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Life/Story

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SETTING: PEOPLE SHAPED BY PLACE

Macrina had two brothers, one of whom was Basil the Great. Basil was a pompous intellectual, but he was destined for great things so long as he used his power for good. It is Macrina who is credited for influencing her brother to follow the right path. She frankly told Basil that "he had become vain, acting as if he were the best inhabitant of the city."

—Adrianne Morris, "The Best Inhabitant of the City"
from "Early Christian Mothers"

DIRTY RICHMOND

by Kerry O'Donnell

Richmond, Virginia: the capital of the state and the former capital of the Confederacy. Remnants of the controversial Civil War South era still linger in the city, personified in the occasional Confederate flag bumper sticker seen on cars flitting about the streets. However, residents don't call it the capital of the Confederacy anymore. Richmond has been overrun by artistic, progressive youth, students of Virginia Commonwealth University and University of Richmond alike. Richmond is now known as The 804 (the city's area code), RVA (teenagers these days like quick abbreviations that get to the point), River City (referring to the James River that runs through Richmond like a vein, the river serves not to separate the city but to sustain it), and even Dirty Richmond (a catchy tag that correctly characterizes the city as a polluted metropolis of grungy grit and sullied cement). Dirty Richmond is my city. Just as Aphrodite rose from the sea foam of Cyprus, I rose from the unforgiving cement of Richmond City. I am of human flesh but of city's spirit. All of its strength and steel reside in me, along with its gentle charms.

Richmond is a city of two souls. Richmond is threatening and dangerous under dark skies, yet charming

and quaint under the sun's eyes. Richmond is wickedness wrapped in a filmy layer of southern hospitality. If I walk down Cherry Street at the wrong time of night, I'll probably feel the cold barrel of Tommy Thug's gun against my temple as he growls in my ear, "Gimme your shit, bitch." Pass him on a crisp, blossoming afternoon and he'll probably smile and wish me a nice day. I'll smile and wish him a nice day as well, because pleasantries and politeness permeate Richmond Day. Richmond Day sprawls with shoppers frequenting the vintage stores and greasy diners on Cary Street. Hot days will find Belle Isle populated by sunbathers and beer-drinkers lounging on the rocks that dot the mild current of the James River. Richmond Day is green and lush at Maymont Park, a picturesque pocket of gardens and parkland only a few miles from the solid steel of Richmond City. The people of Richmond tread its cement on two rubber wheels - bicycles are as common as people. They roam Richmond's rocky roads in great numbers, much to the chagrin of city drivers who have to take care to avoid hitting the numerous bicyclists. I never learned how to ride a bicycle myself, placing me on the side of the irritated drivers. Richmond Day is clean and pristine, a paragon of city splendor—until the rascals of Richmond awaken and swarm the city as the sun dims.

Richmond is a nocturnal city. The sun goes down and Richmond rises in all of its grime and glory. While polite professionals and responsible adults rule Richmond Day, Richmond Night teems with hoodrats like a corpse bloats with maggots. Richmond Night represents Richmond's true character. This late-awakening of the city's population is due to its druggy nature—Richmond is a city of stoners. Richmond stands still and stilted, and stoners and druggies find this stunted city a fine place to moor themselves. In Richmond, it's easy for them to content themselves in their cheap apartments and menial jobs without hope for progress, because everyone is stuck in the same standstill. They sleep through the day and strive for excitement in Richmond Night. Richmond Night is gritty

and grand, dirty and dazzling in its array of spirits that litter the streets and the lights that ignite the sky. Richmond is a city of shadows and inky streaks of skyline reflected in river murk. Richmond Night finds smokers coughing on their corners, cloaked by tobacco-tinged air. Every night, Old Man Martin shuffles along the edge of that vein-like river that runs through Richmond. On weekend nights, college kids galavant among the city's streets, traveling from house to house, party to party. Old Man Martin sometimes asks if they have any change to spare. They lie and say no, backing away nervously from the strange man, because Richmond Night means Richmond Danger and Richmond Danger is very real danger—shootings and assaults and muggings. Old Man Martin merely grins his yellow grin and wishes them all peace and blessings—sometimes pleasantries even penetrate Richmond Night. Punks donning perilously pointy hair line the corner leading to the Alley Katz, a hole in the wall doubling as a rock venue that boasts stale alley air and floors soaked with beer. Hipster kids with tight jeans and cigarettes glued to their mouths engage in the rooted Richmond custom of "porch chilling." They carouse on the porches that line the busiest streets of Richmond, the streets in the heart of VCU's sprawling urban campus. They gulp down their choice beer, PBR, whimsically nicknamed the "People's Beer of Richmond." Richmond Night is as full of fear as it is full of fun. Criminals emerge at night and creep the streets like phantoms, haunting the city's inhabitants and striking a special fear in the hearts of the suburban high school kids who only dare cross into the city in order to enjoy the sweet smelling smoke of the only hookah bar in Richmond that doesn't card teenagers. Crime is indeed common. There was an incident a while back that involved bullets flying around Representative Eric Cantor's office in Richmond. However, Richmond cops did not feel that it was a threat on the Congressman's life. Bullets flying in Richmond are as common as birds. That's reassuring.

Richmond Night is swift and supersonic. My friend Chester likes to drive us downtown, and he drives fast. I sit

comfortably in the passenger's seat, content to let Chester take the wheel and steer us towards whatever destination we're seeking. Chester cranks up the volume on his stereo system and rocks out passionately to the jam band (Phish, most likely) filtering through the speakers. I sometimes wonder if Chester's reckless driving is steering us towards death rather than the party on Grove Avenue that we are searching for. I don't quite care at that moment though. I light up two cigarettes, one for me and one for him. I give the American Spirit cigarette to him and he smiles appreciatively. We continue rumbling down the hilly roads of Richmond. The headlights and streetlights stream past us (or are we streaming past them?) in a marvelous show of scintillating glow. It's like Richmond Night is crowned by a garland of Christmas lights, and I always gape in wonder at its divine glimmer, no matter how many times I have taken that route downtown.

My persona epitomizes Richmond. I am a girl of two souls. There is sweetness and sunniness within me, though it is often shadowed by my steeliness. I take solace in the grit and grime of Richmond, as I recognize the grit and grime within myself. I am acutely aware of the phantoms that pervade my person, and I do not try to hide them under false optimism and fakery. I love ugly. I love dirt. I love that which others find repulsive and repugnant and revolting. I love the scum of cities, the scum of people. I loathe sterility. Sterility does not exist in this world. There is only a false sense of purity that blinds people to the true ugliness of this world, and I detest falseness. Richmond is ugly and ugly is truth and truth is beauty. I am ugly and I am Richmond and I am beautiful.

Despite the dangers, I traverse Richmond night without care. Dark Richmond looms around me, and I am unafraid. I am Richmond, and Richmond is me. If I am stabbed by the city, shot by the city, suffocated by the city, or swallowed by the city, then I am only returning to the cement and steel that bore me.

"State of Mind": Republicanism and Romanization in Joseph Addison's *Cato*

by Melany Su

When the threat of tyranny emerges in Joseph Addison's play *Cato* (1713), the republican title character becomes aware of the lack of distinction between his political party and the enemy one. Seeking to differentiate himself and his followers from Julius Caesar, Cato redefines Roman identity in terms of a person's adherence to political ideals rather than his national origin, forwarding the argument that one's status as a "Roman" is not determined by his birthplace but, rather, by his loyalty to republicanism. This new definition allows Cato to represent Caesar as a "non-Roman," and, at the same time, necessitates and authorizes Cato's military action against Caesar. Ultimately, however, the play suggests that this new definition of Roman has the potential to be subverted by an arguably stronger force: romantic love. It is only by reinstating one's loyalties by martial means and dying a politically-motivated death that one can truly stabilize his Roman identity.

The play takes place at the height of the Roman civil war (49–30 B.C.E.), a conflict between advocates of democracy and proponents of dictatorial rule (Rankov par.1). After successful conquests along the Mediterranean Sea, Caesar advances toward the North African coast. Cato

the Younger, a republican statesman known for his Stoic philosophy, prepares to confront Caesar's arrival at Utica, a busy port on the North African coast. Among Cato's faithful supporters are his sons Portius and Marcus, his daughter Marcia, the senator Lucius, and young Numidian prince Juba. Senator Sempronius, Cato's former ally, has turned traitor and sided with Caesar. Amidst the political unrest, the young republicans find themselves caught in a romantic skirmish as well: brothers Portius and Marcus are both madly in love with Lucius' daughter Lucia, and Juba and Sempronius are equally smitten with Marcia. After vain attempts at deterring the Numidian prince from supporting Cato, Sempronius dies at Juba's sword. Cato's Stoic influence seems to prevail as Juba remains loyal, Marcus loses his life in defense of his state, and the lovers suppress the passion that distracts them from their political cause. Nevertheless, the Roman republic falls into Caesar's hands, and Cato ultimately commits suicide.

The first scene of the play acquaints the audience with Caesar's tyrannical threat to Cato's republic. Because the two political opposites cannot be racially distinguished, Cato establishes a new definition of Roman identity based on virtue: "Caesar's arms have thrown down all distinction; whoever's brave and virtuous, is a Roman" (V.iv.90-1). This new definition, while excluding Caesar on the one hand, includes Juba on the other. By siding with Cato, Juba, though African by birth, has become Roman. In the meantime, a redefinition of Roman identity seems also to necessitate a redefinition of African identity. As Julie Ellison observes in "Cato's Tears," Rome and Africa no longer embody "place and race" (573), but rather, "states of mind" (583). Africa now encompasses "anti-Roman Africans or corrupted Romans"; Rome, "civil Africans or Roman republicans."

As promoter of the republican ideal, Cato takes on the duty of "Romanizing" his subordinates. In "What's Love Got to Do with Addison's Cato?" Lisa Freeman notes that an ideal tragic hero's integrity is contingent upon his

freedom from "effeminating passions" (463). Just as malign as the external threat of tyranny, erotic passion seems to deter the young lovers from their political cause. When counseling his brother Marcus, Portius compares love's tyrannical power to Caesar's political tyranny:

> Call up all thy father in thy soul:
> To quell the tyrant Love, and guard thy heart
> On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
> Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.
> (II.ii.62-7)

A faithful follower of Cato, one worthy of Roman political identity, resists not only Caesar (tyranny), but also love.

Cato's successful "Romanization" is realized in Portius's and Marcia's resistance to love. Just as Cato sacrifices his son Marcus for Rome, so Portius suppresses his love of Lucia for the sake of his brother Marcus. Portius exemplifies Roman virtue not only by controlling his passion for more urgent political duties, but also by advising his brother (I.i.64-7) and Sempronius (I.ii.26-7) to do likewise. Not surprisingly, it is for this filial piety that Cato grants Portius the honorable "paternal seat" (IV.iv.135). Like her brother Portius, Marcia seems to exemplify Roman virtue in both words and deeds: "Cato's soul shines out in everything she acts or speaks" (I.iv.151-2). Juba admires her for her "inward greatness, unaffected wisdom, and sanctity of manners" (I.iv.150-1).

Re-establishing Roman identity through control of passion, however, poses overwhelming challenges. Initially, Portius keeps his promise by pleading for his brother's cause, asking Lucia not to reject the antisocial yet love-sick Marcus. When faced with Lucia's rejection of himself, however, Portius loses his strength and instead demands her to "recall those hasty words" of rejection, lest he should be "lost forever" (III.ii.38). To keep him loyal to his Roman virtue, Lucia must remind him four times of her vow not to mingle with him.

Likewise, mistaking the dead Sempronius for Prince Juba, Marcia loses her Stoic self-control, believing that her lover's "virtue will excuse [her] passion for [him], and make the gods propitious to [their] love" (IV.iii.89-90). Juba's virtue turns out to be not as reliable as she expects, however. The Numidian prince's resolve to support Cato's cause fades as he overhears her love confession to Sempronius (who she thinks is Juba). "Let Caesar have the world, if Marcia's mine" (IV.iii.97), Juba declares, overcome by emotion at the sight. When one lover abandons her Roman virtue of self-control, she subjects the other to "de-Romanization."

