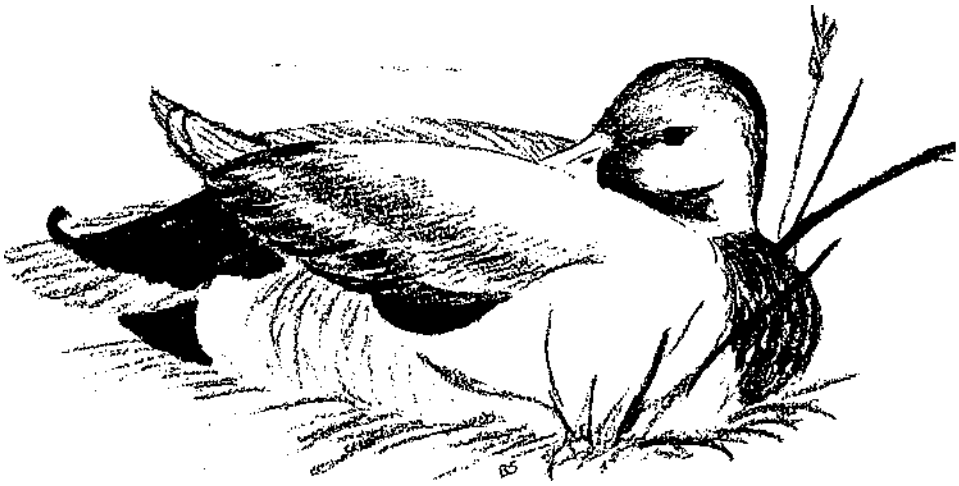
FORUM



Spring 1985

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This booklet continues the tradition of Forum, a cross-curricular publication of non-fiction prose by Loyola students in all calsses. If a paper is too technical or specialized, we ask the author to revise it for a broader audience.

FORUM

Spring 1985

DOG DAY AFTERNOON

There once was a doggie named Mutt
Who of everyone's joke was the butt.
He was stuffed into jars
And run over by cars,
All in all, quite an unpleasant rut.
K.A.T.

The adult world has set up numerous outlets for its daily frustrations. Jack Lelane and Charles Atlas provide opportunities to physically work out the tensions of the work day. (Discovering that one cannot lift more than ten pounds dead weight is always a relief.) Despite health clubs, ulcers and coronaries run rampant in the business world. The collegiate world appears to be better provided with opportunities to vent frustration. At Loyola, we maul Mutt.

Picture a small, stuffed animal of a doggish shape nestled in the arms of a sleeping maiden. Now blink twice and remove the rose-colored glasses. A mangy bit of cloth, also of doggish shape, is clutched to the ample bosom of a young co-ed, also sleeping. This collection of scraps is one of many equally battered and highly cherished possessions owned worldwide, mostly by three-year-olds.

We, however, are nineteen-year-olds, so some of the mauling we have given the muslin mutt has been thinly disguised as an attempt to clean him. Alas, our best attempt was foiled because of mechanical malfunction. Chris, a longtime "friend," seized the Mutt and raced for the washing machines down the hallway. She was undoubtedly motivated by a wish to free her friend from a lifetime of psychological dependence upon a ragbag. Chris believed that once it was cleaned, Danielle would be able to see the true colors of the lint nest she was harboring in the back bedroom.

Dani, on the other hand, was quite ready to dedicate her life to Mutt and did not think he was the wash-and-wear

type. She objected violently to the proposed laundering. Despite Danielle's desperate onslaughts, Chris managed to insert both Mutt and two quarters in the proper openings on the washing machine. Unfortunately, there was no resulting, gush of water. Defeat. Danielle retired, triumphantly holding Mutt aloft in a victory salute and out of reach of Chris' grabbing hands.

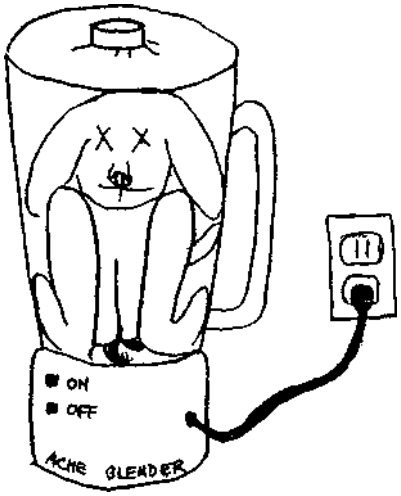
None of the torment given the pseudo-mammalian creature comes from the sleeping maiden in whose arms it cowers. Danielle, by some quirk of nature, is fond of the ragbag. Her generous heart and kind nature shelter Mutt from the worst of the malevolent treatment. After successively finding Mutt hanging from a light or threaded through the Venetian blinds, she can lead one to believe that divine wrath will be incurred if anything further happens. Here we run into a complication. The therapeutic benefits derived from stuffing Mutt in the blender are not shared by Danielle. In fact, it rather grates on her nerves to see the flattened face of her beloved peering out.

Anything like Mutt that is held near and dear is likely to undergo similar treatment. There is a direct correlation between the vulnerability of an object and the likelihood that it will be mistreated. When seeking release, college students tend to go for the gusto and aim straight for the throat. Witness Martin's comforter. It is soft, filled with down, easily compressed, and the only thing on his bed to keep him warm at night. Five chilly nights out of seven, he has to find the blanket before retiring for the evening. At times it has been as simple as looking out the bedroom window to see a familiar object dangling from above, getting a comforter instead of a bar of soap from the medicine chest, or opening every single one of the cabinets in the apartment. At other times, an elaborate scheme must be puzzled out before the blanket can be found. The ashes in the microwave hint at the probable fate of the comforter. The upside-down bed provides another clue. Martin, a bright boy, utilizes the telltale signs to the utmost. He heads straight for those responsible for the missing comforter and threatens to inflict

severe damage on their corporeal manifestations—he tickles the living daylights out of the culprits.

By the time all and sundry are tucked into bed, Martin wrapped in the blanket and Danielle cradling Mutt in her arms, the tenseness in the air has been cleared. Frustration generated during a day of scholastic pursuit has been handled in a typical mature collegiate fashion; the end result is no more than a tickled tummy and an understanding between friends. On the other hand, wait until Martin tries to get his bunny out of the Coke bottle.

Kathleen Judge



WALLPAPER: CANVAS FOR THE MODERN ARTIST

To observe modern art, one no longer has to go to a museum or an art exhibition. Many works of art can be found in ordinary locations: a mural on the side of a city rowhouse, a piece of sculpture in the front of an office building, or even the building itself can be a work of art. Claes Oldenburg once said, "I am for an art that does not sit on its ass in a museum. I am for an art that grows up not knowing it is an art at all." Certainly there are many things we see each day which we may not immediately recognize as modern art--for example, the four walls of the room in which you are presently seated. If the walls are painted white, you may not be viewing art, but if there is wallpaper, you are.

Wallpaper may at first seem an unlikely art form because of its traditional use. Originally, wallpaper was the product of necessity. The Greeks and Romans felt drapery was necessary if rooms were to be made liveable. Tapestry was used by the wealthy, but modest households required inexpensive wall-covering and that was the birth of wallpaper. Even today wallpaper is often used because of its practicality. Unlike paintings or other wall decorations which must be of specific dimensions in order to fit on a wall, wallpaper can fit in the smallest nook and cranny or run the length of a hall. Most modern wallpaper is even washable. Sanitas lasts for years.

Yet wallpaper, useful in a society which emphasizes practicality, has artistic appeal. You can choose from an ABC paper or a Winnie-the-Pooh print. Few children can forget the fruit-flavored wallpaper in "Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory." For a more sophisicated look, choose an embossed Oriental print or a mural with a guard from Buckingham Palace. Or be daring and choose a ticker tape print. Your choices are as various as choosing an oil painting or a lithograph or a print.

Modern art differs significantly from previous art forms in its design appeal. Although art critics debate the union of

art and technology, there is little doubt that utilitarianism distinguishes modern art. Applied art takes form in such items as posters, supermarket displays, and billboards. John Russell writes of modern art, "Art would not be art if it did not sometimes take the simplest everyday materials and give them an unprecedented eloquence." Andy Warhol's "Soup Can" and Claes Oldenburg's "Giant Toothpast Tube," once unrecognized as works of art because of their unusual subjects, are today praised as modern art precisely because of their subjects. Wallpaper, an unusual medium, has its place in modern art.

As art, wallpaper exerts power over the spectator. The function of art was once the recording of historical events such as military battles and the coronation of kings. Now art creates a mood. Vassily Kandinsky wrote in the early 1900's, "It's not the question of form that is the most important matter, but rather content (spirit)." Wallpaper has the power to dictate a mood more effectively than any other element in furnishing. Classroom walls painted in blue allow students to learn more successfully. In psychiatric wards, researchers have found that walls painted pink have a soothing effect on patients. If the color of a wall can alter one's mood, imagine the effects of different designs. A cheerful, plaid print will make a child feel light-hearted and whimsical, while a gold-threaded paper can create elegance. A dentist's waiting room is often papered in a small, repeating pattern in dull colors in order to create a calm, business-like atmosphere. If a large scale, floral print were placed on the wails, patients might question the professionalism of the dentist.

