speech. The technique is most commonly defined as the narrator speaking in the character's language and representing his or her thoughts without grammatical tags to differentiate the roles, but it was described especially eloquently at the 2007 Narrative Conference by Melba Cuddy-Keane during a discussion of narrative empathy and FID as "the hand-in-glove of narrator and character where both consciousnesses contribute to the language presented" (Cuddy-Keane). In the FID of *Madame Bovary*, which is often cited as a classic example of the use of this technique, the heterodiegetic narrator is present not just

panning in and out of focalizers but very much present when the thoughts of the focalizers become direct narration: the narrator holds the strings of the focalizing character and maintains control of the narrative while providing thoughts and actions directly from the fictional mind having stepped into the frame of the storyline window as interpreter. The earlier example of Emma's coach ride exemplifies this dynamic of FID, where her thoughts come through in that second sentence: "They glowed like a broad luminous mist above the blurred-looking houses" (Flaubert 252).

The novel is rife with examples of FID that star Emma in one of Ryan's two window categories, either as focalizer looking out her own window or in the frame of the storyline window of another character, and it is through these moments that the reader is presented with a complex picture of Emma. Shortly after Charles marries Emma, her consciousness is represented in FID: "She had read Paul and Virginia and dreamed about the bamboo cottage, the Negro Domingo, and the dog Fidele, but most of all about the sweet friendship of some dear little brother who gathers ripe fruit for you in huge trees taller than steeples or who runs barefoot over the sand, bringing you a bird's nest" (Flaubert 55). While Charles's youth was communicated by the school boy collective slipping into heterodiegetic narration, Emma's youth is represented primarily in FID that communicates her dreams of romantic love and the disillusion in which Charles meets and marries her, where she "[had] nothing more to learn, nothing more to feel" (Flaubert 59). Of course, Emma's story belies this misperception, which is her own and not that of a narrator offering unreliable information to the reader. Through the careful use of FID, the narrator guides the reader through Emma's transformations, revealing her as a young woman with romantic dreams who seeks to fulfill them everywhere but in her

husband until it is too late. Given this presentation through Emma with the storyline window focus on her, readers are obviously meant to turn their attention, concern, and emotions to her rather than any other character. But what exactly are readers supposed to feel?

In her 2006 *Narrative* article, "A Theory of Narrative Empathy," Suzanne Keen presents FID as one of the primary ways of creating narrative empathy in a text. Keen first distinguishes carefully between the empathy and the sympathy readers can feel for characters, calling empathy those emotions readers feel that correspond to those of a character and sympathy those emotions readers have about a character (Keen 208-209). Her illustrative example is the difference between "I feel your pain" (empathy) and "I feel pity for your pain" (sympathy), although she asserts that both positive and negative emotions fit into the empathy/sympathy binary (Keen 209). After presenting a history of the study of empathy and the tangled debate over whether or not an individual can think and feel separately, Keen, who believes in the divide between thinking and feeling that creates her binary, goes on to discuss her theory of narrative empathy, which reads "emotionally evocative fiction" as narratologically marked by elements of character identification and narrative situation (214-216).

While Keen asserts that, barring first-person narration, FID is the best way to create empathy by allowing the reader direct contact with the consciousness for which the emotion is inspired, this essay argues that *Madame Bovary* operates on an extended plane of narrative empathy where empathy is created for Emma by use of both kinds of Ryan's storyline windows: FID from characters occupying the window of focalization with a constant focus of the storyline window on Emma, whether the FID is her own or that of another character. As shown above, Emma offers a great deal of FID from the window of focalization, but the storyline window

narrations of the men in her life significantly enrich the reader's portrait of Emma and allow a reader to share not just in Emma's own romantic notions but directly in the love and appreciation these men have for her. Perhaps the best example of this takes place after Emma's death, at the close of the novel. Here, even though she is no longer available as a focalizer, the storyline window remains on her as Charles, her husband, and Rodolphe, her first extra-marital lover, meet in a café:

> Charles, with his head in his hands, repeated in a muffled voice and in a resigned tone of infinite sadness: "No, I don't blame you. Anymore."
>
> He even added a rhetorical phrase, the only one he ever uttered: "Fate is to blame."
>
> Rodolphe, who had manipulated that fate, found him much too easygoing for a man in his situation—rather comic and even a bit contemptible.
>
> The next day Charles sat down on the bench in the arbor. Rays of light passed through the trellis; the vine leaves cast their shadows over the gravel, the jasmine scented the air, the sky was blue, beetles buzzed about the blossoming lilies. Charles was choking up like an adolescent in love in the vague flood of emotion that swelled in his unhappy heart. (Flaubert 322)

In this passages, the narrator focalizes through an extra-textual perspective to tell us that Charles never has and never will speak another "rhetorical phrase," something that includes a knowledge of time beyond that available in the story world or to Charles himself in this moment. Then, Rodolphe judges Charles "rather comic and even a bit contemptible," a short snip of a line that is not the narrator's judgment but instead that of the character in that

fictional moment. Finally, Charles himself has no language for the "vague flood of emotion" that is the complicated grief he feels for the loss of his unfaithful wife, an observation that falls between FID and what Keen calls "psycho-narration," the representation or generalization of a character's feelings by the narrator (219). Keen considers this a valuable tool for communicating the narrative situation of a fiction, especially when a reader has already been attached to a character (219). While readers have not necessarily been attached to Charles and his emotional state, all of the preceding narrative has connected readers to feelings about Emma, of which this is another example. This scene is designed to close off the story of Emma, which her death scene did not apparently do, as the damage she caused to the various men in her life had not been resolved. This late scene serves to enrich the readers' feelings about and for the now-dead title character, offering one last chance to feel for, about, and with Emma.

Focalization, storyline windows, and FID define the narrative positions and techniques that help connect the reader to Emma in *Madame Bovary*, but bringing Susan Stanford Friedman's theory of narrative spatialization into dialogue with these techniques and Keen's theories reveals just how that connection is the reader forms a connection with this text. Through her work with gendered narratives and feminist narratology, Friedman has become the primary proponent of a modified version of Julia Kristeva's spatialization of the word, which she calls the spatialization of narrative. This theory calls for bringing discussions of place to equal footing with questions of time in narrative to articulate a full picture of the plains of the narrative, much in the spirit of the Bakhtinian chronotope. In her 2002 article "Spatialization: A Strategy for Reading Narrative," Friedman argues that

the horizontal narrative axis involves the linear movement of the characters through the coordinates of textual space and time. The vertical narrative axis involves the space and time the writer and reader occupy as they inscribe and interpret what Kristeva calls the "subject in process" constituted through the "signifying practice" of the text and its dialogues with literary, social, and historical intertexts. (219)

For Friedman, then, the chronotope, both the space and time, of the constructed narrative on the horizontal plane are what the reader uses to construct the vertical narrative. Meaning, then, is made from the text in the space-time of the reader, and Flaubert's meaning in *Madame Bovary* would be made out of the space he narrates with focalizers, whether character or narrator, and the sense of narrative progress he establishes by keeping the reader at Emma's window. All these horizontal axis elements add up to make Emma and her story the foundation upon which the reader will build the resonances of the vertical axis of the narrative's significance. Coupling this with Keen's discussion of narrative empathy, we can see that the creation of narrative empathy happens on the vertical axis of *Madame Bovary* specifically because of the techniques Flaubert used to construct his horizontal axis, the way in which he tells Emma's story. And it is the vertical axis of reader response that the philosophy of Realism was seeking techniques to access, as the goal was to write about common people in common places in ways that could make the reader see them as equal in importance to the heroic and legendary people and places of epics and romance. After all, Flaubert himself is famously and often quoted as saying that "Yonville is worth Constantinople" (Becker 15).

Narrating in FID was not on the list of philosophical tenets created by Realist writers or the critics who analyzed them, but a narratological analysis of *Madame Bovary* reveals that Flaubert uses this technique often—and to the benefit of the reader's emotional connection with Emma Bovary. While Flaubert attempted to establish authorial distance and resist judging his characters, he adopted their lenses of focalization and framed a storyline window around the title character of his great Realist novel, *Madame Bovary*. In so doing he gained the closest thing to authorial distance he could by engaging the fictional minds of Emma and her men and resisting judgments not mediated by them or the novel's homodiegetic or heterodiegetic narrators. In this way, he succeeds in connecting readers to his common people in common places, which is the primary goal of Realism, as defined by Zola and Flaubert himself. In short, by marshalling the goals of the Realist movement and engaging in the kind of authorial control that Wayne Booth sees as obligatory to the act of creation, Flaubert surrenders the absolute authorial detachment he was after in exchange for a modified and attenuated detachment that allows his readers to gain emotional engagement. Thus, he moves the horizontal axis of Emma's narrative to the vertical axis of reader empathy through narrative techniques that moved away from his philosophical aims but made Realism the significant and influential literary movement it became.

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Disappeared

Florina Catalina Florescu, Independent Scholar

> *To M, without whom I am just a name*
> Is there such a thing as an invisible animal? In the
> sea, yes, thousands! Millions! All the larvae, all the
> little nauplii and tornarias, all the microscopic
> things, the jelly-fish. In the sea there are more
> things invisible than visible! And in the ponds too!
> All those pond-life things, specks of colourless
> translucent jelly! But in the air? No!
> H. G. Wells, *The Invisible Man*

And then, she disappeared into thin air… No, come on, no with that cliché again! Let us start with the real beginning. I have found the ideal exit to sneak out from this world, while still somewhat retaining material particles of living. At first, I did not recognize this gate. In fact, I have often stumbled on it. It was quite unnatural to be part of the invisible world, or, to be more precise, to accept it consciously.

It all started when I noticed the malleable dimension of words. I have been reading to M, my son, ever since he was six months old. I have rediscovered children's books from the angle of the mature person, and was mesmerized to encounter myself, too. I could not deny my age, which came as a crude shock. Whenever I read books to my son, I am always the narrator, while he is the actor, since anything is possible in his world. This is his privilege and a reason of jealousy for me. I feel stuck in my body and assigned roles of mother and wife. On the other hand, M is not yet a typology, but a chameleon character. He is the forth pig in *Three Little Pigs*,

or the second cat in *Puss in Boots*, or the third kid in *Tikki Tikki Tembo*. I am a voice in the background, changing my inflections.

When M was very young, we had to relocate from mid-central to east coast U.S. A whole new world unveiled itself in seconds, in which, without a spell, but rather following a draconic regimented work style, I lost my husband. He tells me, "But, dear, we need money to pay our mortgage and eat… I cannot stay home with you." Is this our "happily ever after"?! He got a tenure-track position and is eager to impress. He plays the responsible card so well, that I do not see its flaws. He is not a villain by constitution; unfortunately, he desperately wants to self-eliminate himself from this domestic, boring tale. I have always been too weak to manipulate people. This time I am also too sleep deprived to initiate an argument with him. I let him go. "One ordinary day, the father went out on a self-glorifying trip." Great, we added a new line to this story.

From this point on, we begin a new chapter. It is summer and it is hot and humid. My sister calls me: "Listen, our father had a heart attack." I do not think I am resourceful enough to deal with an unprepared misfortune. Sure, there have been serious bodily weakening signs in the past few years, but we disregarded them. All parents *are* eternal, so that there are never true endings. Once a father or a mother abandons his/her flesh, s/he enters a volatile land. Still, fictionalized parents are tangible because they are made of words.

My then still carnal father is hospitalized. The doctors casually inform my sister that he would need a bypass surgery, but they also admit that that would not change his life course drastically. Actually, what has remained from his life. Narratives of pain are embarrassingly perverse and demeaning. Life in the perfect tense ("has remained") is like a tiny, used soap with

which you may wash your body one to two more times. Then you throw it out in the garbage. The doctors predict that he would live for only a couple of months because of his uncontrolled, erratic diabetes. I hold a tiny, cooing creature in my arms, and refuse to project myself back into loss. I do not want to reopen the shabby gate of "used to be," like I had to do when I was seventeen and my mother died of B.C., short for breast cancer (although one may generate other acronyms, such as "before crisis"). Can you imagine one's A.C. ("after crisis/cancer") life? Can you understand what it means to be a teenager and say good-bye to your mother prior to having fallen in love or chosen a college? Life after cancer is in remission; its side-effects, fear for unresponsive treatments and disgust for illnesses, may return episodically and, in nine cases out of ten, they provoke you to self-punish yourself.

I change diapers and think of death. *Again*. I hate any déjà-vu scenarios because they do not prepare people for anything, but instead torture them. It's an agony to be placed on the rim of losing a parent or to turn blank page after blank page soon to be filled with puddles of tears. All of a sudden, there enters a foreign narrator, who speaks gibberish, no matter how many sophisticated medical words he or she may employ. Kaput! You are not the author of your *own* story any longer. Lines are added or deleted without your being asked permission. How rude! What is worse, you are not the omniscient and credible narrator in your own eyes any longer. Invisible chains suffocate your body. You cannot breathe, eat and sleep. *Cannot*. Another imprisoning word.

