Submitting to Spectrum

Spectrum is an annual competition in academic essay-writing sponsored by the Writing Across the Curriculum Committee at Saint Mary’s College. Submissions are read by a panel of faculty judges and cash awards are given at the end of each Spring Semester. All winning essays, as well as those receiving Honorable Mention, are published in Spectrum the following fall. All students at Saint Mary’s College are encouraged to submit work for consideration in Spectrum.

Submissions may be sent via Campus Mail to the Director of Composition or may be placed in the Spectrum mail box on the 3rd Floor of Dante Hall opposite the elevator. Please mark all submissions with “Attn: Spectrum” and make sure they contain the author’s full name and a local phone number.
The mail in my faculty box has piled up over the weekend, and so I sit at my desk, “round-filing” outdated campus announcements. Only two items really catch my attention. The first is a report from the President’s Office entitled “Celebrating Diversity.” It is a written testament to the efforts made at Saint Mary’s over the last several years to create an educational environment and a campus community which reflect, value, and celebrate our rich cultural and racial diversity. The other interesting item in my mail is a bulky envelope containing typed master-copies of the eleven essays contained in this issue of *Spectrum*.

As I read through the eleven contributions, I realize this volume of *Spectrum* is, like the report from the President’s Office, a celebration of our campus’s growing diversity. Granted, I am immediately gratified to see that the authors are named Seki, Gandhi, and Singh as well as Larsen, Keenan, and Granger. But the obvious cultural diversity of the contributors is far less noteworthy than their amazing intellectual diversity. This *Spectrum* is a celebration of a plurality of writing styles, critical voices, and intellectual inquiry.

Part of the changing face of Liberal Arts education today is the manner in which our students are asked to treat the world around them as a collection of “texts,” and to “read” those texts (or to re-read the texts of the past) from an abundance of new intellectual and cultural perspectives. This year’s *Spectrum* reflects the many perspectives in which our students are able to “read.” Even more startling is the array of “texts” which they offer up for analysis. Our three First Prize winners offer ample evidence of this diversity. Heidi Bryant’s gender analysis of *Jane Eyre* is the best of several excellent text-analysis essays in the collection, all of which demonstrate a rigorous use of the literary text as evidence for an original and engaging argument. Kristina Goodnight’s essay on Anthony Clarvoe’s stage adaptation, *The Brothers Karamozov* (based on the novel by Doestoevsy), is not only a clever literary analysis of Clarvoe’s written word, but a dramaturgical examination of the text as blueprint for performance on the stage. It comments upon the script’s theatrical qualities and its “playability” from an actor’s perspective, and treats the performance itself as a “text”
for consideration. Jessica Granger's "A Passing Away" offers a thoroughly contemporary "reading" of archeological and artistic relics as evidence of cultural practices in ancient Greece and Rome. She synthesizes the observations of contemporary Feminist scholarship and traditional Classics scholarship with her own observations on the similarities and differences between weddings of ancient times and today.

The eight essays awarded Honorable Mention this year each contribute in their own way to the diversity of writing exhibited in this collection. They are noteworthy not only due to the range of prose styles and critical methodologies the authors employ, but also due to the breadth of their interests, the diversity of the materials from which they draw inspiration, and the obvious wealth of learning taking place in Saint Mary's classrooms. Tiah Marie Carleton ponders police photographs as a violation of the soul. Sapna Gandhi offers a passionate and vigorous attack on three thousand years of male hegemony by rooting out the "Origins of Mysogyny" in classical Greek mythology and visual arts. Paula Keenan illuminates the comic self-delusions under which we all live in "On Never Having Been Artistic." And Yuko Seki's "My Father" is the work of an international student who, while struggling with the intricacies of written English, demonstrates a gift for graceful metaphor and a quiet profundity of observation which belies the essay's brevity and simplicity. Kim Larsen, Shayna Olesiuk, and Amarjot Kaur Singh -- exploring the New Testament, Dante, and Homer -- all demonstrate the elegance of personal insight and the economy of language to be found in the simple analysis of a literary passage. Finally, Kasey Wright offers a unique, otherworldly vision of some strangely familiar terrestrials. Here is evidence indeed of diversity measured through intellectual endeavor.

There are many people to thank in a project of this nature. Our panel of faculty judges included Norman Bedford (Education), John Fleming (English and Creative Writing), Sandra Grayson (English and Women's Studies), Edward Tywoniak (Communications), and Margot Winer (Anthropology/Sociology). My thanks to all these individuals for their informative comments on student submissions and, especially, for setting such a good example by completing their assigned readings and turning in their reports on time. My special thanks to Robert Gorsch, Rosemary Graham, and Carol Beran for their moral support and advice; to Gail Drexler for her pursuit of wayward essays; and to
Denise Simard and Dave Johnson for their work on the production of this publication. Thanks also to Lee Altman of the Art Department for helping to locate student prints for our cover. The front cover of Spectrum is graced with an untitled block-print by Tracy Gayeski. Cover design is by Dave Johnson.

Thanks to the many students who submitted work to Spectrum and to the many teachers who place such a strong emphasis on the excellence of writing at Saint Mary's.

As always, thanks go out to Pod and Katie Boothe, whose support continues to make the Spectrum competition and the publication of this collection possible each year.

David DeRose
Faculty Moderator
Spectrum 1998
First Prize Winners

HEIDI BRYANT, “Jane and Rochester: A New Equality, A New Ideal”

The Woman Question in Victorian England, Sandra Grayson 1

KRISTINA GOODNIGHT, “Dostoevsky in Action”

Contemporary Drama, David DeRose 10

JESSICA GRANGER, “A Passing Away: Women in Ancient Weddings”

Women in Classical Art, Lisa Pieraccini 15

Honorable Mention

TIAH MARIE CARLETON, “The Eyes of Photography: On Viewing Police Photography as Evidence”

The Art of the Personal Essay, Rosemary Graham 27

SAPNA GANDHI, Chaire to Kleos Gynaikon: The Origins of Misogyny”

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The Divine Comedy, Joseph Lanigan 53

YUKO SEKI, “My Father”

Academic Writing, Robert Lamming 63

AMARJOT KAUR SINGH, “Prophecy: To Live in the Light or Dark?”

Greek Thought, Michelle Lehwica and Deanne Kruse 64

KASEY WRIGHT, “The Beam in Mine Eye”

Imagining Extraterrestrials, Robert Gorsch 68
Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* is a daring Victorian novel in both its heroine and its implied message. Jane is a female protagonist who defies typical Victorian gender ideals. While an ideal Victorian woman was beautiful, gay, submissive, and self-sacrificing, Jane Eyre is plain, serious, defiant, and independent. It is this individuality that draws Mr. Rochester to Jane. Yet even though Rochester loves Jane for her uniqueness, their relationship faces many obstacles. Specifically, they must reconcile the conflicts in their individual natures and desires and they must establish their relationship on more equal ground. Through the lovers' early relationship, Brontë illustrates the contradictions between their own desires and society's expectations. Essentially, until Jane and Rochester can rise above social demands and reconcile their internal conflicts, they will remain unequal. Though they try to resolve this problem with pretended equality, they cannot succeed. They must meet on genuinely equal terms; and until then, they can not find happiness—by themselves or with others. It is through their sufferings that Jane and Rochester are able to see these barriers standing in the way of their happiness. When they finally reunite at the end of the novel, they can see each other in a new light and love each
other as individuals, not as creations of society. Their growth enables them to take
their relationship to a rare level of equality, and to experience the love they have
earned. In Jane and Rochester's struggles, Brontë's aim with Jane Eyre surfaces. Brontë
writes a novel of education and social criticism in order to present a new ideal: love
and happiness based on gender equality.

Initially, Jane and Rochester cannot reconcile their desires, their expectations,
and their roles. While both desire an equal relationship, their conflicting ideas
prevent this. Rochester both defies and embodies the typical Victorian man; and Jane,
while naturally opposed to the ideal Victorian woman, often suppresses her inclination
to reject this standard. In the early part of their relationship, Rochester's behavior
towards Jane is reprehensible. He deceives Jane to win her love and he tricks her into
declaring her feelings for him. Seeking Jane's love he goes through elaborate charades,
including courting Blanche. He carries the manipulative game further when he tells
Jane he has decided to marry Blanche. He brags to Jane of Blanche's great beauty and
reminds her that she expressed a desire to leave Thornfield before he married.
Rochester drives a knife into Jane's heart when he tells her he has found a position for
her as a governess to five daughters in Ireland—a situation that would be miserable
under any condition, never mind in the midst of the Potato Famine. Only after Jane
has suffered greatly and has involuntarily declared her love for him, does he admit that
he is playing a role and that he actually wants to marry Jane. He later tells Jane: "I
feigned courtship of Miss Ingram, because I wished to render you as madly in love
with me as I was with you; and I knew jealousy would be the best ally I could call in
for the furtherance of that end" (249). Rochester plays with Jane's emotions without
any thought of how she might be hurt. Additionally, he uses Blanche without a
thought for her emotions. His only aim is to achieve what he desires—for Jane to love
him. Later Jane learns that his deception went as far as concealing his insane wife in
the attic. Rochester's games and deceits demonstrate an intense selfishness. Despite his
genuine love for Jane, he continually hurts her in his quest to win her love. He thinks
only of his needs, not of her.

Rochester's love, while genuine, is traditionally masculine in its possessiveness.
He wants to consume Jane completely and make her a part of him. His possessive
nature and behavior display a wish to have a typical Victorian marriage of submission
and superficiality. This wish is in direct conflict with his statement that he loves Jane because she is his equal and his likeness (241). During their four-week courtship, Rochester is overtaken by society's expectations. He needs to dominate the marriage and Jane. He tells Jane, "I must have you for my own--entirely for my own" (242) and "...I mean shortly to claim you--your thoughts, conversation, and company--for life" (252). He also claims the right to transform Jane's appearance, to mold her, in spite of her protests, into the Victorian ideal:

I will myself put the diamond chain around your neck, and the circlet on your forehead--which it will become: for nature, at least, has stamped her patent of nobility on this brow, Jane--and I will clasp the bracelets on these fine wrists, and load these fairy-like fingers with rings. (245-6)

Rochester wants Jane to be satisfied with the things women typically want--jewels, fine clothing, a large estate. As his language makes clear, these gifts carry a heavy price. Though he loves her uniqueness, Rochester wants to "chain" Jane's individuality and turn her into the type of woman he claims to dislike, a woman like Blanche Ingram. He wants Jane to meet society's ideal, and he wants society to approve and admire Jane. Jane recognizes Rochester's strange venture into fantasy: "I will make the world acknowledge you a beauty too," he went on, while I really became uneasy at the strain he had adopted, because I felt he was either deluding himself or trying to delude me" (246). Jane's observation points out the intense conflict within Rochester. While he truly loves Jane as an individual, he cannot let go of society and its demands.

Rochester's ideas about his relationship with Jane continue to contradict each other. He wants to defy society by marrying Jane, both because she is poor and obscure, and because, as Jane learns later, he already has a wife. Yet, at the same time, Rochester wants his marriage to Jane to be more like those so often seen in the society to which he belongs. He tells himself and Jane that she has power over him, yet his words and actions consistently show his need for complete control. He tells Jane:

I never met your likeness. Jane, you please me, and you master me -- you seem to submit, and I like the sense of pliancy you impart; and while I am twining the soft, silken skein round my finger, it sends a
thrill up my arm to my heart. I am influenced--conquered; and the influence is sweeter than I can express; and the conquest I undergo has a witchery beyond any triumph I can win. (247)

Rochester delights in the feeling that Jane is submitting to him. Further, his language echoes the ideas of Victorian writers such as John Ruskin and Mrs. Ellis, who believed women should submit to their husbands and exert "influence" over them only indirectly, without speaking their opinions or expressing their desires. Rochester's accordance with this theory contrasts with his previous behavior towards Jane and his respect for her strong will and individual nature. At one moment he delights in Jane's individuality, praising "the clear eye and eloquent tongue, the soul made of fire, and the character that bends but does not break" (247); at another moment, he relishes the stereotypical ideal, calling Jane his treasure, his angel, his comforter. This ambiguity illustrates Rochester's struggle with his inner desires and society's expectations.

Similarly, Jane has conflicts of her own to resolve. The feelings of inferiority she experiences at Gateshead and with Mr. Rochester's guests seem to stick with her. As long as she is poor and is Rochester's paid subordinate, she cannot find the equal and fulfilling love she seeks. Though Jane is naturally independent in spirit, early in their relationship her feelings of inequality cause her to depend on Rochester. These feelings lead Jane to suppress her will and to become more obedient. Constantly treated as an inferior, Jane begins to think like an inferior and to suppress her passionate and rebellious nature. Even in something such as how close her chair should be to his, Jane quietly obeys: "I did as I was bid, though I would have much rather have remained somewhat in the shade; but Mr. Rochester had such a direct way of giving orders, it seemed a matter of course to obey him promptly" (121). Rochester's direct, commanding nature overpowers Jane's rebellious spirit.