Beyond creating ambience in a room, modern art can even allow the spectator to transcend the four walls. Modern art can create an entire environment. Harold Rosenberg, art critic for The New Yorker, writes, "...the modern artist can fashion an environment in which all kinds of mechanically induced stimuli and forces play upon the spectator, and make him no longer a spectator but a participant." Early American wallpaper was used in the mid-eighteenth century to place the spectator in a new territory. America was isolated from

the rest of the world, and travel for pleasure was rare because of the high cost and dangerous conditions. Imaginative wallpaper allowed the spectator to take long journeys on his sitting room walls to places he had never been or to a favorite city he had once visited or the town in which he grew up. One could literally take a trip around the world by joining the famous buildings of Paris to the canals of Holland to the Alhambra of Spain. Decorative wallpaper allows vicarious experiences not otherwise available as they are in foreign films and posters.

Today paper can create a new location out of four white walls. One may find tree branches heavy with snow and winter birds in a dining room in Miami or a dogwood branch bursting with blossoms in a bathroom in Juneau. In my own house, there is a mural of a garden scene with hundreds of flowers in bloom. In a basement with only two small windows transmitting so little light that during the day artificial lighting must be used, green plants flourish as if in a greenhouse. Entering the basement in winter, one does not know whether to turn up the thermostat or turn on the ceiling fans.

Wallpaper can overpower the spectator, of course, when it is no longer simply an adornment to the room but is the room. While dying, Oscar Wilde commented, "My wallpaper is killing me--one of us must go." In the Magazine of Art, Valiance asserts that many of the sufferings of the sick are due to furnishings or art objects they had wrongly chosen for the purpose of creating a pleasing environment. The power of wallpaper to excite or irritate should not be underestimated!

Selecting the right wallpaper is like choosing a work of art. Paper has actually been designed from Picasso's "Hand clutching flowers." Vera signs hers. Those of us who wish to play it safe, can choose wallpaper created by such famous designers as Marimekko and Bill Blass. In the future, wallpaper may be lithographed--and sold in a limited edition.

Anastacia Handscomb

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A LIBERAL ARTS EDUCATION
CAUTION: CONTENTS MAY OVERLAP

Not again! It's happening again! I see stars and hear bells, and...no that's Christmas. Explosions and sirens? No, that's a four-alarm fire. How about darkness and a heart-rending sigh? Now that's more like it. The darkness is a result of clenched eyelids and the sigh, my gutteral substitute for "not again!" My roommate shouts, "OVERLAPALERT!" Poring over my books, I am once more the victim of the overlap—that dreaded discovery of an obscure but recognizable allusion to sodium bicarbonate in the middle of The Communist Manifesto or any equivalent cross-curricular reference.

OVERLAP ALERTS occur with regularity at such institutions of higher learning as Harvard, Swarthmore, Alaska State, and UNC. There, too, students studying in the library, talking in the cafeteria, or listening to lecture are zapped without warning. The OVERLAP uses no discretion in its attack. Students cannot escape one nor can they avoid the tirades about the worth of humanities that tag along. At small colleges and large universities alike, the benefits of a generic "liberal arts education" are touted. Perhaps an investigation of this peculiar phrase can explain why it is that professors praise the OVERLAP while students avoid it like the plague.

"Liberal" is a strange word choice to modify education. Our collegiate forefathers really should have divulged their intentions in including this word in the phrase "liberal arts education." I certainly haven't figured it out. According to Mr. Webster, the word means either "generously provided" or "tolerant." As loans and term papers come due, students know differently. Experientially, "liberal" seems much more closely related to "liberation" or possibly "libation."

Consider "liberation," defined by countless revolutionaries as political independence or racial freedom.

For students it means late nights of frolicking, resulting in much too early 8:00 a.m. classes. This, of course, leads to afternoon naps which, in turn, cause a backup in homework, dirty dishes, and laundry. What was that about liberation?

"Art" has a less tenuous connection to education. Centuries of Ph.D's have written reams of dissertations investigating the question "What is Art?", and still there is no definitive answer. The obvious art is, of course, that which the Walters, Mechanic, and Meyerhoff were built to display, and which educators encourage students to absorb in their free time. Beyond these universals, "art" becomes an ambiguous term. If beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, the average coed is apt to put a keg where Keats put an urn. The success of professors' attempts to instill art appreciation in the minds of students is marginal at best.

We've disposed of the modifiers (after all, as red-blooded American collegiates, what interest have we with modification?), and progressed to the Main Idea, THE WORD, the end for which we are slaving away and because of which are becoming poorer:...respectful silence...EDUCATION, that particular pursuit not specified in the Constitution for which society conditions us from the womb.

Education has occasionally been known to be entertaining as the creators of Trivial Pursuit happily discovered. My roommates, too, have learned to appreciate the finer moments of our education. One evening in an attempt to lay to rest the food service dinner as well as the day's frustrations, we walked along discussing the possible effects of a Molotov cocktail on our meals and class schedules. This led to a more immediately interesting discussion of cocktails in general and our plans for the weekend. Somehow I let slip that I thought the little red things actually grew in the olive. Mistake. I quickly learned the truth, and have spent a year paying for my ignorance. Still, this was not enought to divert my 2:00 a.m. urgent query: "Where does dirt come from?" Reluctantly I listened to a lesson in plate tectonics, volcanoes, and faults (most of

which were mine) by my sleepy roommate and was warned never to make a repeat performance. So much for the joys of trivial education.

But formal education is heavy stuff, the most everlasting gobstopper of them all. Our fathers forced it upon us year after prepubescent year, while secretly clinging to their nostalgia for the pranks they liberally plotted and the classes they artfully dodged. Why, we ask ourselves, pass on the agony? For the answer, ask any first grader: gobstoppers taste good, even if they are difficult to swallow. In other words, we all like to learn.

So why don't we like OVERLAPS? Professors obviously believe that they help us learn, yet we balk and dread the next occurrence. We know that these OVERLAPS require effort, and though we really like to learn, it isn't easy. For cave men almost any idea was new; we of the twentieth century, are called upon to produce insightful as well as original concepts. This means NOT to plagiarize any of ten million or so years' worth of ideas hanging around. Original thinking requires a forum in which we can absorb all that has come before us, process these ideas, and produce some of our own. Perhaps the OVERLAP, then, is a challenge to creatively process and produce. The form designed for this must be the liberal arts college. William Bennett, writing for the National Endowment for the Humanities in the Chronicle of Higher Education November 28, 1984 assigns educational institutions the "vital role" of "conveyor(s) of the accumulated wisdom of our civilization." The fact that girls (and boys) just want to have fun is an unavoidable reality. The challenge remains ours.

Accepting the challenge at hand, making the connection between the OVERLAP and the liberal arts education, then, is not liberation, not is it art, nor even the three R's for their own sake. Rather it is the most primary original insight, Descartes' indubitable implicit: thought. And the OVERLAP, then, is a distant Someone in a removed Somewhere (heaven, perhaps?) sending pennies...for our thoughts.

Danielle Comey

LEANING TO THE LEFT

Today, only one person in ten is left-handed. Most people, the right-handers, don't understand the struggles of left-handers living in a right-handed world. They don't understand why left-handers make ground beef from steak when cutting it with a serrated knife. Or why left-handers open doors and catch their arms when entering a room. Many right-handers, instead of helping left-handers, prefer to label them awkward or stubborn. As a left-hander, I know that lefthandedness is too often a handicap in today's world, and it shouldn't be.

Everyday consumer products present unusual difficulties for left-handers. Clothing is one of the first difficulties of the day. Pants can't be zipped quickly with the left hand because of the material covering the fly. Even a simple, fashionable Oxford blouse presents problems. To use its pocket, positioned on the left, a left-hander must raise his elbow above his chest like a bird in flight. Transportation is also awkward. Ever notice that bus coin boxes are right-handed? Next time on the bus, observe a left-hander place his coins in the box with his left hand while grabbing the handrail on the left with his right hand as the bus lurches forward. Schools don't accommodate left-handers either. When writing in spiral notebooks, left-handed students must rest their arms on annoying lumps of metal binding which imprint ugly red hatchmarks on their forearms. Rulers provide additional problems because their numbers read from left to right. For the left-handed geometry student, who must <u>push</u> his pencil from the one-to the twelve-inch mark, creating squares with four equal sides and smooth lines requires much patience. Laboratory faucets always give me problems. I've mastered the screw top directions on a Coke bottle, but in a laboratory, where faucets are perpendicular to the ground, I become disoriented easily. Nine times out of ten, I forget which way to turn off the water, and everyone around me receives a shower. Everywhere left-handers turn, they find trouble: doors on telephone booths, controls for pinball machines, desk tops, can openers, scissors, and

turnstiles included.

