the quint

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Jefferson Holdridge
E.C. Koch
Debbie Cutshaw
Deborah Ford
Martin Colomb
Bertha Lathlin
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Jim Daems
George Steven Swan
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contents

EDITORIAL

contents

BOOK REVIEWS

EDITORIAL

Summer is gone, and September has arrived. The eagles and the geese are flying through, the latter raiding grain fields and dodging bullets. This fall has proven to be a time of exits and entrances. My co-editor, John Butler has left the University College of the North and *the quint*. We wish him a very happy and well-deserved retirement in Winnipeg as we welcome *the quint's* new board of advisor editors, who reflect the journal's wide-ranging local, regional, national, and international interests and thank Roger Nabess for *the quint's* new webpage. John has promised to visit *the quint* from time to time. We look forward to his return, as UCN's first Senior Scholar.

Celebrating diversity, *the quint* continues to be a journal for readers who are interested in many topics and views. This, the twenty eighth issue of *the quint*, features articles, poetry, and art from Canada, the United States, and aboard. This fall we invite you to consider the environmental issues connected with the Love Canal, language and cultural issues, the importance of a cup of joe, the rediscovery of an important African American poet, how Weesageechak lives his life, Martin Luther King and Maya Angelou, Puritan peccadillos in early modern America, the answer to an ongoing rumor about Hitler's genealogy, and the transgressive nature of reading itself.

In "Tarnished Dreams and Toxic Waste: The Slippery Meaning of Science and Rectification at Love Canal," Rahima Schenkbeck points out how slippery science can be when used to promote the interests of corporations and government. Then, E.C. Koch demonstrates how language becomes a power tool for colonialism in "Imperial Linguistics: English Hegemony in Brian Fiel's *Translations*." For those interested in cinema and domestic rituals, Debbie Cutshaw offers her thoughts on the nature of java in "Much Depends on Coffee in Westerns—Sometimes." Deborah Ford then introduces us to the works of Allen Polite, an overlooked poet in her exacting study, "I am driven mad with the printed word: The Poetry of Allen Polite." Bertha Lathlin's "How Weesageechak Lived His Life: an interview with Elder Martin Colomb. Martin Colomb's tale, told in the traditional style of the Northern Cree storyteller, is a wonderful gift which *the quint* is delighted to share with you. Kendra N. Bryant's sensitive and thought-provoking "The Heart of a Woman: Re-Envisioning Maya Angelou's "On the Pulse of Morning" and Martin Luther King's I Have a Dream" investigates Angelou's poem as a sermonic response to Martin Luther King's "I Have a Dream." Moving from the American inauguration in 1993 of William Jefferson Clinton to an outbreak of sodomy in the Plymouth Colony of 1642, Jim Daems' fascinating study, "Savagery, Buggery, and Bestiality: the "New World" in William Bradford's Of Plymouth Plantation" examines the Puritan-colonial mindset at its most extreme. George Steven Swan returns to *the quint* in "William Styron's True Fiction: Hans Frank and *Sophie's Choice*," a revealing and enlightening examination of that author's use of Nazi war criminals' statements about Hitler's genealogy in his controversial novel. From Singapore, Chung Chin-Yi shares with us "On the Relation of Badiou and Zizek to Derrida," is a timely paper, exploring what conclusions can be drawn when intersections with Badiou's and Zizek's phenomenologies and Derrida's ideas about the transcendental, the empirical, and *aporia* are discovered. Finally, William Covey's exacting review of Robert Miklitsch's *Kiss The Blood Off My Hands*, a new collection of articles about classic film noir from the University of Illinois Press, should not be missed.

This *quint's* creative complement is delighted to share with you the beautifully-crafted work of Jefferson Holdridge, a poet with enormous potential (watch for him in the years to come). Holdridge's technical control of diction and rhythm is stunningly good. We are also deeply honored to be able to premier poems for two new very talented writers: Brittany N. Kranz, from Texas, and Bushra Juhi Jani, from Iraq, have honoured *the quint* by debuting their lyrics in this issue. This fall, our visual offerings take us to Norway House. Travel the highways with me into the silent forests, cross the powerful Nelson River, and find yourself experiencing Dreamtime in the North.

Here's to more good reading, interesting ideas, lively poetry, and stimulating travel. The resident Sandhill Cranes that returned this spring are preparing to fly South with their baby. I'll be staying behind and enjoying the crispness of October in The Pas... waiting for meteor showers and the Northern Lights to return to the Northern sky. Our next *quint* will be published in December. Until then, may many pumpkins come your way.

Sue Matheson
Editor

PHOTO: SUE MATHESON

GOING SOUTH

Tarnished Dreams and Toxic Waste: The Slippery Meaning of Science andRectification at Love Canal

by Rahima Schwenkbeck, George Washington University, D.C.

The mere mention of Love Canal recollects memories of one of the nation's worst environmental disasters. Headlines splashed across newspapers carried stories of chronically sick children, chemically burned pets and the idyllic American dream gone wrong. Love Canal has very much become a "code word for environmental disaster" still used today, especially when referencing proposed changes to the Superfund laws (Esch). The area was largely razed during the 1980s after a full evacuation of homes. By the mid-1990s, development began creeping back into the region, and the area was deemed "clean" by Superfund standards in 2004. Despite the publicized the plight of Love Canal residents, the development of Superfund for its rehabilitation, and the persistent fear of chemical waste contamination, the area has largely been redeveloped. Homes with picket fences and proudly waving flags line the streets, reminiscent of the homes that were there thirty years before.

It is not without irony that Niagara Falls, heralded for its natural beauty and power, has become synonymous with hazardous waste. Love Canal began as a dream for a utopian community, linked to the hydroelectric power driving waves of business

and population to the area. Harnessing the power of the Falls and the renowned natural beauty of the region perpetuated the notion of a utopian harmony between humankind and nature. It was during this time that William T. Love purchased a large parcel of land and revealed his utopian plans for it in his 1893 investment prospectus, "The Model City—Niagara Power Doubled." Love's plans for Model City were so grandiose that a reporter remarked, "on paper the model city is a wonder of order and magnificence, beside which the beauties of the greatest cities in the world are tawdry" (McGreevy 122). He planned to build a canal connecting the upper Niagara River to his planned Model City. Love had great plans for the area, imagining that the 90 square mile area would soon house over one million residents, and most notably, that it was "designed to be the most perfect city in existence" (McGreevy 153). A few streets were laid and work began on the canal in hopes that future construction would be funded by factories seeking free power for employing residents of the proposed city. The city was to include the latest in modern convenience, such as heat, electricity, as well as new community centers. In addition, Love planned to have an esteemed technical school in the community to maintain a skilled workforce, and no establishments serving alcohol to keep a peaceful community. Skilled, "steady" workers would not have to give a down payment in order to buy a home, and strikes would be avoided by giving workers a direct voice in their industrial communities (Irwin 147). Soon after construction began, the Panic of 1893 and the invention of AC power transmission caused Love's dreams for a utopian community to fold, leaving half completed canal work—which was called 'Love's Ditch' by residents—and a few blocks of a city paved, miles away.

The desire for an idealized community was complicated by growing issue of pollution. As factories lined the waterways, spewing forth smoke, smell and various wastes resulting from manufacturing processes, the effects of pollution began being raised around the 1890s, commencing with the great increase in population during the building of the hydroelectric plant and associated factories (Irwin 149). By 1900, Carborundum and Union Carbide, among other corporations, created factories that tarnished the landscape, with smoke emitting a "putrid stench" and "vile smoke" from the smokestacks (Irwin 186). In many ways, residents and city officials became immune to the smoke and smells because of the lucrative jobs and growth the factories brought to the area. Solidifying the region's commitment to industry, the 1901 Pan-American Exposition was held in sister city, Buffalo, NY, but highlighted widespread use of electricity from nearby Niagara Falls.

Chemical corporations continued the residents' desire for a utopian community for several decades after emerging in the region. By providing well-paying jobs and sponsoring the community through several outlets including sponsored baseball teams, community activities, and educational institutions, the chemical and metallurgical companies became ingrained in the region. As a result, some employees drawn by loyalty to these chemical companies would assist local chemical corporations like Hooker Chemical Company with dumping hazardous chemicals in waterways under the cover of nightfall. Niagara Falls was not only convenient for its power generation, but ease in eliminating chemical waste produced by companies. Some residents felt that these transgressions were acceptable in order to maintain the idyllic work and social communities the chemical companies provided for them.

However, not all waste was dumped in waterways. The remnant of William Love's canal to Model City, later termed Love Canal, was initially used by children as a swimming hole in the summer and a skating rink in the winter, but began being used as dumping grounds in the 1920s. Both the city and federal government utilized this area for waste storage. The city used it as a smaller municipal dump, whereas the federal government utilized it during World War II to dispose of chemicals associated with the Manhattan Project. In 1942, Hooker Electrochemical Company purchased the canal for purposes of dumping hazardous chemical waste. The canal was lined with clay and ultimately filled with 22,000 tons of 55-gallon barrels of chemical waste, including caustics, alkalines, fatty acids and chlorinated hydrocarbons. The canal was capped and sealed in 1952 (Blum 22). The population was still growing exponentially, and new community developments began to encroach in the area near Love Canal. Compounding this issue, the Niagara Falls School Board persisted with attempts to buy the Love Canal to build the proposed 99th Street School. The Board felt that the open area and low cost would serve the needs of the community and their limited budget perfectly. Well aware of the chemicals buried, Hooker Chemical Company resisted efforts and demonstrated the toxicity of the ground. However, in 1953 for $1 and full relinquishment of responsibility for any future damages caused by usage of the site, the School Board gained control of the site and began construction on the 99th Street School.

After initial plans were adjusted to account for the buried waste, construction took place between 1954 and 1955. Despite exposing several areas of chemical waste the school was opened in 1955. Unfortunately, the construction breached the clay seal over the canal, weakening the overall structure of the clay seal in several places. Two years later, single family residences and low-income housing projects were built adjacent to Love Canal. The additional construction in the area further destabilized the clay cover of the canal and allowed the chemicals to contaminate the surrounding soil and groundwater. However, it was not until 1977, after an exceptionally wet winter, the elevated levels of groundwater in the area brought the chemical contamination to the surface and to the greater awareness of residents. Reporting by David Pollak, David Russell, and Michael Brown brought instances of chemical contamination and severe corrosion of sump pumps in the area to local attention. Initial attempts by residents in Love Canal community to address these issues were brushed off by local and state officials. As a result, the community turned to a variety of protest action in order to gain relocation rights. However, it was not until 1980 that President Jimmy Carter officially recognized the area as a major health emergency and issued full evacuation orders for all families living near the Love Canal. What is most interesting about the events of Love Canal is that, even though the residents living in the surrounding areas were evacuated, the school closed down, neighborhoods raised and several laws were enacted in its wake, the actual threat of hazardous contamination to residents remains unresolved. While some theorists have speculated that the act of performance, of oral history, of 'felt' memory is slighted in favor of scientific evidence and historical fact, the events at Love Canal have demonstrated the converse, that it is performance and protest that led the government to act, whereas the base of scientific research was found faulty, and was unable to compel government officials to respond to the issue. By promoting family values, and a general concern children's well-being nationwide, the members of the Love Canal Homeowners

Association (LCHA) utilized protest and performance in order to gain a national stage to forward their goals of relocation.

The interests of the local, state and federal government played a significant role in the lack of action at Love Canal, and contributed to the difficulty in presenting concrete evidence regarding the severity of health risks to residents of Love Canal. At the local level, the government wanted to downplay the effects because it would harm the tourist industry, which was experiencing resurgence at the time with the recent building of the Rainbow Center and the Niagara Falls Convention Center. These projects were created through a joint effort of the Niagara Falls Urban Renewal Agency, the State of New York Urban Development Corporation and the Niagara Falls Gateway to America Corporation, and were viewed as being instrumental "in making the City the world's foremost convention, trade show, and tourist mecca" (Williams 40). During the 1970s, the City of Niagara Falls began serious efforts to encourage tourism in the area, recognizing it as a new economic source as manufacturing companies began to shutter their doors (Williams 39).

It is no surprise then, with the recent unveiling of the downtown tourist restructuring and rebuilding, that the local government and the Love Canal Homeowner's Association had an antagonistic relationship. News of the toxicity of Love Canal splashed across national headlines gave the average American the notion that the city was entirely polluted and covered in a dangerous toxic sludge. Mayor Michael O'Laughlin blamed residents of the Love Canal area for harming the tourism industry, and remained mute while touring the polluted grounds of Love Canal (Gibbs "My Story" 42). Residents viewed

the revitalization of the downtown area as "part of a faith—a philosophy—a dream of an entire community" that was being robbed by the LCHA (Williams 40). As a result, the local government was unsympathetic to the needs of the Love Canal area residents, and to greater concerns about the environmental impact that widespread chemical dumping had on the region.

The issues faced by Love Canal residents also fell on deaf ears at the state level. As Lois Gibbs discovered while attempting to have her sickly son's urine tested for contaminants, New York State Health Department's (NYSHD) laboratories were unwilling to perform the test as NYSHD laboratories also performed testing for Hooker Chemical Company, and the idea of testing urine for chemicals resulting from pollution by Hooker was considered a conflict of interest. The irony is that at this time, New York State was in the process of suing Hooker Chemical Companies for damages caused by careless disposal of chemical wastes. The lack of sources for laboratory testing and other scientific research, as restricted by New York State, made it nearly impossible for the Love Canal residents, scientists and others working on this issue to gain access to needed data and research. Initial research of the Love Canal residents by biochemist Beverly Paigen, Gibbs and others was considered invalid because it failed to employ a set of simultaneous controls, due to lack of access to NYSHD labs, and as a result relied on historical controls (Gibbs "My Story" 64). Ironically, Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) research that contradicted with Gibbs' findings utilized historical controls, although Gibbs' data utilizing the same historical controls was considered invalid (Shaw 751).

The federal government was also hesitant to act because it was not a single case

of hazardous contamination. In fact, at the time, the federal government suspected that there were between 30,000 to 50,000 sites of contamination across the nation (Gibbs "Story Continues" 202). By allowing the residents to relocate, the federal government was concerned that this might create a massive wave of Americans seeking relocation and financial compensation for living in close proximity to hazardous waste. Specific to the Love Canal case, on May 29, 1980, the State Assembly report was released and found that the Department of Defense used the canal to "improperly dispose of...munitions, nuclear materials and items of chemical warfare... regardless of the potential dangers... and transferred parcels of dangerously contaminated property to private companies" ("Where does DOD fit"). The federal government was found to be just as responsible as Hooker Chemical Company in disposing of nuclear and other hazardous waste without concern for residents. By downplaying the seriousness of the allegations at Love Canal, the federal government wished to hide their own culpability.

However, it was the overall characterization of the LCHA as a group of concerned housewives that simultaneously drew national media attention, but confounded scientific results. The LCHA was characterized as a group of benevolent housewives battling a large, seemingly monstrous set of chemical factories. President of the LCHA and outspoken member, Lois Gibbs was characterized as "the housewife who went to Washington" (Gibbs "My Story" xiii). Gibbs in particular used often demeaning, self-depreciating ways of describing herself in order to give the impression of being a simple mom seeking out safety for her children without an ulterior motive. In doing so, Gibbs would make remarks such as "I'm just a dumb housewife; I'm not an expert" in relation to a technical explanation of underground stream networks (Gibbs "My Story" 31). She enlisted the help of biologist and brother-in-law Wayne Hadley "to translate some of that jibber-jabber in the articles into English" (Gibbs "My Story" 10). Gibbs' statements regarding her lack of comprehension of scientific data made it difficult for her scientific revelations regarding the clustering of health ailments around underground streams be accepted as valid. As a significant amount of research and evidence came from surveys that these "dumb housewives" submitted, it made it difficult for the public and scientific researchers to take their research seriously.

While scientific evidence has remained contradictory and inconclusive, the experiences of residents clearly point to serious environmental issues—ones that were recognized by the local, state and federal governments. As Lois Gibbs found:

> "In one house, a divorced woman with four children showed me a letter from the New York State Health Department. It was a thank-you letter, and a check was enclosed. I asked the woman what the check was for. She said the health department had contacted her and asked if her son would go onto Love Canal proper, find two "hot" rocks, and put them into the jars they sent her. The so-called hot rockers were phosphorous rocks that the children would pick up and throw against cement, and in the process, burn themselves" (Gibbs, My Story 23).

Families living in the Love Canal area reported that pets would return with burned noses, and children were prevented from playing in yards after they came back with burned feet, hands and knees after coming into contact with hazardous waste on the ground. However, these firsthand accounts were disregarded, as the mothers that frequently reported these

issues were likened to "hysterical women" or simple "housewives" in order to downplay the seriousness of these allegations (Gibbs "Story Continues" 5).

Efforts to relocate the Love Canal citizens had largely fallen on unsympathetic ears. As a result, the LCHA turned towards gaining national media attention in order to draw attention and greater action to their cause. As Lois Gibbs stated, "We had to keep the media's interest. That was the only way we got anything done. They forced New York State to answer questions. They kept Love Canal in the public consciousness" (Gibbs "My Story" 96). In order to gain the attention, the LCHA utilized their positions as homemakers and concerned mothers in order to gain sympathy and make their cause universally felt. As Gibbs later noted, the media "loves women and children, especially the visual media" so Gibbs and other LCHA members made sure to emphasize the familial aspects of their protest (Hay 111).

The majority of women in the LCHA felt that the feminist movement railed against the lifestyle they chose for themselves—homemakers seeking a quiet life in the suburbs. However, while utilizing protest actions taken by various feminist movements, the women of the LCHA employed a conservative frame to their protests by asserting the traditional role for mothers as a part of a nuclear family (Hay 124). As one mother framed her work with the LCHA in relation to feminist and civil rights protest, "I'm not a person who would do a sit-in or anything like that but when it came to the point where it's your health and your family you can't put a price on that" (Hay 125). Members of the LCHA met with those with "experience in protesting and picketing...a couple of them were hippies with long beards that went down to their belt buckles and long hair," in contrast

to prominent activist Lois Gibbs, who felt that she was, "basically square" (Gibbs "My Story" 47). In these instances, women felt that their actions that went beyond "square": protesting, picketing, marching and more, were acceptable because they were done so in order to reaffirm their family's well-being.

As the scientific evidence failed to move government officials, the LCHA turned to a wide variety of protest actions that largely centered around the notion of protecting the traditional family. Lois Gibbs called the child-abuse hotline and reported that New York State Health Commissioner Robert Whalen should be arrested for abusing hundreds of children by failing to accept evidence of trauma to children caused by chemical exposure (Hay 118). Later, during a protest at the state capitol in Albany, members of the LCHA took an adult and child's coffin to present to then Governor Hugh Carey at the State Capitol in order to remind the public about the most serious effects of toxin exposure. To further reinforce the impact that living among pollutants had on families, children became a significant part of public protests. Similar to the tactics utilized in the Civil Rights Movement, young children dressed in fine attire and greeted Governor Carey with their parents when he first toured the Niagara Falls area. The children were grouped together and Lois Gibbs asked the governor if he was "going to let [these] three-, four-, and five-year olds stay in Love Canal and die?" (Hay 118). Print and television news crowded around these incidents for the high ratings they would bring. In addition, children held protest signs along with parents at these rallies with poignant messages, such as "We Want Out Now"; "Evacuate Us All, NOT Just Little Kids"; "We Have Better Things to do Than Sit Around and Be Contaminated; "Please Don't Let Me Die"

and "Help My Brothers and Sister, It's Too Late for Me" (Hay 118). These signs not only demonstrated the physical tolls that the contamination that Love Canal had on children, but the mental anguish it caused as well. Children had to deal with issues of ill friends, personal health issues and the fear of future sickness. Within families, health became an issue between siblings, as some older children not born in the Canal area were healthy, while younger siblings who were born while their family lived in the Canal were subject to ailments. This issue affected Lois Gibbs' family, as her older daughter, Missy was largely healthy, while her younger son, Michael faced epilepsy, asthma and regular urinary tract infections.

Like the economic issues that complicated government action in the area, the LCHA also faced dilemmas as they challenged the chemical and metallurgical industries. Many of the males living within the Love Canal area were also employed by the chemical industries that their wives were protesting (Gibbs "My Story" 127). As a result, it made public participation in the protests nearly impossible, as they would become targets for harassment by not only company officials but coworkers concerned about the impact that a Love Canal resolution would have on the future of their jobs. As a result, men were involved in the LCHA, but they served insulated roles such as street representatives and minor office holders in addition to attending meeting (Gibbs "My Story" 117). This is not to say that all males served a quiet role in the LCHA. Fatherhood was a theme utilized by the LCHA in order to gain attention, as evidenced by one protest activity where LCHA members delivered a Father's Day card to Health Commissioner David Axelrod with the names of women who had miscarried (Gibbs "My Story" 123). One man held up a picture of his young daughter's face that was scarred by a mysterious rash, and "stressed his role as a father and emphasized the need to protect children everywhere" to news cameras (Gibbs "My Story" 122).

The usage of family themes in order to forward the goals of the LCHA, namely relocation and compensation, were not superficial. As scientific researchers came in droves, testing, prodding, extracting samples from residents only to give unclear results, the residents became frantic. As Gibbs retells of an encounter at a meeting:

> "A pregnant woman was standing there crying. 'What's going to happen to me, Mrs. Gibbs? What's going to happen to my baby? I am already five months pregnant. Look at my stomach. This baby's already been through the first three months. What's going to happen to my baby? Should I get some more tests? Is it going to be all right? Is it going to have a birth defect? Other women, those with children under two (or over two) wondered what had already happened to their children, to their bodies or their brains. Would they die of leukemia? Would they get some other form of cancer? Would they have a crippling disease? If they had children, would their children be able to have children?"(Gibbs "My Story" 35).

The death of seven-year-old resident John Allen Kenny on October 4, 1978 only helped to solidify these fears. After an autopsy was performed, it was found that he had no evidence of infection, but there was damage to his brain and thymus as well, which pointed to overexposure to toxins (Brown 45). While the cause of death was said to be nephrosis, the findings of the autopsy were officially inconclusive, which only maddened parents and hampered the efforts of the LCHA.

Despite Kenny's death, it took the most dramatic protest by the LCHA members in order to gain the attention of President Jimmy Carter. After initially arriving to discuss the results of another health survey, the Love Canal residents took two EPA officials hostage. The hostages were told that they should remain inside a building to prevent harm by outside residents angered by the results of health tests just delivered by the EPA workers. The officials were kept in a room, given food and waited for a calmer outside climate while a stream of men and women spoke to them about various issues they experienced as a result of living in the Love Canal area. Meanwhile, Lois Gibbs had contacted government officials to notify them that two EPA officials had been taken hostage until further, meaningful action on the Love Canal issue had been taken (Hay 116). Hours into the standoff, Gibbs was notified of FBI sharpshooters positioned in the area willing to take action. The EPA officials were quickly released, and two days later President Carter declared the area a health emergency.

In addition to the relocation and compensation given to Love Canal residents, the Comprehensive Environmental Response, Compensation and Liability Act (CERCLA) of 1980, better known as the Superfund law, was passed. It originally began as a $1.6 billion dollar trust fund, hence the colloquial name, in order to remove or contain hazardous waste at sites across the country. CERCLA was initially set up with provisions that allowed various facets of the US Government, specifically the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) through the Justice Department, the ability to sue organizations responsible for creating conditions of hazardous waste sites. CERCLA has been amended over time, which is a clear indication of the general attitudes the government, and to a lesser extent, the public, has held regarding toxicity in the environment. The Superfund Amendments and Reauthorization Act of 1986 (SARA), increased the program funds to $9 billion and added new regulations, including new amendments on states regulation of hazardous waste sites and community right-to-know initiatives (Fletcher 60). Even reports of financial corruption and mismanagement of the cleanup process at Love Canal failed to persuade citizens away from the overall efforts of the Superfund ("$5 Million").

However, as the memory of these environmental disasters has faded in public memory, in combination with the rise of neoliberal politics, support for the Superfund has largely waned. In 1993, the EPA issued the "Land Use in the CERCLA Remedy Selection Process" directive to allow for lowered standards of acceptable toxin removal in conjunction with future land use. In other words, sites intended to remain in use as industrial sites would face less stringent cleanliness codes that areas intended for residential usage (Fletcher 61). However, public tide began to turn away from CERCLA because they felt that a considerable amount of resources were spent on attempting to remove toxins. As Dr. Richard Goodwin, a private environmental engineer proposed, "the best thing we can do is evacuate people if they want, then put up a fence and a flag that says, 'Stay Away'" ("Costly Solutions Seeking Problems").

A few years later in 1998, new issues faced CERCLA as its funds dramatically decreased. Environmentalists and other groups felt that industries responsible for producing or using hazardous wastes should be assessed higher taxes and fees. However, economics played a major role in the decision of lawmakers who, during an election year, were unwilling to pass on higher costs to industries that contribute to their party

(Hernandez). Attempts to regulate the chemical manufacturing industries were foiled by a desire to protect jobs potentially lost through "the expense of litter and solid waste problems" (Fletcher 84). Disposing of hazardous waste is an expensive issue due to the high cost of building an appropriate storage site, storage containers and ongoing monitoring of the site. In over twenty states, mercury contamination is so high that residents are warned not to consume fish, yet most state and federal governments do nothing to prevent further contamination; Congress remained mute on this issue because they felt that utility companies, a large source of the pollution in these states, had recently spent a considerable amount on preventing acid rain and should not be subject to further regulation ("Costly Solutions").

The issue regarding the level of cleanliness was never resolved, with more reports and articles appearing that both questioned and praised CERCLA laws for their lack of specific guidelines set. For example, 'success' was achieved at the Love Canal site by leaving the toxins buried in the canal, and placing a new, larger cap on top and enlarging drainage ditches along each side. It was determined that attempting to remove the mass of chemicals that have largely broken through drums and have mixed together would be more dangerous than leaving the chemicals in place and rebuilding containment walls around it. To describe these new areas of rehabilitated, although still contaminated land, the term of 'brownfield' has emerged. Ironically, although recent results released in the 2009 health report on Love Canal by the New York State Health Department have found no elevated risks of cancer, the Superfund site was unable to reach its "gold standard... level of cleanliness where there was only a one in a million chance that there would be more cancer in the area than normal" and, rather, the Love Canal area poses a "level of risk of additional cancers...at one in 10,000" (DePalma "Pollution").

CERCLA laws are currently being questioned for their economic value. Home values, rental rates and shifts in demographics found that a "clean" evaluation found little positive growth in these valuations, even twenty years later after the cleanup. While the research "noted that there may be health and aesthetic benefits that were not captured in their data," it ultimately concluded that the lack of change in economic value of these tarnished areas called for a reexamination of the necessity of CERCLA (Bejamin). Other research focused on the costs to businesses, specifically the "joint and several liability" aspect of CERCLA, which ultimately means that any organization found accountable for dumping hazardous waste can be held financially liable for the costs associated with cleanup. Other researchers felt that this CERCLA provision "trapped many chemical companies into paying big bucks for cleaning up waste sites they had little to do with" (Hanson 39). While it is true that government organizations can use this to shield themselves from contributing to the cost of cleanup of areas they contaminated, the notion that companies should not have to be "burdened" with the cost of cleaning up hazardous waste contamination is the type of thought that the Bush administration utilized when deciding to move the funding of the CERCLA laws from corporations to taxpayers (Garrett). The high rates of potential liability were effective in coercing potentially hazardous corporations from polluting, but without the economic penalty companies have no incentive to monitor their production.

Further complicating the matter are the politics of science. The health claims of

residents of the Love Canal have never been proved beyond a doubt. As a result, the legacy of Love Canal and subsequent changes to the law, including the Superfund, has been questioned. Ultimately, this illustrates the fallacies of science, and that in the quest for uncovering the heart of the matter; science has proven to not be a universal truth. Politics, personal interests, differing opinions on methodologies and mistakes often come into play. The scientific research has proven inconclusive, as some studies confirm that there is cause for alarm, while others suggest there are no elevated risks.

A recent 2010 study on the presence of accumulated organochlorines and chlorinated benzenes on 373 former residents living in the Love Canal area between 1978-79 found that "residential proximity to Love Canal contributed to the body burden of certain contaminants" and recommended that "further surveillance of the Love Canal cohort" be taken (Kielb, et al 225). These accumulated toxins have implications for serious long term health effects including serious damage to the liver and various types of cancer. However, most other studies are unlikely to make conclusive findings regarding the health implications of Love Canal. A year before the study of accumulated organochlorines and chlorinated benzenes, research was performed on the rate of cancer incidence by residents of Love Canal to the general rate experienced by residents of Niagara County and New York State. Although the study found increased rates for bladder and kidney cancers, the study ultimately concluded that "the role of exposure to the landfill is unclear given such limitations as a relatively small and incomplete study cohort, imprecise exposure measurements, and the exclusion of cancers diagnosed before 1979" but suggested that "further surveillance is warranted" (Gensburg 1269). Tests on native animals in the Love Canal region also supported the notion that the elevated levels of chemical toxins in the area had a negative impact on health. It was found that the life expectancy of voles living closer to the center of the Love Canal disaster experienced a shorter life span, most likely due to significantly higher pesticide content in fatty tissue and lower levels of glycogen, which serves as an important source of energy (Kevles).

Limitations of small sample sizes, funding and other issues affect scientific research, making it difficult to draw conclusions from (Clapp A54). Scientists have been critical of the work by other colleagues on this area, especially when New York State published its results from a thirteen-year tracking study on former Love Canal residents in 2009. Overall, the study found that Love Canal residents were "slightly less" prone to cancer than other New York State residents, and that "the rates of pre-term births, low birth weight, and birth defects among Love Canal residents were statistically indistinguishable from those found across the state, although Love Canal birth defects were double the rate reported in neighboring Niagara County" (Bailey 14). These results from the New York State have not faced the same amount of challenges that initial research performed by Gibbs and Paigen did, especially considering the length of the study and its seemingly more credible source. However, a previous study released in 2002 by New York State on birth defects comparing Love Canal residents, Niagara County residents and New York State residents found that women living in close proximity to the Love Canal area "had more very low birth weight babies," "more premature births," and that, "rate of birth defects for Love Canal mothers was slightly higher" (NYSHD). Studies by the same source, using the same controls, and test groups came to different conclusions,

further complicating the legacy of Love Canal and harming future legislation regarding environmental contamination and clean-up.

A major concern regarding these studies is using general inhabitants of Niagara County as a control group to test findings against. A 1983 study by the Center for Disease Control contradicted a study by the Environmental Project Agency and "concluded that residents or former residents of Love Canal are no more likely to have chromosomal damage than are other residents of Niagara Falls" ("US Denies Genetic Damage"). However, this study and the article failed to mention the presence of hazardous and toxic chemical waste throughout Niagara County, including that at Model City, the Niagara Falls Storage Site, and the waterways known as "Bloody Run" for their red appearance after being inundated with chemicals. The Niagara County regions has an elevated risk for multiple ailments overall, and by using the county as a control group, it fails to compare the results of residents of Love Canal with a more normalized population segment. This issue was alluded to by Love Canal resident, Louise Lewis, who lived in the Love Canal area even through the evacuations stated, "at least I know exactly what's on my property. Do you?"("State Agency Closes").

Slowly developers are encroaching into the vacant lots, slowly turning each blacktop lot with overgrown grass into a newly constructed home. The memories of Love Canal are pushed away by local residents in favor of its new moniker, Black Creek Village. In 2000, attempts were made to build a museum dedicated to remembering Love Canal and its legacy. However, these plans were met with "fierce opposition" from many residents (Blum 14). Incoming residents in the newly built Black Creek Village

"want all reminders of the place that gave birth to Superfund laws buried like the wastes that still sit in the canal" (Nieves "House is Still a Home"). While some felt that building a museum was a waste of limited tax dollars, most felt that they did not want a reminder of the events of Love Canal, and were concerned with the long-term image of the city as a toxic wasteland. Although the city typically embraces any ideas capable of bringing in tourism, the idea of dabbling in 'dark tourism' especially centered on Love Canal has been off limits. Perhaps it is a testament to the long standing desire to realize a utopian community in this area that has made it anything but. As a result, both residents and government on various levels wish to obliterate the spacial dimension of Love Canal and replace it with rectified memories of a place that was successfully contained by the government. The only monument that attests to the disasters of the Love Canal area are buried underground; specifically, a leachate containment and collection system was installed in the southern sector of the Love Canal in December of 1979, and has operated since then (McDougall 2918).

Even residents who remained in the Love Canal through mass evacuations, such as Sam Giarrizzo, who "never considered the canal all that dangerous to begin with" could not help but feel "relieved when the Environmental Protection Agency said…that the $400 million cleanup was over. While attempts to rename and revitalize the community have been largely successful, Giarrizzo stated, "You can never get rid of Love Canal [in regards to chemical contamination and subsequent fears]…we'll have it forever." (DePalma "Looking For Some Help"). This process of rectification began in 1993, when many new families moved into the Love Canal area, lured by homes that were 20% and less than

typical market value. To further entice buyers, these "rehabilitated" homes offered new appliances and other conveniences. When questioned about residing near one of the country's most notorious hazardous waste zones, one incoming resident, Leon Demers, stated "well, we were old anyway, so it wouldn't matter that much" (Nieves "Toxic No More").

Public memory, however fragile, is incapable of forgetting the tragedies of the Love Canal area. While attempts to "gussy up the old neighborhood" and giving "it a fancy new name: Black Creek Village" have attracted many new residents to the area, it is still referred to as the Love Canal area by most (DePalma "3 BDRMS"). Despite the ghost of the Love Canal, residents are working hard to erase that image. As Jane M. Kenny, the EPA federal agency's regional administrator, said in regards to the recently revitalized and repopulated area, "The good news here that needs to be told is that we now have a vibrant area that's been revitalized, people living in a place where they feel happy, and it's once again a nice neighborhood" (DePalma "Delisting Love Canal"). Although residents were wary of the chemicals that remained buried under the surface, they largely felt secure in the presence of monitors designed to recognize leaks in the sealed hazardous waste vessel. Today, despite the chemical waste buried in close proximity, the Black Creek Village community has emerged as the idealized community that Love Canal residents hoped it would be. Children play baseball in nearby fields, lawns are manicured and new paint gleams off homes, as the new community works hard to forget the memory of the residents that attempted to live there once before. Little is said about the limited life of storage methods for hazardous waste. In recent tests of new methods that include plastic liners and leachate detectors, research shows that all land-based storage methods are "almost guaranteed to leak eventually" (Pienciak).

In order to prevent future fiascos such as the one resulting from Love Canal, some scientists have proposed creating a "sensibly designed, controlled, collaborative study… that would be acceptable in advance, considering all of the possible parameters, such as culture conditions, intraobserver consistency, interobserver differences, suitable control groups, appropriate staining procedures, number of cells per individual and number of individuals to be scored, number of laboratories, and blind scoring of subjects and controls" (Shaw 751). The myriad of research studies done by, for and on Love Canal residents have caused them unneeded fear and trauma, as well as costing a significant amount of resources. With no study being universally accepted, especially considering the political implications of the findings, further research is largely without value until all parties can come to an agreement regarding a proper method of evaluation.

As scientist Margaret Shaw similarly concluded, "we should recognize our ignorance and uncertainties and try to help the regulators as well as the human subjects to appreciate the concept of probabilities rather than certainties" (Shaw 752). Rather than hold science as an unquestionable source of knowledge and understanding, we should recognize that science is just as slippery as performance, but both utilized together can yield a greater truth. The Love Canal area is seen as a marker of shame to residents, both for its tarnishing of the local image, and the lowered economic status of most residents who chose to move into the area. The recent removal of the site from the list of Superfund areas should not mean that the site is forgotten from memory, both through the passing

of time, as well as the forced removal from memory of local residents. This site is more than a site of environmental contamination, as it also "represents one of those moments when ordinary Americans discovered that they would have to fight for their own welfare against corporate interests and against the governmental echo of those interests" and did so successfully (DePalma "Delisting Love Canal"). However, considering that over 90% of residents in Love Canal moved out after the 1980 evacuation order was given, it seems difficult for newly arrived residents to celebrate the ability of past residents to vacate the very same area.

The paradox of a desire and a need to remember, as well as a conflicting desire to forget by local populations that potentially face the same fate as their Love Canal predecessors remains an issue. Although not prominent, the simple chain link fence and unmarked building in the center of Love Canal serve as clear reminders to residents who must view these daily. It is easy for outsiders, and even residents living far outside the borders of Love Canal to wish for a monument to this disaster and the strength of residents who fought successfully against the economic interests of the government and large industry; however, it is not us who must live with this memory, and the continual fear of what lies buried beneath the ground.

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Levant

The winds often die

Before the sun rises.

The air grows brisk

When it's warm, and cold

If it is cool. Now is

The time to fire the rockets.

The generals know

Before the first birds sing

There's much less risk.

The gas will not blow

To unwanted places,

But in the predawn hours

Of late night lingering

Settle in its traces

Like dew upon the flowers.

—Jefferson Holdridge

PHOTO: SUE MATHESON

DREAMTIME

Imperial Linguistics:
English Hegemony in Brian Friel's *Translations*

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Barbarus hic ego sum, qui non intellegor ulli. Ovid

The structure and employment of language informs and describes both the foundation of communication and the subject's understanding and interaction with her environment. It is through the study of language's structure that one comes to consider the processes of the dissemination of information through the arbitrary combination of symbols and ideas, of signifier and signified. This objective study inevitably leads one to consider the subject's use of language, how an individual, and eventually a culture, comes to construct her own reality through language. It is the reality- and identity-formation potential attached to each culture's language that makes the overwriting and replacement of indigenous languages such a powerful tool of colonial domination. The theoretical implications inherent to imperial linguistics center on its function as an instrument of colonization, and is dramatically rendered in Brian Friel's play *Translations*, answering both how the process of translation inevitably alters meaning, and how the intentional alteration of meaning is a potential manifestation of anti-colonization. *Translations* explores the conversion necessary for any form of communication, while portraying language's power as an instrument of colonization, an enterprise that occurs both geographically and psychologically. To that end, Friel's play focuses on an analysis of Ireland's ongoing colonization, explores language as a locus of cultural identity, and dramatizes language's perpetual political aspect.

A critical analysis of *Translations* requires the integration of postcolonial and language theory as a way to successfully mediate the play's twin imperial narratives. Friel examines Ireland's colonization through Britain's obligatory translation of Irish into English, and subsequently considers the ramifications of such an enterprise. The use of language as a tool of colonization is a concept expounded upon by theorists Homi K. Bhabha and Ngugi wa Thiong'o, who argue that imperial domination is conducted most insidiously through the hegemonic normalization of the dominant culture's language. In that language is the medium with which the subject constructs her identity and autonomy, the forced reconceptualization of the self through the colonizer's language results in a split identity where one "see[s] oneself from outside oneself as if one was another self" (Ngugi 1136). The colonial linguistic enterprise is further complicated by George Steiner, who contends that all communication, and therefore meaning, is conducted through a process of translation whereby the participants of a speech-act are limited to the other's subjective interpretation. As Steiner argues:

> translation is formally and pragmatically implicit in *every* act of communication, in the emission and reception of each and every mode of

> meaning, be it in the widest semiotic sense or in more specifically verbal exchanges. To understand is to decipher. To hear significance is to translate. Thus the essential structural and executive means and problems of the act of translation are fully present in acts of speech, of writing, of pictorial encoding inside any given language. (xii)

Translations, then, seeks to explore language's role in the colonial program in addition to the difficulties, both comic and tragic, inherent in imperial attempts at translating to their subjects the meaning of colonization.

Ostensibly *Translations* is a skillful dramatization of the earliest stages of colonization set in rural Ireland over the course of several days in 1833, tensely hovering before the devastation of the potato famine. Here the viewer is immediately posited in an interstitial colonization that remains throughout the duration of the play, where the audience's perspective is caught between an alignment with the Irish characters on stage and the non-diegetic awareness that their Irishness is soon to be subsumed within the arms of British colonial dominance. Jimmy's comment "Sure you know that I have only Irish like yourself" illustrates this interstitial colonization by revealing no knowledge of its inherent irony, as the peri-colonized Irish character's words are written, spoken, and understood in English (Friel 260). Friel's narrative design presents the struggles, both grand and minute, arising from the personal and cultural identity conflicts borne from the colonial experience. To these conflicts Friel supplies no patent solution, and instead allows the drama to unfold as the students of Baile Beag's hedge-school – who compose most of the town's population – contend with the growing presence of British forces sent with the seemingly innocuous task of anglicizing the area's Irish place names in order to render an official map of the country.

The map's production is laden with profound theoretical consequences, extending beyond physical boundaries into the geography of the mind. Though colonization may begin in an effort to expand access to resources as part of a capitalistic program, what Shaun Richards argues stating that "the central issue in postcolonial theory is about the integration of societies into a world capitalist system," it concurrently demands submission to the colonizing force's cultural norms (272). The colonial agenda includes the forced assimilation of their subjects, requiring, among other efforts toward homogeneity, the forced aquisition of the dominant culture's language, described by Ngugi as "the languages of imperialist imposition" (1127). "[T]he mapping exercise" situates Ireland in geographic relation to Britain, but also "positions Ireland in relation to empire," subordinating Ireland and its cultural markers to a subaltern state of inferiority where the Irish are made to translate their identities from a British perspective (Richards 272-73).