The episode you traverse defers all of your previous actions. Innocent, calm children's stories are replaced by Charon, a mythological creature. He pushes an infamous boat toward

the gate of "the other land." I push a stroller and am even more confused and consumed than ever. My milk is wasted. I can produce salty, annoying tears.

This is how time stands still, while, perplexingly, oozing the joy of life out of your mind and body. I taste daily *breadcrumbs* of sensational time, as left everywhere by M. They say when kids are very young, they cannot discern day from night, the beginning of a month from its end. Everything is a continuous, marvelous sensation. In this unique temporal dimension, there is the ideal chronotope, which is not subjugated to any constraining logic. In early childhood, time is without time, and space without space. This is freedom because "I" is without "I" (or, perhaps, it is blurred as long as the ego has not yet been formed to claim and, ironically, sap your identity).

After a while, people start hearing the ticking of clocks, and the wing buds that were barely noticeable beneath their dorsal epidermis vanish. Having aborted these wings, people transform themselves into puppets. People discover that there is time within time, and naively think to patch its losing seconds through scheduling their lives. But this is just palliative. There is no cure for fighting against the passing of time. There is no antidote for getting old. People dream that they may fill time with their monotonous, monolithic routine, like bags are packed with too many toys, objects, or groceries. Life is a sum of fingerprinted items and broken, dissipated, foggy memories.

My own life is full with diapers, plastic bottles, small toys, and shelves with books. My new routine implies feeding my son, playing with him, kissing him a lot, reading to him, and taking him out. After he has fallen to sleep, I need ten to twenty minutes to temporarily shake off my daily motherhood residues, and start working on my dissertation. I reclaim my mind. I

retrieve my body. I am back *in* myself (or so I think). I write about people whose embodiment is so thin, that their lives almost float in the air. These people are patients. In fact, they have been sick for so long, that now they are shadows. Their once robust, in-one-piece bodies are preserved in selfish memories, while their current embodiment is teasingly fluid and inconsistent. Many a time, when I write about these superb, physically emaciated people, I hear in the back of my head, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," "The wheels on the bus," "The itsy-bitsy spider" and funny verses from *Mother Goose* collection. Still, I need magic to reconcile two opposite realms: that of a life lived on thresholds, namely in pills, tremors, fears, and decline (or what I am writing about); and the second one, in joy, discovery, and possession (or that of my beloved M).

Audre Lorde, to name one person of academic interest, cannot understand this general, shallow obsession to make people maintain certain looks after their bodies have betrayed them. Lorde writes about the fantastic women of mythology known as the Amazons, and how they had a breast cut to better see when using the arrows from their bows. She is aware of the irony and of the difference between fiction and reality. It is a common saying that people get rid of a reality more easily than of a fantasy. If that is the case, then why does not this woman cooperate?! This is, of course, sarcastic and, before my mother's B.C., it used to stand for the idiotic, unpardonable arrogance of the healthy person who is not mentally equipped to deal with pain and embarrassment. Lorde does not like a false breast, but she would need it in order to fit into the social standard.

While Lorde fights with a primitive system, the other half of me listens to silly, healing rhymes: "Horsie, horsie, don't you stop,/ Just let your feet go clippety clop;/ Your tail goes

swish, and the wheels go round/ Giddy-up you're homeward bound!" When I am with my son, I look fascinated at Beatrix Potter's personally illustrated books, while when I am alone, I contemplate in sheer despair photos with people who sit crucified in their hospital beds. Dr. Seuss amuses me with his non-sense and puerile rhymes, while some patients are so close to death that they babble. I am trapped between worlds, each with its own mysterious laws.

But where am I exactly? Does anyone know that I am here? I teach my son body and verbal languages. At first, he produces sounds and gestures, followed by syllables, mispronounced words to finally utter their complete version. I can hear "Humpty dumpty sat on the wall, Humpty dumpty had a great fall" and see myself as a child, back in time. I hear over and over again my all time favorite quatrain: "Fă-te, suflete, copil/ Şi strecoară-te tiptil/ Prin porumb cu moţ şi ciucuri/ Ca să poţi să te mai bucuri."[18] My body is like a translucent channel on which I slide to get reacquainted with my younger self. I am here and there simultaneously and cannot help enjoying this free magic act. I talk to my son, while my now imaginary grandmother sings me a lullaby. I close my eyes and almost feel her irreplaceable, warm caress. I am giddy with guilty pleasure that slowly effervesces throughout my body.

The boy inside the woman's womb in Pascal Brucker's novel, *The Divine Child: A Story of Prenatal Rebellion*, does not want to get out. She keeps encouraging him that this is a good world, a fascinating place to discover. I am like Sleeping Beatty, but *I* do not want to wake up. I want to dream, because in my fantasies I am already a story with multiple endings. I play with my son, while I see around me many fictional characters from young children's books.

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[18] Composed by Romanian writer Tudor Arghezi (1880-1967), this poem refers to the irreplaceable joys of childhood. In an approximate translation, the above lines read: "Dear soul, hurry and go back to your child-like origins; /Sneak out on your tiptoes/ To reach and walk through lands full with corn./ Once there, you will find supreme happiness." The main idea is that children possess imaginary worlds which facilitate them to feel a more potent/solid version of happiness based on playfulness.

Everything appears and disappears instantly: Cinderella and my mom, friendly shapes and former embodiments. I am a layered land of recycled stories and powdered people, whom I sniff like drugs every single time I am not sufficient to myself.

My mind is a fairy queen's wand which flips reality into fiction, and vice versa, and then rolls its flaky sides in butter and blueberry preserves. I look into M's almond shaped, hazelnut eyes, and confess to him: "I wanted to know you so much. This is why you appeared. Thank you." He replies: "You are welcome, mommy." And then he adds: "Actually, *I* wanted to know you." There are days when he tells me that *he* conceived me, and I wonder if there is a grain of truth in his remark. Before him, I was a workaholic and self-centered person, obsessed to know myself through uncountable hours of writing, reading, and other forms of existence outside of me.

Maybe M gave me birth and thus dissolved the mechanical function of time. Albert Einstein would not laugh too much at this idea. Once he bought a pretend-play ticket to an imaginary, soon to be revolutionary, ride. His invented passenger is locked in a train running with the speed of light. He loses touch with the human dimension of time as long as everything pertains to a cosmic, perchance, slippery version of being. He is inside the train, but he is also outside his body and this confining, telluric space. He bumps into unedited non-sense, but does not seem to be bothered. His projections outside reality propel his dreams into moons orbiting his body. He is in a universe without limits.

There is a great amount of protective non-sense in my life as well. Ever since M discovered the power of language, he has been adding uncountable silly verbal games to his repertoire. He tells me, "Mommy, you do not have feet, you have wheels" or "There are spines

on your back and now you look like a hedgehog" or "Would you like to eat some pebbles with maple syrup tonight?"or "Could we bring the moon in my room for a day?" and so many other original ideas. The non-sense game is relaxing and fresh because I can never predict what he will say next, and, consequently, I cannot anticipate my rigid role in this dialogue. Whenever we play these games, I feel as light and care free as an aphid circling around untargeted apples, probably even more exuberant than those spinning people in Henri Matisse's painting *Joie de vivre*.

Once upon a time, the magical, formulaic formula of most children's books… I got to get out of this circumscribed world. Maybe I'll do it tonight, at story time. One day my son lost a piece of Lego from a fire truck. "But, mommy, this piece is very important. Without it, the firemen cannot use their hose, and there will be fire everywhere." "Oh, I am sorry, dear, but let's try not to get upset. You know what we could do?" "What?" "We can use our imagination, and pretend we have discovered an ever better piece for your firemen's hose." "How could we do that? It's impossible!" "*Don't* be silly! As long as we own imagination, we own everything!" He is still reluctant to believe me. But I show him how an invisible piece of Lego could fix his assembling toy. I show him how imagination and words could replace any visible, tangible objects. Soon he will master this game, and I will welcome dragons and pirates and ships and meteors in my living room. I will be his mom, a thief, an astronaut, a lost dog, a witch, a train, anything.

I have found Alice's "Wonderland" and, this time, I will not let it go. Stories are people's episodes of immortality, even though, for whatever reason, we abandon their narrative threads. I feel my body like a cluster of yarns that roll me all over the places. I knit my space

through which to escape these petty, mediocre, deadly serious and mature social roles and functions.

I savor words and then I eat them raw. But there are moments when words are hard to chew because there is too much abysmal silence around me. I wish I was the new Harry Houdini, and, in my case, tried to disappear in words. I want to walk but my feet do not have any sole. I am crawling like an infant. I stop. I wait for my son to pick up his favorite current book, *Peter Pan*, and, tonight, as soon as he is ready to take Wendy, John, and Michael to "Neverland," I will join them, too. I really do not want to grow *more* than this! I am not going to pack anything. Before I disappear, I will leave a letter to my husband.

> *In a small town, a woman weeps. She is alone. She is married. She has a kid. But she is utterly alone. She feels paralyzed. This is not a medical condition, but an emotional one, since sidetracked. There used to be life in her. Not anymore. But she is happy. She contemplates life from its tiny parts: a cookie, a slice of bread, a piece of dark chocolate, a small plastic car, a dice, a blueberry. Life is comprised of savory elements and dust. The latter insinuates in our lives, always sitting on surfaces, laughing at us.*
>
> *There are no visitors here, and those who rarely come, once or twice a year, do not manage to anchor her sense of sociability, which continues to drift further and further away from her. She embodies Milan Kundera's the unbearable lightness of being. Her visitors and she speak, but they do not say anything earth shaken. They look into each other's livid eyes, but do not manage to unveil the turmoil deep within. They say good-bye, glad that another mocked social evening ended. She closes the door, relieved that they have left. The walls smile at her, in gratitude: there will be silence again.*

Royal paralysis, to be very blunt and explicit, means to do not move with a purpose and along with a partner. To be left alone for too many hours, which, in return, have given her the capacity to not care, and this is the supreme paralysis. The meat on her bones and the blood in her veins are no longer of this so-called human dimension. She is an alien: alone and detached. The face she meets in the mirror is of a past she barely connects with. Her face is like patina on old, isolated statues. Soon, her past would be forgotten, like the smell of the eight-shaped cookies her grandmother used to bake on her birthday. Once they were taken off the oven, her grandma rolled them in honey and in fine grounded nuts. The aroma: irresistible! The past: untouchable! The present: a museum with objects! The body: a dollhouse!

If she were to die today, no one would know who she was… she is an indefinite article, "a" woman, that's all. That is disgusting! She makes a decision. She has read enough as to enjoy some benefits and to request a non-refundable ticket into Word-Land, where words are in their embryonic phase, observing their sounds, which are not yet formed into verbal units. In Word-Land, words are in their infancy, still enjoying their status as words but without contexts, or tones, or the desire to hurt people who want to hurt others even more. Here, she is surrounded by sounds, which, in the absence of human beings, feel more like chirping of birds than like verbal units of communication. This is a fresh talking exercise, a non-medicated antidote for her too much endured royal paralysis.

<p align="center">The End</p>

The Beginning

Delete

Waves

Add

Dissolve

Shakespeare's "To Be or Not to Be"

Multiply

Earth's two hemispheres

The brain's complicated maze

Kites

Clouds that change their shapes and celestial décor

Gods eating ambrosia on Mt. Olympus

Words everywhere:

In me

And you

In songs

In prayers

In games

In rules and in desires

Light

These are some ingredients to developing stories of *pulsating* invisibility. Do an experiment.

Stand up. Shake your body. How many words have fallen off? Do not be afraid! Underneath our

skin, there are infinite territories unreleased from their cocoon-like words.

August Wilson's Mythic Conversions in *Joe Turner's Come and Gone*

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> Wilson is in the business of expanding—within established patterns—
> what African American folklore means and what it does. Like [Henry]
> Dumas and [Toni] Morrison, he is as much a mythmaker as he is a
> reflector of the cultural strands of the lore he uses.
> ---Trudier Harris

> [August] Wilson and [Romare] Bearden have addressed what Wole
> Soyinka describes as the "deep-seated need of creative man to recover
> this archetypal consciousness," and their art, which shares many
> characteristics, shares most of all its ability to speak across racial and
> cultural lines.
> ---Joan Fishman

With the sensibilities of an artist, Frederick August Kittel (August Wilson) was born in Pittsburgh's Hill District in April of 1945. As he grew, he quickly became keenly aware of how the racial, political, religious, and economic landscapes in which he dwelt largely determined his own path as well as the paths of the people living within his community. As a budding writer, Wilson was not only determined to represent those harsh realities in his poems and plays, he was also focused on a larger goal: to actively reconfigure the dominant cultural mythology—established, in Wilson's view, by whites—into a mythology that is distinctly African American. In Wilson's emerging world, blacks would play the parts. They were to be the characters, their problems would be portrayed onstage, and they would be the writers, directors, and actors. Once this philosophy is understood, it quickly becomes clear that August Wilson is more than

just a playwright seeking to entertain the masses; instead, he becomes a cultural mythmaker seeking to re-write the cosmology of African Americans.