Marcus's inability to imitate Cato renders him the least Roman of Cato's young followers. Marcus recognizes this flaw when he compares himself to his brother, "Thy steady temper, Portius, can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Caesar, in the calm lights of mild philosophy" (I.i.135). His own unpleasant temper requires special treatment from Portius, who must conceal his own love for Lucia (I.i.59-60). Later on, after failing to win the favor of his beloved, Marcus throws a tantrum at Portius, "Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend to urge my cause!" (III.iii.16-7).

Unable to become Roman by controlling his passion, Marcus must instead prove himself worthy by dying a Roman death. According to Valerie M. Hope, "to die well [...] one should be at home, or at least with one's loved ones, and one should be brave and resolute and utter some wise or witty parting words" (50). Marcus's death falls short of his father's only in that we do not hear Marcus's parting words. Still, he "dies well" by demonstrating the "courage of a soldier" (55):

> Long at the head of his few faithful friends,
> He stood the shock of a whole host of foes;
> Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
> Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.
> (IV.iv.61-4)

In addition to verbal praise, Marcus earns the honor of having his urn buried next to his father's (IV.iv.71-2). By dying for their political cause, Marcus and Cato dissociate themselves from the "effeminating passions," thus preserving their integrity as "ideal tragic heroes."

In neither Marcus's nor Cato's death does the audience witness the sword's physical piercing of the body. To represent death as a means of "Romanization," Addison contrasts their glorious deaths with Sempronius's spectacular fall at Juba's sword. Disguised as Juba, Sempronius sneaks close to Marcia's chamber, scheming to kidnap her. Coincidentally, Juba himself appears, spies him, and kills him. Consequently, Sempronius suffers a triple doom: he falls at a "boy's hand…, disfigured in a vile Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman" (IV.ii.21-2). First, by betraying the republicans, Sempronius fails to meet Cato's political definition of a true Roman. Then, his African dress at his death metonymically "clothes" him with the "state of mind" of a "corrupted Roman." Hence, though Roman by birth, Sempronius dies a death that stabilizes his political identity as an enemy of the state.

In the end, Cato, too, discovers that only death can stabilize his own Roman identity. The young lovers' failures seem to make Cato lose his own resolve (V.iv.95-8). Although worshipped by his supporters, he reveals, through his choice of death, that he is really not a divine conqueror, but a human equally doubtful of his Roman identity. As Christine Henderson and Mark Yellin note, it is unlikely, given Caesar's well-known policy of clemency (IV.iv.146), that Cato would have been killed if captured (n16, 87). With no apparent reason to fear death at Caesar's sword, Cato resorts to suicide—perhaps to escape the de-Romanizing effect of "tyrant love." According to Hope, rather than a "negative act of the desperate," suicide among the ancient Roman elite was a "rational choice, and in politically unstable times…the ultimate means of self-definition" (58). To secure his own Roman identity, Cato follows Marcus in his fate.

When Caesar's arrival calls for a new definition of Roman identity, Addison's characters seek to "Romanize" themselves by adherence to republicanism and resistance to erotic love. They soon discover, however, that resistance to love is not straightforward, and only death can fully secure their Roman identity. Having died a Roman, Cato continues to reassure his followers through his transcendent power: "Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends" (V.iv.105). Originally the active "Romanizer" who spurred them to adopt self-control, Cato himself has become the Roman "state of mind." Despite tests of virtue, his followers ultimately acquire a relatively stable identity, and no longer need him alive.

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Religious and National Identity in Moshin Hamid's *The Reluctant Fundamentalist*

by Kathryn Fossaceca

On September 11, 2001, the United States succumbed to terrorist attacks as the massive World Trade Center Towers, perhaps the best known symbol of America's business prowess and world domination, crashed to the ground. Many non-Muslim Americans falsely deemed that the tenets of Islam advocated the heinous crime, and this heightened their prejudices against Muslims. In his novel *The Reluctant Fundamentalist*, Moshin Hamid imagines the effects of elevated levels of discrimination on the life of a fictional Pakistani Muslim character named Changez. Having moved to America to study at Princeton University, Changez lives happily until he has to deal with increased xenophobia and anti-Muslim sentiment following 9/11. He finds himself in the midst of an identity crisis, feeling torn between his Pakistani roots and his newly adopted American lifestyle. Initially, Changez chooses the latter, but he realizes that it comes with the burden of being perceived as a threat to mainstream American society. As the novel progresses, Changez is perceived as a terrorist, more and more often. He comments to an American observer, "It's remarkable, given its physical insignificance [...] the impact a beard worn by a man of my complexion has on your fellow

countrymen" (130). At another point in the book, Changez details walking home from work and being called a "f___ing Arab," a remark that is not only hateful but also incorrectly identifies his nationality. Toward the end of the novel Changez comments, "It seems an obvious thing to say, but you should not imagine that we Pakistanis are all potential terrorists, just as we should not imagine that you Americans are all undercover assassins" (183).

Following 9/11, many non-Muslim Americans grew more inclined to perceive groups of wholly innocent people as potential terrorists as a result of two tendencies: 1.) to collapse national identities together and 2.) to mistake Muslims as advocates of attacks against America. Suad Joseph argues that the American media incited this prejudice by portraying Muslims in ways that "enabled racial policing by associating them with terrorism" (Joseph 229). Joseph cites a *New York Times* report in which an author incorrectly used the term "Arab" to describe a Muslim from Pakistan, at no point correctly distinguishing the difference between the terms Pakistani, Arab, and Muslim. Joseph sees the reporter's error as having resulted from the tendency to conflate national and religious identities of Muslims, which, he argues, characterized the mainstream American media's coverage of 9/11 (236).

I was in the fourth grade on September 11, 2001, and, at nine years old, not everything made sense. I lived in New Jersey at the time, about an half an hour from New York. The collapse of the Towers left a smokey haze above my neighborhood for almost a week, but that haze cleared up; mine did not. I remember that day was weird. Many of my classmates went home early, and no one said anything about what happened, so we laughed every time the phone rang to signal a student out. On the bus ride home from school, all I thought about was telling my mom about the craziness of the school day, but I never did because she told me what happened first. The television showed words and images that I did not comprehend, but I put together my own thoughts: "Hijackers, crashed planes into the towers ...

hijackers are terrorists ... they came from the Middle East ... they are Muslim ... and that is what a Muslim looks like." The news report switched to a photo of Osama bin Laden. Watching the news, my thoughts grew more confused, and I believe that these same misconceptions infiltrated the minds of other kids in my generation.

After 9/11, many Muslims felt the effects of alienation and stigmatization from American society. The hostility included physical violence, verbal abuse, and hate stares. In Lori Peeks' interviews with Muslims who were mistreated following 9/11, those on the receiving end of the stares describe them as "unbearable" (qtd. in Peeks 72). Non-Muslim New Yorkers targeted Muslims based on their appearance, and the subsequent discrimination encouraged Muslims to feel compelled to blend into mainstream American culture so that they would not seem like outsiders. Muslim women faced discrimination for wearing the *hijab*, which represents a Muslim woman's purity and modesty, and Muslim men, who traditionally grow their beards to honor God and the prophet Muhammad, felt pressured to shave their beards for a 'cleaner' appearance.

Five years after 9/11 my younger sister, Sarah, in the sixth grade came home upset because boys were being mean to one of her friends, who started wearing a *hijab*. They called her "towel head," and told Sarah's friend she was a terrorist. Another example, last year Sarah told me how a boy in her class is from Afghanistan, and after Osama bin Laden was killed, other American boys remarked to him, "Sorry that your dad died."

Of course the idea that Islam advocates terrorism is a total misconception. As Fuad S. Naeem explains, while terrorists who advocate *jihad*—and who interpret that word to mean militant holy war against the United States—are commonly perceived as Muslim fundamentalists, their belief systems do not align with true Islam doctrine (81). He argues that these terrorists are more appropriately termed nationalistic fundamentalists rather than religious fundamentalists. In *Islamic Fundamentalism*, Youssef M.

Choueiri echoes Naeem's argument. Choueiri explains that "[true] Islam views the entire planet earth as the abode of humankind, thereby dissolving all these contrived divisions" (132) whereas, on the other hand, "[n]ationalism is an irrational approach which destroys deeper bonds between human beings. It divides humanity into racial groups, [and] sets up barriers of languages within one single religious community" (131).

Last year, I joined the Muslim Student Association at Marymount University to better understand what it means to be Muslim. The media might tell me one thing about a faith or culture, but the truth comes from the people who are members of that faith and culture. I am a practicing Catholic, but my friends in MSA have educated me by showing me the beauty of Islam. They cleared up my haze, and answered my questions, something that the media blurred.

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CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT: INNER CONFLICT

In the story of Apollo and Daphne in Book I of Metamorphoses*, Apollo is hit with one of Cupid's arrows, and he falls in love with Daphne. To escape Apollo's advances Cupid transforms Daphne into a laurel tree. Apollo still loves her, despite her difference in appearance. His image of her is warped—because he has been struck by Cupid's arrow, he sees Daphne as a beautiful, divine creature. In reality, Apollo is stuck in love with a tree. He is doomed to yearn for the love of someone who can never return it.*

— Alicia Romero, *from* "Imagery and Gaze in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*"

DRESSED IN DRUNK HOPE: ALCOHOLISM IN SHAKESPEARE'S *MACBETH*

by Brooke Nguyen

According to Buckner B. Trawick, each of Shakespeare's plays has at least one reference or thematic element pertaining to alcohol (1). In general, Shakespeare's characters drink for "good spirits, comfort, confidence, courage, hospitality, good fellowship, and the desire to forget" (35). But while the use of alcohol to promote the general feeling of happiness is apparent in several of his plays, Shakespeare occasionally takes the subject matter one step further and explores the effects of drunkenness and alcoholism. In *Macbeth*, Shakespeare incorporates references to alcohol to reflect Renaissance England's religious views on alcoholism and shame; to highlight the connection between power, sex, and intoxication; and ultimately, to drive the plot.

To understand the significant role of alcohol in Shakespeare's plays, one must take in to account its history in Renaissance England. In *Drink: A Cultural History of Alcohol*, Iain Gately explains that alcohol, commonly found in the form of ale or wine, was a dietary staple in Shakespeare's time (106). Due to the lack of clean water, alcohol was the primary form of liquid nourishment. Up until the Protestant Reformation, people remained relatively

indifferent on the subject of alcohol. As religious tensions rose, however, Protestants and Catholics began insulting each other with accusations of drunkenness. Gately states, "Such accusations cause[d] both sects to scrutinize the place of drink in their version of a Christian society" (106). While some religious radicals spoke out against alcohol, wine was ultimately regarded as a religious symbol and alcoholic beverages themselves were not condemned by society or religious leaders. Excessive drinking or alcoholism, on the other hand, was viewed as "un-Christian," and became increasingly frowned upon as society began to emphasize "moderation in drinking" (Gately 106, 109). This idea is reflected in *Macbeth*, a play in which alcohol is dangerous when abused. A swig of alcohol gives Lady Macbeth the "courage" to initiate the planned assassination—"That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold; what hath quenched them hath given me fire" (2.2.1-2)—and, at the same time, the guards and King Duncan's choice to drink ultimately proves fatal to them.

Ironically, the stresses of religious and political turmoil in Elizabethan England generated a rise in alcohol establishments. An abundance of inns, taverns, breweries, and alehouses were erected to help citizens cope with national issues (110). Regardless of the issue, ale was still viewed as a national commodity. It was not the drink itself that made men fools, but their individual weaknesses. Thus, alcohol was closely associated with manhood and shame.