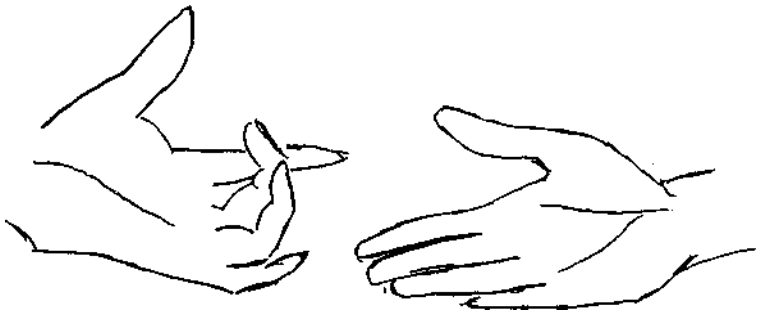
These physical handicaps rest on a foundation of social customs and procedures biased against left-handers. Worldwide, people offer their right hands when greeting others formally. I always hesitate before offering my right hand, especially at the sign of Peace during Mass, not because I'm antisocial, but because I must resist the natural urge to extend my left hand. Left-handers differ from right-handers even when writing. My earliest memory as a dissident left-handed writer involves my fifth grade spelling class. Every week, I faultlessly wrote my spelling words, and every week I received punishment for them because my cursive slanted to the right. Of course my teacher sympathized with me, but cursive had to slant to the left, or it was wrong. After many years, writing with embarrassing pens designed to correct my fault, my cursive still doesn't slant to the right. In fact, my writing has no slant except for an occasional few words slanting randomly to the left or right. Many left-handers, attempting to correct themselves, write with their hands in various twisted positions. Rather than helping them, this method creates a new problem: hands in twisted positions drag behind the line of print and blot as well as smear any wet ink. Learning manual skills is also frustrating since most instructors use right-handed techniques for handling concentrated acids or infectious microorganisms. This situation is similar to tying a bowtie while looking in a mirror.

Everyday language indirectly encourages the social difficulties facing left-handers. In American culture, when something is satisfactory, it is "all right," and when someone gives a correct answer, they give the "right answer." People never start off on the "left foot" or become "left-hand men." Even God's son, Jesus, sits at his father's right hand. Jesus's opposite, the Devil, lurks constantly on the left, so people throw salt over their left shoulders to protect themselves from him. In addition, devious actions are "left-handed," and the insane reside in "left field." This classic struggle between good and bad, as represented by left and

right, has its roots in Latin. The Latin word for "right," dexter, means skillful, artful, and clever, whereas the Latin word for left, sinister, denotes dishonesty, misfortune, and evilness.

Maybe left-handers are more awkward or oppositional than right-handers, but why shouldn't they be when they must conform to a right-handed world? True, right-handers do not force left-handers to conform completely. After all, the most frequently used keys on a typewriter are on the left, and highway toll booths accommodate left-handers. However, as a minority, left-handers adapt to society more than society adapts to them. This is unfortunate. When the majority oppresses any minority, the culture loses some of its valuable diversity and originality. Left-handers are an important part of society. The all-American sport, baseball, relies on Southpaw pitchers to keep the best watch on first base. Many left-handers are very creative because their right brains dominate their left. Benjamin Franklin, Pablo Picasso, and Michelangelo were left-handed. If left-handers are to contribute to society, the right-handed majority must have patience. So, if I scratch your record because the turntable's arm is right-handed, or if I give you an unexpected shower in the Chemistry laboratory, have patience. Please don't call me a typically clumsy left-hander. After all, my heart is in the right place -- even if it is on the left side.

Barbara Russ



THE TIDE OF TIME: OR, THROUGH THE SPIN CYCLE

My laundry's entered a time warp again.

Rereading A Wrinkle in Time recently, it struck me that the majority of my clothes, too, were--well--wrinkled. Not only wrinkled, but slightly soiled and rapidly propagating--I feel Richard Dreyfusish as I watch my clothes grow into a frighteningly eerie and significant mound, and I realize that I once again must face a close encounter with a washing machine. As my roommate says, after I've been wearing her (clean) clothes for the past few days, "Karen, I give our wardrobe another week, tops"...and bottoms, and socks....

Juggling working as a cashier at Giant food, attending classes every day, and keeping up a modicum of social life, however, are becoming more and more time-consuming. Meg Murry had it easy. If I, too, could blip! over whole periods of time, as she did, tripping from one planet to another, work would cease to be an integral and interminable part of my day. As it is, I have a perpetual vision of myself at Giant, ringing up grocery item after grocery item, while at home my laundry procreates, the dishes pile up, the milk curdles in the refrigerator... it plays almost like a movie. Shot: floor of Karen's room, few scattered items of clothing lying about. Cut to Karen at Giant, scanning with both hands and bagging properly. Cut back to bedroom. Floor is now entirely obscured by hand-washables, dirty stockings, and soiled blue jeans. Cut back to Karen at Giant: slinging groceries and still bagging correctly. Back to bedroom: laundry has reached level of desk and is sinuously writhing, edging towards the door.... The picture is clear. Time moves at home--time does not move at Giant.

Working, in fact, is like washing clothing--you finish one task only to have to do it all over again. Only the time lapse in between varies. Admittedly, it varies a great deal--a whole month has been known to lapse or six, laundrywise. The store is more regular. I finish ringing up and bagging one order only to start immediately on the next one. I sometimes

feel like a warped record: "Hi, how are you?... That's (name amount)... Your change is... Thanks, have a good night?" Sometimes my needle gets stuck or skips ahead, and I find myself, for instance, giving someone the amount of change back that they paid for their groceries in the first place.

This is not to say that unusual things don't ever happen to disrupt the routine. Sunday night, the temperature outside hovers at a brisk 7 degrees, and the inside of the store is warmer by at least two degrees. I am at register one, the express line. Eight items or less, please, and no checks. I get away with having to take only two checks this evening, and no one sneaks twenty-six or more items onto the belt before I see her, claiming that the sign placed prominently over said belt is unreadable.

As I am wearing gloves in a futile attemt to keep warm, I manage to dump five or six pennies into the trash while opening a new roll. I refuse to retrieve them. One customer says, sympathetically shivering: "I feel so sorry for you poor girls -- they couldn't pay men fifty dollars an hour to work here when it's this cold." I neglect to inform her that they are only paying me five.

Later, at register six, I am very much warmer (gloves have been given to the unfortunate cashier who replaced me at one). I am also looking forward to going home and trying assiduously to avoid looking at the clock. However, the fifty-pound bag of kitty litter must be rung up first. Dragging it over the scanner and attempting to send it down the bagging chute, I catch it on a protruding corner. "Oh, I'm sorry... John, will you pick up another bag of kitty litter for this lady? This one has a gaping hole in it!" The unusually cooperative customer cheerfully holds a bag open while I lift the chute and pour the offending substance from it. This, and the bottle of Italian dressing (it's always Italian, due to the virtue of its being the smelliest), are the only casualties of the evening, excepting my frozen feet. I swear to buy long-johns as I punch out my time card.

Sluggishly as it has crept, the work day (or, rather, night) is eventually over, and, not possessing an automobile but instead a necessarily sturdy pair of legs, I begin the long, cold walk home. After leaving the incessant noise, light and bustle of the grocery store, to step outside into the icy clear cold is like entering another world. The snow outside has stopped; a single lamppost on the street casts shadows, illuminating a hoofprint—no, footprints. I am escorted through this transition period, not by C. S. Lewis' goat-footed Mr. Tumnus, but by my boyfriend. Coming home after work produces the Narnia effect, but in reverse--time and my laundry have marched on back at the apartment, while time at Giant has crept its petty pace. How nice it would be to be zipping throught the fifth dimension rather than trudging up and down hills for fifteen minutes, my soles making intimate contact with the concrete through the craters in the bottom of my sadly worn-out shoes. (No, I'm not a desperately impoverished waif--thanks to Giant I have plenty of money to buy new shoes, but no time to go buy them).

As I ride up to my ninth floor apartment I lean against the elevator wall and look forward to falling mindlessly into bed. The elevator lurches to a halt, and, as I step out, I hear a quiet rustling, coming from the direction of 904--my apartment. I reach the door, and it is ajar. Well, one of my roommates must have left it open. Wait--they're all out tonight. The, what...???

My clothes! They're all over the hallway... and... they're... moving??? Shirts pulling themselves along by their sleeves, dragging their catsup stains on the floor... pants on their knees struggling to stand upright--and I almost think I hear a voice, no, many, many tiny voices... "Wash me... wash me... WASH ME!" I back up toward the elevator as they advance, thinking "How embarrassing. I hope no one comes out of an apartment right now."

Lucy had to travel through the wardrobe to get back home. So must I.