Jane's conflict with social and financial status affects not only her tendency to obedience, but her desires and expectations for herself. She accepts less than the best for herself and seems to think she is unworthy of complete happiness. Her resignation to have less than she wants is intensified when she believes Rochester will marry Blanche Ingram. When she returns from her visit to Gateshead, she experiences great joy in the mere sight of her "master," Rochester. She thinks of him
as a great power generously bestowing small bits of happiness to unworthy people like herself:

I knew there would be pleasure in meeting my master again; even though broken by the fear that he was so soon to cease to be my master, and by the knowledge that I was nothing to him: but there was ever in Mr. Rochester (so at least I thought) such a wealth of the power of communicating happiness, that to taste but the crumbs he scattered to stray and stranger birds like me was to feast genially. (232)

However, when Jane believes Rochester is to marry Blanche immediately and that she is to be exiled to Ireland, her rebellious nature surfaces again. Her passion awakes and she again asserts herself despite her feelings of inferiority. She realizes that although she is poor she is still quite human. Moreover, she is determined to make Rochester see this as well. The mere suggestion that she stay in the same house after Rochester marries Blanche ignites a fire in Jane's heart:

Do you think, because I am poor, obscure, plain, and little, I am soulless and heartless? You think wrong!—I have as much soul as you—and full as much heart! And if God had gifted me with some beauty and much wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me as it is now for me to leave you. (240)

Although Jane asserts her right to the same feelings and happiness as Rochester and Blanche, she cannot totally escape the idea of being lower. Even when Rochester confesses that his engagement to Blanche is a farce, Jane still has doubts. He professes his love for Jane and entreats her to marry him. Jane replies: "me who have not a friend in the world but you—if you are my friend; not a shilling but what you have given me?" (242). Even in the midst of seeing her hopes materialize, Jane questions their legitimacy because she is poor.

During her early relationship with Rochester, Jane not only ignores her passionate nature, but also her natural intuition. Although Rochester acts very mysteriously at times, Jane accepts his weak explanations and dismisses his odd behavior. She avoids a truth she suspects but has not yet learned. When she saves Rochester from his burning bed, he gives her an inadequate explanation and tells her to go to her room and to say nothing of the affair in the morning. Rather than probing deeper into his cover-up, Jane simply responds "Good-night, then, sir" (141). The next
morning she questions the strange events again. She wonders why Grace Pole, whom Rochester blamed for the fire, remains in the house:

... what mysterious cause withheld him from accusing her? Why had he enjoined me, too, to secrecy? It was strange ... he dared not openly charge her with the attempt, much less punish her for it. (145)

Although Jane has been thrown into a bizarre situation that makes her uncomfortable, she keeps the secret and does not attempt to learn the truth. Instead, she justifies Rochester's odd actions and dismisses her own fears and doubts—all uncharacteristic for Jane, given previous glimpses into her nature.

Once she and Rochester are engaged, Jane continues to struggle for independence. She yearns to have her own wealth so that she will not feel dependent upon and indebted to Mr. Rochester. Jane regains her need to be her own woman yet she dismisses it to a certain degree. She expresses her dissatisfaction to Rochester, but still allows him to indulge in his fantasy of possession. His insistence upon dressing her up and adorning her with jewels leaves Jane feeling cheapened and frustrated:

... the more he bought me, the more my cheek burned with a sense of annoyance and degradation... "It would, indeed, be a relief," I thought, 'if I had ever so small an independency; I never can bear being dressed up like a doll by Mr. Rochester, or sitting like a second Danae with the golden shower falling daily around me ... if I had but a prospect of one day bringing Mr. Rochester an accession of fortune, I could better endure to be kept by him now." (255)

The state of inequality in the relationship does not suit Jane. She tells Rochester she does not wish to be ornamented by fine jewels or dressed in extravagant frocks, but does not insist that he change completely. By allowing the situation to continue, even in the smallest way, she suppresses her desires and accepts a state of partial contentment. In essence, Jane struggles to resolve her conflicts with social and financial status, obedience, and independence.

After the existence of Bertha, Rochester's wife, is revealed, Jane and Rochester's relationship drastically changes course. The issues they face climax in this crisis and result in a turning point for Jane and a low point for Rochester. Jane realizes there are too many obstacles for their relationship to succeed and that she cannot continue down
the path they are following. She sees that if she conforms to the role Rochester asks of her, neither of them can respect her. Jane's self-respect and principles mean more to her than that. She transcends class, money, and dependence and turns to herself. "And now I thought: till now I had only heard, seen, moved--followed up and down where I was led or dragged--watched event rushed on event, disclosure open beyond disclosure: but now, I thought" (281). While Jane reaches inside herself for help, Rochester looks outside himself. He tries to place responsibility for his emotions and pain on Jane. Further, he tries to persuade her to abandon her morals and principles to save him. He uses her poor and solitary existence to persuade her to self-sacrifice: "Is it better to drive a fellow-creature to despair than to transgress a mere human law, no man being injured by the breach?--for you have neither relatives nor acquaintances whom you need fear to offend by living with me" (301). Rochester's moral low point invokes every bit of strength and self-respect Jane possesses. She is tempted by his misery and asks herself "Who in the world cares for you? Or will be injured by what you do?" (302). But she overcomes the temptation: "Still indomitable was the reply: 'I care for myself. The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unstained I am, the more I will respect myself" (302). Jane rejects the Victorian idea that her duty is to live for a man and to help him live his life. While Rochester uses this tactic against her, it is ineffective; Jane's proper role is to live for herself. She does not exist in relation to or in terms of another human. In this moment, Jane defies every principle instilled in the heads of Victorian women. Rochester attempts to win her on grounds of utter inequality, and it is not something Jane can endure. If she cannot have equality, she cannot have Rochester. Her moment of strength allows her to leave Rochester, and subsequently provides for the growth and learning both must experience.

After a year of misery and soul-searching, Jane and Rochester are reunited. Rochester, disfigured and disabled by the fire that killed Bertha, has broken all ties with society. His condition prompts a role reversal between him and Jane; now they meet each other on more equal grounds. Enlightened by his blindness, Rochester no longer tries to dominate Jane; in fact, Jane now has power over him, both physically and mentally. Gone is Rochester's need to make choices for Jane, as are his possessive nature and his conflict with society. He now wants Jane for what she is, not for what he dreams she could be or what society says she should be. He tells her "never mind fine clothes and jewels, now: all that is not worth a fillip" (427). Gone also is his
selfish need to mold Jane to his desires. He repents his willingness to compromise Jane's principles: "I did wrong: I would have sullied my innocent flower-breathed guilt on its purity: the Omnipotent snatched it from me" (427).

Jane also has progressed beyond her previous difficulties. She is now financially independent and can be with Rochester without feeling indebted to him. She does not bend her will to suit him, but rather exerts her will on him until he meets her half way. Most importantly, Jane is not sacrificing anything in this relationship. Her morals, her independence, her self-respect all remain intact:

"To be your wife is, for me, to be as happy as I can be on earth."
"Because you delight in sacrifice."
"Sacrifice! What do I sacrifice? Famine for food, expectation for content. To be privileged to put my arms round what I value--to press my lips to what I love--to repose on what I trust: is that to make a sacrifice ... I love you better now, when I can really be useful to you, than I did in your state of proud independence, when you disdained every part but that of the giver and protector." (426)

Jane and Rochester's relationship is now based on anything but sacrifice. No longer is Rochester the sole giver and protector; now each offers gifts and protection to the other. They have left behind the one-sided relationship and moved into a new realm--where both give and take equally. Jane expresses the happiness they experience: "I hold myself supremely blest--blest beyond what language can express; because I am my husband's life as fully as he is mine ... all my confidence is bestowed on him, all his confidence is devoted to me; we are precisely suited in character--perfect concord is the result" (431-2).

With Jane and Rochester's experience, Brontë gives readers a classic *bildungsroman*, a novel of growth and education. As seen in the beginning of Jane and Rochester's relationship, happiness cannot be found without significant change, usually at the hands of suffering. In Jane and Rochester, Brontë creates a new ideal. She illustrates that a relationship cannot be one of "perfect concord" unless absolute equality is achieved. Further, she presents a radical and innovative woman in Jane Eyre. Jane defies and transcends all social expectations and ideals. It seems that Brontë wishes to tell her readers that one can never find what she seeks if she conforms to these standards. This is certainly the case with Jane: the more she attempts to fill the
role society created for her as a woman, the more miserable she becomes. It is only in utter rejection and defiance of these pre-determined roles that Jane can strive towards and finally earn fulfillment and equality in love. Moreover, the issues Jane and Rochester must overcome demonstrate another element of social criticism. Everything they struggle with—games, deception, possession, social class, financial standing, dependence, obedience, societal ideals—are the things upon which most Victorian marriages were based. It seems that Bronte's purpose was two-fold: she states that in order to deserve "perfect concord" and happiness, relationships must undergo change and strive towards equality; she also implies that many of the things Victorian society holds dear are in fact the cause of most of its misery—in all, a rather daring mission.

Work Cited

Sex and violence, intermingled with a debate between Christianity and existentialism, create the powerful juxtaposition for Anthony Clarvoe’s stage adaptation of Fyodor Dostoevsky’s 800-page novel *The Brothers Karamazov*. Acting in the Fall 1997 St. Mary’s production gave me the unique opportunity to understand viscerally the dynamism of Clarvoe’s script. Having read Dostoevsky’s *Crime and Punishment* in high school, I can appreciate the difficulty of extracting humor and fast-paced dialogue from a Dostoevsky novel without losing the integrity of his writing. By drawing upon the psychologically labyrinthine characters in the Russian original and transforming their passionate extremes into dramatic action, Clarvoe constructs a version of *The Brothers Karamazov* that is simultaneously challenging and accessible to American audiences.

In terms of language, Clarvoe dexterously uses repetition of certain words and phrases both to create humor and to highlight the characters’ varying perspectives on the ethical quandaries that present themselves in *The Brothers Karamazov*. For example, in a scene between Alyosha, the monk, and Ivan, the atheist, Alyosha tells his brother, “I’m a novice, Ivan. I think about the Temptor all the time” (94). Later,
during the brothers' central theological debate, Ivan's clever wordplay echoes his brother's earlier remark when he says, "I'm an atheist, Alyosha. I think about God all the time" (94).

The word "good" probably appears over a hundred times throughout the script. Dmitri tells his saintly brother Alyosha, "Sometimes I think good thoughts--but I do bad things" (16). After being made a fool of, Katya laments, "I'm better than this. Good. Good. Good" (32). And quite unlike Katya, Grushenka observes, "Everything is good this morning. Even me" (23). The continual echoing of this word elucidates for the audience the characters' Dostoevskian self-consciousness and their conflicting value systems concerning the story's central question of morality.

The playwright's devilish sense of humor furthermore serves the story well in his recurring image of the rock. The play begins with a dialogue between Alyosha and his elder, Father Zosima, in which they discuss the rock as a symbol of the "purified soul" (3). But later in the play when Grushenka tries to seduce Alyosha by touching him between his legs, she exclaims, "He's a rock, this boy!...No, I mean, really, really a rock" (59). As to whether she refers to his physical endowments or his self-control in the face of her advances, Clarvoe leaves her compliments open to interpretation. Yet clearly the rock no longer simply represents for Alyosha "the purified soul," as the image itself has become intertwined with temptations of the flesh. In addition to providing a little comic relief, Clarvoe's clever playwriting illuminates the characters' continual struggles to reconcile their spiritual longings and the desires of their bodies.

My involvement in the production drove me to examine the script rather meticulously, and I noticed that Clarvoe provides valuable instructions to the rhythmic energy of the dialogue. The playwright's deliberate use of punctuation allows him to exhibit Dostoevsky's philosophical arguments with clarity. In the text one of my lines reads, "No one could ever play. An honest game. With these. Marked things." (69). At first, these sentences seemed oddly broken apart; but as I worked with this line construction in rehearsal, I began to discover the emotions driving Grushenka's words. The longer speeches, on the other hand, have very little punctuation, which created a flow and forward motion in the performance of these lines. This is particularly true with the following passage as Grushenka remembers her first love:
He had these perfect little moustaches, they moved whenever his mouth moved like a second smile, he played me songs on the guitar, he taught me to gamble, then he didn’t want me anymore, I watched his mouth say he didn’t want me anymore, his moustaches kept on smiling... (60)

The absence of full-stops reveals Grushenka’s overwhelming recollection of these intimate details, which led me to understand that I must allow the words to pour out of my mouth like water with each image sliding into the next one.