Britain's cartographic project involves another, arguably more subtle, colonial implication that again marginalizes Irishness. Even before translating Irish place names, the simple act of rendering on paper, of corporealizing, and reproducing Ireland, shifts the binary power from the spoken to the written, aligning English and Britishness with officialdom. Ireland's reproduction "in miniature" serves to contain and control the colony; Ireland becomes a British possession (Friel 275). Indeed, the image of the map calls to mind Jorge Luis Borges' short story "On Exactitude in Science" and the postmodern concept of the hyperreal as forwarded by Jean Baudrillard, who asserts that

the postmodern condition is defined by the substitution of "signs of the real for the real itself" (366). Here the clear delineations between the country "Ireland," the map "Ireland," and the word "Ireland" are blurred as each symbol's referent is one (or both) of the other symbols. The colonizer's process of mapping serves as the first step toward destabilizing the Irish peoples', and *Translations*' characters', Irishness. Captain Lancey's initial explanation of his work echoes Richards' assertion equating colonization with capitalism, declaring that "This enormous task has been embarked on so that the military authorities will be equipped with up-to-date and accurate information…And also so that the entire basis of land valuation can be reassessed for purposes of more equitable taxation" (Friel 276). Further, Captain Lancey's subsequent Orwellian statement, read from the governing charter, situates Ireland's secondary colonial status, asserting "'Ireland is privileged. No such survey is being undertaken in England. So this survey cannot but be received as proof of the disposition of this government to advance the interests of Ireland'" (Friel 276). Here Bhabha synthesizes the twin concepts of corporealization through rendition and imperial domination described by the map project, explaining "When the ocular metaphors of presence refer to the process by which content is fixed as an 'effect of the present,' we encounter not plenitude but the structured gaze of power whose objective is authority, whose 'subjects' are historical" (1172). To be drawn, translated, and rewritten is to be owned, and colonization is about nothing if not ownership.

Ownership in the imperial sense occurs, of course, in stages, and from an objective standpoint mapping something does not imply ownership, but the act of mapping is certainly a step in the process. Imperial topography must exist alongside imperial toponymy which necessarily involves the translation and reassignation of autochthonous place names. The *fait accompli* of Britain's "comprehensive survey" is the process of renaming, and therefore anglicizing, Ireland (Friel 275). The exchange between the Irish characters and brothers, Owen, who is working for the English as a translator, and Manus, the under-hedgemaster who is skeptical of Captain Yolland's apparent propriety, makes the British intent to rename clear while presenting contrary opinions regarding its importance:

> MANUS. What's 'incorrect' about the place-names we have here?
>
> OWEN. Nothing at all. They're just going to be standardized.
>
> MANUS. You mean changed into English?
>
> OWEN. Where there's ambiguity, they'll be Anglicized (sic). (Friel 277)

"Ambiguity" seems especially pertinent here, as it is just as much the cultural ethos of Irishness as the Irish themselves that the British are working to translate and standardize. Helen Lojek speaks to this problem directly, explaining that "The nineteenth-century British ordnance team which anglicized the place names of Ireland was part of a deliberate effort to wipe out Irish culture (and therefore Irish cohesiveness and power) by wiping out the Irish language, and Friel's play [T*ranslations*] demonstrates the connection between linguistic landscape and geographic landscape" (84). The gradual erosion and replacement of language undertaken by the imperial program amounts to a cultural Shoah; its implicit intent, emanating from a position of assumed superiority, is to eradicate all traces of Ireland's arterial language, to force an entire nation's reconceptualization of identity from

a foreign, inferior perspective.

Such a reconceptualization is perhaps best illustrated through Owen, whose function as a British employee situates him nearest full colonization among the Irish characters. Owen exists in a culturally treacherous intermediary space between Irish and British, established not only by his willingness to aid the imperial cause but also by his complicity in his own name's (mis)translation. After Manus queries Owen about why the British persist in calling him Roland, Owen responds, "Owen–Roland–what the hell. It's only a name. It's the same me, isn't it? Well, isn't it?" (Friel 277). Throughout the rest of Translations "Roland" becomes a sort of derogatory term akin to "Benedict Arnold" or "Uncle Tom," meant to describe any Irish defector. The line later spoken by Manus in response to Lieutenant Yolland – "I'm sure. But there are always the Rolands, aren't there?" – serves both to puzzle his British interlocutor and to contextualize Owen's intermediary identity; the extent of Owen's value to the British is directly proportional to the degree to which he works against the Irish, where the power he gains from the one is that which has been taken from the other. Owen is left in the position of an Irish sepoy by voluntarily acquiescing to colonial power in return for employment and good favor, without ever realizing his own transience and interchangeability, or the power he has to undermine Britain's efforts by intentionally mistranslating (or even accurately translating) their intentions to the other Irish characters. This unrealized anti-colonization potential forms an unsatisfied tension that lasts through the entirety of the play.

Owen's role as translator focuses attention on the imbued cultural significance of native place names as he aids Lieutenant Yolland in "standardizing" the Irish language.

Very quickly Owen assists in altering the cultural landscape of County Donegal, reciting from the Name-Book, "Lis na Muc, the Fort of Pigs, has become Swinefort…And to get to Swinefort you pass through Greencastle and Fair Head and Strandhill and Gort and Whiteplains. And the new school isn't at Poll na gCaorach–it's at Sheepsrock" (Friel 285). Their systematic renaming echoes Lojek's pronouncement that "Most often, [translation] involves an adaptation of use so that traditional (often outmoded) words and actions may gain new resonance. Underlying all these kinds of translation is an unstated linkage of word and Word, so that the search for literal meaning often involves a search for spiritual meaning as well" (84). Owen and Lieutenant Yolland's subsequent exposition on the etymology of, and reasons for changing, the name Tobair Vree, underscores Lojek's sentiments while simultaneously exposing Owen's inclination toward standardization and Lieutenant Yolland's introspective reluctance:

> OWEN: We've come to this crossroads….And we call that crossroads Tobair Vree. And why do we call it Tobair Vree? I'll tell you why. Tobair means a well. But what does Vree mean? It's a corruption of Brian— [Gaelic pronunciation] Brian—an erosion of Tobair Bhriain. Because a hundred-and-fifty years ago there used to be a well there, not at the crossroads, mind you—that would be too simple—but in a field close to the crossroads. And an old man called Brian, whose face was disfigured by an enormous growth, got it into his head that the water in that well was blessed; and every day for seven months he went there and bathed his face in it. But the growth didn't go away; and one morning Brian was found drowned in that well. And ever

since that crossroads is known as Tobair Vree—even though that well has long since dried up….So my question to you, Lieutenant, is this: what do we do with a name like that? Do we scrap Tobair Vree altogether and call it—what?—The Cross? Crossroads? Or do we keep piety with a man long dead, long forgotten, his name 'eroded' beyond recognition, whose trivial little story nobody in the parish remembers?

YOLLAND: Except you. (Friel 286-87)

Lieutenant Yolland's exchange with Owen illustrates Yolland's recognition, however poorly formed, that "Something is being eroded" by anglicizing Irish place names (Friel 286). Lieutenant Yolland, the colonial officer, is perhaps somewhat surprisingly hesitant to continue his duty, resisting the changes Owen is so keen to make. Yolland's perspective is that of a cultural relativist, who wants to understand the Irish by immersing himself in the very language he has been tasked with deconstructing. Hugh's prophetic note of caution, directed at the Lieutenant, speaks to British and Irish alike, saying:

> I understand your sense of exclusion, of being cut off from life here; and I trust you will find access to us with [Owen's] help. But remember that words are signals, counters. They are not immortal. And it can happen–to use an image you'll understand–it can happen that a civilization can be imprisoned in a linguistic contour which no longer matches the landscape of…fact. (Friel 286)

This enigmatic dictum acknowledges that, though the Irish language draws much of its cultural significance and import from an inaccessible and often mythologized history, English too is laden with imperial self-aggrandizement that may be just as much a construction as Ireland's grand past.

Hugh is an intriguing figure, who functions in *Translations* as a nexus of language and social commentary while giving voice to some of Friel's more philosophical notions. Hugh's character borders, at times, on the comic, as a stereotypical lush with eccentric mannerisms, who is humorously impersonated several times throughout the play by his students and his sons. But in Hugh the audience is given a deep multidimensionality, capable of offering insight while maintaining the greatest control of the most languages. His early, unseen, exchange with Captain Lancey reveals his joviality as well as his trepidation with regard to the proliferation of English in Ireland, recounting at length:

> I encountered Captain Lancey of the Royal Engineers who is engaged in the ordinance survey of this area.…He then explained that he does not speak Irish. Latin? I asked. None. Greek? Not a syllable. He speaks–on his own admission–only English…He voiced some surprise that we did not speak his language. I explained that a few of us did, on occasion–outside the parish of course–and then usually for the purposes of commerce…English, I suggested, couldn't really express us. (Friel 269)

Hugh astutely recognizes, as Richards argues, that "the central issue in postcolonial theory is about the integration of societies into a world capitalist system," where English is suitable for commerce, but that it also fails to adequately express Ireland (272). Hugh intuitively understands that English will inevitably cancel out the remaining provincial

cliques of Irish-speaking communities, and also that through that lingual reconstruction one's ability to properly express oneself will be lost in translation.

Here Hugh seemingly gives voice to George Steiner, specifically to Steiner's hugely influential work *After Babel*, which had a particular effect on Brian Friel and his plays. Through *After Babel***,** Steiner posits hermeneutics somewhere between epistemology and postcolonial studies, arguing that all communication within, between, and among all languages demands translation, and that inevitably all meaning is dependent on subjective interpretation. As Marilynn Richtarik notes, "Friel was indebted to George Steiner," and continues, stating that "several of [*Translations*'] most memorable lines are taken almost verbatim from [*After Babel*]," dramatizing Steiner's hypothesis that all meaning is mediated through individual subjectivities and is, therefore, inevitably altered (554-55). Steiner's major arguments regarding language and translation leads him to a more general commentary on the nature of language as an organic extension of steadily developing and evolving cultures, asserting that:

> so far as we experience and 'realize' them in linear progression, time and language are intimately related: they move and the arrow is never in the same place….there are instances of arrested or sharply diminished mobility: certain sacred and magical tongues can be preserved in a condition of artificial stasis. But ordinary language is, literally at every moment, subject to mutation. (18-19)

They are, then, the healthy evolving cultures whose languages avoid being "imprisoned in a linguistic contour" and are capable of advancing in concordance with real-world developments and progress.

Friel makes a curious and much more subtle commentary on Irishness and its relation to language through Hugh and his invocation of Steiner. Hugh's character demands that the audience draw the comparison between the dead (albeit classic) languages Greek and Latin, and Irish; the three of which compose a linguistic triumvirate of "magical tongues…preserved in a condition of artificial stasis" at once enigmatic and – using the knowledge of historical perspective – tragically incapable of keeping up with the arrow of time. Friel is allowing a moment of critical self-reflection, accepting, even conceding, that either just as English "couldn't really express us," perhaps neither could Irish, or that Irish remained a satisfactory language for a culture unable to evolve normally. The viewer is immediately cognizant that English had been replacing Irish in Ireland for centuries and that *Translations* was of course written, performed, and experienced in English, positing English as the language if not best for the Irish then at least best for the world of British imperial creation.

Friel forces the audience to question to what degree Irish, like Greek and Latin, has been romanticized by the nostalgia of a common collective unconscious, using Hugh as the lingual nexus. Dick Leith explains that by as early as the late nineteenth century, Celtic languages, including Irish, became "increasingly sentamentalised, as much by the English as by the Celts themselves," pointing up the rapidity with which such romanticization occurred (121). Hugh poignantly acknowledges "that it is not the literal past, the 'facts' of history, that shape us, but images of the past embodied in language" and that "we must never cease renewing those images; because once we do, we fossilize" (Friel 306-

07). It seems apparent by the end of the play that the "truths immemorially posited" to which Hugh alludes are the fossilized pieces of Greek, Latin, and Irish that have survived colonization, remaining intact though still subject to translation. By *Translations'* conclusion Hugh resolves that "'always'" is nothing more than "a silly word," no more relevant to their lives than the Greek and Latin they spend so much time studying (Friel 308). Hugh's design as both hedge-master and student is one of begrudging acceptance, understanding that although "counterfictions are what make life bearable" the imperial dynamo has no patience for "memory's alternative reality" and will simply standardize the peoples and languages that oppose them (Lojek 87; 86).

Perhaps, then, it is Maire Chatach who possesses the best understanding of her colonial situation. Maire, a student at the hedge-school who is eager to "translate herself out of Ireland" (Lojek 85), asserts that "'The old language [Irish] is a barrier to modern progress,'" and continues saying "I don't want Greek. I don't want Latin. I want English" (Friel 270). Maire's contention disregards the imperial nature of British "progress" – which, in concurrence with the proliferation of the language, succeeds in erasing culture and history – by attempting to escape Ireland by any means. Her apparent disinterest in such dead (or soon-to-be-dead) languages as Greek, Latin, and Irish combined with her desire to avoid cultural and linguistic fossilization, attracts her to Lieutenant Yolland, whose simultaneous appreciation for Irish and Ireland makes for a strangely uncommunicative match.

Lieutenant Yolland becomes Maire's physical representation of Britain, and by extension progress and escape, as each pursues a romantic liaison with the Other. Their

frustrated interlocution illustrates not only the inherent difficulty posed by translation but also the process by which colonization becomes mimicry, what Bhabha describes, writing: "Consequently the colonial presence is always ambivalent, split between its appearance as original and authoritative and its articulation as repetition and difference" (1171). The delineation between colonizer and subject is blurred once each determines to reconstruct the other, as Bhabha continues:

> It is this ambivalence that makes the boundaries of colonial "positionality" – the division of self/other – and the question of colonial power – the differentiation of colonizer/colonized – different from both the Hegelian master/slave dialectic or the phenomenological projection of Otherness. It is a *différance* produced within the act of enunciation as a specifically colonial articulation of those two disproportionate sites of colonial discourse and power: the colonial scene as the invention of historicity, mastery, mimesis… (1171)

Bhabha's "colonial 'positionality'" and invocation of Hegel's master/slave dialectic are particularly apt, as the power dynamic between Maire and Lieutenant Yolland remains undefined.

The indeterminacy of power and authority, between colonizer imitating the colonized and colonized imitating the colonizer, is depicted through the shared antimetabole:

> MAIRE. The grass must be wet. My feet are soaking.
>
> YOLLAND. Your feet must be wet. The grass is soaking. (Friel 292)

Cause and effect are undefined and the order of the master/slave dialectic is indiscernible until the conclusion of their exchange. Maire and Yolland's mutual desire for comprehension is evident enough, presenting confusion as to who commands the conversation, but the diegetic and non-diegetic evidence indicates that English is the ultimate victor. It is perhaps worth reiterating that the Irish spoken in *Translations* is almost entirely an affectation made possible by the audience's cumulative suspension of disbelief, and Maire's line "I want to live with you–anywhere–anywhere at all–always–always" reestablishes British colonial authority over Ireland, where anywhere at all is preferable to Ireland's colonial situation (Friel 294). The colonizer is assigned the authority, whether merely perceived or deserved, to unburden the colonized subject's subalternity by removing them, either physically or psychologically, from their subordinate status. However, attempting to transpose any Irish subject to a British – or non-Irish – angle of perception is to undo and reposition an aspect of their autonomy. As Ngugi explains "The choice of language and the use to which it is put is central to a people's definition of themselves in relation to their natural and social environment, indeed in relation to the entire universe" (1126). Maire and Lieutenant Yolland's scene, then, is the imperial overwriting of colonial subjectivity set in miniature, where the power conflict, albeit confused by Yolland's relativism, resides *de facto* with the British.

This scene, imbued with heightened sexual tension after Maire and Yolland leave the dance together hand in hand, also demands consideration with regard to Steiner's arguments on the nature of translation. Steiner's general thesis states that all communication requires translation regardless of whether the speech-act takes place between speakers of the same language or not. Steiner expands this premise to include translations not only from one subject to another and one language to another, but also from one gender to another, writing:

> No man or woman but has felt, during a lifetime, the strong subtle barriers which sexual identity interposes in communication. At the heart of intimacy, there above all perhaps, differences of linguistic reflex intervene. The semantic contour, the total of expressive means used by men and women differ. The view they take of the output and consumption of words is not the same. As it passes through verb tenses, time is bent into distinctive shapes and fictions. (42)

The exchange between Maire and Lieutenant Yolland depicts, in part, Steiner's contention that innate differences in gender – yet another subjective binary – force a greater effort to translate and ultimately understand the others' speech. As Maire and Yolland struggle to comprehend each other, the line repeated by both characters separately – "'Always'? What is that word–'always'?" – is an example of how the word "always" is spoken and understood differently by male/female, colonizer/colonized, and master/slave, suggesting, as Hugh does, that this silly word irrevocably separates the halves of each binary (Friel 294).

This scene stands out as worthy of such critical attention because of how much decoding takes place along with so little communication, until they seemingly come to understand one another. Both characters are reduced to gesturing and speaking in what amounts to gibberish only to realize "*the futility of it,*" being left only to enjoy "the

sound of [the other's] speech" (Friel 292). Maire even tries to communicate in Latin, which Yolland, not knowing either, mistakes for Irish. In their final verbal climax it might appear that Maire and Yolland have transcended their shared communicative barriers and almost magically or intuitively come to understand each other. However this repartee is informed by Friel's crucial note "*Each now speaks almost to himself/herself*," so that what might appear to be communication is closer to two simultaneous one-sided conversations, speaking, as it were, once again to the nature of translation (294). The viewer might perhaps become confused in hearing two characters speaking different languages in the same language, but as each rhetorically asks the meaning of the word "always" the viewer is meant to understand that their rendezvous has overcome neither their gendered or national linguistic differences.

Discussing the use of language in *Translations* Marilynn Richtarik rightly notes, despite what Friel has been quoted saying to the contrary, that "When an Irish playwright talks about language, it has a political edge" (557). Friel's play critically explores and comments on the use of linguistic overwriting and replacement as a tool of colonization, drawing both from history and language theory to dramatize the imperial effect on the subjectivities of the colonized. *Translations* forces a reconceptualization of our own relationship with language, depicting the eroding effect inherent to translating one culture's language to another, one that inevitably results in the loss of spiritual meaning. Though Owen benignly softens Britain's motives by purposely mistranslating Captain Lancey's explanation for why a map is being drawn in the first place, he shows both the colonization and anti-colonization potential inherent to those in control of language. Friel equates language with power, while remaining cognizant of the limitations built into communication and its requisite reliance on translation. Friel, who cautions that "everything is a form of madness" and for whom always is but a silly word, may ultimately be suggesting that, like the classic Greek and Latin liberally used throughout the play, Irish and perhaps English too, though its success seems assured, is destined to become a dead language confined only to the most erudite academies, scholars, and plays (307).

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GOLDEN ARCHES

Much Depends on Coffee in Westerns—sometimes

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"When you boil it all down, what does a man really need? Just a smoke and a cup of coffee." *Johnny Guitar,* 1954

Much depends on coffee in the West—sometimes. Outdoor settings in western films often center near campfires, cattle drives, and covered wagons, equipped with coffee, a valuable staple of the frontier from 1849 onwards. According to one surveyor, "Give [the Frontiersman] coffee and tobacco, and he will endure any privation, suffer any hardship, but let him be without these two necessaries of the woods, and he becomes irresolute and murmuring" (Pendergrast 46). America's growing consumption of coffee is evident from the Boston Tea Party, and the War of 1812 when its demand increased due to tea's access being cut off, and by its popularity with the French. Brazilian coffee was much closer and cheaper than British tea. Brazil's over production, and the 1845 invention of the large roaster, made coffee even more affordable to the working class, thus creating great demand per historian Steve Topik. During the Civil War, Union soldiers boasted that they drank 2-3 quarts a day; coffee even helped get weevils off hardtack

biscuits, thus a valuable ration as noted in the 1887 book, Hardtack and Coffee: "If a march was ordered at midnight, unless a surprise was intended, it must be preceded by a pot of coffee…" (48). The United States government was buying 40 million pounds of green coffee beans for troops; a union soldier's daily ration being 10 pounds green coffee beans. Civil war cooks carried portable grinders, and some carbines were designed to hold a coffee mill in the butt stock. "It cannot be said that coffee helped Billy Yank win the war, it at least made his participation in the conflict more tolerable." In 1832, General Roger Jones wanted to "curb alcohol abuse in the ranks," so the whiskey ration was replaced by coffee and tea, except in special circumstances…Congress discontinued special circumstances in 1862, thus coffee was the only drink (Parker xiv).

Coffee's value and increased usage in post-civil war America calls for an obvious inclusion in westerns, many set after the Civil War. Coffee consumption is a historical fact: Americans consumed six times as much as Europeans; and coffee became an accepted drink that could be shared by both sexes. The Sioux called it "Black medicine and attached wagon trains to get whiskey, sugar, tobacco and coffee" (Pendergast 949). Western films are predominantly defined by its characters' dress and locations, such as ranches or cattle drives, which contain "dimensions of collective ritual" and in turn have been "synthesized into the particular patterns of plot, character and setting which have become associated with that formula" (Cawelti 60). Therefore, viewers expect to see campfires of coffee drinking cowboys, and covered wagons filled with flour, sugar, and coffee.

Certain westerns lightly portray the coffee ritual. In *Saddle the Wind* (1958), rancher Steve Sinclair (Robert Taylor) politely asks the ex-saloon singer (Julie London): "Do you want some coffee?" Her reply of "no" still permits Sinclair to question her on her hasty engagement to his younger, impulsive brother (John Cassavetes). She must convince Sinclair that she is not a gold-digger, and truly loves his brother. *High Noon* (1952) is sparse also. Harvey, the deputy (Lloyd Bridges), and Mrs. Ramirez (Katy Jurado) are shown having coffee with breakfast in her hotel room, implying their sexual relationship. During breakfast he decides to unsuccessfully pressure Kane for the Marshall's job. In *Westward the Women* (1958), Buck (Robert Taylor) reluctantly agrees to lead 150 mail order brides to California, with the help of a few men. He orders the young, male Asian cook: "Keep the coffee hot and handy. I hate women's cooking." Later, when the majority of male hands have left after Buck has killed a rapist among them; a bested Buck calls for female bonding and tells Ito: "Get the coffee going. I'll make men out of them." In *Red River* (1948), a stampede destroys the cattle drive's food wagon, leaving the cowboys low on supplies, especially coffee, which increases their irritability, frustration and impatience according to Robert Pippin (44). Later, after Matt (Montgomery Clift) controls the herd, his scouts report that there is a wagon ahead of them with coffee and women (coffee clearly being the priority), so Matt's fraternal decision is clear—He knows what the men need…and he indulges them rather than denying himself and the men (Pippin 49).

John Ford's *The Horse Soldiers* (1959), set during the Civil War, also contains a minimal use of coffee scenes, and addresses the historical reality of its presence in the South. For instance, an empty, tin coffee cup is placed by Union General Sherman's

dinner in his private railroad car, with liquor nearby; hot coffee, no doubt, brought to him by an aide. Later, when Colonel Marlowe (John Wayne) camps his Yankee soldiers at Greenbriar Plantation, Major Kendall, (William Holden), the Cavalry's doctor, tells him: "Colonel Secord doesn't seem to understand that the coffee tastes better if the latrines are dug downstream instead of upstream. How do you like your coffee, Colonel?" Soon afterwards, the plantation's owner, (and Rebel spy) Miss Hannah Hunter (Constance Towers) invites the reluctant Marlowe and his officers for dinner in the house. After cigars, she announces: "I must warn you. There's no coffee, and no dessert. Sugar is $150 a barrel." The officers do not inquire further; their blockades have controlled southern ports forcing locals to create ersatz coffee. A final daylight coffee moment occurs when Colonel Marlowe is given a cup while listening to his scout's report: "old women, a couple of salt mills, and a school for little boys." The Colonel dumps out his cup: "You call this coffee!" He then orders his men to destroy the salt mills, and bivouac for the night. However, this is followed by violence in two forms; a soldier getting his leg amputated by Dr. Kendall, and a fistfight between Marlow and Kendal, interrupted by an attack from Jefferson Military Academy for boys.

Margaret Visser notes that a liking for certain foods creates a bond among people, and effectively excludes from the group those who have not acquired the taste (255). John Ford successfully presents large groups of bonding people without overpowering the mise en scene or unnecessarily distracting the viewer. Just as the beat cop must have his coffee and doughnuts, *The Searchers* shows part time Texas Ranger-Reverend Sam Clayton (Ward Bond) barreling in the Edwards' cabin with his deputies. He is hastily given his cup of coffee, (with plenty of sugar) and lots of doughnuts. Reverend: Lars here says somebody busted in his corral and run off his best cows. (To Martha) "Coffee be just fine sister…"Debbie, you been baptized yet? I can sure use that coffee. Pass the sugar, son…Fine, fine. Wait a minute sister; I didn't get any coffee yet. Oh doughnuts. Thank you, sister. I'm sure fond of them doughnuts." The happy social scene changes and the children are hastened off when the Reverend tries to swear in Ethan (John Wayne) as a special Ranger. After Ethan refuses, Clayton suspects that Ethan is a wanted man; his face fitting many descriptions: "You wanted for a crime, Ethan?" Martha (his sister- in- law) attempts to save Ethan from answering by suddenly giving him coffee. Ethan: "Thank you, Martha. You askin' me as a Captain or as a Preacher, Sam?" Subsequently, Ethan decides to join the posse so his brother can stay with his family which inadvertently sets up their slaughter by Indians. The Reverend is the last to finish his coffee and doughnut, and is the only one who has seen Martha fondly stroking Ethan's coat before giving it to him. Clayton's face expresses thoughts that he knows he cannot reveal, and hopes are wrong. After Ethan exits, Martha follows him to the door, watching him leave. Prior to this scene, Ford has shown the family dinner for Ethan, the prodigal brother. Martha is indeed glad to see him; she takes his coat and hat and frequently glances at him. Ethan is shown kissing her on the forehead during greetings and good nights. Ford adroitly exposes Martha and Ethan's unrequited love; at dinner, Martha sits next to Ethan, attentively pouring only coffee to him, and barely speaking.

Two other coffee services are included later on after Martin (Jeffrey Hunter) has unknowingly acquired an Indian squaw whom he nicknames "Look." Her introduction

brings needed levity until she serves Ethan and Martin coffee at their campsite. Look is asked about Chief Scar's whereabouts, and refuses to answer. Afraid, she leaves during the night, but not before placing trail clues for them to search for Scar. A final scene including coffee occurs at the Jorgensen's ranch when Ethan and Martin return after taking a break from the search. Laurie (Vera Miles) cajoles Martin to stay at first; she has waited to marry him during the years that he has been away. Alone, after breakfast, she kisses him, and then he returns the kiss. Suddenly embarrassed, she offers to bring him coffee. But, he decides to accompany Ethan, thus leaving her again.

A last minimal, but emphatic example of coffee dialog occurs in *Johnny Guitar* (1954). The mention of coffee not only shuts down violence, but introduces the eponymous character more, deconstructing him simultaneously. However, the two women, Emma, (Mercedes McCambridge) and Vienna (Joan Crawford) dominate most of the film. The scene begins with Vienna holding a gun on those who think that she is partially responsible for a recent stagecoach robbery. Emma goads her: "I'm going to kill you." Vienna: "I know. If I don't kill you first. " Outside shooting announces the Dancin' Kid and his gang, the robbery suspects that the townspeople think Vienna is helping. Johnny Guitar (Sterling Hayden) calms the violent moment and crowd by speaking: "I'll trouble you for a light, friend. There's nothing like a good smoke and a cup of coffee. You know, some men get the cravin' for gold and silver. Others need lots of land with heads of cattle. And, there's those that got the weakness for whiskey and for women." He smokes and holds his china blue and white cup of coffee. "When you boil it all down, what does a man really need? Just a smoke and a cup of coffee." A townsman asks: "Who are you?" "The name sir is Johnny Guitar." "That's no name." Johnny: "Anybody care to change it?" Vienna: "I hired you to play the guitar, not insult my customers." Johnny: "If these are your customers, I'm not so sure I'll take this job."

Afterwards, Vienna (his ex-lover) admonishes him again for talking so strongly without a gun; their past relationship not yet known. Vienna's power, displayed by her gun, black masculine clothes, and demeanor is momentarily stopped by Johnny's polemic; the viewer must deconstruct his speech in order to understand him. Johnny Guitar's long talk should lessen his power over Vienna and the crowd; as noted by Shere Hite… "many men seem to be asserting superiority by their silences and testy conversational style with women" (Tompkins 59). Vienna is more silent and dominant. Instead, Johnny temporarily gains power, and his somewhat testy or challenging coffee speech does cause the angry men to stop planning violence. Is he only asking them to remember the simple things in life, such as home and family, while also de-valuing or emasculating himself (and them indirectly)? Yes, Johnny indeed humbles himself drinking coffee from a china cup and smoking, symbols of domesticity; later refusing whiskey offered by a gang member (Ernest Borgnine). The weaker, gun-less Johnny is then forced into a fistfight, never regaining the spotlight of the domestic sphere. However, later on, the director, Nicholas Ray, bookends the aforementioned coffee speech by revealing a turning point in Vienna and Johnny's relationship. After the audience learns that she has waited in vain to marry him, it can be implied that they have again been together sexually during the night. The next morning, Vienna, now dressed in a skirt, discusses withdrawing savings and starting their new life together. Gender roles are clear as Johnny drives them away,

thus the prior symbolism validates coffee's domesticity especially when Old Tom, (John Carradine) emphatically looks at the camera and says: "Like the man said, all a fella needs is a cuppa coffee and a good smoke."

In Anthony Mann's westerns, the social context of coffee drinking is most often used as a precursor of violence. In *Bend of the River* (1952), settlers retrieve their winter supplies that a greedy saloon owner, Mr. Hendricks, has stolen to sell for enormous profit to nearby gold prospectors. Escaping the town, they pitch camp at night. McClintock, (James Stewart) the leader, tells the others: "Let's get some fire started and see what we can do about some coffee." McClintock positions his people on a hill, and they shoot down the approaching gang. Hendricks is killed, and his remaining gang members ride off. That night, at the campfire, McClintock's friend Cole (Arthur Kennedy), a former Civil War raider, tries to talk Stewart into selling the supplies to the gold prospectors for $100,000. A clear thinking McClintock pours himself coffee and drinks it, refusing Cole's suggestion as it is the settlers' food. Unbeknownst to McClintock, Laura's father, Jeremy, has overheard the two men talking, confirming his bad impression of Cole, whom his daughter has fallen for. The next morning, the hired hands discuss the shorter distance to the gold camp, and again try to convince McClintock to sell the supplies. McClintock refuses, and while leaning over to pour himself a cup of coffee, he is grabbed by the hired men. Nearby, Cole smiles and drinks coffee while they beat McClintock. Cole then takes the supply wagons and resumes leadership. He leaves McClintock on the trail; gun less, horse-less, and with sparse food. An angry McClintock implies that he will follow Cole. At their night campfire, while drinking coffee and eating, a worried Cole jumps up and draws his gun after hearing a noise which turns out to be Trey (Rock Hudson) taking a break from tending cattle. When questioned by Cole about his duties, he replies: "As soon as I get some coffee I'll go back." Shortly afterwards, McClintock kills one of Cole's men who has doubled back to try to kill him, thus setting up his rescue of the settlers.

Mann's 1955 western, *The Man from Laramie*, has fewer coffee scenes which begin as social filler after violence, but show important interaction between characters that ultimately causes a murderer to be discovered and killed. After the young psychotic Dave Waggoman (Alex Nicol) shoots Will Lockhart (James Stewart) in the hand at point blank range, Lockhart has the older Kate Canady (Aline MacMahon) remove the bullet while young Barbara Waggoman (Cathy O'Donnell) holds his shoulder.

Kate: "I think we could all stand a pot of coffee."

When Barbara offers to get it, Kate tells her to take Lockhart into the parlor, thus setting up a possible romance. Barbara, embarrassed by her confused feelings for Lockhart, struggles to stop her non sequitur conversation with him, and finally leaves. The next time a pot of coffee appears is after Alex Waggoman (Donald Crisp) has almost been murdered by Vic (Arthur Kennedy) and lies unconscious. After examining him, the doctor pours and drinks coffee in the parlor.

Kate: "How is he?"

Doctor: "Still unconscious."

Kate: "Don't keep anything from us Doctor. We want to know."

Doctor: "Alex's strong. Got a fair chance to pull through, but—"

Kate: Finish what you started to say." "He's blind. It's no surprise. Sight's been failing for years. The fall just hurried it up, that's all."

Lockhart: "I'm real curious to find out who pushed him."

Kate: "Pushed him?"

Lockhart: "You don't think he fell?"

Doctor: "With his eyes he had no business on a horse."

Lockhart: "There's nothing wrong with his horse's eyesight. Somebody pushed him all right. The same one who killed Dave and Chris Bolt."

Kate: "Who?"

Lockhart: "I'm afraid Alex is the only one who can tell us that."

Doctor: (sets down coffee cup) "I've got another call to make. Sit with him till I get back."

After the doctor leaves, a nervous Vic barges in, at first, thinking Alex is dead. Lockhart: "Why don't you pour yourself a cup of coffee?" Vic nervously pours and drinks hoping to see Alex to finish killing him. Instead, Alex awakens and tells Lockhart about Vic whom he realized murdered his son Dave, and also inadvertently killed Lockhart's brother by selling rifles to the Apache. Subsequently, Lockhart destroys hidden rifles and leaves Vic to confront Indians who then kill him for not having their guns.

In *Winchester'73*, coffee service is again managed as social filler until an outlaw, Waco Johnny Dean (Dan Duryea), manipulates it as a prop to humiliate and then kill a weaker man. But first, coffee with steak is served at separate times to both outlaws and their pursuers at Riker's saloon, a lone desert outpost. High Spade (Millard Mitchell) complains about leaving "all the comforts of home" to Lin McAdam (James Stewart) who wants to leave to pursue the outlaws. Later, Lola (Shelly Winters), and her fiancé, Steve (Charles Drake), an exposed coward, are rescued by a small Cavalry unit and offered coffee and protection from nearby Indians. Next, Lin and High Spade meet the soldiers who are expecting a night raid from the Indians.

High Spade: "Let's hope they wait until I have a cup of coffee; got any cookin'?"

In the morning, the men drink coffee, bonding, before defeating the Indians. Lola and Steve then meet up with Waco Johnny Dean who uses their house to hide from pursuing lawmen. Dean tries to buy the prized Winchester rifle which Steve has accidently come to possess. When Steve refuses to sell it Dean orders him to make coffee. Lola offers to do it; Dean grabs her arm.

Dean: "Let him make it. You don't mind do ya?"

Steve: "No, I don't mind." After Dean flirts with Lola, Steve announces that the coffee is ready.

Dean: "Bring it on. Put an apron on. (To Lola) "He'll look better."

Lola asks Dean what he's trying to prove.

Dean: "Nothin'. Just trying to buy a gun."

In the kitchen, an apron-less Steve gathers the pot and cups.

Dean: "You sure you don't wanna sell it to me, kitchen boy?"

Other Outlaws: "You can serve us next, waiter." "I like mine black."

Lola: "Steve, give him the gun. Can't you see what he's trying to do?"

Steve: "Coffee's ready."

Dean trips Steve as he stands by the table ready to serve.

Dean: "Now clean it up. Clean it up."

Steve refuses, then draws his gun, and is killed by Dean, the faster draw.

In Mann's *The Far Country* (1954), Jeff (James Stewart) and his older companion, Ben (Walter Brennan) go to Canada to try gold prospecting. The relevance of coffee to the story is quickly introduced.

Ben: "Sit yourself down, son." J

eff: "Where's your food?"

Ben: "I don't need no food. Gotta have my coffee, you know."

Jeff: "Yeah, about ten gallons a day. Hope there's plenty of that stuff up in Dawson."

As emphasized by Jim Kitses, this film is built around a careful set of oppositions; "food, especially coffee…comes to represent neighborliness and sharing…" (151).

Later, coffee as prop helps display anger and romance. Ronda (Ruth Roman), Jeff's love interest, has hired him as a guide to take her business entourage to Canada. She is angry upon discovering that he has stolen back his cattle from the powerful Mr. Gannon. She stands by the campfire with her coffee cup and confronts Jeff: "I guess I was a convenience to get you across the border." Jeff: "Let's say we were both convenient." Still upset, she dumps out her cup and walks away, while he quickly finishes drinking. Soon, an avalanche occurs, and Ronda, a survivor, sits alone, away from the group. Jeff gives her his cup of coffee. While he retrieves her blanket, she empties out the cup, so she can ask for more. When Jeff leans over to grab the cup, she kisses him; only seen by the younger, jealous French Canadian Renee (Corrine Calvet), whom he treats immaturely. Ben approaches Renee. Ben: "Here's some coffee, honey." Renee: "I hate coffee." Later, in town, people leaving with gold are murdered by Gannon's gang so Jeff plans to leave. He pleads with Ben to keep plans secret because of the recent murders. Ready to leave with their prospected gold, they stop in town to buy forgotten coffee for the trip. To keep from arousing suspicion, Jeff asks Ronda to sell him little.

Ben: Two pounds! That ain't enough!" Jeff: "If it's not enough, we can come in and buy more. Now, you've been waiting to dance. Why don't you try your luck with Goldie? "

Ben: "Me dance?" Goldie whisks away a confused Ben during the commotion in the saloon.

Jeff: (to Ronda) "How about that coffee?"

Dusty, an old prospector, then enters, demanding who has filed a false claim on his site. Gannon's hired gun admits to it, and refuses to change it. Dusty looks to Jeff for help. The gunfighter kills Dusty when he stoops down to pick up his claim paper, while fumbling with his gun.

Ben: "Dusty never shot a gun; he didn't know how. Chances is it wasn't even loaded."

Gunfighter: "Was I supposed to know that?"

Jeff: "No, you weren't supposed to know."

While Gannon orders men to take away the body, Jeff tells Ronda: "And I want that coffee ground." A following scene shows Jeff and Ben unpacking by the river to escape on a raft. Ben confesses to Jeff that he later returned to town to buy two more pounds of coffee for their trip. "I can starve a little, but I can't go without my coffee." A worried Jeff quizzes him on whether he told anyone their plans. "I didn't mean to do no wrong, Jeff. I just love my coffee. You know, when we have our place in Utah, I'm gonna have coffee every blessed—" Numerous shots ring out; Ben is killed, and Jeff is badly wounded. At night, a bedridden Jeff is nursed by Renee in his cabin: "Eat, sleep, and then we get well and strong." An overconfident Ronda enters: "I think she's right, Jeff. How do you like your coffee—black?"

Renee: "The coffee comes after the soup."

Ronda: "I'll wait."

Renee: "Nobody asks you to wait."

Ronda: (to Jeff) "Ask me."

Jeff: "I want her to stay. Thanks for everything, Renee."

Renee: "Don't thank me, thank her!" (She storms out.) J

eff refuses Ronda's cup: "No, I don't want any coffee. What about the two pounds Ben came in to buy? You sell it to him?"

Ronda: "I like Ben."

Jeff: "Did you sell it to him?"

Ronda: "If I had, he would have been alive today. But, you're right about Ben; he talked too much. Gannon and the others listened. I learned that tonight."

Jeff: "Mr. Gannon. Well, just wait till my hand gets better."

Ronda: "Ben's dead. Getting killed or killing Gannon isn't going to bring him back. Look, I'm pulling out and you're going with me. We do well together." (She kisses him.) "Think it over." Weeks later, a recovering, Jeff sits in his cabin, and pours coffee with his left hand. Afterwards, when he discovers that Gannon has stolen more claims, Jeff is shamed and ostracized again by the townspeople for not helping them. But, the next scene shows him un-bandaging his hand, ready to confront Gannon.

However, in Mann's *The Naked Spur* (1953), coffee is poured, sipped, displayed or spoken of nine times. It introduces characters, sets up the story, and propels action. Howard Kemp (James Stewart), in search of outlaw Ben Vandergroat (Robert Ryan) for

reward money, discovers a luckless prospector.

Kemp: Don't move. Don't turn around."

Prospector: "Name's Tate and Pokey (his burro). Got some breakfast coffee boiling-- You want some?"

Kemp: "No."

After Kemp questions him more, Jesse (Millard Mitchell) replies: "If you're ready to talk some, I'd appreciate your putting that gun down. You might get bee stung or something, but I'd be just as dead." Kemp does drink coffee and hires him to help him find the outlaw, and they subsequently capture Ben and Lina, his companion, (Janet Leigh) with the help of an ex-soldier, Roy (Ralph Meeker). Coffee as social filler and character development occur when they eat at a night campfire; the dialog prompted by outlaw Ben trying to discover weaknesses. Lina and Jesse drink coffee; Roy takes away a cup for guard duty. Down the trail, after meeting Indians, Kemp is wounded. Lina nurses him during a delirious fever which prompts Ben to explain Kemp's need of money; i.e., buying back his ranch that his ex-fiancée sold while he was fighting in the Civil War. The outlaw criticizes their stupidity in helping Kemp, emphasizing to Jesse that he should re-think his decision of splitting the reward since Kemp's new share is not enough to re-buy his ranch. An overwhelmed Jesse states: "I think I'll make some coffee." Later, during a night watch scene, a coffee pot brews to help keep Kemp and Jesse awake.