The issue of black poet as cultural mythmaker is raised by Henry Louis Gates, Jr. in his book, *Figures in Black: Words, Signs, and the "Racial" Self*, when Gates asks, "What is the role of the black poet?" Gates answers this question thusly, "By forging value, by solidifying meaning, the black poet, in his or her own way, forges myth." In this excerpt, Gates clearly sees the role of black poets as primarily those who configure cultural mythologies. My work extends Gates' notion to the work of August Wilson. By considering Wilson as cultural mythmaker, we begin to understand Wilson's tendency to persistently delve into the history of African Americans in order to re-inscribe the stereotypes, shatter cultural fallacies, and re-invent a dynamic mythology, making it relevant to those who inhabit it. In each of his plays, Wilson constructs characters, situations—and even dream sequences—converting them into a sacred iconography, free from the bondage of racist references determined by white culture.

A key feature of this process is Wilson's tendency to convert stereotype to archetype. The rhetorical strategy is simple and consistent: Throughout all of his plays, Wilson retrieves dozens of pejorative, racist stereotypes and converts those stereotypes into sacred archetypes. The process has four basic parts, each functioning around the characters in each play. First, Wilson presents the characters as flat stereotype. This, typically, is overtly blatant and involves such tropes as watermelon jokes, references to fried chicken, witch doctors, and other established racist stereotypes. Second, the detailed background of the character—which had previously been hidden—is presented to the audience. This primes the audience for the conversions that are about to emerge. Third, the characters go through stages of growth,

typically marked by some kind of difficult mythic encounter, such as a near-death experience, complex dream sequence, or harrowing physical encounter. Finally, the character achieves heroic or archetypal status as he or she comes to embody communal concerns, universal human struggles, and/or collective cultural achievements.

For example, *Joe Turner's Come and Gone* opens with Bynum, who, as reported by Seth Holly, is outside "looking all over the yard for that pigeon" (1). Seth also says that Bynum is drawing "a big circle with that stick and now he's dancing around" (2). Bynum then proceeds to kill a pigeon and put its blood into a cup. It is along these lines that Bynum, when we first meet him, is cast in stereotype, and Seth Holly is positioned in such a way as to amplify the negative qualities of Bynum's stereotype. For example, as Bynum looks for the pigeon, Seth calls Bynum's activities, in succession, "The damnest thing I seen... old mumbo jumbo nonsense... [and] all that heebie-jeebie stuff" (1). The effect of this identification of Bynum's activities as "nonsense" by a member of his own race assists in depicting Bynum's character originally as stereotype, and this is an integral part of Wilson's creative process. In order for Bynum to be converted into archetype, he must begin as stereotype.

The audience, because they have only limited information concerning Bynum, originally is provided no alternate perspective by Wilson and—at least momentarily—has little choice but to side with Seth's "through the window" interpretation of Bynum's activities. Wilson's choice to cast Bynum as stereotype prompts Sandra Shannon to argue that the initial effect of Bynum's character is toward "comic relief":

> Audiences are at first not challenged to alter their impressions of Bynum as
> comic relief rather than conveyor of anything of serious value. Instead, the

> Bynum who appears early in *Joe Turner* reinforces lingering inclinations to caricature voodoo practice and to doubt the sanity of anyone who engages in it. (134)

Just as African-American art and ritual traditionally have been, at worst, denigrated, or, at best, kept at a certain distance by white culture, Bynum's activities can only be seen by the audience "at a certain distance," and this "distance" results in the perpetuation of a comic caricature or stereotype. In this way, Wilson's dramatic model in *Joe Turner* mimics and illuminates a certain cultural reality.

Wilson further assists the interpretation of Bynum as stereotype by suggesting that Bynum is not in complete control of his rituals, and this indicates some degree of incompetence:

> That pigeon flopped out of Bynum's hand and he about to have a fit. He down there on his hands and knees behind that bush looking all over for that pigeon and it on the other side of the yard... Look at him... he still looking. He ain't seen it yet. (1)

By juxtaposing the concrete Seth with the intuitive Bynum, Wilson—at the play's outset— evokes a stereotype of Bynum as a "pseudo-priest" whose mythology is not functioning properly. Sandra Shannon argues that Bynum originally appears as a "harmless lunatic" (134). Within this context, Bynum originally emerges as, at worst, a clown, or, at best, some kind of nonscientific witch doctor, who, as Seth erroneously claims, *drinks* "that [pigeon] blood" (3). What the audience will not realize until the play's ending is that Bynum's ritual in the yard is

real magick and has worked to bind a mother and daughter together. He is, in fact, a powerful conjurer, not a lunatic.

In truth, Bynum's blood ritual literally sets the stage for the many mythological conversions which occur in the play. In an article entitled, "August Wilson's Folk Traditions," Trudier Harris argues that Bynum's ritual is akin to converting the bird in the sky into a bird on the ground, thereby reconciling heaven and earth and, by extension, mother and daughter:

> By pouring pigeon blood into the ground, the power of flight inherent in the bird is reversed, grounded so to speak, in a way that will ensure the eventual gathering of the separated mother and daughter at the boarding house. Loomis is almost coincidental to the binding that Bynum has effected with Martha and Zonia, but Bynum nevertheless has him under a spell to the extent that he feels obligated to bring his daughter to her mother. (63)

In addition to setting a chain of mythological events into motion on the stage, Bynum's ritual also serves to draw the audience into Wilson's mythological realm. By witnessing this powerful blood ritual, the audience is immediately connected to ancient rituals from the past and thereby transported into the realm of myth. The ritualistic letting of blood reaches deep into the audience's collective psyche. This is no accident. If we apply the wisdom of Henry Louis Gates, Jr., to Wilson, we see that Wilson once again fulfills the "black poet's mythopoeic function" which is to "create, by definition, reality for the members of his or her community, to allow them to perceive their universe in a distinctively new way" (177). As such a cultural mythmaker, Wilson works to reconstruct and celebrate a meaningful social mythology by incorporating such mythic *motifs* as Bynum's blood ritual.

As one might expect from a play that opens with the ritualistic spilling of blood, *Joe Turner's Come and Gone* may be Wilson's most overtly "mythic" play, because, in addition to the opening scene involving the sacrifice of the pigeon, Wilson incorporates into *Joe Turner* such powerful scenes as Bynum's baptism of blood, dream visions as experienced by Bynum and Herald Loomis, Bynum's "binding song," and the ritual scarification Herald Loomis—not to mention the direct identification of such characters as the "Shiny Man," and Rutherford Selig as the "People Finder." These direct invocations of literary metaphor—where one sign system serves for and is eventually converted into another sign system—are direct evidence of the overtly mythic aspects of *Joe Turner* and serve as axioms for Wilson's mythological conversions from stereotype to archetype throughout the play.

As the play continues, then, Bynum emerges as an African-American archetype *par excellence*, which Shannon identifies as "the spirit of Africa" (135). Once the scene shifts to allow the audience to interpret Bynum with the filter of Seth removed, the character of Bynum changes *immediately*. Wilson's description of Bynum as Bynum takes the stage offers a stark contrast to the "through the window" descriptions of Seth:

> Bynum enters from the yard carrying some plants. He is a short, round man in his early sixties. A conjure man, or rootworker, he gives the impression of always being in control of everything. Nothing ever bothers him. He seems to be lost in a world of his own making and to swallow any adversity or interference with his grand design. (4)

It is important to note that the onus here is upon the actor to communicate the power and depth of Bynum's character instantly, and just as Wilson abets Seth in Seth's interpretation of

Bynum as stereotype, Wilson also directly assists the character playing Bynum in his conversion to archetype. For example, upon entering the house, Bynum is verbally assaulted by Seth, who accuses Bynum not only of stepping on his vegetable garden but also of bringing "weeds in my house" (4). Bynum meets this accusation with the patience of a Zen master, saying, "Morning, Seth. Morning, Sister Bertha" (4).

At this point, Wilson has represented two first impressions of Bynum and has then left them to consider the profound dissonance between Seth's interpretation of Bynum's activities and how Bynum actually appears on stage. This removal of a social filter is a powerful device in Wilson's process of destroying stereotypes and replacing them with mythological archetypes. With Bynum, Wilson takes the audience through the process of constructing a stereotype based upon second-hand information, shattering that stereotype based upon newly-acquired first-hand information, and (by the end of the play) eventually reconstructing that stereotype as archetype.

The juxtaposition of Seth and Bynum continues throughout the play. When the discussion turns to Jeremy, Seth interprets the young man as a "drunkard," a "fool," and another one of "These niggers coming up here with that old backward country style of living" (5). Here, as in other scenes, Seth tends to reinforce stereotypes, while Bynum tends to shatter stereotypes by offering revealing insights into the souls of the characters... insights that can possibly lead a man such as Jeremy to find his personal "song."

Bynum's insight into Jeremy is individualized, not generalized—archetypal, not stereotypical. Bynum says of Jeremy: "That boy got a lot of country in him. He ain't been up here but two weeks. It's gonna take a while before he can work that country out of him" (5). In

this instance, by providing insight into a character which the audience has not yet met, Bynum serves as an interpretive model for the audience to mimic when Jeremy does arrive. By having the audience follow Bynum's lead toward understanding Jeremy as a particular individual instead of as a generalized stereotype, Wilson—through Bynum—is leading the audience away from Seth's stereotypical views and toward appreciating the archetypal figure trapped within the social stereotype, and Bynum, functioning as priest or mythic medium, has led us to this understanding. Thus the first major step in Bynum's conversion has been accomplished, and through Bynum, the audience is prepared to accept other characters on the level of archetype.

Later, upon Selig's request, Bynum recounts his life-changing vision-quest. During this encounter, Bynum meets a "shiny man" who asks for food, and Bynum provides an orange. This act of selflessness is the first step toward Bynum's almost supernatural expansion of consciousness. After the man eats the orange, the two men begin walking. Bynum then says, "We walked on a bit and it's getting kind of far from where I met him when it come up on me all of a sudden, we wasn't going the way he had come from, we was going back my way" (8). This realization of the change in direction is symbolic of Bynum's need to look for "The Secret of Life" or his "song" within his own psyche—within his own heart, and not within the hearts and minds of externalized gods who inhabit distant heavens. In Act Two, scene two, Bynum confirms this by telling Loomis, "It was my song. It had come from way deep inside me" (71).

The next step in Bynum's journey is the blood baptism. According to Bynum, the shiny man "rubbed [my hands] together with his and I looked down and see they got blood on them. Told me to take and rub it all over me... say that was a way of cleaning myself" (9). Immediately following this blood baptism, everything looked "twice as big" to Bynum. In his famous book,

The Hero with a Thousand Faces, celebrated mythologist Joseph Campbell extends the notion of baptism as cleansing toward the concept of baptism as rebirth:

> The popular interpretation of baptism is that it 'washes away original sin,' with emphasis rather on the cleansing than on the rebirth idea. This is a secondary interpretation... Mythological symbols have to be followed through all their implications before they open out the full system of correspondence through which they represent, by analogy, the millennial adventure of the soul. (251)

If we follow Campbell's argument, Bynum's experience is more than a "cleansing"; it is the moment when Bynum is reborn into his mythic identity. The world looks immediately different to Bynum as a result of this experience, and the world does not return to its "normal" shape until Bynum is able to master his new identity.

After the baptism, the bright light begins to shine forth from the shiny man. After the light dwindles and the man disappears, Bynum "wandered around there looking for that road," and then he found his daddy "standing there" (9). Bynum's daddy said he had been thinking about Bynum and it "grieved him to see [Bynum] in the world carrying other people's songs and not having one of my own. Told me he was gonna show me how to find my song" (9-10). Finding his father represents Campbell's notion of "father atonement" that is so pervasive in Wilson's plays. Just as Troy struggles to come to terms with issues concerning the role of fatherhood in his own life in *Fences*, Bynum must encounter his own father and reach the state of father atonement in order to continue his mythic journey.