The overall structuring of this lengthy play thankfully encourages fluidity and sparse staging, while simultaneously building stylistically the psychological dementia of Dostoevsky’s world. Although he divides the play into nineteen scenes, Clarvoe moves the action forward by frequently leaving a character on stage at the end of one scene who enters immediately into the following one. The playwright also artfully focuses each act on a particular brother, inviting the audience to enter into the differing internal realities of these title characters. Act One, for the most part, traces the journey of the spiritually driven Alyosha; Clarvoe reflects the monk’s stage of mind by keeping the characters primarily reasonable and within the propriety of their own belief systems. In the second act, however, hell starts to break loose as Dmitri becomes more significant in the story. The playwright therefore releases the tension he sets up in the first part by pushing the characters’ actions to frenzy, allowing them to indulge in the pleasures of the flesh, including sex, violence, gambling, and drinking – even eating sausage. Finally in Act Three, when Ivan, the most seemingly rational of the brothers, takes center stage, the play ironically transforms into a surrealistic nightmare. From my point of view, this last act most successfully captures the essence of Dostoevsky’s disturbing writing, as Clarvoe interweaves the trial scenes, which progressively break free of realistic courtroom structure, with Ivan’s hallucinated visits with the Devil.

In adapting a novel brimming with characters enslaved by their own esoteric perceptions of morality, Clarvoe faces the challenge of theatricalizing internal ruminations. He skillfully meets this challenge by translating their unbalanced psyches into passionately erratic behavior. The script provided me with a multitude of opportunities to physicalize Grushenka’s fiery temperaments, such as sweeping poker chips off a table and smashing a champagne glass. I felt tremendously privileged to
portray one of his finely constructed characters. The playwright avoids the trap of
overemphasizing the story’s seriousness, as he infuses the characters with
mischievousness even in the darker moments. As the play reaches its dramatic climax,
for example, when Ivan asks the bastard Smerdyakov why he pretends to have an
epileptic fit on the night of their father’s murder, Smerdyakov comically responds, “I
was showing off. Everybody else in the family is good at something” (84).

As one might expect from an 800-page novel, most of the characters undergo
profound transformations, which Clarvoe manages to recreate fairly successfully in
three hours on stage. He achieves this partially by selecting only certain aspects of the
story upon which to focus; but the adaptation also exhibits Clarvoe’s remarkable
insight into the psychological cores of these characters. With Grushenka, for instance,
the playwright offered me a great many tools as far as discovering her through-line, as
his careful writing gradually reveals the characteristic of shame that lies beneath her
biting sense of humor and licentious behavior. By identifying in Grushenka this
Achilles’ heel of disgrace, Clarvoe draws a parallel to Dmitri’s wounded self-respect,
thereby adding plausibility to Dmitri and Grushenka’s love and their desire to change
for one another.

Several aspects of this adaptation stray considerably from the Dostoevsky
original, but the integration of these modern elements allows the play to resonate more
fully with a contemporary American audience. One obvious departure from the novel
occurs when Dmitri, Grushenka, and Mussyalovich engage in an intense round of
poker, a game that nineteenth-century Russians would not have played. Through their
increasingly aggressive tossing of poker chips, Clarvoe brilliantly composes a structure
that conveys the masculine competition and burgeoning sexual desire, both of which
lurk just beneath the dialogue. (After performing this scene for a group of college
students who responded with delight and understanding, I began to appreciate fully
the playwright’s ability to seduce an audience into his theatrical world.) Likewise, Act
Three opens cleverly with the former monk Rakitin holding a press conference about
his new book The Life and Times of Father Zosima. Clarvoe effectively captures the
American idea of capitalizing both on spirituality and courtroom scandals, thereby
adding relevance to the play for an audience inundated with media and consumerism.
In terms of the story’s Christian overtones, the playwright demonstrates an acute awareness of the fact that his adaptation must speak to a population comprised of individuals with religious backgrounds vastly different from Dostoevsky’s readers in the 1860’s. Clarvoe lures this contemporary audience in part by forbidding his characters to take each other too seriously. When Dmitri hits his father in the first scene, Fyodor denounces Father Zosima, saying, “Did you see that? Sits on his holy ass while mine gets kicked” (12). Clarvoe’s emotionally universal imagery furthermore brings a sense of humanity to the theological concepts debated throughout the play. This proves particularly true when the non-conformist Ivan comments to his angelic brother Alyosha, “Do you think Satan ever wanted to say to Jesus, ‘Why do you get to be the good one? We had the same father’” (94). By drawing a parallel between these Christian symbols of good and evil and the painful notion of familial alienation, Clarvoe touches upon a reality to which audience members can relate regardless of time and place.

As a growing playwright, I found it incredibly illuminating to explore the complexities of adaptation. From my perspective, the power of Clarvoe’s *The Brothers Karamazov* lies in his keen sense of theatricality combined with his commitment to telling his own version of the story. In his discussion with our playwriting workshop, Anthony Clarvoe alluded to his admiration of Shakespeare, which becomes clear in this play through his well-rounded characters, adeptness with multiple plots, and mastery of language. And from the standpoint of a performer, I could experience the intricate journey Clarvoe builds in his script. He takes the existential musings that drive the novel to its conclusion and reconstructs the narrative into a series of intimate moments between individuals not unlike those in the audience. And even if Dostoevsky is turning in his grave, Clarvoe has nonetheless produced a compelling work of art.

*Works Cited*
A Passing Away:
Women in Ancient Weddings

Jessica Granger

The organ begins to pipe a hymn, the doors at the back of the church open, and the bride and her father begin to walk down the aisle. With butterflies in her stomach and tears of joy welling in the corners of her eyes, she firmly holds her father's arm -- he smiles at her. Taking a deep breath, the bride glows inside and out, poised and beautiful. Her mind flooded with hopes, fears, expectations, and excitement, she says to herself, "This is the happiest day of my life!"

Contrary to this ideal American wedding, brides of ancient Greece and Rome did not rejoice on their wedding day. Seen as a painful "passing" from a carefree life to one of hard work and pregnancy, marriage resembled death for most young women. Sophocles takes on the voice of a young wife when he writes:

Now I am nothing and left alone; I have often observed that such is the lot of womankind -- that we are a mere nothing. When we are young, in our father's house, I think we live the sweetest life of all; for ignorance ever brings us up delightfully. But when we have reached a mature age and know more, we are driven out of doors and sold, away from the gods of our fathers and our parents, some to foreigners, some to barbarians, some to
strange houses, others to such as deserve reproach. And in such a lot, after a single night has united us, we have to acquiesce and think that it is well. (qtd in Brandt 39-40)

For most brides, marriage was a traumatic event that forced them to abandon all familiar, safe, and comfortable surroundings. Greek and Roman patriarchs imposed marriage as a way to perpetuate their religion, power, and race. Declaring themselves the superior sex, men (like Sophocles) muted the woman's voice with oppressive laws and traditions that shaped her role as a submissive servant.

From the moment of birth, a girl's father had control of her life. As head of the household, he "determined the survival ... of any child born to his wife" (called patria potestas in Roman law) (Fantham 227). If he chose to keep his daughter, she would be raised to worship his sacred fire and ancestors, along with the rest of the family. Every morning and night the family would gather around the hearth to pray to the sacred fire, offer libations, and request protection and blessings from their ancestors (DeCoulanges 53). Since Greek and Roman law only granted males permission to carry on the family beliefs, a girl had to forsake her "paternal fire and henceforth invoke that of the husband" upon marriage (DeCoulanges 53).

Between the ages of fourteen and fifteen, a girl was considered "ripe for marriage." By this time, her father would have selected a man of seventeen to nineteen for her to marry, completing the first stage of the wedding process (Fantham 101). A formal agreement (engye) between the father and the chosen bridegroom involved a handshake and payment of the bride's dowry -- all of which took place in front of witnesses (Sutton 150). This betrothal of the two initiated the "courting period." Sold off and promised to a new owner, like one of her father's sheep, the bride was often unaware of the deal and had no choice in the matter.

Either a few days or years later, the bride's mother would issue wedding invitations to neighbors, relatives, and friends. A third century Roman invitation read: "Herais [the mother] requests your company at dinner in celebration of the marriage of her children at her house tomorrow, the fifth, at nine o'clock" (Lefkowitz 243). Before the wedding, many preparations were made, especially in honor of the bride. In Greece, the first wedding ritual required the bride to "make a ceremonial visit to the bride-room at the temple of Artemis" where she would make an offering (Lefkowitz
The bride would ask Artemis -- the goddess of female virtue and healer of human sufferings -- to bestow a blessing upon her marriage and ease the pain of her consummation. In the days to follow, the bride would be bombarded with gifts and the company of her closest female friends in order to alleviate her anxiety and fear. Vases with scenes as in Figure 4, where Erotes primp and serve the bride, would romanticize her wedding day. The relaxed tone of the piece would soothe any of the bride's tensions, as portrayed by the seated women who are almost lounging and the woman on the far right who has her hands clasped behind her head, freely talking with the Eros.

In Figure 9, an epinetron or "curved piece of ceramic ware placed over the leg of a woman who then cards wool on it" from 420 BC, depicts the bride Alcestis (far right) preparing for her wedding. In Greece and Rome, Alcestis was revered in myth as the wife who sacrificed her own life so her husband, Admetus, could live. In return for her loyalty, the gods allowed her to return to life. Such an epinetron might hold many meanings for Greek and Roman brides. The nature of the artwork, which shows Alcestis reclining as her friends show off their gifts, would pacify some of the bride's worries. But Alcestis' story reminded brides of their duty to support their husbands; and the purpose of the epinetron forced them to recognize their household responsibilities after marriage - one being spinning.

Further treatment of the bride included several stages of preparation on the actual wedding day. Figure 1 narrates these events, beginning on the left with the "bridal bath" delivered by Eros, followed by anointing the bride with perfume and oil, dressing her, and putting on her veil and crown. With music played on the flute and lyre throughout the preparations to set the mood, the finished bride is finally ready, on the far right. In Figure 2, the groom waits for his bride, holding a walking stick (a symbol of his domination, despite his young face) as her friends make last minute adjustments. As the bride holds onto her veil, the young woman to the right of her, offers her a flower and an apple (both symbols of femininity) (Sutton 151).

The wedding ceremony took place among a large number of friends, neighbors, and relatives, and was performed in the evening, beginning around the hearth of the father (DeCoulanges 55). In order to separate his daughter from the
paternal fire at which she had prayed her entire life, the father offered a sacrifice, recited "a sacramental formula," then presented his daughter to the bridegroom (DeCoulanges 56). This process of "handing" over the bride (manus, or marriage) resembles today's wedding ceremonies when the father declares the offering of his daughter in marriage.

The next stage of the ceremony involves the procession from the bride's home to the groom's home. In Greek and Roman vase paintings, this event succeeds as the most celebrated part of the wedding (Sutton 152). It may be concluded on the bride's behalf that this "passing" from home to home terrified her, for she was physically moving away from her childhood. Whether traveling by mule-cart, chariot, or foot, the guests who accompanied the newlyweds danced and sang festively to enliven the mood. At the wedding of Hector and Andromache, the participants revel as

sweet-sounding aulos was mixed with the noise of castanets, and the maidens sang a sacred song and the holy sound reached heaven... bowls and goblets... perfume and cassia and incense were mixed and all the older women shouted, and all the men cried out in fair loud song.

(Lefkowitz 6)

Figure 5 depicts a wedding procession by foot. Most of the women carry gifts, except one (the third from the left) who plays the lyre. Several of the gifts in this procession can be found in Figure 6, which displays a variety of women's vases that were extracted from gravesites. The connection of bridal gifts with grave offerings has led archaeologists to believe that Greek and Roman women saw marriage as a type of death, or "passing away." "Death is a natural metaphor of marriage because, in the course of the wedding procession, the young girl renounces herself" (Loraux 37). Also, in Figure 5, the man (fifth person from the right) carries a torch. The "nuptial torch," seen again in Figure 8, served as a universal symbol of matrimony, just as "wedding candles" of today (Sutton 152).

Upon arrival at the groom's home, the party received a warm welcome from the mother of the groom who, having prepared the hearth, waited anxiously for the couple's arrival. This is depicted in Figure 12, by the woman on the far right "raising her hands in greeting" (Sparks 73). However, the bride does not share the excitement.
[She] dares not go of her own accord into her new dwelling. Her husband must take her, and simulate a seizure by force. She must cry out, and the women that accompany her must pretend to defend her... after a feigned struggle, the husband raised her in his arms, and carried her through the doorway, taking great care, however, that her feet did not touch the sill. (DeCoulanges 56-7)

On vases, this "capture" of the bride seems less violent, merely represented with a tender leading by the hand or wrist, as in Figures 5 and 12. It is possible that artists toned down the harshness of the act so as not to frighten the bride who may have received a vase like this as a wedding gift.

For both the Greeks and the Romans, this tradition reflected religious and political history. The epitome of the patriarchal society and of male dominance over women emerges in this single act. In Greece, the wedding of Peleus and Thetis is popular on vase paintings because, as the myth goes, Zeus promised Thetis to Peleus; however, when Peleus tried to take Thetis as his bride, she resisted and altered her shape many times to elude him. Yet, as the patriarchs would prefer it, Peleus eventually captures Thetis and forces her to marry him (Moon 109). Figure 10 portrays the wedding of Peleus and Thetis on a *hydria* -- a vase used solely by women -- thus a stinging reminder of women's weaker role. This practice dates back to the foundation of Rome with the "Rape of the Sabines," when the women were abducted by force in order to establish progeny for Rome.