Karen Anne Trimble

AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

In his Ingersoll Lecture at Harvard, Lowes Dickinson inquired, "Is immortality desirable? I almost think it is, if only to get at the truth of the Sacco-Vanzetti case."[1] Roberta Strauss Feuerlicht, author of Justice Crucified; The Story of Sacco and Vanzetti, writes: "I first heard of the case from my mother. She did not speak to me of its historical or legal significance, nor did she know what they were."[2] Nevertheless, Feuerlicht's parents waited by a newsstand on August 22, 1927, in a crowd of immigrants of every race and nationality. When newspaper EXTRAS arrived with word of Sacco's and Vanzetti's executions, they wept openly. Her parents are representative of grandparents of our generation who when asked to explain their fascination with the case are unable to pinpoint the exact reason. Even Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Edna St. Vincent Millay, who joined a Boston picket line in 1927 to protest the execution, had trouble saying why.[3] Feuerlicht, who travels extensively, discovered that the names of the two men were known in Paris as well as in some remote and improbable areas. "I also discovered that whether in Manhattan or central Anatolia virtually everyone had heard about the case, but virtually no one really knew anything about it."[4] So why this compelling fascination? The members of Sacco and Vanzetti's generation and of the following generations are interested in the case because it is a national symbol for American injustice.

The backdrop for the opening scene of this tragic drama was South Braintree, Massachusetts, in 1920. Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, Italian immigrants, were charged with murdering a paymaster and a guard and the theft of more than $15,000 from a shoe factory on April 15. The case of the State was based primarily upon two facts: Sacco possessed a pistol of a type used by the murderer, and both men were arrested at a garage attempting to claim an automobile connected with the crimes by witnesses. Although many people regarded the evidence as inadequate, it played a large part in the trial. When the jury returned a verdict of guilty, socialists and many prominent intellectuals

claimed that Sacco and Vanzetti had been condemned because they were immigrants and outspoken anarchists. In fact, both men had been under investigation by the U.S. Department of Justice for their radical activities long before their arrest. During the next six years, motions to submit new evidence and appeals for a new trial were made and denied. Despite the confession of Celestine Madeiros to being a member of the gang who committed the crimes, both men were sentenced to death.

The most obvious reason that the case intrigues so many people is simply the issue of the death penalty. From the beheading of Guinevere in Camelot to the hanging of John Wilkes Booth, man has been fascinated with punishment by death for a crime. It is one of the rare instances when to kill is to exact justice. Newscasters announce the exact time at which the switch is to be pulled on an electric chair. People are so engrossed that news commentators must even give the number the execution will become for the nation: reported Newsweek, "Velma Barfield, executed in Raleigh, North Carolina on November 2, 1984, was the first woman to be executed on the United States since 1962."[5] Hundreds of people may turn out for a candlelight vigil on behalf of a victim even though they may never have been acquainted with the criminal. The popularity of the made-for-television movie "The Executioner's Song," the short story "Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," and the novel A Tale of Two Cities attest to this fascination with capital punishment. Frequently, fifth-graders debate on the death penalty, especially in parochial schools. Thus, Sacco's and Vanzetti's deaths are intriguing because of human curiosity about death as a sanctioning instrument.

Although the death penalty does arouse interest, many men have been executed whose names and faces are not remembered. Curiosity is aroused because these two men were immigrants. The accused were Italian immigrants who had arrived in America in 1908. Vanzetti, commenting on the court decision, said: "My conviction is that I have suffered for a thing that I am guilty of. . .I have suffered because I

was an Italian, and indeed I am Italian."[6] At the time in isolationist America, a popular outcry of "one-hundred percent Americans" was "Refuse the refuse."[7] In 1924, Congress passed the Immigration Act in which quotas for foreigners were cut from three percent to two percent. Into this atmosphere of hostility, our grandparents stepped off the ships and planted their feet for the first time on Ellis Island. They were forced to transact with the same anti-foreigners that condemned Sacco and Vanzetti. "Native" Americans objected to the creation of new slums and condemned what they branded as the pauperism and bad morals of these smelly Europeans.[8] Our grandparents recall the Democratic national Platform of 1892: "We heartily approve all legitimate efforts to prevent the United States from being used as the dumping ground for the known criminals and paupers of Europe." They realize that the proving of any immigrant's innocence would be impossible in this atmosphere of bitter anti-foreignism. Today, with this new wave of patriotism sweeping America, as seen at the 1984 Summer Olympic Games and in the number of people who watched the mini-series "Ellis Island," children are proud of their ancestral roots. They, too, sympathize with these two immigrants who were condemned to death. They view America as a melting pot and thus cannot help but wonder why Sacco and Vanzetti were forced to die because of Italian seasoning. The close bond between these infamous men and society today is an empathy founded on unfair prosecution because of ethnic background.

There are those Americans, however, with pronounceable English names and Anglo-Saxon backgrounds, such as Samuel Wesley Stratton, Robert Grant, and Abbott Lawrence Lowell, who debate the case of Sacco and Vanzetti.[9] It might be the condemnation of these men as communists that intrigues some of the young and the old: relieved to discover that even in the 1920's the U.S. government was stalking the Red Menace, they find their fears allayed. Communism in the Roaring Twenties struck terror, anger, and hatred into the popular mind. Many nervous souls suspected that the Washington government was in danger of being overthrown by the Bolsheviks, and thus this

Red Scare inspired the nationwide crusade against left-wingers by Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer. Some historians claim that Palmer, who earned the title of "the Fighting Quaker," saw Red too easily.[10] In 1919-1920 a number of state legislations went so far as to pass criminal syndicalism laws. Today, sixty years later, America has not improved her relationship with the Soviet Union to the degree she has with her enemy in the second world war, Japan, as demonstrated by trade. America is just as jumpy and ready to react to any remark which could upset the scales of democracy. Recall the nation's reaction to President Reagan's humorous, off-the-record comment before a radio address that he outlawed Russia and bombing would begin in five minutes. Some Americans saw no humor in the incident because of their ingrained fear of the "Reds." Thus the case may interest some because they commend the government's action in 1920 in deterring communists' plots.

While certain groups praise the government's ever-vigilant stand, most see Sacco and Vanzetti as heroes. They are impressed by the martyrdom of these men who died in the name of their political beliefs. Katherine Ann Porter, who wrote The Never-Ending Wrong, saw people in her picket line using the trial for Communist propaganda and actually hoping for the men's death as a political argument. Porter recalls saying to her Communist leader, Rosa Baron, that she still hoped the men's lives might be saved. "'Saved,' Rosa said, 'who wants them saved? What earthly good would they do us alive?'"

If Sacco and Vanzetti had not been labeled as anarchists or communists, the newspapers would still have carried their story. The men would still have made the headlines because they were considered guilty until proven innocent. It has been suggested by some historians that the trial of these men was simply a duplication of the trial of Joan of Arc and any one of the witchcraft trials in Salem.[12] In all these cases, the victim is already condemned to death before the trial takes place, and it takes place only to cover up the real meaning: the accused is to be put to death. "These are trials

in which the judge, the counsel, the jury and the witnesses are the criminals, not the accused," comments Katherine Anne Porter.[13] Thus, this case may make people worry about the present system of justice. The unfair process of the law may incite fear into the hearts of the innocent who realize that some time in the future they may face a similar court which has pre-conceived notions. In 1959, exactly thirty-two years after the execution of the two men, a member of the Massachusetts legislation moved that a posthumous pardon for the pair be voted. Since the men were already executed, it is the process of the law that was of concern. More importantly, the fact that mass appeals for the release of the men had no impact on the case sets wheels of fright rolling. Was the government working on behalf of the people? Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist labor leader, made this appeal for justice: "Sacco and Vanzetti were framed and doomed from the start... they are innocent and must not die."[14] This plea did not stop the execution. Americans today are fearful that their imput will have no more effect on the government than the cry of the multitudes for tax reform in the 1980's.

The many questions regarding the death penalty, foreignism, communism, and the judicial system transforms this case into an example of the miscarriage of justice. The innocence or guilt of the men no one will ever know positively. The uncertainty was reinforced by contradictory testimony from witnesses. The jurors and the judge, Webster Thayer, were accused of bias. There are too many questions to allow people to rest secure that justice was exacted. One doubt should have been enough to have freed the men. One has only to examine the continuing interest in the Patty Hearst case, the Rosenberg trial, and the Lindbergh kidnapping to see this instinctive, almost gravitational pull to uncertainties. The worry that a person could receive the death penalty despite unresolved questions and legitimate 'doubts makes subsequent generations sit up at the sound of Sacco and Vanzetti's name. "You must...understand that to comprehend our case a lawyer would be necessary, and maybe also a sociologist or a psychologist.... If my case had not happened to me, but to someone else, I would not be able to

understand it," are the words of Vanzetti.[15] It is precisely this knowledge—that answers might not be discovered and justice not exacted as depicted in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti—that leads man to this haunting fascination.

Catherine J. Handscomb

Notes

[1]Francis Russell, Tragedy in Dedham (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 1962), cover page.

[2]Roberta Strauss Feuerlicht, Justice Crucified (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. 1977), p. vii.

[3]Ernest R.May, Boom and Bust (New York: Time-Life Books, 1974), p. 118. Feuerlicht, p. ix.

[5]"Transition" in Newsweek (Los Angeles: Newsweek, Inc., 12 November 1984), p. 96.

[6]Feuerlicht, p. 140.