The connection between manhood and shame is an important theme in *Macbeth*, and, interestingly enough, it is during the scene in which Macbeth's manhood is being discussed directly that alcohol is mentioned. According to Ewan Fernie, in the Renaissance, alcoholism (and drunkenness in general) shamed a man, as it marked an absence of strength and restraint against bodily temptations (83). An example of this idea manifesting itself in the play is when Lady Macbeth, in response to Macbeth's hesitation to follow through with Duncan's assassination, asks, "Was the hope drunk wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept

since? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale at what it did so freely?" (1.7.37-39). Lady Macbeth is referring to what Brad J. Bushman and Harris M. Cooper identify in their research as the marked increase of aggression followed by the debilitating hangover that accompanies intoxication (350), and she is connecting it to Macbeth's sudden reluctance to kill Duncan. In short, she is bringing to light his failure as a man by alluding to intoxication.

Gender expectations are also a preoccupation in the case of Lady Macbeth. During the Renaissance, English society deemed it shameful for a woman to engage in violence regardless of the intention (83). For Lady Macbeth to plot Duncan's murder is for her to cross into "manly" matters. In this and several other instances, Lady Macbeth resembles the witches, who take pleasure in tormenting people and constantly meddling in the affairs of men.

Significantly, the sinister female figures in *Macbeth* exhibit the exact qualities that Renaissance society ascribed to women brewers of alcohol. In *Food in Shakespeare: Early Modern Dietaries and the Plays*, Joan Fitzpatrick reports that while Elizabethan society allowed women to drink, it did not look favorably on women who made a living brewing alcohol. Women brewers had a reputation for contaminating the alcohol and possessing overall vulgar and menacing personalities (Fitzpatrick 50). Shakespeare's portrayal of Lady Macbeth and the three witches, then, draws from the negative outlook on women who made and sold alcohol. It is no accident that the play opens with the witches "brewing" a hideous concoction.

During the Renaissance, people typically understood human health, personality, and temperament using the theory of humoralism. N. S. Gill explains that according to this theory, people are comprised of four substances: yellow bile, black bile, phlegm, and blood. These four "humors" are directly associated with earthly seasons and elements. The humors also represent behavioral tendencies in people. In "'Fluster'd with Flowing Cups': Alcoholism, Humoralism, and the Prosthetic

Narrative in *Othello*," David H. Wood tells us that Renaissance society commonly believed that individuals who manifested certain humors over others were more prone to acquire certain diseases, addictions, or tempers. Thus, any sickness of the mind or body was attributed to an imbalance of these humors. Given what we know about humoral theory, Wood surmises that it is reasonable to expect that an Elizabethan audience would be able to analyze and relate to the characters in plays based on their ailments, affinities, and addictions, including alcoholism.

Aside from psychological causes of intoxication, Elizabethans would have had an interest in the physical effects of alcohol. In *Macbeth*, the effects of alcohol of the human body are clearly stated in the conversation between the Porter and Macduff. The Porter jests, "drink sir, is a great provoker of three things ... nose-painting, sleep, and urine" (2.3.24-27). The Porter also mentions that alcohol is an "equivocator" of lechery as it "provokes the desire but takes away the performance," a reference to impotency (2.3.28). Modern-day science confirms the negative effects of alcohol on the brain and the body that the Porter relates in *Macbeth*. According to Matthews and McQuain, alcohol increases blood circulation, which accounts for the perceived warmth, and red face (nose-painting) "depresses the nervous system," causes impotence, and delays motor functions (196-197).

The Porter's scene is best known for its comedic value, but upon closer analysis, it serves another purpose: to bring audience attention to the frequency of alcohol abuse in the play. Significantly, the Porter's memorable lines follow the murder of King Duncan and the scene in which Lady Macbeth chastises Macbeth as he begins to regret his deed. It is possible that Shakespeare was attempting to show a connection between the lust for power, the seductiveness of women, and the effects of alcohol. In Macbeth's case, power, women and alcohol are all tempting, dangerous, and result in some form of failure.

The connections between power, women, and alcohol point back to sexuality, another important focus in *Macbeth*. Dennis Biggins suggests that the reason Lady Macbeth is so bitter towards her husband may be that he is impotent. Biggins argues that although the couple has a passionate, erotic connection, it seems to manifest itself between the two characters via violent acts rather than sexual ones. It is obvious that the Macbeth's have no children. Seeing as how impotence is particularly related to manhood, it is possible that Lady Macbeth resents her husband for not providing her with children. Interestingly, the Porter talks about impotency as a side-effect of intoxication when he explains to Macduff that alcohol inspires and inhibits lechery at the same time. This may be a suggestion that the physical effects of alcohol often manifest themselves in the Macbeths' relationship.

The scene between the Porter and Macduff also supports the notion that alcohol is a great equalizer. During the Renaissance, alcohol was readily available and consumed by citizens of every social rank, and of every "morality," "temperament," and "intelligence" (Trawick 27). Trawick points out that while the quality and type of drink varied between classes, the effects of alcohol on the human body did not. Therefore, it was equally embarrassing for an aristocrat to become intoxicated as it was for a peasant (28). The dialogue between the Porter and Macduff illustrates this concept. While the men are of different ranks, they share an understanding of the risks of alcohol.

At the same time that the references to alcohol are a reflection of the society that Shakespeare was writing for, alcohol also functions in *Macbeth*, on a basic level, simply to drive the plot forward. The characters in *Macbeth* seem to be drinking from the beginning of the play, and it is their inclination toward alcohol that aids Macbeth in initiating a string of murders. When Duncan arrives at the Macbeths', a feast is held, and ale is undoubtedly served. Alcohol creates an atmosphere of community and celebration, but the sense of hospitality that results whenever the Macbeths are

serving alcohol masks their true intentions. Soon after the dinner begins, Duncan is drunk and goes to bed. It is not a stretch to assume that most attendees of the party are in some sort of drunken sleep during Duncan's assassination. This certainly helps Macbeth to avoid creating a commotion. Not only are the guards drugged and intoxicated, but Donalbain, in the room adjacent, does not stir.

The second time alcohol is directly involved in the play is during the banquet commemorating Banquo and Macbeth's military achievements. Macbeth encourages his guests, "Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure the table round" (3.4.11). Again, alcohol is seen here as a sign of hospitality with the purpose of promoting good spirits, but it also masks the sinister events at hand. After the murderer gives Macbeth word of Banquo's demise, Macbeth startles his guests and wife by reacting to an unseen entity, Banquo's ghost. Macbeth is able to stave off any suspicious looks by blaming it on the alcohol. Macbeth reassures his guests:

> Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends; I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing to those that know me. Come, love and health to all! Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine. Fill full. [...]. I drink to th'general joy o'th'whole table, and to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss. Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst. And all to all. (3.4.85-92)

His guests, in turn, attribute his behavior to intoxication rather than suspecting him of a crime. It is probable that Macbeth is drunk or at least influenced by alcohol, in which case, alcohol serves to expose Macbeth's true character and anxieties to the audience and amplifies the dramatic element of the scene as a whole.

The scenes in *Macbeth* that deal directly with alcohol play a large role in the advancement of the plot.

Macbeth uses alcohol to simulate a secure environment for Duncan, eliminate the chance of interruption during the assassination, and evade his subjects' suspicion at the banquet he and Lady Macbeth host. If Duncan's guards, the Porter, and the banquet guests had not been drinking, Macbeth would not have been able to enact so many murders or to get away with his killing spree for as long as he does.

As Trawick argues, even those references to alcohol in *Macbeth* that are "unrelated" to the actual consumption of alcohol nevertheless produce a common imagery that underscores the importance of alcohol in the play. Trawick claims that the prevalence of alcoholic imagery in a character's dialogue reveals his or her inner workings (44-45). For example, Lady Macbeth makes at least three references to alcohol in her speech.[1] In total, *Macbeth* contains eleven references to alcohol, eight of which are directly related to drinking, and three of which are metaphoric uses of alcoholic terms (Trawick 66).

As a playwright, Shakespeare incorporated references to alcohol both symbolically—to underscore the religious and social issues of his time—and directly, to advance the plot. While references to alcohol appear in all of Shakespeare's works, the fact that alcohol can promote positive feelings while, simultaneously, enabling sinister acts to take place makes it particularly appropriate for the passionate, violent tragedy that is *Macbeth*.

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[1] The significance of alcohol as a plot driver is even more obvious in *Scotland, PA*, the 2003 adaptation of *Macbeth*. The film takes place in Scotland, Pennsylvania, as the title suggests, during the 1970s, when drugs and alcohol were widely abused, and in the film, alcohol is directly responsible for the downfall of several characters. While the film itself is a parody of American culture and Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, the role of alcohol in the plot of the movie is just as crucial as it is in the play. Like *Macbeth*, there is a strong connection between the movie plot and the role of alcohol.

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I Can't Be Perfect

by Bobbie Crocker

It is summertime. Late enough that the sun has long since killed off all of the pollen and grass seed that leave my eyes red and my nose perpetually runny.

It's quiet in the house. My sisters have all run outside to play in the sun. I am sitting in the living room playing with my Barbie dolls. It was my older sister's birthday last week, and she got a new Barbie. I am playing with it while she's outside. She'll yell at me if she catches me, but mine are all missing their shoes, and their hair is a tangled mess.

The babysitter comes in. I look up as I shove the borrowed Barbie behind my back. I relax; I'm pretty sure she won't tell on me.

"Put away your toys now," she says.

I try to tell her that Ken is taking Barbie and Kelly to the beach, so I can't do it now.

"Put your toys away," she says again.

The way she's talking is scaring me a little. She sounds angry.

"Then clean up your breakfast mess, go make your bed, and go outside."

My heart feels like a hummingbird in my chest. There's too much to do. I can't do it all at once! She hates

me! She's gonna tell Mommy on me and I'm gonna be in trouble.

Daddy would say that I'm spazzing out right now; that I need to take deep breaths. I try, but I can't seem to remember how right now.

I'm on the ground. I don't know how I got here. Someone is screaming. Oh, it's me. I've ruined everything. I know it.

* * *

I'm five years old, and today is my first day of kindergarten. Mommy bought me a bright red dress and shiny white shoes that haven't been worn by anybody but me!

"How long will I be there, Mommy?" I ask.

I'm not scared. I'm not.

On the first day of class, we learn to write our names. I'm gonna go by "Barbara." I'm named for both of my grandmas and I'm tired of "Bobbie" all the time.

I hear a memory of my parents yelling at my older sister for her chicken-scratch handwriting. I'm hiding in my room, peeking through the door. I don't want them to yell at me too; it's better to hide here till they are done. If they yell at me, I'm just gonna cry like always. Why am I such a cry baby?

I'm gonna make my handwriting the best, then Mommy and Daddy won't yell at me or my sister!

My tongue is poking out of the side of my mouth as I copy everything Mrs. Penné does. I'm taking longer than everybody else but looking at the scribbles the boy next to me is making, I know it's gonna be worth it! My letters fit perfectly in the dotted lines! Mine has to be the best in the class. Mommy is going to brag to Auntie about my writing and how I'm much better than my cousin Sean. She will tell them how I am her perfect daughter and how happy I make her.

Mrs. Penné is coming to my table to see how I'm doing. I hand her the paper with pride, waiting for the praise that she's going to give me. She clicks her tongue and hands me a new paper.

"Do it again," she says, "It's wrong. Everything is backwards."

I hear the words "It's wrong" repeated over and over in my head.

Tears run down my face as I try, again and again, to get it right. I still don't do it by the time Mommy picks me up at the end of the school day.

I am humiliated. I let everyone down.

* * *

I am the only third grader in fifth grade math. Math is my favorite subject. I'm good at it. There's always one right answer and, if you know what you're doing, it's easy to find. Math makes sense, and the rules don't change.

Every morning at 10:00 a.m. a big kid comes to the Little Room and escorts me to Math class. When I go to recess I get to tell my friends all about the Big Room!

We're learning something new today: long division.

I've done plenty of division. Last year I passed my division test. I was the fastest. I finished twenty-five problems in less than two minutes! It was pretty easy after multiplication.

But this long division looks different. The numbers are really big. Where's the division sign? There's just a weird box thing. Ms. Dowd is talking about remainders and saying, "Make sure you carry the five over to the next number."

Everyone else knows what they're doing. Maybe they learned this in fourth grade math.

I don't wanna look dumb, so I'm not gonna say anything.