For humor, Jesse's cooking is undervalued, but never his coffee making. Ben confides he smokes a cigar to cover food taste, and Jesse tells Kemp not to ask the meal's identity as he hands him breakfast. The next mention of coffee occurs at night when the travelers seek shelter in a cave during torrential rain.

Lina: "We could all do with some of Jesse's coffee."

Subsequently, Ben discusses Kemp with her: "Bad leg might not be too sharp on his watch tonight." Ben entices her to distract him so he can escape, telling her that Kemp is fond of her; "Tell him the things a man likes to know." She hesitates until he threatens to crush Kemp's skull while he sleeps. Ben: "Now, you get some coffee, huh?" Lina decides to help, thus setting up his unsuccessful escape. While Lina converses with Kemp, empty tin coffee cups make music from rain water dripping into them; they laugh and ease into a romantic kiss.

The end of the film exhibits the inner violence of the male characters amid raging waters of a mountain river. The outlaw has murdered Jesse and injured Lina after a second successful escape. He is soon killed by Roy who dies trying to recover his dead body from the river. Kemp hauls in the body, realizing that he has become what he has hunted. Lina implores him not to take the blood money but then relinquishes. A broken Kemp finally refuses the reward; he silently digs the grave. To lessen their sorrow, which also shows Lina's acceptance of domesticity, she states: "I'll make us some of Jesse's coffee" (Cutshaw 7). Her statement brings the hysterical Kemp back into reality. Douglas Pye sees "the pull of nihilistic isolation and the fear of commitment remain powerfully present as the film ends…the hero seems almost destroyed" (Cameron 173). Indeed, the film ends after this remark, showing their riding off to California, a place

Lina has longed to go. At first her innocent statement seems only to act as an icebreaker or fond tribute to Jesse, but instead, it serves to signify their unknown journey together.

In *Bandolero* (1968), the director, Andrew V. McLaglen, depicts the coffee ritual as social filler, but those scenes move the narrative and help define characters' feelings. At the beginning, Mace Bishop (James Stewart) purposely wanders into a hangman's camp. The hangman invites him for coffee and a dinner of fish and sweet biscuits. Mace immediately quizzes him on his work, in order to impersonate him, and thus save his brother, Dee (Dean Martin) from execution. After jovial banter, a following scene shows Mace in the hangman's clothes riding away. Subsequently, Dee and his gang escape with a hostage, Mrs. Stoner (Raquel Welch). At their campsite, Mace offers her coffee which she refuses. (Dee's gang murdered her rich, unloved husband during a bank robbery.) Later, Dee's partners, Pop and his son, show Mace their coffee cups to fill, which he ignores; an obvious sign of dislike. Dee has told him: "Don't turn your back on Pop and his boy." To protect Mrs. Stoner from the other gang members, Dee attends to her needs; even sleeping by her during their escape from the posse. The two begin to have romantic feelings of which his brother encourages him. The final shootout is framed by Dee deciding to speak up as Mrs. Stoner approaches him at the well: "There will be coffee soon." Dee gently asks her if there will ever be a chance for them to be together. She responds by poignantly embracing him, and silently returning to the hideout in which they are suddenly ambushed by the Sheriff and his men. Later, Dee, Mace, and the gang members are killed while helping defend everyone against Mexican bandoleros who outnumber them. After the shooting stops, Mrs. Stoner delicately decorates the brothers' gravesites.

The most touching display of the coffee ritual is used by the director, Sergio Leone in *Once Upon a Time in the West* (1969). Mrs. McBaine (Claudia Cardinalle), young, attractive and recently widowed, has decided to leave the house of her recently murdered new family. She opens the front door to go, and sees Cheyenne (Jason Robards) and his four henchmen outside. Only he enters, and closes the door. The viewer expects an attack from him as she slowly backs up in the house. Cheyenne: "Did you make coffee at least?" She is silent. "Make it." Mrs. McBaine (a former prostitute) cannot start the fire, and frustrated, Cheyenne replies: "I'll do it. You fix the coffee." Cheyenne then pontificates about wrongly being blamed for the recent murders of her family. "I'll kill anything—never a kid…."The world is full of people who hate Cheyenne. I ain't the mean bastard people make out. " When he anticipates that the woman, Jill, might attack him, he warns her: "A fired up Cheyenne ain't a nice thing to see—especially for a lady, but you're too smart to make him mad. Why did someone dress up like me? I don't understand the why." Jill: Neither do I." He then quizzes her about hidden gold, which she has not found.

Cheyenne: "Ma'am, when you've killed four, it's easy to make it five."

Jill: "Sure, you're an expert."

Cheyenne: Ma'am, it seems to me you ain't caught the idea."

Jill: "Of course, I have. I'm here alone in the hands of a bandit who smells money. And if you want to, you can lay me over the table and amuse yourself and even call in

your men. Well, no woman ever died from that. And when you're finished all I need is a tub of boiling water and I'll be exactly what I was before. Just another filthy memory." (She slams down the coffee pot.)

Cheyenne: "Do you make good coffee at least?"

Besides this scene serving some comic relief and developing Robards's likable outlaw, it also presents Jill as a capable ex-prostitute who is not only thinking about her safety, but her new home's survival. After a new scene with Frank, the real murderer, (Henry Fonda) the director cuts back to Cheyenne and Jill drinking coffee together in the dining room. Jill tells her story of meeting the rich McBaine while she worked in a brothel, and of their quick marriage in New Orleans. Cheyenne: "You deserve better." Jill: The last man who told me that is buried out there!" As he is ready to return to his men outside, he says: "You know Jill, you remind me of my mother. She was the biggest whore in Alameda and the finest woman that ever lived. Whoever my father was, for an hour or a month, he must have been a happy man."

The end of the film neatly wraps up the unspoken platonic love between the two. Jill again opens the door to Cheyenne who asks: "Did you make coffee?" Jill: "I did this time." She is happy to see him. He sips the cup and says: "Good. My mother used to make coffee this way. Hot, strong, and good." His innocuous compliment is followed by the final shootout between Frank and Harmonica (Charles Bronson). Jill asks Cheyenne about Harmonica, sitting and waiting for unknown reasons. Cheyenne tells her that when Harmonica stops whittling, something will happen. Cheyenne entreats Jill to serve water to the railroad workers outside; the mere sight of her will be

appreciated, and not to take offense if one accidentally pats her on the bottom (as he softly demonstrates). Lastly, he assures her that Harmonica is not the type of man to stay; nor can he. Neither is right for her. After the gunfire, Harmonica enters, and Jill smiles, only to show disappointment at his announcement to leave. Jill responds: "I hope you return some day." Harmonica's long, compassionate gaze is followed by his reply: "Someday," and then he exits. The ending camera shots show Cheyenne and Harmonica riding off, until a dying Cheyenne (who had been hiding a stomach wound), stops. He makes Harmonica leave him on the trail; his recent reminiscing about his dead mother and her coffee all the more powerful. The director then films a long shot of a riding Harmonica, leading Cheyenne's horse with his body, moving along the railroad sites, with the powerful music by composer Ennio Morricone. Is he returning to Jill or searching for a quiet burial ground? Leone ends this violent film with peaceful questions.

The service of coffee in western films is by no means a cliché; however, it appears that Sergio Leone meant to present it as such in the two aforementioned scenes. The book, The 100 Greatest Western Movies Of All Time, including five you've never heard of, touches on this thought: "Leone's intent was to rework what had by that time become clichés of the genre in an ironic fashion, turning them on their heads while paying homage" (2). The innocent act of making and drinking coffee introduces and ends the main characters of Cheyenne, the wrongly accused outlaw, and Jill McBaine, the young widow. Cheyenne wants his coffee first; more than an available woman or hidden gold in her house. But, there is no gold, and there is no rape. Over coffee, they

become friends. Jill fondly reminisces about meeting her dead husband at the brothel; his sudden proposal and his money. He was not only used for escape. She tells the outlaw that she wouldn't have minded giving him half a dozen kids and keeping his house. Her sincerity is not lost on Cheyenne. Upon leaving, he states that she reminds him of his dead mother, "the biggest whore in Alameda," but much loved. At the end of the film, coffee between them relieves tension of the imminent gunfight that they realize will occur. When Cheyenne arrives, a 19th century Jill knows her place: "I made coffee this time." It is evident that she hopes Cheyenne or Harmonica will remain with her. She is very much alone in the half born town. The coffee awakens Cheyenne to speak fatherly about her environment; it would mean much to the railroad workers if she would bring them water. Just to see a woman like her would mean a lot, and not to take offense of a pat from a wandering hand on her bottom. He compliments her about her coffee; like his mother's," hot, strong and good." Only Cheyenne knows that he is dying, so he leaves her as does Harmonica. The clear thinking pioneer woman makes no complaint, perhaps hoping to see the younger man again. The character of Cheyenne is not overly complex, however, both coffee scenes enable the audience to care about him, and disregard his outlaw past. He never harms Jill; he even rescues Harmonica. Perhaps, Jill enables him to remember love; as a little boy watching his mother fix coffee? Cheyenne and Jill's coffee drinking serves as a liminal reminder of a longing for home, past and future, all the more valuable in the volatileWest.

In vivid contrast, an awkwardly delivered message from the gun-less Johnny Guitar reveals much. Of course, he must be worried about his safety in a crowd of armed posse

members, but still announces: "When you boil it all down, what does a man really need? Just a smoke and a cup of coffee." He is gun less; his lover, Vienna, is not. Symbolically, man must be domesticated to remain in a tamed west or in a marriage and this reversal of roles makes his acceptance clear: Johnny desires Vienna and domesticity, but he must convince her. The posse and the Dancin' Kid's gang represent the old ways, which he has rejected. He has "boiled it all down" and understands that men need domesticity to survive, reinforced by Old Tom, who watches them drive away together: "Like the man said, all a fella needs is a cuppa coffee and a good smoke."

Anthony Mann includes coffee scenes in all of his five Stewart westerns. Most of the scenes are forerunners to violence, an exception being *The Man from Laramie*. Lockhart's hand is shot before the calming pot of coffee, and Dave's murder and his father's wounding take place before the parlor coffee service although shortly afterwards the murderer is identified and killed. Mann, a former stage manager, knows reliable props. He tacitly combines social rituals with plot, while trotting out story. In *Winchester '73*, Steve finally rejects his cowardice while serving coffee and is killed, causing the disappearance yet again of the prized rifle. In *The Far Country*, the grandfatherly Ben is murdered because he simply returns to town to buy more coffee for their long trip. Notably, the misanthropic Jeff is forced to see his true friends and thus help them defeat the corrupt Judge and his hired guns. Similarly, Ford's coffee scenes are followed by acts of violence; for instance, after Colonel Marlowe dumps his coffee cup, Dr. Kendall performs an unsuccessful amputation on a soldier, quickly upsetting Marlowe who engages him in a fistfight.

Coffee drinking always makes for clear thinking. Lockhart pieces together the

puzzle of how Alex's horse did not fall; realizing Alex was pushed to die. In *The Naked Spur*, Jesse brews coffee to re-think hard decisions; Lina sees it as comfort during a rainy night: "We could all do with some of Jesse's coffee." Later, the film ends with her lines: "I'll make us some of Jesse's coffee," an innocent reminder that the two are choosing domestic happiness together, but perhaps precariously; there is fear of commitment and the pull of nihilistic isolation for a drained Kemp (Cameron 173). Lina's remark is an attempt to bring order and to uplift them. Douglas Pye emphasizes Mann's westerns as ending bleakly, with "deflated and drained heroes" (Ibid). Lina is aware of their uncertain future after such a deadly journey; her domesticity shows she cares.

Therefore, much depends on coffee in western films—sometimes. One cannot only assume that coffee is used as social filler. Its moments can be barely noticeable, as in *Westward the Women*, "Get the coffee going—I'll make men out of them," or coffee can explore wistful longings of love, as so poignantly played out by Cheyenne and Jill in *Once Upon A Time in the West*. Johnny Guitar's opportunistic coffee speech can try to convince townspeople of the value of non-violence and domesticity in the Wild West. Coffee can be used to expose romantic feelings of two women for Jeff in *The Far Country*, and later to cause the murder of an old innocent old man. Coffee, as a ritual, will probably never be viewed as important as gunfights, fistfights, or Indian battles in westerns, but should not be easily dismissed.

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Antidote

The lamps are spent. At first you cannot see
Then shapes appear. The source of light is marked.
The incense in the corner burns so softly
Sleep threatens to overtake the dog that's barked.

A voice now offers a choice of pressure points
To unlock the muscles that dam the flow of blood.
Body and soul need someone who anoints
Disease, and banishes tension in the flood,

As touch massages every cardinal sin
From shoulders, neck and back, pelvis, hips,
Buttocks, thighs, and calves that underpin

Us as we stiffly turn. Escaping lips:
A sigh of relinquishment; the end of haste;
The renewing water drunk that has no taste.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The gas descends and the body's wholly
Burned, but at first you cannot tell.
There are no blisters, the child still stands, he
Looks shocked but not in pain, then hell

Rises from below, and he takes to bed.
They first gauze his torso. He shakes
Violently. Then they wrap his head
And legs. The minute he's asleep he wakes

In agony, but still can question why
They could bomb civilians, and his school.
Anguish and meaning do not cloud his eye

So like Odysseus', who comes with moly,
Knowing beast and human, kind and cruel.
The snowdrop's icy breath is veiled and holy.

—Jefferson Holdridge

PHOTO: SUE MATHESON

UPSTREAMED.....

"I am driven mad with the printed word": The Poetry of Allen Polite

by Deborah Ford, Mississippi State Valley University, Itta Bene, Mississippi

In the early 1960s, poet Langston Hughes edited an anthology of poetry by young African American poets, *New Negro Poets U.S.A.* (1964), which featured such now-recognizable names as Mari Evans, Dudley Randall, Audre Lord, and LeRoi Jones (Imamu Amiri Baraka). In the Foreword to Hughes' anthology, Gwendolyn Brooks—obliquely summoning W.E.B. DuBois' influential 1903 theory of "double consciousness"—wrote:

> At the present time, poets who happen also to be Negroes are twice-tried. They have to write poetry, and they have to remember that they are Negroes. Often they wish that they could solve the Negro question once and for all, and go on from such success to the composition of textured sonnets or buoyant villanelles about the transience of a raindrop, or the gold-stuff of the sun…. In the work of most of today's Negro poets the reader will discover evidences of double dedication, hints that the artists have accepted a two-headed responsibility. Few have favored a trek without flags or emblems of any racial kind; and even those few, in their deliberate 'renunciation,' have

> in effect spoken racially, have offered race-fed testimony of several sorts (13).

One of the up-and-coming young poets included in *New Negro Poets U.S.A.* was then-thirty-two-year-old Allen Polite, who would soon eschew the literary success of his high school friend Amiri Baraka and the other African American writers of the 1960s. Indeed, two years before the appearance of Hughes' anthology, Polite had presaged his lifelong dismissal of publication by declaring that he did not seek to publish his work; and he implicitly abjured Gwendolyn Brooks' "two-headed responsibility" by noting about the theme of race, in *Sixes and Sevens,* that "whatever it is that prompts or assigns significance has not prompted me to exploit this particular aspect of man's ignorance" (Breman 89). Poems in Paul Breman's *Sixes and Sevens: An Anthology of New Poetry* (1962) and LeRoi Jones' magazine *Yugen* (1958) were Polite's only publications prior to Hughes' 1964 anthology. Though Polite was keenly aware of his blackness, as seen throughout his poetry and prose, he was one poet who "favored a trek without flags"; in his poem "Why They Are in Europe?" he writes:

> Each is an artist first and has no
>
> Flags in his pocket (*Poems* 20)

Allen Polite's writing—poems, letters, and journals—and his life choices present a man considerably more conflicted about the dueling demands of art and politics than his rejection of "flags" suggests. While he apparently did not craft a coherent position on his allegiance to pure art complicated by his acknowledgement of art's propagandistic elements, his life and work present a complex (if inchoate) understanding of his own position as a black man writing in the mid-twentieth century.

By the time that Hughes' anthology was published, Allen Polite had left the United States permanently and apparently never again sought publication for his writing; his ostensible rejection of a racist America and of conventional literary success is, however, belied by his lifelong engagement with the vicissitudes of race, public approbation, and larger philosophical and metaphysical musings. Arguably, Allen Polite's unknown work—poems, journals, paintings, an unfinished epic poem—offers a challenging "case" for the negotiation of the themes and problems of the so-called New Negro Poetry of the 1960s and the Black Arts Movement, of which Polite was a practitioner and self-sidelined hanger-on, respectively.

The editors of a 2012 *Critical Survey of African American Poets* assert that African American poets have always "adjusted to and rebelled against the fact of double consciousness," consciously deciding whether "the emphasis in 'African American' belongs on 'African' or on 'American'" (1). They quote from Larry Neal's essay, "The Black Arts Movement," in Neal's and Amiri Baraka's 1968 anthology *Black Fire*, which called for black writers to acknowledge their role in a global struggle:

> National and international affairs demand that we appraise the world in terms of our own interests. It is clear that the question of human survival is at the core of contemporary experience. The black artist must address himself to this reality. . . . Consequently, the Black Arts Movement is an ethical movement. Ethical, that is, from the viewpoint of the oppressed. And

> much of the oppression confronting the Third World and black America is directly traceable to the Euro-American cultural sensibility. This sensibility . . . has, until recently, dominated the psyches of most black artists and intellectuals. It must be destroyed before the black creative artist can have a meaningful role in the transformation of society (6-7).

As Baraka and Neal—and many others—sought to define a new poetic significance for African American poets, Allen Polite was expatriating to Europe, immersing himself (as his reading program suggests) in the very tradition that Neal so vociferously rejected. In removing himself physically and professionally from the United States, Polite not only declined to answer for himself whether to emphasize "African" or "American," he debatably complicated the dyad by adding "European expatriate" to his identity. In short, Allen Polite—American, black, and permanent emigrant—demonstrates in his work a triple consciousness (black, American, expatriate) that makes his largely unknown writing an engaging and important contribution to African American literature of the second half of the twentieth century.[1]

Early Influences

Born in 1932 in Newark, New Jersey to middle-class parents, Allen Polite attended Catholic schools and public high school. After high school, he served in the U.S. army in Japan in 1952 and 1953 during the Korean War, but saw no combat action. After his Army service, Polite moved to New York City; married Carlene Hatcher (author of *The Flagellants*, a 1966 novel loosely based on her relationship with Polite); studied philosophy at Columbia University from 1954 to 1956; worked as a cryptographer at the United Nations in 1958; managed a bookstore, Orientalia, specializing in Eastern thought; and settled into the early 60s bohemian life of Greenwich Village. Among his friends were actors in the Living Theater workshop, dancers with Merce Cunningham's company, jazz musicians like Bill Dixon and Red Mitchell, and other poets and writers, such as LeRoi Jones (Imamu Amiri Baraka), Joseph Campbell, and Allen Ginsberg.

Polite's interest in Zen Buddhism, his preoccupation with racial injustice, and his acquaintance with Harvey Cropper, an African American painter whom he met in Japan, led him to leave New York and the United States in 1963 in hopes of a better life in Sweden where Cropper was living. He joined an international group of artists and writers and, in 1964, organized an exhibition at Den Frie, a gallery in Copenhagen: "Ten American Negro Artists Living and Working in Europe." An unpublished notebook includes a July 29, 1964 letter from Allen addressed to his "Dearest Mother," in which Polite refers to this Den Frie exhibit: "The show was an artistic success and a financial failure—So goes the good ship of art in this world. However it opened horizons to us all. I cannot say why I have chosen the art world to deal in—for ones [sic] love of art is certainly undermined when one has to live on it." To support himself in his adopted home, Polite found work as a clerk in a book-binding firm, but soon after, he began painting and making visual art himself.

These known biographical details of Polite's life are included in his third wife and widow Helene Polite's 2013 memoir, *…light and shadow are not all*. Polite met Helene Etzelsdorfer in 1963. After his untimely death in 1993 from cancer, Helene prepared Allen's work for publication and privately published his poetry in *Poems* (1996) and

Looka Here Now (1997).[2]

Helene notes that on his trip home from Japan in 1953, wearing his Army uniform, Polite was forbidden access to certain hotels, restaurants, and sections of a train. Even among his contemporaries in the New York artistic community, his second marriage to a Turkish woman was viewed as disloyal to his race. His decision to leave New York and move to Sweden in order "to consider his future" was a "way out from the various constrictions," Helene notes, as well as "a means of developing a more cosmopolitan view of the world" *(…light and shadow are not all* 12). When Allen Polite left the United States, he stepped away from a climate of social change: the movement for civil rights; protests against the Vietnam War; the women's movement; the rise of the Nation of Islam and the Black Panthers; and the beginnings of a community-based arts movement known as the Black Arts, with Polite's childhood friend Amiri Baraka as its lead voice.

The Expatriate Artist

Polite apparently intended a temporary exile, like Ralph Ellison's, but like other male African American writers (Richard Wright, James Baldwin), he created a new life in a country arguably less race-ridden than America, and he did not return to the U.S. except for a brief time in 1978. Scholar Maryemma Graham acknowledges Polite's literary expatriate forebears and suggests his motivation for leaving the U.S.: "We all know about colonies of black artists, musicians and writers in Paris and Moscow, but we don't know as much about those who moved to Sweden or other parts of Europe" during the post-World War II years. Polite "was among African American writers, artists and musicians seeking refuge from racism and a haven for aesthetics" ("History"). Allen Polite never directly discussed his expatriation or his apparent lack of interest in publication and a conventional literary career, but testimony by Graham and others—and his own writing—present a complex, even contradictory, author who seemingly rejected the community of African American authors to which he was welcomed, yet (like Wright and Baldwin) remained deeply engaged by themes of race and racism in his home country. In the decades following the New Negro Renaissance of the 1930s and '40s, complex artistic and historical impulses came together and gave rise to the literature produced in the 1960s. As James Edward Smethurst notes in his comprehensive work on the Black Arts movement, "in many respects, from the very beginning of the movement to its decline in the mid-1970s, Black Arts poetics could be more accurately described as a series of debates linked to ideological and institutional conflict and conversation rather than a consistent practice" (57). Though well-educated and widely read, Polite did not engage in these debates.

Indeed, there is considerable evidence in Polite's poems and prose (primarily undated notebooks) that he perceived his expatriation and his refusal (or failure) to publish to be agents for a transcendent, aesthetic, apolitical intellectual engagement. The 1964 poems that Hughes selected for his anthology implicitly announce a writer uninterested in racial themes:

"Stopped"

Everything is stopped

Stopped as the table is stopped

Sand without wind

the still rhythm of water
A definitive silence is sirens
Alternating (underneath and between)
The composition of sustenance sustained
is stopped
The soft breath of mirrors in empty places
Caw Caw of birds at steep dawn
jerked open flower
Memory inadequate reproductions
of stopped
Photographer stopping
Ants buried in their homes
are stopped (72)

Also:

"Am Driven Mad"
I am driven mad with the printed word
The family griefs and talking to salted birds
The encoupled hours together
The assaulting reasons
The crosseyed split tongue weather
Life's old song
The peoples' heart lost
Power and treason
Joys I did not write
Sun singing in open air
A possible calm and prayerful encloaked night
A high rushing tide of dark hair (103)

These unpunctuated, free verse poems, with their loose syntactical formations, announce Polite's aesthetic sensibility and foreground his immersion in the linguistic "magic" of poetry. Poetry sobers us, Polite suggests, to a world "stopped" and full of "power and treason." The poems also evidence the list-making and repetition used in other modern poetry (for example, in the work of Bob Kaufman and Haki R. Madhubuti) and in this Polite poem, titled "The First Awake":

The first awake…
The first AWAKEening is rude to
the ignorantly
conceived scene huddled with its own scene
in
The home-grown head

We are rich in a poor place
how inconvenient for our cherished souls

Yes I will say to everything Yes

if i am hungry

yes

if i will eat

yes

if i am tired yes

if i will sleep

yes

If death is imminent or/

if IAM already-dead, yes

It is better that way much

better

(*Looka Here Now!* 67)

In an interview in the Swedish newspaper "Roskilde tidene," dated 22 July 1964, Polite emphasizes the power of words: "words have immense magic. Magic for both good and for evil. . . . I work a great deal with this issue. . . . Words are not only sounds. They are also movement, rhythm, and much more." The still-young Allen Polite seemed at this point more engaged by the forms and linguistic possibilities of verse than by any political themes or sensibility. In recent scholarly reconsiderations of the poetry of the Black Arts Movement, Tony Bolden and Evie Schockley, among others, challenge the narrow apprehension of the aesthetics of the Black Arts Movement that reified a political position that "would have African American poets address themselves only to black audiences, eschew traditional European forms, and draw solely upon African and African American speech, music, folklore, and history for subject matter" (Shockley 5). "The Black Aesthetic [of the Black Arts Movement of the mid-twentieth century] suggests, among other things," Shockley asserts, "a set of characteristics of black . . . poetry . . . that are said to be derived organically from African and African diasporic cultures and yet, paradoxically, must often be imposed upon African American poets, who would appear to be dangerously close to assimilation into European American culture" (2). Allen Polite, while clearly cognizant of black culture and the poetry of the Black Arts Movement, does not in his writing ascribe to this narrow prescription for black poetry.

In an unpublished poem titled "Prophecies," Polite elaborates further:

Here it is truly quiet
Once in a while a bird goes by
A million fingers of rain
    are saying something—
I cannot put it into words
    *
From the window of our room
one sees only the sky
When a bird moves through it
It is no less empty
    *
In the city of my birth my mother
    is waiting

and the dusty girls are crowding the night
When we touch our hands are empty
and the words we mutter are invisible and hot
Here at the border the sky is one color—
A bird is nothing to get mushy about

Polite exhibits a lyric straightforwardness in this short poem. We are drawn with the poet into a reverie of personal history using our imagination: "A million fingers of rain/ are saying something." Polite's intellectual amplitude and musical sensibility emerge, revealing concerns beyond those of race and freedom.

Novelist and scholar Tony Grooms suggests that in his work Polite distances himself from social critique, that his themes of love and death portray an emotional essentialism that is not framed by the social context of the 50s and 60s (nor, arguably, by race) (O. Polite interview). In another poem (unpublished), perhaps his "Ars Poetica," Polite says:

I have not held any kind of
Rules to these lines, save my breath
Which is a subdued gasping, nor
Have I shaken these words through
Any fine sieve than my own gutted frame; where
All things pass easily

Polite here acknowledges his predilection for free verse and a near-stream of consciousness methodology. His papers reveal no re-workings or revisions of his poems.

However, in the poem "The New Poet," Polite reveals his familiarity with the work of his black contemporaries, when he makes use of the definitive "I am," employed by poets of the 1950s and 60s such as Nikki Giovanni and Larry Neal:

Retired killers
Let out of lockless jails
Practice religion each in his little bone cell
Reasons about the faith he hasn't got
And dams the flesh with holy wishes

You are ideas of people they want to forge
Zealots have made novelties of nothing
… that grows
I AM
(faith-full to my anguished afraid)
Of the soft girl awaiting me at the end of day

(*Looka Here Now!* 52)

"The New Poet" exhibits a poetic surety in Polite's style—the use of caesuras, modernist phrasings, and capitalizations for emphasis. Polite aims for a distinct style of representation; he "keeps it real" as Howard Rambsy II asserts, by "rejecting ostensible white or Eurocentric rules of decorum…" ("Beyond Keeping It Real" 205). Like Amiri Baraka and other African American poets of the era—as well as the Black Arts Movement overall—Polite experiments with traditional forms, pushing beyond the earlier "rules of decorum." Yet Polite continues to study poetic conventions, as seen in a notebook from May 1965, in

which he spells out his understanding of such poetic terms as elegiac, dactyl, pentameter, and spondee. His lifelong work-in-progress, *The Dead Seeds*, showcases Polite's continuing study of poetry as his style evolves and matures.

While he rejected "rules" and "any fine sieve" and acknowledged no particular poetic influences, Polite's reading program (two sheets in the Dodd archives) was ambitious and canonical. It includes:

The Tragic Sense of Life by Miguel de Unamuno
The Book of the Dead, trans. By Wallis Budge
Memoirs of Egotism by Stendahl
The Greek Anthology, Loeb Classics
Phases of English Poetry by Herbert Read
Guide to the Perplexed by Maimonides
The City of God by St. Augustine
Ethics by Aristotle
Utopia by Sir Thomas More
Lives of the Greek Philosophers by Diogenes Laertius

As this partial list indicates, Polite is interested in ancient classical texts, works of philosophy and religion, and English poetry. An eclectic reading list for an inquiring mind. On this list, however, there is not one book by a 20th century writer or an African American writer, despite the educated and well-read Polite's familiarity with writers such as James Baldwin and Ralph Ellison. Like the poems, his reading demonstrates a preoccupation with spirituality and philosophy.

Indeed, Polite's apparent indifference to the work of his contemporaries is, at times, a vituperative rejection of the vicissitudes of America and of contemporary letters—and both an expression of his frustration at expectations for black writers and an explanation for his self-removal from the literary world. In his notebook from October 1963, he states: "Do not go to America. Broadway is something that even the blind should not see." In his journal dated May 1966, with America behind him, Polite writes: " To spend one's life being called pompous by one's teachers… arrogant by one's oppressors… silly and ridiculous by one's woman, and snobbish by one's friends would prove unbearable if one were not fortunate in having very little of 'the fear of freedom' about oneself." Polite was his own man, personally, aesthetically, and politically.

During Polite's years in Sweden, many black artists, activists, and musicians traveled to Europe and stopped in Stockholm: Paul Robeson, Art Blakey, Dexter Gordon, Don Cherry, Bobby Seale, Stokely Carmichael, Angela Davis, and James Baldwin. Polite and a group of artists and writers known as the Sodergruppen would often meet with these diverse artists, but for at least one visitor to Europe, Polite held no regard:

Baldwin's people are not tragic,
rather they are pathetic-
they have neither the dilemma
of Hamlet nor the futility of
Sisyphus. No promethean fire
shall ever be kindled among

them. They are the slaves of Caesar
who shall forever more be nameless

*

Like his predecessors he has given
himself over to applause and riches:
He is American in all the characteristics
of his success. For no country is
so quick to acclaim and reward
its artist- which greatly curtails
their ambitions, if any beyond fame
and stem the flow of their bitterness
thereby. He has sung a monument
to a base people.

Polite's disdain for the acclaimed James Baldwin's "monument to a base people" is his announcement of his belief that "the path to success is crowded" and of his call to "let us take another way" (*The Dead Seeds* 64). In an email exchange with Tony Grooms, Polite's son Oivvio suggests a more mundane explanation for his father's failure to publish: "My father would sometimes say that his lack of success was due to the fact that he would not write about specifically black issues. That he simply wasn't 'black enough' for white publishers looking for 'negro poetry'."

Certainly Oivvio Polite's statement indicates that his father had a more complicated attitude about race than Polite's high-minded aesthetic claims and his rejection of the "applause and riches" of literary success imply. Indeed, Polite's aphoristic notebook

injunction to "turn white or disappear" announces his ambiguous, complex response to the issue of race in America. He writes as:

I who am of slaves laugh loudly
When I see the free men pinned
Under their possessions or tottering
Under their load of rights

Allen Polite reminds us of our deep failings as human beings and of the anthems of hope still left to be sung.

In fact, Polite's immersion in the American expatriate community in Scandinavia was radical and political as well as aesthetic. In 1969, he joined a Black Panther Party Solidarity Committee in Stockholm, consisting mostly of African American deserters and draft dodgers, whose aim was to counter misinformation in Europe about the Black Panthers and their struggles in the U.S. Between 1969 and 1972, the group published a bi-weekly newspaper that spread information about the Black Panthers, African American resistance to the war in Vietnam, and experiences of discrimination in Sweden; it was sold in both Sweden and to G.I.s in Germany. In a notebook entry dated 26/7 69 (July 26, 1969), Polite writes the following: "1. All power to the people. 2. United front against fascism. 3. Free Huey. 4. Support the Third World's Peoples Revolutionary Struggle. 5. Support the Black Panther Party. 6. Racism plus capitalism equal fascism." Polite is political to his core; in the same notebook, he states that "nothing has disturbed the thorny roses of the ghetto." In the unpublished poem "Free Huey," Polite continues to display his political and racial sensibility:

Malcolm is the ash
Huey is the phoenix
Eldridge is the word
Huey is the flesh
Bobby is the heart
Huey is blood
And the first shot
the tactic and the strategy
Mao is the Prophet of the gun
Massai is the course to be sung
Huey the bullet, free Huey and
let's get it on—
Huey is the bullet

Free huey

Despite his failure to discuss the work of other writers (beyond the dismissal of Baldwin), Polite reveals in his poetry the influence of the African American literary tradition. In *The Dead Seeds*, for instance, the narrator advises Alemu (the poetic avatar of Polite) to "be aware and determined … open, Alemu, and anoint them with yeses, absolve them with excess" (12). Compare the subtly radical deathbed advice of the grandfather of Ralph Ellison's Invisible Man: "I want you to overcome 'em with yeses, undermine em with grins, agree 'em to death and destruction" (16). Polite's unacknowledged debt to Ellison here includes not only the narrator's message to Alemu, but Ellison's syntax as well. Polite was always sensitive to language and technique. Eugene B. Redmond asserts in *Drumvoices* that how a poem is read is always important, along with the range of American experience within the poem itself—its folk origins, language, religiosity (5). Polite's contemporaries back in the States regularly "performed" their poems, emphasizing their orality; perhaps Polite, too, would have pounded a fist while reading or reciting this undated and unpublished poem:

The greatness of the state exists
In its ability to bend millions
Of individual wills toward a
Single essential law: know
What you are doing—
I indulge and I abstain
I indulge and I abstain

The scientist is seeking the
Rational correlative of what
He feels—
This is the plane of the partial eclipse
This is the plane of the partial eclipse
This is the plane of the partial eclipse

The church has reversed the image
Of God
So that those who are but reflections

May experience it
Just like breathing
Just like breathing
Just like breathing

Like Walt Whitman, Polite allows a contradictory sentiment of "I indulge" and "I abstain," demonstrating again his double consciousness and his refusal to adhere to doctrine or

convention. He employs some of the techniques of Black Arts poets, such as Alan Lomax, Jayne Cortez, and Larry Neal—the listing, the use of epistrophe, the jazzy rhythms. His concerns are metaphysical and philosophical; there is no evidence in his work that he embraced the use of dialect or signifying. Polite's poems do not live independent of the written page; he did not perform them, gave no public readings that anyone is aware of, yet one can see some of his themes played out in his paintings, still held in his estate and elsewhere in Sweden, some reproduced in the volumes of his poetry published by Helene Polite. If one accepts "performance" as complementary to the written word, then one can assert that Polite complemented his work with the visual (his paintings and drawings) rather than the spoken.

This complex acceptance and renunciation of racial themes and influences is evident throughout his reading and writing. According to his friend George Alan Gibson, in 1993, the last year of Polite's life, he and Gibson discussed Swedish scholar Sven Lindqvist's 1992 book, *Exterminate All the Brutes*, a unique study of Europe's history in Africa, written in the form of a travel diary, which traces the legacy of European explorers, missionaries, politicians, and historians in Africa from the late eighteenth century onward. Lindqvist also examines the roots of European genocide, setting Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* in context and helping us to understand the most terrifying of Conrad's lines: "Exterminate all the brutes." Polite's spirited response to Lindqvist (as recorded in the interview) demonstrates his intellectual interests and his immersion in issues of race.

The Dead Seeds

Arguably, the dualistic impulses in Allen Polite's work—the contradictory rejection and embrace of race and nationality—operate most compellingly (if ambiguously) in his most ambitious but incomplete work. Polite worked long years on a manuscript titled *The Dead Seeds*, a composite novel of prose and poetry. This handwritten manuscript was transcribed (typed) by Helene Polite; George Alan Gibson, Polite's British expat friend, also contributed to the transcription of this work. In a personal interview that Tony Grooms conducted with Gibson in 2009, Gibson called *The Dead Seeds* a signature work, the key to understanding all of Polite's literary production. Obviating Polite's failure to acknowledge literary influences, Gibson asserted that *The Dead Seeds* arose from Polite's love of William Butler Yeats' series of poems featuring the character Crazy Jane (13 May 2009).

At 147 pages, this allegorical work (begun as early as 1964) focuses on the world of Alemu and his counterparts Behemoth and Grasshopper, who, according to the author's notes, represent the poetical Allen, the political Allen, and the cynical Allen, respectively; this is arguably a collection of persona poems and other literary forms, such as a collage conversation, musings on life, and aphorisms. Howard Rambsy II discusses the use of

"personae or masks" that black poets adopt which allow them to mask, pass, catch holy ghosts, speak in tongues, and sample ("Catching Holy Ghosts," 549). *The Dead Seeds*—unfinished and unpublished—includes the following section titles: Poems, Excerpts from Seeds, Songs, Play for Voices, Politics, Alamu, and Anecdotes. In a condensed overview of some of the themes in the work, Polite addresses the beginnings of Man in *Genesis*, the concept of war in *The Iliad*, the human condition, and Alemu (alternately spelled Alamu)—the black saint in the street. In one of his unpublished notebooks, Polite writes "Alemu is an objective man really…. Time and again he blows the dust away. I am getting smooth he says and dances on…. Alemu poseses [sic] a deep and abiding spiritual humility. It is all one can say for him."

The first section contains allusions to Polite's own biography as an urban African American:

> Alemu, where are things whose names were funk, jive, in joints, dives, holes in the wall? Are they dancing the slow drag, the fish, the hucklebuck on corners; do they camelwalk, and sand- do pigeon-toe and slufoot, shoulder their asses up and down the block? – Where Alemu, where are Buckadoo and Chink, little bud and Slim? Alemu, are they scarfing on eating skins? Greasing and fishing at Fat May's house? Dry fucking under dim blue lights? Making it down to pay the 'lectric bill? Copping five dollar bags? Boosting at Bamberger's? Turning on at Ralph's? (11)

At the very least, Polite's colloquialisms and jive street talk illustrate his familiarity with a contemporary, urban discourse. Alemu is warned to "be cool." The voice of this section is the voice of a friend, a counselor giving Alemu advice. "Alemu, this town, 'she is not so bad' if her yes is as long as her legs and her thighs yawn and smile. Her sighs, Alemu, her sighs slide and slices off pieces of sweet potato pie. . . " (18). Later, the voice tells us that "Alemu wants only to become an integral part of himself" (28).

In Part II of *The Dead Seeds*, there is a series of poems featuring Behemoth, the political Allen, who states:

> The path to success is crowded.
> Let us take another way
> Here leads to the breath
> And through here one
> comes to rest
> A remote and quiet place
> Where the gardens are well kept
> But not by slaves.
> All is done with the ease
> of carelessness (64)

Polite took another way: self-exiled from publishing, from an oppressive racial environment in the United States.

In Part III (The Present), which is a series of unconnected paragraphs, Polite writes short anecdotes of his then-current life. These prose pieces are philosophical ruminations on life, freedom, knowledge, beauty, and other abstractions. Early in this section the narrator states:

It is not so nice to have absolute beauty- But dignity is what we want- Have always wanted- let us level with ourselves in brute terms…

And how shall we live? – by our wits old man by our goddam genius, of course. (102)

But in this next passage, Polite's narrator reveals the essence of his enterprise:

> The artist is hybrid through his sustained consciousness of culture. His position is strained by conflicting ethics as the argot of the cosmopolitan, pain, resistance to hysteria, or further relief from the idols of the responsible, and the faint touch of beauty that drives him mad. He's all agog at the strange spectacle of truth. Life impresses itself on him only in the moment of his craft. He makes, and in the process of making, he lives. (120)

In the experimental and inchoate *The Dead Seeds*, Polite at once acknowledges his urban, African American heritage ("things whose names were funk, jive, in joints, dives, holes in the wall") and confirms his fundamental belief about the writer that "he makes, and in the process of making, he lives." This mélange of poetry, philosophical reflections, and adumbrated prose pieces reflects—like Polite's work as a whole—his dual impulses. Howard Rambsy II takes Steven Johnson's concept of "multithreading" and applies it to the work of writers: "Multithreading serves as a useful concept for describing how poets connect a wide assortment of interrelated figures and narrative strands in a single volume" ("Catching Holy Ghosts" 561). In *The Dead Seeds*, Polite "multithreads" a complex narrative replete with distinct voices and time frames.