Once inside the groom's home, the crowd gathered around his hearth, where the bride would come forward "into the presence of the domestic divinity" (DeCoulanges 57). Then, as she was sprinkled with "lustral water," she touched the sacred fire, and prayers were repeated. The couple offered a libation to the gods and to the husband's ancestors. In acceptance of her new husband, the bride would raise her veil (a gesture called *anaklypteria*). Finally, to declare their union with the gods and as a couple they shared a cake and joined hands. As shown in Figure 13, "the couple clasping right hands in the marital gesture (*dextrarum iunctio*) signaled the legitimacy of marriage" (Fantham 321). These final acts relate to today's wedding ceremonies, when the bride and groom cut the wedding cake together and feed each other. The joining of hands compares to the current tradition of exchanging rings.
In ancient Greek and Roman literature, marriage was described by men as a "second birth" for women. However, the correlation made between the wedding ceremony and the funeral procession suggests all too strongly that, in reality, women perceived marriage as a "weaker death," which was followed years later by a certain, "stronger death" (DeCoulanges 59/ Loraux 38). Women resigned their bodies in marriage as well as death. The archaeological discovery of wedding vases at funerary sites revealed that the sequence of the funeral ceremony mirrored that of a wedding. Just as the bride's body is prepared for marriage by bathing, anointing of oil and perfume, and special attire, so was a deceased body (Fantham 96). Like the wedding, the funeral procession was conducted by foot or chariot, and accompanied by mourners who carried torches and sang hymns (Fantham 270).

Thankfully, in twentieth century Western civilization, weddings have progressed from solemn and spiritless events into precious ceremonies conducted out of love and free choice. However, our culture must acknowledge the profound influence Greece and Rome have had and still have on the festivities we celebrate today.
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Illustrations

Figure 1. New York, Metropolitan Museum of Art 1972. Pyxis. Stages of a bride's preparation.

Figure 2. Basseggio Collection 1888. Amphora. Wedding preparations with groom present.


Figure 4. Athens, National Museum 1966. Onos. Wedding preparations.

Figure 5. Jahrbuch 1900. Pyxis. Marriage procession and adornment of bride.

Figure 6. Athens, Kerameikos Cemetery. Various vases.

Figure 7. Naples, Museo Nazionale. Lekanis. Lebetes Gamikoi (Wedding Bowl).

Figure 8. London, British Museum 1920. Pyxis. Bride carried in chariot led by man
with nuptial torch.

Figure 9. Athens, National Archaeological Museum 1629. Epinetron. Alcestis preparing for her wedding among women with gifts.


Figure 11. Black-figure vase. Wedding procession by mulecart.

Figure 12. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts. Loutrophoros. Husband leading wife toward the bedroom.

Figure 13. Vatican Museum XXXI. 14.70. Roman funerary altar. Couple clasping hands in the marital gesture.
I now know what Susan Sontag meant when she wrote "to photograph people is to violate them..." (14). The people whose photographs were on display at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art looked assaulted, robbed, and accosted, as if their image had been snatched away from them. Yes, many of those photographs were an intrusion: a sort of rape.

As I walked through the display of crime photographs, I was subjected to a variety of different sights. All of the black and white pictures featured scenes relating to the criminal side of our society. The photographs, invasions into a private world, displayed a variety of subjects, including blood, death, mug shots, hands, faces, floors, fences, and cells. Some of the pictures were more upsetting than others, and there were a few
which were oddly poetic. All of them affected the soul in some way; for, to glimpse into a private world uninvited and not feel any emotion would mean you have forgotten your heart.

The images that made the most powerful impression upon my mind were not those of blood and gore displayed in the murder victims' photographs. No, what haunted me were the mug shots of the residents of an insane asylum. It was not their scraggly hair, taut faces, ashy skin, and the hollow cheeks that disturbed me. Rather, what has been branded into my memory is their eyes. Old photographs often make their subjects' eyes look vacant; but this was not so, for, in the eyes of those stares was something more. They did not have the gleam of the insane, but rather the dull look that is often the result of years of trauma and fear. These were the eyes of victims. The camera was robbing them of their hopes, dreams, and inner brilliance. I wonder if they were truly insane, or if they only lost their minds after being in the asylum.

A woman viewing the exhibit commented, "The stories are missing; all we have is their photographs, no background on what caused them to end up here." These words clung to me, bringing back all of the horror stories I have read in history classes about the early years of institutions for the insane. There was mistreatment, abuse, and, most horrifying, there were some people trapped in there who were completely sane. I wanted so badly to ask the black and white images, "Who are you? Why are you here? Who put you here?" I wondered if this woman ended up in this photograph because of disobedience to her husband. Did this man end up in this place because he refused to live his life according to his father's wishes? Who is it that can truly decide who is sane? I do not know. There are no answers in these photographs, only questions. The questions came from the faces; faces with the eyes of humans whose souls had been ripped from them.

And there these photographs were, displayed before me in a perfect line. These people were caged, raped, in the moment of the photograph, having their shame on exhibit for the world to see. They looked at me, like animals in a zoo. However, instead of their freedom being locked in, these photographs had caged their spirits. It was as if I was at a medieval carnival where a crusty old man shows the public
freakish people that have been locked behind bars. I could not move, literally, for the crowd had hemmed me in, locking me in place to face the judgment of those eyes.

But now, as I sit, typing away, miles from those eyes, their stares are still with me. This could move me to believe in ghosts. Their eyes are haunting me; I find it hard to believe their souls are at rest. The crime in our history has yet to be paid. These photographs attest to the pain and abuse our country has inflicted on the mentally ill. Those souls have yet to forgive us, thus they have yet to reach eternal rest.

Will they ever? Sontag wrote, "After the event has ended, the picture will still exist, conferring on the event a kind of immortality . . ."(11). Like the art of poetry, photography has the ability to capture time; therefore the pain in those mug shots will live forever. Those eyes will never blink to see a softer side of reality.

Just as the act of immortalization can be painful, it can also be a savior. A photograph taken in 1944 shows a young boy, possibly fifteen, locked behind bars. His baby-soft skin surrounded eyes that were almost peaceful. The photograph had captured a moment before hatred had filled his eyes, a moment in which his soul had yet to leave his body. For eternity, there is a moment, a place in time, where the viewer of the picture cannot look at him in disgust.

Instead of repulsion, a sense of sadness seemed to drift into my heart as I gazed into that boy's eyes. His crime was strangling a little girl. In causing her death, he had also caused his own. His face, which had yet to ever need the work of a razor, was to exist forever in a death of the living. His life, his future was over; and soon, in time, those eyes would become hard and lifeless. In the moment captured by the camera, he still had something inside of him; but the bars in front of those eyes were predicting his fate. His eyes would not always be able to see past those bars; soon, those eyes would only see the cage the boy had made for himself. However, that photograph saved him a place in eternity where he still could fully possess his soul.

The question "Why?" ran through my head, dancing around with no place to go, as I walked through the exhibit. A photograph gives no answers; it just displays a
moment. Judgment is not for the camera, but for your eyes, the eyes of the viewer. It is your eyes that determine the emotions of what is seen.

Works Cited
Chaire to Kleos Gynaikon
The Origins of Misogyny

Sapna Gandhi

Misogyny - n. The hatred of women.-- Webster's Dictionary

So there is a word for this patriarchal thought shaping the “civilized” Western world we claim to live in. Where female exaltation exists only in increments and celebrates itself on an individual basis, but condemnation is passed out like candy and publicized with severe generalizations. A place founded on hostile thoughts that women are “lazy, expensive, luxury-loving, sly, drunken, emotional, sexually insatiable and incontinent,” and, as a rule, physically, mentally, and morally weaker than men (Sutton 27). Just how did artistic, religious, sexual, literary, philosophic, scientific, and political attitudes towards women develop, and when did misogyny become a sound establishment? More importantly, why are many women still so blind and ignorant to this oppression, and continually exhibiting submissive behavior today?

Unfortunately, the last question remains an unnerving mystery. However, the former invites a plethora of ancient sources that testify to the abusive, unjust, and disrespectful
treatment of women and how this evil patriarchy managed to survive and dominate for so long.

For men (as a gender) to maintain potency, women "must be (or pretend to be) submissive" (Doane and Hodges 31). Perhaps somewhere in early ancient history, a fear was born in the minds of men. Women must have been a sacred "ideal" due to their biological capacities: namely, the ability to procreate and sustain life. These special qualities posed a threat to early man. He feared having to succumb to a woman, and anyone forbid, actually depend on a woman. It was probably along the lines of this thought pattern that misogyny developed: through the works of Hesiod, Homer, Euripides, Semonides, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Ovid, Juvenal, and many other male, celebrated, poets of early western tradition.

Negative Feedback from Kyrios:

The women of Athens, and all over Greece, perpetually lived under the care of a male lord, or kyrios (Loraux 36). Whether this guardian be a father, brother, uncle, husband, or any man who chose to bring the girl into his home, he attained full right over her. She served as property, as the subject of negotiation amongst men. While she established some nationality, she was not technically a citizen, for her title, asteai, meant only "Athenian National" (Sutton 27). This dehumanizing status obviously made way for the nonexistence of women in political life, without ownership rights or any responsibility of financial transitions without consultation. Clearly, such stringent laws were devised by men with the sole purpose and desire to control the lives of women.

Maids and maidens were forbidden outside of the home and restricted to a life of domestic duty. Women would spend much of their time in groups, engaged in weaving, spinning, preparing for pregnancy, or if already a mother, raising children. In art, matrons were commonly depicted diligently working (Figure 1), probably as a reminder of the responsibility expected of a woman. Once in a while, they would be "let out" to gather water for the home (Figure 2), and this allotment of time became a precious, social moment in the secluded lives of these women. Public appearances made by women were based on religious content, such as weddings and funerals. Any real public life was reserved for the husbands, sons, fathers, and brothers of these
women, who attended their symposiums, or "men's clubs," to indulge in sexual pleasures with *hetairai,* or prostitutes (Coole 27).

As Plato describes them, these symposiums were "above carnal pleasures" provided by the *hetairai,* they were "a superior progeny that only men were capable of" (Coole 19). The *hetairai* were by no means respectable women (by the standards of the time) with freedoms or privileges, but in fact slaves to a different type of abuse. They were humiliated and degraded, as can be seen in the several delineations of symposium events (Figure 3). This tradition also basically battered our present day views of marriage, promoting a social institution meant for procreation and subservience from a woman. Love, was a notion surviving in myths, and "divine" love was only achievable by men. The woman's gloomy aspect of marriage is depicted in the uninspiring, rather somber pictures of weddings, where smiles and joyful tears are replaced by spiritless expressions of obedience, despair and a general sense of emptiness (Figure 4).

As a result of this joyless union, children were not regarded as loved ones, but as a commodity. If male, the family had been blessed with an heir, while females grew accustomed to neglect in a world where they may as well not exist. Vases, as well as statues with maternal subject matter, might depict a mother and child (mostly male) as a tribute, not to motherhood, but to the product: namely, her male offspring (Figure 5). Women were simply vessels, hollow containers with no lives of their own. Thus motherhood was not a joyful event in a woman's life, but a symbol of servitude in a deep-rooted patriarchy, essentially stripping maternal aspects of their human, emotional nature.

It is no wonder that an artist would occasionally portray a young maiden staring out of her window (Figure 6) with the yearning to escape her domestic surroundings. In sync with the Ovidian phraseology of women only "seeing and being seen," women were probably expected to view these scenes as model behavior in society (Blamires 5). Perhaps this could be the beginning of the question, "Does art imitate society, or does art act as a tool of propaganda?" Despite modern progress, this question remains unanswered, growing more complex as time goes on. What is known is that art alone is not the culprit of such misogynist thought. Maybe men
wrote out of ignorance due to the fact they did not want to understand what was foreign to them as a gender. Maybe men were truly overcome with fear of women. Whatever their reason(s), to justify the subordination of women, men have created the most ludicrous and baneful postulates of the female mind, body, and soul in literature and art.

**Polluted Theories:**

When law was not enough to convince the public of female inferiority, physiologists such as Aristotle, Hypocrites, and a few others, compiled "scientific" evidence that a woman was simply not meant for a life like a man’s. Describing the male principle as a ‘soul’ or ‘form’, while the female’s as ‘body’ or ‘matter’, not only objectified a woman, but also “proved” that a ‘form’ actively shapes, while a female is just a lump of flesh (Blamires 2). A man’s body was also said to obtain more heat, which enabled the parts to move smoothly and with more athletic ability (Fantham 190). Other bizarre myths included the notion that a woman’s womb was mobile, or in a sense, floating (Fantham 196). Years later, John Milton referred to these supposed deformities when calling Eve a “fair defect of Nature” (Blamires 3).