* * *

Tears run down my face as I sit in the guidance counselor's office. He's telling me that I'm currently failing Calculus and Physics. I'm not going to graduate. I'm the only kid in this whole damn school who can't make it out of here!

"It's possibly depression," he says, "Have you been tested for ADD?"

No.

Yes, I do have trouble focusing in class. And no, I don't think I've done homework at home since the sixth grade.

Nothing is going to come from this line of questioning. Nothing ever does.

No, I don't have any help at home. Mom is in Alabama for work.

She's been gone for three weeks. The cupboards are bare at home. Have you noticed that my younger sisters and I eat way too much cafeteria food at lunch? That we owe over 300 dollars for it? Of course you haven't.

No, my dad's living in California. No, my younger sisters hate each other so all they do is fight.

"I need to go home. I'll make sure to have someone get my sisters. I can't go back to class like this."

My Calculus teacher stops me in the hallway. I try to hide that I have been crying. I don't want him added to the long list of teachers who've had to comfort me while I cry. I've at least upgraded from "cry baby" to just "emotional;" an attribute inherited from my Italian and Irish ancestors, according to my grandma.

He takes me to his office and tells me that we can fix my grades. He can help me.

I hold on to that like a lifeline.

* * *

The Nursing program is hard. They tell us they don't want to weed us out, but I can't help but think they're lying when they say that. It's the week before finals of my

junior year. I've been on the phone with my mom every day for the past two weeks; I've told her not to be surprised if I don't pass at least one of my classes. She's flown out here to help me study. A three-thousand-mile trip, just to help me pass my classes.

I have the best mom ever.

I go into my final feeling very confident. I'm sure I could recite the book to my professor by that point.

The test is online, and it's a little intimidating. I'm the second to finish; I've always been a fast test taker.

"Your score is being calculated," the screen says.

My heart flutters nervously and then breaks into a million pieces as my final grade is displayed on the screen.

"You have received a 68%."

I try to keep it together long enough to make it back to my dorm. I know the grade I needed to pass, and that was not it. As I climb into my bed, wishing I could die, I start crying.

"Bobbie? Are you okay?" the voice of my roommate is muffled by my door.

"I don't want to talk about it right now."

I hear her walk away. I shouldn't have snapped at her. She was only trying to help.

I curl up into a ball. Maybe if I make myself small enough I'll just disappear. Then I won't have to deal with any of this.

Mom's called three times now; she wants to know how I did. She was so sure that I was going to pass, that I was going to make her proud. I don't have courage enough to tell her that all the time spent studying with her was wasted.

She's wasted so much on me, and I've failed her.

* * *

God, what is wrong with me? What happened that made me so different from the rest of my family?

I still strive for that perfection that I sought out as a kid. I still want to make my family proud. Why didn't I get my share of the work ethic that my family is famous for?

From the outside, it looks like I am right up there with the rest of them, but I'm just compensating. Everyone thinks I'm perfect and, since I am far from it, I've gotten pretty good at pretending. I've always managed to squeak by on mediocre work and good luck, but that doesn't work in the real world. Hell, I'm not even in the real world yet, and it's already not working.

I get motivated at the most inconvenient times, usually at bedtime or when there's no way I can do my work. I tell myself that I'm going to keep up my enthusiasm the next time I face those problems, but it never happens.

I do alright for a few weeks, a month or two if I'm lucky, and then something happens that makes me fall behind again. Every year it's the same thing and I'm sick of it! Something needs to happen. Something needs to change.

Maybe it's me.

Science Fiction and Metaphysics: Psychological Discontinuity in Daryl Gregory's "Second Person, Present Tense"

by Emma Wallace

In Daryl Gregory's short story, "Second Person, Present Tense," we encounter a young girl whose circumstances have led her and her family into metaphysical questions concerning personal identity. Gregory presents the story from the perspective of Terry, who believes she has only been in existence for two years, after waking up in a hospital in the body of a seventeen-year-old girl named Therese Klass. Therese's parents believe that Terry, in the body of Therese, is their daughter, while Terry copes with the fact she is trapped in another's identity. This interesting situation provides an opportunity for thoughtful application of theories of personal identity. In the story, we see characters who understand personal identity in terms of the body theory, and others who believe the psychological continuity theory. Each theory provides very different answers concerning Terry's true identity. Overall, the reader is given a stronger presentation of the psychological continuity theory, but because of the emotional circumstances and drama in the fiction, the realization does not come without serious social consequences.

In "First Person, Second Tense," Gregory presents a particular understanding of personal identity in which mental activity and consciousness define the self. The story presents the idea that the processes of the brain are what really govern a person's behavior or decisions. Once the brain makes a decision, it sends a signal to one's consciousness, which then tells the body to carry out the decision. Our awareness of the decision-making process gives us the impression that it was our "self," rather than just a set of neurological processes, that makes the decision to perform a certain act (294-295). This understanding supposes that though the consciousness does not make decisions, it tags a set of mental processes as consistently and continuously belonging to one person: "myself" (299). As a result, consciousness becomes the basis for our sense of identity. Gregory bases Terry's sense of self on this understanding.

Throughout the short story, the drug "Z" temporarily delays the signal that notifies the consciousness of mental activities and decisions, creating a feeling of indifference. The body acts under the decisions of the brain, but there is no sense of self creating a memory or putting the decisions in perspective of its past and in the framework of the future (293). When Therese takes too much "Z," the drug not only delays the signal to the brain, but also communicates to a different self—a different consciousness. After the overdose, the signal never reaches Therese again, and all of the mental activities that occur in the brain are reported to Terry's consciousness (296). This is why Terry believes she has only been in existence for two years, and that she does not share the same identity as Therese.

Terry's understanding of personal identity does not correspond with the body theory. According to Adam Kovach's lecture on personal identity theories, the body theory defines identity by the continuity of the body. As a physical body persists through time, the identity of that body remains consistent. Terry acknowledges that she has

the same body as Therese. She even describes the situation as if she were living in a pre-owned house: "I only gradually understood that somebody must have owned this house before me. And then I realized the house was haunted" (Gregory 298). However, Terry does not define herself and her identity by her body. She refers to Therese as if she were another character. For example, Terry comments, "The shirt is a little tight; Therese, champion dieter and Olympic-level purger, was a bit smaller than me" (295). Terry confirms that there can be more than one identity per body.

Although Terry does not define herself by her body, others do. Terry views Therese's parents as strangers; however, Mr. and Mrs. Klass believe that Therese's identity persists because Therese's body persists. Indeed, everyone from Therese's life considers and treats Terry as though she is Therese. Mrs. Klass brings up the point that "you don't get to decide who loves you" (304). If we reject the body theory, as Terry does, we must deal with the consequence that imposed identities may be significant, but ultimately are not valid. How does one cope with living as a new person in a body to which so many have an emotional attachment?

Mr. and Mrs. Klass even send Terry to a counselor to help her "reclaim her memories," or to look back through Therese's memories and try to put herself in Therese's shoes (M 24, 297 r). Dr. Mehldau, the counselor, bases her therapy on the fact that although Terry might feel like a different person from Therese, they are still the same person biologically and legally. The sessions work toward putting the pieces of Therese's past together so Terry can continue her life in relation to Therese's old one (297). This is a slightly altered view of the body theory, since Dr. Mehldau does not directly say that Terry is the same person as Therese, rather, that they share an aspect of identity. This adapted version of the body theory may be a strategy, on Dr. Mehldau's part, to sympathize with Terry during their therapy sessions. Dr. Mehldau has to let Terry know that she understands her feelings, but at the same time, adhere

to her objective to make Therese and Terry one continuous person because they share the same body. Once again, if we were to reject the body theory, we cannot deny that the physical parts of Therese do live on, and a set solution remains questionable. Is Terry responsible for the past of her body?

However, Terry's belief that she is a separate person from Therese is also justifiable. According to the psychological theory of identity, a self is only continuous in terms of psychological connectedness. If the components that make up a person's mentality, such as personality, motivations, and perspective, carry on over time with minor, steady change and development, then the person's identity is preserved. Indeed, over the course of a few years, we change our opinions and outlooks on life, but we tend to consider ourselves the same person. As Derek Parfit explains in his essay "Personal Identity," "the word 'I' can be used to imply the greatest degree of psychological connectedness" (316). When these characteristics take a drastic change, or if we look far enough back in time to a point in our chain of successive selves to a link that does not closely match our present state, we can say that there is a different self. Parfit adds that in cases of such a drastic change, one could specify the degree to which the selves are related (316). This theory agrees with Terry's account of the identity problem.

If we look at Therese's and Terry's existences as one combined life, we would see that there are too many psychological differences between the two girls. Terry does not display a continuation of any emotional connections to Therese's family and friends, even though she can see them from Therese's memories. Terry has distinctly different interests from those of Therese: whereas Therese enjoys Christian rock and gymnastics, Terry is fascinated with Buddhism and neuroscience (Gregory 293, 295, 300). Surely, the degree of psychological connectedness here must be too large to consider Terry and Therese to be the same "self."

However, the main, and probably most important, factor that determines a change in personal identity is the change in consciousness from Therese to Terry. This change seems to be the point that Gregory emphasizes throughout the story. The very choice of writing the story in first person brings the reader closer to Terry's thoughts and allows the reader to gain a more intimate understanding of Terry's relation to Therese. As mentioned earlier, Terry always refers to Therese as if she were a separate character in the story. As she learns more about Therese's old life, Terry forms opinions about Therese and makes guesses as to how she would react towards certain things. Terry makes judgments about Therese despite limited knowledge about her and access to Therese's memories.

We also see instances of Terry observing things about Mr. and Mrs. Klass, and sympathizing with them. She understands their position, and feels sorry that they have misunderstood that she is their daughter, but she fiercely declares to Dr. Mehldau, "This is my body, and I'm not going to kill myself just so Alice and Mitch can have their baby girl back" (297). This strong sense of self is what sets Terry apart from Therese. Terry believes that if it were possible to regain the psychological continuity with Therese, Terry would literally cease to exist. Here, Terry, the narrator of this story, relates her identity not to the body, but to her consciousness. When Mrs. Klass tells Terry "you don't get to decide who loves you" (304), Mrs. Klass has just admitted that Terry and Therese do not have the same identity. Mrs. Klass's perplexity functions to communicate the difficulty she faces with the change in self between Terry and Therese, and the difficulty Terry faces in realizing that people are not always willing to drop designations of the body, even if the self is no longer the same.

Overall, "Second Person, Present Tense" functions as a unique, extended thought experiment to which we can apply various theories. Characters with opposing opinions offer objections and replies. Emotional insight and human

interest often address questions that may be discussed in the course of examining the competing arguments. For example, if we simply had the basics of this story presented as a thought experiment within an argument about personal identity, readers might not have fully understood the emotional effects of the implications. Though unlike philosophical papers in which an argument is outlined and a conclusion is made clear, a work of fiction can still present a relevant situation. Open ends allow readers to think critically on their own and apply metaphysical theories to new situations.

"Second Person, Present Tense" is an appropriate vehicle for understanding issues of personal identity. The psychological discontinuity between two selves that are contained within the same body provides a situation that allows for application of the body theory and the psychological continuity theory. Although the story, particularly the insight provided by the use of first person, gives a stronger preference to the psychological continuity theory, Gregory effectively communicates the weighty and difficult implications of rejecting the body theory.

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SUPPORTING CAST: ALL IN THE FAMILY

In order for women to be the matriarchs of their homes, they need to assert themselves with their children. In A Raisin in the Sun*, Mama and Walter often quarrel over whose home they are actually living in. Walter constantly feels that his manhood is in question. Mama, in her domineering way, asserts her power and tells him that Ruth is expecting a child and considering an abortion. At that moment in the play, Walter could be the hero; he could comfort his wife, he could tell her that everything will be alright, and he could tell her that they will unite because they are husband and wife.*

However, Hansberry does not write that kind of family.