"Let us take another way"

The young Allen Polite was fully immersed in the cultural milieu of his time—life in the artistic excitement of early 1960s Greenwich Village, publication in venues that featured the next generation of African American writers. His early career was an apparent harbinger of Larry Neal's 1968 call for a "black arts" and artists whose "primary duty was to speak to the spiritual and cultural needs of black people… and confront the contradictions arising out of the Black man's experience in the racist West" (29). And then Allen Polite absented himself: from the New York urban environment, from the published page, from the artistic scene. Perhaps to escape a bad marriage, perhaps to flee the daily indignities of racism, perhaps to cultivate—as he wrote in *The Dead Seeds*—"A remote and quiet place/Where the gardens are well kept/But not by slaves." Although he chose not to publish, Polite continued to write throughout his thirty-year diaspora in Sweden. His aesthetic is different from those poets of the Black Arts movement whose language, subject matter, and ideology emerge directly from the black community and the streets. Polite's perspective was that of the expatriate writer—unique, walking a different path from his peers in America. But he, like they, probed the concerns of his era: identity, the duality in black lives, social alienation, endurance. Polite's life and work recall Gwendolyn Brooks' prescient assertion that even those black poets who have "favored a trek without flags or emblems of any racial kind" have "in their deliberate 'renunciation' . . . spoken racially, have offered race-fed testimony of several sorts" (*New Negro Poets U.S.A.* 13).

Still, this introduction raises biographical and scholarly questions that suggest a

need for further attention to Allen Polite. Howard Rambsy II examines the mid-century "flourishing" of black poetry—"one of the most decisive moments in American literary history," what he calls "Harlem Renaissance 2.0." (*The Black Arts Enterprise* vii). The publication of Polite's early poems in *Sixes and Sevens* and *New Negro Poets U.S.A.* at least hinted at his talent and potential, and Rambsy's claim of a "dynamic cultural movement" would seem to underscore the possibilities for Polite. Why, then, did he, quite early on, absent himself physically and intellectually from the "decisive moment"? Why did he not seek publication after the early poems? What was the relationship between his expatriation and activities with the Black Panthers in Sweden? In short, is Allen Polite an undiscovered, nascent poet of some significance or a footnote? Arguably, further research in his papers (see endnote one) will reveal him to be a complex, unconventional poetic presence in the Black Arts Movement.

In 1988, Robert Stepto, anticipating the late twentieth century scholarly reassessment of African American literature by scholars and critics such as Houston Baker, James Smethurst, Barbara Smith, and others, called for a new critical approach to African American literature that would move beyond the traditional focus on the "tiresome strategies of protest-writing" (785). Stepto envisioned an "intrinsic history" of black literature that "assumes we should focus on those black writers who followed paths of their own, and in effect challenged, by resisting them, the impulses and models of modernism" (786). Allen Polite's work, still largely unavailable and clearly unfinished as a life's work, nonetheless presents a writer who followed his own path.

Unlike the earlier Harlem Renaissance, the Black Arts Movement was a community-based effort to engage all black people in artistic production that focused on the "special characteristics and imperatives of black experience" (Fuller 9). Allen Polite's life and writing fulfilled the broadly based, democratic imperative of the Black Arts credo. Geographically and psychically removed from African American life and literature, concerned always with the intellectual and aesthetic purity of the craft of poetry, he nonetheless inevitably wrote in his own way about the "imperatives of the black experience." And, as Smethurst contends in his seminal work on the Black Power and Black Arts movements, "there was no real center to the interlocked movements" (15). Polite recognized both his dedication to telling his African American story and the varied themes or "seeming chaos" that his writing embraced:

> What are we all about, each day, but the gathering of comforts of a kind. Among the horizons that have loomed up for our people is art, and the artist is the problem child of every society. I differ only in that I am the definitive artist, the Philosopher initiate…. I want to define, not by scientific-philosophical analyses, the negro born in my time. But by presenting All this without direction or purpose…and yet there is some purpose to it, some sanity in this seething, seeming chaos, or why would I grow so desperate over a day, a moment, a perhaps moment…. (unpublished notebook).

Polite's apparent unconflicted embrace of "seething, seeming chaos. . . without direction or purpose" is an acknowledgement of his contradictions, and, perhaps, his unfinished project. In "The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain," Langston Hughes, in 1926, called for the "truly great Negro artist, the one who is not afraid to be himself" (1193).

Perhaps it was his insistence on being himself that led Polite to at once acknowledge the "double dedication" that Gwendolyn Brooks announced while rejecting any responsibility to be a spokesman for his race. He is indeed a problem child.

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Endnotes

1. I learned of Allen Polite during a National Endowment for the Humanities Summer Institute: "Don't Deny My Voice: Reading and Teaching African American Poetry" at the University of Kansas in July 2013. Tony Grooms, Professor of English at Kennesaw State University, had spent a Fulbright year in Sweden and met Polite's widow, Helene, and son, Oivvio; he gave a talk to the summer institute participants, and we had a Skype interview with Helene in Sweden. I became fascinated with Allen Polite's story and his work; his widow, Helene, had underwritten publication of two volumes of his poetry: Poems in 1996 and Looka Here Now in 1997, both of which were available at KU last summer. In July 2014, with support from Mississippi Valley State University, I undertook a research project at the Thomas J. Dodd Center at the University of Connecticut whose archives and special collections contain all of Polite's papers, thanks in large part to the efforts of Ann and Sam Charters. I returned to the Dodd Center in January 2015 to continue my research with support from a Strochlitz travel grant awarded by the Dodd Center Archives and Special Collections.

2. His widow, Helene Polite collected, organized, and transcribed many of Allen Polite's papers and, with the help of Ann and Sam Charters, donated his papers to the Thomas J. Dodd Research Center at the University of Connecticut. Ann Charters included the following Polite poems in her book, The Portable Sixties Reader: "Song," "Why They Are in Europe?" and [We Knew Our Loneliness and Told It]—all reprinted from the two volumes of poetry that Helene underwrote. Helene Polite holds all copyrights to Allen Polite's work and has given me permission to quote extensively from his archival and published materials.

PHOTO: SUE MATHESON

CELEBRATION

How Weesageechak Lived His Life: an interview with Elder Martin Colomb

by Bertha Lathlin, University College of the North, The Pas, Manitoba

On Saturday, November 8th, 2014, Bertha Lathlin interviewed Elder Martin Colomb at his home. After the introductions were done and a gift of tobacco was offered for the sharing of Elder Colomb's story, Kelsley Bighetty acted as the interpreter. Martin Colomb is a respected elder of the Mathias Colomb Cree Nation (Pukatawagan, MB.)

Bertha: Why are there stories of Aiyas?

Elder Colomb: There are a lot of stories from way back when, when Earth began. Stories like Weesageechak, Aiyas, and the Wolverine. These three were all brothers that existed before mankind, at a time where they use to talk to animals and the animals would talk back to them. Then mankind came along. That was one of Weesageechak's jobs was to always trick people. At the same time, he gave himself the hardest time too, but that was how he used to teach himself. Just like Aiyas and the Wolverine. The Wolverine was a very spiritual person; that was Weesageechak's younger brother. Not too many people know the stories of Aiyas and the Wolverine and the things they used to do. It will take too long to explain and that is why I decided to share with you the stories I know of Weesageechak.

Bertha: I am from the community of Opaskwayak Cree Nation and I have never heard of stories of Aiyas. Are the stories about Aiyas shared only in the community of Pukatawagan?

Elder Colomb: I don't really know if any other reserve shares stories of Aiyas or the Wolverine, but we do here in Pukatawagan. I guess that's why I just want to share my story of Weesageechak; everyone knows him. (He laughs).

Bertha: Are there teachings or lessons that come from these stories?

Elder Colomb: Today we don't look after anything that much. A long time ago, a child was looked at with respect. When a child laid on the floor, nobody would step over that child; they would walk around the child, out of respect for that child. If anyone did walk over the child, they were scolded. As it kills everything in the child, it ruins the child's life. Like wild meat or our medicines, nobody would step over them; it's all about respect. The medicine had to be respected. That's why when women go to a sweat, they had to wear long skirts. They couldn't go to the Pow-wow without the dress because of the medicines around. If one did go without the dress, they would pay for it because

there is always someone there that looks after that medicine, especially when there is a pipe ceremony happening. Women were always told to wear long skirts to ceremonies, just as men wore long pants. That was one of Weesageechak's teachings. He used to do a lot of things, all kinds of things. They were lessons.

Bertha: When do you feel the need to share such a story, when you are asked or when something happens in the community?

Elder Colomb: Nowadays, we tend to share stories only when we are asked to share. This is why you have to bring tobacco as an offering.

Bertha: So tell me about Weesageechak.

Elder Colomb: This is the story that originated from when my father was a child, which was shared with his father (my grandfather). Passed on from generation to generation, over 100 years ago. It was a time when the three brothers: Aiyas, Wolverine, and Weesageechak, talked to everything. The animals, plants, trees, medicines, even rocks. They all understood each other. Those were their people at their time. This story is about Weesageechak and one of his journeys.

So this one time Weesageechak lived with a caribou. Weesageechak had a lot of spiritual knowledge at that time. He walked around the Earth and he took him to a place where the caribou can eat. He got him healthy and fat, full of meat; to a point where that caribou was big, muscular, healthy, and fit. Then one day he told the caribou, "My little brother, there is a war coming, we have to prepare." The caribou said, "Ok". So Weesageechak carved out three arrows: one arrow had a ball-point, another had a sharp point of a bone, and the third one was a round one. While he was making them, the caribou told him, "I am so scared of those arrows you are making." Weesageechak told him, "Ahhh it is ok, ok?" He reassured the caribou and reminded him that they had to prepare. When he was done fixing the arrows and his bow, he told the caribou to run by him. As he told the caribou to run by him, he put one of the arrows in his bow. While the caribou was running he was cautious and Weesageechak said, "Don't look at me, don't worry." So when the caribou ran by, Weesageechak shot the arrow with the round point and once he hit him, it bounced right off the caribou. He said, "See how good of a shot I am? Run by me again." So the caribou ran by again and he switched the arrow, and as the caribou ran by, he shot the bone arrow right in the caribou's rib, right through the rib cage, and the caribou fell. He killed his younger brother. Weesageechak said, "Well he should have known that he wasn't my little brother." And then he began skinning the caribou. He smoked the meat. He told the tree, "Ok trees, come together around me and come squeeze me and make me burp till you squeeze everything out of my stomach, so I can have an empty stomach." So all the trees got together. At first they were cautious of squeezing him in case they hurt him. Then Weesageechak got mad at them because they were too cautious, so he grabbed every tree and started twisting them around. He said, "Didn't I tell you to squeeze me until there was nothing in my guts?" He was mad. So the trees got mad at him too, so they all got together and squeezed him out. They squeezed him so hard that his tongue came out and he said, "Ok, ok that's good enough!" They squeezed till he couldn't move and they kept him like that. The crows started to hang around him. More birds came around and they ate all his smoked meat. They all seen him stuck in the trees. He begins yelling and was getting more mad

because nobody was listening to him. When the trees started to let him go, there was no meat left, the birds ate everything.

After all that, Weesageechak said, "I'll make a fire." He gathered all his bones and grinded them to a powder. After pounding to a powder, he added some moose fat. Then he put it in a moose sac stomach and went to the water to cool it off. Then he heard something coming towards him in the water. The muskrat swam by him and called the muskrat, "Hey little brother, what are you talking about now?" The muskrat said, "My tail is too big and is giving me a hard time, it's slowing me down." Yup, the muskrat had a big tail like the beaver and the muskrat was small in stature. So Weesageechak called him, "Come here" and the muskrat swam towards him. So he picked him up and stripped his tail to a thin strip. Weesageechak said, "Ok try to swim now with that." He told the muskrat to swim away full blast. While he was swimming away full blast, Weesageechak scared him by making a loud noise, "Woooosh!" This made the muskrat flip in the water. "Ok now you are fine" he told the muskrat, "Now take my hot grease and cool it off for me in the water." He told him to swim around with it till it cools off and to not shake its body, to be careful. So he tied up the sac on the muskrat and he swam back and forth, back and forth. Weesageechak sat at the shore watching him, so as the muskrat swam by, Weesageechak scared him. "Woooosh!" and the muskrat flipped over. The muskrat ripped the sac open because of flipping over, so now Weesageechak's lard was all over the water. Weesageechak jumped in the water and started grabbing his grease from the water and eating it. He was telling himself, "I am still going to eat whatever is left of my caribou."

He proceeded to walk away and had nothing to show for. He walked and he heard someone by a cliff that had a split. In that split there was a flat surface. As he got there, there was two beings sitting there. They were playing with their eyeballs by throwing them up in the air and making them land back in their eye sockets. He walked up to them and called them "little eyeballs", he said, "What are you doing my little brothers?" They said, "When we sit down, we play with our eyeballs, throw them up in the air, and say "little eyeballs", it's a game we play. Well I wish I can play that game. They said, "Well try it out!" They told him not to overplay the game, only when you can see clear, you can take out your eyes. So Weesageechak sat down and took out his eyes and threw them up in the air and then he yelled, "Little eyeballs!" and they landed back in his eye sockets. As he proceeded to look around, he could see far and wide, he had good vision. Then he said, "That is too good of an eyesight I have", so he took out his eyeballs again and threw them up in the air, they landed back in his eye sockets and his eyesight went back to normal. The little eyeball people said, "Ok Weesageechak, you can go now." So he started walking, he didn't go far and he said to himself, "My eyesight is poor." So he sat down and threw up his eyeballs and they landed back into his sockets. His eyesight went back to normal and proceeded to walk again. All day he played that game of throwing his eyeballs in the air. The little eyeball people said, "Our brother Weesageechak is playing with his eyeballs again." So they continued to watch him play with his eyeballs and when he threw them up in the air, they didn't land into his eye sockets. He became blind. So he crawled around feeling around for his eyeballs. He was there all day looking. A weasel ran by him, seen Weesageechak and went near him, he noticed that he didn't have any eyeballs. So the weasel picked up a blade of grass

and tickled the eye sockets of Weesageechak. Weesageechak was trying to swat away whatever was bothering his eye sockets. He began to notice that someone was doing that to him. So he sat there, listening very carefully. He heard breathing as it came closer. Then he felt around and grabbed the weasel and noticed that it was the weasel that was doing that to him. He told the weasel, "I am going to teach you a good lesson for doing that to me. How much I suffered, I will make you suffer just as much. I'm going to break all your legs that way you will crawl around." "No, no don't do that my brother!" the weasel cried out, "I'll heal you, I'll get you spruce gum. The ones that are dark brown so you will have them for eyeballs." So Weesageechak said, "Ok make sure." The weasel said, "Ok." Weesageechak let him go so that he could go and get the spruce gum and he brought the hard brown spruce gum. He put two of them in Weesageechak's hand. "Here they are" the weasel said. Weesageechak put them in his eye sockets. He was able to see with those and thus became his eyeballs. He told the weasel, "You are lucky as I could have broken all your bones."

That is how Weesageechak lived his life. He was always into mischief. He did a lot during his time. He did everything and tricked animals as well as people.

Bertha: Is there anything else you would like to add or share with me?

Elder Colomb: Well, did you understand the story I shared? The teachings? With the caribou, it was about trust. With the trees, it was about working together and to not hurt one another – having compassion. With the muskrat, it was about helping each other in need; but Weesageechak was being mean and in doing so, he lost what food he had left. With the eyeball people, it was about doing what you are told; to not be greedy with what has already been provided for you, not to ask for too much or else you will lose what is important to you. And with the weasel, it was about helping one another.

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THE MIGHTY NELSON

The Heart of a Woman: Re-Envisioning Maya Angelou's "On the Pulse of Morning" in Light of Martin Luther King's "I Have a Dream"

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Thirty years ago, after Martin Luther King, Jr. delivered his soul-stirring 1963 "I Have a Dream" speech during the March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom, poet Maya Angelou stirred the nation with "On the Pulse of Morning," a poem commissioned for the 1993 Presidential Inauguration of William Jefferson Clinton. The delivery of her 106 line poem made Angelou the second poet and the first African American and woman poet to participate in a U.S. Presidential Inauguration.[1] As a result of her eloquent delivery—which was popularized by her 1994 Grammy Award of the poem's recording—sales of her paperback books and poetry rose by 300-600 percent.[2] Just as King's speech catapulted him into a national spotlight, the public recognition she received for her performance of "On the Pulse" transcended Angelou from "black woman's poet laureate"[3] to "the people's poet."

Prior to that inaugural moment, African American women found home in

Angelou's 1969 coming-of-age novel *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, her 1978 poems "Phenomenal Woman" and "Still I Rise," as well as many of her other literary works. After her recitation of "On the Pulse of Morning," most of America rested in her poetic works, while many summoned her to write "Million Man March Poem," 1995; "Brave and Startling Truth,"[4] 1995; "Human Family,"[5] 1999; "Amazing Peace,"[6] 2005; "We Had Him,"[7] 2009; and "His Day is Done,"[8] 2013—poems for the nation and the world.

Alas, although Angelou's "On the Pulse" expanded her poetic stature, it has not been acknowledged as one of her most profound contributions to literary and cultural arts. David Streitfeld, whose Washington Post article is titled "The Power and the Puzzle of the Poem; Reading between Maya Angelou's Inaugural Lines" (1993), claims "[Angelou] had a huge range of responses to 'On the Pulse of Morning.'"[9] According to Streitfeld, listeners called Angelou's inaugural poem "eloquent and passionate," yet "obvious and wearisome," "beautiful," but "incoherent."[10]

Throughout his article, Streitfeld quotes noted poets, like Ishmael Reed, who believed Angelou's poem was too long, and Rita Dove, who admitted she would not silently read "On the Pulse" over and over again, because "'[t]hat's not the kind of poem it was meant to be. It's a song really.'"[11] Other reporters, like Kate Kellaway in "Poet for the New America" (1993),[12] said "On the Pulse" "lacked the sentimentality of Clinton's speech," while Richard Grenier, in "Maya Loves Bill—and Kwame" (1993),[13] insisted that Angelou's poem is a praise to Clinton, who, Grenier argues, symbolizes Kwame Nkrumah, the first prime minister of Ghana, Africa.

A year after Angelou recited her historical poem, with the exception of reader

reviews,[14] pedagogical theories,[15] and poetry activities,[16] very little discourse was offered regarding "On the Pulse of Morning." However, at the time of the 86 year old legendary poet's death on May 28, 2014, newspapers and magazines around the country noted her poetic contribution to President Clinton's inauguration, thus reawakening and introducing "On the Pulse of Morning" to a forgetful or unknowing nation.

Although Angelou's passing reignited some discourse regarding "On the Pulse," aside from sci-fi novelist Tananarive Due, who claimed the poem made her feel like she "belonged in [her] own nation, at last,"[17] most attention to Angelou's inaugural poem was reduced to brief biographical notes that included links to an online video clip or to the full version of "On the Pulse." Many media personalities and notable figures also expressed her importance as a literary, cultural and positive figure, describing Angelou as "'one of the most positive people on this planet,'"[18] "a literary voice revered globally for her poetic command and her commitment to civil rights,"[19] and "a brilliant writer, a fierce friend, and a truly phenomenal woman."[20]

President Barack Obama, and many other public figures alike—including Oprah Winfrey, Nikki Giovanni, and Tyler Perry—attributed their memories of Angelou to her landmark works, "Phenomenal Woman" and *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, which rose to number one on *amazon.com*'s bestseller list,[21] a week after Angelou's passing. Other noteworthy figures remembered Angelou for admired instructional quotes such as, "The first time someone shows you who they are, believe them," which is taken from her 2002 autobiography, *A Song Flung Up to Heaven*.[22] Few people, however, publicly admired Angelou's "On the Pulse of Morning."

While I agree that the love of Angelou's (commercialized) works has been etched into the sentiment of the American people, my heart rests still in Angelou's not-so-popular 1993 "On the Pulse of Morning." The more I read that poem, the more I am convinced that "On the Pulse" is a sermonic response to Martin Luther King's 1963 "I Have a Dream." In addition to the cultural, linguistic, and oratorical similarities of each work, Angelou uses similar rhetorical devices in her poem that mimic King's rhetorical genius. Additionally, I am equally convinced that like King's "Dream"—which took almost 20 years to be considered one of his greatest contributions to the Civil Rights Movement—"On the Pulse of Morning" will eventually be realized as Maya Angelou's greatest poetic work. Interestingly, however, with the exception of Angelou's civil rights work with King,[23] very little correlations have been made regarding the inspirational delivery, poetic structure, and parallel content of their works. Angelou's "On the Pulse of Morning" is prodigious for the same reasons King's "I Have a Dream" is profound, and therefore, her work should be just as acclaimed.

Inspirational Delivery

Surprisingly, Maya Angelou agreed that "On the Pulse of Morning" was not a great poem. She believed, like most of her critics, that "On the Pulse" is a good public poem whose message of unity was conveyed in its inspirational call for hope and equity.[24] Assumingly, King doesn't share similar sentiments about his "Dream" speech; however, the deviated "I have a dream" improvisation is the speech's most memorable and lauded feature. According to Drew D. Hansen in his 2003, *The Dream: Martin Luther King, Jr. and the Speech that Inspired a Nation*, King's address "is known as the 'I Have a Dream' speech and remembered for the soaring refrains of hope that King added at the end. Had King not decided to leave his written text," says Hansen, "it is doubtful that his speech at the march would be remembered at all."[25] Both orators, however, did receive similar criticisms of their deliveries.

While Clarence Jones compared King's address to a solo by a great jazz musician,[26] Rita Dove compared Angelou's poetic tribute to a song.[27] James Baldwin felt a sense of belonging in King's "Dream,"[28] while Ntozake Shange had a kindred experience in Angelou's "On the Pulse."[29] Although both of their "speeches" were criticized for being too lengthy, Angelou's and King's rhetorical deliveries were celebrated—which is the only aspect of Angelou's poem that was not scrutinized. "I felt that this woman could have read the side of a cereal box," said Louise Erdich.[30] While the implication of such a comment could undervalue Angelou's content, it gives testimony to the poet's gift of recitation.

Rhetorically, Angelou's "On the Pulse of Morning," like King's "Dream," successfully accomplishes the five canons of persuasive speech (*invention, arrangement, style, memory*, and *delivery*) and is situated in each of Aristotle's three types of speeches (forensic, epideictic, and deliberative). Additionally, it adheres to each of Aristotle's three rhetorical proofs of making speech persuasive (*ethos, logos*, and *pathos*). Her poems, full of rhythm and melody, lend buoying cadence to her commanding baritone delivery—a performance that demonstrates the "musical" oratory of a Black preacher, a convention that James Weldon Johnson in *God's Trombones* describes, "had the power to sweep his

hearers before him."[31] On the pulse of that inaugural morning, Angelou did just that. Freeing the melodiousness of words, she incorporated certain forms of speeches and phrases, sounds and silences powerfully conveying her feeling to the rest of the world.

Her tonal expression, coupled with her attention to the rhetorical tradition, absolutely makes "On the Pulse of Morning" a "good public poem," a song, a sermon even. "Her theatrical rendering of 'On the Pulse of Morning' is, in a sense, a return to African American oral tradition, when slaves like Frederick Douglass stood on platforms," says Lupton.[32] "The ode also echoes the rhetorical grace of the African American sermon, as preached and modified by Martin Luther King Jr."[33]

King, who grew up in the Black church and at five years old recited scripture from memory, delivered his "I Have a Dream" speech "in the distinctive cadences of a black Baptist preacher."[34] Compared to a church organ, King's voice carried a timbre and baritone that commanded people's attention.[35] His delivery was musical, partly because of his ability to adhere to meter and to select words and phrases that contributed to his speech's rhythm. King drew out vowels, inserted long pauses, employed anaphora, and enjambed sentences. He engaged "pauses and vocal inflection to emphasize the internal rhythms of his sentences."[36] In other words, King was just as much a poet as he was a preacher, thus the probable reason Andrew Young believed King was composing his "Dream" speech as though he were writing poetry.[37]

Poetic Structure

On the page, "On the Pulse" is equally as commanding—and perhaps even more meaningful—to the reader, who is allowed the quietude and time to comprehend the poem on her own terms. Although critics celebrate Angelou's public rendering, they reduce "On the Pulse of Morning" to being merely a public poem. "On the Pulse" is not just made for TV. Neither is it a Hallmark sentiment nor an "Oprah-esque celebration of inspiration." It is a significant contribution to literary and cultural arts—a poetic pulpit expression that embodies similar poetic devices that King employs in his "Dream."

Both King's "Dream" and Angelou's "On the Pulse" are examples of biblical free verse (seemingly situated in the Book of Isaiah, whose author defines sins, imagines restoration, and illustrates new Heavens and Earth) that engage various poetic devices as illustrated in Figure 1. Although both King and Angelou employ parallel sentences throughout their works that contribute to the rhythm of their writing, King and Angelou's use of religious allusions and the hard pause—traditionally termed—the *caesura*, largely contribute to the importance of each of their pieces. These poetic devices, like parallelism, are absolutely significant to King and Angelou's sermonic deliveries, for like a song's chorus, they remind listeners of the subject matter. However, on the page, allusion and caesura offer readers a contemplative space wherein they can meditate on the written work, thus altering the experience from a public one to a private one.

Religious Allusions

King's "I Have a Dream" speech often alludes to religion. Particularly, the entire "I have a dream" refrain is sermonic, and therefore, creates the speech's religious tone. Although "I have a dream" is not mentioned in the Bible, it references dreams found

in Genesis 37:9, Daniel 4:5, and Numbers 12:6, which, says Hansen, more than likely inspirited King's "visions of a new creation."[38] Angelou envisioned new beginnings as well, as is expressed in the voices of her Rock, River, and Tree.

The Rock, River, and Tree—as explained by Angelou, who is also the poem's narrator—allude to religion found in the Negro spiritual. In each of their oratories, the Rock, the River, and the Tree hope for human (re)connection by reminding listeners of their earthly foundations, which spiritually bind them to God—the Creator of Earth and all therein. Unlike Angelou's poem, however, which requires some spiritual analysis, King's religious references are more obvious—especially since his preacherly duties required he deliver theology in a manner that his common Black audience understood.

In his most apparent references to religion, King quotes directly from the bible. In his "we are not satisfied" refrain, King borrows from Amos 5:24: "[W]e are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until 'justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream.'"[39] Angelou's speaking Tree echoes King's sentiment and offers its listeners a spiritual invitation through the Negro spiritual, "I Shall Not Be Moved": "Here, root yourselves beside me./ I am that Tree planted by the River,/ Which will not be moved," says the Tree.[40]

Popularized through the music of the 1960s Civil Rights Movement, Angelou's "I Shall Not Be Moved" also alludes to the non-violent, peaceful tactics that oppressed people have used to gain their freedoms. Although the philosophy of passive resistance precedes Martin Luther King, Jr.,[41] King adapted it to Christian doctrine, often noting Jesus Christ's ability to turn the other cheek and to love thine enemies. To stand still, as the old Negro spiritual suggests—and is thoroughly illustrated in Angelou's 1990 poem, "Our Grandmothers"—requires courage and faith in spirit. A person whose faith is grounded in God is steadfast in his works, and therefore, will not be satisfied until his efforts are realized.

Angelou's speaking Rock also alludes to religion. Its message is taken from the 1907 Negro spiritual "There's No Hiding Place Down Here." The Rock tells its predominantly non-European audience—"But seek no haven in my shadow,/ I will give you no hiding place down here."[42] Expressly, Angelou's Rock beckons its American listeners out of a darkness imposed on them by perils of racism, classism, and the like, and then it assures them of their inherent divinity.

Borrowing from Psalm 8:5 and Hebrews 2:7, the Rock says: "You, created only a little lower than/ The angels, have crouched too long in/ The bruising darkness/ Have lain too long/ Face down in ignorance."[41] In other words, says Angelou's personified rock—"You, downtrodden, bent-back American, stand up already! You are a child of God!" The idea that the Rock, an element of the earth, invites the lowly American to stand up on it[43] suggests both a sense of security and togetherness. It also invites Americans into the dream that King imagines using Isaiah 40:4.

In his "I have a dream" refrain, King says, "I have a dream that one day 'every valley should be exalted, and every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight and the glory of the Lord will be revealed and all flesh shall see it together.'"[44-45] The only way the oppressed will witness King's dream and Angelou's morning, however, is if they free themselves from

the dark places that bind them. Equally, they must also understand themselves as God's children, who are owed their humanity, which King also makes clear at three different times in his speech.

In his "now is the time" refrain at the beginning of his speech, King says: "Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children."[46] At the end of his "with this faith" refrain, he says, "[T]his will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning."[47] And at the end of his "let freedom ring" refrain, which concludes his speech, King promises, that when freedom ring[s] "from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when *all* of God's children, black men and white men . . . will be able to join hands and sing the old Negro spiritual, 'Free At Last.'"[48]

Serendipitously, Angelou's River "sings a beautiful song."[49] Although it does not sing "Free At Last," like the Rock and Tree, as well as King's human family, it sings a Negro spiritual that implies freedom. The River, says Angelou, the narrator in stanza 6, invites listeners to "study war no more," a verse taken from the Negro spiritual "Down by the Riverside":

> Each of you, a bordered country,
>
> Delicate and strangely made proud,
>
> Yet thrusting perpetually under siege.
>
> Your armed struggles for profit
>
> Have left collars of waste upon
>
> My shore, current of debris upon my breast.
>
> Yet today I call you to my riverside,
>
> If you will study war no more.

Although the Cold War ended two years prior to Angelou's recitation, her mentioning of surrender is most likely a response to all wars—internal and external, big and small. From Black-on-Black crime to domestic abuse, spiritual warfare and police brutality,[50] Americans engage in wars that aren't always in Vietnam or Iraq. At this point in her life—Angelou was 65—she was far removed from the freedom fighting revolutionary she once embodied.[51] If Americans were to ever realize their divinity and obligation to humanity, then they would have to make peace with themselves, first, and extend it to others. They'd have to make love, not war—or as King so eloquently said, "[They] must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force."[52]

As preacher, of course, King's "Dream" alludes to several other biblical passages as outlined in Figure 1. However, Angelou and King's monumental pieces undeniably are grounded in a love ethic that stems from their intimate relationship with God. "I Have a Dream" is a national call for human rights, and 30 years later, "On the Pulse of Morning" is its resurrection. The gravity of each work is achieved by the caesura, or hard pause, which each writer emphatically employs.

Caesura

Since "On the Pulse of Morning" is a free verse poem, it does not necessarily follow a particular meter. However, the poem, quite reflective of King's speech, is definitely riddled

with caesura, which is a strong pause in a line or phrase. Perhaps the most noteworthy pauses within the poem occur in the following places: at the poem's opening line; at the Rock, the River, and the Tree's invitations to come; at the narrator's calling of names; and at the poem's final stanza. Each of these hard pauses contributes to the urgency and seriousness of the poem's content, similar to the hard pauses a preacher makes when he is emphasizing his point and/or arousing a response from his audience—similar to the hard pauses that King imposes throughout his speech.

While King implements the caesura throughout his entire speech, as is traditional for the Black preacher, the most memorable accounts occur after each anaphoric phrase he employs: "But one hundred years later"; "Now is the time"; "We can never be satisfied"; "Go back"; "Let freedom ring," and "I have a dream." King's hard pauses help to magnify the magnitude of the matters addressed.[53] Considering the length of their works, both writers successfully integrate the hard pause. Neither "Dream" nor "On the Pulse" appears long and drawn out. Instead, the caesura dramatizes each piece so that listeners *feel* each speaker's expressions.

Angelou's opening line, which includes three hard pauses as indicated by two vertical lines, reads: "A Rock || A River || A Tree. ||" These pauses emphasize to readers the significance and responsibility of these three elements. Each word, and the article that precedes it, is capitalized, further indicating the importance of each element, which—as the reader continues to read—is its job as the poem's speaker. Equally important, are the representations of belonging, surrender, and stability that the Rock, the River, and the Tree promise their readers.

Once Angelou introduces her readers to the poem's speakers, each speaker invites readers home, if you will. Their invitation includes hard pauses as illustrated below:

Stanza 2 (*The Rock): But today, the Rock cries out to us || clearly ||
forcefully || *Come || you may stand upon my
Back and face your distant destiny,
But seek no haven in my shadow,
I will give you no more hiding place down here.

Stanza 5 (*The River): Across the wall of the world,
A River sings a beautiful song. It says, ||
*Come || rest here by my side.

Stanza 9 (*The Tree): They hear the first and last of every Tree
Speak to humankind today. || *Come to me ||
Here || beside the River.
Plant yourself || beside the River.

These invitations are very much like the "opening the doors of the church" that occur once the preacher concludes his sermon. "Will you come?" asks the preacher, his arms extended wide, opened to take in whomever decides to become a member of the church family. "Come," he says, inserting a hard pause which provides a welcoming space for persuasive contemplation. In this way, Angelou's Rock, River, and Tree are like stewards

of the church, inviting non-members into the church family. "Come," they say. "Come || stand." "Come || rest." "Come || plant."

Similarly, King's refrain "with this faith" invites his listeners into a togetherness that will strengthen the nation. "With this faith," says King, "we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood."[54] He continues: "[W]e will be able to work together || to pray together || to struggle together || to go to jail together || to stand up for freedom together."[55] King then calls out "all of God's children," by way of their geographical locations, who he imagines will realize their freedom if they remain firm, like the Tree: "And so let freedom ring," says a preaching King, from New Hampshire || New York || Pennsylvania || Colorado || California || Georgia || Tennessee || Mississippi.[56] By pausing after each state, King forces America to wake up to the injustices that plague the nation. Thirty years later, Angelou revives King's call, but expands the invitation by including America's marginalized and international citizens who also dream the American dream.

Angelou, like the preacher, specifically calls out the folk to whom she, as narrator, is inviting home. While the preacher calls out the person with no church home—the backslider and the gambler, the fornicator and the scammer—Angelou beckons all of the "Othered" people who have been pushed to the edge of America's margins. She, in the spirit of King, emphasizes their presence with the hard pause, which is magnified by her use of end rhyme:

Stanza: 8	So say the Asian || the Hispanic || the Jew ||
Lines 3-10	The African || the Native American || the Sioux
	The Catholic || the Muslim || the French || the Greek ||
	The Irish || the Rabbi || the Priest || the Sheikh ||
	The Gay || the Straight || the Preacher ||
	The privileged || the homeless || the Teacher ||
	They hear. || They all hear
	The speaking of the Tree.

By including hard pauses between each name of oppressed people, Angelou forces her readers to acknowledge their existence. Each pause also creates a breathing space wherein readers can consider what it means to be African and Native American, a Muslim and a Jew in the land of the free. Here, Angelou invites readers into a contemplative space—where peace and compassion are possible. She also invites them to recall King's sermonic delivery, his dream for humanity.

Angelou's final instance of caesura occurs at the poem's end, which, when performed, very much mimics King's decrescendo. When Martin Luther King entered his speech's conclusion, he "roughened up several of the key words . . . by nearly shouting them."[57] However, "All through this dazzling range of timbre and register, King never seemed to speak with any strain, not even when he punched out 'Thank God Almighty,' at the end of the speech," said Hansen.[58] As a matter of fact, King's last utterance reads: "'Thank God Almighty || we are free at last!'"[59] Angelou borrows King's concluding peace and simplicity for her final statement—the most poignant two words of the poem—which enhances its profundity. "Good morning," she simply says.

In its entirety, Angelou's final stanza reads:

> Here || on the pulse of this new day ||
>
> You may have the grace || to look up || and out ||
>
> And into your sister's eyes ||
>
> And into your brother's face ||
>
> Your country ||
>
> And say simply ||
>
> Very simply ||
>
> With hope ||
>
> Good morning. ||

Each hard pause, most of which come at the line's end, are imperatives that Angelou asserts will possibly bring human beings into community with one another. In other words:

1. Look up. (maybe into the universe)
2. Look out. (perhaps out of one's self/ego)
3. Look into your sister's eyes and into your brother's face. (not just your siblings, but your neighbors, too)
4. Look at your country. (beyond your neighborhoods)
5. Then say, "Good morning." (remind yourself of God's promise for new beginnings as expressed in Isaiah 60)

Not only does Angelou offer her readers a proposition that would encourage the humanity her poem forges amongst its readers, but she integrates the poem's title within the final stanza, thus summarizing her theme and reminding her readers of her poem's intent.

Literary Content

Both Martin Luther King, Jr. and Maya Angelou stood on the National Mall exposing America's hypocrisy and inspiring a non-violent movement toward justice and equality. Three decades withstanding, both invited Americans to make real—a *United* States of America; to dream a dream that for many citizens is still unimaginable. Their contributions are absolute parallels, as illustrated in Figure 2. But more than that, "On the Pulse" specifically conjures King and his "Dream" by way of her Rock, River, and Tree—a trinity that becomes one voice of love urging for human compassion.

In stanza 8, Angelou, the narrator, names oppressed people and claims their desire to come out of darkness and "study war no more" per the requests of the singing River and the wise Rock. "So say the Asian, the Hispanic, the Jew/ The African, the Native American, the Sioux,/ The Catholic, the Muslim, the French, the Greek,/ The Irish, the Rabbi, the Priest, the Sheik. . .They hear./ They all hear/ The speaking of the Tree," says Angelou.[60] Undoubtedly, this stanza, which makes visible the "Othered," mirrors King's memorable lists—three of them actually—that force Americans to consider the inhumanity of White America.

First, King encourages African Americans living between Mississippi and the slums and ghettos of northern cities to go back home with faith that their current situation will change.[61] Then, in his "I have a dream" refrain, King dreams of brotherhood from "the red hills of Georgia" to racist Alabama.[62] Finally, like Angelou's singing River, King recites "My Country, Tis of Thee," and then prays for freedom ring "from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire" to "Lookout Mountain of Tennessee."[63] His patriotic song, coupled with his calling of names, situates African Americans as citizens of the nation. Freedom will only occur when it is experienced "from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city," says King.[64] In other words, all Americans—Black ones too—are inherently entitled to freedom, because they are citizens of a free nation.

Angelou beckons King again when her Tree specifically lists all of the immigrants—"the Turk, the Arab, the Swede,/ The German, the Eskimo, the Scot,/ The Italian, the Hungarian, the Pole,/ the Ashanti, the Yoruba the Kru" who were "[s]old, stolen, arriving on a nightmare/ Praying for a dream."[63] The Tree tells these displaced human beings who built America on their bended backs, "Ground yourself near the River where you will find salvation and restitution." "Root yourselves beside me," says the Tree,[65] thus implying oppressed people's ascension, while also acknowledging King's steadfast commitment to passive resistance. Additionally, to invite the "homeless" to stand with the Tree, "Which will not be moved,"[66] suggests their permanent fixture as members of the American family. Despite history's out-casting, every American citizen belongs to America.

Shortly after Angelou's Tree acknowledges the enslaved, the Rock, River, and Tree

encourage the oppressed to "Give birth again/ To the dream,"[67] and together, they claim: "The horizon leans forward,"[68] emulating King's infamous, "The arc of the moral universe is long, but it bends toward justice."[69] Angelou's final nod to King invites Americans into troth with one another in the same manner that King's final paragraph invites "*all* of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics" into a Negro Spiritual that promises "Free[dom] At Last."[70]

After King delivered his "I Have a Dream" speech, he was coined the "moral leader of the nation."[71] Newspapers reprinted his speech as front-page advertisements, recording companies cut records of his speech, and movie houses cut clips of it for newsreels. King's address was even sold for 10 cents a copy. However, despite the public attention King's "Dream" lauded, "The March on Washington itself was as much of a marvel as King's speech," said Hansen.[72]

Because of the climate of the Civil Rights Movement, which required King's active participation, King's "Dream" was lost in the crusade. Not until his passing, five years later, did "I Have a Dream" regain its publicity.[73] Media all over the world memorialized (and marketed) King with his "Dream" speech so ardently that by 1979 it became "'the speech by which he is best remembered,'" said the *Washington Post*.[74] Ten years thereafter, when King's birthday became a national holiday, the "I Have a Dream" speech, too, was nationally recognized as one of the greatest speeches of American history.[75]

Angelou's public rendering placed her on a similar path. Like King, after Maya Angelou delivered her "On the Pulse of Morning" poem, she was named "the people's poet." Newspapers also reprinted "On the Pulse," while publication houses reproduced

her work as a small book that sold for $5. It became a bestseller. Although Angelou has not received a prestigious Nobel Prize for her contributions to the civil and human rights movements for American citizens, post her inaugural address, Angelou was awarded the NAACP Spingarn Medal (1994), the NAACP Image Award (1997), the Presidential Medal of the Arts (2000), and the Presidential Medal of Freedom (2010).

Undoubtedly, like King's "Dream," Angelou's "On the Pulse of Morning," too, will be nationally recognized as one of America's greatest literary contributions. And why shouldn't it be? "On the Pulse" is written with the same rhetorical genius, poetic grace, and spiritual gift that make "I Have a Dream" such a beloved contribution to literary arts and human rights. Angelou's poem, like King's speech, will influence generations to come.

However, such recognition will take time—just as much time as King's "Dream" speech took. Perhaps like King's speech, Angelou's poem will take twenty years to become critically acclaimed. Nonetheless, as is the case with most masterpieces, inter/national recognition comes long after its creator has passed. Additionally, detaching from the patriarchal idea that only men can stand in the pulpit—which Bill Clinton initiated when he asked Angelou to deliver her inaugural poem—will further situate "On the Pulse" as sermonically powerful and poetically critical, a cultural contribution worth propagating just as much as King's "I Have a Dream" is proliferated.

