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contents
Hoi polloi in Greek translates to “common man,” but don’t let the name of this fine literary magazine deceive you. The pages within are saturated with the insights and wisdom of several of Gainesville College’s most uncommon and brilliant students.

Once again I have had the good fortune to hold the editorship of hoi polloi. 1996’s edition preserves our steadfast tradition of publishing fine examples of formal and informal essays. This year’s essays deal with subjects such as the women in Conrad’s Heart of Darkness, the personal achievements and triumphs of an amateur boxer, and the significant connection between literary commentary on social situations and reality.

My thanks go to all of the students who submitted essays for judging. It is your ability and determination that are celebrated within the pages of this publication. In addition, I would like to thank all of those who worked on the magazine. I am deeply grateful to Dr. Croft, our faculty advisor, for the incredible amount of work he has done. This is his first year as the magazine’s advisor, and hopefully he can afford the time and energy for many future issues. Thanks go to Russell Greer for judging the formal and informal essays. I would also like to acknowledge the faculty and student editorial board members for the many pages of typing and their relentless pursuit of the smallest errors during proofing. Their task was not an easy one.

This will be my last year at Gainesville College, and I take away with me the experiences and fond memories I’ve had while working on hoi polloi. I am grateful to the Humanities Division and to the college for giving me this unique and valuable opportunity.

Curtis Durham

introduction
He Who Rides the Tiger Can Never Get Off

Dennis Blalock

The time had come at last. The money had not. I was sixteen, legally licensed, and poor. I could not afford a car. Besides, I read motorcycle magazines. I also read the classified ads.

A telephone voice from East Point, Georgia, said that he owned a 1965 Honda 150cc Dream, in excellent condition, and that it could be mine for only three hundred dollars. I had the three hundred bucks, but I had no experience with motorcycles. I was undaunted, however. I resolved not to allow simple obstacles such as ignorance and lack of experience to stand between me and a Honda Dream. After intense negotiations with my parents for their permission, the Dream purchase became a reality.

I persuaded my older friend (and soon-to-be riding instructor) Larry to drive the motorcycle from East Point to my home in Chamblee. My mother and I followed in the family car. I watched enviously as Larry skillfully maneuvered my shiny red Dream through city traffic. Occasionally, his left hand would dart up to grab the bill of his father's construction hard hat when the force of the wind resistance threatened to snatch it from his head.

Later in the evening, as we squatted by the bike in my family's garage, Larry pointed out to me the intricacies of the motorcycle controls. The exotic smells of the warm paint, the leather seat, the oil, and the gasoline kept distracting me from the lesson. We agreed that on the morning of the following day we would take the bike out to a local shopping center for my first riding lesson.

Dawn broke, cool and wet. It had rained hard sometime late in the night, for I was slow to fall asleep and had not heard the rainfall. Larry arrived and as quietly as possible, while my parents still slept, we rolled the bike out into the street. The motorcycle started with the first kick, and we sped away toward the still unfinished shopping center where the riding lesson was to take place. Larry reviewed the motorcycle control functions for me as we rode.

It was the moment of truth, my first solo ride. I looked out across the partially paved parking lot, pushed the hard hat down firmly on my head, and, with sweaty palms, released the clutch and lightly turned the throttle. I looped around the paved portion of the parking lot in first gear; then, as Larry had instructed, I shifted into second and accelerated harder. This motorcycle business was a piece of cake! Then it was time to shift to third gear. I pulled in the clutch lever, but instead of lifting up with my left foot on the gearshift lever, I pressed down on it, shifting the bike back into first gear. I twisted hard on the throttle grip and the bike roared like a wounded tiger. The front wheel came off the ground, and I slipped off the back of the seat, still gripping the handlebars. I fought hard to regain control of the motorcycle and threw my chest against the seat while pressing down on the handlebars. The bike righted itself and shot across the parking lot with me draped full length and face down on the seat while I still retained a death grip on the throttle.

I looked to Larry, my mentor, for advice. I knew that he was shouting advice and encouragement to me because I could see his lips moving, but I couldn't make out his words above the roar of the engine. I aimed the motorcycle in his direction in order to hear his instructions more clearly. Abruptly, Larry's shouted instructions ceased as his eyes grew wide with, at first, astonishment and then raw fear. He spun on his heels and, with an alacrity that I had never before witnessed in him, sprinted in the opposite direction with both the motorcycle and me close behind and gaining ground.

At this point I realized that the riding lesson was over and that I could expect no further instruction on this day. I was fast running out of pavement but decided that turning the bike over in the mud was preferable to crashing on the asphalt. The motorcycle and I shot off the raised asphalt, both screaming like banshees, into the muddy field below. Upon impact, the bike was buried up to the axles in the soft red clay. I was catapulted over the handlebars and finally came to rest some twenty feet away.