—Jaymi Thomas, *from* "Family Baggage in African-American Theater"

MONDAY NIGHT RAW

by Courtney Deal

Connor and I had the house to ourselves. The rest of the family had gone car shopping and wanted to be spared my bored, sarcastic comments and Connor's incessant questioning. We spent the whole night on the couch. Connor was watching TV, but I was more interested in learning the newest developments in his life; our parents made sure Connor was always busy with whatever seasonal sport he wanted to try. Every now and then I would slip in a question about how kindergarten was going or how he liked his soccer coach and teammates. Apparently, school was good; soccer was better. Connor's classmate and teammate Zach was terrible at it, for one, being more interested in giving his team hugs instead of defending the goal; Connor's friend Patrick's dad always called him "Hat Trick" even though he never scored one goal let alone three; and Connor himself was one of the few who actually watched soccer at home. Connor said that he was thinking about playing tee-ball next fall, but he didn't know yet. He would have to think about it some more before he came to a final decision.

Every once in a while, Connor would ask me to pull up the guide so that he could see what time it was. I didn't bother to ask him why. Five-year-olds are inquisitive,

and Connor was no exception. As the night went on, the guide was on the screen more often than whatever television show we were watching.

Almost as soon as the analog clock he had been watching for the past half hour ticked to eight, Connor asked me to pull up the guide again. He was still learning to tell time, and he wanted to be sure the clock sitting on the fireplace was right. The large guide on the screen proved him right, and instantly he was up and scooting out of his seat next to me on the couch. He scurried into the darkness of the house just as fast as he did when he was shooting down the soccer field at his most recent game.

"Where are you going?" I asked him. I knew he wasn't headed off to use the bathroom because he usually announced that.

Connor's eyebrows furrowed in confusion. I should have already known where he was going. It was eight o'clock after all. "I'm going upstairs to watch *Monday Night Raw*."

Apparently, as I found out from my parents later that night, it had become his weekly routine to go upstairs, watch the wrestling program, imitate the moves, learn new catchphrases, and then fall asleep in the middle of my parents' bedroom floor. The program was usually still on when my parents would finally go upstairs to bed—and Connor would still be lying directly in front of the TV, watching through his eyelids.

Before he could make his way up the stairs, I furrowed my eyebrows in the same way he did and asked, "Why are you going upstairs though? You can watch it down here."

His eyes lit up like I had never seen before. He scrambled back onto the couch, reaching for the remote his entire way up. When I handed it to him, his grin was contagious. He really couldn't believe that I wanted to watch wrestling with him. No one else had ever wanted to.

Monday Night Raw started with previews of all the matches that would be played that night, introducing their

stats and their rivalries. The announcers talked about all the drama that had supposedly happened during the week, cutting to clips of arguments that had been all-too-conveniently captured by "hidden cameras." I couldn't believe anyone would buy these clearly staged arguments, but when I turned to laugh with Connor about how ridiculous they were, I saw that he was enthralled. Connor was hanging on every word, his eyes darting between each wrestler as they shouted to each other.

Despite the television announcer having already introduced the wrestlers, Connor took the time to point out all of his favorites—like John Cena, Rey Mysterio, and the Big Show. John Cena was the one in the "cool outfit"—no shirt, orange sweatband, jean shorts and white tennis shoes. Rey Mysterio never took off his mask, and Big Show was "really big," Connor told me while giggling to himself. He made sure I knew that he was not a fan of The Miz—who was not "awesome" in spite of what his catchphrase claimed.

As each one of his favorite wrestlers came down the runway and into the ring, Connor got up from the couch and did all of their choreographed moves and sang along to their theme songs.

"You want some? Come get some!" Connor repeated as John Cena came out of the tunnel. I instantly remembered how every time I talked to Connor on the phone, he would repeat that phrase incessantly, regardless of what we were talking about. And now here Connor was in our living room, flexing his muscles like John Cena and singing along to his theme song.

Connor got really excited when CM Punk was announced as John Cena's opponent. The two had been rivals for quite some time, and apparently, all of their fights were usually crowd-pleasers. The two men stood on opposite sides of the ring yelling abuses at each other about the events that had transpired over the past few weeks. None of it made sense to me, but for Connor, who had been following the feud, it was crystal clear what they were

talking about. When I asked him, Connor said that he would tell me later and to pay attention. From what I gathered, the carefully designed drama between the two wrestlers was about members of John Cena's wrestling group being taken by Generation X, CM Punk's team. Connor was completely invested in the ongoing war of words, but I could only think about how ridiculous CM Punk looked in his black t-shirt and tiny wrestling shorts. Well, Connor called them shorts; to me they looked like man-panties.

When the two men actually began to fight, Connor's eyes were glued to the television. The only time I could get him to talk to me was when he told me the names of each move the wrestlers did. As the two men grabbed at each other and took turns pinning each other down to the mat, I noticed how great their acting skills were. John Cena's face was twisted in pain and his grunts of torture were perfectly timed until the very second he was supposed to get out of CM Punk's hold—much to Connor's relief.

"Whoa! Did you see that?" Connor asked me after CM Punk took one particularly hard hit to the mat. I just nodded in amusement at how easily Connor ignored the signs of the hit being faked.

Every time one of the wrestlers hit the mat, Connor gasped at how hard he hit it and made sure I saw it. I nodded to him and then laughed to myself at how obviously the man on top's hand hit the mat while he was holding onto the man on the bottom to make sure his body didn't actually hit it. Every once in a while, the bottom wrestler made sure the heels of his feet hit in addition to the hand, increasing the noise level and the intensity of the move.

True to form, John Cena won the match against CM Punk with one swift completion of the "attitude adjustment"—Cena's signature move. Connor never noticed, but the "good guy" always won. Cena walked his victory lap around the ring, and CM Punk was left to sulk in the corner. The rest of the matches continued this way

throughout the night. The women's matches lasted for a significantly shorter time than the men's, but Connor didn't care. The women weren't nearly as interesting to him—girls still had cooties.

Before I watched with Connor, it was difficult to understand how the bad acting and fake wrestling on television could possibly entertain anyone, but after I saw how excited he got about every little thing that occurred, I found myself getting excited as well. I sang along with all of the catchy songs and imitated the wrestlers with Connor in front of the TV. It made me smile to see that Connor was enjoying himself even more with me copying the moves with him. He taught me how to hold my arms and the words to the songs when I got them wrong. Even through this, Connor paid careful attention to the wrestling and the winners so that he wouldn't miss anything that may become important next week.

After what felt like the hundredth match, Connor began to get sluggish and sat down on the couch for the final time that night. Not even the yelling coming from the TV screen could keep him awake. I continued to watch the rest of the program. Connor would want to know what happened when he woke up the next morning.

THE MARGINAL WAY

by Katlyn Manka

The planes of rock beneath spongy flip flops are hard and unyielding, forcing my feet to curl awkwardly around the rock face just to maintain an upright position. But I am used to this unbalanced climb in a way that it becomes comfortable. Even the unforgiving sun melting into the back of my neck is comforting, like an ever present guarding sentinel of heat. Despite this intense radiance, the telltale chill of ocean breeze and wave spray cleverly disguises 90 degree weather in a way nothing else can. On the Marginal Way, there is something about the air, perhaps coolness, perhaps clarity that invokes almost a superhuman level of adrenaline that inevitably leads to the craggy seaside and an urge to run. The Marginal Way is a one-mile seaside stretch along a small, rocky peninsula. In essence, the entire path is the edge of a cliff made out of a multitude of boulders, multidimensional and multi-planed.

It is low tide, and the boulders are completely revealed, some towering over sea level like claws to heaven. Once I saw a piece of skin under a microscope, full of rents, dark places, deep places and raised places and in my mind's eye, added crashing waves. When I was a child, my father told me that if I fell off one of the boulder's ledges into the water, the waves would bash me against the rocks hard and

fast, and that he would not be able to save me in time. As a result, I learned the good sense to always stay at least three feet away from the precarious edge unless I was seated.

Directly below me, in a wide crevice full of uneven ledges shorter than the one I stand on, two young children scale their own Mount Everest—a rock that I could scale with a single step—as their mother watches on from nearby, not too far away, but not so close as to spoil the feeling of open adventure. This mother is brave. Other parents chase their kids away from the rocks, telling them the horrors of injury and fatal danger, this woman understands the exhilaration and wonder that such a place poses to children. My grandparents tried to chase my siblings and me away from the rocks once, but they have a calling. We would promise to be careful and go slow, but find ourselves running when we passed just out of sight. My brother, sister, and cousin were all younger than I was, and because I was bigger, I was always the fastest. Even ahead of the group, however, I was never too far to come running at a moment's notice: a large difficult crevice, an interesting puddle, even an emergency and I would be there in a second to share in it.

I watch as the children help each other up the rock face, readying myself to reach out and assist them should they wobble too far, but they don't need me, they pick their rocks carefully. I look on as they test their climbing ability, challenging each other as much as they challenge themselves. The climb they choose is difficult enough to be interesting, but simple enough not to fall. I find myself trailing after them, wondering how weird it would look if I actually reach out to stop a strange child of no relation to me from falling. It probably wouldn't look too strange, I can help out if something happens, not that I expect it to. But with their mother slightly out of reach, at least someone is watching.

Calmly shuffling across the rocks ahead, the mother attends to the youngest child, too small to be climbing the rocks. She holds her daughter over a sparking

aquamarine tide pool, pointing out fish as they zip by. Roughly the size of a narrow hot tub, the tide pool is deep and so clear that the distinct change in depth is evident as my eyes wander to the bottom of the darker, yet still clear center. The smell of seaweed is so strong, I can almost taste it, can almost feel the salt on my skin. This pool would be deep enough to swim in, but the amount of life teeming within is startling. Flashes of red, blue, green, brown and orange line the insides of this crevice lovingly while crabs scuttle around the sides and fish flit back and forth through colorful plants that ripple and flow in the still water. The spiral shells of snails meander across the sides of the pool at a hair's pace, creeping along with few cares in the world. The toddler squirms in her mother's arms, trying to get a better look and the pool refracts the intense sun in a beam of light across her face. Between these beams of light and the rippled heat, this large pool of water between two crags resembles an engagement ring upon the finger of a happy woman.

Beyond the tide pool, I know the path holds even more excitement, but I am reminded of the two children trekking across the coastline, racing along the rocks in the breeze of the sea. They remain within arms' reach of each other, consequently keeping each other farther from harm than an overbearing parent ever could. It was like this with my brother and sister, the only time we weren't quarreling or pushing each other away. When we were here with Mom and Dad, all five of us would help each other out to the dangerous rocks beside the crushing waves and Mom would take pictures of us with the spray of the sea at our backs. My dad still has those pictures on his desk at work, my siblings and I lined up on the rocks with the wind in our hair.

Even as I stand alone watching these children, I can't help but remember this same spot with my brother and sister. Remembering how as we got older, we raced against my father on the rocks, always teetering after a long jump, always about to fall and always climbing rocks about

four times bigger than ourselves; exhilaration always kept us up, closeness always kept us safe. But now the big rocks look so much smaller and the giant ones look so much farther apart. Everything seems so much farther apart than it used to, yet smaller at the same time. I never know when a tiny space that used to seem large to me will be the one that twists my ankle. I need my siblings there, challenging me to pick my next rock bigger than they picked theirs, to somehow move faster than they do because without them, I wonder how I am really moving at all. I hope these young siblings I am watching never drift apart, never lose each other the way I am afraid I will lose my own. I am nineteen years old, standing alone on a cliffside coast, and I wish I weren't standing there alone.

Literary Father Figures: Male Guardians in Ann Radcliffe, Elizabeth Inchbald, and Nora Roberts

by Adrianne Morris

As Stuart Sim notes, "[p]oliticians are fond of promoting the virtue of the family unit as a way of establishing the right moral values in the individual [...] the assumption is that parents can always be relied upon to have the child's best interest at heart" (105). A study of literature by woman novelists, however, finds varied representations of the parent figure, specifically the male guardian. When it comes to the adoptive father, Ann Radcliffe, Elizabeth Inchbald, and Nora Roberts provide readers with examples of the good, the bad, and the ugly. Pierre La Motte in Radcliffe's *The Romance in the Forest* and Dorriforth in Inchbald's *A Simple Story* are patriarchal, self-interested guardians who do little to improve their wards, Adeline and Miss Milner. On the other hand, Gwayne in Roberts' *The Witching Hour* and Arnaud La Luc in *The Romance in the Forest* are benevolent guardians, who encourage the training and foster the educations of Aurora and Adeline.