[7]Thomas A. Bailey, The American Pageant (Lexington, Mass.: D.C. Heath and Company, 1979), p. 720.

[8]Ibid., p. 509.

[9]Robert S. Phillisp, "Case of Sacco and Vanzetti" in Funk & Wagnalls New Encyclopedia, Vol. 21 (New York: Funk & Wagnalls, Inc., 1979), p. 29.

[10]Russell, pp. 87-88.

[11]Katherine Anne Porter, The Never-Ending Wrong (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1977), pp. 18-19.

[12]Ibid., pp. 8-9.

[13]Ibid.

[14]John Dos Passos, Facing the Chair (Boston: Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, 1927), pp. 9-10.

[15]Feuerlicht, p. 274.

THE SUPERHEROIC WORLD-VIEW

The comic-book superhero's life is not an easy one. Every month he gets involved in at least one battle with either a super-villain, a natural disaster, an army of invading aliens (or Nazis or trolls or whatever), a criminal gang, or some combination thereof. He (or she, but superheroes and supervillains are usually, though not always, male—Wonder Woman notwithstanding) is constantly being punched, kicked, stabbed, shot, or whopped upside the head with Metro Transit buses (for no logical reason, most super-types hang out in New York City). Unless he is a member of one of the few lucky groups with official government or international standing, such as the Avengers or the Justice League of America, he is not paid for this tomfoolery. In a few cases, such as Spiderman or the X-Men, he may even be wanted by the authorities himself! Why, then, do superheroes put on their bizarre costumes and rush out to smash evil instead of going on Real People or maybe robbing a few banks themselves? Well, Spiderman did try a career in show biz, but it backfired—more on that later. Otherwise, this altruism, which seems illogical (though much appreciated whent the Hulk begins smashing up buildings again--no construction workers unemployed in the comics!) is actually based on a view of the world common to all superhero comic books. Just as there are tragic and epic world-views, there is a superheroic world-view.

The superheroic world-view is, in part, imposed from outside, by the Comics Code Authority. Set up in the 50's to protect kiddies from the cheesecake and rather vile horror common at the time to comics, the Code insures that heroes don't use sharp weapons which might require the shedding (and illustration) of blood, don't use drugs, don't ever lose (and thus "glorify evil"), and abide by similar standards of taste. However, heroes fought evil even before the Code existed. Also, the Code itself has weakened in recent years. Now, only the two largest companies, Marvel (Spiderman, Hulk, Avengers) and DC (Batman, Superman, Wonder Woman) now submit their comics to the voluntary rating board. Although

the Code still keeps some comics at least as clean as network TV, it must be Superman's own ideals which keep him from just moving inland when Lex Luthor attacks with yet another robot sea monster.

Primarily, superheroes are badly needed, and they know it. Supervillains outnumber the heroes badly—for one thing, you only need one hero or group per title, but you need a new villain every time the old one gets beaten. Besides villains, there are usually ongoing problems for the heroes to deal with: super-Mafias, conspiracies to take over the world, invasions from outer space, and other such annoyances. Every month, evil attempts to conquer the world, "and only Our Hero can stop it!"

Therefore, a hero has a duty to go and duke it out with the Joker when he breaks out of prison yet again. Heroes are given their powers for a Purpose. They may literally have a mission (the Spectre was brought back from the dead and given powers by God Himself!) or more commonly just see their responsibilities to protect those weaker than themselves. They may do their duties for patriotism (Captain America), altruism (Superman), revenge (Batman), or even guilt (Spiderman). They may even be unwittingly or unwillingly pushed into defending humanity, like the misanthropic, feebleminded Incredible Hulk.

In a few cases, the hero sees his duty first, and then obtains powers. For example, when young Bruce Wayne saw his parents gunned down in cold blood by a mugger, he became obsessed with stopping criminals. Therefore, he began studying criminology, took about a zillion Charles Atlas courses, and bought the best gadgets money could buy. One day, he looked out the window -- "A bat! That's it--I shall become a bat!" With that, Batman began his career. The world is fortunate he did not see a water buffalo.

The consequences of ignoring these duties can be disastrous. When Peter Parker got bitten by a radioactive spider, he developed, not leukemia, but spider-like powers.

He went on a talk show—wearing a costume because his Aunt May and Uncle Ben wouldn't have approved. Of course, he couldn't cash the check—Spiderman has no ID, and the check wasn't made out to Peter Parker. He fell into such a funk that he let a burglar get away, who then robbed the Parker residence and killed Uncle Ben. That'll teach him to ignore superheroic responsibilities.

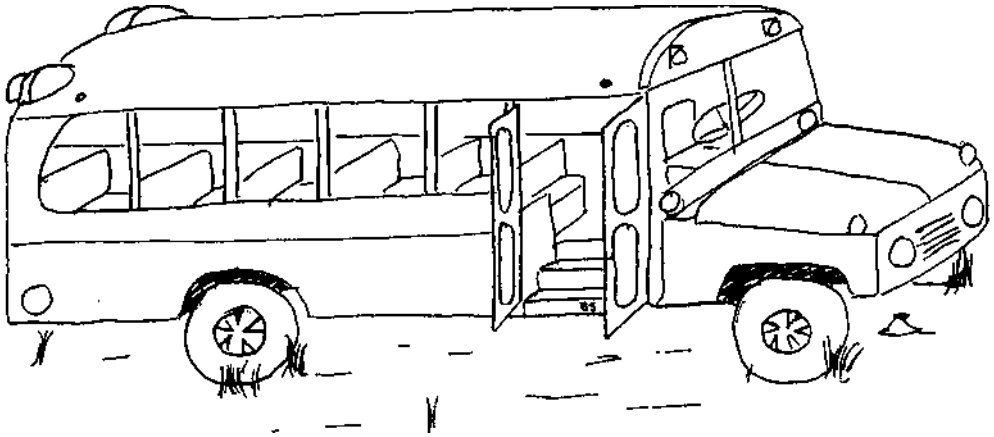
The superhero's duties always involve violence. For one thing, it sells comic books. Besides that, Dr. Octopus has to be stopped before he sets off that nuke he stole, and he won't listen to reason, so it's OK to shove a lightning bolt down his throat. The superhero has a role much like that of a policeman: he uses force on bad people so they can't use force on innocent bystanders. The superhero used a great deal more force than the policeman, often destroying whole city blocks in the process, but so do his opponents.

This justification of violence should not be taken as a sanction of murder! Even in non-Code approved comics, heroes do not deliberately kill villains unless absolutely necessary; some will never kill, regardless of circumstances. The hero's goal is always to subdue the baddie and deliver him over to the authorities so in a few months he can bust out of jail and come back for a rematch. There are a few vigilante killers, like Marvel's Punisher who went berzerk and began killing jaywalkers, litterbugs, and similar menaces to society, but these are usually considered supervillains.

Even more important than not killing bad guys, of course, is protecting the ubiquitous innocent bystanders. A hero will never purposefully endanger civilians and will make every effort to stop supervillains from doing so. This ideal manifests itself in many ways: superheroes wear costumes so their friends and relatives will not be endangered by enemies the hero makes in his career; they miss important appointments because the Penguin's on the rampage again; they will even let villains escape rather than fail to rescue endangered civilians. No matter what, innocents must be protected.

The superhero is similar to heroes of all times. For all heroes, there is a code—of prowess, bravery, and defense of the weak. Mere superhuman powers and a garishly-colored suit do not a superhero make; as is often said by Spiderman (post-Uncle Ben's death): "With great power comes great responsibility." The temptation is strong to use powers for selfish ends, and supervillains always outnumber superheroes. However only those who are willing to risk their lives (Yes, Virginia, superheroes do die, though rarely) to save others are worthy of the title "superhero." Only those who can resist the allure of a career of crime or world conquest--the few, the proud, the superheroes--deserve the world's respect and gratitude. They are the ones who can save the world from the evil forces which once a month threaten to engulf it at a newsstand near you.

Daniel Childers



NOBODY LOVES THE BUS

Why is it nobody loves the bus? Buses do not cost much to ride, and one can go almost anywhere on one. A bus, for the record, can be described as a usually large, often ungainly vehicle. Its main purpose in life is to transport passengers from one point to another. Buses are all over the place, yet, somehow, are rarely noticed. There are endless varieties of buses for a boundless array of duties. They are loud, fearsome creatures, yet nobody ever stops to look and listen when a bus passes.

A bus is a most interesting animal. There are countless different species of buses. The most commonly seen genus is the urban transit bus. This huge creature has an approximate length of forty feet, a diesel engine which fumes like a sick, unhappy lion, and all the intrinsic grace of a flying brick. It has two doors: one for entry and one for exit, though many riders spite bus etiquette by using the wrong door. Some older ones have a third door on the opposite side for emergencies, usually blocked shut by Winston or Marlboro billboards. The interiors are gracefully appointed with wonderfully filthy blue or pea-green plastic seats and grafitti, usually obscene. They are filled to bursting with impatient, uncomfortable, and sometimes sadistic people and graced with a certain aroma that almost reminds one of—well, never mind. They excel at causing traffic jams and rarely seem to be in a hurry to get somewhere, except, of course, when they roar right by your stop when you are already ten minutes late.