Furthermore, Angelou's poem will require critical evaluation from critics and enthusiasts who do more than commodify and ratify her works. Surely, King's speech is connected to a larger, more specific cultural movement than Angelou's poem, therefore

contributing to King's significance. Yet, it goes without saying, 30 years after the "I Have a Dream" speech, when Angelou delivered "On the Pulse of Morning," America still treated her non-White, her poor, and her female citizens as second class citizens—if they were treated like citizens at all. Angelou's 1993 inaugural poem, like King's 1963 civil rights speech (and Isaiah's prophetic oracle), is a call to action; it is a call back to a faithfulness that humanizes and liberates all American people. And in this current 21st century, both pieces need evaluating and remembering over and over, and over, again.

End Notes

1. Poet Robert Frost was the first poet to deliver an inaugural poem at John F. Kennedy's request in 1961.
2. Nadine Brozan, "Chronicle," *The New York Times*, The New York Times, http://nytimes.com, January 30, 1993.
3. Elsie B. Washington, "A Song Flung Up to Heaven," *Black Issues Book Review,* 4 no. 2 (2002): 56.
4. Angelou wrote and recited "Brave and Startling Truth" to celebrate the United Nations' 50th Anniversary.
5. Angelou wrote and recited "Human Family" for the dedication of Disney Millennium Village, October 1, 1999.
6. Angelou wrote and recited "Amazing Peace" for the 2005 White House Tree-Lighting Ceremony.
7. Angelou wrote—and rapper, actress Queen Latifah recited—"We Had Him" for Michael Jackson's passing.
8. Angelou wrote "His Day is Done" in memory of South African president and civil rights activist Nelson Mandela.
9. David Streitfeld, "The Power and the Puzzle of the Poem; Reading between Maya Angelou's Inaugural Lines," *The Washington Post*, January 21, 1993, http://washingtonpost.com, D11.
10. See note 9.

11. See note 9.

12. Kate Kellaway, "Poet for the New America," *The Observer*, The Guardian. January 24, 1993, http://theguardian.com.

13. Richard Grenier, "Maya Loves Bill—and Kwame." *National Review*. ProQuest Central. February 15, 1993.

14. Bernard Morris, "'On the Pulse of Morning': The Inaugural Poem by Maya Angelou," *Harvard Review*, 7 (1994): 207-208.

15. Peggy Daisey, "Promoting Literacy in Secondary Content Area Classrooms with Biography Projects," *Journal of Adolescent & Adult Literacy*, 40 no. 4 (1997): 270-278; Francis E. Kazemek, "African Literature in the Secondary English Arts Classroom," *The English Journal*, 8 no. 6 (1995): 95-102; Audrey T. McCluskey, "Maya Angelou: Telling the Truth, Eloquently," *Black Camera*, 16 no. 2 (2001): 3-4, 11; and Obioma Nnaemeka "The Black Women Writers: A Syllabus," *Women's Studies Quarterly* 25 nos. 3/4 (1997): 208-224.

16. Heather Bruce and Bryan Dexter Davis, "Hip-Hop Meets Poetry—A Strategy of Violence Intervention," *The English Journal*, 89 no. 5 (2000): 119-127; and Elenaor Haugh, et al, "Teacher to Teacher: What Is Your Favorite Activity for Teaching Poetry?" *The English Journal*, 91 no. 3 (2002): 25-31.

17. Todd Leopold, et al, "Legendary Author Maya Angelou Dies at Age 86," *CNN*. May 28, 2014, http://cnn.com.

18. Alan Duke, "'Phenomenal Woman': Maya Angelou Remembered by Those She Inspired," *CNN*. May 28, 2014, http://cnn.com.

19. See note 17.

20. Barack Obama, "Statement by the President on the Passing of Maya Angelou," The White House. May 28, 2014, http://whitehouse.gov.

21. Alexander Alter, "Author, Poet Maya Angelou Dies," *The Wall Street Journal*, The Wall Street Journal. May 28, 2014, http://wsj.com.

22. Maya Angelou, *A Song Flung Up to Heaven* (New York: Random House, 2002), 94.

23. Angelou and King were friends through the Civil Rights Movement. As an active member of King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), Angelou produced *Cabaret for Freedom* (1960), a musical revue that garnered funds for the organization. Her participation in SCLC encouraged King to request her service as its Northern Coordinator. King later asked Angelou to raise funds for his 1968 Poor People's Campaign.

24. Lyman Hagen, *Heart of a Woman, Mind of a Writer, and Soul of a Poet: A Critical Analysis of the Writings of Maya Angelou* (Maryland: University Press of America, 1997), 134.

25. Drew D. Hansen, *The Dream: Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Speech that Inspired a Nation* (New York: HarperCollins Publisher, 2003), 135.

26. Ibid., 168.

27. Streitfeld, David, D11.

28. Hansen, 135.

29. Streitfeld, David, D11.

30. Ibid.

31. James Weldon Johnson, *God's Trombone: Seven Negro Sermons in Verse* (NewYork: Penguin, 1927), 5.

32. Mary Jane Lupton, *Maya Angelou: A Critical Companion* (Connecticut: Greenwood Press, 1998), 17.

33. Ibid.

34. Hansen, 101, 121.

35. Ibid., 122.

36. Ibid., 127.

37. Ibid., 69.

38. Ibid., 120.

39. Martin Luther King. "I Have a Dream," in *A Testament of Hope: The Essential Writing and Speeches of Martin Luther King Jr.,* ed. James M .Washington (New York: Harper Collins, 1986), 217-220, par. 4.

40. Maya Angelou, "On the Pulse of Morning" (New York: Random House, 1993), stanzas 21-23, lines 1-2.

41. Martin Luther King attributes his non-violence philosophy to Mahatma Gandhi, who borrowed it from Russian philosopher, Leo Tolstoy.

42. Angelou, "On the Pulse," stanza 2, lines 5- 6.

43. Ibid., stanza 3, lines 1-5.

44. Ibid., stanza 4, line 3.

45. Isaiah 40:4, *King James Bible* (Michigan: Zondervan, 2010).

46. King, "Dream," par. 6.

47. Ibid., par. 24.

48. Ibid., par. 26.

49. Angelou, "On the Pulse," stanza 5, line 2.

50. April 16, 1993, the trial of the four policemen who were videotaped beating unarmed, handcuffed, Black motorist Rodney King, ended with two officers being jailed and the other two being acquitted.

51. Angelou's *Heart of a Woman* and *All God's Children Need Traveling Shoes* details her experiences and attitudes toward the civil rights movements.

52. King, "Dream," par. 10.

53. Hansen, 123.

54. King, "Dream," par. 23.

55. Ibid., par. 24.

56. Ibid., par. 25.

57. Hansen, 133.

58. Ibid., 133.

59. King, "Dream," par. 26.

60. Angelou, "On the Pulse," lines 3-7.

61. King, "Dream," par. 16.

62. Ibid., par. 18-22.

63. Ibid., par. 25.

64. Ibid., par. 26.

65. Angelou, "On the Pulse," stanza 12, lines 5-6.

66. Ibid., stanza 13, line 3.

67. Ibid., stanza 14, lines 3-4.

68. Ibid., stanza 16, line 1.

69. Martin Luther King, "Our God is Marching On!" in *A Testament of Hope: The Essential Writing and Speeches of Martin Luther King Jr.,* ed. James M .Washington (New York: Harper Collins, 1986), 230.

70. King, "Dream," par. 26.

71. Hansen, 173.

72. Ibid., 168.

73. Ibid., 205.

74. Ibid., 212.

75. Ibid., 218.

Kenosis

When you were born in a river of blood

The first cut was dealt, the emptying

Begun that would make you a vessel

Of fresh water poured out like wine.

Day and night until it is cool

Along the coasts, the estuaries flood

And create anew what had been design.
Earth and water are mortar and pestle,

Fire and air mixed in the vine.

Our kenosis was your incarnation,

Marshland and stones filtering the brine

Since your favorite purple burst its skin

Deep in the woods, where fresh waters pool,

We've been together station to station.

—Jefferson Holdridge

PHOTO: SUE MATHESON

CROSSING

Savagery, Buggery, and Bestiality: the "New World" in William Bradford's *Of Plymouth Plantation*

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William Bradford's *Of Plymouth Plantation* recounts the first decades of the Plymouth Colony. It differs from the majority of early colonial accounts of the Americas in that it does not represent the environment as bountiful solely in order to attract investors, or Adventurers, to exploit natural resources. While Adventurers were involved in the colony – providing the initial layout of money for the voyage and establishment of the colony – exploiting the land for profit was not Bradford's and his fellow Pilgrims' sole concern. Certainly, they accumulated wealth in the form of furs through First Nations' trade networks and wood to ship to England to pay off their debts; however, their primary concern was the physical and, particularly, the spiritual survival of the colony – to find a place both "fruitful and fit for habitation" (Bradford 25) and at a safe remove from other English colonies so that there would be no interference in the practice of their religion. In terms of place, Bradford's representations of the landscape are determined primarily by the physical and spiritual struggle for survival, and both of these mark a profound dislocation from their familiar European world.

What I am going to examine is Bradford's representation of place and dislocation by focusing primarily on two incidents in *Of Plymouth Plantation*: the initial description of the Massachusetts' coast and his 1642 account of an outbreak of buggery and sodomy. These two moments, I believe, define the Puritan-colonialist's mindset which Bradford, at the most disturbingly extreme, ultimately uses to justify the genocidal Pequot War. But the Puritan view of place is curious in this process as it attempts to separate itself from where it is has come from while simultaneously, and paradoxically, separating itself from where it is, often resulting in a strange mirror-image of place.

The structure of Bradford's text is, itself, revealing in relation to the environment, to place. The text is divided into two books, and his approach is significantly different in each, even though the work was composed in hindsight. The first book is a straightforward narrative account that quickly moves through the religious persecution the congregation faced in England, their move to the Low Countries in search of a place to practice their religion freely, the eventual decision to emigrate to America, and ends with their arrival at Cape Cod. The familiarity of Satan's persecution of the Saints in a European context ensures the narrative unity of the first book, which also foreshadows the voyage to America and the establishment of the colony. There is a self-assured quality to the first book of Bradford's work, as he places the migration within a providential design. The migration to the Low Countries, for example, is a mini-exodus which, in turn, foreshadows the more significant exodus to America, and the book of Exodus is not far beneath the surface. All of this occurs within the familiar cosmic dimensions of seventeenth-century religious conflict:

> What wars and oppositions ever since, Satan hath raised, maintained and

> continued against the Saints, from time to time, in one sort or other. Sometimes by bloody death and cruel torments; other whiles imprisonment, banishments and other hard usages; as being loath his kingdom should go down, the truth prevail and the churches of God revert to their ancient purity and recover their primitive order, liberty and beauty. (Bradford 3)

The regressive hope here requires an "ancient" and "primitive" place for its realisation.

The Low Countries, however, are clearly not this place. A binary begins to develop in the text. While, to a degree, Leyden is a relatively familiar European environment, it is markedly different from England: the inhabitants speak a "strange and uncouth language," have "different manners and customs," and wear "strange fashions and attires" (Bradford 16). For the Pilgrims, the arrival at Leyden is as if we "were come into a new world" (Bradford 16). While it may seem "a new world," the Low Countries, while somewhat strange and different from England, are a "civil" space. But Bradford laments that the younger generation falls into the "great licentiousness" of the country (Bradford 25). In other words, Bradford recognizes the corrupting influences of society or culture in England and the Low Countries. The Puritan regeneration, then, requires a withdrawal to a place as yet untainted by culture where the Saints can build their exemplary community. In addition, the decision to leave Leyden after twelve years follows from economic considerations, as the Pilgrims, who are farmers, are unable to adapt to a primarily mercantile economy – so much so that "some preferred and chose the prisons in England rather than this liberty in Holland with these afflictions" (Bradford 24). While "liberty," here, recalls Bradford's desire for the "ancient purity and [...] primitive order, liberty and beauty" of the true church of God, its urban, mercantile environment is unamenable. Again, for these agrarian Puritans, the place required will unite the lifestyle and the spiritual goal of the community in an imagined holistic environment. Hence, "The place they had thoughts on was some of those vast and unpeopled countries of America, which are fruitful and fit for habitation, being devoid of all civil inhabitants, where there are only savage and brutish men which range up and down, little otherwise than the wild beasts of the same" (Bradford 25). We will shortly return to consider this notion of an "unpeopled" country inhabited by "savage and brutish men."

The debate that follows this desire to leave the Low Countries, however, is interesting. Two destinations are discussed – Guiana and America – and a clear distinction emerges in relation to the dangers posed by their residence in Leyden. Greg Garrard distinguishes between pastoral and wilderness concepts of nature, which are relevant to the debate in Bradford's text:

> If pastoral is the distinctive Old World construction of nature, suited to long-settled and domesticated landscapes, wilderness fits the settler experience in the New Worlds […] with their apparently untamed landscapes and the sharp distinction between the forces of culture and nature. Yet settler cultures crossed the oceans with their preconceptions intact, so the 'nature' they encountered was inevitably shaped by the histories they often sought to leave behind. To understand current conceptions of wilderness, then, we must explore the Old World history of 'wilderness'. Nor can we take for granted the politics of the wild […] which was assumed to be an untrammelled realm to which the Euro-American has a manifest right. (59-60)

We can see this distinction operating in the debate over the destination. In part, the discussion weighs the possibility of conflict with the Spanish, who, while they have no colonies in Guiana, may be attracted to the area if the Pilgrims build a successful colony, and the English colonies already in America, which may inhibit their religious freedoms. While there is a recognition of a potential threat from the Indigenous peoples, they are seen only as part of nature within this debate and a less significant factor relating to the preferred destination. With the exception of tropical diseases, Guiana is described firmly within Golden Age pastoral conventions:

> Those for Guiana alleged that the country was rich, fruitful, and blessed with a perpetual spring and a flourishing greenness, where vigorous nature brought forth all things in abundance and plenty without any great labour or art of man. So as it must needs make the inhabitants rich, seeing less provisions of clothing and other things would serve, than in more colder and less fruitful countries must be had [...]. But to this it was answered that out of question the country was both fruitful and pleasant, and might yield riches and maintenance to the possessors more easily than the other [America]; yet, other things considered, it would not be so fit for them. And first, that such hot countries are subject to grievous diseases and many noisome impediments which other more temperate places are freer from, and would not so well agree with our English bodies. (Bradford 28)

Here we see the clear distinction of why only Spanish and English are considered in terms of conflict during the establishment of the proposed colony. The Pilgrims will be the "possessors" of the land, and conflict, in Bradford's mind, can only occur over claims to property. For the Puritans, there is no need to consider the Indigenous peoples because they are "little otherwise than the wild beasts," and "wild beasts" do not possess the land. Indeed, as John Peacock states of Bradford's fellow American colonist, "Lawyers like John Winthrop anticipated Locke by reasoning circuitously that Indians did not have private property or national territory, since they did not inhabit them year round. Therefore they had no need for government" (40). Drawing on Francis Jennings, Peacock adds that the Puritans catagorized Aboriginal territories under the legal definition of *vacuum domicilium* which viewed the land as "waste," leaving them with only a "natural" right, rather than a "civil" right to the land (40). Hence,

> 'Morally (and pragmatically) Winthrop's Puritans were obliged to leave individual Indians in possession of tracts actually under tillage, because such small plots of cultivated land obviously qualified as 'subdued' according to English cultural assumptions, but hunting territories were regarded as 'waste' available for seizure, no matter what status they held in native custom. Inherent in this doctrine was the notion that no Indian government could be recognized as sovereign over any domain, and therefore no legal sanction could exist for Indian tenure of real estate.' […] Reinforcing this legal fiction of no government, private property, or national territory was the Indians absence of writing, which Europeans interpreted as evidence that Indians had no records of property holdings, transfers, or treaties. (Peacock 40-1)

There was also another, much more disturbing way that the distinction of *vacuum*

domicilium came into play—disease. The decimation of the population meant that considerable tracts of previously "subdued" land fell into disuse. This is made explicit in a conflict over the Connecticut River valley between Dorchester Plantation and Plymouth in 1635 after "the Indians were swept away with the late great mortality" (Bradford 280):

> Now, albeit we at first judged the place so free that we might with God's good leave take and use it, without just offense to any man. It being the Lord's waste, and for the present altogether void of inhabitants, that indeed minded the employment thereof to the right ends for which land was created (Gen. 1.28)" (Bradford 282).

While old world pastoral is already implicated in and mediated by property relationships, the concept of the wilderness buttressed by the Bible allows the Pilgrims to affirm a manifest right to the land, which here (much like in Winthrop's *Journal*) is confirmed by the diseases that destroyed Indigenous' cultures. Bradford's comment is all the more striking if we recall the concern about disease should the Pilgrims have chosen to establish a colony in Guiana—disease which could well have laid "waste" the Pilgrims' hopes. At every turn seizing land is given a biblical justification: Genesis in the aftermath of disease and Leviticus in the aftermath of war. Paul Stevens writes,

> The burning of a Pequot village and the immolation of its inhabitants, despite the 'stink and scent thereof,' Bradford perceives as a 'sweet sacrifice' with which the English gave thanks to God 'who had wrought so wonderfully for them, thus to enclose their enemies in their hands and give them so speedy a victory over so insulting an enemy' (296). The phrase 'sweet sacrifice' is an allusion to the 'sweet savour' of sacrifice in Leviticus 1:9, and thus with […] Bradford, the biblical rhetoric of exclusion allows [… him] to transform the destruction of the natives into a sin offering, a sacrifice of atonement, a mark of [… his] own holiness. ("Spenser" 156)

As noted above, the debate over destination already contains the seed that results in these biblical justifications. Indeed, this way of seeing the New World is evident from the first description of the American coast in Bradford's text. It is the most quoted passage from *Of Plymouth Plantation*, but it is worth quoting at length:

> Being thus arrived in a good harbour, and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of Heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the perils and miseries thereof, again to set their feet on the firm and stable earth, their proper element [...]. But here I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amazed at this poor people's present condition; and so I think will the reader, too, when he well considers the same. Being thus passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as may be remembered by that which went before), they had now no friends to welcome them nor inns to entertain or refresh their weatherbeaten bodies; no houses or much less towns to repair to, to seek for succour. It is recorded in Scripture as a mercy to the Apostle and his shipwrecked company, that the barbarians showed them no small kindness in refreshing them, but these

savage barbarians, when they met with them (as after will appear) were readier to fill their sides full of arrows than otherwise. And for the season it was winter, and they that know the winters of that country know them to be sharp and violent, and subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search an unknown coast. Besides, what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men – and what multitudes there might be of them they knew not. Neither could they, as it were, go up to the top of Pisgah to view from this wilderness a more goodly country to feed their hopes; for which way soever they turned their eyes (save upward to the heavens) they could have little solace or content in respect of any outward objects. For summer being done, all things stand upon them with a weatherbeaten face, and the whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hue. If they looked behind them, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed and was now as a main bar and gulf to separate them from all the civil parts of the world [...]. What could sustain them but the Spirit of God and His grace? May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: 'Our fathers were Englishmen which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness; but they cried unto the Lord, and He heard their voice and looked on their adversity,' etc. 'Let them therefore praise the Lord, because He is good: and His mercies endure forever.' 'Yea, let them which have been redeemed of the Lord, shew how He hath delivered them from the hand of the oppressor. When they wandered in the desert wilderness out of the way, and found no city to dwell in, both hungry and thirsty, their soul was overwhelmed in them. Let them confess before the Lord His loving kindness and His wonderful works before the sons of men.' (61-3)

At first, contact with the wilderness appears to stand in marked contrast to the voyage's cosmic intentions for the churches of God to "revert to their ancient purity and recover their primitive order, liberty and beauty." All of these ideal descriptive terms are lacking in Bradford's account, which is primarily accomplished through negatives to mark their dislocation – separated from "the civil parts of the world." Most notably, the lack of any comforts offered by friends, inns, and houses is, momentarily, astounding. This is a stark contrast to Bradford's description of Leyden, but it does afford the opportunity to construct a community of Saints in the *vacuum domicilium* of "God's waste" – to exploit this place in accordance with "the right ends for which land was created" as the land is viewed through both biblical and legal eyes. This makes the "wild" Indigenous peoples analogous to the "wild" nature that the Pilgrim spirit is to tame and overcome.

Bradford's description of the coast is neither realistic nor naturalistic, however – such description is rare in *Of Plymouth Plantation* because the landscape is generally seen through the eyes of one seeking insight into God's intentions for the colony. The current passage works in another way altogether. While their exodus has not yet, apparently, led them to the promised land, the passage signals a turning inward (prompted by the lack of "outward objects") to the sublimity of the spirit for sustenance. David Laurence, for

example, argues that Bradford's writing here achieves the sublime prior to the concept's development in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Laurence states that the landscape is,

> no mere backdrop to the event, the setting functions as the crucial figure that reveals the Pilgrims' relation to spirit. More a poetic image than a historical reality, the landscape is described not in and for itself but for the sake of the insupportable idea it has been made to represent and over which the passage gains sublime triumph: the dreaded possibility that the Pilgrims have mistaken their call and that, far from being an advance of the community toward its goal, the migration may have been an error, a profane wandering that forebodes the subversion of everything Bradford holds most dear. (56-7)

Only the turning inward of something resembling the sublime can provide some reassurance that the voyage is not in vain—that this is *the* sought for place. While I would agree with Laurence on that point, he does take Bradford at his word, and this is where I diverge. The conscious fashioning of Bradford's account is obvious in how it stresses the isolation of place at a remove from Europe and guided by religious conceptions of the wilderness. Laurence, however, states it in this way:

> Bradford would leave his reader no alternative but to acknowledge that the Pilgrims stood on ground isolated from all human hope or help. He means to show us survival where there existed few means for survival, and little reason to survive […]. Yet for the outward loss there is the compensation of a correspondingly extreme inward gain: a sublime emergence of sustaining spirit. (58-9)

This is the impression Bradford wants to make, but Laurence is not critically looking at the consequences of envisioning the land in this way—the Indigenous peoples do provide "help" in terms of both sustenance and trade. To give Laurence a bit of credit, he does note in the second to last paragraph of his article that this did have horrific consequences for the Indigenous people and that the chapter nine description is an aggressive effacement of their presence—that does not make up for Bradford's blatant erasure of "help" that the Pilgrims received. Similarly, Bradford's use of metonymy and synecdoche for the natural environment and the Indigenous inhabitants cannot be easily passed over, as Laurence states, "They are thus prepared to shadow forth metonymically the single, hidden agent at whose behest they operate and of which they are the conformable, consistent agencies" (60). Increasingly, the agency they come to be associated with is the same agent that persecuted the saints in Europe—Satan.

The First Nations, of course, have been there for centuries, even though the Pilgrims do not recognize this much beyond natural rights. Certainly, in the larger context of Bradford's *Of Plymouth Plantation*, the passage signals the way that the landscape will be seen and the text will be structured. Material nature is seen only in terms of God's grace, sustenance and, gradually, property (either in terms of the necessities of survival or in terms of the repayment of the debt, which, curiously, when accomplished, leads in part to the community's collapse). As William Cronon notes, however, this has ecological consequences far beyond the little colony in terms of the patterns of trade and negotiation among Indigenous peoples, as well as in how the colonists put their own mark on

the land in terms of private property (for example, fencing, clearing land, and domestic livestock):

> In New England, most colonists anticipated that they would be able to live much as they had done in England, in an artisanal and farming community with work rhythms, class relations, and a social order similar to the one they had left behind – the only difference being their own improved stature in society. There were many misconceptions involved in this vision, but the one most threatening to survival was the simple fact that establishing European relations of production in the New World was a far more complicated task than most colonists realized. Even to set up farms was a struggle. Once colonists had done this, adjusting to the New England ecosystem by re-creating the annual agricultural cycles which had sustained them in England, starving times became relatively rare. (36)

Private property, however, leads to the dissolution of the community – much lamented by Bradford – as the struggle for survival begins to produce a surplus. Also, in relation to the spirit, nature will be ransacked and this will be effaced (along with the First Nations and their way of life) in representing it as a regeneration of the Puritans' spirit. In a Marxist sense, the Indigenous peoples, the beaver furs they trade, and the other "commodities" being sent to England to pay the Adventurers are all the material base of the community. Physical survival in this "desolate wilderness," then, will reassure the Saints of God's providence, at the expense of the "help" provided to the Puritans by the Indigenous peoples.

The dominance that is evident from the sublime, along with the hierarchies it establishes, carry through into another aspect of the Plymouth Colony's existence. As Laurence notes of the chapter 9 passage,

> Bradford presents the Pilgrims at the end of their journey as facing the unanticipated horror of an absence of institution so total it threatens to disintegrate the grounds not only of civil existence but of personal identity as well […] and where the obligations and expectations to which morality and civility owe their being evidently wither. (58)

The hopes of a triumphant spirit that end book one gradually dissolve in the second book, which is not the flowing narrative that is the first book, but, rather, a chronological arrangement of events Bradford feels are of note. In the broadest sense, this results from the gradual challenge to the social structures prompted by resource accessibility. Originally closer to Barbara Decker Pierce and Roderick White's agonic structure, not only is there increasing conflict with the Indigenous peoples, but the arrival of more colonists and a stronger resource foothold due to the establishment of agriculture and domestic animals also, ironically, threatened the cohesion of Plymouth:

> Agonic social structures [hierarchical in nature] emerge when individuals perceive the resource context to be highly contestable […]. The ecological configuration of a group's resources is the salient characteristic. In a contestable context it is feasible for a dominant individual or a small coalition to exercise power over resource acquisition by other members of the group. The dominants can control concentrated, visible and predictable resources and thereby maintain power over others

in the group. (225)

Thus, as resources (especially land through clearing, disease, and genocide) become more plentiful, communal order is more difficult to maintain, and in the second book Bradford constantly laments the social consequences of this. Indeed, sins emerge more clearly into the light of day because they are seen as symptoms of the social problems arising from the colonists' agonistic relationship to the land.

Bradford's original communal vision becomes strained in 1623, resulting in the decision "that they should set corn every man for his own particular, and in that regard trust to themselves; in all other things to go on in the general way as before" (120). The hope was an increase in crop production and a counter to discontent of working communally

> "for other men's wives and children without recompense" (Bradford 121). By 1632, the people of the Plantation began to grow in their outward estates, by reason of the flowing of many people into the country, especially into the Bay of Massachusetts. By which means corn and cattle rose to a great price, by which many were much enriched and commodities grew plentiful. And yet in other regards this benefit turned to their hurt, and this accession of strength to their weakness. For now as their stocks increased and the increase vendible, there was no longer any holding them together, but now they must of necessity go to their great lots. They could not otherwise keep their cattle, and having oxen grown they must have land for plowing and tillage. And no man now thought he could live except he had cattle and a great deal of ground to keep them, all striving to increase their stocks. By which means they were scattered all over the Bay quickly and the town in which they lived compactly till now was left very thin and in a short time almost desolate. And if this had been all, it had been less, though too much; but the church must also be divided, and those that had lived so long together in Christian and comfortable fellowship must now part and suffer many divisions. (Bradford 252-3)

As always, Bradford's concern remains the spiritual well-being of the community, but it is the successful environmental adaptation of European farming methods, of the material base of the community, that prompts this. But what is also noteworthy in this wider geographic dispersal of the community is how it prompts a second inward turning for Bradford as chronicler of the colony. While the spiritual remains a constant in his concerns, the inward turn begins to focus more and more on social relations among the colonists. What emerges is, to recall Laurence, horror and disintegration as well as the breaking down of obligations and expectations.

An event in 1642 is the most significant example of this. New England becomes Sodom. As Michael Warner states, "The Puritan rhetoric of Sodom had begun as a language about polity and discipline […]. Because Sodom was the most prominent example of judgment passed upon a polis in all the lore of Christendom, this call for discipline soon made Sodom a commonplace" (20). Whereas the Puritans had once seen old England as Sodom, a place where God's judgment was imminent, they now discovered it in

their own godly plantation in 1642:

> Marvelous it may be to see and consider how some kind of wickedness did grow and break forth here, in a land where the same was so much witnessed against and so narrowly looked unto, and severely punished when it was known, as in no place more, or so much, that I have known or heard of; insomuch that they have been somewhat censured even by moderate and good men for their severity in punishments. And yet all this could not suppress the breaking out of sundry notorious sins (as this year, besides other, gives us too many sad precedents and instances), especially drunkenness and uncleanness. Not only incontinency between persons unmarried, for which many both men and women have been punished sharply enough, but some married persons also. But that which is worse, even sodomy and buggery (things fearful to name) have broke forth in this land oftener than once. (Bradford 316)

The "marvelous" here is analogous to the initial amazement at the uncivil, desolate coastline in chapter 9. What is curious, however, is the fact that its presence in Plymouth enters the narrative only in response to a letter sent to Bradford from Governor Bellingham of the Massachusetts Bay colony. Bellingham's letter reveals how sodomy was not noteworthy in itself, but only as a symptom of wider social malaise, in this case the irreligious sectaries of Rhode Island. Bradford's verb tenses of "break" echo Bellingham's use of "divide" and "rend:" "'Neither is it only in faction that they are divided from us, but in very deed they rend themselves from all the true churches of Christ'" (qtd. in Bradford 317). As Jonathan Goldberg notes, "it appears that Governor Bellingham's case of 'uncleanness' is motivating Bradford," not the Plymouth cases (240), because *Of Plymouth Plantation* contains no other comment on sins that Bradford here claims "have broke forth in this land oftener than once." Apparently, something more in the wider social context makes this instance noteworthy, and in Bradford's case that concern is the scattering and division of the colony and church that began in 1632. The sectaries' "infection," as Bellingham refers to it, manifests itself in "uncleanness" and, in Bradford's mind, spreads to another colony, a somatic example of unorthodox opinion and behaviours of which we are familiar with from Alan Bray's examination of how sodomy was so often linked to heresy in the European mind.

Plymouth's bugger (the term generally applied in cases of bestiality, but sometimes denoted sodomy) and sodomite confuse binaries – human / nature and human / animal – while also being manipulated in order to attempt to restate the transcendent triumph of spirit evident in chapter 9 of Bradford's text. As Bradford searches for a reason as to why this sin has visited Plymouth, he resorts to nature:

> it may be in this case as it is with waters when their streams are stopped or dammed up. When they get passage they flow with more violence and make more noise and disturbance than when they are suffered to run quietly in their own channels; so wickedness being here more stopped by strict laws, and the same more nearly looked unto so as it cannot run in a common road of liberty as it would and is inclined, it searches everywhere and

> at last breaks out where it gets vent. (Bradford 316-7)

The desired mastery of nature is evident here again, but there is also an acknowledgment that, contrary to what the sublime passage in book one achieves, humanity's control of nature is threatened by sexual transgressions within the community. The sodomite, noted only as having made some "attempts upon another" (Bradford 321), remains anonymous in Bradford's account. His main concern is with Thomas Granger's acts of bestiality with "a mare, a cow, two goats, five sheep, two calves and a turkey" (Bradford 320). While this is clearly an extreme example of the human / animal binary, we can see a speciesist issue arise in the execution of punishment according to Leviticus 20.15: "And if a man lie with a beast, he shall surely be put to death: and ye shall slay the beast." Again, mastery over the non-human is imposed, as well as over the human that has separated himself from his own species. But more is at stake, as Goldberg states, "in equating Granger with his animal partners, Bradford's racist energies fasten on his body too. Bradford, after all, believes that Indians are 'wild beasts,' 'savage and brutish men.' In his bestiality, Granger momentarily – and finally – steps into that blank in Bradford's text reserved for the bodies of Indians" (239). Much like the burning of Pequot villages, the execution of the animals and Granger affirm the godliness of the Puritan community. Essentially, Granger's sexual transgressions enact the colonial fear of "going native," in this case, becoming bestial.

Both Granger and the unnamed sodomite emerge from the "wood or thicket" that had provided cover for their sins in 1642, only to be pushed back into the "woods and thickets" of Bradford's initial description of the coast in 1620, to accompany the "wild beasts and wild men." But the problems this poses for the Puritan mind are quite profound. As Warner points out, associating a place with Sodom generally leads to a call for removal to some more godly place in Puritan narratives. Indeed, discussing a sermon by Samuel Danforth regarding a separate outbreak of sexual licentiousness in New England, Warner demonstrates how the impulse to remove the godly community physically from such a threat results in a problem:

> Hasten where? Surely the analogy with Sodom must have been partly uncomfortable at this point. For if his audience dwells in a degenerate and onanistic New English Sodom, how shall they hasten out of it but by leaving New England itself? They had come there because old England, as they called it, was becoming Sodom. The figurative spatialization of sodomy and its knowledge only protects the local community if Sodom is somewhere else. To speak of sodomy in New England is to create a confusion of inside and outside. (24)

For Bradford, however, a solution provides itself during the interrogation of the transgressors—the man accused of sodomy "had long used it in old England," while Granger was "taught" his sin "by another that had heard of such things from some in England when he was there, and they kept cattle together" (321). While troubling, the emergence of these sins into the light of day is reassuring in the sense that the "strict laws" and surveillance of the colony force them into the open, breaking through the enforced banks of the moral stream. Thus, the initial confusion of inside and outside, of a New England

Sodom, is resolved, and all that threatens the binary can be conveniently pushed aside. Sodomy and bestiality originate elsewhere, in old England. The "figurative spatialization of sodomy" in Bradford's text works by favourably distinguishing new England's godly diligence with old England's licentiousness while also doubling that binary by equating Granger's bestial acts with the "wild beasts and wild men" outside of the civil, colonial space. This small instance of sexual transgressions in 1642 brings to the fore the mechanics of the Pilgrims' desire to step into the *vacuum domicilium* and ensure the proper, "natural" use of both the land and sexuality through what Stevens calls "Leviticus thinking." Possessing the land and "preserving the holiness or integrity of the community" remain Bradford's concerns:

> In Leviticus the obsessive drive of the priestly writers for order is apparent in their clarification of the principle involved in Yahweh's promise of land. The *quid pro quo* now becomes land for sexual purity. P's Yahweh makes it clear that the Canaanites are being dispossessed not because of any direct disobedience—they did not know Yahweh—but because of their sexual transgressions. Yahweh admonishes Israel: 'Do not defile yourself by any of these things, for by all these the nations I am casting out before you defiled themselves; and the land became defiled, so that I punished its iniquity, and the land vomited out its inhabitants' (Lev. 18:24-25). The closing metaphor is important because it defines sexual transgressions not simply as contrary to the will of Yahweh but as unnatural. As the body vomits out the alien, the unhealthy or unclean, so the land vomits out the sexually impure.
>
> (Stevens, "Leviticus" 449)

Granger and the unnamed sodomite endanger the Pilgrims' possession of the land by committing sins that may cause it to vomit them out and God to abandon them. In carrying out the punishment prescribed in Leviticus of executing both Granger and the animals, a disturbing link is made to the Indigenous population ("wild men") who were transformed into a "sin offering" by the destruction of their villages, replacing the goats and bulls of conventional Old Testament sin offerings (Stevens, "Leviticus" 452). Ultimately, then, a sort of sacred violence ensures the purity of the colonial community. It also justifies the Pilgrims' possession of the land, while furthering their expansion into the "waste" at the expense of the Indigenous population as they transform the "desolate" into the "civil" and "godly."

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Mother with Sleeping Child

So sacred it is almost profane
The way she holds the still child
Like a lover on a beach cradling
Her drowned beloved —sexless
But with carnal knowledge from head
To toe, as from birth to death,
The body rocking where it's lain.
The odor of lilies pervades the scene.
Washed, perhaps, ready for bed
Is a curled pietà without the shroud.
Outside the painting, clothes she'll dress
Him in, hanging like the cloud
Above those hills so enchanted and wild
They seem to await the waking breath.

Those hills so mysteriously styled

Some three hundred years shall pass

And they'll replace God at His death.

Glowing with anticipation

Nestled behind the central image

They draw the eye to the City of God

Whose denizens remain beguiled.

The landscape seems to hold its breath

At their powerful turning compass

Pulling all iron toward its gold,

Sparing none, spoiling with its rod

The children of the secular nation

Whose faith in immanence shall rage

Till those enchanted hills unfold.

—Jefferson Holdridge

WINDBLOWN BIRCH PHOTO: SUE MATHESON

WILLIAM STYRON'S TRUE FICTION: HANS FRANK AND STYRON'S *SOPHIE'S CHOICE*[1]

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INTRODUCTION

The following pages assess William H. Styron's *Sophie's Choice*, his 1979 bestselling novel rendered into a blockbuster film.[2] The *Sophie's Choice* novel has drawn fire for its offhand identification of Adolf Hitler's real-life Governor General of the Occupied Polish Territories, Dr. Hans Frank, as a Jew. Professor Alvin H. Rosenfeld objected to this false characterization of Frank, during the year following that novel's initial publication. Thereafter, Professor D. G. Myers recalled Rosenfeld's attack, and supplemented it with Myers's observation that Styron silently had deleted that line for his novel's paperback edition. It transpires that Frank himself had made an even more controversial identification of Hitler as part-Jewish in an autobiographical work composed in Nuremberg in 1946. There had he been convicted as a Nazi war criminal and sentenced to death. He wrote while awaiting his fate. Frank had turned against Hitler and the Nazi ideology.

1 For another perspective on William Styron's *Sophie's Choice* by this author, see "William Styron's Dubious Memoir: Sophie and Styron's *Sophie's Choice*" in *the quint* 7.1 (December 2014). pp. 140-175.

2 William Styron, *Sophie's Choice* (New York: House Inc., 1979).

In these memoirs, Dr. Frank recollected his service as Hitler's personal attorney before the Nazis' accession to power. In 1930, Frank claimed, Hitler had tasked Frank with the investigation of Hitler's clan. The upshot was Frank's discovery in Austria of the history of a Jew named Frankenberger. Herr Frankenberger had employed the unwed Maria Anna Schicklgruber. He impregnated her with the dictator's father, Alois. Herr Alois Schicklgruber was born illegitimate, although he assumed the name Hitler before his son the tyrant was born. No independent evidence to underpin this Frank-Frankenberger allegation has been unearthed.

In fact, an actual World War II investigation into Hitler's antecedents was launched under Heinrich Himmler. No Hitler tie to the Jews was found in that investigator's final report, which survives. Several salient misstatements of fact blemish Frank's Frankenberger assertion. But Frank's assertions happen to overlap with some details in the wartime Himmler report. Plausible is the speculation that Frank fabricated his Frankenberger passage in a posthumous slap against his erstwhile Fuehrer. And correspondingly possible is it that Frank in his cell in Nuremberg drew upon blurry memories of those Hitler-family research materials assembled for Hitler by Himmler.

Connecting the dots, one sees a potential solution to the mystery of the Styronian false declaration of Frank's Jewish background by an author proud of his fiction's historical accuracy. The newly anti-Nazi Frank had kicked Hitler's corpse where Frank knew it would hurt: Hitler's supposed racial impurity. Likewise did Styron, a young United States Marine late in World War II, take an analogous smack at the corpse of Frank. Styron guessed where it most would have hurt: Frank's own supposed racial impurity. Styron visits poetic justice against Frank, whose ghost must swallow Frank's own medicine.

Meanwhile, Styron treated his own historically-alert readers to a metatextual inside-joke enjoyable to all aware of this Frank backstory of *Sophie's Choice***.**

The instant discussion procedes with a look at the work of Hannah Arendt. Arendt's published corpus constituted a nonfictional source openly mined by Styron in crafting his novel. Hannah Arendt utilized language distantly suggesting Frank's Jewishness, at least as it might have been slightly misremembered by Styron in his capacity as writer of fiction. Positing a slip of Styron's memory when drawing upon his Arendt source easily, if less satisfyingly than would a metafictionlist theory, explains Styron's painful Frank-as-Jew falsehood.

II. *SOPHIE'S CHOICE* AND ITS BITTERMOST KERNEL OF FICTION

The Story of Hans Frank

i. Those Words of Styron

Plainly a sober entertainment and thereby obviously a fiction, *Sophie's Choice* derived its credibility from historically accurate features. Nevertheless, in chapter nine Styron thus discusses Poland's post-September 1939 occupation and his protagonist Sophie's father, Professor Zbigniew Biegański, Distinguished Professor of Jurisprudence at the Jagiellonian University of Cracow, and Doctor of Law honoris Causa, Universities of Bucharest, Karlova, Heidelburg and Leipzig[3]:

Nor was Professor Biegański a true quisling, a collaborator in the now accepted sense of the word, since when the country was invaded that September and Cracow, virtually unharmed, became the seat of government for all Poland, it is not with the intent to betray his fatherland that he sought to offer his services to the Governor General, Hitler's friend Hans Frank (a Jew, *mirabile dictu*--though few at the time knew it, including the Professor--and a distinguished lawyer like himself), but only as an advisor and expert in a field where Poles and Germans had a mutual adversary and a profound common interest--*die Judenfrage*. There was doubtless even a certain idealism in his effort.[4]

In 1980, Alvin H. Rosenfeld caught the Styronian inaccuracy in this passage:

> It is not possible here to separate out the many comminglings of fact and fiction in *Sophie's Choice*, but a few prominent examples need to be looked at. One involves Styron's identification of Hans Frank, the Nazi Governor General of a large part of occupied Poland, as a Jew (p. 249). None of the histories consulted bears out this identification, although it is possible that Styron has had access to sources that the historians do not know; if so, he should declare them. Otherwise, to reinvent Frank fictively as a Jew is unpardonable and of a piece with such earlier malicious allegations by others that Hitler was a Jew, Heydrich was a Jew, Eichmann was a Jew, etc. By this line of reasoning, the most powerful persecutors of the Jews were other Jews, and the whole awful business can be passed off as an internal affair, of no concern to anyone else and without implication for them.[5]

Rosenfeld's exposure of the Styron inaccuracy was picked up by D. G. Myers. Myers

3 *Ibid.*, p. 237. Over 1977-1981, Zbigniew K. Brezezinski was National Security Advisor to President Carter.