As he attains a psychic link with his father, Bynum learns that the shiny man is called the "One Who Goes Before and Shows the Way" and that there were "lots of shiny men and if

[Bynum] ever saw one again before [he] died then [he] would know that [his] song had been accepted and worked its full power in the world" (10). Bynum's father then shows Bynum how to return to the road, where everything is "its own size" (10). At this point, Bynum has found his song. He calls it "the Binding Song" and says, "I chose that song because that's what I seen most when I was traveling... people walking away and leaving one another. So I takes the power of my song and binds them together" (10). For Trudier Harris, Bynum's encounter with the shiny man "begins Wilson's transformation of traditional supernatural and religious phenomena into folkloristic phenomena" (50). In short, Wilson is constructing a mythological system by incorporating existing supernatural and religious phenomena, such as dream visions and healing men, into his drama.

In this dream sequence, Bynum experiences a microcosm of the mythic journey. He meets the prophet, who Kim Pereira interprets as John the Baptist, in the form of the shiny man who will lead him to the answers he seeks (71-72). He experiences a baptism of blood and is reborn not in Christian terms of water that flows from a sacred fountain, but in profoundly personal terms of African blood that comes from his own hands. At this stage, Bynum experiences an extraordinary expansion of consciousness and – through his father – learns his song or personal identity. Bynum can now serve Wilson's emerging mythology as the shiny man, or as the "One Who Goes Before and Shows the Way." He has undertaken the mythological journey of the hero and has returned. The elixir he brings to restore the kingdom is in the form of a song.

Furthermore, within Wilson's emerging mythological system, Bynum's ability to discern the archetype from the stereotype makes him even more than a priest or mythological hero; it

makes him god-like. Bynum has had visions that other men have not experienced, and as a result, Bynum can now see the world in transcendent terms. Like the mythical Christ, Bynum becomes a healer, taking his song to others in an attempt to bind them – in an attempt to help others find their songs. In this sense, Bynum may be the holiest character within Wilson's mythology, serving as the ultimate role model – as archetypal savior – within Wilson's mythological system.

As is typical with savior archetypes, however, it is important that Bynum remain human, and Wilson provides evidence to support Bynum's mortality. The most compelling evidence of this is his ability to recognize his own limits as a healer. When Seth objects to Bynum's "binding" song, saying, "Maybe [people] ain't supposed to be stuck sometimes. You ever think of that?" Bynum calmly replies, "Oh, I don't do it lightly. It cost me a piece of myself every time I do it. I'm a Binder of What Clings. You got to find out if they cling first. You can't bind what don't cling" (10). The acknowledgement by Bynum of his human limitations marks his as clearly mortal, and this is integral in his construction as archetypal savior. In the end, however, Bynum's ability to recognize his limitations as a human being and transcend those limitations in order to become a functioning—or healing—part of the universal godhead marks him clearly as a savior archetype, one who, like Jesus and Buddha, have one foot on the earth and the other in the heavens.

Further evidence of Bynum's archetypal nature is provided by Wilson when Jeremy and Bynum discuss women. Jeremy's view of women is literal and typical—or stereotypical—for a young man; Bynum's view is figurative and archetypal. While Jeremy sees an individual woman strictly as a sexual object, Bynum sees an individual woman as a "whole world with everything

imaginable under the sun" and admonishes Jeremy to "come to your own time and place with a woman" (46). In this role, Bynum serves as a paternal mentor in the most positive sense: He offers Jeremy a way of interpreting the world in archetypal and personal terms rather than stereotypical and generalized terms.

Bynum completely fulfills his archetypal role when he serves as exorcist (or mythic medium) for Herald Loomis. In Act One, scene four, Mattie and all the residents of the house, except Loomis, begin the call and response dance known as the Juba. In the middle of the dance, Loomis enters, as Wilson writes, "In a rage" (52). Then Loomis begins to unzip his pants and speak in tongues. None of the characters, except Bynum, is able to comprehend this spectacle. Bynum begins by asking Loomis a simple question: "What you done seen, Herald Loomis?" Then the two of them enter into a form of narrative Juba, where Loomis tells the dream of "Bones walking on top of the water" as Bynum coaxes him – through a call and response dialogue – to tell the dream-like story of the African Middle Passage (53).

By serving as a mythological helper who assists Herald Loomis on his dream journey, Bynum comes to fully attain his archetypal identity as one who helps others find their mythological "songs." In addition, Bynum has become more than a helper; he has become a healer, just like his father before him. By serving as a helper, a healer, and a mythological role model, Bynum – possibly more than any of Wilson's other characters – comes to represent the ultimate archetypal figure within Wilson's emerging mythology and serves as a prototypical example of Wilson's tendency toward converting racial stereotype into mythological archetype.

Throughout the play, Wilson uses the character of Seth Holly as a mirror with which to reflect, at first, the stereotypes and, eventually, the archetypes of Wilson's emerging

mythological system. At this level, Seth Holly frequently serves a flat role as the owner of the boardinghouse, reacting predictably and emotionally to the characters who cross his path. For example, after identifying Bynum's activities as "mumbo jumbo nonsense" and Jeremy (and others like him) as "backward," "ignorant," and "foolish," Seth responds to Herald Loomis' by suggesting that Loomis might be trying to rob a church, and, later in the play, Seth responds to Loomis' outburst during the Juba by saying, "Nigger, you crazy!" and "You done plum lost your mind" (52). In this way, Seth's character is constructed as a flat stereotype who is frequently unable to effectively interpret the reality which surrounds him.

Wilson, however, is not content to leave Seth exclusively at the level of stereotype. Like Lyons in *Fences*, Seth from time to time steps ever so softly into the realm of archetype. For example, it is interesting to note that Seth has magical qualities concerning numbers. He can do math in his head without hesitation. Seth's encounters with Rutherford Selig, the People Finder, are marked by Seth and Selig negotiating the number of dustpans Seth can make from the metal at hand and how much Selig is going to pay Seth for each pan:

> That's six dollars minus eight on top of fifteen for the sheet metal come to a dollar twenty out the six dollars leave me four dollars and eighty cents. (11)

Selig, without hesitation, responds by counting out the money. Later in Act One, Seth repeats the display of his uncanny mathematical ability by computing another set of numbers, and, once again, Selig responds by paying Seth without hesitation. This kind of magical ability to compute numbers on the spot brings Seth out of the role of flat stereotype – if only for a moment – and allows him to shine as an individual with certain special powers within Wilson's mythology.

Furthermore, Selig's willingness to pay Seth without hesitation points to Seth's intense honesty, and this honesty lifts Seth—despite his inability to effectively interpret the spiritual world—into the realm of archetype. Once again, Wilson, through Seth, demonstrates a certain tolerance for all kinds of persons within his mythology. After all, a functioning and dynamic contemporary mythology must have its Seths as well as its Bynums…its businessmen as well as its priests.

It is curious to note that Rutherford Selig, the People Finder, begins the play within an archetypal role and eventually deconstructs into stereotype. The first mention of Selig comes through Bynum, who identifies him as the "People Finder." Bynum then reveals his personal participation in the mythic identity of Selig, reminding Selig that he "done give you my dollar," and asking if Selig has yet seen the shiny man. Later in the same scene, Bynum recommends the services of Rutherford Selig to Jeremy, because Selig is "the only one who know where everybody live at" (16).

At this point in the play, Selig, through his endorsement by Bynum, is constructed as having special, possibly magical powers. It is tempting to interpret Selig as existing on the same level as Bynum, one a "people finder" and one a "people binder." This interpretation, however, is shattered by Wilson in two sequences. First, Selig himself reveals the nature of his business and his corrupt connection to the past. Near the end of Act One, scene two, Selig says:

> we been finders in my family for a long time. Bringers and finders. My great-grandaddy used to bring Nigras across the ocean on ships. That's wasn't no easy job either. Sometimes the winds would blow so hard you'd think the hand of God was set against the sails. But it set him well in pay and he settled in this new

> land and found him a wife of good Christian charity... My daddy, rest his soul,
> used to find runaway souls for plantation bosses. He was the best there was at it.
> Jonas B. Selig... After Abraham Lincoln give you all Nigras your freedom papers
> and with you all looking all over for each other... we started finding Nigras for
> Nigras. (41)

By reaching through the existing archetype as established by Selig's reputation as a "people finder," Wilson reveals the man as a base stereotype, a man whose only powers lie within his ability to exploit others. This shattering of the archetype is completed moments after Selig's narrative, when Bertha Holly provides her analysis of the People Finder to Bynum and Loomis, saying:

> You can call him a People Finder if you want to. I know Rutherford Selig carries
> people away too. He done carried a whole bunch of them away from here. Folks
> plan on leaving plan by Selig's timing. They wait till he get ready to go, then they
> hitch a ride on his wagon. Then he charge the folks a dollar to tell them where he
> took them. Now, that's the truth of Rutherford Selig. This old People Finding
> business is for the birds. (42)

Bertha's statement completes Selig's conversion from a potentially mythic archetype with magical powers into a depraved stereotype who is just another in a long line of racists who are and how have been willing to exploit a subjugated race for personal gain. When Bertha confirms Selig's identity, Selig loses his special powers, becoming a man whose only skill is finding people he took away in the first place.

In his essay, "Boundaries, Logistics, and Identity: The Property of Metaphor in *Fences* and *Joe Turner's Come and Gone*," Alan Nadel argues that Selig is connected with "the mythic" Joe Turner. First, Nadel argues that Selig has control of human exchange, and that Selig "represents the institutions and practices that have initially reduced blacks to the property whose properties he trades upon" (99). Extending this argument, Nadel claims, "When Loomis gives Selig the dollar to find Martha, he is paying Selig to find somebody whom Joe Turner took away" thus, the system "marginalized the victims of slavery while [it] valorized the practitioners" (100). In this instance, the sources of oppression are connected within Wilson's mythological world.

The character of Herald Loomis is clearly on a mythical quest toward self-identity. The elixir he seeks is, ultimately, his humanity as represented by his personal "song." In order to reconstruct this "mythic identity," Loomis must "re-weave" (his surname name contains the word "loom") the disparate strands of his life, strands that have been pulled apart and scattered about by Joe Turner and the demons of forced labor. In her essay, "Ghosts from 'Down There': The Southerness of August Wilson," Patricia Gantt connects Wilson's use of the song-as-identity metaphor to Houston A. Baker's notion of the long, black song:

> Song—particularly the significance of finding one's own song to sing—becomes a vital element in *Joe Turner* from the time Bynum recounts his vision. The music sought is Houston A. Baker. Jr.'s 'long black song,' one in which interconnections of past, present, and people spiral together into a unified whole (73).

This song, then clearly serves as a dynamic metaphor which can be sung, danced to, and celebrated on a regular basis. In this sense, the song itself functions as an archetype, tying African Americans together across time and distance.

Alan Nadel sees this "song" as granting a certain "authority" to Herald Loomis in his quest for basic human rights. For Nadel, to steal that song is to "deprive Loomis of the claim" of his basic human rights and "thereby to legitimize the treatment of him as property... In denying Joe Turner access to the source of his claim to human rights, he has also had to deprive himself of that access" (101).

In being deprived of his basic human rights, Herald Loomis has endured a kind of mythological erasure. His wife and daughter have been stolen from him and his soul – his psychic identity – has been obliterated through his nightmare experience with the monstrous Joe Turner. Loomis has become a wandering ghost in reverse: Whereas ghosts are generally defined as spirits without physical form, Loomis is more similar to the golem from Hebrew folklore, a being of physical substance who lacks a spirit (from Yiddish *goylem*, from Hebrew *golem*, meaning shapeless mass).

The major life-saving features of Herald Loomis' experience are songs and dreams. In Act One, scene four, Loomis responds violently to the Juba because it is a mythic expression of a personal and cultural identity which he does not yet have. The dream which Loomis experiences consists of "bones walking on the water" and can be interpreted as Loomis' ancestral past calling to him. Trudier Harris describes sees this vision as a creation myth, which represents another level of the need to "liberate the self, to find the best in the self and move forward with it. The story is a creation myth, reshaped to suggest that human beings can stand

in the role of god in shaping their own destinies; for black men to do so, they must also reshape the dehumanizing myth of the middle passage and move toward mental freedom. When Herald Loomis is able to stand on his own, that forward progress will be available to him" (55). For Loomis to be saved, he must become the shiny man. He must become his own god.

In Chapter Five of *The Dramatic Vision of August Wilson*, Sandra Shannon argues that this dream vision effectively makes Loomis "the chosen medium for thousands of tormented slaves whose stories for centuries lay submerged beneath the currents below the Atlantic Ocean" (125-26). According to this interpretation, Loomis becomes the mythological medium whose task it becomes to represent those souls who have communicated the tragedy of their collective deaths to Herald Loomis through his dream-vision. Clearly, the Jungian notion of the collective unconscious is at work here, calling out to Herald Loomis through his dreams.