Another common type of bus is the famous, or should I say infamous school bus. School buses are readily identifiable by their bright yellow paint and red lights which flash like railroad crossing signals at each of their infuriatingly frequent stops. Usually they are either long and shoe-box-shaped, or ridiculously short and stubby. In either case, their back ends are invariably adorned with a confusing myriad of red, orange or white lights. Their interiors generally smell strongly of various flavors of bubble gum. When their illustrious careers of carrying America's future to and from

school are over, they make excellent campers, fine storage sheds, and interesting conversation pieces as they sit abandoned in the weeds alongside America's highways.

The third major category into which buses fall is the long-distance cruise type of bus. These elegant behemoths resemble tastefully painted, extra-large telephone booths, tipped onto one side and set on wheels. They are sophisticated, clean, and debonair. Despite its clean-cut looks, however, the cruise bus, along with the transit bus and school bus, still lacks the prestige and respect given to other, more glamorous, forms of transportation.

It seems that when compared to trains or airplanes, buses always come in last. For one thing, they have never enjoyed the kind of fame in which railroad trains have always basked. Enthusiasts will sit for hours at a grade crossing in hopes of getting a glimpse of the mighty Diesel Engine as it roars majestically through, hailed by flashing lights and clanging bells. It would appear that Agamemnon has returned from Troy when a train passes. However, nobody would sit for even five minutes to witness the arrival of a bus, even if it were one of the royal, luxurious cross-country cruisers. And while most everyone has heard of Greyhound and Continental Trailways, who would compare them to Eastern Airlines, the Santa Fe, or the mighty Pennsylvania Railroad? Yet, in spite of the bus's low social status, it remains an essential part of transportation in every major city of the world, even the most fashionable, and an important link between these big cities and all of the little towns along the way. Most people rely on the fuming, unpopular bus to commute to work or to go on vacation. Others use the bus to visit distant relatives. Even its critics agree that the bus is the cheapest form of transportation known to man. Buses are a given, yet we would all be hard-pressed to live without their noisy, smoky presence. Indeed, these obnoxious beings have helped America grow.

One might wonder why buses are so unpopular. Well, there are a number of reasons. They are large. However,

they cannot compare to the railroad train in size and power. They are higher above the road than ordinary vehicles, but they cannot compare to the jet airplane that flies above the clouds. The bus, which travels on ordinary streets and highways instead of shiny rails or distant airways, lacks the kind of novelty that legends require. Also, the bus can be a real nuisance to motorists and pedestrians. Buses take up a great deal of space, create disturbing visibility problems, and stop with painful frequency to allow passengers to board or alight. They are awkward turning corners and dangerous when changing lanes. Many drivers are discourteous, and it seems the bus is always moving either too fast or too slow. The fact that buses pollute the air and are usually covered with tasteless billboards does not improve their popularity.

Thought most buses live their lives in unappreciated anonymity, some lucky few achieve fame. Foremost among these fortunates is the Double Decker bus, London's much-touted tourist attraction. Buses have been made famous through music and literature. The Who's "Magic Bus" has become one of rock music's most widely recognized symbols. The Grateful Dead's "unsupervised kindergarten field trip" through Europe in 1972 with the Hell's Angels and Merry Pranksters was accomplished through the immortal Bozo Bus, and Bolo Bus, two buses used for wild carousing and for "spacing out." Also well-known is the Merry Pranksters' day-glow painted bus, with which they spread their dementedly joyous tidings throughout the country.

Legends are not reserved for the riders of the rails or of the skies. Most legendary figures are either exaggerated or nearly extinct. Still, for those who seek legends, the train or plane will probably always be the favorite. The bus, on the other hand, was designed not to be a legend, but a workhorse. Long live the mighty bus: even though nobody loves it, it is still number one in transportation.

Jeff Ellis

THE LOST MILLIONAIRE

Ever since millionaires came into existence, people have been fascinated by the wealthy. Millionaires stir both admiration and resentment, an envy that "some people have all the luck."[1] Yet the millionaires of the mid-nineteenth century such as Andrew Carnegie are very different from the wealthiest men of the twentieth century, Jean Paul Getty and his son Gordon Paul Getty. The millionaire of days gone by, the man by whom the "rags to riches" story was inspired, the man who filled his Fifth Avenue mansion with Rembrandts, Van Dykes, and Turners, and the man who, after acquiring great wealth, gave it away is gone.

Since the mid-eighteen hundreds, people have been attracted to the wealthy, not only because they are rich, but because they are surrounded by an aura of mystery.

As industry flourished after 1865, the self-made millionaire emerged. By the time he had acquired any wealth, he was a household name. Even in the 1840's and 1850's, lists of the wealthiest people in America were being produced, including the popular Wealth and Biography of the Wealthy Citizens of New York printed in 1842 by Beach for 12-1/2¢ per copy.[2] During the 1930's, pictures of the rich participating in seemingly extravagant, everyday activities appeared almost daily in the newspapers and always on Sunday.[3] One such picture was captioned as follows: "Doris Duke, heiress to the tobacco fortune and the richest woman in the world, seen in a bathing suit for the first time by the camera, about to enter her bathhouse after a swim at Bailey's Beach at Newport, R.I." (July 11, 1934)[4]

Andrew Carnegie, one of the first self-made millionaires, was well-known in 1865 by the American people. On B.C. Forbes' list of the wealthiest men in the United States as of March 2, 1918, he appeared third.[5] Often referred to in students' history texts, Carnegie is one of the first names that come to mind when answering the question of who are America's millionaires.

Naming the three wealthiest men in America today is a more difficult task than it was during 1865. Names come to mind, but the answers are only guesses. In 1982, Forbes began to publish the names of the four hundred richest people in America. Appearing on "The Forbes Four Hundred" were such unrecognizable names as Warren Edward Buffet, Jack Richard Simplot, and Sam Moore Walton. It was only after reading this article that I realized that Gordon Paul Getty was the wealthiest man in the United States, sole executor of a family trust worth 4.1 billion dollars,[6] and it was only after stumbling upon an article in an English text that I learned that Jean Paul Getty was one of the wealthiest Americans during the 1970's.

These modern millionaires' names are unfamiliar to many because their rise to power and wealth was not as dramatic as that of nineteenth century millionaires. Though the wealth of many modern millionaires was "handed to them on a silver platter," Andrew Carnegie and his contemporaries had to overcome many challenges in their rise to the top. Andrew Carnegie was brought to America as a young boy of eight. His first job was as a "bobbin boy" earning $1.20 per week and later he became a telegrapher, and even later, an investor.[7] Through tenacity and persistence, Carnegie quickly climbed the ladder of success by eliminating any need for the middle man. By controlling every facet of his steel production, Andrew Carnegie began producing one quarter of the nation's Bessemer Process steel.[8] Earning 25 million a year, Carnegie exemplified the true "rags-to-riches" story. He was the model that youths strove to imitate, for he offered credence to the theory that through hard work and diligence, one could achieve great wealth.

The millionaires of the twentieth century are different, for most have not experiences such a transition from poverty as Carnegie did. Born in Minneapolis in the year 1892, Jean Paul Getty was the son of an oilman. Graduating from the University of Southern California and later Oxford University, Getty received a portion of his family's estate after the death of his father,[9] and he, in turn, left a trust

totalling 4.1 billion dollars to Gordon P. Getty in 1976.[10] Jean Paul Getty himself said, "The barefoot boys who tread the stony road from rags to riches belong to what is rapidly becoming an almost extinct American species, like the buffalo, and soon America will have to create reservations if the type is to be preserved at all."[11] Of the four hundred wealthiest Americans today, one hundred and forty-six members have controlling interests of fortunes that they have either entirely or partially inherited.[12]

Not only have they received their wealth in different ways, but the life-style of modern millionaires has changed a great deal since the lavish existence of Andrew Carnegie and his contemporaries. During the mid-nineteenth century, it was easy to distinguish the millionaires. Not only did their faces appear frequently in newspapers, but they lived a life of luxury. Andrew Carnegie, known to be thrifty, owned a 28,000 acre estate, and John Davison Rockefeller had railways rearranged and hills moved in order to get a better view from his estate. He himself called it "an example of what God could do if only He had the money."[13] Today it is difficult to name even the three richest men in the world, for the wealthy conceal their identity in various trusts and private companies where several people are named as investors so as to avoid inheritance taxes.[14] It is also not easy to divorce the wealthiest men from those of upper-middle-class occupations such as doctors and lawyers, for modern millionaires are no longer driven in limousines, no longer fly in private jets, and no longer own large yachts.