Menstruation was seen as a sign of weakness, wickedness, and inferiority (Blamires 3). It symbolized pollution and darkness. By linking woman to darkness and Earth, the Greeks saw a connection between menstruation and death. The fact that funeral mourners were all women is largely due to the fact that they were viewed as less likely to catch any disease since they were already polluted (Fantham 48). Most provoking of all is how the religious rites of birth and death can be so strikingly similar -- both relating to the fleshly, bloody fertility symbol: menstruation (Coole 22). It is evident that men possessed no real knowledge of gynecology; their misogynist assumptions and justifications grew like a malignancy, throughout time.

What intrigues, however, is the “fire” (Prometheus' donation to Earth, as well as Hephaistus' crafty creation! Men on “fire” explains the real downfall of man!) behind the hate.

**Hesiod & Misogyny's First Flames:**

Hesiod's *Works and Days* and *Theogony* graphically and quite fascinatingly
provide mythological accounts of the development of mankind, explaining the shift from matriarchy to patriarchy. In a desperate (and, might I add, successful) attempt to eliminate a matriarchal universe, Hesiod created a myth describing the eradication of dependency on women as the creator of life. Born in the fourth generation of divinities, Zeus establishes supremacy over a “chaotic” world ruled by a woman, Earth (Gaia), by replacing the existing universe with his own ideals of governing: law and order (Athanassakis 7). He cleverly goes about his plan by swallowing his impregnated wife, Metis, who is said to be carrying his lethal son who was coming to murder him and then take over just as Zeus overthrew his own father. The outcome brought Zeus a splitting headache, which he summoned his brother Hephaistus to relieve. At the bursting of his crown, the goddess Athena sprung forth, fully grown and in full armor (Figure 7), rooted in reason rather than the “dark recesses of the flesh” (Coole 16). This birth, void of labor, is symbolic of the views men held in the 8th century B.C.E., for these men “saw no lese-majeste in representing Zeus in undignified labor pangs” (Richter 116).

The unsympathetic mockery these poets and artists make of women’s issues (such as labor) carries on, to a lesser degree, in our society today. However, the main contribution to misogynist thought lays in the story of Pandora, the first women, created in a plight of revenge by Zeus, who was angry with his brother Prometheus for stealing fire and providing it to humanity. Hesiod describes Pandora as beautiful and divine (expressed by Athena and Aphrodite), but actually equipped with “lying speech” (expressed by Hermes), enabling her, with shamelessness and malicious desire, to open the jar that unleashed all evils and suffering onto mankind (Bloch 15). Her “thievish nature” (although created by a man) inevitably causes the downfall of man because she is the first human creature to sow discord between man and God -- a theme echoed in the Christian story of creation and Eve (Bloch 15). In history, a woman’s nature becomes permanently stained with negative attributes, fathered by insecure and fearful men. This creation implies that humankind had existed without women before Pandora, which is crucial in understanding Hesiod’s blatant misogynist statement to Greek men: “if one marries a woman...[he] will spend his life trying to balance the good and bad in her.” But Hesiod does acknowledge a wife’s benefits: “she will look after a man in his old age and give him descendants to inherit his property, so her malice must be suffered” (Coole 16). Thus begins the patriarchal thought that
men are supreme and women are purely subordinate creatures needing to be tamed, disciplined, and "balanced" like a checkbook.

There are, in all, four main themes in Hesiod's *Works And Days* and *Theogony*: the fertility goddesses have been overthrown by a rational, patriarchal god; the woes of men are directly due to the creation of woman; Zeus now has a family tree and can be found on top of the long lineage of male gods; and, a woman's life is amoral and unpleasant for the most part. Further exasperating are the new order's control over serious issues regarding women's sexuality and equality in the years to come.

**Celebrating *Sophrosyne*:**

In ancient Greek society, *sophrosyne* was the ultimate virtue of a woman, its meaning being modesty, dignity, and self-restraint, especially over the passions (Coole 26). What is more lamentable and perturbing is the fact that the Websters' Dictionary still defines "virtue," as "chastity, especially for girls and women." Why has a woman's worth and "virtue" always depended on her virginity? The goddess Artemis (Diana) was once known as *Eukleia*, meaning "glory," and was celebrated for her chastity and regard for virginal ways (Loraux 45). This glorification of virginity has permeated western civilization and become a source of guilt and repression in the lives of women. Ovid once wrote, "Her chastity consists of not being asked," and described female sexuality as a wild *furiosa* in comparison to the law-abiding, male *libido* (Blamires 17). Her sexuality is despicable, while a man is "natural" for indulging in symposium festivities and sowing his wild oats in general.

The cult of the Vestal Virgins (Figure 8) further celebrated chastity in early Roman times and added to the image of the uniquely wild -- yet piously chaste -- practices of Hestia and Artemis. Artemis also represented the animalistic features of women, and she was known to "animalize doomed virgins," such as those sacrificed in battle or by the patriarchy in general (Loraux 34). In myths, she is portrayed rescuing Iphigenia, Polyxena, and Macaria: all victims of virginal sacrifices (Loraux 47). "Virginal values" have been brainwashed into girls and women through these ancient myths and later on through every religious institution in Western (and Eastern) civilization.
Femme Fatales in The Ancient World:

In a time when male supremacy was not only the norm but the law, there existed a few women who stood out but who paid a heavy price. Homer writes of female temptresses who are irresistibly dangerous and sensually terrifying (Blamiere 69). Circe, with her manipulative nectar, transformed male visitors into hideous beasts. The Sirens were notorious for their savagely melodious voices, which attained powers of their own. Charybdis was simply nasty with her claws and relentless to kill. A woman with power automatically inherited evil, and therefore used her charm in a wicked, harmful manner.

Beyond myth lay some ugly tales of this supposed female predator as well. The Amazons and the Spartans were both ostracized for being androgynous and ruthless, and proved to be tough competitors in times of battle. Since these women were so unlike any of the subservient, modest women of Athens, and presented themselves with such confidence and command, they posed a threat to men and the patriarchal world. Their authority and sexual magnetism had to be suppressed; the only way men could disarm these women was by death, the ultimate male fantasy "of true feminine sublimation" (Doane & Hodges 31). They become beautiful, feminine, human, in their death, as does the Amazonian Queen Penthesileia for the Greek warrior hero Achilles in Figure 9.

Misogyny has a way of twisting itself to mold around even the strengths of women. In today's society, a vigorous, successful woman is demeaned and seen as a "bitch," or made out to be some sort of sexual tyrant (enter movies like "Disclosure" and shows like "Melrose Place"). The medieval writer, Malleus, once wrote, "woman, especially sexually active, is the most powerfully destructive force in the world" (Smith 69). From Helen, "the face who launched a thousand ships," to the sorceress Medea, women have been blamed for all the wrongs of society, despite their benevolent acts and victimization. Beginning with Pandora, who was created by a male God to bring suffering to mankind, and the Christian Eve, who was accused of the same crime, civilization has pawned off evils done by men onto women. Why doesn't anyone fault Hephaistus for creating woman in the first place? And why is Zeus' jealous rage, which initiated her creation, forgiven? Are we also supposed to forget that Zeus was a mastered, accomplished rapist of the Greek heavens? No one ever faults these men for
their crimes, wrong doings, or obscenities; instead they are seen as flawed, while the evil doings of one woman is attributed to all of womankind in general. The birth of the double standard.

In the fall of Troy, Helen accepts the blame for charming Meneleas with her sexual "persuasion" (Figure 10), when really she -- as all humans -- was a mere pawn in the game the Greek Gods play. Meneleus is not weak for falling to her charms, and her rape (or abduction) is her onus. Medea, who betrays her own family and country for the love of Jason, is criticized for the hasty, disgusting murders of her husband's mistress and her own children (Figure 11) when really she was the victim of a societal and marital conspiracy. For a man to avenge his adulterous wife is almost a law since "the key virtue of a woman is fidelity" (Coole 12). A woman, on the other hand, must swallow her anger, accept life, and live on in misery.

Clytemnestra and Dido are just two Homeric characters who suffer from the same justice (or injustice) of this patriarchal society. Clytemnestra is one seriously defamed woman of Greek myth, due to her sexual affairs and her strong will. The first official democratic jury system declared her as guiltier than her male child, Orestes, for the murder of her husband, Agamemnon, thus establishing "man's control over woman's sexuality, by male dominance of legal over familial bonds" (Coole 18). Such cases must have seemed distracting to the male world, and therefore poets preferred to write more of fantasy, or invent it, as in the case of Cleopatra. Romans could not deal with her sway and vitality, so they to attributed all her intellect to her alliances with men. The fall of Caesar's rule, as well as Antony's, is blamed on her. "Metaphorical females are easier to deal with than the real thing, as Aeneas implicitly recognized when he left Dido to death and disgrace in Carthage and set off for Italy to found the eternal city" (Smith 77).

Logades: Women Suffering In The Name Of Progress:

Not only were virginity and monogamy required of a respectable woman, but she was also expected to maintain a personal guard against possible rape. If she was raped, she was not regarded as a victim, but instead an insult to man (Blamires 26). The fact that rape is referred to as an "abduction" or "seduction" lessens the severity of this violent act, transforming the victim into the culprit. These abductions served as
precursors to war and to new beginnings.

Artists depicted rape as a beautiful, romantic "capture," as illustrated in the stories of "Leda and the Swan" and "Rape of Leucippus" (Figures 12 and 13). And that is exactly what they are: captured. Patriarchy maintains the idea that a woman must be captured in matters of love and marriage, as symbolized by the taking of a woman's wrist (Figure 14). Moreover, the woman is expected to object and protest, neither of which actually matter, for whether she wants or not, she will have to go along. Her fight to go merely represents the modesty and dignity of a woman's character.

While most women acted out this opposition as part of the courting ritual, the story of Thetis and Peleus involves a real struggle to escape the hold of a captor. Thetis exemplifies this "modesty" with such strength that artists were inspired to illustrate this zealous resistance to Peleus, who decided to have her in a negotiation with Zeus (Figure 15). One of the most celebrated of abduction stories, is that of Persephone, whose rape sparked seasons and devastating weather changes due to her mother Demeter's broken heart. Once again, a negative aspect of nature, in this case winter, is blamed on the instability of a woman.

Without rape and abduction, our world could simply not exist, is the message of these early Greeks and Romans. Every civilization sprung forth, or died out, because of a woman. Helen sparked the Trojan War, the rape of Lucretia brought the end of the Etruscan civilization, and the rape of the Sabines initiated progress in Rome. The goes on for centuries to come.

Divinities Defamed: The Curse of Woman

Human failure is understandable, but when Goddesses are portrayed in a negative light, in contrast to the perfection of the "realistically" flawed Gods, then the myths obviously point towards patriarchy. Athena may be the epitome of grace and honor, but she represents androgyny and symbolizes a motherless birth (stemming from Zeus). She is perhaps the most meddlesome of divinities, always manipulating men into war for her amusement. She is also a virgin. So although she is respected, she still embraces the strong personality defects that all the women of this time
acquire, such as malice.

Another motherless divinity, Aphrodite, sprung forth from her father’s semen and salt of the ocean (Figure 16). She was also commonly referred to as Androphoros, meaning “man-slayer” (Flaceliere 40). If mortals, such as Helen or Medea, are not responsible for their treachery, it is because they are victims to Aphrodite, for her “gifts are the prattling of wenches, grins, and trickeries” (Flaceliere 37). Her son, Eros, blinds women and men at her command, who thereafter fall prey to her wickedness (Figure 17).

_Chaire to Kleos Gynaikon:_

Misogynist thought exists on many levels throughout society. Some of this western thought is so deeply engrained into our minds that we do not even realize where these stereotypes and ideas come from. Sadly, even modern technology and other modern advancements cannot overcome the patriarchal, misogynist society we live in. As much as society has progressed, it has still retained these images and stances of a woman’s worth and place in life. From the earliest literature and myths of creation, including those written by Hesiod and Homer, to the art of ancient Greek and Roman vases, Western society has thrived as a culture insisting upon the suppression of women.

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On Never Having Been Artistic

Paula Keenan

I had it all planned out. Absent-mindedly, I would be pacing down a street cluttered with bodies racing to the dreaded hours of flipping burgers or staring into a screen of graphs and figures. Or maybe I would be peeling the covers off a worn bed and falling weakly into its squishiness or sitting near a bubbling fountain as I admired two faces becoming one. Then BOOM. It would hit me. My sensations would be heightened and I would feel each rotation of the world as it spun around me. My mind would fill with the sweet words and rhythms of poetry. Then the muscles in my fingers would clasp a pencil and begin to create the scenes surrounding me, as I effortlessly chirped a song in perfect tone and key. Later, while skipping to the beat of a far off radio I would unintentionally produce a new dance step. This is how it was supposed to happen.

For some reason, I thought that my artistic ability would just hit me. And as soon as it did, I would be able to recite beautiful poetry, scribble a few masterpieces, yodel like Madonna, and fly across the stage in a Broadway musical. But until that day came I’d try to inspire the true artist just waiting inside me.
I had always believed I was somewhat artistic. Why should I believe any differently? After spending countless hours carefully positioned on the porch outside, whisking away at sheets of notebook paper with my paintbrush, I would proudly waltz into the house displaying my newest watercolor masterpiece. Most of my brothers and sisters would just smile and nod with the occasional "Uh, what is that?" expression on their face. But that really didn't bother me because I knew only my parents could really appreciate true art. "Art is in the eye of the beholder," my dad would say, as he carefully eyed each detail from the mess of colors on the page, "you are a very creative girl."