In *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, Joseph Campbell claims that the "spontaneous appearance of the figure of the herald" signals the "psyche that is ripe for transformation" (55). In *Joe Turner*, the spontaneous appearance of Herald Loomis at Seth's boardinghouse suggests that the collective psyche of the group is ripe for transformation. All of the characters are searching for something, and the arrival of the herald marks the event cosmically.

On a microcosmic level, Loomis serves as a specific and symbolic parallel to Wilson's overall dramatic project, because just as Wilson is attempting to reconstruct a meaningful mythology for and about African American culture, Herald Loomis is attempting to reconstruct his personal identity. Wilson's project is on a cultural level while Loomis' project is on a very personal level. The situation of each reflects and compliments the other. In her essay, "August

Wilson's Folk Traditions," Trudier Harris comments upon how Wilson uses his art to serve such characters as Herald Loomis in their search for personal identity:

> Patterns in the lore reflect patterns in African American history, including strategies for survival, ways of manipulating a hostile Anglo-American environment, and a world view that posited the potential for goodness prevailing in spite of the harshness of American racism and the exclusion of blacks from American democracy and the American dream. African American folklore, as Ralph Emerson astutely pointed out, revealed the willingness of blacks to trust their own sense of reality instead of allowing the crucial parts of their existence to be defined by others. (49)

In trusting his own sense of reality, Herald Loomis (like Gabriel from *Fences*) allows himself to deconstruct as existing stereotype and reconstruct his psychic identity as holy archetype. When he stands at the end of the play, we know that he has, indeed, reconstructed his identity and found his song. He has been converted from what one reviewer identified as a character with the stereotypical "symptoms of a drug addict" into what Sandra Shannon identifies as a kind of archetypal Everyman:

> Thus, Herald Loomis, the play's most enigmatic character, rises to the level of archetypal Everyman in his quest to locate his wife. He is not just an errant ex-southern farmhand: Loomis embodies all the lost souls of his
>
> people... His quest for his wife, then becomes every black person's search for his or her ancestral beginnings, or song. (130)

Near the end of the play, Herald Loomis takes a knife and "slashes himself across the chest" (93). Then, he "rubs the blood over his face and comes to a realization" (93). Here, Loomis realizes that he has, at long last, found his song "of self-sufficiency" (93). He has been "resurrected, cleansed, and given breath, free from an encumbrance other than the workings of his own heart and the bonds of the flesh" (94).

Trudier Harris sees this act as an expression of personal identity through which Loomis becomes a god. She argues "In rejecting traditional Christianity and bleeding himself, Loomis achieves ultimate responsibility for his being in the world, which may be viewed as a state of godhead" (58). In short, Herald Loomis becomes divine in his own right, and this same opportunity exists for most of Wilson's characters: the sacred identity is always present – always available – it is simply a matter of locating and invoking the proper rites and rituals so as to prompt the mythic experience of psychic rebirth. Therefore, instead of being bound to those environs that, as Wilson writes, push the "spirit into terrifying contractions," Wilson's characters—as guided by the shiny man—can accept "the responsibility for [their] own presence in the world" and be "free to soar" (94).

At the play's conclusion, Loomis becomes the shiny man whom Bynum had been looking for, and Bynum not only has had a hand in the resurrection of this sacred image, Bynum is also the single character who readily recognizes Loomis' emergence as a shiny man. In the play's last line, Bynum says, "Herald Loomis, you shining! You shining like new money!" By engaging and applying the lessons learned from his personal dream-vision, Bynum has come to serve a powerful mythic function: He has created a spiritual space for Herald Loomis to engage and

apply the lessons of his own personal dream-vision, and has thus helped Loomis to find his song.

The character of Jeremy sings and is also in search of a personal song. He also undergoes a certain kind of mythological conversion, although he does not move as far along the mythic spectrum as do Bynum or Herald Loomis. In the first scene, Jeremy is constructed as a man who "can meet life's challenges head on. He smiles a lot. He is a proficient guitar player, though his spirit has yet to be molded into song" (12). Although Jeremy shares Herald Loomis' quest of finding a psychic identity through finding the right woman, Jeremy has not yet experienced a life-defining dream-vision or a ritual scarification. The last we hear from Jeremy, he has decided to take up with Molly Cunningham, a woman of strong will. Wilson leaves Jeremy's future with Molly as hopeful but uncertain.

Trudier Harris believes that Wilson uses Jeremy as a means of debunking "the romantic myth of the traveling blues man":

> Black traveling blues men, so the mythology goes, strung their guitars and a small bundle of clothing over their shoulders and left the rural South for better territory in the urban centers of the South and North... Jeremy, by contrast, has the country aura and a fast-talking desire for women, but he is lacking in values. He plays his guitar more out of a love for money than a love for music, and there is never any clear indication of how good a musician he really is. (61)

Jeremy, then, is stereotypical in his attitudes concerning women, but he is not stereotypical when it comes to his role as musician. Wilson therefore uses Jeremy to shatter yet another persistent cultural stereotype: the romantic myth of the "traveling blues man."

The character of Zonia begins the play simply as the daughter of the tortured and raging Herald Loomis. As with several other of Wilson's characters, Zonia could be left in the realm of stereotype, existing in the background of Loomis' journey as a symbolic image which is to be handed over to her mother, Martha Pentecost. As such, Zonia would come to represent the psychic bond between mother and father and not much beyond. Wilson goes beyond this construct, however, and allows Zonia the opportunity to participate in a cultural experience common to her ancestors: the experience of separation and reunion.

In the Introduction to *August Wilson and the African-American Odyssey*, Kim Pereira outlines his thesis of separation and reunion:

> The history of black Americans reveals a pattern of migration and separation, beginning with the great involuntary migration from Africa that separated a whole race of people from their homes and culture... This pattern continued throughout their incarceration, as black families were abruptly sundered and husbands, wives, and children flung far and wide among the great plantations of the South, where voluntary movement was curbed and blacks could not travel without a pass... The themes of separation, migration, and reunion are central to Wilson's exploration of the search by blacks for their cultural identity and self-affirmation. (1, 4)

In *Joe Turner*, Zonia and Reuben experience this ancestral connection at the close of Act Two, scene four. After Reuben tells Zonia that he has seen the allegedly deceased Miss Mabel, Reuben comes up with the nickname "Spider" and bestows it upon Zonia. The two then

exchange two kisses and Reuben lays his head against her chest. At this point, Reuben claims Zonia as his own in the following exchange:

> Reuben: Now you mine, Spider. You my girl, okay?
>
> Zonia: Okay.
>
> Reuben: When I get grown, I come looking for you.
>
> Zonia: Okay.

This encounter connects both Zonia and Reuben to the collective unconscious of their ancestral past. By repeating the rhythms of interaction that have been experienced by Africans living in America for hundreds of years, Zonia and Reuben move into the realm of archetype, as they serve as models who suggest a future that is both hopeful and yet bound tightly to patterns of the past.

Reuben also experiences a conversion through his encounter with Miss Mabel. Wilson could have allowed Reuben to exist simply at the level of stereotypical child – as simply a playmate for Zonia. Instead, Wilson ensures that Reuben has a mythic encounter of his own. It seems that when Reuben's friend, Eugene, died, Reuben promised to let Eugene's pigeons go upon Eugene's death. Reuben, however – in stereotypically childish fashion – has not followed through with his promise. As a result, Miss Mabel comes back from beyond the grave to slap Reuben with her cane and to demand that Reuben keep his promise and let the pigeons go.

In this sense, Reuben experiences his own, personal encounter with the mythical forces from beyond the grave, and, as a result, is converted into an archetypal figure who has had a mythically-significant encounter: a pointed encounter with a ghost, which is an experience beyond that which most people can claim. In converting Reuben into archetype, Wilson has

planted a seed within him, a seed with the clear potential to grow into a tree of understanding for Reuben... an understanding of his personal past, his cultural past, his connection to the future, and his connection to the unseen world. His friend Eugene has called out to him through Miss Mabel, and Reuben has clearly heard the message.

Joe Turner is the titular character who steals souls, and this archetype parallels other white, archetypal characters in Wilson's plays: Sturdyvant, from *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom*, is a soul-thief, as is the character of Sutter in *The Piano Lesson*. With the exception of Sturdyvant, the audience knows about these characters only through stories and songs. Trudier Harris sees Turner not as a man, but as an archetypal force:

> Turner looms over Loomis' past, his present, and his future. As an archetypal symbol of racism and repression, he is not simply a man, but a force. He represents the evil that takes away all the potential identified with black men, whether that evil historically took the form of slavery, sharecropping, or convict labor as a result of being jailed without any semblance of due process (56).

Joe Turner, along with all of these devil archetypes in Wilson's plays, represents the greatest threat to those African-American characters who inhabit Wilson's mythology: the ability of a dominant mythology forms to obliterate the psychic cultural and personal identities of those who inhabit a subjugated mythology.

In conclusion, it is interesting to note that quite frequently in August Wilson's plays, characters whom the audience never meet have a great deal of impact on the characters. For example, Aunt Ester, who never takes the stage, has a huge impact in *Two Trains Running*. Sutter's Ghost has a similarly powerful impact in *The Piano Lesson*. This tendency proves true

for Joe Turner, who never takes the stage yet has a vast impact upon the lives of the main characters. This technique—which Wilson may have or may not have been consciously aware of—is, I would guess, intuitive. Keeping offstage the entity who is responsible for much of the characters' collective pain may reflect an unconscious mimicking of the situation of Africans living in America for hundreds of years. Because African Americans traditionally have not had regular access to positions of power within the American system, they have not had direct access to their oppressors. Removing the physical source of the oppression from the stage reflects this unconscious reality.

The impact of these characters is not reduced through their physical absence, however. Trudier Harris argues that it is not essential for Joe Turner to appear on stage for his impact to be profoundly felt:

> [Joe Turner] represents the collective failure of American democracy for all black people, the dismissal of the race from the American dream. It is not necessary for Turner to appear as a character in the play for the destructive history of his collective representation to be felt. As long as Herald Loomis lives, so will Joe Turner. (56)

As Wilson's unconscious awareness of the forms of historic oppression finds expression as art, it makes sense that Wilson deals with this historical "absence" of the oppressor by reconstructing a mythological system which metaphorically reflects, in dramatic form, the realities of the historical social situation. As a result, the source of the oppression must effectively be dealt with at some distance—through anecdotes, songs, and ghost stories. Herald Loomis, therefore, is unable to return to Tennessee to physically face Joe Turner. Such a move

would risk not only the loss of his physical freedom but would also risk his very existence. Loomis is forced, therefore, to construct a new life for himself without the satisfaction of physically encountering his oppressor and gaining the satisfaction or *katharsis* involved in such an act.

The experience of transcendence, defined by Jung as "coming to terms with the counterposition," is therefore denied to Herald Loomis (299). Berniece, in *The Piano Lesson*, is in a similar situation. She is unable to face the physical form of Sutter. She encounters him only in the shadow that is his ghost. She, like Herald Loomis, must attempt to regain her soul by playing music or experiencing a song (Berniece by playing the symbolically-important piano and Loomis by experiencing the ancestral provocation of the Juba). This sense of discontinuity and separation from one's own past further amplifies the need for Wilson's mythological project in which the solution to existential problems can often be found in a metaphysical "song."

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Dyadic Relationships in Girls' Detective Series Books:
The Case of Vicki Barr, Flight Stewardess

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The Vicki Barr Flight Stewardess series (1947-1964) introduced series heroine Victoria "Vicki" Barr, a diminutive but hardy Midwestern girl who, in the initial volume of the series, leaves her small town for the excitement and adventure of being an airline flight attendant. Created by Helen Wells, who also fashioned the Cherry Ames nursing series (1943-1968), the Vicki Barr series, like its predecessor Cherry Ames, featured a career girl / girl detective who solved mysteries in between, and sometimes during, her flights on fictitious Federal Airlines.[19] Through the sixteen volumes of the series (1947 – 1964), Vicki undergoes a succession of social and sociocultural transitions that ultimately work to transform the character. In her initial alteration in the opening volume(s) of the series, Vicki abandons a heterogeneous society dominated by the familial unit for a largely homogenous society of women and an environment built on a foundation of same-sex dyadic relationships. In this new world (one marked by shifts in geography, urban landscape, and the gender that dominates her new social and professional life), Vicki realizes the ambitions she sets out for herself in the first book in the series, *Silver Wings for Vicki*: to become a stewardess; to fly; to leave her home; and to craft a new identity for herself. These objectives are reached in no small part because of the dyadic relationships Vicki forms with like-minded women, who create a social unit that works together to further

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[19] Despite being credited with penning thirteen volumes in the series, Wells actually authored only eleven of the sixteen Vicki Barr books, including volumes 1-3 and 8-15. Julie Campbell Tatham, who later created the Trixie Belden series, penned volumes 4-7, while Walter B. Gibson, best known for creating the Shadow, wrote the final volume in the series, *The Brass Idol Mystery*.

the aims and machinations of the members of the group itself, especially Vicki. Now self-sufficient and more able to control her own destiny and function as a singular entity in the wider world, Vicki can more fully perform (with some emphasis on the connotation of that word that leads one to ponder constructions of gender and identity) as an independent female on the cusp of womanhood rather than as a dependent girl perpetually connected to the roles her family, her father, and her hometown expect her to fulfill. However, this newfound freedom leads Vicki on a perhaps unexpected journey, as she soon shifts away from these important dyadic relationships with her female friends towards a state of relative independence, a state that is necessary for her functioning as a girl detective series heroine.