This change in life-styles is accounted for by the birth of the middle class, the establishment of the Federal Income Tax in 1913,[15] and the fact that actual cash is not easily accessible to the modern millionaire. During the rise of industry in 1865, there was a distinct separation between the social classes. Those who were not rich were poor. This division of classes was seen as an injustice to, among others, the populist party leaders. In The American Pageant, Thomas Bailey and David Kennedy comment, "From the same prolific womb of governmental injustice we breed the two great

classes—tramps and millionaires."[16] With the growth of the middle class, it was not as easy to distinguish the twentieth-century millionaire from his not-so-wealthy neighbors. According to Jean Paul Getty, their lifestyles were almost the same. Both drove similar cars and wore clothes that were alike. He himself for many years lived and worked out of a hotel room in Paris.[17] Since the gap that once separated the wealthy from the lower classes has been filled by an aspiring middle class, the aura that once surrounded the wealthiest Americans now envelops famous actors and athletes.

The introduction of the Federal Income Tax also cast a shadow on the spending of the modern millionaire. Andrew Carnegie did not have to worry about losing any of his money to the government; what he earned was his.[18] But today, since our personal income tax is a progressive tax, the millionaire's tax rate increases as his income increases. Besides that, what money the present-day millionaire retains after taxes is not in the form of cash but real assets. Since many do not have cash easily accessible, one out of fourteen borrows money in order to make a payment.[19]

Since the modern millionaire pays a large portion of his money to the Federal government and what money he retains is not in the form of liquid assets, the twentieth-century millionaire is not as generous as his wealthy predecessor. Andrew Carnegie felt, as he explained in his Gospel of Wealth, that it was his duty to use during his lifetime the wealth he had acquired to benefit the public welfare through donations in the form of libraries, universities, and various grants and pensions to college professors.[20] Carnegie believed "the man who dies thus rich dies disgraced."[21] On the other hand, modern millionaires such as Getty do not give the majority of their money away, but instead invest it in order to acquire greater wealth. Jean Paul Getty did not give a great deal of money to his charities; comments he, "I've never felt tempted to give my fortune away to buy my way into a better mood."[22]

Through the past century, the wealthy have certainly

changed. They are not as well-known to the public as they were in 1865. Their lifestyles are similar to those of the average American, and they are not as generous with their money as they were in the mid-eighteen hundreds. The donations of such great works as Carnegie Hall and Rockefeller Center have not been equalled by modern millionaires.

Americans no longer have the time to admire wealth as they once did for they, too, are busy trying to better themselves. Modern millionaires may be changing their lifestyles in order to dissuade their competition!

Tara Witik

Notes

[1]Laura Saunders, "The Rich List of 1845," Forbes, 134 (October 1, 1984), p. 44.

[2]Ibid., p. 45.

[3]The Rich at Play," Forbes, 134 (October 1, 1984), p. 57.

[4]Ibid., p. 58.

[5]B.C. Forbes, "America's 30 Richest Own 3.68 Billion," Forbes, 132 (Fall, 1983), p. 49.

[6]Richard Behar and Jeff Bloch, "The 400 Richest People in America, " Forbes, 134 (October 1, 1984), p. 76.

[7]"Where America's Great Fortunes Went," Forbes, 132 (Fall, 1983), p. 56.

[8]Thomas A. Bailey and David M. Kennedy, The American Pageant (Lexington, Massachusetts: D.C. Heath and Company, 1983), pp. 486-487.

[9]Jean Paul Getty, "The World is Mean to Millionaires," in Dimensions, ed. by Thomas H. Brown and Jeffrey T. Gross (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Winthrop Publishers, Inc., 1980), p. 244.

[10]Behar and Bloch, Forbes, p. 76.

[11]Goronwy Rees, The Multimillionaires, (New York: The MacMillan Company, 1961), p. 1.

[12]Behar and Bloch, Forbes, p. 105.

[13]Forbes, 132 (Fall, 1983), pp. 56-57.

[14]Behar and Bloch, Forbes, p. 72.

[15]Bailey and Kennedy, p. 630.

[16]Ibid., p. 490.

[17]Getty, pp. 246-247.

[18]Bailey and Kennedy, p. 487.

[19]Srully Blotnick, "Those Who Have It Don't Flaunt It," Forbes, 134, (October 1, 1984), p. 272.

[20]Joseph Frazier Wall, Andrew Carnegie, (New York, Oxford University Press, 1970), pp. 806, 832.

[21]Bailey and Kennedy, p. 487.

[22]Rees, p. 248.


BS

EDGAR ALLAN POE: HIS CONCERN WITH TIME AND THE MEANS OF OVERCOMING IT

In the works of Poe, time limits and destroys. While this theme is hardly original, and while its simple statement may seem a bit naive, yet Poe assigns to time an omnipresence and omnipotence usually reserved for gods. He uses time as a central character ("The Scythe of Time"), as a symbolic vehicle ("Devil in the Belfry"), and as a poetic device (repetition, assonances, double rhymes).[1] And if a piece of prose or poetry does not immediately lend itself to our analysis, Poe often throws in a not-so-casual reference, like "What o'clock is it?"

Furthermore, many other elements of Poe's work would seem to be in direct response to his preoccupation with time. His many mythical references and far-distant settings are his attempt to cheat linear time; that is, the here and now. As concerns time of duration, Poe sees such activities as meditation and the use of alcohol (narcotics) as being able to invest man with a sort of transcendence, a transcendence achieved by the supernatural figures which pervade his fiction.

An analysis of Poe can easily slip into tangential matters. I would like in this paper to establish the preponderance of time imagery and some of its implications; to link this imagery with Poe's motives for employing it; and to provide an analysis of a story that embodies Poe's "poetic principle."

I. "The Devil in the Belfry" and "The Scythe of Time"

In "Devil in the Belfry," Poe does not go to great lengths in disguising the symbolic thrust of the story. From the town's name, "Vondervotteimittiss," to its outlay and make-up, the reader is acutely aware that Poe has created the perfect setting for the morality play to follow. Like the denizens of Washington Irving's Sleepy Hollow, Poe's Dutch

inhabitants are removed from time, in the sense of modernization: "The site of the village is in a perfectly circular valley, of about a quarter of a mile in circumference, and entirely surrounded by gentle hills, over whose summit the people have never yet ventured to pass." Skirting this circular valley are sixty identical houses, with sixty identical gardens of twenty-four cabbages each.

Although the town's inhabitants are removed from time in one sense, they embody time in another sense. The males in each household concern themselves only with smoking their pipes and checking their watches. The females keep themselves busy in cooking their cabbages and checking their clocks. The town's only ornamentations are the wood carvings of time-pieces and cabbages. In the center of the town stands its social arbiter, the great seven-faced clock in the steeple of the House of the Town-Council, by which all the citizens consistently check their watches and their existences.

Into this well-tuned machine of a village, Poe throws a wrench in the form of an impish interloper. Coming from beyond the hills, the sinister foreigner dances through the valley, without "keeping time in his steps." Upon gaining the top of the steeple, the stranger attacks the belfry-man in full view of all the town's inhabitants. But as it wanted "only a half second of noon," the witnesses are hesitant to act, preferring instead to check their watches against the strokes of the bell. When the bell unexpectedly strikes thirteen, the villagers founder about in search of the hour they've lost, and the devil in the belfry breaks into song with his bass fiddle, again out of time and tune. At this point, Poe's narrator leaves the place "out of disgust."

Two important points may be extrapolated from the story as it stands. The first concerns the recurring sense of concentricity in the village. There are time-pieces (the belfry) within time-pieces (the scheme of the valley), which substantiate other time-pieces (on wrists and mantlepieces). In a word, we can view time in "increments," but we can

neither escape time nor reduce it to nothingness. Secondly, the people of Vondervotteimittiss don't see time as a creation of man, but as an entity unto itself, a sort of inflexible agenda-setter. When the clock strikes thirteen, the town flies "at once into a pitiable state of uproar. 'Vot is cum'd to mein pelly?' roared all the boys,—'I've been an ongry for dis hour!'" Thus, when we are too mindful of time, the slightest aberration reduces us to complete confusion and inadequacy.

In considering "Devil in the Belfry," Jean-Paul Weber looked to "William Wilson," a piece which Poe scholars consider highly autobiographical, to provide the following reason for Poe's writing "Devil":

> It is relatively easy to understand the presence in Poe's unconscious of such a desire (to make the clock strike thirteen, alter time).... The schoolboy Poe was haunted by the terrifying and prodigious presence of the clock which he confronted everywhere, both inside and outside the schoolroom, and which harassed him as much by its sullen and melodious "roar" as by the ambiguity of its twofold form (the church clock, the schoolroom clock, though in both cases "stupendous"). One senses from the child's animosity against a being which terrorized him with its "sudden chimings" in addition to persecuting him with its slowness in the classroom where he languishes a prisoner of time.[2]

Thus, in "Devil," the reader gets a feel for first the oppressiveness, then the suddenness of clocks. The villagers' lives are geared to the clock's machinations, and only with the sudden impropriety of its striking thirteen are they jolted from their languor. "The Scythe of Time" has another inclination. Poe highlights first the suddenness, then the oppressiveness of time, as the clock's sharpened minute hand meets and works its way through the neck of the central character, Psyche Zenobia.