Feeling as though I should explore more of my aesthetic capabilities, I joined a jazz dance class at a local school. It was an idea that my mom gave me when she realized I had choreographed a dance routine to each song on the Dirty Dancing soundtrack. Each evening I would put on my pink and purple patterned leg warmers along with my matching headband and fuschia leotard. Strutting downstairs to the basement with my Get In Shape, Girl radio, I would spend hours jumping off couches and inventing my "new" moves.

Joining the dance class was an ego-killing experience for me. In the past I would dance uncontrollably, waving my stick-like arms and moving my feet; but in class I was an uncoordinated klutz with little hope for a future in dance. It was horrible. I lacked the basic skills of a dancer, which included balance, alignment, and control. Thinking I could make up for it in endurance and enthusiasm, I put every bit of energy into getting as high or as far as I could with my leaps. This, however, resulted in many purple and green knees as well as seven years of bad luck for one broken mirror.

After my dancing horrors, I thought something a little mellower would be the answer to my craving for artistic ability. Poetry was just the answer. But before I started, I would need the perfect ambiance. Behind the closed door of my room, I would sit with my curtains open just enough for the sun to feed my paper. And with my chin resting on my hand, I would wait to be inspired with beautifully flowing words. Of course I never did get the inspiration I needed; but I did produce several wads of crumpled paper which encircled the empty wastebasket.
It is today, as I stand back and look at my past, that I can see it clearly. It is a waste to try to bring out something that isn’t there. I am glad that I realize how stupid I was being. After all, what I am truly meant to be is an Olympic Athlete. So, one day while I am absent-mindedly pacing down a street, BOOM...
Again he left the district of Tyre and went by way of Sidon to the Sea of Galilee, into the district of the Decapolis. And people brought to him a deaf man who had a speech impediment and begged him to lay his hand on him. He took him off by himself away from the crowd. He put his finger into the man's ears and, spitting, touched his tongue; then he looked up to heaven and groaned, and said to him, "Ephphatha!" (that is, "Be opened!"). And [immediately] the man's ears were opened, his speech impediment was removed, and he spoke plainly. He ordered them not to tell anyone. But the more he ordered them not to, the more they proclaimed it. They were exceedingly astonished and they said, "He has done all things well. He makes the deaf hear and [the] mute speak" (Mk 7, 31-37).

The beauty of the lessons and parables described in the Gospel According to Mark is that they distill the fundamental precepts of the Christian faith to a few well-chosen words. However, since this is accomplished primarily through symbolism, the meaning of such stories is deliberately obscure. Furthermore, the stories are so brief, each sentence is loaded with significance--there is no room for extraneous details. One such example in Mark is the story of the deaf man. This story tells how Jesus heals a man who can neither hear nor speak. Taken at face value, it simply describes a miracle that illustrates God's power. But examined more closely, this story yields a
surprising number of Christianity's basic tenets of faith.

Water plays a prominent role in the deaf man's story. This should come as no surprise, considering that baptism—immersion in water to quite literally wash away sin—is the means by which one enters the family of the Christian church. In fact, baptism is so important that the very first chapter of The Gospel of Mark begins with John the Baptist's call to repentence of sins and baptism. John says, "I have baptized you with water; he [Jesus] will baptize you with the Holy Spirit" (Mk 1, 8). The Jordan River served as the baptismal water for the people who came to John from all over the Judean countryside and Jerusalem (Mk 1, 5). Most importantly, Jesus was also baptized by John in the Jordan River (Mk 1, 9). Thus, Christians share in Christ's death and resurrection when they "drown" and are "reborn" free of sin through baptism.

However, Jesus did not heal the deaf man with a traditional baptism in the Jordan River, or any other water for that matter. Instead, he used his own spit to baptize the man. One might wonder why Jesus chose to baptize the deaf man with saliva when the Sea of Galilee was nearby. In fact, it makes no sense at all, unless you break open the Word to understand the genius hidden in this story. Since Christ himself is the living water who delivers the faithful from spiritual thirst, he had no need of ordinary water to baptize the deaf man. However, the message of the deaf man's baptism and rebirth might have been too subtle without the inclusion of some sort of liquid to make it clear what Jesus was up to; hence, baptism by saliva.

By virtue of this baptism, the deaf man was healed of his deafness and speech impediment. At first glance, this story appears to be rather blatant: the man's ears were literally closed; then, through Jesus' intervention, they were opened. Yet, this was much more than a miraculous healing. It is a story of conversion to faith—the essence of "epiphatha." Imagine a man who could neither hear nor speak, suddenly could do both. Unless one considers what this means—a newfound access to the Word—the significance of this conversion story is lost. Quite simply, before the man was opened, he did not know God. He was deaf to the Word. After his conversion and baptism, he believed. Jesus healed the deaf man spiritually as well as physically.
Because it is such an important concept, the inability to hear the Word is, not surprisingly, mentioned over and over again in Mark. There are several references to people who can hear, but remain "deaf" to the Word. In fact, Jesus addresses this issue when he discusses his use of parables with his disciples. He tells them that they have been granted understanding because they are part of the kingdom of God. But, he says, "to those outside, everything comes in parables so that they may look and see but not perceive, and hear and listen but not understand, in order that they may not be converted and be forgiven" (Mk 4, 11-12). This passage describes in Jesus' own words the significance of his parables and personal actions, and their hidden meanings. Jesus seems to be saying that people who listen but refuse to hear are willfully avoiding conversion and forgiveness.

Similarly, the story of the deaf man implies that the people who learned of this miraculous healing were also unwilling to "hear" its true meaning. Although Jesus "ordered them not to tell anyone," they displayed a willful disregard for him. In fact, "the more he ordered them not to, the more they proclaimed it" (Mk 7, 36). These people were tremendously impressed, but they missed the whole point of what Jesus was trying to accomplish through the healing. Instead of understanding that he was calling them to a new way of life—which may have involved actual persecution in those days—they preferred to focus on the miraculous element instead. They gushed, "He has done all things well. He makes the deaf hear and [the] mute speak" (Mk 7, 37). They "oohed" and "ahhed," but they did not say, "Wow! I guess this means I'd better listen up, mend my ways, and while I'm at it, get baptized too." No, they weren't ready for conversion, so they didn't "hear" what Jesus was telling them.

Jesus must have suspected that this would be the case, because he didn't heal the deaf man in public; instead, he "took him off by himself away from the crowd" (Mk 7, 33). Yet, Mark describes other instances where Jesus very publicly worked miracles (such as the feeding of the four thousand), so it is doubtful he was trying to keep his identity secret. Therefore, the most likely explanation is that the story points to Jesus' humility. Considering what he knew to be in store for himself, it would have been ridiculous for Jesus to run around showing off. His humility in performing the miracle with the deaf man foreshadowed his ultimate humility in submitting to the will of God by accepting the cross.
The purpose of Jesus' lessons is clear: he wants us to “hear” and to think. If we “listen” closely to the blind man’s story, we find a concise illustration of such basic Christian ideology as conversion, baptism, the mystery of faith, humility, and submission to God’s will. Thus, Jesus’ subtle lessons and parables serve the same purpose as free will: God wants us to look beyond the surface, to seek him out, and to come to him by choice. The ultimate lover, He knows there is no joy in forcing us into his embrace. Yet, He isn’t "easy"; he makes us work for it, too. But to those who believe in Him, “hearing” and understanding Jesus' teaching through his lessons is well worth the effort.
To gain passage into an entirely new world, it is necessary to pass through a gate. The inscriptions on the gate reflect the character of the world beyond the gate. Immigrants behold the Statue of Liberty with her torch and book when passing through the gateway to America; Disneyland's gate welcomes all who enter the "Happiest Place On Earth;" and the gates of our own Saint Mary's College proclaim "Signum Fidei" to all approaching vehicles and pedestrians. Dante's gate to Hell is no different. It is marked by an inscription morbidly welcoming all who enter to the "Suffering City" (Infineo III, 1), a place of "Eternal Pain" (III, 2). However, between this gate and the one leading out of Hell, Dante the traveler ironically experiences a resurrection of hope rather than a journey of despair as the inscription suggests. The inscription on Hell's gate focuses on divine justice, which Dante the traveler witnesses on his journey. Most importantly, the inscription on Hell's gate names God as "Divine Authority, the Highest Wisdom, and the Primal Love" (III 5-6). Although it may seem contradictory in a place like Hell to place such emphasis on God, Dante actually does experience God during his journey through this
underground dungeon. Even in Canto XXXIV, where Dante and the reader finally see the infamous Lucifer, we are acutely aware of God's glory and justice.

Making use of the recurring theme of the trinity, Canto XXXIV is composed of three parts. The first part of the canto describes Dante's arrival in the fourth ring of the ninth circle of Hell, where traitors against their benefactors reside. Dante witnesses the punishment of these shades, who are completely covered in ice. He then recoils in fear as he feels the chill of freezing winds. The second section of this canto describes Satan's grotesque appearance along with the three sinners he is mechanically grinding, each in one of his three mouths. The third division of this canto focuses on Dante and Virgil's departure from Hell and return to the surface of the Earth. In this more familiar place, Dante is able to see the sun and stars. Within this canto, there is an obvious transformation in Dante's disposition. He begins the descent into the final ring of Hell with fear and hesitation and leaves with a sense of determination and hope.

The first section opens with Virgil's exclamatory song, "Vexilla regis prodeunt inferni" (Inferno, XXXIV 1). Virgil has been a faithful guide to Dante throughout the Inferno, constantly taming the beasts of this underground jungle. With Virgil's exclamation at the beginning of this canto that "the banners of the King of Hell draw closer," both Dante and the reader expect a triumphant procession for the "King of Hell." Despite Virgil's announcement, nothing appears out of the darkness and gloom to greet Virgil and Dante. The irony deep in the heart of Hell is present even in the very first line of this canto. Banners are normally used to precede a glorious ruler or king, so Virgil's use of this song in reference to Lucifer is especially cynical (Vernon 626). As the canto progresses, we find Lucifer to ironically be nothing like the King of Hell that Virgil describes, worthy of banners and praise. In addition, the banners, which represent the massive wings of Lucifer, are not advancing toward the two travelers at all. Instead, Dante and Virgil are the ones who are approaching Lucifer. Since the glorious King of Hell cannot be seen at the start of this canto, Virgil encourages Dante to "keep [your] eyes ahead ... to see if you can spy him" (2-3). In the opening of this canto, the passive and ironic nature of Lucifer has already been suggested. The "King of Hell" does not have a grand entrance into his kingdom or mighty spectacle for the trembling Dante to witness. In fact there is no entrance by
Lucifer at all. Instead, Virgil must help Dante to look closely to catch sight of this beast in the icy darkness.

Despite Dante's failure to see Lucifer at the beginning of the canto, Dante soon experiences the monster's presence by way of another sense. Although he does not yet realize that Lucifer is the source of these arctic blasts, Dante feels once more the strong wind he has experienced throughout Hell. Dante compares the unclear vision he has of Lucifer's wings to an oscillating "windmill" (6), employing irony once again to emphasize the pathetic state of Lucifer, the King of Hell. Windmills normally are turned by the wind to grind wheat, pump water, or profit society in some way. However, Dante now sees a windmill producing frigid wind to further punish the souls in Hell.

As a result of Lucifer's chilling wind, Dante 'shrank behind [his] guide [Virgil]" (8-9). This action demonstrates the fear Dante has faced throughout his journey as well as his continued dependence on Virgil for protection. Dante's reaction is not surprising. He is on a terrifying trek through the depths of Hell, constantly warding off menacing beasts and witnessing people he knew in life now enduring eternal punishment. It is a normal human reaction to be fearful in a situation of this caliber. In the previous canto, Virgil warned Dante about the winds they soon would experience. When the travelers were in the third ring of the ninth circle and Dante first felt the chilling wind, he asked Virgil, "My master, who has set this gust in motion?" (XXXIII 104). Virgil replied, "You soon shall be where your own eye will answer that, when you shall see the reason why this wind blasts from above" (106-8). In other words, Virgil has already told Dante that they would soon encounter the source of this wind. Despite this warning, Dante is still overcome by fear, perhaps not because the winds are gusting, but rather due to the fact that the exact source of the wind is unknown. In canto XXXI of the Inferno, in which Dante meets the giants who guard this ninth circle of Hell, he experiences a terror similar to that which he feels when he is exposed to the cold wind in canto XXXIV. Dante describes his experience with the giants by saying "Then I was more afraid of death than ever; that fear would have been quite enough to kill me, had I not seen how he [the giant] was held by chains" (109-111). Dante is scared of the giants' immense size until he realizes that they are chained and cannot hurt him. He will soon realize, once he sees Lucifer, that
his current fear of the wind is also unfounded.