Girl sleuths are generally singular figures. In an earlier work on girl sleuths, I note that the figure "enjoys a cadre of loyal friends but often prefers to act alone, saving the denouement of the mystery solely for herself" ("Mystery" 2). Bobbie Ann Mason agrees; writing specifically on Nancy Drew, Mason observes that despite Bess and George's virtual omnipresence, "Nancy sleuths virtually unaided" (56). Betsy Caprio connects Nancy Drew to "separateness" and writes positively of her being a "loner" (34, 35).[20] Without being able to reach and sustain this perpetual state of independence, the girl sleuth does not optimally function; she seemingly needs to become unattached from her own society in order to adopt the mantle of detective and act as society's protector. It is this particular form of freedom—freedom from societal expectations, freedom from familial confinement, freedom from her peers' needs and pressures—that permits the functioning of the girl sleuth at all. This somewhat radically alters

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[20] This aspect of the girl sleuth relates to both her distinctness—that she inhabits a unique space within her own world—and her hegemony and personhood, which is generally more fully actualized than any other character in her series. For more on this, see Caprio 31-51 and Nash 45-53.

the nature and form of friendship in the girls' detective series book, however. Though her initial formation of dyadic relationships with other women enables Vicki to achieve her initial career and identity goals, these relationships are quickly left behind once Vicki fully embraces the detective aspect of her identity make-up. This suggests that these relationships—vital to the development of Vicki's character—are nonetheless more functional than anything else, that they exist only to serve a larger purpose in the formation of Vicki's detective-self before they are discarded.

In the Vicki Barr series, this impression can be demonstrated through both the form and function of Vicki's friendships with her fellow flight stewardesses. In *forming* her primary dyadic relationship with fellow stewardess trainee Jean Cox, and then allowing that relationship to expand to a group of six girls composed of three dyadic couplings, Vicki creates a community that not only fosters her own ambitions but provides the independence and community necessary for a girl and a sleuth to cohabit one singular identity. This allows Vicki to inhabit a sphere of existence that I have previously labeled "hegemonical girlhood" and described "as an amalgamation of feminine and feminist that focused on hegemony and capability and the freedom of the girl (sleuth) to act as or do what ever she so desired" ("Identity" 36). In applying the term specifically to Nancy Drew, I further explain that this fashioned subjectivity for the sleuth is "'hegemonical' because the essence of Nancy's feminism and success is her ability to control the environment around her, and 'girlhood' because Nancy does so while working within and at times exploiting the complex confines (parental and societal restrictions) and freedoms (from financial and professional responsibility, for example) that came along with being a model of a twentieth-century American girl" (36-37). Thus Vicki's friends function, for a

time, as a means not only to assert authority over her own individual, essential self but also to forestall the onset of womanhood itself, allowing Vicki to develop into the role of girl sleuth, perpetually on the cusp of full-fledged womanhood but never quite reaching the apex of her social development.

The Form and Function of Friendship

When the reader is first introduced to Vicki Barr, she is both a college student (attending the University of Illinois) and a small-town girl (her hometown is Fairview, a "long drive to Chicago") (*Silver Wings* 34). Fairview is a small, rural city dominated by a largely agrarian economy—at one point, Vicki refers to the female population of the town as "'farm girls'" (*Silver Wings* 15). This in and of itself presents an interesting juxtaposition—the small-town girl at the massive state university. Both present opportunities for friendships and groups; however, little is revealed about Vicki's friends in the opening volumes of the series. Later, the reader is introduced to some of Vicki's hometown chums, including Lynn and Dickie Brown, Guy English, and Tootsie Miller, but these characters remain periphery throughout the series, referenced in just a few books, and even then barely registering a mention.[21] Vicki's college chums fare even worse; only Louise Curtin is ever mentioned as a college mate, and this only occurs in *The Clue of the Gold Coin*, years after Vicki has left the university.

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[21] It is interesting that Vicki's peer groups prior to attending flight stewardess training are generally male and female groups. Such groups are not uncommon in mid-century American girls' series, but the group dynamics and goals are certainly altered from a more heterogeneous collective. Perhaps the most famous example of such a group is found in the Trixie Belden series. In the series, though Trixie and her friend Honey Wheeler are the primary detectives, she must share power within the group with a cadre of older boys. Trixie is co-president of her group with Jim Frayne, and because of other male-female social dynamics that stay largely intact within the series and because the boys are older and have access to more parental freedom and transportation options, they tend to exhibit more socially constructed forms of power within the group's dynamic overall.

Vicki's friends in the opening chapters of her series are basically irrelevant because they represent the two places—home and school—she dearly wishes to leave. Of more significance to Vicki's quiddity, and the source of her primary social relationships, is her family. Vicki is somewhat unusual in the fact that her traditional, nuclear family—father, mother, little sister— remains intact. As Alan Pickrell notes, "In general… girl detectives lack one or more parents" (113). This "lack of parental supervision… allows the sleuths to have the freedom they need to pursue the many mysteries that engross them" (113). Others have reached similar conclusions: Deidre Johnson notes that Nancy Drew's celebrated autonomy derives in part from "no mother to fuss" over her, and Karen Plunkett-Powell agrees that "it is extremely common in girls' series books to have an orphaned or half-orphaned heroine" (151, 74). In those series where the family unit persists undamaged, it functions as a means of both containing and defining the sleuth. Steven J. Zani, writing on the purpose of family in the Trixie Belden books, suggests, "[C]omfort, security, and identity are constructed and found in the family dynamic" (140). This results in an "ideology of family" that places that social construction above all others in the realm of the text: "'family' [is] created as an agenda in the Trixie series… The abiding lesson of these novels is that wealth, while it may solve problems, does not provide happiness: the comfort of family does. Furthermore, if there is a goal for individuals, and for the communities they inhabit, it is to support families as an active social agenda" (Zani 141-142). Family thus functions to subsume the individual identity; it is no accident, perhaps, that Trixie, more than any other girl sleuth, rarely sleuths unaided or unchaperoned, and is generally seen with her detective "partner," Honey Wheeler, or with various other members of the Bob-Whites of the

Glen, the heterogeneous and hierarchal social organization that mimics the familial unit and dominates Trixie's social relationships.[22]

Family has the potential to function in the same manner in the Vicki Barr series, which is why it is imperative that Vicki's family be left behind at the beginning of her journey. This journey is completed remarkably swiftly; indeed, in applying for and landing a flight stewardess job, Vicki goes against the wishes of her family, especially her father, a college professor, who says, "'I'd like you to complete your schooling… but we're all individuals. If this is your great opportunity—I'm disappointed, Victoria, but I wouldn't stand in your way'" (*Silver Wings* 28). Professor Barr's recognition—for the first time—of his daughter's individuality marks the beginning of Vicki's identity formation in the series. She is on her way.

Tuula Gordan and Elina Lahelma suggest that one indicator of children moving towards the "route to adulthood" is through "anticipating futures with increased rights, duties, and responsibilities" (81). Though Vicki requires the permission of both parents to become a flight stewardess, this request is one of her last acts as a member of this particular social dynamic. For the first time, Vicki is firmly focused on her own vision of her own future, and it does not include her family. Interestingly, in the passages that come between Vicki's decision to leave her home and her actual departure, she never once contemplates how much she will miss her family; rather, her wistful ruminations are largely reserved for the Castle, the Barr family home: "She would miss the long, hospitable living room, with its fireplace and shining brass andirons at the far end; the long, ancient gray-velvet couch that eight of her crowd could squeeze onto;

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[22] Trixie is, of course, significantly younger than Vicki Barr, Nancy Drew, and the other sleuths discussed here; thus for Trixie, her dyadic relationship with Honey actually results in the optimum state of independence her character can achieve. The partnership, especially within the larger confines of the group, provides a sense of security for the larger family unit that attempts to govern Trixie's detectivehood and self.

the bowls of garden flowers her mother set around; the rows of high casement windows that let in such a curious, dusky, sun-dappled light" (*Silver Wings* 31). In moving from room to room and reflecting fondly but not regretfully on the childhood she is leaving behind, Vicki deftly cuts the ties that bind her to her family. She would ultimately label the day she leaves home for stewardess training school in New York City as a new birthing day, calling it "a new life" and noting that, "Anything was possible on this day of beginnings!" (*Silver Wings* 32, 34).

Vicki's new "beginning" coincides with her introduction to her most significant friend in the series, Jean Cox. The two girls meet on Vicki's first flight, when both are headed off to stewardess training at Federal Airlines' flight stewardess school in New York. At the moment they meet, the two girls share much in common: they are both beginning a new job; they are both coming to New York from the Midwest; they are both obsessed with flying. In the books, Jean Cox is described as "Vicki's own age or older, athletic looking, with crisp brown hair cut almost like a boy's, and bright brown eyes in a lively face. She had, Vicki noticed, an air of self-reliance: she obviously knew how to take care of herself. Yet she was very feminine and attractive" (*Silver Wings* 39). When Vicki meets Jean, the two hit it off almost instantly, though Vicki is at times taken aback by how direct Jean is. The instance of their meeting is indicative of the entire transformational process Vicki is about to undergo. Vicki begins the flight alone, marveling at—but mildly fearful of—this new adventure, when she clicks sympathetically with the girl across the aisle who, Vicki learns, is another new stewardess trainee for Federal Airlines. The two girls then switch seats to sit together, a moment emblematic of their newly cemented friendship.

Evelyn Goodenough Pitcher and Lynn Hickey Schultz propose that "Girls' relations are dyadic and individual" (123). This indicates that at some point in her life, a developing girl will usually find another girl to "pair off" within a relationship mirroring "best friend" status, and that this individual will, for a while, constitute the primary social relationship for each individual within the dyad. Vicki, of course, is much older than would be normal for her first homogenous dyadic coupling, though the older a girl is, the closer her peer relationship develops. According to Pitcher and Schultz, the dyad allows girls to resist unnecessary peer pressure—because the dominant social bond has already been formed—though it does make them susceptible to cultural conditioning from adults (a condition that is said to aid in creating the disparity in social behavior between maturing boys and girls) and the complementary member of the dyad itself. Girls are often said to be "other-directed," which suggests that they "rely more on external social evaluation from others" in negotiating varying aspects of their social environments (Pitcher and Schultz 124). This is important, because while there are "a variety of femininities, only a few versions are deemed appropriate in the larger society, and all girls feel the pressure to conform to these appropriate gender roles" (Bettis, Jordan, and Montgomery 70). This is especially true in a highly structured society like the stewardess school, where Vicki's letter of instructions prior to departing for the school included the admonition to "Please do *not* have a permanent wave" (*Silver Wings* 30, emphasis original).

Vicki's initial relationship with Jean Cox works on dyadic principles, so much so that they become "Cox and Barr... Friends, partners, a team" (*Silver Wings* 43). Jean represents an instant companion, sounding board, and model for social conformity. Yet despite the many similarities between them, Jean takes on an important role early in the text as Vicki's guide and mentor.

Jean is older than Vicki, and constantly picks on Vicki for being the "baby" of their flight stewardess class, highlighting this difference between them (Vicki's status as the youngest of her social clique only works to emphasize the childish aspect of her girlhood she is about to shed). Despite originally hailing from Minnesota, Jean is much more comfortable in New York City than Vicki, having visited the city several times previously. She leads Vicki through the subway and to the trainee school, acting as her guide and companion. Playing Virgil to Vicki's Dante, Jean raises Vicki up, indoctrinating her into the mysteries of flight and of the big city. Truthfully, Jean has little to teach Vicki, but those lessons she does impart are invaluable for Vicki's growing sense of independence.