In Caroline Gonda's *Reading Daughters' Fictions 1709-1834: Novels and Society from Manley to Edgeworth*, she argues that early modern novels by women illustrate that

"[w]hat daughters have to fear is not the tyrannical exercise of paternal power but the dangerous results of paternal weakness" (176). This quote certainly applies to Pierre La Motte, who, as the narrator explains, "would have been a good man; [but] as it was, he was always weak" (Radcliffe 2). La Motte's chief weakness is that he is selfish, as is evident in the scene in which, during their travels, Adeline becomes ill in the carriage and must see a physician. Despite the clear hardships already endured by Adeline, La Motte, on the run from his creditors, worries more about himself, concerned with "[being] exposed to destruction by the illness of a girl, whom he did not know, and who ha[s] actually been forced upon him, [all of which he sees as] a misfortune" (12). He cares little about the fact that he has made his family fugitives from the law and pities only himself. La Motte asks his family, "Is it [...] so wonderful, that a man, who has lost almost everything, should sometimes lament his misfortunes [?] [...] or so criminal to attempt concealing his grief, that he must be blamed for it by those, whom he would save from the pain of sharing it[?]" (48). But certainly La Motte has not saved the others from grief; he has instead induced them to suffer in exile for his poor financial decisions.

La Motte's selfishness is also evident in the scene in which Adeline and the entire family are hiding beneath the trapdoor out of fear of being discovered. Adeline offers to go up and explore the grounds for soldiers, an instance that Anne Chandler sees as demonstrating the heroine's optimistic belief in the renewability of solace. La Motte's response to Adeline's act of bravery on behalf of the others is telling. He says, "If you *should* be seen, you must account for you appearance so as not to discover me" (63). Here La Motte thinks only of his own safety by agreeing to let Adeline proceed into a dangerous situation. In doing so, he clearly denies his responsibility to protect her.

La Motte's ugliest failure comes when he offers to arrange a sexual tryst between the Marquis and Adeline. La Motte says, "Name your hour, my Lord, you shall not be

interrupted [.... and] I will be there to conduct you to her chamber" (225). Essentially, La Motte offers to trade Adeline's body for his own freedom: he hopes that the Marquis will forgive him for the attempted robbery in exchange for Adeline's virginity. In essence, La Motte only looks out for himself, expecting Adeline to submit to him and to the Marquis, acting in their best interests instead of hers.

Similarly, Inchbald's Dorriforth is also a bad father figure. He has the ability to be a strong protector except "there [is] in his nature shades of evil—there [is] an obstinacy; such as he himself, and his friends term firmness of mind" (33-34). Caroline Breashers points out that "[i]nstead of prescribing roles," *A Simple Story* "explores the consequences of competing masculine ideals" (453). Dorriforth is, Breashears states, "a man of feeling and a man of honour," but he "illustrates difficulty reconciling these models" (453). He struggles with Miss Milner because she challenges and provokes him.

Adding to the difficulty is the fact that Dorriforth is a devout Catholic who expects Miss Milner to submit to patriarchal authority and adhere to the Christian tenets of female propriety. He does not like that she attends "[b]alls, plays, [and keeps] incessant company" (27). He orders her to refrain from going out by stating, "[o]nce more shew your submission by obeying me [...] and be assured I shall issue my commands with greater circumspection for the future, as I find how strictly they are complied with" (33). Dorriforth reacts harshly to Miss Milner because he believes that he is "deterring her from the evil of disobedience" (30). He also, Breashear suggests, feels threatened by Miss Milner because "too much indulgence in luxury or association with women might render a man weak" (454).

In an effort to assert his authority, Dorriforth attempts to control Miss Milner's clothing and her spending habits (163). When Miss Milner arrives home from the masquerade having disobeyed Dorriforth and still dressed in her controversial costume, he threatens to separate from

her (163). She pleads with him, reminding him of her late father's wishes that Dorriforth be her guardian, and he responds, pointing to her dress, "[a]ppeal to your father in some other form, in *that* he will not know you" (165) (italics mine). While Dorriforth does love Miss Milner, he continuously faults her because she is unwilling to obey him.

In both novels, the men act out of their own self-interest. La Motte tries to save himself by arranging for Adeline to submit to the Marquis, and Dorriforth demands that Miss Milner surrender to his commands. Neither young woman is allowed to be her true self with her male guardian and instead feels required to submit in order to gain his approval.

Gwayne and Arnaud La Luc, on the other hand, act as both mentor and protector to Aurora and Adeline, respectively. These men extend support to the heroines even though they are not their biological fathers, performing their roles with integrity, kindness, and fortitude. Gwayne and La Luc contribute to the success of the women by training, protecting, and educating them. Through their adoptive fathers, Aurora and Adeline learn skills and gain the knowledge typically taught only to boys. Gwayne teaches Aurora to fight, to hunt, and to fish, while La Luc fosters Adeline's love of reading by allowing her access to his library and cultivating an intellectual environment that allows Adeline to thrive. Additionally, both father figures provide the women with affection, which renders emotional security within their relationship.

Aurora's destiny entails that she become a warrior queen, and, like a good father, Gwayne trains her in the skills she needs in order to fulfill this prophecy. Ultimately, she must win back her family's land and become ruler of the kingdom of Twylia. Gwayne "teache[s] her what a warrior needs to know" (Roberts 12) in order to fight the evil usurper Lorcan. Gwayne takes pride in the fact that Aurora can "hunt and fight and ride as well as any man he [has] trained" (15). He has attended to Aurora's formal

education as well, and the consequence of this benevolent attention is that Aurora can "think," "read," "write," "cipher," and "chart" (16). He also exhibits thoughtfulness and concern when determining how he will tell Aurora of her birthright. He wonders how he can "honor his vow to keep her safe and honor his vow to tell her of her birthright" (16). As Aurora relates a dream to him, about a royal beautiful lady weeping for the world awaiting the true one, he realizes that he must inform her of her destiny. Gwayne determines that she is fully prepared to handle the information and tells her, "You are the True One, Aurora, and as I love you, I wish it were another" (19). Each step closer he grieves for her, yet also supports her, all the while considering her well-being and safety. Taken in whole, his care indicates the integrity of a strong father figure, and it is noteworthy that his role in her life is to equip her with the training and education necessary for success.

Similarly, Arnaud La Luc's temper is both "generous and affectionate" (Radcliffe 254), and he fosters for Adeline an accepting and educational environment that allows her to thrive. According to Caroline Gonda, "La Luc [is] the model image of father as educator: cultivated and knowledgeable himself" (178). He encourages her love of philosophy, law, and, most importantly, poetry. The narrator describes Adeline as having "found that no species of writing had power so effectual to withdraw her mind from the contemplation of its own misery as the higher kinds of poetry" (Radcliffe 261). When she lives with Arnaud, Adeline often opens "a volume of Shakespeare or Milton" to "lull her to forgetfulness of grief" (261). Adeline finds herself pleased in her new home and feels her mind restored, and it is La Luc who contributes to Adeline's restoration by facilitating the advancement of her already proficient mind.

Not only does La Luc promote the merit of education, but he also offers the crucial parental love and acceptance that Adeline has been searching for when he tells Adeline that she and Clara will "be equally [his]

daughters" and pronounces that he is "rich in having such children" (259). Adeline is finally part of a family, something she has never had or felt before (259). Adeline already has strong virtues well before she meets Arnaud, but her heart is empty because she lacks the "affections of a parent" (37). Arnaud restores Adeline's faith in humanity by accepting her and cultivating a trusting relationship with her. La Luc fills the emptiness and lessens her mournful apprehensions of perceiving herself as "[a]n orphan in this wide world—thrown upon the friendship of strangers for comfort, and upon their bounty for the very means of existence" (101). La Luc envelops her in a blanket of comfort by simply loving her. He provides Adeline with the stability and positive mentoring that she needs. La Luc genuinely cares for Adeline's well-being because his chief pleasure in life is "to see his children happy" (249). La Luc's ability to fill the void in Adeline's heart represents the missing piece of her puzzle. His acts of kindness fulfill her and give her the fortitude to face more difficult challenges with success.

The portrayals of these good guardians are quite remarkable. In each case, we see an adoptive father nurturing a young girl and training her in the traditionally masculine activities of warfare and study. Both men act as protectors and offer the women the necessary support to thrive at critical times in their lives. Taken together, Radcliffe, Inchbald, and Roberts provide representations of male guardians that demonstrate the good, the bad, and the ugly sides of paternal power. At the same time, they question what Gonda calls "the customs of society [and the] industry open to women" (177). Largely because of the support they receive from their adoptive fathers, Aurora emerges as a warrior queen and Adeline as an intellectual and a poet. In this way, Roberts' short story and Radcliffe's novel speak volumes about the importance of a benevolent father figure in a young woman's life.

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READERS REACT: SPECTACLE, SUSPENSE, AND SELFHOOD

Thump, thump, thump ... my heart pounds as I wait at the register, my hands tremble as I grasp onto it tightly, anxious to sit down and read the perfectly written words. I finally have it in my hands, and I feel the paper against my fingertips as I greedily turn each page, eager to find out what will happen next. I am holding The Deathly Hallows*, the final installment of the* Harry Potter *books. To me, this isn't a simple series that's nothing but fantasy. I've learned about my strengths as a person from the stories portrayed in the thousands of pages in these books. More than anything, they have opened my eyes to what I want to do in my life. I want to write. I want for readers to anxiously turn through the pages of my books and be swept away to far-away worlds. I want for my books to make as big of an impact on someone's life as* Harry Potter *did on mine. I want to introduce others to the magic of reading.*

—Stephanie Barros, *from* "*Harry Potter*: More Than Just Fantasy"

THE FIREWORKS OF *DOCTOR FAUSTUS*: THEATRICAL MAGIC AND RELIGIOUS TENSION IN CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

by Jessica Butturff

In the sixteenth century, England transitioned back and forth between Catholicism and Protestantism. During the Reformation, Protestants were especially critical of what Robert Scribner calls the "magical" elements of the Catholic faith, elements which were removed from Protestant services (475). However, at the same time that Protestantism, which deemphasized magic, was beginning to take hold in England, Elizabethan audiences were watching plays that featured religious figures and magic (Scribner 475). Christopher Marlowe's highly controversial use of the "magical" element of fireworks onstage in *Doctor Faustus* allowed him to explore religious tensions of his time period and to encourage his audience to question the world around them.

Doctor Faustus is about a scholar who has mastered all of the subjects available, is bored, and decides to involve himself in magic. Although at first he hesitates to delve into the taboo subject of the dark arts and devilry, he overcomes those hesitations and decides to do a spell, which summons the demon Mephastophilis. When Mephastophilis appears, Faustus orders him to be his servant; however,

Mephastophilis is already serving Lucifer. This rejection inspires Faustus to form a contract with Lucifer saying that Mephastophilis will be his servant on earth for twenty-five years in exchange for Faustus' soul after that time is up. Throughout the play, Faustus suffers a series of religious crises in that he is unable to decide whether or not to continue practicing magic or turn back to God. However, each crisis ends with a reaffirmation of his commitment to Lucifer and the use of magic to further degrade religious beliefs and figures: Faustus mocks religious ceremonies, attacks the Pope and friars, and marvels at the seven deadly sins. At the close of the play, when Faustus's time on earth is over, he tries to repent and ask for God's forgiveness; however, he is too late and is taken by demons into Hell.