Dante continues his narrative by saying that even though he was struck with fear from the winds, he was still able to observe the inhabitants of this ring, known as traitors to benefactors. Dante describes them as "shades fully covered [by the ice], but visible as wisps of straw in glass" (XXXIV 11-12). This state is comparable to that of other shades in the ninth ring of Hell, which houses gradations of traitors in order of the severity of their actions in life. We see traitors to kin who are covered up to their face in the ice, traitors to their homeland or party who are buried in the ice up to their head, and traitors against their guests who are buried in various positions in the ice with their eyes frozen shut. It is especially appropriate for a traitor to be immersed in the ice because, in life, he chose to turn against God and other people who supported him. In essence, he chose to reject any help, love, and warmth offered to him.

Therefore, he is now buried in the ice—a cold he chose for himself despite the fact that light and warmth were offered. These traitors are now frozen in a state of paralysis in the core of the sphere farthest from God in the Empyrean, never again able to benefit from God's light and love. It is also appropriate that these shades are compared to "wisps of straw." With this comparison, Dante the narrator has effectively shown the fragility of humans whose actions in life opposed the will of God.

As Dante and Virgil continue past the traitors to benefactors, Lucifer, "who once was a handsome presence" (18) comes into view. Virgil has to step aside so that Dante, still cowering behind Virgil in fear of the winds, can see the enormous, horrifying sight of this so-called emperor of Hell. Again, Dante speaks of his great fear in seeing Lucifer by remembering, "I did not die, I was not alive; think for yourself, if you have any wit, what I became, deprived of life and death" (25-7). The way in which Dante describes his fear is intriguing because it relates to his previous experiences in Canto V of the Inferno. At the end of Dante's encounter with Francesca and Paolo, "...because of pity—[he] fainted, as if [he] had met [his] death" (111 140-1). In other words, Dante faints after his conversation with Francesca because he believes her excuse for being in Hell and feels pity towards her. To explain her lustful affair with Paolo, Francesca first blames Love and then the book which the two were reading. She fails to recognize that she is solely responsible for her actions and subsequent situation in Hell. Dante the traveler believes these excuses and faints because he fails to realize that
Francesca's situation is a prime example of divine justice. Dante's reaction when he first encounters Lucifer is similar to the Francesca episode. In both situations, Dante becomes disoriented because he fails to realize that he is witnessing divine justice. In an effort to help Dante regain his composure, Virgil tells him to "arm yourself with fortitude" (21). Virgil encourages Dante to confront his fears with strength and reason in order to begin the process of overcoming them. It is only when Dante can separate from his human ignorance and assumptions about Lucifer's domination that he can begin to conquer his fears.

In this passage describing his fear, Dante the narrator is speaking directly to the reader. With the address "O reader," (22) it is apparent that he wants the reader to learn from the horror he remembers experiencing. One of the reasons that Dante is making this journey through Hell, and later through Purgatory and Paradise, is so that he can witness the afterlife in all of its forms. From this experience, he can improve his own human life, which has not yet ended, as well as improve the lives of others through his writing. In heaven, Saint Peter instructed Dante by saying "You, my son, who through your mortal weight will yet return below, speak plainly there" (Paradiso XXVII 64-5). By speaking directly to the reader, Dante is fulfilling the mission assigned him by those in heaven. An emphasis on the terror of Hell and the justice of the Divine, aimed at the reader, is Dante's effort as narrator to allow the reader to benefit from the journey. By showing his ability to overcome fears by facing them and realizing that there is nothing to fear, Dante is an effective role model for the reader.

As Dante continues his narrative in the second portion of the canto, the reader finally understands the source of Dante's fear. Lucifer is towering out of the ice in front of the two travelers--appearing far more massive and intimidating than the giants seen earlier are. Words cannot describe the ugly beast that loomed ahead, so Dante suffices by using the comparison, "If he was once as handsome as he now is ugly" (34-5). By this, the reader can infer that this monster is the most awful looking beast because he was once God's most beautiful angel.

Lucifer's own appearance and status as the King of Hell mocks his own vain desire and attempt to take the place of God. His head is adorned with three faces that serve as the focal point of his everlasting torment. In Paradiso, when Dante finally
experiences God, he sees "In the deep and bright essence of that exalted light, three circles" (XXXIII 114-5) symbolizing the triune relationship of God who is the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Each part is defined, yet the three exist as one entity. Lucifer's three faces are an horrific replica of the Holy Trinity. In contrast to God's unity, each of Lucifer's faces acts as an autonomous unit, gnawing at a separate sinner. It is in this ghastly appearance of Lucifer's three faces, that the reader begins to see the glory of God's existence and justice. In Lucifer, an antithesis of God and the trinity, we remember that God alone is the "Divine Authority, the Highest Wisdom, and the Primal Love" (Inferno III 5-6) as the inscription on Hell's gate stated. In conjunction with God's justice, Lucifer transformed himself into a distorted representation of the Trinity -- one as misshapen as his own desire to take the place of God.

Looking beneath the three faces, Dante sees that Lucifer's three pairs of wings are also perverted from their original angelic appearance and function. He describes Lucifer's wings as having no feathers and resembling those of a bat (49-50). Lucifer does not fly in the sunlight like a beautiful bird with feathers on its wings; instead, he is upside down, entombed forever in the core of the earth. His wings are a sharp contrast to the wings of angels Dante encounters in the Purgatorio. For example, the angels that come each night to protect the Valley of the Rulers are gently "fanned by their green wings" (VIII 29). These angels, still in God's favor, have wings which move peacefully, creating a pleasant breeze. In contrast, Lucifer's wings are huger than the sails of any ship and create a harsh wind that inflicts suffering on other shades in Hell. Another function of angels' wings witnessed in the Purgatorio is the act of removing each "P" from Dante's forehead. Dante tells of his experience after the first terrace of Purgatory in which an angel "led us to a cleft within the rock and then he [the angel] struck my forehead with his wing" (XII 109). This cleansing action by the angel in purgatory is a sharp contrast to the mechanical, windmill-like motion of Lucifer's wings. Lucifer's wings inflict pain upon the sinners in hell rather than remove the burden of sin and suffering like the wings of the angels of Purgatory. Lucifer's situation now includes the humiliation of still having his angel wings intact but no longer having the ability to use them for God's intended purpose.

In addition to the fact that his only movement is the flapping of his distorted wings, Lucifer is further humiliated by the fact that he has reduced himself to a
slobbering idiot. Dante observes Lucifer as he "wept out of six eyes and down three chins, [and] tears gushed together with a bloody froth" (Inferno XXXIV 53-54). The fact that he is wailing about his situation in Hell appears to be quite childlike, emphasizing his pathetic, disfigured state. Similar to other shades in Hell, Lucifer wallows in self-pity. The combination of his tears and the fact that Lucifer cannot even talk because the three sinners Judas, Brutus and Cassius are stuck in each of his mouths like pacifiers, surrounds Lucifer with an aura of ignorance. This ignorance contrasts sharply with the complete and perfect knowledge that embodies God.

The bloody froth that foams in combination with Lucifer's cascade of tears is a result of the three sinners Lucifer must forever grind in his teeth. Judas Iscariot, representing betrayal of God and the Church, is the sinner who is trapped and tortured in Lucifer's highest mouth. The position of Judas is also significant. He is positioned with "his head inside [Lucifer's mouth], he jerks his legs without" (63). According to the Bible, Judas betrayed Jesus with a kiss, so it is fitting that he be positioned with the source of his sin in the mouth of Lucifer so it will receive the most brutal punishment. Brutus and Cassius, representing violations against the state, are the two shades being demolished in Lucifer's other mouths. These two sinners are responsible for working together to kill Julius Caesar, their emperor and friend. These traitors are just as helpless as Judas, hanging from Lucifer's mouth, facing an eternity of being gnawed. Unlike Judas, their faces are exposed, slightly reducing their pain, but making them identifiable to all. Pathetically, this chewing on the shades of the three greatest traitors and flapping his wings is the extent of Lucifer's powers as "King of Hell." Rather than being the Divine Authority, as Lucifer once yearned to be, he has been reduced to a weak, passive figurehead of the underworld.

Lucifer is in this current state because he was not satisfied with his position and status as the most beautiful angel created by God. As Dante writes, despite his handsome appearance and blessing by God, Lucifer "raised his brows against his Maker" (35-6). In other words, Lucifer's sin was pride; he wanted to be more powerful than God is and rule the heavens as God does. Lucifer's situation is reiterated in the first terrace of Purgatory as the first and greatest example of punished pride (Purgatorio XII). During his ascent up the mountain, Dante says, "I saw, to one side of the path, one who had been created nobler than all other beings, falling lightening-
like from Heaven" (XII 25-7). This is an effective use of repetition because the
disgraceful state of Lucifer is a reminder of the result of pride. The reference to
lightening is especially descriptive in emphasizing Lucifer, whose name ironically
means "light-bearer" (Inferno 393), in his current state of darkness. Lucifer is again
mentioned in Paradiso in the heavenly Sphere of Justice, Jupiter. In this sphere, the
souls arrange themselves to form the image of an eagle, speak about the awesome
powers of divine justice. Lucifer is used as an example, "the first proud being, he who
was the highest of all creatures, fell - unripe because he did not wait for light" (XIX
46-8). This passage is restating the warning against excessive pride, especially in the
face of God. Lucifer's will was not aligned with the will of God, as is essential for
beings in heaven. He was not content with the status God blessed him with, so he is
now fittingly imprisoned in the dungeon of Hell. Therefore, Lucifer's situation is an
example of the perfection of divine justice. Lucifer is seen as an ironic fulfillment of
his only desire as an angel of God, to be God. In this, he is a being of Primal Jealousy,
not Primal Love as God is. In his desire for rule over heaven and God, Lucifer chose to
forfeit his only real asset -- God's gift of glory.

As soon as the two travelers have observed Lucifer's pitiful state, Virgil reminds
Dante that "night is come again, and it is time for us to leave" (Inferno XXXIV 68-9).
Virgil resumes his guiding role in the third section of Canto XXXIV, and the two begin
to depart from Hell. Strangely, Virgil does not turn around and begin to climb back up
through the levels of Hell. Instead, he watches for an opportunity for passage past the
predictable wings of Lucifer and begins to climb down his body using pieces of the
monster's hairs as though they were rungs of a ladder (71-5). Despite the fact that
they are actually climbing on Lucifer's back, like children on a jungle gym, neither
Virgil nor Dante utter a word of fear during the entire process. It is now blatantly
obvious that Lucifer is both powerless and witless.

The climb out of Hell is quite peculiar in itself. Dante clasps his arms around
Virgil's neck while Virgil climbs down the frozen hairs of Lucifer and through the
spaces in the ice. When the two reach the midpoint of Lucifer's body, "just at the
swelling of the hip" (XXXIV 77), the pair makes a 180 degree turn. This turn
signifies the fact that they have passed through the center of the earth and are now
climbing up through another tunnel, which opens in the Southern Hemisphere. It is
precisely this turn that signifies the true beginning of Dante's conversion and ascent
to Heaven. As the two are climbing, Virgil tells Dante to "Hold tight ... it is by such stairs that we must take our leave of so much evil" (83-4). The two are literally using Lucifer's frozen hairs to make their way toward redemption and God. But, in addition, they are allegorically using their witness of Lucifer's situation, in which divine justice is plainly evident, as the "stairs" for Dante's ascent through Purgatory and Heaven. Here, we see Dante's resurrection of hope begin because his fears have been faced and conquered.

Even though Dante is on his way to God's perfect intelligence in heaven, his confusion during the departure from Hell exhibits that he is still far from a complete union with that intelligence. As soon as the two passed completely over Lucifer's legs and arrived in the cavity opposite Hell, Dante looked back, "believing [he] should see the half of Lucifer that [he] left; instead [Dante] saw [Lucifer] with his legs turned up" (89-90). Here, Dante is confused because he is still looking to Lucifer as a reference point. Virgil, in prodding Dante to resume their ascent, directs Dante's attention to the sun (95). In addition to the literal meaning of this instruction, Virgil means that Dante must remember that the two have "seen everything" (69) in Hell and in order to continue their ascent, they must now look to the sun and look to God for direction.

Dante continues to be confused as he demands to know where the ice of Hell is, why Lucifer appears to be upside down, and why the time and position of the sun are so convoluted (103-5). Virgil patiently explains to Dante that they are now traversing another cavity that is opposite hell. The cavity is the indentation made by Lucifer's fall from heaven. Lucifer is fixed in an icy tomb in the center of the earth. The two passed over him as they exited the ninth circle and are now climbing up the tunnel that will eventually surface near the base of the mountain of Purgatory (110-20). Sharply contrasting with Dante's tentativeness in the climb down through the circles of Hell, the two climb with a renewed sense of determination and desire as soon as they see the sun (134-5). Dante's determination signifies that his senses of hope and life are being restored.