Jean's comfort in the city and experience as a flier demonstrate qualities of worldliness. Unlike Vicki's more cloistered family, Jean's has traveled extensively. Jean is also the first female pilot in the series; she began flying lessons at age eight and owns her own plane. As a pilot, Jean represents independence and, indeed, motility; whereas Vicki's ties to her family and especially her father are still strong in some ways (this is true through the third volume in the series, *The Hidden Valley Mystery*, when Vicki, a flight attendant of good standing who has lived in New York City on her own for some time, must ask permission of her father to take a job with Federal in Mexico), Jean has already cut the ties that bind. Mary Cadogan notes that "female aviators, by their exploits and in their own personalities, have become particularly symbolic of the widening spheres of activity sought by women and girls" (3). Jean's ability to fly (literally) represents a metaphorical "taking-off" point for Vicki. Vicki wholly embraces both the lesson and the metaphor; she will eventually become a pilot herself, gaining her license during the eighth adventure in the series, *Peril Over the Airport*. John Axe labels Vicki's power of flight a

skill and means that gives her the ability to "control her fate," noting flight's connectivity to a girl sleuth's agency (143). This is the pinnacle of Vicki's hegemonical girlhood, a height that Jean has achieved before the series began. Thus Jean shows Vicki a way forward for independence, and Vicki learns the lesson well.

Vicki's ability to fly will literally and figuratively expand her horizons. Leaving her home in Illinois at a moment's notice to chase after a clue in Oklahoma, as Vicki does in *The Search for the Missing Twin*, an act unthinkable in the first volumes in the series, demonstrates the boundless freedom flight gives to Vicki. Even geographic limitations cannot constrain her; unbowed and unfettered, flight allows Vicki both a maturity and freedom that she otherwise would not be able to display. In many ways, Vicki's ability to fly reflects Nancy Drew's and other sleuths' own independent relationship to transportation. Technological modes of transportation were of great importance to girl sleuths and their readers. Ilana Nash comments that "readers often remember" Nancy's blue roadster "as the greatest symbol of Nancy's freedom. Her car not only allows her mobility, it frees her from the chafing ritual of begging her father for permission to use his car" (36). Nash's implied point—that vehicular freedom frees Nancy from having to seek permission, signaling an overall freedom from containment and control—is integral to Vicki's own transition into this new type of independent girlhood that hallmarks this stage of her social development.

Jean's role in the series after these initial lessons are learned diminishes dramatically. During flight stewardess training, the two girls become roommates: first while in training, and then, later, when the duo and four other girls share an apartment in the city. These six girls—Vicki, Jean, Charmion Wilson, Celia Trimble, Tessa Horton, and Dot Crowley—will become the

extended homogenous supergroup necessary for the ultimate formation of Vicki's hegemonical girlhood that allows her to function as an independent agent and girl sleuth. It will be Jean Cox, however, who will most often be Vicki's chief female sidekick on any adventure, though admittedly these adventures are few and far between. Still, for Vicki, Jean is essential to both her independence (by helping Vicki to function on her own) and her social conformity (by helping to craft and modify a larger community of women).

It may seem unusual that these two concepts—independence and conformity—are so related in the figure of the girl sleuth, since the notions appear mutually exclusive and somewhat contradictory. Yet the two constructs act jointly in crafting a type of independence for a girl and, more specifically, for a girl sleuth. Carol S. Dweck and Ellen S. Bush further this notion when they argue, "Girls can gain the approval of both adults and peers by conforming to one standard of behavior" (149). This construct of "approval" is key to understanding how Vicki's dyadic relationship with Jean enables her to achieve a type of hegemonical girlhood— hallmarked by the independence necessary to sleuth—for herself. Seeking, winning, and granting approval are ways in which women wield power in intimate relationships and in the larger society as a whole. Sharon Lamb explains: "In the past, women were able to obtain a kind of power by attempting to live up to the image of the ideal woman or wife. That may seem retro, but girls today still look for power through obedience. If they are good, they will be rewarded" (178). While this is only one of many ways for a woman to hold authority, idealized behavior—or at least the perception of idealized behavior—lessens the restrictions society places upon girls as a whole. Girl sleuths are, by their actions, transgressive figures. They eavesdrop, they trespass, they loudly confront others—in short, they break down barriers and

stand up to the established patriarchy. Normally, such behavior would require proscription by a patriarchal society and a curbing of any further comparable tendencies; girl sleuths, however, are allowed to continue their sleuthing, not only because of the motive and result of their activities, but also because of their model behavior in all other aspects of their lives. Mason hints at this concept when she notes, "The girl sleuth, it seems, was a comfortable fictional role that siphoned female energy away from more revolutionary ambitions" (99). By conforming to society's rules and expectations in all other aspects of their lives, girl sleuths are afforded a freedom from societal oversight necessary to detect.

Despite the worth of her relationship with Jean to Vicki's development as an independent, hegemonical girl sleuth, the dyad does have its limitations. While the intensity of the relationship is necessary to foster an atmosphere of conformity and mutual benefit, the dualistic nature of the dyad can be fraught with peril, as Judith Bardwick notes: "Many girls will have experienced or anticipate a pattern of being chosen as a special friend, followed by rejection, and this establishes a core of mistrust which has a powerful impact on women's relationships with each other" (55). Georg Simmel, writing during the height of Vicki Barr's popularity, speculated extensively about the differences between the dyadic relationship and a larger group:

> The difference between the dyad and the larger group consists in the fact that the dyad has a different relation to each of its two elements than have larger groups to their members. Although, for the outsider, the group consisting of two may function as an autonomous super-individual unit, it usually does not do so for its participants… The social structure here rests immediately on the one and on the other of the two and the

secession of either would destroy the whole. The dyad, therefore, does not attain that super-personal life which the individuals feel to be independent… As soon, however, as there is a sociation of three, a group continues to exist even in the case one of the members drops out. (qtd. in Pitcher and Schultz 125)

Thus the expansion of the dyadic relationship is necessary for its own survival; expansion allows for the creation of a stabilizing foundation for the dyad and for further work to be completed within the larger group, work that, in Vicki's case, will further her journey towards independence and sleuthing. As the Vicki Barr series develops, the authors actually make a point of illustrating Vicki's altering relationship to / with Jean. In *The Hidden Valley Mystery*, we learn that Jean came in second to Vicki in a competition over the choice Mexican flight assignment, suggesting that Vicki has surpassed the girl who once played the role of mentor to her. Later, during *The Mystery of Hartwood House*, Vicki is promoted over Jean and made an assistant to the assistant flight stewardess superintendent. No longer on level terms, the two remain friends; clearly, though, Vicki's needs must now be met by a larger supergroup of like-minded girls.

Vicki's next significant friend—and the next step forward in her progress towards independence and sleuthing—is Charmion Wilson. Charmion's significance is felt right away: Vicki dubs the trio "'Cox and Barr and Wilson'" after befriending Charmion and encouraging her to move in to the hotel room next to theirs (Jean likens them to a "law firm," a joking reference that may nevertheless reflect a mild annoyance at Vicki's swift shift in their own dyadic status. The alteration of "Cox and Barr" to "Cox and Barr and Wilson" suggests Vicki's realization that only a larger group can fulfill her needs) (*Silver Wings* 70). Like Jean, Charmion is older, and

more experienced; yet whereas Jean is worldly through her travels and her independence, Charmion is worldly (and, indeed, world-weary) through her *de*pendence. Charmion is a widow; her husband Hank, a famous test pilot, was killed in a ground accident one month prior to Charmion arriving at stewardess training. Even though she is only six months older than Jean, Charmion is seen as the most experienced member of the troupe, the one who works hardest to smooth over any intra-group tension and who seems the most sympathetic of Vicki's friends. Yet when she first meets Charmion, Vicki is concerned about her friend's obvious fragility. Thus she concocts the "Barr Nothing Intrigue." Vicki believes that if Charmion were able to help another trainee—in this case, Dot Crowley—to fit in more, it might make her feel better about being alone (thus creating the second dyadic pair within Vicki's supergroup).

Thus in many ways Charmion represents an unusual paradox for the series. She is both experienced and fragile, wise and unhappy. She offers guidance but needs it herself. She represents Vicki's ability to connect to peers in significant ways but also assumes a bit of a maternal role, Vicki's "mother" in New York. It is Charmion who hires Mrs. Duff, the housekeeper that maintains the girls' New York City apartment, observing the importance of such mundane household tasks. Charmion also acts as a maternal figure in other lesser, but still noteworthy, ways. In *Vicki Finds the Answer*, for example, Charmion makes Vicki breakfast when Vicki returns home from a vacation. In *The Hidden Valley Mystery*, Charmion offers a clear-headed appraisal to Vicki's concerns over her father's response to the possible amoebic dysentery outbreak in Mexico. These are all the actions of a care-giver, but as Vicki continues to grow more independent, she sloughs off Charmion's care-giving, reducing her, like Jean, to minor-figure status in the series.

Still, Charmion's lessons about care-giving manifest significantly in Vicki. Sociologists have long distinguished between approaches to moral decision making found in men and women, labeling them "a male 'justice' perspective and a female 'care' perspective. While the justice orientation reflects an ideal of equality, reciprocity, and fairness between persons, the care orientation reflects an ideal of attachments, loving and being loved, listening and being listened to, and responding and being responded to" (Brown, Gilligan, and Tappan 323). Rosalind Chait Barnett agrees to the extent that "there is a firmly held belief that there is a natural order in which… females are innately and uniquely endowed to care" (151). Though Barnett resists the notion that all female decision making is based on constructs of "care," the perception of such has permeated societal views of women and their motives for helping others. Thus unlike boy sleuths, who thirst for adventure and the pursuit of justice, girl sleuths generally act through a desire to help the victim in any given crime. Though there may be exceptions to this (Nancy Drew's desire at the end of each adventure is for another mystery, not another person to aid), for Vicki Barr, her sleuthing endeavors first reveal themselves in her desire to help others, to provide comfort to people suffering some type of personal calamity. For example, in the second adventure in the series, *Vicki Finds the Answer*, Vicki is prompted by her care-giving nature to pursue a dangerous mystery. It begins when she spots an unhappy young woman on her plane. Vicki says to her, "'If something's wrong, won't you tell me? Won't you let me try to help you?'" (54). Though the girl, Joan Purnell, did not respond, Vicki persists: "Vicki hoped she could win the girl's confidence before the plane landed in New York… of course, once Joan was off the plane, Vicki's responsibility technically ended. But Vicki's sympathies were not bounded by the rules of her job. That girl was in trouble and needed

help!" (54). Vicki's "responsibility" was to the girl's comfort and security, not her happiness; but the "care" component to her personality would not allow Vicki to be deterred. Vicki is even strongly advised to ignore the issue by a senior flight attendant, who reminds her that her duties end when the passengers disembark the plane. Vicki contravenes this directive; she sleuths out the young woman, interrogates her until the girl confesses her troubles, and then pledges her assistance, all without any hint of a mystery to solve or adventure to be had. Thus here it is quite evidently care, and not the desire for justice or adventure, that leads to mystery. This aspect of Vicki's character—a trait that continually manifests itself throughout the series as Vicki meets passengers on her planes whose suffering she works to alleviate—is learned from Charmion, whose caretaker attitude represents a distinctly different perspective on girlhood than Jean Cox's own independent model. Vicki ultimately adapts both personalities—it is her care that initiates her independent adventures—to become a detective and to fashion her own unique individuality.

Once the "dyadic" duo has been upped in numbers to three, it is only logical to continue adding members until a larger supergroup is formed, a social structure whose status is cemented when all six girls move into a New York City apartment together. Now, Vicki officially has a new group of "chums."[23] In juvenile detective series books, friends fulfill a wide variety of purposes. According to C. M. Gill, in boys' sleuth books, all-male social groups "underscore not only the power and importance of men, but also the primary way in which men both attain and retain this power," which is through the "male community" itself (40). In books that feature a large heterogeneous group, such as in the Trixie Belden or Bobbsey Twins series, the group

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[23] Interestingly, Marjorie Harness Goodwin suggests that the maximum optimum number of any girl group at six, the size of Vicki's group (399).

functions within "the context of American ideology of community service and group labor" (Zani 147). Zani further argues that such assemblages suggest that "groups of people, when they work together in some system of shared governance, can accomplish far-reaching ends" (148).[24]

In works that focus on a solitary female sleuth, chums often act to counter unreasonable (or, in some cases, quite reasonable) perceptions that may be placed on the protagonist herself. Nancy Drew is perhaps the epitome of the solitary sleuth; despite a large coterie of friends (who are added to the series, but not present at its genesis), "Nancy was unlike heroines who defined themselves through their group of friends and accepted the group's conventions" (O'Keefe 115). Regarding Nancy friends, Ilana Nash writes, "Nancy's two best friends serve as foil characters who heighten her atypical femininity, paradoxically, by making her seem more average. Bess Marvin and George Fayne, female cousins, represent polar oppositions: Bess is frilly, plump, and squeamish, while George is a blunt and athletic tomboy, proud of her masculine name. Nancy nestles comfortably between these caricatures as a golden mean" (38).