In order to make the dramatic scenes of the play come to life on stage, Marlowe emphasized the use of stage magic and in particular fireworks. As Professor Tonya Howe explains, staging a play that involves pyrotechnics is a very difficult feat to accomplish safely and with a sense of control, especially in the Renaissance when this technology was just emerging. Howe argues that the fireworks themselves were probably the most dangerous element in the entire staging of the play because they were lit in a flammable playhouse, carried on stage by the players, and thrown at other characters. Lit fireworks could have caused a potentially horrifying outcome in that the players could have been injured or the wooden playhouse could have caught fire. Howe notes that for the scenes that require only loud sounds with minimal sparking, such as when Lucifer and Mephastophilis appear, firecrackers were used instead of fireworks. She explains that there were also small explosives called squibs, which added more theatricality to the production than the firecrackers because the audience could both see and hear the squibs, as opposed to the firecrackers, which were only audible. According to Howe, the scene in which squibs were used in the play is when Mephastophilis throws them onto the backs of two

characters, Robin and Vintner, after they call Mephastophilis to their service (Marlowe 3.2.1011-1012).

In addition to being literally dangerous, onstage fireworks were also figuratively dangerous. The use of illusory magic to conjure the devil and set off fireworks onstage would have been at odds with the audience's religious beliefs. In his introduction to *Doctor Faustus*, David Wootton argues that "[b]y bringing Mephastophilis and Lucifer onto the stage (and frightening the audience with their firecrackers), Marlowe shows that even the devil may be an illusion" (xx). Moreover, both Catholicism and Protestantism regarded certain acts in the Bible as miracles, not magic. However, as Wootton notes, it is almost "impossible to distinguish reality from illusion" and between "magic (and miracles)" in Marlowe's play (xx). If an actor could perform magic tricks involving biblical characters onstage, how would the audience know that the miracles told in the Bible were not simply magic tricks?

By incorporating magic into the staging of *Doctor Faustus*, Marlowe was forcing the audience to reexamine the validity of religious ceremonies as well. One incident in which fireworks are involved in a religious ceremony occurs when Faustus asks Mephastophilis to bring him a wife and Mephastophilis returns "with a devil dressed like a woman, with fireworks" (Marlowe 2.1.597). Upon seeing her, Faustus exclaims "A plague on her for a hot whore!" (2.1.597). This is an example of irreverence within the play. Marriage is a religious sacrament, and it is sacrilegious that Mephastophilis brings a devil rather than a woman to marry Faustus and that she is carrying fireworks, one of the ultimate symbols of magic. For people living in this period of religious tension, an image of a devil carrying fireworks into a religious ceremony could generate an anxiety that might resonate on many levels.

The repeated incidences of fireworks in *Doctor Faustus* also suggest that magicians are more powerful than religious figures. This superiority is shown when Faustus and Mephastophilis "beat the friars and fling fireworks

among them" when they go to Rome to torment the Pope (3.1.928-929). In this scene the audience sees the head of the Catholic Church and his friars being defiled by magicians right before their eyes. Howe points out that by portraying acts of magic that involved church figures, like the Pope and friars, Marlowe was illustrating the similarities between the theatricality of the stage and the theatricality of religion. Peter Thomson refers to the process of blurring between the lines of a real person and his fictional representation on the Renaissance stage as "personation," which Thomson defines as "the making concrete of something so intangible as an invented personality" (186). Thomson explains that as people in power began to be represented on the stage, actors created a double-sided deceit that forced the audience to doubt their leaders' authority. For an audience to see a king being represented onstage would underscore the theatricality of this office in reality (Thomson 187). In Marlowe's case, his play asks the audience to consider whether or not priests and other church leaders are merely performers.

Marlowe went to dangerous lengths to put magic into his play in order to make his point about the illusory nature of religious beliefs. Marlowe's fireworks were not only a way to entertain his audience but also to encourage them to question their beliefs as the Protestant religion continued to shift away from the "magic" of Catholicism.

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"Craving to be Frightened": Secret Rooms and the Creation of Mystery and Terror in Gothic Novels

by Shelly Coates

When my professor, my classmates, and I defined the term "Gothic novel" in our "Major Women Authors" course, we said that Gothic novels combine elements of both romance and horror genres; we did not mention the secret room as an essential convention of the Gothic novel.[1] However, based upon the texts that we read in the course, I would argue that the secret room is, in fact, the most important convention of the Gothic novel in that it is so frequently employed to create a sense of mystery and terror, two fundamental elements of the genre. In both *The Romance of the Forest* by Ann Radcliffe and *Castle Doom* by Jill Gregory, the crucial moments of mystery and terror are set in a secret room, and even in *Northanger Abbey*, in which Jane Austen parodies Gothic novels, the mystery of the

[1] This particular section of "Major Women Authors" was taught by Dr. Amy Scott-Douglass at Marymount University in Fall 2011.

secret room is arguably the most important element of the plot.

In *The Romance of the Forest*, Adeline and the La Mottes must hide out in the abbey, an architectural ruin that contains a series of apartments. Adeline investigates them in the darkness and decides, "A mystery seems to hang over these chambers" (Radcliffe 115). As she proceeds into a secret room, she realizes that it is "exactly like that where her dream had represented the dying person" (115). Her sense of terror is elevated by her imagination but also by the sense that the room suggests the possibility of a murder having occurred there. From early in the book, then, the secret room is crucial because it generates terror in both the protagonist and the reader, and terror is a necessary characteristic of the Gothic genre.

Adeline's terror is heightened by the objects in the secret room. She continues through the chamber and is "nearly overcome by a superstitious dread," causing her to "combat her remaining terrors" to examine the object caught in the reflection of the moonlight (115). Upon finding that it is a rusty dagger, she then discovers a roll of paper that turns out to be a manuscript that a captive man wrote before he was murdered in that very room (116). The room becomes associated with imprisonment and death, and this produces a sensation of terror in Adeline. In his account of the chamber and his impending death, the captive man has written "All around me is dead [...] in this dismal chamber," remarking, "the dread of farther sufferings have disturbed my fancy" (133). As she reads these words, the narrator notes, Adeline's imagination wanders "in[to] the regions of terror" (134).

In *Castle Doom*, a secret room in the castle is also essential to the story. As Arianne tours the dungeon prison, she is confronted by a gypsy, who whispers, "Yes—the *blue panel*. That's the one [...]. You must find the tower room" (Gregory 134). The unknown location of the tower room heightens the sense of mystery in Arianne's mind as well as in the reader's mind. This anticipation is enhanced when

Arianne disappears toward the end of the story. As Arianne's beloved, Nicholas, battles his rival Julian, he calls out to his sister Katerine to ask where Arianne is. Katerine screams, "The tower room!" and is immediately seized by Julian's soldier (150). The narrative then shifts to Arianne, who is investigating the corridor into which Julian and Cren seem to have disappeared. She notices a blue panel, and feels terror as she pushes it open on a second try (152). Although Gregory's description of terror is subtle in comparison to Radcliffe's, both narratives generate a moment that causes the heroine to react in fright. And just as Adeline finds mysterious objects, such as the dead man's manuscript, in the secret room, so does Arianne find a significant object—a "white-haired figure lying in the bed" behind the blue panel (153). Arianne freezes in shock when she discovers that the occupant of the tower room is none other than Nicholas's father, Archduke Armand. Although he was believed to have been murdered by Julian, the Archduke is still alive and being held captive in the secret room—the mystery is solved! The presence of the archduke is the primary means necessary to prove that Nicholas is the rightful heir. Better than a manuscript of the captive man, Arianne finds the captive man himself.

In contrast to these two texts by Radcliffe and Gregory, Jane Austen mocks Gothic conventions in her novel *Northanger Abbey*. Significantly, Austen directs much of her criticism to the convention of the secret room, in this case, Mrs. Tilney's bedroom. Having been forbidden to enter the bedroom, Catherine presumes that it is the place in which General Tilney murdered his wife. Once she finds that Mrs. Tilney's portrait is not in the General's room, she takes it as decisive proof of his guilt. She "attempt[s] no longer to hide from herself the nature of the feelings" that General Tilney "had previously excited," including, interestingly enough, "terror" (181). The terror that she feels, Catherine admits, comes directly from her having read about similarly villainous "characters" in books (181). She even starts to refer to the secret room as Mrs. Tilney's

"prison" as she watches for signs of the General's lamplight through the window (189).

Meanwhile, Catherine bides her time and waits for an opportunity to examine "the mysterious apartments" (190). She then begins to sneak into the room to investigate, but her terror is heightened, and she experiences a sense of "[a]stonishment" that stops her momentarily (193). As she overcomes her fear and proceeds into the room, she wonders, "[Will] the veil in which Mrs. Tilney [...] last walked, or the volume in which she [...] last read, remain to tell what nothing else [is] allowed to whisper?" (194). However, as Catherine explores the room, she finds nothing out of the ordinary. While the secret room invokes the same feelings of mystery and terror that it does for Adeline and Arianne, Catherine discovers that it is merely the room in which Mrs. Tilney spent her final days of illness. Catherine describes her actions as "folly" because they are guided by an imagination influenced by an overfamiliarity with Gothic novels. As Henry arrives and verifies that the room holds no evidence of harboring terrible deeds, Catherine realizes that she "had been craving to be frightened" (200). Her experience of terror has been the result of her own imagination conjuring up a Gothic narrative about the Tilneys' secret room.

These examples suggest that the most important convention of Gothic literature is the ominous secret room. In *The Romance of the Forest* and *Castle Doom*, the secret room is the site of captivity and murder, and its presence creates in the reader a sense of mystery and terror. In *Northanger Abbey*, Austen critiques the convention of the secret room, but her attention to this literary convention only underscores its importance. As Coral Ann Howells puts it, "We cannot imagine a Gothic novel which doesn't have a castle or an abbey—or at least a monastic cell—for there is a distinctive Gothic environment which is both fairytale and menacing" (24). While there are many conventions of Gothic novels, the secret room is the most significant.

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THE DARK KNIGHT: DEFINING THE BLACK ROMANTIC HERO IN JILL GREGORY'S *CASTLE DOOM*

by Eric Jefferson

In the romance novella *Castle Doom* (1998), Jill Gregory confronts racial stereotypes in the way that she portrays Nicholas, the "dark" knight of the story. Gregory's frequent use of words that indicate color, such as "dark," "brown," and "black," relates to three different points. First, the hero of any romantic novel is often referred to as "dark." It is so common as to be a cliché that the hero, the prince, or the knight in shining armor is always described as "tall, dark, and handsome"; however, it is often assumed by the reader that the hero is white-skinned and the word "dark" is interpreted as being a reference to his hair color. Additionally, the word "dark" is often used to indicate the personality of the hero in a romantic novel. It is conventional for a romance author to describe the hero's personality as "dark"—deep, brooding, and angry—and to be nursing some sort of emotional wound that only the heroine can salve. While Gregory's constant description of Nicholas as "dark" does participate in both of these interpretations of the words—Nicholas does, indeed, have dark hair and an explosive personality—I would argue that Gregory employs the word "dark" in a third way, which is to suggest that Nicholas's skin is dark, and that he is a black man. She then plays upon the negative stereotype of "dark"

and transforms the word, so that the "dark" man turns out not to be evil, corrupt, and brute but, rather, heroic, protective, and loving.

In a romantic novel it is a common convention to have the hero portrayed as tall, dark, and handsome. When readers are first introduced to Nicholas, they are unaware of the hero's skin color, but they are aware of the hero's other physical characteristics that associate him with physical darkness. At the beginning of the story when the guard Galdain tries to rape Arianne, Nicholas saves her. Gregory writes that "suddenly a deeper shadow moved through the gloom of the stable ... Arianne saw a shadow, nothing more. Then a huge hand appeared, seized the guard's tunic, and hurled him across the stable" (94). Without seeing the character, the reader knows that he has huge hands, is strong enough to throw a man across the stable, and has a shadowy presence. From the beginning of the novella, then, before we even know his name, Gregory associates Nicholas with psychical prowess and, even more significantly, with darkness. As the story develops Nicholas is described as "dark and handsome, with fiercely dark hair" (100). Here Gregory is portraying Nicholas as the stereotypical hero in a romance novel. Nicholas is dark haired, muscular, and tall. In a similar scene the narrator, speaking from Arianne's point of view, refers to Nicholas' "dark hair" and "broad build" and describes him as a "dark, wild, impossibly handsome young man" (99-100).