Both the Honda Dream and I emerged from this first riding lesson without serious damage. I have owned many motorcycles since, but I still remember the thrill of that first ride. I was forever bitten by the motorcycle bug that day. The old Chinese proverb "He who rides the tiger can never get off" was never more true.
Through careful planning and design, James Joyce's novels and short stories create complex themes and ideas brought about by the subtle use of symbols and images. In his short story "The Dead," Joyce employs Christian symbolism to illustrate the precedence of one character, Michael Furey, over another, Gabriel Conroy.

Imagery abounds in "The Dead," but perhaps the most fully developed motif is Joyce’s use of angel names and characteristics related to both Gabriel and Michael. The first polarity involves a difference of rank between the two angels. In the Biblical hierarchy of angels, St. Michael, as an archangel, "has precedence over Gabriel as an angel" (Walzl 237). St. Michael ranks higher than Gabriel because, as a member of the first brood of angels, he supposedly came into existence shortly after God. Such precedence transfers to the story. In the hotel room Gretta Conroy ignores the passions of her husband Gabriel to mourn for her dead and devoted lover Michael. Gretta gives Michael more thought, even after he is no longer on this earth, than she does her own husband Gabriel.

The second difference between the two angels is found in the traditions of both the Jewish and Christian faiths, where the four principal angels--Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, and Uriel--are associated with the four elements, directions, winds, and seasons. Historically, the archangel Michael, sometimes called "the prince of snow," represents the element water and is often associated with silver. By contrast, the angel Gabriel, "the prince of fire," represents fire and is identified with gold (Foster 184).

In the story's final scene, Michael Furey is associated in Gretta's mind with water, since her last encounter with him was the time he came to her house and stood in the rain "at the end of the garden, shivering" (Joyce 1569). Through several images, Joyce creates in Gabriel's imagination the illusion that "Michael is standing outside the window in the snow" (Walzl 238) during the entire last scene in the hotel room. When Gabriel hears "a few light taps upon the [window] pane," Joyce develops an eerie re-creation of the sound of the stones that Michael had thrown years earlier at Gretta's window in order to get her attention (Joyce 1570). Thus, like the archangel Michael, Michael Furey is associated with water to Gretta and snow to Gabriel. Since water often signifies renewal and rebirth, to Gretta, Michael symbolizes the experience of love and life. In direct contrast, snow usually symbolizes a barren wasteland. Therefore, at the end of "The Dead," Michael Furey becomes a symbol of death to Gabriel.

Throughout "The Dead" Joyce's descriptions of Gabriel consist of modifiers involving images of heat and fire. Gabriel's emotions "glow angrily" and are called "the dull fires of...lust" (1568). His love of youth is described as a "tender fire" and the "fire of stars" (1564). In using the imagery of fire, Joyce furthers the comparison of Gabriel Conroy to the angel Gabriel. The character of Gabriel is hot and passionate, almost about to explode in the hotel room, as he tries to seduce his wife. Even so, it is the memory of the passionate, yet cool Michael Furey and his connection to the element of water that ultimately stifles Conroy's burning passions. Again, Joyce has created another scene where Gabriel and Michael are character foils, and like before, it is Michael who takes precedence over Gabriel when his memory prevents Conroy from making love to his wife.

Not only is Michael Furey a symbol for Saint Michael, but he is also a perfect identification for Christ. Gretta tells Gabriel that Michael Furey "died for love of me" (1568). Furthermore, she tells Gabriel that "he was standing at the end of the wall where there was a tree" (1569). In literature, the word "tree" is usually associated with the cross and Christ's crucifixion. Undoubtedly Joyce meant to use that interpretation here. Gretta's statements and the imagery of the cross make Michael a symbol of love and devotion. He died because he loved Gretta more than his own life. To love a person or a cause with so much devotion is like the action of a saint or a god. In Gretta's mind Michael died for her, and when she proclaims his salvation to her husband, Gabriel immediately feels guilt for never being able to love a person or a cause with such devotion. Once again, Gabriel is being overshadowed by the memory of the dead Michael Furey.
Because Michael is Christ-like and because Gretta regards him as a martyr, Gabriel Conroy, an ordinary man, cannot compete with Furey's sacrifice.