Psyche has worked her way up through a church steeple to get a better view of the city, Edinburgh. Upon reaching

the upper room, she and her slave discover that the only aperture from which to look out is a small opening in the dial-plate of the great clock. Again, the reader is made to see the supremacy of time, which looks out on and governs everything below. The story fixes on the sensations of Psyche, once she is aware of the solid steel minute hand proceeding inexorably through her neck, her being. Not unlike the townspeople of the previous story, Psyche knows the situation is ludicrous, but she is powerless to act, to remove her head from the dial-plate. Time inspires passivity.

Although the symbolism in "Scythe" is less explicit than that in "Devil," Psyche's sensations and progressive decapitation give a pretty good clue as to Poe's intentions. When the minute hand "had already buried its sharp edge a full inch" in Psyche's flesh, her "sensations grew indistinct and confused...And then again the sweet recollection of better and earlier times came over me, and I thought of that happy period when the world was not all a desert, and Pompey (Psyche's slave) not altogether cruel." Thus, time forces us to examine our present state in light of our past, and inspires a self-consuming melancholy. As we shall see, this is the theme of Poe's "The Raven."

At "twenty-five minutes past five in the afternoon," the minute hand has proceeded sufficiently far to remove Psyche's head, which plunges to the street and, as Psyche is still conscious, regards her headless body from there. The scene is reminiscent of the duality of man expounded by Plato. More precisely, once time has run its course, the soul, which should be our prime consideration in life, is separated from the harmful inclinations of the body. No longer subject to the restrictions of time and space, the soul can view things with an impartiality and clarity only strived for in life. Poe's art aims at that momentary transcendence, that vision of Beauty, when our head is attached to our body by the slenderest of threads.

II. "The Poetic Principle" and "The Philosophy of Compositon" with "The Raven"

To such an interpretation of time imagery, Poe biographer Daniel Hoffman would respond "Bullfeathers!":

> You can wind a clock just so tight. It will tell the time, the time of day. But not the time of eternity. That's the time that Edgarpoe is trying to tell, and the dials and hands of this world are useless in his quest...The final destination for Poe's discoveries is that bourne beyond the City in the Sea, "Out of Space, out of Time." That secret knowledge toward which the soul on its phantom dreamship rushes ever onward is a knowledge beyond the cognition of our world, our clock-ridden world, where Time, with its condor wings, hovers over us, its dark shadow intervening between the soul and the pure light of that pure revelation.[3]

However, to discard any considerations of the mundane in examing Poe's desire for the infinite seems a bit presumptuous and foolhardy. After all, finite time is that which defines infinite time. Haldeen Braddy said:

> The single large impression that emerges from the body of Poe's art is his determined flight from reality. His work stands as a persuasive reminder that the "American Civilization" approach, which interprets the literature of the United States as reflecting and determined by the American "millieu," falls far short in its measurement of Poe. His art overreached geographical and nationalistic boundaries. His art cultivated distortion. His art owed much to the Gothic tales of terror, to Coleridge, and to Poe's own knowledge of narcotics, the effects of which confuse the user's sense of time and location.[4]

But once again, Poe's distortion, his flight from reality, must be grounded in reality for it to have any effect. This grounding is achieved in Poe's expositions: the architecture of Vondervotteimittiss and the customs of its inhabitants, the

disposition and motives of Psyche Zenobia in climbing the tower. Although these examples may be extreme and exaggerated by Poe for effect, he never totally divorces himself from reality. How then does he achieve the infinite? By capturing moments--the moments when the clock strikes thirteen, or when Psyche's head falls to the street.

This philosophy is further reflected in Poe's "Poetic Principle": "I need scarcely observe that a poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites, by elevating the soul...That degree of excitement which would entitle a poem to be so called at all, cannot be sustained throughout a composition of any great length." Thus, in composing, Poe is concerned with time in two senses: how long it takes the reader to finish the work, and how elevated "out of time" he is while reading it. While some may feel that these considerations result from the natural intensity of Poe the man and his inability to sustain a novel, they are actually the by-products of a far-deeper consideration, one borrowing heavily from Plato's Theory of Forms. In short, that theory maintains that all physical realities merely initiate and participate in their ultimate embodiments, which exist in the world of Forms. The human endeavor is to elevate the soul, through training, to such an extent that it enters and experiences the world of Forms. Plato, a philosopher, saw reason as the "keys to the kingdom"; Poe, an artist, defers to Taste, which informs us as to what is beautiful:

> (Poetry) is no mere appreciation of the Beauty before us--but a wild effort to reach the Beauty above. Inspired by an ecstatic prescience of the glories beyond the grave, we struggle, by multiform combinations among the things and thoughts of Time, to attain a portion of that Loveliness whose very elements, perhaps, appertain to eternity alone. And thus when by Poetry...we find ourselves melted into tears—we weep then...not through excess of pleasure, but through a certain, petulant, impatient sorrow to grasp now...those divine and rapturous joys, of which through the poem, or through

> the music, we attain to but brief and indeterminate glimpses.

"The Philosophy of Composition" is really no more than the "Poetic Principle" in practice. The only additional insight in "Philosophy" is that Truth and Passion are both legitimate pursuits, especially in prose, but, says Poe, they are still subservient to Beauty. However, the facileness of language and the candidness of Poe in describing the creative process afford an interpretation of "The Raven" which becomes the embodiment of Poe's disdain for Time.

The logic Poe employed in formulating "The Raven" is flawless in light of his compositional principles. Settling on a length that will insure unity of effect, Poe creates a tone of sadness, the "highest manifestation" of his "province," Beauty. In considering a topic in keeping with his tone, for Poe, "death was the obvious reply." And in an effort to keep the work immanently poetical, Poe "allies (death) to Beauty," yielding, as the poem's centerpiece, the death of a beautiful woman.

Thus, as the poem opens, the persona mourns his "lost Lenore, nameless HERE for evermore," when he is interrupted by a tapping at the door. Poe introduces the raven, brutally symbolic, and accepted as such. Not only does the bird tap methodically and consistently to gain entrance to the room and access to the persona, but its first act upon entering is to "perch upon a bust of Pallas just above (the) chamber door." The verticality and superiority of clocks recur that so terrorized young Poe and so dominated both "The Devil in the Belfry" and "Scythe of Time." At this point, the persona is aroused slightly from his melancholy, and begins to playfully question the bird, which consistently and inexorably responds, "Nevermore." There follows a progression that Poe explains best in "Philosophy":

> I saw that I could make the first query propounded by the lover...a commonplace one--the second less so--the third still less, and so on--until at length the lover, startled

> from his original nonchalance by the melancholy character of the word itself--by its frequent repetition--and by a consideration of the ominous reputation of the fowl that uttered it--is at length excited to superstition, and wildly propounds queries of a far different character (concerning Lenore)--queries whose solution he has passionately at heart--propounds them half in superstition and half in that species of despair which delights in self-torture.

What conclusions can we, the reader, make concerning time, as it is personified in the raven? First, we as the persona take it lightly; as we experience more and more of time, we become more and more fearful, as it reminds us, not only of our mortaility, but of all that has gone before us. Secondly, we pattern our actions to fit the context of time in much the same way as the lover patterned his questions to fit the refrain, "Nevermore." That is to say, we try to accomplish just so much by a certain time, or in a certian time, even though we know these restrictions are self-imposed. Finally, in reference to the theories expounded by Poe in "The Poetic Principle," when the lover's contemplation of Beauty, of Lenore, is interrupted by Time, we question his ability to attain her now, or even to attain her later.

III. "The Oval Portrait"

Although this is a very short fiction, it reveals Poe's character and what he considered his mission in life. An injured traveler takes refuge in an unoccupied and elegantly furnished house. In an effort to diminish the effect of his fever, the traveler swallows a bit of opium, whereupon he begins to examine the paintings which line the walls. Eventually, by adjusting the candle on the bedstand, he fixes on one oval portrait of a "maiden of rarest beauty," which seems peculiarly life-like in his delirium. Consulting a near-by volume which discussed the paintings and their histories, the traveler finds that the subject of the portrait was, in fact, the newly-wed bride of the painter. And in the course of the sitting, "which went on from hour to hour, and from

day to day," the artist, who was a stickler for precision, "turned his visage from the canvas rarely, even to regard the countenance of his wife." In preserving Beauty, he found it necessary to remove himself, as much as possible, from the source of that Beauty, ignoring the capricious effects of time. For when he looks up from his completed work, crying "this is indeed life itself," his subject, his wife, is dead.

Poe, in capturing moments, could cheat time in the artistic sense, but not in the practical sense.

Dale Simms

NOTES

[1]Armand Renaud, "Edgar Poe According to His Poetry," Affadavits of Genius, ed. Jean Alexander (Port Wash., NY/London: Kennikat Press, 1971), pp. 169-170.

[2]Jean-Paul Weber, "Edgar Poe or the Theme of the Clock," Poe, ed. Robert Regan (Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1967), pp.81-82.

[3]Daniel Hoffman, Poe, Poe, Poe... (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1972), p. 161.

[4]Haldeen Braddy, Three Dimensional Poe (Univ. of Texas at El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1973), p. 39.

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