The second quote, pointing out Nicholas' "wild[ness]" suggests not only that Nicholas has dark hair but also that his temperament is dark. Here the word "dark" refers to the personality and emotional state of Nicholas. When he becomes angry and furious the narrator describes him as being "dark" and "cold." For instance, when Nicholas and Arianne are talking in the cabin, Nicholas says to Arianne, "You've grown into a lovely woman now, entrancing woman." When Arianne reacts by "step[ping] forward and slap[ping] him," the narrator explains that "[d]ark fury blaze[s] in his eyes. He [catches]

her wrist and Arianne [feels] fear flood through her" (103). In romance novels it is common for the hero to be emotionally dark or distressed. Mary Jo Putney argues that the hero must have a dark personality because it evokes a strong emotional response from the reader. The dark hero is wounded, emotionally and/or physically damaged, and "like an injured lion he is dangerous, for he is still powerful and may lash out at those around him" (101). In *Castle Doom*, Gregory covers everything Putney describes as the "perfect romance novel." Nicholas has the dark personality, he has the broken past, he is emotionally disturbed, and lashes out at Arianne numerous times throughout the story. After Nicholas and Arianne escape Julian's knights, both Nicholas and Arianne take refuge in a cabin in the forest. As they try to warm-up by the fire, Nicholas says to Arianne, "Go and warm yourself before the fire. Then we must talk." Arianne responds, "What makes you think I have anything to say to you, my lord?" All of a sudden Nicholas lashes out, and "Arianne [sees] the surprise that darken[s] those gray eyes that [miss] nothing" (101).

Whereas Putney thinks that readers prefer dark romance novels because they are more realistic (99), Dorren Owens Malek argues that the dangerous hero appeals to readers of romance novels because it keys into women's desire for power. Malek describes the time when she picked up Anne Mather's *Leopard in the Snow*. Malek states, "the hero is a racecar driver [...] at the beginning of the book he is jaded recluse, disgusted with the world but by the end [...] the leopard [is] tamed" (73). The hero described by Malek in *Leopard in the Snow* is reminiscent of Nicholas in *Castle Doom*. Malek claims that romance heroes, like Nicholas and the racecar driver, are portrayed as tough, macho, and dangerous because "in the end the hero capitulates to the woman because he simply must have her, and women want to triumph against a strong, dangerous man" (75).

So far I have established that by describing Nicholas as dark—both in terms of hair color and temperament—Gregory is doing the same thing that many

romance novelists do by portraying Nicolas using the conventional elements of the hero. But what is remarkable is Gregory's repeated use of the term "dark"—she uses the term more than thirty-five times in a story that is less than one hundred pages. Gregory's repetitiveness of the word "dark" relates to the third way that she uses the term. And in this third case, she is not only providing readers with the stereotypical hero, but breaking stereotypes as well.

Gregory not only insists that the reader pay attention to how frequently she writes the word dark, and that Nicholas is a hero with a dark personality, but she also insists that Nicholas's character is a man of color, using the term "dark" to refer to Nicholas's skin color. She is even more direct when Arianne describes Nicholas as "swarthy" (158). The word "swarthy" means "dark complexion, color, or cast." Gregory describes Nicholas as having a "scar, white and wicked, cutting across one lean cheek" (100). Here she cues the reader to pay attention to her use of different colors, particularly skin color. By describing Nicholas with a white scar on his cheek, she is letting the reader know just how dark his complexion is. A white scar would be prominent and noticeable only on a darker skin complexion.

After having informed the reader that Nicholas is a man of color and is tall, built, strong, and dangerous, Gregory later adds that Nicholas has whip scars on his back and has been in prison. During the couple's love scene, the narrator describes that "Arianne's hand slid[es] down his powerful back, and her fingers [pause] as she discover[s] the many scars embedded in his flesh." Nicholas responds, "These are whip scars ... from when I was imprisoned" (145). The modern day American reader might make the parallel to African people and slavery.

In "White Terror, Black Dreams: Gothic Constructions of Race in the Nineteenth Century" Eugenia Delamotte argues that the study of race has been ignored in traditional Gothic literature. Delamotte references Toni Morrison's concept of the "Africanist persona," which

refers to the symbolic figurations of blackness (Delamotte 17). Delamotte says that Morrison's goal was to call attention to the way black characters ignite critical moments of discovery or change in literature not written by black authors. I would argue that in her portrayal of Nicholas, Jill Gregory, a white author, creates an "Africanist persona" in order to call attention to the racial stereotypes in traditional romance literature and to support the idea that a black man can be the romantic hero in a Gothic novel.

In *Castle Doom* Gregory uses words such as "dark," "black," "strong," "built," "dangerous," and "angry" to set up the stereotypes the modern American reader may have regarding African Americans in modern culture. She does not stop there though. Gregory uses the word "dark" to make reference to positive things, such as the setting of the forest, which Gregory describes as having a "black heart" (98). In *Castle Doom*, the forest is a good place. It is the place of safety and solace, where Arianne and Nicholas can escape Julian's knights and rest comfortably. The black heart of the forest is also where Nicholas and Arianne fall in love and have sex for the first time.

Even more important to my argument is the way that Gregory represents Nicholas' darkness. Nicholas, a man of color, is initially represented as angry and dangerous, but he turns out to be the hero of the story. By having a hero of color, Gregory is making a statement that people of color are not always the "bad guy" but can be heroes in a romantic novel. Gregory speaks to contemporary readers about racial stereotypes in her representation of Nicholas as the "dark knight." The stereotypes modern Americans have about dark men are exactly that, just stereotypes. Gregory is reclaiming the dark hero. A man of color can be an honorable, trustworthy, honest man. A man of color can essentially save the day and be a hero.

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Contributing Writers

Stephanie Barros is a freshman English major who hopes for a career as a creative writer. Stephanie believes that nonfiction writing provides a means for growing in knowledge of self and others.

Jessica Butturff is a senior Business Administration major. After graduation she hopes to work for a large corporation with a goal of one day returning to graduate school to pursue a doctoral degree. What she enjoys most about nonfiction writing is the research stage, in which she can take in different arguments and ideas about her subject of study.

Shelly Coates is a senior Graphic Design major who finds in quality nonfiction writing the same principles as in quality design: structure and harmony. After graduation she plans to become a typeface designer and hopes to develop her own design firm.

Bobbie Crocker is a Nursing major at Marymount. She plans to attend graduate school to get her master's degree in Nursing and, eventually, a doctorate in the specialization of Midwifery. On campus she is active in the Marymount Actors Guild, Blue Harmony, and Chapel Choir.

Courtney Deal, a junior English major, was born and raised in Manassas, Virginia. Her primary interest is prose fiction. Although Courtney is unsure of the exact path she will pursue after graduating from Marymount, she knows that she wants to make writing her career

Kathryn Fossaceca, a sophomore Biology major, is thrilled to be a part of this year's edition of *Magnificat*. Kathryn thinks of a nonfiction writer as a detective, who collects

evidence and then brings all the information together into one cohesive argument. With an interest in the study of infectious diseases, Kathryn plans to become a scientist and work to find alternatives to antibiotics. Writing will be very important in her work in order to communicate ideas effectively.

Eric Jefferson is a junior Psychology major with a minor in Criminal Justice. He plans to go on to study Clinical Psychology at the graduate level with an emphasis in Behavioral Analysis and with the goal of working toward a career in the FBI. When it comes to reading fiction, Eric enjoys delving into a character's mind, and when writing literary analyses, he appreciates the opportunity to express his unique and original ideas.

A senior English major, **Adrianne Marie Morris** plans to attend law school after graduation, with a goal of working toward one day opening her own practice. Her areas of interest include law, women's studies, cultural studies, political science, and reading. She currently works as a peer mentor at Marymount.

Brooke Nguyen received her bachelor's degree in Biology from Marymount in May 2011. While science is her main area of interest, she has a strong affinity for the arts and enjoys melding the two together whenever possible. Having interned at a pediatric office and volunteered as teacher's aide in her church's CCD program, Brooke has discovered a desire to work with children and hopes to pursue a career as a pediatrician. She is currently studying for the MCAT and hopes to continue her education in medical school.

Kerry O'Donnell is a sophomore and a proud English major. She plans to earn a master's degree, and perhaps even a doctorate degree, in English and become a university professor. She would like to travel the country and hopes that her adventures will inspire her writing to take new and

exciting turns. Her non-fiction writing is influenced by Tom Wolfe and New Journalism, which has shown her that an author does not have to fabricate events and characters in order to write creatively; the real events of life are interesting enough.

Alicia Romero is a senior Psychology major. Upon graduating she aims to further her education and work as a school counselor at the secondary education level. She is enjoys non-fiction writing on two subjects in particular: classical literature and psychology.

Jaymi Thomas is a graduate student at Marymount University in the Literature and Languages program. She graduated from Wake Forest University in 2010 with a B.A. in English with Honors and minors in Political Science and Women & Gender Studies. Jaymi plans to pursue a doctorate in English and focus on African-American literature and multicultural playwrights.

Emma Catherine Wallace is a junior, majoring in Biology and minoring in Art History. She plans to study environmental microbiology in graduate school. Nonfiction writing is important to Emma because it helps her to organize ideas and improve research and argumentative skills. As a science major, Emma appreciates Marymount University's Liberal Arts core, which allows her to develop her writing abilities in multiple disciplines.

Board of Student Editors

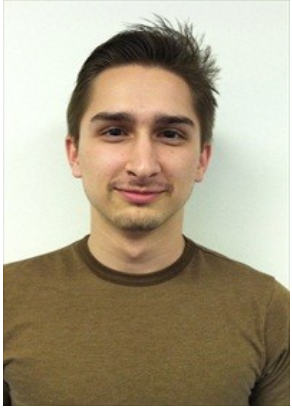
Contributing Editors

Katlyn Manka is a Returning Senior Editor on the *Magnificat* board. An English major, Katlyn has always had a healthy passion for the written word and reading. Being on the *Magnificat* team, and helping other writing to improve their work, has been very rewarding for Katlyn. Her particular talent, as Dr. Scott-Douglass will tell you, is for seeing connections between various nonfiction pieces and grouping them together thematically.

Born and raised in Taiwan, **Melany Su** is a sophomore biology and English double-major with experience in both dissecting frogs and dissecting literature. She is interested in the medical humanities, which has led her to hope for a career in ministry through health care. Dr. Scott-Douglass notes with pleasure that this is Melany's second year as both a student editor and a contributor to *Magnificat*, which is no small feat given that all submissions to the journal are put through a

blind review process. As a Returning Senior Editor, Dr. Scott-Douglass depends on Melany for her sharp copy-editing skills in the final stages of production in particular.

RETURNING SENIOR EDITORS



Walter! Bottlick is a junior at Marymount University majoring in both English and History. He is interested in ancient and North African history, and wants to write historical fiction and be an editor. Walter's involvement with *Magnificat* began in 2010 when his essay on celebrity endorsement was published in the journal. Walter! joined the *Magnificat* editorial board in 2011 in order to become more adept in particular at being able to distinguish between strong and weak arguments. Walter looks forward to the time when he can use his editorial skills in his future profession.

Ariel Marie McManus returns for her second year as a *Magnificat* Editor. A junior Communications major, Ariel aspires to work at the Smithsonian in one of their publications departments or even for Marvel Comics some day. Currently she volunteers at the National Air and Space Museum. Working on the editorial board of *Magnificat*

2011 helped Ariel to land a fantastic internship. As Dr. Scott-Douglass observed first-hand this year, Ariel has a particular knack for public relations. It was largely because of Ariel—who volunteered her time to visit classrooms and encourage her peers across campus to submit their writing to *Magnificat*—that the journal received an unprecedented number of entries for the 2012 issue.

Junior Editor

Ben Reigle joins the editorial board of *Magnificat* as our sole Junior Editor. Working with academic pieces as well as creative nonfiction has given Ben a great opportunity to do everything from directing a writer's voice and style to be powerful and expressive to developing a writer's ability to construct a cohesive argument. Ben enjoys helping others obtain what they want out of their writing as much as he enjoys bettering his own.