Homogenous groups of girls in series books, however, represent a wholly different sort of social typology. These groups created and fostered a society where young women could explore their own femininity in a controlled and relatively safe environment, away from both family and male spheres of influence; thus "gender work is performed within peer groups, which provide collective spheres for practicing what it means to be a woman" (Bettis, Jordan, and Montgomery 70). Deborah O'Keefe argues that in girls' literature, "girls sought community,

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[24] Zani also acknowledges the work of Michael Bronski and others in suggesting that heterogeneous groupings of teen sleuths can have a sexualized component to the group dynamic as well, though Zani rejects that any such erotic tension is at play in the Trixie Belden series.

connection; for them a group was a goal in itself" (115). Marjorie Harness Goodwin agrees, noting that such groups are about "solidarity and positive politeness… [and] intimacy rather than status" (393). According to O'Keefe, groups were designed to serve three important functions:

1) Being in a group helped a girl—flawed and feeble as an individual on her own—find completion, support, and vicarious perfection. This allowed her to be slightly different from the others yet still fit in smoothly.

2) Being in a group helped a girl change and improve herself. She learned to eliminate any sour notes in her personality that might threaten the harmony of the circle. This allowed her to become more similar to the others.

3) The group served as an inspiration to its members, another kind of superego fostering good girlish qualities like duty, cooperation, and guilt. (112-113)

The end result, according to Susan Stanford Friedman, was that a woman's sense of "identification, interdependence, and community" gleaned from inter-group dynamics developed a construct of feminine selfhood that hindered traditional definitions of womanhood (38).

It is perhaps easy to quibble with O'Keefe's characterizations of the purpose of homogeneous assemblages in a girls' series book. Nancy Drew, for example, leads her own group of "chums," though she receives none of the benefits listed above, nor proscribes her behavior accordingly. Certainly, not all of the above conditions fit every member of Vicki's coterie. However, in her three points, O'Keefe circles around the two notions—establishing independence and conformity—that serve as the main functions of the group in the Vicki Barr

series. In helping girls—in this case, Vicki—to find "completion, support, and vicarious perfection," her group aids her on her quest to be a flight stewardess and, later, a sleuth. Pamela Bettis, Debra Jordan, and Diane Montgomery agree with this, when they note that such groupings are about helping girls "become somebody" (70). Without the aid of the group, Vicki would not be able to achieve the independence necessary to be either a stewardess or a sleuth. A vital scene in the third book in the series, *The Hidden Valley Mystery*, shows the importance of the group in establishing Vicki's independence. After Vicki earns a highly contested Mexican route, she learns that she will need her parents' permission in order to undertake this new assignment. Unfortunately, Vicki's father has concerns over a possible amoebic dysentery outbreak in Mexico and is reluctant to give his permission. The group steps up to aid Vicki in achieving her goal: Charmion listens to Vicki attentively and provides both solace and advice; Jean, who would have the assignment should Vicki not be able to go, asserts that she will not accept the job in that manner, no matter how much she wants it. Meanwhile, it is Dot Crowley who ultimately thinks up the plan to save Vicki's assignment, while all her friends rally the necessary forces—Vicki's supervisor and male co-workers—to convince Professor Barr to give Vicki permission to go to Mexico. Thus without the machinations of the group, Vicki would not have been able to take the assignment she both desired and earned. Incidentally, this represents the last time in the series Vicki must ask her father permission for anything; afterwards, now fully independent, she decides for herself.

On the other hand, the aspects of conformity insinuated in all three of O'Keefe's functions of the girl group reflect the larger purpose of the group itself. Jennifer Coates notes "co-operativeness" typifies "all-female interaction;" Lamb agrees (95, 178). Furthermore,

Coates, in examining the "term *function* in relation to the goals of all-*woman* interaction," concludes that "All-woman conversation… has as its chief goal the maintenance of good social relationships" (98, italics original). To put it another way, one of the main functions of the homogeneous female group is to ensure the survival and serenity of the group itself; thus a *function* of the group is its own *functionality*, and this functionality is dependent upon the conformity of the members of the group, both within and without their dyadic partnerships, to act in accord to both the larger society's and the group's social designs. One interesting symbol of Vicki's new dependence upon and conformity with these other individuals is her stewardess uniform. Before leaving for training school, Vicki "longed to buy a new dress, but it was not really necessary since—joy—she would soon be in that pert blue uniform" (*Silver Wings* 30). The desire for a new dress—reflective of a yearning to not only demonstrate herself in her best light but also to express an individuality in the form of raiment—gives way to the construct of the "pert" new uniform she will be sharing with all the other women who survive stewardess school. Later, after Vicki and her stewardess classmates have passed training and earned their stripes, they go "window shopping, up and down Fifth Avenue… Their mouths watered at the ravishing furs and jewels and French hats. But no one would have exchanged the proud blue uniform—emblem of adventure—for anything she saw" (*Silver Wings* 91). Vicki's uniform acts as a symbol of both her new career and her newly fashioned conformity. Mason notes that Vicki is "proud of her blue uniform"—as, indeed, she seems to be of her new self (112). Indeed, Vicki's "pride" in her uniform is referenced in almost every volume, and the garment is featured prominently on the covers of several books in the series. The uniform becomes an iconic representation of the two groups (stewardesses and her friends) in which Vicki has now

achieved membership, and also works as an iconic representation for the alterations to Vicki taking root within those groups. When she goes home, in uniform, her friends and family note the change in her: "'Look at Vicki in her flight uniform!' Ginny shrieked. 'It's stunning! Makes her look like someone I wish I knew!'" (*Silver Wings* 204). Douglas B. Holt writes that "cultural icons dominate our world. People identify strongly with cultural icons and often rely on these symbols in their everyday lives. Icons serve as society's foundational compass points… [m]ore generally, cultural icons are exemplary symbols that people accept as a shorthand to represent important ideas" (1). In suggesting that people "identify" with icons, Holt seems to be arguing that such cultural markers may aid in constructing or deconstructing individual subjectivities and identities. Once Vicki literally dresses and looks like the rest of her friends and her stewardess class, she can clearly demonstrate her comfort in inhabiting the same homogeneous sphere the rest of the girls do.

Bettis, Jordan, and Montgomery conclude, "In a sense, girls in peer groups construct collective female identities because they are colearners in the important ritual of trying out for womanhood" (69-70). This can be seen in the Vicki Barr series through the function of the three other girls in Vicki's group of friends: Celia, Tessa, and Dot. None of these characters is important structurally to the mysteries and plots of the books in the series; furthermore, none of these girls convey to Vicki any type of mentoring or example that enables her movement into the larger group structure or her existence as a sleuth, as Jean and Charmion do. However, each of the girls does represent a particular facet of girlhood that would perhaps work to hinder Vicki in her own social development should she embrace them, characteristics that can be deemed transgressive and must be curtailed or altogether eliminated in order to ensure the harmony of

the social group and to attain the requisite levels of independence and conformity required to achieve hegemonical girlhood. Celia, for example, is depicted as the most infantilized of the group; she seems the most regressive in terms of social development. Tessa is the member of the group who takes her role as flight stewardess the least serious; an aspiring actress, her attitude towards her career may threaten the stable homogeneity of a group of girls whose identity functions, in no small part, based on their collective career. Dot is perhaps the most transgressive of the group; bossy, rude, and brassy, her behavior is also the most radically curtailed. Ultimately, each of the characters reflects aspects of O'Keefe's three conditions characteristic of a girl grouping: each girl finds support and completion within the group (Condition 1); each girl is improved (to varying degrees) by the actions and / or presence of the group (Condition 2); and each girl comes to function within the group as any other, cooperating fully within the conditions, confines, and expectations of the group itself (Condition 3).

Eventually, Vicki's group of friends coheres around a singular identity informed by their roles as flight stewardess, conforming to the expectations of their job and the larger society around them. This conformity, in turn, allows for a more significant level of independence than Vicki had ever experienced before, creating the ideal circumstances for the sleuth to emerge in Vicki herself. As Vicki becomes more confident in her place in the group, so does she become more confident in her sleuthing abilities. In *Silver Wings*, for example, the first book in the series, Vicki asks Federal co-pilot Dean Fletcher to accompany her on a sleuthing expedition, and both ask permission of the pilot to leave the hotel after check-in. Yet by the fifth book in the series, *The Clue of the Broken Blossom,* Vicki sleuths unaided and unfettered, without requiring the presence or permission of a man. Her companion in that book, Hank Hoyt,

accompanies Vicki at her whim; often, she will leave him behind in her single-minded pursuit of adventure. Thus Vicki's transformation at the hands of the supergroup is complete, from timid, small town "farm girl" to confident and experienced "girl sleuth." Nonetheless, Vicki still retains that most desirable status of girl, and while she remains ensconced within the confines of her homogenous group, she will forever remain as such. In accepting her place within a homogenous social group and away from her nuclear family, Vicki obtains both a dyadic relationship to spur her forward and the necessary methodology to achieve a structure of social conformity that manages the means through which girl groups in detective juvenilia function. It is only through the formation of this supergroup that Vicki manages to achieve her intended characterization: her detective self. And while it is true that the girl sleuth is, as a rule, a solitary figure, and thus not in need of friends, it is also accurate to note that, without her friends—without their support, their individualities and their conformity—Vicki never would have achieved her detective actualization in the first place.

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Water, Spirits, and Words

Michael Downing, Kutztown University of Pennsylvania

Leaf

I stand alone on the shore of the river
Watching a leaf drift by
I savor the moment
The glittering water
And the song of birds in the sky

Fishes

I lift my paddle from the river
Leaving ripples in the wake
I peer into the water
The place where life begins
Minnows in the shallows
Thousands…like stars in the night sky
They scatter!

Big fish rest placidly in the depths
Brook, brown and rainbow trout
Bass: large and small
Perch, pike, catfish, carp
They lurk in the depths
Of the mighty Allegheny

Today, these fishes peer up at me
Wondering how I can live
In the open air; above the surface
But I gave up my gills long ago
And grew legs, dwelling on land
Writing poetry, now, about my former self

River Spirits

I am drawn here
Again and again
To revisit old spirits who inhabit these woods
Along this particular stream

I encounter an undine
Who tells me that they are all here
Waiting for me

Since the beginning of Time
Some unchanged
Some altered beyond recognition

They inhabit the trees
And linger in the rock
I feel their presence now
And believe

I can hear them all
Singing
Calling
Unseen Sirens speaking to my Soul

I give myself over
And am transformed
Renewed
The whispers of the river calling me home

The River of Time

I look into the water
And see my reflection
Amidst the ripples, I see
A face, my aging face

I look into the eyes of one who has become another
One who has been transported and transformed
By the River of Time; carried along by the irresistible current,
Wearing a brimmed hat and a blue life jacket, heading toward the inevitable

I look up to see people on the shore; I wave.
I wonder if they age, as I do, those people
What of their lives, their ambitions, their histories?
And who stands on shore and watches me?

I look past the bow of the boat
Watching as the current carries me
Toward the next bend; Past an island
I move from light into shade

I realize how we all float together
On the River of Time
Not knowing what's beyond the next bend
We move from shade into light

Pools

Every so often
I encounter a pool
Deep and still
I sit and peer
To watch for life
In the places where life began

Susquehanna
A tribute to Walt Whitman

Past rocks and trees and turtles…I drift, looking for signs of life.
A lone otter pokes his head above the surface then is gone, leaving only a ripple.
Beavers scurry along the shore, working, working.
Birds dart from tree to tree. Carrying a song as they go.
The river carries me.

Eyes closed, I pause to conjure ancient images
Reflected by sun and silent water.
I see the abiding Susquehanna, both dark and cool,
Drawing people to its shores, they build homes and cottages
Businesses and farms.

This primordial river valley
Exists for us to fathom
This liquid—this water,
That connects so much, and carries me readily
Yet slips through my fingers instantly.

Like light, water seems
Both particle and wave
Droplets and ripples
One thing—and many things,
Simultaneously.

Water: Home of mythic Poseidon,
The Earth-Shaker, lover of nymphs.
And to mermaids who carry tridents
Threatening those who dare to penetrate its murky depths.
Some to never return…

I open my eyes in wonder
To consider a more immediate miracle:
A blue heron, wading in the shallows
Looking for signs of life
Just below the surface.

She cocks her head and looks at me
And I am frozen for a moment in time
Gripped by the Eye of Nature!
She watches me indifferently
And steps toward shore.

I look ahead and ponder this ongoing miracle: This River.
Begins by Baseball's Birthplace and ends near Baltimore.
Supporting life and commerce. Pouring Forth from the Earth.
Wending its way to points South, into the Chesapeake and into the Great Atlantic!

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