Canto XXXIV ends with the phrase "It was from there that we emerged to see once more the stars" (138-9). Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso each end with Dante looking up at the stars, but in the Inferno, this gesture has the greatest significance.
Dante has been confused for most of the ascent from Hell because he remained focused on earthly fixtures rather than the position of heavenly bodies. As Dante looks to the stars, he is unquestionably becoming more focused on his journey and his ascent towards God. Dante has begun to break away from his dependence on earthly guidance. He has made the choice to look up to the beauty of heaven rather than remain in his own tomb of Lucifer-like ignorance and self-pity.

Although God is not physically present in any portion of Hell, His spirit is constantly exhibited. Dante experiences the Spirit of God when he witnesses the sinners in Canto XXXIV who are given what they yearned for in life, just as every other shade in Hell experiences self-imposed suffering. However, God is most present in His antithesis, Lucifer. As Dante discovers the hideous nature of the beast referred to as the "King of Hell," God and his superior qualities become more apparent. In Lucifer's hate, we see God's love. In the midst of Lucifer's subservience to divine justice, God's authority is recognized. And, in the midst of Lucifer's drooling ignorance, we remember God's divine wisdom. However, the true revelation of God's glory comes in the final line of the Thirty-Fourth Canto in which Dante and Virgil pass through another gate—the passageway leading from the abyss of Hell to the stars of Heaven. With passage through this gate, from Hell to Purgatory and eventually Heaven, Dante gains a new understanding of faith in his creator and a new focus upon the good.

Works Cited

My Father

Yuko Seki

My father always greets me with a smile when I go back to my hometown.

When I was a child, I used to be afraid to come near him. Because he is a surgeon, he was very busy every day. I rarely saw him. When he could stay at home, he used to read a book quietly. While he was reading, he would sometimes sigh and gaze blankly at the wall, seeming lost in thought.

Recently, his hobby is gardening. He spends his days off in the garden. He sometimes cuts turf with sweat on his brow and climbs up his ladder to lop down branches. He handles plants as if they were tender babies, and he stares at flowers as if they were his children growing out of his hands.

He is no longer as strict as he used to be. He enjoys his quieter old years. I always ask his advice whenever I have a trouble or a worry. He is not only my father, but my good friend now.
Prophecy: To Live in the Light or Dark?

Amarjot Kaur Singh

Homer’s epic poem, The Odyssey, is woven throughout with a deeply prophetic thread. The role of prophecy in The Odyssey is profound, as it gives insight into the meaning of the characters’ lives. All the characters in The Odyssey are privy to “divine” pronouncements; however only those characters with open hearts, consciousness, and virtue will accept what prophesies signify, and heed them. The prophets themselves are men of vision, blessed by the gods with the ability to see destinies. The fundamental idea regarding prophecy in the religion of the Ancient Greeks is destiny, and the purpose for one’s life can be understood only if one is aware of and open to the messages the gods send.

In The Odyssey Homer depicts Odysseus as a virtuous man, living his life with honor, courage, and respect for the gods. Odysseus understands the significance of prophecy on two different occasions, both after hearing Demodokos, a visionary minstrel, sing about life. Odysseus says,

“All men owe honor to poets—honor
and awe, for they are dearest to the Muse
who puts upon their lips the ways of life’

(VIII, 510-515)

‘Demodokos, accept my utmost praise.
The muse, daughter of Zeus in radiance,
or else Apollo gave you skill to shape
with such great style your songs. .’

(XIII, 520-532)

Odysseus believes prophecy must be revered and respected because it is a divine gift given by the gods to blessed individuals. Odysseus, although not perfect, is not consumed by greed; he is able to see beyond material goods, into the world of prophecy. He is able to accept these insights, giving himself the gift of vision.

In sharp contrast, Homer shows the suitors of Penelope as lacking virtue: men who have no honor, courage, and respect for the gods. The suitors are unwilling to understand the significance of prophecy, and do not respect those who have this precious gift. Consumed with greed for Penelope and obsessed with riches, they are trapped in an awareness of only material goods. Blinded by their greed, they deny themselves insight into life. Theoklymenos the visionary warns them about their destiny:

O lost sad men, what terror is this you suffer?
...Damnation and black night
I see arriving for yourselves: no shelter,
no defense for any in this crowd –
fools and vipers in the King's own hall'

(XX, 393-414)

The suitors reply to Theoklymous by laughing in his face, and accusing him of being blinded by the darkness of the indoors. They go as far as to say he should go out into the sunlight to see properly. It is pure irony that the suitors call the great visionary blind, when in fact they themselves are the blind ones. They fail to heed his prophecies, and therefore fail to prevent their own miserable ends. If the suitors had listened carefully to Theoklymenos’ words, they would have seen a mirror reflecting what they really are: 'Lost sad men.'

At no time do the gods deny the suitors the gift of prophecy. When Zeus sends a message to Odysseus's son, Telemakhos, the old lord Halitherses interprets it this way:
I hope to open the suitors' eyes to the black wave towering over them. Odysseus will not be absent from his family long: he is already near, carrying in him a bloody doom for all these men,... Let us think how to stop it; let the suitors drop their suit; they had better, without delay' (III, 171-178)

Here, Zeus himself gives a warning to the suitors. Although the gods have provided a level playing field, warning the suitors of their fate, these greedy men do not heed. Rather, they reply: 'Old man, go tell the omens for your children at home, and try to keep them out of trouble' (III, 188-189). The suitors refuse to accept the prophecies and, in the end, their lack of awareness destroys them. If they had heeded prophecies given to them, they would not have suffered terrible death at the hands of Odysseus.

Just as the suitor's flaws destroyed them, Odysseus's ability to be aware, accepting prophecy and understanding its meaning, saves him. At the end of the book when Odysseus is enraged and wishes to go after the Ithakans:

...the son of Kronos dropped a thunderbolt smoking at his daughter's feet. Athena cast a grey glance at her friend and said: 'Son of Laertes and the gods of old, Odysseus, master of land ways and sea ways, command yourself. Call off this battle now, or Zeus who views the wide world may be angry' He yielded to her, and his heart was glad (XXIV, 606-610)

Warned by Athena not to pursue the attack, Odysseus has the wisdom, the sense to heed her warning and save himself from the wrath of Zeus.

Stories of prophecy occur in every culture. In an ancient Sikh Indian story, a man is walking on his way to work when he decides to stop at the temple first. After leaving, his foot is pricked by a thorn. Later a prophet tells him something far worse had been destined for him, but since he had visited the temple, his terrible fate had been transformed into the small prick of a thorn. The man was wise; like Odysseus he accepted the prophet's warning, and developed insight into the meaning of the thorn, and its relevance in his life. The Odyssey shows that the ancient Greeks believed man is...
given insights into his destiny. Man chooses whether or not to live life in ignorance, never heeding these divine messages.

However, destiny can be good and bad; perhaps the real wisdom lies in accepting both. Perhaps Homer, who decided the destiny of the suitors, planned for them to live blindly in the dark, so that we could learn and live in the light.
The Beam in Mine Eye

Kasey Wright

‘Cause you never can tell
What goes on down below!
This pool might be bigger
Than you or I know!

—McElligot’s Pool
Dr. Suess

No creature is willing to recognize the reality of its impermanence. Indeed, all would like to believe themselves necessary, invincible -- superior. Throughout our exploration into the possibility of alien life, we have encountered numerous civilizations, human and alien, each seeing the glory of their “right-ness,” and quickly ridiculing the “strange” activities of anything not easily understood. Every civilization lives with the illusion that their existence is essential to the continuation of life amidst the universe. And, as we have discovered, this fallacy is questioned only when a species is faced with something new and different: something alien. This is the examination of two creatures -- each in awe of his species’ superiority: each attempting to sustain the
conviction in his own magnanimity.

* * * * * * * * *

I am the master of the universe. Well....not me directly - my species, I mean. It is good to be me. I enjoy the endless power that comes with being such an awe-inspiring creature. I am beautiful, and smart - most assuredly the smartest being in existence. I have powerful weapons and incredible communication systems and everyday brings the new possibilities of further advancement. What a life.

We are the masters of the universe. We love being the members of such a powerful race. The mere mention of our name must undoubtedly bring envy to the hearts of every other being in the galaxy. We are by far the most technologically advanced. No one would dare cross our path - unless of course, they wished to dip from the pool of our incredible knowledge. We are of exquisite form - perfection, perhaps. Life is good. Life is very good.

Though part of a whole, I am definitely an individual. My kind tends to keep to themselves, or sometimes prefers to gather in small groups. I don't enjoy large assemblages. I lose my sense of identity then, and it is hard to demonstrate my supreme-ness. I really love to have my own spotlight. While we each realize our collective greatness, achieving individual recognition and fame is at the forefront of our existence. I hope to gain a worshipped status someday.

We are a collective society, and love to be together in all activities of life. It is not common for us to embark on a new situation without companionship. We find it scary to be alone. We shun individualists - anyone who strives to be apart from the norm. Those that are different from us are troublemakers, and cannot be an effective part of such a strong and
wonderful race. They often form groups of their own. But, these rebels don't detract from our
greatness. It just shows how wonderfully tolerant we are.

My government is great. It provides equally for every individual who
deserves it. Those who do not meet the standards for government assistance
live lives of sadness, but we have special organizations that help them. This
kind of problem is small. I do not offer assistance myself, because I will not
make a difference on my own. These individuals will never achieve the fame
that each of my species seeks. But, my good and kind government will make
sure that everyone is provided for. My race is so generous.

Our government is great. It is a large institution with many different subdivisions.
They work together to make life run smoothly for us. It is well organized and well operated
and provides sufficiently for the assortment of classes within our society. It has established
special institutions for substantial groups that are in disrepair. We do not assist the public on
a personal level, but hold a faith in our government to help those groups who need it.

I am confident in the superiority of my species because we have
encountered aliens. They are strange - uncivilized. They claim to be
collectivist, to care for the well being of the many. And yet, their groups find
hatred within one another and constantly wage wars. I can distinguish no drastic
differences between the factions, and yet, they seem to have irreconcilable
differences. They are an extremely violent civilization.

There is no doubt that our species is superior to the alien race we have encountered.
Such selfish creatures. They will pass one of their own, one who lives in squalor, but show no
feeling and offer no assistance. It is as if they are without hearts, without conscience. They
are an extremely inhospitable lot.
Upon observing these aliens, I have come to realize that they aim to please one another. That is perhaps one of the main drives to a happy life. Their cities display tremendous banners that state what is acceptable for the creatures to encase their fleshy frames with. These banners change periodically, and the creatures are easily influenced by the displayed images. It is as if the creatures have no backbone, no will of their own. Gaining acceptance seems to be of highest priority.

They are always competing, these aliens. What a tiresome life. It is as if each must be better than the other. There are innumerable icons that are worshipped. Perhaps each creature idolizes something different. I believe their lives are spent trying to become an icon for a lower creature. What silly beasts they are.

It appears that the creatures rely on one another. But, the process of establishing a specific group appears entirely too tedious. There is almost a constant search for the suitable group member. When found though, the organisms establish a common domicile, apparently so they can celebrate their same-ness. These co-habitants often merge with similar groups, and also seem to belong to larger social groups. But, they appear very selective. What a complicated bunch of ninnies!

These cold loners prefer to surround themselves with various objects. These objects are stationary, yet vary in magnitude and contour. Status seems to be measured according to the quantity of these "things," yet it is hard for me to decipher which are more important than others. The number of encumbrances is ever-changing, and yet, their only purpose seems to be the assistance in collecting a fine gray powder that is abundant within the atmosphere, yet hard
to catch. But, a greater abundance of things helps to accumulate large masses of this powder. It must be very valuable, for it is commonly found within every domicile.

It is easy to conclude that this race is very difficult to interpret, therefore, it is very undesirable to maintain further contact. I can hardly fathom how a species of such hostility and disorganization has not obliterated itself by now.

We have an incredibly hard time understanding these creatures. Their way of life is not something that is familiar to us. It is most probable that we will strive to end all communication between them. They are simply too uncivilized. Soon enough, they will bring about their own ruin.

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Humans fear what they do not understand, assuming that everything unfamiliar is a threat to their well being. Fortunately, this is not a trait unique to man. It is engrained within everything living, I believe. In this paper, I have attempted to demonstrate how two beings unknowingly blinded themselves to the possibilities of gained understanding. Through rose colored glasses, each group views themselves, then points the finger of ridicule at the group that is different -- each alien to the other.

What I tried to disguise was the fact that both of these alien civilizations are not alien at all. They are simply two different perspectives on mankind. Each “species” delivered the message that the other was in error, yet each unknowingly denounced themselves at the same time: denial of individual responsibilities to poverty, welfare, wars between the races, idolization of fame, media influence, love, relationships, and house after house filled with dust collecting “things.” It is far too easy to see the fallacy in something that is alien. But, it is nearly impossible to see that same fallacy in ourselves. In our attempt to retain belief in our supremacy, humans allow themselves to be blind. We forget an important concept: in the grand scheme of things, we are truly just as alien as the aliens we condemn.