4 *Ibid.*, p. 249.

5 Alvin H. Rosenfeld, *A Double Dying: Reflections on Holocaust Literature,* p. 161 (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1980). And in Dr. Rosenfeld's reading of Styron's novel (and its ilk): "In these cases and in numerous ones like them, it is almost a given of American Cultural engagement with the Holocaust that audiences not be subjected to unrelenting pain." *Alvin H. Rosefeld, The End of the Holocaust,* p. 62 (Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 2011).

recalled Styron's 1974[6] invocation of an Auschwitz-survivor, Catholic, Polish girl whom Styron assertedly had known.[7] Myers also recalled Styron's claim to factual credibility regarding *Sophie's Choice* and its historical context.[8] Myers offers: "To support his case that the Nazis' victims were identified not by their Jewishness but by their affliction, Styron must distort the historical record at certain key points."[9] At this juncture Myers drops a footnote, which concludes:

> Rosenfeld points out that, in order to suggest that "the most powerful persecutors of the Jews were other Jews," Styron falsely identifies Hans Frank, the Nazi Governor General of occupied Poland, as "a Jew, *mirabile Dictu*…" (161). As far as I am aware, no one noticed when Styron quietly deleted this identification from the paperback edition (249 in the first Random House edition [1979]; 271 in the Vintage International [1992]).[10]

What could William Styron have been thinking?

ii. Those Words of Frank

By a decree of October 12, 1939, Adolf Hitler appointed Dr. Hans Frank Governor General of the Occupied Polish Territories.[11] Lawyer Frank had served as Hitler's personal attorney from 1927 to 1933[12] and would participate during 1945-1946 in the historic International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg – as a capital defendant. Sentenced to death, Frank penned his memoirs in the span leading to his October 16, 1946, execution. Therein did the newly anti-Nazi and freshly re-Christianized barrister drop a bomb:

> One day, it must have been towards the end of 1930, Hitler sent for me. … He showed me a letter which he described as a 'disgusting piece of blackmail' on the part of one of his most loathsome relatives and said that it concerned his, Hitler's, antecedents. If I am not mistaken it was a son of his half-brother, Alois (born of Hitler's father's second marriage), who was gently hinting that 'in view of certain allegations in the Press it might be better if certain family matters weren't shouted from the roof-tops'. The Press reports in question suggested that Hitler had Jewish blood in his veins and hence was hardly qualified to be an antisemite. But they were phrased in such general terms that nothing could be done about it. In the heat of the political struggle the whole thing died down. All the same, this threat of blackmail by a relative was a somewhat tricky business. At Hitler's request I made some confidential inquiries. Intensive investigation elicited the following information: Hitler's father was the illegitimate son of a woman by the name of Schicklgruber from Leonding near Linz who worked as cook in a Graz household. In accordance with the law which laid down that an illegitimate child must bear its mother's surname, he was called Schicklgruber up to the age of fourteen. But when his mother (Adolf Hitler's grandmother) married a Herr Hitler, he was formally legitimated as the offspring of the Hitler-Schicklgruber marriage, by means of the instrument *per matrimonium subsequens*. Up to this point all is perfectly clear and really nothing out of the usual. But the most extraordinary part of the story is this: when the cook Schicklgruber

6 D. G. Myers, *Jews Without Memory*: Sophie's Choice *and the Ideology of Liberal Anti-Judaism*, 13 Am. Lit. His., pp. 459, 503 (Fall 2001 (no. 3).
7 *Ibid.*, p. 506.
8 *Ibid.*, p. 507.
9 *Ibid.*, p. 515.
10 *Ibid.*, p. 525, n. 14.
11 Niklas Frank, *In the Shadow of the Reich*, p. 112 (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1991) (Arthur S. Wensinger with Carole Clew-Hoey trans.).
12 Leon Goldsohn, *The Nuremberg Interviews: Conducted by Leon Goldsohn*, pp. 34, 39 (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 2004).

(Adolf Hitler's grandmother) gave birth to her child, she was in service with a Jewish family called Frankenberger. And on behalf of his son, then about nineteen years old, Frankenberger paid a maintenance allowance to Schicklgruber from the time of the child's birth until his fourteenth year. For a number of years, too, the Frankenbergers and Hitler's grandmother wrote to each other, the general tenor of the correspondence betraying on both sides the tacit acknowledgement that Schicklgruber's illegitimate child had been engendered under circumstances which made the Frankenbergers responsible for its maintenance. For years this correspondence remained in the possession of a woman living in Wetzelsdorf near Graz who was related to Hitler through the Raubals…. Hence the possibility cannot be dismissed that Hitler's father was half Jewish as a result of the extra-marital relationship between the Schicklgruber woman and the Jew from Graz. This would mean that Hitler was one quarter Jewish.[13]

What could have inspired Hans's Frankenberger story? In 1946, Frank might have recollected a parallel problem.

AN ACTUAL NAZI INVESTIGATION OF HITLER'S LINE

An October 14, 1942, letter from an SS Obersturmrabannfuerher was addressed to the SS Chief Himmler in Berlin.[14] It was stamped "Secret."[15] This letter was part of a transmission of documents on Hitler's lineage amassed by the Gestapo's branch in Linz, Austria,[16] Hitler's hometown.[17] The Gestapo file (thereafter emplaced in the Library of Congress's Prints and Photographs Division) contains an original letter (with Himmler as signatory) addressed to Martin Bormann, Secretary to the Fuehrer.[18] Himmler therein formally records that he transmits officially all of his Hitler data.[19] He solicits a receipt for his file, dispatched via special courier and not just stamped "secret" (geheim) but marked "Geheime Reichssache!"[20] It is probable that Hitler himself had ordered this inquest.[21]

Sure enough, Heinrich Himmler on August 4, 1942, had directed the Gestapo to investigate Hitler's parentage.[22] Numbered among the Schicklgruber lineage had been Josef Veit, who had died in Klangfurt, Carinthia, Austria, during 1904.[23] One of his sons was a suicide, and three daughters were feebleminded, died in an asylum, or surviving as semi-mad, respectively.[24] American historian Timothy Ryback would find that Adolf's younger cousin, Aloisia (seemingly Aloisia Veit) had been diagnosed by Nazi physicians as afflicted with "schizophrenic mental instability, helplessness, and depression, distraction, hallucinations and delusions."[25] In Vienna during December 1940, Aloisia was murdered

13 Werner Maser, *Hitler, Legend, Myth & Reality,* pp. 11-12 (New York: Harper & Row, Publishers, 1973) (Peter and Betty Ross trans.), citing Hans Frank, *Im Angesicht des Galens*, pp. 330ff. (München-Gräfelfing, 1953).
14 Robert George Leeson Waite, *The Psychopathic God: Adolf Hitler,* p. 149 n. (New York: Basic Books Publishers, 1977).
15 *Ibid.*
16 *Ibid.*
17 Evans Burr Bukey, *Hitler's Hometown: Linz, Austria*, 1908-1945 (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1986) (1st ed.).
18 Robert George Leeson Waite, supra note 13, at 149n.
19 *Ibid.*, pp. 149-50n.
20 *Ibid.*, p. 150n.
21 *Ibid.*
22 Werner Maser, Die Frühgeschichte der NDSAP: Hitlers Weg Bis 1924 (Bonn: Athenaeum-Verlag, 1965) (1st ed.). "At Himmler's request, Gestapo officers made no less than four expeditions to Austria to see if they could get to the bottom of the irregularities in accounts of Hitler's origins." Ron Rosenbaum, *Explaining Hitler: The Search for the Origins of His Evil*, p. 10 (New York: Random House, Incorporated, 1998). "We now have the Gestapo reports of… investigations made in 1935, 1938, 1941, 1942, 1943, and 1944. They were made, most probably, on Hitler's orders because he wanted desperately to prove to himself…: that his paternal grandfather was not a Jew –…." Robert George Leeson Waite, Afterword, in Walter C. Langer, *The Mind of Adolf Hitler: The Secret Wartime Report*, pp. 243, 261-62 (New York: Basic Books, Incorporated, Publishers, 1972).
23 Josef Veit (b. – 1904 – Geneology http://geni.com/people/Josef-Veit/6000000010782526530.
24 See, e.g., Timothy Ryback, *Hitler's Private Library: The Books That Shaped His Life* (New York: Vintage Books, 2010).
25 Kate Connolly, *Hitler's Mentally Ill Cousin Killed in Nazi Gas Chamber*, The Daily Telegraph, January 19, 2005 (http://www.fpp.co.uk/Hitler/docs/medical/Hitlers_cousin_mad.html).

in a room pumped with carbon monoxide as part of Nazi policy to slaughter the mentally ill.[26] The Gestapo ascertained that the Konrad Pracher family in Graz held a dossier of certificates and photographs touching on the troubled Schicklgruber line. These Himmler purloined. (See Appendix).

In these lines one finds an investigation of the Fuehrer's Austrian roots by a Nazi chieftain personally close to Hitler (Himmler), not unlike the inquest allegedly made by Frank (Hitler's longtime lawyer). The Himmler data drew, apparently, upon a dossier from the hands of a woman living in Graz (Frau Prachter), not unlike the incendiary documentary cache Frank allegedly discovered in the hands of a woman living near Graz. (Do you wonder that Frank has Maria Anna impregnated by a Jew from Graz?) The provenance of the Prachter dossier was the wife of Konrad Pracher (himself supposedly Schicklgruber kin), not unlike the provenance of the alleged Frank file being a Hitler relative through the Raubals, i.e., through the Fuehrer's father Alois, himself born a Schicklgruber and not a Hitler. For Alois (Schicklgruber) Hitler was the thrice-married son of Maria Anna Schicklgruber and father of Angela Hitler Raubal and of the half-brothers Alois Matzelberger Hitler and Adolf (the dictator).

THE FRANK-FRANKENBERGER FABRICATION

Hans Frank and the Hamm Spoils

That Frank simply synthesized a Frank-Frankenberger story spun from garbled Nuremberg prisoncell recollections of a Prachter dossier-Gestapo file, itself with an attention-catching reference to Graz, would explain more than just the bare existence of a Frank-Frankenberger fairytale. It would explain the shoddiness of Frank's lawyerly-sounding declaration about the Fuehrer's paternal progenitor Alois: "In accordance with the law which laid down that an illegitimate child must bear its mother's surname, he was called Schicklgruber up to the age of fourteen. But when his mother (Adolf Hitler's grandmother) married a Herr Hitler, he was formally legitimated as the offspring of the Hitler-Schicklgruber marriage, by means of the instrument *per matrimonium subsequens*. Up to this point all is perfectly clear and really nothing out of the usual."[27]

For William L. Shirer, enjoying more time and leisure than had slipshod fabulist Frank in Nuremberg, recorded of Johann Georg Hiedler's wedding of Maria Anna: "At any rate Johann eventually married the woman, but contrary to the usual custom in such cases he did not trouble himself with legitimatizing the son after the marriage. The child grew up as Alois Schicklgruber."[28] Alois became legally known as Hitler only from age 39.[29] Truth be told, it was well-known before 1945 (let alone 1946) that the Johann Georg Hitler (i.e., Heidler)-Maria Anna Schicklgruber vows of 1842 were pledged in the year Maria's boy turned five[30] and not fourteen. Yet how could Frank in 1946 doublecheck such issues? As Nuremberg capital defendant Ernst Kaltenbrunner complained to an American psychiatrist at Nuremberg, Major Leon N. Goldsohn, on June 6, 1946, of the Nuremberg charge of conspiracy against world peace: "I, myself, must concentrate on these things without the aid of documents or history books but merely with my own mind."[31]

26 *Ibid*.

27 Werner Maser, *supra* note 12, pp. 11-12.

28 William L. Shirer, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich: A History of Nazi Germany*, p. 23 (New York: Fawcett World Library, 1967).

29 *Ibid*.

30 Konrad Heiden, *Der Fuehrer: Hitler's Rise to Power*, p. 38 (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1944) (Ralph Manheim trans.).

31 Leon Goldsohn, *supra* note 11, p. 153.

That Frank manufactured a whopper from whole cloth would explain, moreover, the Frank-Frankenberger assertion that before 1930 Hitler had been acquainted with that Graz Frankenberger-Jew association (a blackmail relationship, not a blood relationship) from what "his grandmother told him." In Nuremberg, Hans could have been sufficiently distracted by his upcoming (or, downgoing) hanging not to have inquired into Maria Anna's longevity. She had died in 1847,[32] and the dictator had been born in 1889. Further would it explain the sloppiness of the Graz feature of the Frank-Frankenberger story. President of the Academy of German Law and leader of the National Socialist Lawyer Association, Frank would have known how to research, and would have been fluent in the Nuremberg Laws. Unfortunately, awaiting execution in Nuremberg, Germany, his access to historical archives for Graz, Austria, was straitened.

Historian at the University of Graz Niklous Preradovic suffered no such handicap. Preradovic, postwar, disinterred from the books of the Jewish Kultusgemeinde of Graz no Frankenberger record. True, that congregation's records extended only to as early as 1856,[33]and not to 1836, when Alois (born on June 7, 1837) was conceived.[34] Yet well might such be the case: Jews were expelled from the region in 1496 and forbidden return until after 1856.[35]

Simon Wiesenthal searched every Graz archive only to discern no trace of any Jewish Frankenberger.[36] Whereas an itinerant, Jewish Frankerberger male might have visited the 1836 September Fair in Graz, in 1836 Maria neither lived nor worked in Graz.[37] So Frank

32 William L. Shirer, *supra* note 27, p. 23.
33 Robert George Lesson Waite, supra note 13, p. 147n., citing Spiegel, no. 24, June 12, 1957.
34 Werner Maser, *supra* note 12, p. 13.
35 Robert George Lesson Waite, *supra* note 13, p. 147n., citing Spiegel, no. 24, June 12, 1957.
36 *Ibid*. (citing Letter to the Editor, Spiegel, no. 23, August 7, 1967).
37 *The Nazi Party, State and Society 1919-1939*, p. 538 (New York: Schocken Books, 1984) (Jeremy Noakes and Geoffrey Pridham eds.) (vol. 1 of *Nazism 1919-1945: A History in Documents and Eyewitness Accounts*).

missed his chance: An Adolf Hitler-Frankenberger would not have been even of mixed blood, let alone a Jew, had Grandpa Frankenberger himself not been a full-blooded Jew. And such hypothetical Grandpa Frankenberger was the less likely a full Jew because never belonging to a nonexistent Graz Jewish religious community. The November 14, 1935, First Supplementary Decree of the Reich Citizenship Law provided in Article II, paragraph 2: "An individual of mixed Jewish blood is one who is descended from one or two grandparents who were racially full Jews…A grandparent shall be considered as full-blooded if he or she belonged to the Jewish religious community."[38]

THE CLIMAX: STYRON'S METATEXTUAL IRONY AND HANS FRANK

A. *What Did Styron Do?*

i. What Styron Did

Frank related that Maria Anna Schicklgruber, no Jew, served a Jewish master (Herr Frankenberger) who traduced Maria. (Alternatively, Maria seduced Frankenberger.) And Styron related that his novel's Sophie, no Nazi, served a real-life Nazi master (Rudolf Höss) who traduced Sophie. Was Styron suggesting that Sophie somehow was Maria? Was Sophie a seductress of the Auschwitz commandant Höss? Who was Sophie?

Sophie discloses her name only once:

> Bronek, that was this handyman, had whispered to us women in the celler that he heard this rumor that Höss was going soon to be transferred to Berlin. I must move quickly if I was to—yes, I will say it, seduce Höss,

38 Werner Maser, *supra* note 12, p. 13.

> even if it make me sick sometime when I think of it, hoping that somehow I could seduce him with my mind rather than my body. Hoping I would not have to use my body if I could prove to him these other things. Okay, Stingo, prove to him that Zofia Maria Biegańska Zawistowska okay might be *eine schmutzige Polin*, you know, *tierisch*, animal, just a slave, *Dreckpolack***,** etcetera, but still was as strong and fine a National Socialist as Höss was, and I should be made free from this cruel, unfair imprisonment.[39]

Styron's Zofia Maria *is* a Maria, literally. Styron's naming his heroine Maria underscores her Roman Catholicism. It thereby underscores the Holocaust as a crime against humanity, generally. Catholic indeed *means* universal. Dr. Garry Wills offers: "Individualist and Catholic are night and day, since *kath-holou* means permeating (literally, 'through the entirety')."[40] How far can this universality idea be pushed?

Zofia Maria Biegańska Zawistowka is not the sole Maria-Holocaust victim in the novel's foreground: "Among those ordered to their deaths in Crematorium II at Birkenau were the music teacher Stefan Zaorski and his pupil, the flutist Eva Maria Zawistowska, who in a little more than a week would have been eight years old."[41] Eva is Latin, the once-universal (i.e., catholic) language, for Eve. And who was Eve? "And Adam called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all living."[42] In Adam's fall, we sinned all.[43] A Catholic girl, as had been both Zofia Maria Biegnaska Zawistowka and Sophie's daughter Eva Maria Zawistowka, would have learned that Adam was a man led into his original sin of disobedience (whereby all humańs lost Paradise) by a woman, Eve.

But their descendants all would be redeemed by the sacrifice on the cross (in obedience to the will of his Father) of another man, Christ. He came into the world through a woman, Mary: Maria. The Blessed Mother Mary adhered to this destiny after her invitation to assume that role by the angel Gabriel.[44] Then had Gabriel addressed her with "Hail,"[4445] in Latin: "Ave." Perceives Hannibal Hamlin: "What evil the seductive Eve did, the virginal Mary undid, by bearing Jesus Christ. One medieval carol playfully sings, *Ave fit ex Eva* --'Ave' (Gabriel's first word to Mary at the Annunciation) is made from 'Eva'—what Mary makes (Jesus) unmakes what Eve made (sin)."[46]

An almost ghastly Marian theme in Frank's Governor-Generalship would be sensed postwar by his anti-Nazi son:

> Your favorite piece of booty was the so-called Beautiful Madonna of the sixteenth century, a masterfully carved wooden statue. There you were, face to face with the Virgin Mary, at the Wawel Castle in Cracow, in the music room, in a place of honor behind the grand piano. What can Mary have thought? Shortly before her rape she was probably looking into the eyes of devout Poles, people desperately beseeching her for protection against the German invaders, praying for their survival. Now she was looking into your full-moon face, where not a feature, not a wrinkle, indicated that a life had been lived. Didn't the Beautiful Madonna have to vomit at the sight

39 William Styron, *supra* note 1, pp. 232-33 (Styron's emphasis).

40 Garry Wills, *Confessions of a Conservative,* p. 55 (New York: Penguin Books, 1980).

41 William Styron, *supra* note 1, p. 380.

42 Genesis 3:20 (King James).

43 "Augustine insists on the 'corporate' character of Adam, from which follows his doctrine of original sin. In Adam's sin, we all sinned because the Adam who sinned contained the entire human race." Paul W. Kahn, *Out of Eden: Adam and Eve and the Problem of Evil*, p.38n.42 (Princeton: (Princeton University Press, 2007), citing E. Pagels, *Adam, Eve, and the Serpent*, **pp.108-09 (discussing Augustine's** *City of God***).**

44 Luke 1:26 (King James).

45 Luke 1:28 (King James).

46 Hannibal Hamlin, *The Bible in Shakespeare,* p. 160 (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013), citing *Nova, Nova: Ave fil ex Eva,* in Early English Carols, pp. 150-51 (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1935) (Richard L. Greene ed.).

of you? Didn't a morning arrive soon enough when you had to begin the secret routine of wiping away the traces of her disgust? When the German program of human extermination had become a horror to every soul in Heaven, you furtively had to begin wiping away little traces of nausea and revulsion gathered at her tiny feet.

There was another triumph to make you proud right up to the day you were hanged, the fact that you had put under your personal protection the famous Black Madonna of Czestochowa. Yes, you were one of those for whom human existence was nothing compared to the ecstasy you found in religion--even in the contemplation of art. That is a facet of your inner life I can never begin to fathom.[47]

At the nondenominational funeral for Sophie Zawistowska and Nathan Landau, identified by Styron's narrator Stingo (the Styron figure) as the Catholic and the Jew,[48] mourners heard the organ play Charles Gounod's *Ave Maria*.[49] Gounod was a devout Catholic whose *Ave Maria* draws upon music developed by the Lutheran Johann Sebastian Bach. Gounod was introduced to the keyboard music of Bach by Fanny Mendelsson, of the distinguished Jewish family. Her famed musician brother Felix converted from Judaism to Protestantism. Would a literary master over-egg the pudding by throwing-in a Universalist clergyman to deliver the requiem for Sophie and Nathan[50] at the cemetery? Well, Styron

47 Niklas Frank, *supra* note 10, pp. 116-17.
48 William Styron, *supra* note 1, p. 509.
49 *Ibid*., p. 380.
50 *Ibid*., p. 510-11.
Of course in the early 1960s many Jewish authors and scholars deemed the Holocaust a topic teaching a universal lesson. Kirsten Fermaglich, *American Dreams and Nazi Nightmares: Early Holocaust Consciousness and Liberal America, 1957-1965* (Lebanon, NH: University Press of New England, 2006) (Brandeis Series in American Jewish History, Culture and Life).

did. Styron's Holocaust is a crime against humanity, generally.[51] Universally.

ii. Why Styron Did It

Naming Frank, himself, a Jew is a kind of metatextual irony: "*Metafiction* is a term given to fiction writing which self-consciously and systematically draws attention to its status as an artefact in order to pose questions about the relationship between fiction and reality."[52] Frank as memoirist (Text One) at Nuremburg repudiates the dead Hitler with a lie the living Hitler would ferociously have denied. Just so, Styron as novelist (Text Two) visits the same fate on Frank by retying onto Frank's tail that identical lie the living Frank would have denied. *To pose questions.*

Although his novel's tragic context makes the catchphrase unfortunate, Styron shared with the historically-initiated among his Sophie's Choice readers a grisly inside joke. The joke runs at Frank's expense (not at the expense of Jews). Running at Frank's expense in the universalistic *Sophie's Choice*, Styron's grim joke is all humankind's kick against genocidal Nazis. Dr. Rosenfeld apprehends that in Sophie's Choice Frank "is mentioned only in passing."[53] Truth be told, Frank merits mention by name just thrice.[54] If is almost as though Frank is wheeled onstage solely to be the butt of Bill's jeer. What manner of

51 In making themselves the foes of e.g., Jews generally, Slavs generally, Poles specifically, etc., Nazis effectively rendered themselves enemies of humanity generally. There still is
[T]he fact that the Polish Jews were the "unequal victims" in the Second World War. Six million Poles died during the conflict. Although half were Christian Poles and half were Jewish Poles, these Jews represented 90 per cent of the pre-war Jewish population of Poland.
Halik Kochanski, *The Eagle Unbowed: Poland and the Poles in the Second World War*, pp. xxvii-xxviii (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2012).
52 Patricia Waugh, *Metafiction: The Theory and Practice of Self-Conscious Fiction,* p. 2 (New York: Routledge, 1996) (transferred to digital printing 2003) (Waugh's italics).
53 Alvin H. Rosenfeld, *supra* note 4, p. 162.
54 William Styron, *supra* note 1, pp. 96, 287 and 547.

writer could do such a thing?[55]

B. *Who Else Might Do Any Such Thing?*

i. What Heller Did

A modern American author planting inside jokes into a somewhat sordid, European-theater World War II novel (while wearing a knowing smile)[56] was what kind of man? As early as 1968, if not sooner, William Styron was a *Playboy* kind of guy.[57] What might he have encountered therein? In 1975, Sam Merrill interviewed Joseph Heller in those pages:

> *Playboy*: There is a minor character in *Catch-22* named Schiesskopf. At one point, someone refers to him as a Shithead, with a capital S. Since *Schiesskopf* is German for shithead, it works like a pun, though it looks as if the capital letter were a typographical error. Was that intentional?
>
> *Heller*: Yes, and you're the first one to comment on it. I've waited 14 years for someone to pick that up. I've blabbed it to a couple of people *myself*, but nobody's *asked* about it.
>
> *Playboy*: Are there any other so-far-undetected jokes in *Catch-22*?
>
> *Heller*: There is one more.
>
> *Playboy*: Any chance you'll tell us what it is?
>
> *Heller*: No chance at all.[58]

Of course, German common nouns are capitalized. So Heller's capitalized S signaled to readers: Look closely for my German common noun. The world was well-reminded as much by another World War II novel, translated into English and so published in the United States during 2012. Parisian Professor Laurent Binet's novel *HHhH*[59] is a fictionalization of the 1942 assassination of Gestapo chief Reinhard Heydrich,[60] the deputy of SS chief Heinrich Himmler. For the title plays-off the Nazi German phrase "Himmlers Hirn heist Heydrich." (Himmler's brain is called Heydrich.)

And how in turn did *Sophie's Choice* flag Styron's own so-far undetected joke? As Professor Myers quoted Styron: *Mirabile dictu.* Wonderful to relate.[61]Rather as Heller deployed his almost-pun scatologically, so Styron could unleash an implicit pun sexually. In Washington, D.C., Stingo and Sophie share a room[62] at the repeatedly-named Hotel Congress.[63] Therein, Stingo + Sophie = sexual congress. Styron has sensitized the reader to the more sensuous dimension of his common noun via references to "sexual congress"[64]

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55 Offensive historical fiction was somewhat uncharitably assailed by Salman Rushdie: "[I]t really is necessary to make a fuss about Raj fiction and the zombie-like revival of the defunct Empire. The various films and TV shows and books…propagate a number of notions about history which must be quarreled with, as loudly and as embarrassingly as possible." Salman Rushdie, Outside the Whale, *Granta 11: Greetings from Prague* (Spring 1984) http://www.granta.com/Archiv/11Outside-the-Whale/Page-6.

On the other hand, a somewhat more charitable Salman Rushdie would apothesize an historical fictionalist like *himself* beside, e.g., Destoyevsky, Genet and Rabelais, as a "writer to be endangered or sequestered or anathematized for his art." Salman Rushdie, *Joseph Anton: A Memoir*, p. 341 (New York: Random House, 2012).

56 "I wonder what that Shithead is up to," Lieutenant Engle said. Lieutenant Schiesskopf responded *with a knowing smile* to the queries of his colleagues. "You'll find out Sunday," he promised. "You'll find out." Joseph Heller, *Catch-22*, p. 77 (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1999) (chapter eight, entitled "Lieutenant Schiesskopf), ibid., p. 72 (emphasis added). Engel (not Engle) is German for angel, the opposite of shithead. Doubtless knowing of this was Heller, who attested to a second undetected joke in his novel beyond Shithead-Schiesskopf. Heller especially could confirm as much with a knowing smile, were his two jokes delivered in the identical two-sentence exchange.

57 *On Creativity*, Playboy, December 1968, pp. 136, 138 (contribution).

58 Sam Merrill, Playboy Interview: Joseph Heller, in *Conversations with Joseph Heller*, pp. 144, 172-73 (emphasis in original) (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1993) (Adam J. Sorkin ed.). Originally published in Playboy, June 1975, pp. 59, 76.

59 Laurent Binet, *HHhH* (New York: Farrar, Strauss & Giroux, 2012) (Sam Taylor trans.).

60 See, e.g., Robert Gerwarth, *Hitler's Hangman: The Life of Heydrich* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2011).

61 *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*, p. 1256 (Springfield, MA: G & C Merriam Company, Publishers, 1948) (5th ed.).

62 William Styron, *supra* note 1, p. 475.

63 *Ibid.*, pp. 456 and 495.

64 *Ibid.*, p. 122.

and to "carnal congress."[65]

Once a historically-initiated reader recalls the real-life Frank memoir, the reader grasps that real-life Styron is not prevaricating that real-life Frank was Jewish. (Real-life Styron would not be lying to such a reader, even were Stingo a liar.) Instead, real-life Styron is saying to such reader that everyone must be cautious not to lie at all. And why not? See how easily I, Styron, can make Frank's own lie turn around and bite Frank on the rear!

Styron's Frank-as-Jew line is perilously, even suicidally, subtle. For how many *Sophie's Choice* readers ever heard of Frank? So a novelist on prudent second thought (his paperback edition) well might retract the words as unnecessarily inflammatory to the uninitiated readership. Exactly such silent emendation Myers detected. Yet as literature—at least for readers who know of the Frank memoir—the line is not subtle at all.

ii. What Langridge Did

Pennsylvania State University Professor of European History and Mitrani Professor of Jewish Studies Paul Lawrence Rose authored, inter alia, *Wagner: Race and Revolution*.[66] In 2014, Professor Rose determined that a review of the Royal Opera's 2013

> **…** *Parsifal* with its fetishization of blood and its Grail-boy held captive for ritual bleeding brings to mind the fact – often denied in current Wagner literature but explained by Wagner himself – that the work is based on an anti-Semitic programme. In this perspective it is tempting to regard the director Stephen Langridge as seeking to subvert *Parsifal*'s intrinsic anti-Semitism by incorporating an obvious image of the Blood Libel's accusation that the Jews engaged in the ritual murder and the cannibalistic use of gentile children's blood, but an image that here represents the gentiles themselves carrying out the ritual bloodletting. I say tempting, because nowhere in the director's publicity statesments that I have seen does he refer to the Blood Libel or the opera's anti-Semitic freight. Is this a case of *sancta simplicitas*, a blessed condition common among so many Wagnerians but one that never afflicted Wagner himself?[67]

Rose speculates whether the Royal Opera's *Parsifal* director Stephen Langridge was saying to the historically-initiated among Langridge's *Parsifal* audience that the evil of anti-Semitism is not to be indulged-in at all. And why not? See how easily I, Langridge, subversively can make Wagner's own anti-Semitic program-based *Parsifal* incorporate an image of the Blood Libel accusation turned into one of gentiles themselves executing the ritual bloodletting. Is just such Styronian subversiveness a Langridge- *Sophie's Choice* parallel? Alternatively, ought Langridge to have avoided such subversion (if consciously weighing the proposal for his *Parsifal* production) as perilously subtle? For how many in a *Parsifal* audience could comprehend a Langridge subversion of the Blood Libel accusation? Anyway, onstage – at least for an historically alert audiencemember, like Rose – the matter is not subtle at all.

Or, could an unsubversive Styron genuinely have believed Hans Frank had been Jewish?

VI. THE ANTICLIMAX: THE PROSAIC ALTERNATIVE THEORY

How could Styron honestly think Frank to be a Jew? Functional is an explanation of

65 *Ibid.*, p. 435.

66 Paul Lawrence Rose, *Wagner: Race and Revolution* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1992).

67 Paul Lawrence Rose, Letter to the Editor, *Times Literary Supplement*, January 10, 2014, p. 6.

Styron's Judaization of Hans Frank far less self-consciously literary (and hence less professorial) than the metatextual argument is. *Sophie's Choice* at least thrice mentions the immensely influential scholar of politics[68] Hannah Arendt.[69] Styron quotes from Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem: A Report on the Banality of Evil*[70] once[71] and twice refers[72] to Arendt's banality of evil thesis.[73] What else did Bill pick up from Hannah? Arendt averred:

> Hitler himself is said to have known three hundred and forty "first-rate Jews," whom he had either altogether assimilated to the status of Germans or granted the privileges of half-Jews. Thousands of half-Jews had been exempted from all restrictions, which might explain Heydrich's role in the S.S. and Generalfeldmarschall Erhard Milch's role in Göring's Air Force, for it was generally known that Heydrich and Milch were half-Jews. (Among the major war criminals, only two repented in the face of death: Heydrich, during the nine days it took him to die from the wounds inflicted by Czech patriots, and Hans Frank in his death cell at Nuremberg. It is an uncomfortable fact, for it is difficult not to suspect that what Heydrich at least repented of was not murder but that he had betrayed his own people.)[74]

68 See, e.g., Karin Fry, *Arendt: A Guide for the Perplexed* (New York: Continuum, 2009).
69 William Styron, *supra* note 1, pp. 149, 153 and 235.
70 Hannah Arendt, *Eichmann in Jerusalem: A Report on the Banality of Evil* (New York: Penguin Books, 1985) (rev. and enlarged edition). This revised and enlarged edition was first published in 1965 and repeatedly republished.
71 William Styron, *supra* note 1, p. 153, quoting Hannah Arendt, *supra* note 68, p. 175.
72 William Styron, *supra* note 1, pp. 149 and 235.
73 Hannah Arendt, *supra* note 68, pp. 171 and 270.
74 *Ibid*., pp. 133-34.

Key among the slaughterhouse kings was Reinhard Heydrich.[75] Hangman Heydrich's ardently Nazi[76] widow Lina prevailed in 1956 and 1959 litigation for the pension of a widow of a general killed in action[77]: "As if to mock the state prosecutor and the left-wing press, which had strongly criticized the court's verdict, she entitled her memoirs, published in the 1970s, *My Life With a War Criminal.*"[78] If garbled references to Lina's memoirs,[79] with this "sarcastic"[80] title had reached the ears of Arendt, then perhaps Arendt's misguided impression of a widow's supposed repentence had morphed (in Arendt's mind) into the dying husband's own penitence.

Arendt's reader of her two consecutive sentences, Styron, have found Heydrich set within two pairs of Nazi war chiefs: Heydrich-Milch, and Heydrich-Frank. Therein would Styron have been taught by Arendt (erroneously of Heydrich)[81] that Heydrich belonged within a pair of Nazi war chiefs who were Jews. Easily might Arendt's flawed lesson have been creatively misremembered as: A couple of Jewish Nazi war chiefs were Heydrich and Frank. As Arendt's error of fact would explain a Styronian slip of memory, so Styron's memory lapse would account for the Styron error of fact in his *Sophie's Choice* description

75 Édouard Husson, *Heydrich et la solution finale* (Paris: Perrin, 2012).
The SD, headed by Heydrich, was composed of the Security Police, which included the Gestapo or SIPO – or Secret Political Police; the KRIPO – the criminal investigation department; and the information branches. The SS, which began as Hitler's bodyguard, became over the years a vast empire within the State, served by its own troops and headed by [Heinrich] Himmler. After the death of Heydrich in 1942, the SD was assimilated into the SS, but even prior to this the two organizations complemented each other with exchanges of personnel and information.
Gitta Sereny, *Into That Darkness: An Examination of Conscience*, p. 65 n. (New York: Vintage Books, 1983).
76 Robert Gerwarth, *supra* note 58, pp. 41-42, 48.
77 *Ibid*., p. 291. Before January 1, 1976, U.S. statutory law provided for monthly pensions for parties who had served in the military or naval forces of the Confederate States of America. Pub. L. 94-169, 89 Stat. 1014 (December 23, 1975).
78 Robert Gerwarth, *supra* note 58, p. 291.
79 Lina Heydrich, *Leben mit einem Kriegsverbrecher* (Pfaffhofen, 1976).
80 Adrian Tahourdin, Book Review, Death in Prague, *Times Literary Supplement*, October 5, 2012, p. 12, p. 19.
81 Robert Gerwarth, *supra* note 59, pp. xviii, 14-15, 26-27 and 61.

of Frank.[82] Even Homer nods. Alerted later to his mistake of fact, a Styron boastful of the historicity of *Sophie's Choice* silently retreated. Under this alternative explanation, as under the professorial hypothesis, emerges a real-life Styron innocent of lying.

In fact, Styron has Sophie Zawistowska reading page 350 of *Studs Lonigan*.[83] That being a trilogy published during three different years of the 1930s, it is unlikely that Styron directs readers to any actual page. So why 350 and not any other number? Only two sentences before Styron's misremembered pair of Arendt consecutive sentences (Heydrich-Milch-Frank) lies Arendt's "three hundred and forty."[84] Arendt's passage seems to have impressed Styron. But the figure planted in Styron's brain by Arendt appears to have been, like her two pairs of Nazi war chiefs, misremembered.

VII. ON THE OTHER HAND

Frank Katz highlights that Stingo has a protracted,[85] comic relationship with the maiden,[86] Leslie Lapidus, lately of Sarah Lawrence College.[87] Seldom, if ever, in the history of English literature has a jest of such outrageous length been put to paper.[88]Their affair consumes approximately 20 percent of the novel.[89] Leslie is an acquaintance of Sophie and Nathan.[90] Leslie has been characterized by Nathan as a "hot dish", whom Nathan will obtain for Stingo.[91]

Leslie is encountered by Stingo among a half-dozen young people[92] connected with Brooklyn College.[93] Theirs is a crowd so cerebral as to tote Wilhelm Reich's *The Function of the Orgasm*[94] to Coney Island beach.[95] Now in Reichian analysis with Dr. Pulvermacher,[96] Leslie emphatically proclaims: "Before I went into analysis, I was completely frigid, can you imagine? Now all I do is think about fucking. Wilhelm Reich has turned me into a nympho, I mean sex on the *brain*."[97] Wilhelm Reich was a disciple of Freud who had broken with Freudian orthodoxy. This son of a Jewish father was a native Austrian. Living in Germany in 1933 when the Nazis' assumed power, Reich fled the Nazis in 1933 and reached the United States in 1939.[98]

Stingo's pursuit of Leslie climaxes with his effort to have sex with her in the Lapidus family home.[99] He is rebuffed.[100] Reichian analysis with Dr. Pulvermacher (German: powder maker, pulverizer) has plateaued at where Leslie can verbalize Anglo-Saxon four-letter words,[101] but not yet go all the way.[102] According to Stingo: "And then, *mirabile dictu*,

82 One website records: "According to the Jewish historian Hannah Arendt in her 1963 book Eichmann in Jerusalem, Hans Frank was one of many (about 40) full-Jews in the 'service of Nazism'." *Jewish-Zionist Connection* (Version 3) (reocities.com/CapitolHill/congress/8591/jzconnect.htlm). This passage scrambles Hitler's 340 into 40, doubles "half-Jews" into "full-Jews", and injects from three chapters earlier in Arendt's book a garbled version ("service of Nazism") of her identification of Vienna's Dr. Joseph Löwenherz as "the first Jewish functionary actually to organize a whole Jewish community into an institution at the service of the Nazi authorities." Hannah Arendt, *supra* note 69, p. 63. Löwenherz initially did attempt to obstruct an SS demand for Jewish Community marshalls to aid in SS roundups of Jews. Doron Rabinovici, *Eichmann's Jews: The Jewish Administration of Holocaust Vienna*, 1938-1945, p. 2 (Malden, MA: Polity Press, 2011).

83 William Styron, *supra* note 1, p. 91.

84 Hannah Arendt, *supra* note 69, p. 133.

85 William Styron, supra note 1, pp. 119-79 *passim*.

86 *Ibid*., p. 176.

87 *Ibid*., p. 125.

88 Frank Katz, *The Unusual Case of Leslie Lapidus: The Purposes of the Remarkably Long Joke in William Styron's* Sophie's Choice, Prospects (2004), 28: 543-576.

89 *Ibid*., p. 543.

90 William Styron, *supra* note 1, pp.124-25.

91 *Ibid*., p. 76.

92 *Ibid*., p. 124.

93 *Ibid*., p. 125.

94 Wilhelm Reich, *The Function of the Orgasm: Sex-Economic Problems of Biological Energy* (New York: Pocket Books, 1978) (2nd ed.).

95 William Styron, *supra* note 1, p. 125.

96 *Ibid*., p. 177.

97 *Ibid*., p. 127 (Styron's emphasis).

98 See, e.g., Christopher Turner, *Adventures in the Orgasmatron: Wilhelm Reich and the Invention of Sex* (London: Fourth Estate, 2011).

99 William Styron, *supra* note 1, p. 174.

100 *Ibid*., pp. 175-76.

101 *Ibid*., p. 177.

102 *Ibid*., pp. 177-78

I drop off into slumberland even as she babbles on about the possibility of someday – someday!"[103] In Leslie's subplot, she leads-on the innocent Stingo. She identifies with a kind of philosophical orthodoxy called Reichian, spun by a native Austrian who seems a kind of Jew. But Leslie Lapidus is not what Leslie appears to be. This, too late, learns frustrated Stingo.

Thanks to Wilhelm Reich the Lapidus subplot embodies: a European refugee (like Sophie); an atmosphere of psychological malady (like Nathan's); a kind of resisted (by Wilhelm) authoritarian philosophical orthodoxy (like Nazism, opposed by Sophie) in Freudianism; with a kind of resisted (by Wilhelm) authoritarian father-figure (like Hitler) in Sigmund Freud; and an echo of Hitler's Third Reich (Wilhelm's last name). Dr. Reich authored *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*.[104] It was released in a new translation in 1970[105] and in a pocket edition in 1976, exactly in time for Styron to notice for 1979's *Sophie's Choice***.**

Marcus Aemilius Lepidus (c. 89-88 B.C.E. – c. 13-12 B.C.E.)[106] met in 43 B.C.E.[107]with Gaius Julius Caesar Octavianus (Octavian) and Mark Antony on a river island[108] near Mutina (modern Modena)[109] after the 44 B.C.E. assassination of Julius Caesar. They formed the Second Triumvirate. This joint dictatorship,[110] renewed in 37 B.C.E., marked the close of the Roman Republic. But by 36 B.C.E. Octavian could move politically to strip Lepidus of virtually every office Lepidus held: Lepidus was exiled, to Circeii.[111]Lepidus passed the balance of his life in the obscurity of perpetual exile.[112] Did Styron dub her Leslie Lapidus because Styron emplaced Leslie in a Sophie-Nathan-Leslie triumvirate meaningful to Stingo? Leslie (like Marcus Aemilius Lepidus) will fade into obscurity: Stingo "never saw Leslie again"[113]after the final paragraph of chapter seven of the 16-chaptered *Sophie's Choice***.**

Sophie Zawistowska is not what she seems at first. Nathan Landau, purporting to be a capable professional biologist, is not what he seems. Leslie seems a "nympho," and thereby never imaginably impenetrable. In *Sophie's Choice,* is everyone greatly important to Stingo (= Styron) not what he or she seems? *Mirabile dictu* is a phrase which links Leslie's subplot with Styron's Frank-as-Jew line. It appears in the novel twice only. Hans Frank seems a Nazi, and thus inconceivably Jewish. Imaginably might the falsefaced-triumvirate of Leslie-Nathan-Sophie suggest by analogy that *Frank* well might not be what Frank seems. Did a subtle Styron, *mirabile dictu***,** really propose Frank-as-Jew after all? What, indeed, is evidence in literary scholarship?[114]

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103 *Ibid*., p. 178.
Interviewer: You also display quite a strong comic sense at times. The story about the seduction of Leslie in Sophie's Choice is high comedy. I had a Jewish student at the time who said if ever a girl actually deserved to be raped, she is the one.
Styron: She was based on a Duke girl. There were girls like that of that generation whom males of my generation still resent deeply.
An Interview with William Styron: Victor Strandberg and Balkrishna Buwa, 49 Sewanee Review, pp. 463, 467 (Summer 1991). Or as Styron wrote to Prince Sandruddin Aga Khan on July 5, 1979: "As I opened your letter from the appropriately named M. Y. EROS I thought to myself that those sweaty afternoons with Shorty (inspiring me as she did to the subsequent love scenes with Leslie Lapidus) surely paid off." *Selected Letters of William Styron*, p. 535 (New York: Random House, 2012) (Rose Styron ed.).
104 Wilhelm Reich, *The Mass Psychology of Fascism* (New York: Pocket Books, 1976) (Vincent R. Carfagno trans.).
105 Mary Higgins, Preface, in *ibid*., pp. xi and xii.
106 Richard W. Weigel, *Lepidus: The Tarnished Triumvir,* p. 5 (New York: Routledge, 1992).
107 *Ibid*., p. 68.
108 *Ibid***.**
109 *Ibid*., p. 67.
110 *Ibid*., p. 68.
111 *Ibid*., pp. 36, 90 and 95.
112 *Ibid*., p. 90. To minimize confusion note that Lepidus is spelled with an 'E'.
113 William Styron, supra note 1, p. 179. To minimize confusion, note that Lapidus is spelled with an 'A'.
114 See, e.g., *Evidence in Literary Scholarship: Essays in Memory of James Marshall Osborn* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1979) (René Wellek and Alvaro Ribeiro eds.).

VII. CONCLUSION

A. William Styron's True Fiction

The preceding discussion has reviewed the novelist William Styron's 1979 bestseller *Sophie's Choice*, which lived on in an emponymous motion picture.[115] The novel came under assault for casually announcing Dr. Hans Frank to have been Jewish. Styron's allegation regarding Frank evokes lawyer Frank's own mischaracterization of his old client, Hitler. For while a defendant at Nuremberg, the Nazis' former Governor-General of the Occupied Polish territories had penned reminiscences of, e.g., a 1930 assignment from his client to investigate the Fuehrer's family background. In 1946, Frank claimed his 1930 discovery of a Jewish paternal grandfather of Hitler, named Frankenberger. Unfortunately for the credibility of 1946's renegade Nazi, no independent substantiation of his charge has been brought forth.

Contrariwise, what has been unearthed is a World War II-era document confirming research into Hitler's kin by Heinrich Himmler. Devoid of any suggestion of Jewish blood in Hitler, this still-surviving report encompasses details suggestive of some details of the Frank-Frankenberger confabulation. Credible is the theory that Frank merely manufactured his Frankenberger assertion in revenge against his captain, who so greatly astray had led Frank. His emotion-laden effort to pin the Jewish label on Hitler seems, perhaps, to have impelled Frank to embrace for his own account the confused memories (potentially available among the Nuremberg defendants like the former Gestapo-head, Ernst Kaltenbrunner) about the Himmler report on, and for, Hitler.

115 Recent booklength discussions of genocide and cinema are *Film and Genocide* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 2012) (Krisi M. Wilson and Tomás F. Crowder-Taraborrelli, eds.) and Marek Haltof, *Polish Film and the Holocaust: Politics and Memory* (New York: Berghahn Books, 2011).
(no. 4) (Fall 1992) (http://www.albany.edu/history/hist_fict/Mallon/Mallons.htm).

That said, a picture emerges explanatory of both that posthumous Frank-Frankenberger charge, and the *Sophie's Choice* charge. Even as Frank smeared Hitler (as they themselves could deem it) with an accusation of Jewish antecedents, so Styron attached Frank to the receiving-end of the identical accusation. Both inaccurate reporters – Frank and Styron – felt they were striking a blow against an enemy of their respective peoples. But Styron alone could be viewed as not smearing his target with outright falsehood: (1) given the metatextual feature to Styron's words; and (2) assuming an informed public's grasp of his poetic justice-inside joke. Moreover, it happens that the Arendt source utilized by Styron has a reference to Frank which could, understandably, have been misread or misrecalled by William Styron. Had such proved the case, then Styron is exonerated of lying about so fraught a topic, anyway.

B. A Broader Rumination on Truth, Fiction, and Dr. Hans Frank

The prolific[116] historical novelist Thomas Mallon holds of the genre of historical fiction:

> I don't believe that the genre, even when done well, rises to a higher truth than perceptively written history. The literal truth, of things judicial as well as historical, is preferable to any subjective one. However differently experienced by its participants, and prejudicially interpreted by their heirs, historical events happened one way and one way only. It's only their meaning that's open to interpretation.

116 See, e.g., Thomas Mallon, *Watergate* (New York: Pantheon Books, 2012); Thomas Mallon, *Fellow Travellers* (New York: Vintage Books, 2008); Thomas Mallon, *Henry and Clara: A Novel* (New York: Picador USA, 1994); Thomas Mallon, *Dewey Defeats Truman: A Novel* (New York: Picador USA, 1997); and Thomas Mallon, *Aurora Seven* (New York: Mariner Books, 2001).

> Then why, in considering history, even apply the fictional imagination? Why not rely upon scholarly investigation, which is its rare eloquent manifestations can be quite as powerful and satisfying? Two occasions, I think, best call for the historical novelist: when the facts have been lost to time, and when a time has been lost to the facts.[117]

Mallon's look to when facts have been lost to time, and a time lost to facts, cautions authors to refrain from gambling on the literary success of a device such as Frank's supposed Jewishness.

Compare in light of the actual impact of Styron's *Sophie's Choice* Mallon's counsel, to historical novelists, of measured caution:

> The historical novelist must grapple with moral considerations, not just aesthetic ones. "Don't you fear the dead?" one interviewer asked me about the dark motives and condict I ascribed to my character [in Mallon's novel *Henry and Clara*] Henry Rathbone. I don't suppose I fear the long dead, participants in an event that is by now as much a myth as it was once an occurrence. Immediate families would be, I think, another matter. Thomas E. Dewey's son is justifiably agitated about the portrayal of his honest, crime-busting father as a corrupt prosecutor in the recent movie "Hoodlum." One cannot libel the dead, but one can refrain from distortions as hurtful as they are preposterous.[118]

117 Thomas Mallon, *Writing Historical Fiction*, 61 American Scholar, pp. 604, et seq.
118 *Ibid*.

Somewhat correspondingly, science author Daniel C. Dennett holds that malpractice insurance for literary critics would be manifestly ridiculous.[119] Yet academics bidding to impact upon the real world need to adopt the more cautious habits of the applied disciplines.[120] Their words, if credited, might ignite profound ills.[121] They must calculate the prospective misapprehension of their words.[122]

Indeed, Professor Binet interjects himself into *HHhH* from its first chapter.[123] It was objected that Binet thereby gave birth to

> …less an imaginative narrative of the historical event than a rambling meditation on the morality of "novelistic invention." He gives readers behind-the-scenes looks at his research process, and he is constantly interrupting the action to fret about whether it's ethical to say, for example, that Himmler wore a blue shirt one day if there is no documentation to support the detail. Mr. Binet is passionate about his subject, but his moaning about the challenges of writing historical fiction diminishes the horror and courage at the heart of the story. "I keep banging my head up against the wall of history," Mr. Binet writes – it isn't clear why the reader should have to suffer with him.[124]

In all events, high-profile world literature is not finished with Dr. Frank. Well might this

119 Daniel C. Dennett, *Freedom Evolves*, p. 16 (New York: Viking, 2003).
120 *Ibid*., p. 17.
121 *Ibid*.
122 *Ibid*. Perhaps with tongue in cheek, University of Cambridge professor of English Stefan Collini speculates:
In fact, since there may anyway soon grow up a flourishing secondary market in lecturers taking out malpractice insurance along the lines familiar to doctors and others in the US, the indirect boost to the stock market prospects of the big insurance companies should shortly figure as part of the economic 'impact' of higher education.
Stefan Collini, *Sold Out*, London Review of Books, October 24, 2013, pp. 3, 10.
123 Laurent Binet, *supra* note 58, pp. 3 et seq.
124 Sam Sacks, *The Art of Conversation as Aphrodesiac*, Wall St. J., April 21/22, 2012, p. C6.

be true. None other than the awardee of the 1912 Nobel Prize for Literature, Gerhart Hauptmann,[125] befriended Frank. And in 2005 was published the novel *Kaputt*,[126] by the legendary Curzio Malaparte[127] (1898-1957), in English translation. Therein luridly lie Dr. Frank and his Frau Bridgette, with Hans as Nazi "King of Poland."[128] Hence, for literature's sake, a tight fix upon Hans Frank, and thereby upon William Styron, remains requisite.[129]

125 See, e.g., Peter Sprengel, *Gerhart Hauptmann: Bürgerlichkeit und grosser Traum* (Munich: Beck C. H., 2012).
126 Curzio Malaparte, *Kaputt* (New York: New York Review of Books, 2005) (Cesare Foligno trans.).
127 See, e.g., Maurizio Seraa, *Malaparte: Vies at Légendes* (Paris: Grasset & Fasquelle, 2011)..
128 Curzio Malaparte, *supra* note 125, pp. 60-201.
129 Ruth Franklin's study of Holocaust fiction, *Ruth Franklin, A Thousand Darknesses: Lies and Truth in Holocaust Fiction* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2011), includes an index devoid of citation to "Frank, Hans", ibid., p. 248, or "Styron, William." *Ibid*., p. 255.

APPENDIX

Geheime Reichssache!

Betrifft: Angebliche Verwandtschaft des Führers.

Vorgang: Ohne.

Anlagen: 2 Verzeichnisse und 2 Umschläge, enthaltend Originalbilder und Schriftstücke.

In gegnerischen Kreisen von Graz-St. Peter kursierte das Gerücht, dass dort Verwandte des Führers ansässig seien, bei denen es sich um Teil um Halbidioten und Irrsinnige handele. Der Führer sei ein aussereheliches Kind und ein Adoptivsohn des Alois H i t l e r. Vor der Adoption habe der Führer

S c h i c k l g r u b e r geheissen. Die Linie S c h i c k l g r u b e r weise abnormale Menschen auf, was die idiotsche Nachkommenschaft bezeuge.

Vertraulich wurde festgestellt, dass die Familie des Ruhestandsbeamten Konrad P r a c h e r geb. am 22.11.1872 in Graz, wohnaft In Graz-St. Peter, Harterstr. 14, durch die in ihrem Besitz befindlichen Bilder und Schriftstücke der Ansicht ist, sie stehe mit dem Führer in verwandtschaftlichen Beziehungen.

Die Ehefrau des Konrad P r a c h e r behauptet, die Mutter des Führers sei eine geborene

S c h i c k l g r u b e r, die vor ihrer Ehe mit dem Vater des Führers mit einem Fabrikanten S i n g e r verheiratet gewesen sei. Aus der Linie S c h i c k l g r u b e r stamme auch der im Jahre 1904 in Klangenfurt verstorbene Finanzbeamte Josef V e i t, aus dessen Ehe mehrere Kinder hervorgingen, über die Konrad P r a c h e r die Vormundschaft übernommen habe. Hierdurch sei er aus der Hinterlassenschaft des Josef V e i t in den Besitz der erwähnten Schriftstücke und Bilder gelangt.

Von den Kindern des Josef V e i t habe im Jehre 1920 ein Sohn im Alter von 21 Jahren Selbstmord begangen. Eine Tochter Aloisia sei in Irrenanstalten untergebracht

gewesen und im Jahre 1940 in Wien verstorben. Eine noch lebende Tochter Josefa sei halbidiotisch und eine weitere Tochter Viktoria, jetzt verehelichte E n d h a m m e r , sei schwachsinnig.

Frau P r a c h e r , die streng katho-lischeingestellt und sehr geschwätzig ist, bezeichnet sich als Großtante der noch lebenden Kinder des Josef V e i t , die in Graz wohnhaft sind.

Zur Verhütung einer missbräuchlichen Verwendung wurden die in den beigefügten Verzeichnissen aufgeführten Originalbilder und Originalschriftstücke, die sic him Besitz der Familie P r a c h e r befanden, sichergestellt und sind beigefügt.[130]

130 The Gestapo memorandum is cited in Robert George Leeson Waite, *supra* note 13, p. 519 n. 2 ("Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress; see also Photostat Documents Gestapo File, in Institut für Zeitgeschichte Archiv, Munich") and is available at (http://www.fpp.co.uk/Hitler/family/idiotische.html). This memorandum has Frau Pracher saying Joseph had lived in Graz.

Origins and Ends

It's hard to transplant a tree

With a taproot. A year

Has passed and few remember

How warm it was this time

Last year, how many trees

Were in flower, how many

Flowers were blooming — out

Of sync and all at once.

But why would they recall

Unless something had happened

To compare that blossoming

With this cold close of March?

Spring sleet and morning frost fall

To make the dawn chorus

More lament than praise

Of powers dividing the woods:

Battle-tested nests

And perches, origins and ends.

Each night a voyage troubles sleep.

We hurry to catch a plane.

When we arrive, no one

Is there to meet us.

The destinations are gone,

As though wiped from the earth

But still there on the map.

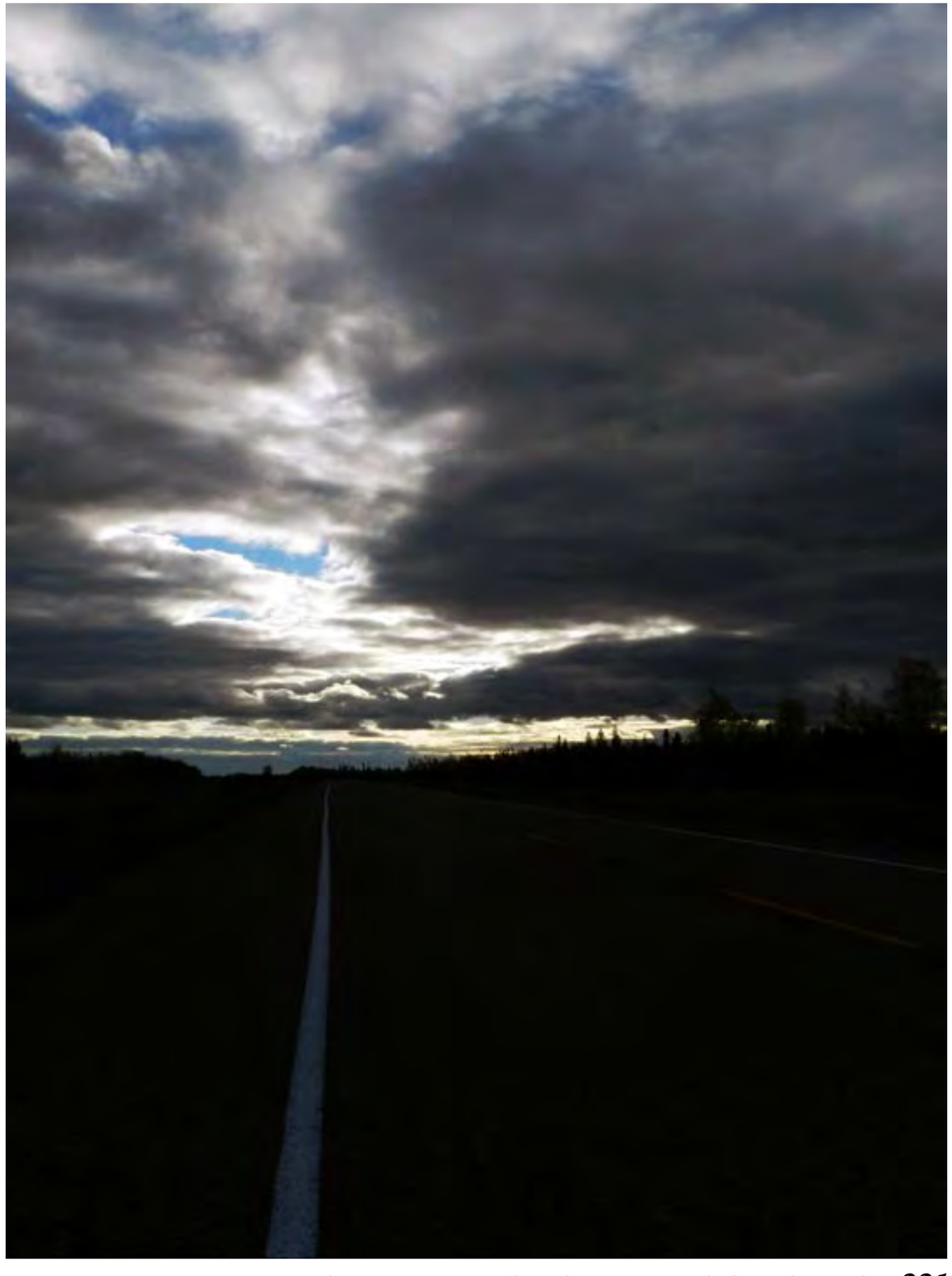
So we see from the face of the deep

There can be no other birth.

Of many roots there is only one tap

In leaf where the highest branch extends.

—Jefferson Holdridge



HEADING NORTH PHOTO: SUE MATHESON

On the Relation of Badiou and Zizek to Derrida

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In this paper I will be examining the negative phenomenologies of Badiou and Zizek . I will argue that their reversals of phenomenology repeat its metaphysical structure rather than managing to escape it. In place, Derrida discovers the quasi-transcendental, or that which is neither transcendental nor empirical but the interval between these, as the condition of possibility for phenomenology. Derrida thus inscribes phenomenology in a more powerful form through discovering the quasi-transcendental as its condition of possibility as the quasi-transcendental upholds the possibility of the transcendental-empirical distinction as well as the impossibility of their separation.

The relation of Badiou to Derrida

Derrida maintains the existence of transcendental-empirical difference though he posits it as a difference without a difference while Badiou seeks to collapse that difference in his positing of the pure multiple. Unlike Derrida who maintains the existence of the transcendental which exists though iterability in the empirical, Badiou seeks to repudiate the transcendental when he declares there is no Oneness, only multiplicity. Indeed, this translates into saying that there is no transcendental form which determines the empirical through iterability, rather all that exists according to Badiou is the presentation of presentation and the pure multiple which exists unprecedented by the One, in other words, matter is purely material which exists without the foundation of the One. An anti-foundationalist, Badiou also declares the non-existence of God or all otherworldly forms of transcendence which determine the empirical through iterability. Derrida argues that all presentation is representation, while Badiou argues that all that exists is the presentation of presentation, in other words, everything is material, no transcendent form determines the existence of matter.

Badiou maintains that philosophy has sustained itself on the illusion that Oneness and unity or the consistent multiple has maintained precedent in phenomenology and suppressed the pure multiple that is not preceded by the One. Dividing ontology into inconsistent multiplicity and consistent multiplicity, Badiou maintains that ontology has favoured consistent multiplicity over inconsistent multiplicity, while all that truly remains in ontology is the multiplicity of multiplicity which is not preceded by the One. The One is an illusion that has served to reinforce faith in a transcendent realm or God. This according to Badiou, does not exist. Badiou claims that there is no One that unites multiplicity into its being, rather what exists is the pure multiple which exists as the presentation of presentation and does not conceal the One that is. According to Badiou, he seeks to return to ontology as being qua being rather than return to philosophy which retains the existence of a transcendent realm which determines the material realm. Describing his ontology as mathematics, Badiou argues that his

ontology functions according to the law of subtraction. When the multiple comes into being, it subtracts, the One, which does not exist in the first place but only as a function of immanence which maintains the semblance of unity when this in fact does not exist because all that exists is nothingness or the Void. This differs from Derrida's difference in that Derrida maintains the necessity of the transcendental to be repeated as the empirical to determine metaphysics, while Badiou does away entirely with the transcendent realm, maintaining it is subtracted as an illusion, which does not exist in the first place as all that exists is the presentation of presentation and the pure multiple while the One is not. Badiou bases his phenomenology on the void and declares that all is material and the transcendent realm, or the One, does not exist. Badiou further argues that the infinite does not exist as all that exist are the numerable and countable numbers as the infinite is an abstraction that transcends and thus does not exist in the world.

Badiou highlights the precedence of the multiple over the One, and hence emphasizes materiality and finitude. However this materiality and finitude translates into empiricism which does not differ from idealism upon close examination, as the transcendental-empirical difference is an illusion. Badiou's emphasis on materialism and finitude commits phenomenology to an empirical basis, which suppresses aporia and differance. This is because the transcendental is nothing outside the empirical, just as the empirical is just the repeated trace of the transcendental. Nothing separates the transcendental and empirical as transcendental-empirical difference is an illusion. The difference between the transcendental and empirical translates into a paradoxical sameness as the transcendental and empirical are simultaneously identical and non-identical, similar and different. The quasi-transcendental inscribes this opposition as a simultaneous sameness because nothing separates the transcendental and empirical. The quasi-transcendental is both the grounds of possibility and impossibility of the distinction between the transcendental and empirical, lending to phenomenology an aspect of heterogeneity and undecidability, because truth translates as aporia and that which is neither transcendental nor empirical. This is the quasi-transcendental, the limit, spacing and trace between the transcendental and empirical which allows the thinking of both and allows metaphysics to function. It is the quasi-transcendental or the written mark, functioning as if it was transcendental, which enables metaphysics as it is the conditionality of transcendental-empirical differentiation as well as the condition of impossibility for designating an exclusive sphrere of idealism or expressive signs, or empirical signs in converse. The quasi-transcendental relates the transcendental and empirical in simultaneous identity and difference, identity and non-identity. The necessity for the quasi-transcendental to distinguish the transcendental and empirical makes it impossible to separate transcendental and empirical as each separation depends on the other term for the distinction to be upheld. If there were no transcendental, then it would be impossible to distinguish, as Badiou does, a pure empirical situatedness and idealism from it. The transcendental thus inhabits the empirical even as it is separated from it through the written mark or quasi-transcendental. Badiou thus requires the transcendental to exclude it from his corporeality and radical empiricism. Empirical only exists in relation to transcendental through iterability and differance. Badiou thus needs to acknowledge the quasi-transcendental as a condition

of possibility for his phenomenology to inscribe it more powerfully. Badiou excludes from his phenomenology that which is necessary to thinking it as the transcendental needs to exist in order for the distinction between the empirical to be upheld. Badiou thus needs to acknowledge that his empirical does not exist outside its relation to the transcendental through iterability and diferance.

Badiou, by suppressing the One, lapses into privileging materiality and empirical situatedness of the number. Such a move suppresses the quasi-transcendental and iterability as the true condition of possibility of metaphysics. As transcendental-empirical difference is an illusion, an empirical idealism like Badiou's repeats rather than diverges from metaphysics. Transcendental and empirical are repetitions, rather than antithetical to each other. The transcendental and empirical only exist in relation to each other through differance and iterability. The quasi-transcendental, which is the limit, spacing and trace which upholds metaphysics and allows metaphysics to function, is the true condition of metaphysics as the transcendental has to exist only in and through the empirical. An empirical idealism like Badiou's thus suppresses aporia and differance and fails to acknowledge that it borrows entirely from the ontological structure and vocabulary of metaphysics, hence repeating metaphysics rather than truly departing or diverging from it.

Badiou in emphasizing multiplicity thus lapses into empiricism, which is essentially the same as idealism as the difference between the transcendental and empirical translates into a non-difference or sameness. The empirical is not conceivable outside the dynamic relation of iterability and differance which relate

the transcendental and empirical. Truth is not to be situated as either transcendental or empirical, because such a move suppresses aporia and differance. Truth translates rather as that which is neither transcendental nor empirical, or the quasi-transcendental, the limit, spacing and trace which allows the thinking of both.

The empirical idealism of Badiou thus reinscribes metaphysics by instituting a distinction which collapses through the movement of the trace and differance, which designates the a priori distinction between the transcendental and empirical as a repetition of the same. The transcendental does not exist outside the empirical, just as the empirical is the repeated trace of the transcendental through iterability. Badiou does not differ from Husserl as transcendental and empirical are repetitions of the same through iterability. Derrida thus democratizes phenomenology in showing that Badiou does not differ essentially from Husserl despite seeking to reverse phenomenology.

In this section I have examined Badiou's phenomenology of subtraction. Badiou argues that the multiple precedes the One. This shift towards an emphasis on materiality and finitude Derrida would find a form of non-philosophy in its emphasis on material presence, as argued earlier, a repetition rather than a reversal of metaphysics and philosophy. Derrida locates the condition of phenomenology and philosophy as the quasi-transcendental or the difference between philosophy and non-philosophy, thus performing meta-phenomenology rather than inverting or negating phenomenology as Levinas, Ricoeur and Badiou do. Badiou's emphasis on finitude marks his philosophy as a radical empiricism or non-philosophy, while Derrida would take pains to suggest radical empiricism is essentially the same as

transcendental idealism, and the difference or differance between them is nothing. This is because the transcendental exists only through the empirical in the dynamic relation of iterability, the transcendental is nothing outside the empirical, just as the empirical is the repeated trace of the transcendental and does not exist outside of it. As transcendental-empirical difference is an illusion, truth is neither transcendental nor empirical, but quasi-transcendental, the spacing between the transcendental and empirical which enables the thinking of both. The impossibility of the distinction between Badiou's corporeal phenomenology and Husserl's transcendental idealism is its own possibility as transcendental and empirical are the same, separated by a difference which is not a difference, differance. The aporia between the transcendental and empirical enables the thinking of both as differance and iterability determine the distinction between the transcendental and empirical as a non-distinction. In place of a negative phenomenology for Badiou, Derrida thus performs a meta-phenomenology in discovering the conditions of possibility for phenomenology to be differance, the quasi-transcendental and iterability. Derrida thus inscribes phenomenology more powerfully as it is made reflexive of its own conditions of possibility that enable its production and functioning.

Zizek and Derrida

Zizek describes himself as anti-Hegelian, seeking to return phenomenology to the space of the real. In place of sublation, Zizek celebrates the empty signifier, the return from the Symbolic to the real, to the Other of the absolute which is the empty signifier, the void which conceals nothing and is not sublated into an absolute to return one to the idealism of Hegel. As such Zizek raises the Real to absolute, committing himself to empirical idealism. In reversing the relation to Symbolic and Real and raising the Real as absolute however, Zizek reinscribes metaphysics as a negative. The Real as absolute is no different from the self as absolute. Zizek thus reinscribes phenomenology as the oppression of the Real as absolute, but does not manage to escape metaphysics as the Real is merely a substitute for the Symbolic as absolute, reversing the relation merely reinscribes metaphysics as a negative, which is no different from the positive. The Symbolic as oppressor thus inscribes metaphysics as a negative rather than managing to overcome metaphysics as the Real is inscribed as absolute in place of the Symbolic. Zizek's radical empiricism is no different from transcendental idealism as transcendental-empirical difference is an illusion. Zizek inverts metaphysics only to repeat it. Radical empiricism, or an Real-directed phenomenology, does not differ essentially from transcendental idealism, as transcendental-empirical difference is an illusion. The transcendental is nothing outside the empirical, just as the empirical is but the repeated trace of the transcendental. Transcendental and empirical only exist in relation to each other in differance and iterability. Hence, an inversion of metaphysics does not escape it as it borrows entirely from its ontological structure and vocabulary. Zizek's Real-directed phenomenology inscribes metaphysics as a negative, which is no different from the positive since transcendental-empirical difference is an illusion. It is the quasi-transcendental or the written mark, functioning as if it was transcendental, which enables metaphysics as it is the conditionality of transcendental-empirical differentiation as well as the condition of impossibility for designating an exclusive sphrere of idealism or expressive signs, or empirical

signs in converse. The quasi-transcendental relates the transcendental and empirical in simultaneous identity and difference, identity and non-identity. The necessity for the quasi-transcendental to distinguish the transcendental and empirical makes it impossible to separate transcendental and empirical as each separation depends on the other term for the distinction to be upheld. If there were no transcendental, then it would be impossible to distinguish, as Zizek does, a pure empirical idealism from it. The transcendental thus inhabits the empirical even as it is separated from it through the written mark or quasi-transcendental. Zizek requires the transcendental and absolute self to distinguish it from his radical empiricism and emphasis on Real-directed phenomenology. Empirical only exists in relation to transcendental through iterability and differance. Zizek thus paradoxically excludes that which is necessary to thinking his phenomenology as his empiricism can only exist in relation to the transcendental through iterability and differance.

Zizek is thus more concerned with raising the negative to absolute, while Derrida is concerned with a meta-phenomenology and the conditions of possibility of phenomenology. Differance, or nothing, separates the transcendental and the empirical. As argued previously, the transcendental is nothing outside the empirical as repetitions of the same, or iterability. Symbolic cannot exist without a relation to Real just as the Real exists only in relation to Symbolic, Zizek's raising of the Rea; to absolute in his phenomenology is but a reversal of metaphysics which repeats it rather than escaping it. Zizek's inversion of the Symbolic-Real relation in which the Real is raised to an absolute totality repeats metaphysics by merely inverting its

structure. Zizek's radicical empiricism of Real as absolute repeats metaphysics as the transcendental and empirical are the same through iterability, nothing separates the transcendental and empirical, hence Zizek reverses metaphysics only to repeat it. The impossibility of the distinction between the transcendental and empicial is its site of possibility, as Zizek's empirical Real is no different from Husserl's transcendental idealism as differance between transcendental and empirical separates nothing. A reversal of metaphysics repeats it and hence affirms metaphysics.

In this paper I have examined the negative phenomenologies of Badiou and Zizek. Negative phenomenologies repress differance as the transcendental and the empirical are repetitions of the same through iterability. I would argue that a negative phenomenology or a reversal of phenomenology repeats it rather than managing to escape it. This is because it still proceeds within its metaphysical vocabulary and ontological structure. Badiou thus, in inverting and reversing phenomenology, only repeat it by borrowing entirely from its metaphysical vocabulary and structure. Derrida's phenomenology in place, is a meta-phenomenology in discovering the origin of phenomenology as differance, or the difference between philosophy and non-philosophy, transcendental and empirical. Derrida discovers the condition of possibility for phenomenology as the quasi-transcendental, or the interval between the transcendental and empirical which conditions phenomenology in its entirety. The transcendental and empirical are paradoxically identical and non-identical because the difference translates into sameness. The trace, which distinguishes the transcendental and empirical, translates into a difference which is paradoxically not a difference but

a sameness. As this paper has argued, the transcendental and empirical distinction is an illusion. The impossibility of the distinction between the transcendental and empirical is its own possibility as transcendental and empirical are the same. It is the aporia between the transcendental and empirical which enables the thinking of both as transcendental is nothing outside the empirical through differance and iterability. The empirical idealisms of Badiou and Zizek thus reinscribe metaphysics by instituting a distinction which collapses through the movement of the trace and differance, which designates the a priori distinction between the transcendental and empirical as a repetition of the same. The transcendental does not exist outside the empirical, just as the empirical is the repeated trace of the transcendental through iterability. Badiou and Zizek thus do not differ from Husserl as transcendental and empirical are repetitions of the same through iterability. Derrida thus democratizes phenomenology in showing that Badiou does not differ essentially from Husserl despite seeking to reverse phenomenology. It is the quasi-transcendental or the written mark, functioning as if it was transcendental, which enables metaphysics as it is the conditionality of transcendental-empirical differentiation as well as the condition of impossibility for designating an exclusive sphrere of idealism or expressive signs, or empirical signs in converse. The quasi-transcendental relates the transcendental and empirical in simultaneous identity and difference, identity and non-identity. The necessity for the quasi-transcendental to distinguish the transcendental and empirical makes it impossible to separate transcendental and empirical as each separation depends on the other term for the distinction to be upheld. If there were no transcendental, then it would be impossible to distinguish, as Badiou does, a pure empirical situatedness and idealism from it. The transcendental thus inhabits the empirical even as it is separated from it through the written mark or quasi-transcendental. Transcendental and empirical exist only in and through each other through a dynamic relation of iterability, repetition with a difference and differance. Badiou requires the transcendental to exclude it from his radical empiricism. He thus needs to acknowledge that their empiricisms can only exist in relation to the transcendental that they need to exclude from their philosophies in order to define their empiricisms. Truth is then localizable to neither transcendental nor empirical as these exist only in dynamic relation to each other through differance and iterability, but is situated in the paradoxical space between as quasi-transcendental, the limit between the transcendental and empirical that allows the thinking of both. Derrida thus inscribes phenomenology in a more powerful form through his discovery of the quasi-transcendental as its condition of possibility as it would be impossible to distinguish the transcendental and empirical without it and phenomenology would not function without the quasi-transcendental as the transcendental is simultaneously the empirical, coming into being only through iterability. Derrida thus brings phenomenology to terms with its own condition of possibility through his positing of the quasi-transcendental, the interval or the between of the transcendental and empirical that enables the thinking of both.

In this paper I have examined the aporia that has come to pass in phenomenology: phenomenology has divided itself into either transcendental idealism or radical empiricism, and an impasse has occurred as to where truth is to be located, as idealism or empiricism. Phenomenology has traditionally assumed that the transcendental and

empirical are divisible and ontologically separate. Traditionally, the transcendental has been understood to be the ground of the empirical, whereas the empirical is thought to be but the simulacrum of the transcendental. Phenomenology, in its divide into transcendental idealism and radical empiricism, assumes these are distinct ontological spheres. Hence Husserl with his transcendental reduction strives to bracket the empirical to reduce indication to expression, while empiricists, though they may not easily recognize themselves as such, such as Heidegger, Levinas, Ricouer, Merleau-Ponty and Blanchot, have taken the transcendental as a site of exclusion or negation for their phenomenologies. In their reverse reduction they seek to exclude the transcendental as they view this purification as being faithful to phenomena, returning to the things themselves.

This paper has problematized the relationship between the transcendental and empirical, because it has demonstrated that the transcendental is simultaneously the empirical. The transcendental is nothing outside the empirical and vice versa, because the transcendental needs to be iterated as the empirical to come into being, just as the empirical needs the mediation of the transcendental through iterability to come about. For instance, we would not grasp the object without the transcendental properties of space and time. Yet we would also not grasp the object if there were no empirical instantiation of the object. Hence the transcendental needs to be iterated as the empirical to come into being. Hence a pure idealism such as Husserl's or a pure empiricism such as Levinas' cannot stand, because delineating the transcendental requires the exclusion of the empirical to define itself, just as

delineating the empirical requires the exclusion of the transcendental to define itself. Transcendental and empirical exist only through a dynamic relation of differance and iterability, as the transcendental is and is not the empirical, their difference translates into sameness. This is because the transcendental and empirical remain separated and distinguished by nothing, as demonstrated in the Husserl chapters. Were the transcendental separable from the empirical, no phenomenological reduction would be able to take place, hence the difference between the transcendental is an illusion as the transcendental does not exist outside the dynamic relationship of iterability to the empirical. Were the empirical separable from the transcendental, this would also translate as a paradox as the radical empiricists we discussed throughout this paper have taken the transcendental as a point of contention and exclusion. Heidegger deliberately excludes Christian Theology from his philosophy, just as Levinas and Ricoeur privilege the Other and embodiment over the Self, excluding the Absolute in their phenomenology. Likewise, Merleau-Ponty and Blanchot emphasize corporeality and Other-directed phenomenologies, which I have argued are negative or inverse phenomenologies, and take the transcendental as a point of dissociation from their philosophies. I have demonstrated that this separation of the transcendental and empirical is thus not coherent as these phenomenologists require the transcendental as a site of exclusion to define their philosophies. Hence, defining the empirical in absence of the transcendental does not make sense. As we have demonstrated through readings of transcendental idealism and radical empiricism, both are repetitions of the same through iterability. Heidegger's radical empiricism does not differ from Husserl's transcendental idealism, because their ontological structure is essentially the

same. Metaphysics and post-Metaphysics are doublings rather than negations of each other, as we see Christian theology and Heidegger's post-metaphysics share the same ontological and metaphysical structure, because reversed Platonism remains a form of Platonism. Heidegger's post-metaphysics requires the exclusion of the transcendental while Husserl's idealism requires the exclusion of the empirical, hence both exist only in dynamic relation to each other through iterability and are essentially the same. No phenomenological reduction would take place were the transcendental and empirical separable, hence empiricism and idealism are repetitions rather than divergences from each other. The transcendental is and is not the empirical, their difference translates into sameness as we demonstrated in the Husserl chapters, and hence transcendental idealism and radical empiricism are repetitions of the same through iterability and differance. As transcendental-empirical difference is an illusion, truth would be neither transcendental nor empirical. Rather the difference or differance between transcendental and empirical would be its meta-condition and that which enables the thinking of its structurality. Truth is neither presence nor absence, Jew or Greek, being or non-being, self or other but the difference and differance between these two extremes, Derrida emphasizes the importance of iterability or repetition of both extremes as essentially the same, truth is thus quasi-transcendental or the interval between transcendental and empirical which enables both.

The transcendental requires the empirical to be defined and vice versa, while their difference translates into a paradoxical sameness because as we have demonstrated in the Husserl chapters, transcendental-empirical difference is an illusion. This paper has thus demonstrated the necessity of the quasi-transcendental to conceiving the relationship between the transcendental and empirical, that which is neither transcendental nor empirical, but is prior to both as it is the anterior difference that enables us to think and conceptualize both transcendental and empirical. In place of transcendental or empirical privilege hence, this paper has argued that the quasi-transcendental and differance are the conditions necessary for conceiving phenomenology as it is transcendental-empirical difference, the point of distinction between the transcendental and empirical, that enables us to think both as each term requires the illumination of the opposing term in order to be upheld. Truth is thus not localizable to either transcendental or empirical, but translates as differance and the quasi-transcendental as we require transcendental-empirical difference to conceptualize phenomenology in the first place. Every designation of the transcendental requires its distinction from the empirical to be upheld in Husserl's transcendental idealism, whereas the radical empiricists, as I have previously mentioned, take their point of departure from the transcendental, making it a point to negate or exclude Christian theology or the ontology of the Absolute and the same in order to define their phenomenologies. This paper has thus negotiated the space between the transcendental and empirical as the difference and necessary a priori condition that is necessary to thinking and conceptualizing phenomenology in its totality, as an idealism without the empirical or an empiricism without the ideal translates into an absurdity or incoherence.

Phenomenology's divide into transcendental idealism or radical empiricism,

with its subsequent crisis over origin and truth and where it is to be located, thus presents a false conflict because the transcendental is simultaneously the empirical. Their difference is an illusion or a sameness. The transcendental is nothing outside the empirical and vice versa.This is because transcendental and empirical only come into being through the structure of iterability and differance. Without the transcendental, it would be impossible to conceive of the empirical, and vice versa. Hence phenomenology is based upon the aporia of the quasi-transcendental, that which is neither transcendental nor empirical but is the difference that allows the thinking of both. The transcendental is the empirical because the distinction is an illusory distinction, as we demonstrated in the Husserl chapters, because the phenomenological reduction would not be able to take place if the distinction were ontological and substantive. The privilege of either transcendental or empirical upheld by both camps of idealists and empiricists hence generates aporia as the transcendental and empirical are divided by nothing, their difference translates into sameness. Transcendental idealism requires the empirical to be a site of exclusion, whereas radical empiricism requires the transcendental to be a site of exclusion. Hence both terms are empty terms when defined in isolation from each other because the transcendental is nothing outside the empirical, just as the empirical is the repeated trace of the transcendental. Transcendental and empirical are thus historical names derived from metaphysics, based upon an illusory distinction, which can only be defined in dynamic relation to each other as each term requires the exclusion of the opposing term for the distinction to be upheld.

The transcendental and empirical can only come into being through iterability and differance, as the transcendental is simultaneously the empirical, and does not exist outside the dynamic relation to it. This is because the transcendental translates into the empirical, the aporia of metaphysics is that their difference translates into a repetition of the same, or iterability. Hence, we know of no transcendental that can be defined in isolation from the empirical and vice versa. The debate over the source of truth as transcendental idealism or radical empiricism is thus misled. In place, this paper has argued that truth is neither transcendental nor empirical but quasi-transcendental, the space between the transcendental and empirical. This quasi-transcendental is the differance between them, which gives rise to the distinguishing movement of the trace, retrospectively producing both transcendental and empirical.

I began with a survey of secondary sources to locate the aporia that had occurred in phenomenology and outlined Derrida's intervention. In my chapters on Husserl, I argued that there was no presentation but only representation; ideality has to be repeated with a difference or iterated in order to be constituted. In my chapters on Heidegger, I argued that Heidegger's non-metaphysics was essentially a repetition of it, and that there was no substantial difference between metaphysics and non-metaphysics or representational and post-representational thinking. In my chapters on Ricoeur, Levinas, Merleau-Ponty and Blanchot, I argued that their reversals of phenomenology to embrace a negative phenomenology or radical empiricism ended up being a repetition of metaphysics rather than an overcoming of it as they remain bound to its ontological structure by negating metaphysics and thus repeat it like

Heidegger. Through this paper, I have argued that iterability and signature form the conditions of possibility for the perpetuation of phenomenology and metaphysics. Derrida's discovery is thus the a priori condition of possibility for conceptuality – its iterability and mediation, or signature. Derrida's meta-phenomenology is a tracing to the roots of its conditions of possibility for conceptuality, and in this paper I have located these conditions as differance and the quasi-transcendental. My readings do not intend to elevate Derrida to absolute status, but rather I wish to suggest that Derrida has discovered the grounding conditions for metaphysics as differance and the quasi-transcendental. Indeed, such a reading strengthens rather than destroys the metaphysical project because of its meta-phenomenological status as inquiry.

Derrida, through humour, subtlety and irony, demonstrates that the traditional hierarchies in phenomenology and metaphysics, be they empirical or transcendental idealism, simply do not hold as phenomenology always lands in an aporia when one seeks to privilege the transcendental or empirical. In place, as we have seen in our discussions throughout this paper, phenomenology is conditioned by the fundamental phenomena of iterability and signature, transcendental and empirical are not separable or distinct as these concepts have to be irrevocably mediated. An idealism without empiricism or an empiricism without idealism translates into an absurdity. Rather, it is repetition of the transcendental in the empirical, deconstruction as a double science and double writing, which produces the economy of both the transcendental and empirical through the movement of the trace.

In this paper, we have examined various aporias that afflict phenomenology- Husserl's phenomenological reduction cannot hold if the transcendental is separate from the empirical, indeed, nothing separates the transcendental and the empirical and thus they are essentially the same. We demonstrated that Heidegger's repeated attempts to inverse to negate metaphysics only reproduced metaphysics as a ghostly double that returned to haunt his anti-metaphysics which remained bound to its ontological structure and vocabulary. We showed through readings of Levinas, Ricoeur, Merleau-Ponty and Blanchot that their radical empiricisms and privilege of Other over the same repeated metaphysics like Heidegger, in negating it and reversing its structure, thus reproducing and affirming it paradoxically. In all these demonstrations we have shown that the impossibility of a text is precisely its site of possibility, deconstruction proceeds by exposing the limit of a text and then de-limiting it towards the Other that it had repressed, its method is thus transgression and exceeding of limits imposed by a text towards its blindspots through exposing an aporia, and then proceeding to show the unthought of a text that needs to be thought in order to address this aporia. Transcendental and empirical are related through a dynamic relation of iterability and repetition with a difference. Hence metaphysics is based fundamentally upon an aporia or the conditionality of the quasi-transcendental, which is neither transcendental nor empirical but the condition that enables the thinking of both. Derrida thus inscribes phenomenology in a more powerful form through naming its condition of possibility as the quasi-transcendental, thus bringing to phenomenology reflexivity about its method of production and functioning.

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An Iraqi in England wakes up from a dream

So fresh is the sweet air,

So mild is the sun.

Frilled, rain-dappled daffodils

Dance, having fun;

They remember Wordsworth,

And dream of May,

When blossoms bed the ground

With white and pink spray.

Up and down the squirrels leap

Beside the old oak tree,

Disturbing fattened pigeons

As they land or fly away.

No bats at sunset;
And little sparrows rarely seen.

The parks are green and the bricks are red.

Crosses of Allah's houses pierce the sky.

No sand storms, no dusty streets.

No checkpoints, no blastwalls, no bombs,

No military aura, no barricades,

No barbed wire, no ugly cable-webbed skies,

No dreadful sirens of war,

Except ambulance sirens,

Perhaps, for those who've fallen down drunk.

No traffic jams, no blocked streets,

No random crossings of streets against speedy wheels.

Upright, here, people wait for lights to tell them when it's safe to cross.

No beggars at intersections stand knocking on windows;

For a small note, they are waiting to clean windshields.

Here, the beggars play music, dance, and sing beautiful songs;

Are rewarded with a fist of coins.

I never get lost wherever I go

As there are maps on poles to show me where I am.

Leaflets and fliers are handed out cheerfully;

People of all colours and races I see.

Giggling youths and sweet dogs.

Cutesy children are dolls: 'mummy', 'daddy', I hear them say.

The elderly are so neat at bus stops, waiting patiently.

Even in privies, people queue in line for their turn.

'Darling' and 'sweetheart' are the words

Of kind store crew and those on tills.

All seems so new, so great, so bright,

Till I hear someone say 'TV licence'.

TV licence? What do you mean?!

Oh my God! TV licence!

No way.

—*Bushra Juhi Jani*

PHOTO: SUE MATHESON

ROUNDING THE CORNER

JOHN BUTLER

Jonathan Gil Harris, *The First Firangis: Remarkable Stories of Heroes, Healers, Charlatans, Courtesans and Other Foreigners who Became Indian.* New Delhi: Aleph Books, 2015.

Wonderful in every way


DOVTRI
NA CHRISTAM EM LINGOA
BRAMANA CANARIM.
Ordenada amaneira de Dia-
logo, pera enſinar os
mininos.
Cõpoſta pollo Padre Thomas Eſte
uaõ da Companhia de IESVS.
natural de Lõdres.
IHS
Empreſſa no Collegio de Rachol da
Cõpanhia de IESVS Anno. 1622.

In about 1610, one Thomas Stephens decided to compose an epic poem about Christianity. There was nothing very remarkable about that, as a lot of people in the early seventeenth century busied themselves in leisure hours by writing bad poetry. But this one was different; Stephens was an English priest who had been living for years in India, and he wrote his poem (which was not such a bad one), all eleven thousand lines of it, in a strange language called Marathi mixed with some sections in Konkani, another language probably no-one had heard of. In 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, the *Kristapurana*, printed in Roman type, flew off the press at a seminary in Rachol, a frontier village in Goa, then controlled by Portugal. And people read it; Gil Harris tells us that "it became enormously popular with the local community of Brahmin converts. . .with Malabari Christians and even Marathi-speaking non-Christians. Stephens's poem was longer than Milton's ten thousand line plus *Paradise Lost* (1667) and was, at least technically, the first

epic poem on the subject of Christianity written by an Englishman.

So who was Thomas Stephens? He was just one of a series of people who would come to be known as *firangis*, a word often translated simply as "foreigners," and is sometimes pejorative, but, as Harris tells us in the last section of his book, "How to be Authentically Indian," *firangi* means much more than that. It's a term used not just to denote nationality, ethnicity or religion, but "the very idea of identity itself," Harris tells us, a *firangi* is "a migrant to India who has become Indian, even as—or because—s/he [*sic*] continues to be marked as foreign." It doesn't mean simply wearing Indian clothes, although that is part of it; it means allowing oneself to be immersed in social structures, learning languages, eating different food, but above all, as Harris puts it, creating something "simultaneously local and foreign," or "becoming Indian. . .intimately connected to a process of Indian-becoming." The process doesn't suddenly stop at some point, either, because it is "constantly being renegotiated and transformed in a multitude of ways." This is the subject of Harris's book—becoming Indian, a process which involves, as the section headings state, "Becoming Another," "Arriving," "Running," "Renaming," "Re-Clothing," "Swerving," "Weathering" and "Being Interrupted."


DISCURSO
SOBRE A VINDA
DE JESU CHRISTO
NOSSO SALUADOR AO MUNDO
EM DOUS TRATADOS
IHS
FEITO [illegible] O PADRE
THOMAS E [illegible] VAÕ INGREZ
DA COMPANHIA DE JESU
IMPRESSO EM GOA COM LICENÇA DA
Inquisição, e Ordinario no Collegio de S. Pau-
lo nova da Companhia de JESUS
Anno de 1654

It would take too long to give a detailed analysis of each one of the fascinating characters who people this book, from the English long-distance walker Thomas Coryate through lesser-known (to English readers) such as Garcia da Orta and Niccolò Manucci and even *firangi* from other parts of the non-European world, such as Malik Ambar or Sa'id Sarmad. As the long title indicates, *firangis* came from all walks of life and all social classes; some of them came to India to escape penury in their own countries, others like Coryate just wanted to travel, and others still came for specific reasons, such as working for the emperor Akbar or joining an army. Juliana da Costa, one of the very few documented women *firangis*, even joined the Mughal emperor's harem and became a friend and advisor to princes. They came from Europe, Persia, Africa, Asia Minor and the Middle East; they were Muslims, Catholics, Protestants and Jews. Their presence in India during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries makes readers realise that India, even at that early date, was a multicultural society, absorbing quite a number of people from far and distant places who had, somehow, felt its allure and wanted to find out what it was like there.


The campus of the Thomas Stephens Konknni Kendr (TSKK), a Jesuit-run research-institute based in Alto Porvorim, on the outskirts of the state capital of Goa, India

Jonathan Gil Harris is particularly suited to write this book. A cosmopolitan himself, born in New Zealand from immigrant parents, educated in England and now living in India with his Indian wife after spending over twenty years in the United States. He is almost a professional *firangi*. Harris also doubles as a Professor of English literature at Ashoka University, where he teaches Shakespeare and writes about Renaissance drama and Hindu cinema. He knows the *firangi* experience, and each of the people he chooses to write about reflect some of his own experiences, which he writes about in short introductions to each section. At first I found these a little self-indulgent, but as I read on it became obvious why they were there; they are not highlighting Harris himself or starring him in episodes of *firangi*-ness, as I at first thought, but make the experience feel really

alive because he is able to effectively couple his own feelings and experiences with those of others living in the distant past. We don't just stop and then restart in the twenty-first century. *Firangis* are still evolving, and the eight "divisions" of the experience apply as much to Gil Harris as they did to Tom Coryate. Harris doesn't exactly try and identify with specific characters (that would have been a gross mistake), but nonetheless one can see that being Gil Harris in India is sometimes a lot closer to be being Thomas Stephenson in India than a reader might think. The actual experience itself, I am trying to say, goes through exactly the same stages in 2015 and it did in 1615. This sharing over the centuries of what happens to their bodies and minds is what brings the characters in Harris's book so vividly to life, and what makes the different ways they all coped with the difficulty of "becoming Indian" so fascinating.

Harris is an engaging writer, too. For academics, there are plenty of notes at the end of the book, and clearly a great deal of source-material, both written and visual, has been accessed; it would have been good, however, to have had some of the illustrations in colour, particularly because some *firangis* were artists. The writing is not turgidly academic, and each character's story is told with humour, elegance and scholarship. I was particularly impressed by Harris's emphasis on the physical and psychological changes that people underwent after they had been in India; Manucci was advised by a friend not to return to Italy in his old age because he had become so un-Italian that he would probably hate the food there now, not to mention the way of life. Manucci was a good example of Harris's idea of being "simultaneously local and foreign;" he had forgotten that he was Italian, but his wise friend reminded him, and had he gone home again, his former countrymen would have regarded him as a *firangi*. Being a *firangi* in India was much more genuine for Manucci at this point than trying to be an Italian of past decades; Italy had changed since he left it, and the Italy he called "home" now existed only in his mind. "*My body*," Harris begins the book, "*is not quite my body*" (his own italics). Harris handles all this with consummate objectivity; he admires his characters but he does not engage in hagiography and he shows them with all their weaknesses, prejudices and missteps as they struggle with becoming Indian. *The First Firangis* is a wonderful book in every way.

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WILLIAM COVEY

Kiss the blood off my hands: on classic film noir, edited by Robert Miklitsch, Urbana, Illinois, University of Illinois Press, 2014, xvi +242 pp., $28.00 (paperback), ISBN 978-0-252-08018-0

New takes on classic film noir

Film noir is a critic's category; it is not a label that was employed by filmmakers working during the 1940s and 50s. Rather, the term was invented in articles by French critics Nino Frank and Jean-Pierre Chartier in 1946 and then canonized in Raymond Borde and Etienne Chaumeton's 1955 book, *A Panorama of American Film Noir, 1941-1953* in order to describe a series of American films that these French analysts felt were unique to American film productions they screened after World War II. The high period of classic noir production is commonly historicized as 1940-1959. Yet, critical discussion of this film studies topic in the United States came later, developing in the late 1960s through the mid-1970s, after both the general influence of International Art Cinema and the birth of self-conscious neo-noir productions by a variety of younger filmmakers. The flowering of American academic noir studies was fostered by means of a series of noir articles by Charles Higham and Joel Greenberg (1968), Raymond Durgnat (1970), Paul Schrader (1972), Tom Flinn (1972), Stephen Farber (1974), and Janey Place and Lowell Peterson (1974) that were quickly

followed by an explosion of further articles, books, and dissertations that continue into the present. As critic Nick James has recently proclaimed, there remains a strong critical desire for noir perhaps because of "its original capability to act as a conduit and pressure-relief valve for the contradictions and hypocrisies of the day" (58).

Having some knowledge of this critical history and foundation of noir is important before reading Robert Miklitsch's *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands: On Classic Film Noir*, because *Kiss* is a book for film noir *aficionados*. By means of a preface, an introduction, and ten concise, well-written essays by renowned critics, *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* has as its laudable ambition no less than to serve as a primer that can help resuscitate noir studies for the twenty-first century. The end result is a book that is well worth serious consideration by noir scholars.

Although not demarcated in such a manner, *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* follows a structural device where its chapters are grouped in pairs. The first two essays deal with women and gender issues in classic noir, the next two scrutinize the use of sound in noir, two more essays examine the use of selected aesthetic devices, and are followed by three essays investigating the influence of HUAC on producers, directors, and the sub-genre of heist films, until the editor periodizes noir in a final essay, summarizing key noir critical positions and arguing for *Odds Against Tomorrow* (1959) as both the last noir film and the best precursor to use as a bridge to the genre of neo-noir (1960 to the Present).

After a brief introduction, Philippa Gates, through careful revisionist history, locates a series of female investigators in order to write this character more firmly into the history of classic noir. While few critics have listed more than one or two classic noirs populated by female investigators, by allowing into the canon various melodramas and genre hybrids, Gates counts twenty-two such investigative films. Similarly, Julie Grossman examines female-authored fictions that are sources for various classic noirs. Grossman sees that the "violence of conventional gender roles" (43) and mislabeled *femme fatales* (47) both come together to lead to a contemporary "gender distress"(37) in noir. Opening the selection thusly reveals an expanded selection of female-centered films and noir-tinged narratives. The call for critics to investigate relations among texts rather than focusing exclusively on individual texts opens up areas for further study in gender issues that both essays invite in order to help expand the noir canon.

Krin Gabbard summarizes both *Out of the Past* (1947) and *The Blue Gardenia* (1953) to show how the use of romantic ballads in both films first stand in for the "contaminated romance" (71) located within each film, followed by the song's disappearance before the end of each film, helping to illustrate how music divulges that romance and love have no place in the noir universe. Neil Verma gazes at a series of classic noirs, including *Laura* (1944), *Double Indemnity* (1944) and *The Dark Corner* (1946) to disclose how precursor noir radio shows were made into *film noir* screenplays and how listening to menacing sounds exposed "the critical defenselessness of any ear" (97). Verma's goal, similar to most of the critics in this book, is to broaden noir's context in order to admit avenues of research that have not been fully explored. While both David Butler's book *Jazz Noir* (2002) and Sheri Chinen Biesen's *Music in the Shadows* (2014) are currently available for study on this issue, both of these essays illustrate that there is much more work to do concerning the musical soundtrack of noirs.

Two authors, known also for their writings on science-fiction, return to the topic of noir in the next section of *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands*. J.P. Telotte, in the first essay I know of on the topic, briefly examines classic Disney and Warner Brothers cartoons that use noir elements for either humor or thematics. Seeing how German expressionism and noir stylistics intermingle in a Donald Duck cartoon cell, or how one of Tex Avery's *femme fatales* "Red" directly influences Robert Zemeckis' character of Jessica in *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* (1988), Telotte reveals both the popularity of noir in mainstream culture and how noir has become a "distinctive form of cinematic speech" (111). Next, Vivian Sobchack carefully argues that the cinematic tricks of back projection and process shots are as important for defining *film noir* space as the voiceover is to *film noir* time. Because of the obvious artificiality of back projection, Sobchack argues that such techniques allow both the character and the viewer to participate in "claustration"—the idea of being confined in a "cloistered or enclosed space" (118).

The next section of the book begins with one of its strongest essays. Andrew Spicer examines the role of the producer in classic noir by revealing the roles that Jerry Wald, Adrian Scott, and Mark Hellinger had in getting numerous noirs produced. This section, even more than other chapters that also employ the device, illustrates the importance of the use of historical archives in doing noir research. Spicer's thesis is also significant. Instead of restricting noir analysis to individual films as products, he argues that the informed critic needs to focus on "the whole production process—from conception to exhibition" (148). Echoing Thomas Schatz's work in his book, *The Genius of the System*, Spicer's section very persuasively reveals how much the producer's work influenced the final product.

While Spicer's chapter first mentions the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) and how their investigations harmed a producer like Adrian Scott, Robert Murphy's chapter continues the topic with an *auteurist* analysis of the various

directors who became expatriates in England because of persecution. Murphy provides overviews of the British careers of Edward Dmytryk, Jules Dassin, Cy Enfield, and Joseph Losey. Yet, this chapter mainly contains plot summaries and some predictable thematic discoveries, claiming, "Informing and betrayal are a constant subtext" (167) in films made by persecuted directors. Unfortunately, Murphy also admits that many of the films he discusses in this chapter are really "noir-inflected melodramas" (168) rather than full-fledged noir, making this chapter the least effective in the book.

Mark Osteen completes the trilogy of chapters focused on the power of HUAC in his witty readings of various heist films. Employing cultural criticism and theories of work, Osteen examines such films as *The Asphalt Jungle* (1950) and *The Killing* (1956) in order to reveal how "organizations that aim to undermine lawful society end up imitating it" (172). Paradoxically, Osteen sees heist films as films about both work and play and uncovers his solid insights by employing inventive uses of the work theories of Fordism and Taylorism along with a clever application of basic game theory. His own writing style also reveals hard work and game theory as he constructs witty sentences such as: "The others aren't really planning to fish, but Foster is, and these men are the bait" (180). Osteen's prose persuades the reader to accept that heist films of the 1950s served as a form of cultural critique for viewers against the dominant cultural narratives of conformism and the Grey Flannel suit ideology.

Building on the strength of Osteen's writing style and intelligence, editor Robert Miklitsch concludes *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* by deftly summarizing and analyzing the foundational theories that initiated film noir and arguing for the insertion of *Odds Against Tomorrow* (1959) to become the official final film of the classic era rather than the more common choices of either *Kiss Me Deadly* (1955) or *Touch of Evil* (1958). Miklitsch summarizes his chapter with a coda for the entire book. He believes that:

> Classic noir is ultimately less a straightforward tale of alphas and omegas, origins and epilogues, than a rich structure of feeling that continues to bloom, like some fragrant *fleur du mal*, in odd moments and places. (213)

It is not hyperbole to admit that each chapter in this book, if read and considered carefully, helps open possibilities for countless new essays, conference papers, dissertations, and books that can keep noir viable for the foreseeable future. After previously reading a series of books that either merely listed plot summaries or unsuccessfully tried to impose one restrictive approach (whether political, psychological, cultural, structural, etc) on to noir that cannot work without also admitting non-noir films, this is one of the more expansive and thrilling books on the topic. One minor complaint is the book's use of film stills. With noir's emphasis on stylistics and shadows and light, the use of clear photos would seem to be important. But, after the first few essays effectively use large photos as illustrations, the rest of the book chooses to employ annoying tiny

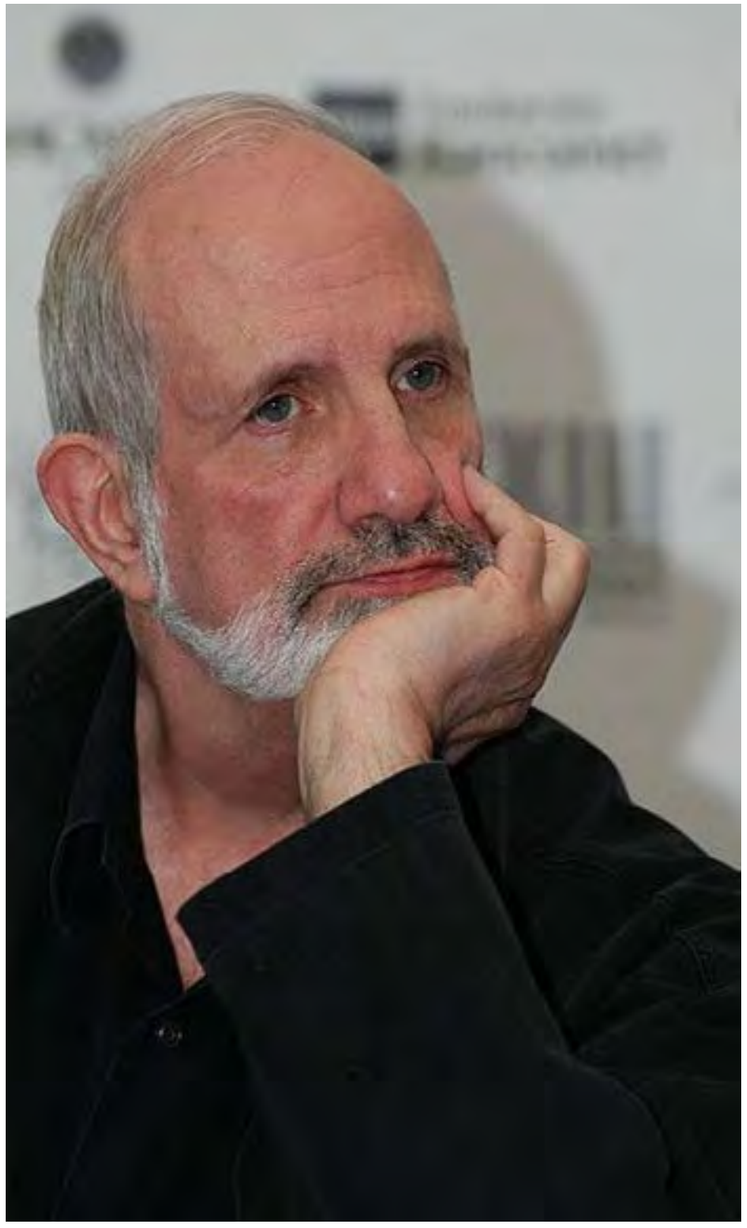
photos that lack the detail and resolution needed to function as effective visual examples.

Still, if studied by advanced students and scholars of the field and carefully working through most of the ideas contained in these ten essays, while further investigating the research collected in the footnotes, web references, and bibliographies, *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* helps to revive a topic that has been looking increasingly exhausted, falling apart because of too many false directions, or being replaced by the allure of the various new ideas that can be found in studying *neo-noir*.

SUE MATHESON

Keesey, Douglas, *Brian De Palma's Split-Scree: A Life in Film.* Jackson, Mississippi: University Press of Mississippi, 2015. 362 pp.

De Palma-- maybe a Great Director...



Brian De Palma Courtesy of Festival Internacional de Cine en Guadalajara

A professor of film and literature at California Polytechnic State University, Douglas Keesey has written many books on film directors and actors, their careers and their personalities, among them Catherine Breillat, Don DeLillo, Clint Eastwood, Peter Greenaway, the Marx Brothers, Jack Nicholson, and Paul Verhoeven, while also penning scholarly tomes about erotic cinema and film noir. His latest publication, *Brian De Palma's Split-Screen: A Life in Film* was released this spring by the University of Mississippi Press. Sporting a n arty black and white shot of De Palma, looking thoughtful and conflicted, on its hardcover, *Brian De Palma's Split-Screen: A Life in Film* is a carefully written text, a must read for the hardcore followers of this director's movies. I have no doubts that De Palma's devoted fans will enjoy reading each chapter, one for every film that De Palma ever made. This book is also an interesting read for those who have only a nodding acquaintaince with this director and wish to become better acquainted with him and his works. If you want to know about De Palma and his films then this my be the book for you.

Beginning with De Palma's first film, *The Wedding Party* (1964-65), and ending with *Passion* (2012), Keesey employs a biographical approach to elucidate and connect his insights regarding every film that De Palma has made (all twenty nine of them) in chronological order. He makes it clear from the outset that his treatment of De Palma's life and work mirrors the split-screen style favored by this director. De Palma , Keesey argues, is a "man divided" (4), a complex and conflicted indivudal whose obsessions inform and further his art. These divisions in De Palma's life and work Keesey identifies as the following diametrically opposed opposites: Independence / Hollywood, Originality / Imitation, Feminism / Misogyny, and Humility / Megolomania.

Of course, such conflicts are common in the film industry and generally underpin the subjects of books that deal with directors, especially those concerned with Hollywood's New Wave auteurs. De Palma, of ocurse, belongs in this group, being a movie "brat" who entered the industry and competed with his colleagues, Francis Ford Coppola, George Lucas, Martin Scorsese, and Steven Spielberg.

With this in mind, Keesey's use of biography to explore the complexities of his subject seems a reasonable one. Each chapter includes a synopsis of the film at hand and examines how at least one of De Palma's deeply-rooted personal conflicts drives that either he or Keesey ndicate drive that film's narrative. For the uninitiated, Keesey also thoughtfully provides a spoiler alert for those unfamiliar with all the films in De Palma's canon: it reads, "[v]iewers who would like to avoid spoilers are advised to see the films first before reading this book."

. Within its scope,,

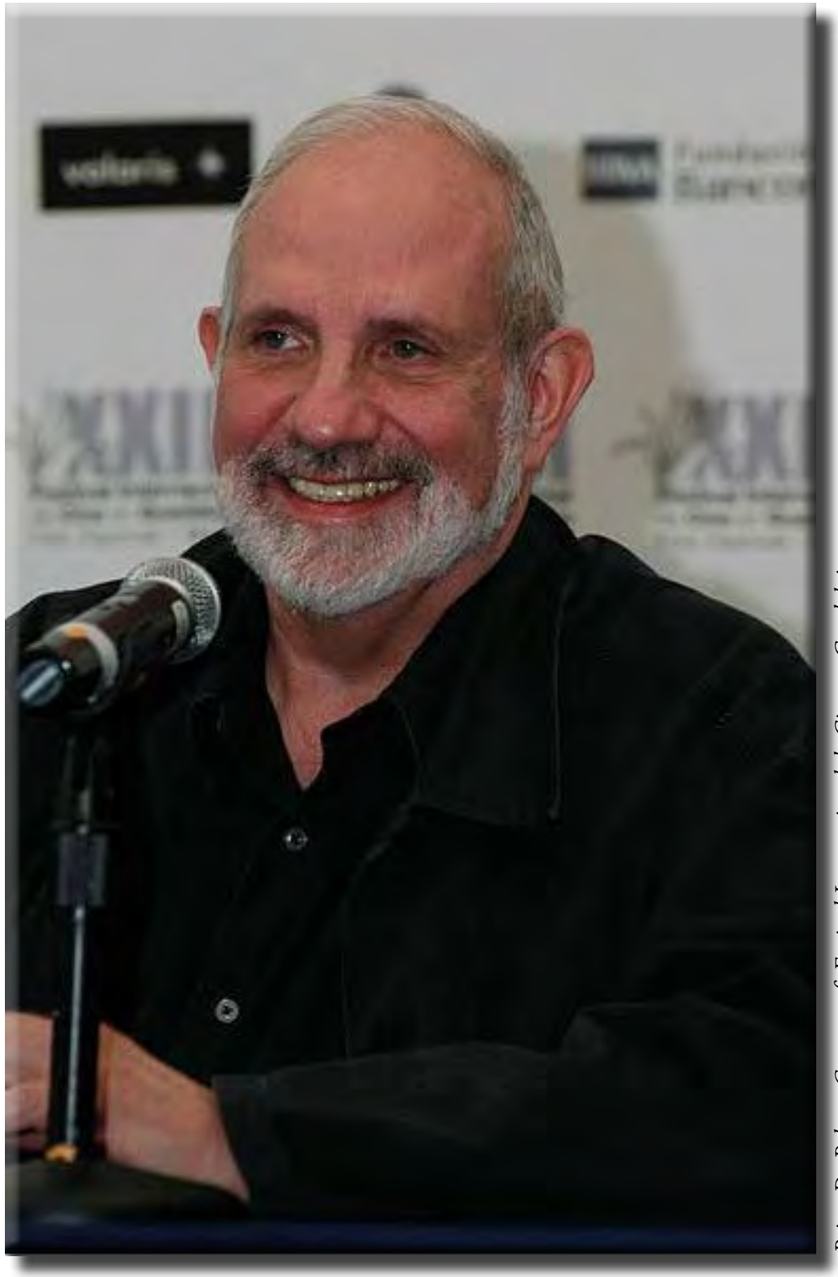
Keesey's work is exacting and exhaustive, and valuable for that very reason. This book offers its readers excellent introductions to all of De Palma's films. Nonetheless, by the time one has read the twelfth chapter, the films' director's preoccupations with voyeurism, his mother's attempted suicide, his father's infidelities, and his own personal sexual peccadillos become.... predicatable.

Perhaps this is why Keesey himself points out that reading De Palma's (or any director's) films in terms of his (or her) life is questionable. Acknowledging movies to be "a complex creative endeavor," involving the influence of other directors and the input of multiple individuals" who influence the films which they create, Keesey hopes that his readers will find his interpretations interesting "despite unavoidable repetition....a great deal of variety in the different forms [De Palma's] traumas take" and "the different conclusions to which they are played out" (11). Not a hardcore fan of De Palma's work, I'm afraid I did not. Instead, when displayed as a chronological continuum, the repetition of peeping Toms, bullying, rapes, and murders, became if you will pardon the pun, overkill. After the eighteenth chapter, De Palma's movies, instead of being sensational and shocking, were revealed to be a number of boring variations played over and over on a limited set of themes, leaving the reader to ask, how much Brian De Palma can one girl have?

Nonetheless, Keesey's book itself cannot be considered a dull read. His skilful splitting of De Palma's life affords fascinating insights into the man and his career, if not his work per se. Embedded in the discussion of the numbing instances of celluoid violence , Keesey's snapshots of the director's unusual career and his even more outrageous statements about himself renewed my interest in the filmmaking when my attention was flagging.

De Palma introduces himself first as a textbook narcissist, appears to be a callow young auteur, claiming in 1973 that everything he did and felt was in his movies. "I'm almost completely obvlious to my surroundings. I have no desire to own anything. I've never married and don't want to marry. The outside world means little or nothing to me. I'm completely obsessed with film. Everything is right here in my head, behind my eyes" (10).

Tellingly, Keesey immediately qualifies De Palma's New Wave posturing immediately, remarking that the director "did marry--and divorce--three times, and he became a father to two daughters" (10). As the slippage suggests, a persona, not a person, was speaking. The first impresion, that De Palma, a student of the film school generation, had seen far too many Godards at Sarah Lawrence College, is immediately qualified by another replaced with De Palma the careerman, and individual engrossed in making his early films and hard at work fashioning his public identity for the youth generation that he assumed would be an enthusiastic audience.



Brian De Palma Courtesy of Festival Internacional de Cine en Guadalajara

Keesey's summation of De Palma's public persona is useful and interesting, highlighting the director's sympathy for Orson Welles,

his early experiments, which borrowed from the films of Godard, and his Hitchcock period. As Keesey charts the development of De Palma's career, it is evident that De Palma learned what did and did not work at the box office in the 1970s and 80s as his technical sophisitication and his style morphed and matured.

In all, the questions raised by *Brian De Palma's Split-Screen: A Life in Film* make it an important one to read. Do Brian De Palma's films really delve, as Keesey argues, "into the nightmares beneath the Hollywood dreams?" (302). Are his movies really and truly "profoundly connected to his life?" (11) De Palma may continue to insist that what he is "is up there on the screen," but it seems to me that his protestations are too pat (and too anti-establishment (for someone his age) to be legitimate. What is one to make of a man who, in recent interviews, answers his interviewers by cribbing lines from his own movies, expecially *Scarface* (1983)? If De Palma truly has grown "fond of saying, 'Every day above ground isa good day'" (303) then it seems that his life is what has been profoundly affected by his movies, rather vice versa. Whatever the case may be, by his own admission, De Palma is a master manipulator, and whatever he says when speaking to interviewers and the press must be taken with a large grain of salt. After all, he is at work when doing so, presenting himself as a box office draw while promoting his films and furthering what have come to be legendary stories about his maverick predelictions.

DouglasKeeseyshould be congratulated. *Brian De Palma's Split-Screen: A Life in Film* is an important part of the ongoing larger critical re-evaluation of De Palma's canon that includes works by David Taylor (2005), Ken Tucker (2008), Eyal Peretz (2008), David Greven (2009, 2001, 2013) Joseph Aisen Berg (2011), Chris Dumas (2012), and Neil Mitchell (2013). It introduces readers to De Palma's films of the 60s and offers critiques of later movies which have also been ignored.

I am now interested in taking another look at De Palma's work. I can't believe he *really* is a Great Director, but Keesy is right in saying that De Palma deserves a second look. Don't hesitate to read *Brian De Palma's Split-Screen: A Life in Film* and pass it on to others. It is intelligently written and compelling.

Pas de Deux with a Demon

I will never forget the first night we danced.
Never have I felt so elated.
Wearing wintery white, your mysterious allure
beckoned me and I submitted to your calling.

I never imagined my yearnings for you
would manifest so quickly, remain so strong,
or that you would even respond to my relentless summoning.
Day after day, night after night, I pined for your presence and
craved your comfort.

Breathing you in, I allowed your tantalizing touch
to numb my sensibilities and produce the effects
for which I yearned.
All the while, an awareness of your dangers lurked
like a shadow, waiting in the wings, in the deep corridors of my mind.

You latched onto my heart like a ravenous snake
coiled tightly around its prey.
Your invisible touch refuses to relinquish its grasp.
Unlike most desires that cool over time, my desire for you
burns hotter every moment.

You have overtaken my intellect and
render me a prisoner within my own being.
But your venom deceptively empowers me, as a lighthearted jive
turned fiery tango.

You deteriorate my mind, eat away at my flesh, and suppress
my senses so that any idea circumvents thought and
returns to you, you, you.

Your grip is slowly killing me but, oh, how wonderful it feels
to waltz in the midst of your spell.
I know of the disastrous risks associated with your nature,
yet I welcome every plunge into the familiar abyss of your hypnosis

As we extend deeper and deeper in each time,
futile reminders of your empty promises leap through my mind.
Your danger only intrigues me and makes your destructive nature
inconsequential as we continue this malicious ménage.

You render me helpless in this dance,
a pas de deux in which never intended to become so engaged.
But now as I stand with you on the mirrored floor, my deceptive
and fragile guard is up.

***

Part of me wants to fight and destroy every aspect
of this jaded journey, but another, and perhaps larger, part,
wants to breathe you in, dance like we danced the first night,
and succumb to the nature that will ultimately cause my demise.

I know I will love every second of it.

Around and around and around we dance this dance of destruction,
flirting with death, until one day I know you will
cast me over the edge of a cliff on an all-too-familiar mountain
and move along—
waiting to request a dance with your next victim lover

—Brittany N. Krantz

PHOTO: ANNE JEVNE

NORTHERN NINJA

CONTRIBUTORS

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Debbie Cutshaw is a retired prison caseworker who first received her Bachelor's degree in Criminal Justice from the University of Nevada-Reno in 1974. She finished up two Master's degrees in teaching English and Literature while instructing inmates part time due to a shortage of prison college instructors. Suffering from retirement angst in 2007, she ntered screenplay contests and posted *An Ordinary Death*, about the power of love in Theresienstadt Concentration camp, and *Don't Mention Shakespeare*, about a time traveling 1999 Henry Condell on Amazon Studios for an imaginary agent. Her first paper was presented in April 2006: "Love, Suspense and Therapy in Rear Window and North by Northwest" at University of California Riverside, followed by "Dust as a Signifier in Owen Wister's The Virginian, A Horseman of the Plains" at the University of Westminster in July 2006 in London. When not visiting grandkids, she spends her time now researching and writing about western film or presenting essays at PCA. Debbie is currently writing "Trapped Veterans: Post WWII Noir Similarities in Devil's Doorway (1950) and High Wall (1947)." She is a LOA at the University of Nevada Reno and grades film essays when not volunteering or playing with her dogs, Daphne and Niles.

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Brittany N. Krantz is currently pursuing a Master of Arts degree in English at Stephen F. Austin State University in Nacogdoches, Texas. As a graduate teaching assistant in the department of English, she currently teaches freshman composition courses at SFASU and has taught developmental-level courses at three local community colleges. Brittany has presented her work at conferences in Georgia, Washington, Oklahoma, Arizona, Texas, and Louisiana, and she is currently published in *Theocrit: Undergraduate Journal of Literary Theory and Criticism and The Human.*

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George Steven Swan, an Associate Professor of the Department of Management in the School of Business and Economics at North Carolina A & T State University, earned his S.J.D. and LL.M. degrees from the University of Toronto Faculty of Law; his J.D. from the University of Notre Dame School of Law; and his B.A. from The Ohio State University. His published scholarship has been cited judicially and also has been required reading for courses at Harvard University, the University of North Carolina, and the University of Texas at Dallas. His writing has been published in the *Alabama Law Review*; *American Bar Association Journal*; *American Political Science Review*; *Boston College Third World Law Review*; *California Western International Law Journal*; *Constitutional Law Journal*; *Explorations in Ethnic Studies*; *The Family in America: A Journal of Public Policy*; *Florida Journal of International Law*; *Hastings Business Law Journal*; *Hastings International and Comparative Law Review*; *Indian Journal of International Law*; *Insurance Counsel Journal*; *Journal of African and Asian Studies*; *Journal of Juvenile Law*; *Journal of Legal Studies in Business*; *Journal of the Legal Profession*; *Journal of Social, Political and Economic Studies*; *Journal of Research on Minority Affairs*; *Law Library Journal; Louisiana History*; *McGill Law Journal*; *Natural Resources Lawyer; New York University Journal of International Law and Politics; Politics and the Life Sciences*; *Phoebe: An Interdisciplinary Journal of Feminist Scholarship, Theory and Aesthetics; Population and Development Review*; *St. Louis University Public Law Review*; *Seton Hall Constitutional Law Journal*; *University of Miami Business Law Review*; *University of Mississippi Studies in English*; and the *University of Toronto Faculty of Law Review*.

call for papers

The *quint's* twenty ninth issue is issuing a call for theoretically informed and historically grounded submissions of scholarly interest—as well as creative writing, original art, interviews, and reviews of books. The deadline for this call is 15th December 2015—but please note that we accept manu/digi-scripts at any time.

quint guidelines

All contributions accompanied by a short biography will be forwarded to a member of the editorial board. Manuscripts must not be previously published or submitted for publication elsewhere while being reviewed by *the quint's* editors or outside readers.

Hard copies of manuscripts should be sent to Dr. Sue Matheson at *the quint*, University College of the North, P.O. Box 3000, The Pas, Manitoba, Canada, R9A 1M7. *the quint* welcomes your artwork in digital format, PDF preferred. Email copies of manuscripts, Word or RTF preferred, should be sent to smatheson@ucn.ca.

Essays should range between 15 and 25 pages of double-spaced text, including all images and source citations. Longer and shorter submissions also will be considered. Bibliographic citation should be the standard disciplinary format.

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