According to the Bible, Saint Michael is the warrior angel of the Last Judgment. In art, he is often depicted holding scales to bring men's souls to judgment. By contrast, Gabriel is the messenger angel sent to Daniel to interpret his vision of the Messianic prophecy in the Old Testament. In "The Dead" Gabriel Conroy interprets his own vision of going west into the old country of Ireland. His vision is preceded by his viewing the snow, which is associated throughout the final scene with Michael Furey. In this scene, the dead Michael becomes Gabriel's judge, testing whether or not his spiritual ties to the old country in western Ireland, Michael's home and his ultimate burial site, are strong enough to carry Gabriel to their "sacred realm" (Foster 184). Though it is Gabriel who has the vision of going westward, he would not have been able to understand this revelation if it were not for the haunting memory of Michael Furey, who seems present in the entire hotel scene. During the latter scenes of "The Dead," Joyce alludes to Gabriel's nearly losing his passion for spiritual life. His wife and other friends have urged him to journey west to the ancient lands, where his spirituality may be revived. Gabriel denies their request, until the final scene of "The Dead," when he has the vision of snow and the tapping on the window, both of which convince him to go westward. Because Michael Furey sparks Gabriel's vision, Joyce has again given this character precedence over Gabriel Conroy.

For centuries authors have used symbols and images in their literature to represent ideas and philosophies that they hold dear. In "The Dead" James Joyce uses Christian symbolism to illustrate Michael Furey's domination of Gabriel Conroy. With reference to the ranks of angels and the Last Judgment, Joyce places before his readers a clear and exact picture of how one character's death overshadows the life of another.

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Beowulf: Timeless Leader or Outdated King?

*Cynthia Johnson*

One might think that the definition of what makes a good leader would change over time. Economics, weapons of war, and competition for natural resources are all more complicated today than they were hundreds of years ago. It is easy to think that leaders of today have to be stronger and smarter than the leaders of long ago. This is not necessarily the case. To be a good leader, one must have wisdom and bravery. A leader's wisdom must include self-knowledge, good oratorical skills, a keen sense of other people's character, prudence, and technical knowledge. His bravery must include physical and moral strength. Over time the type of technical knowledge a leader must have has changed, and there has been a shift of importance from physical to moral bravery. A balance of the qualities of wisdom and bravery, however, has remained a necessary constant in leadership. The hero of the poem *Beowulf* has what any leader throughout time should possess: a balance of *sapientia* (wisdom) and *fortitudo* (bravery).

*Beowulf* recounts the adventures of a young Germanic warrior who travels to a far country to help an old family friend kill a destructive giant and Troll-Wife. Upon his return home, he gives the gifts he has received to his king. When there is no successor to the throne, he agrees to become leader. He rules with power, justice, and fairness for fifty years. When a dragon threatens his people, he slays it and is mortally wounded. The way in which he leads his life is a testament to his *sapientia* and *fortitudo*. 
Sapientia is a difficult concept because of its many elements. Beowulf's sapientia is most easily seen when these elements are divided into smaller parts: his knowledge of self, his speaking and character judging abilities, and his prudence and technical knowledge. In the middle of the poem, Beowulf's sapientia is evident in the form of self-knowledge when Hygelac, king of the Geats, is killed in the battle and his wife Hygd offers Beowulf the throne. The Geats want Beowulf to be their king, "but even in need, / no whet the more could they move the hero / to be Heordred's liege, or lord of the land." Instead of assuming the role of king, Beowulf serves as counsel to Heordred, Hygelac's young son, until the boy is old enough to rule on his own. Beowulf knows the throne is not rightfully his, and he shows wisdom in the form of self-knowledge by not accepting something that does not belong to him.

In his dealings with Unferth, Hrothgar's courtier, Beowulf further exemplifies his sapientia. He shows that he can speak well and correctly assess another person's character. At their first meeting, Unferth taunts Beowulf about a race he lost in his youth. Unferth wonders how Beowulf can slay Grendel now if he could not win a race then. Beowulf explains that it was not lack of strength that caused him to lose but that he had to fight off sea-beasts. Then he says to Unferth, "Sharp as you are! I say for truth, . . . never had Grendel wrought such havoc and woe in the hall . . . if your heart were as brave as you'd have men think." Beowulf is quick to defend himself when he assesses Unferth's true character. He is also quick to notice Unferth's change of heart after Grendel is dead. Unferth admires Beowulf after he kills Grendel. He loans Beowulf his sword, Hrunting, with which to battle the Troll-Wife. When Beowulf returns from the battle, in which Hrunting's blade melted and was of no use, he describes it as "strong-edged" and "stoutest of blades." He does not use this opportunity to avenge Unferth's earlier insults. By correctly judging another person's character, he knows when to speak and when to remain silent.

Beowulf also shows wisdom in the form of prudence and technical knowledge. When he returns to Geatland after killing Grendel, for example, he tells of how Hrothgar arranged for his daughter, Freawaru, to marry Ingeld to settle a feud. Beowulf sees that "seldom for long / does the spear go ungrasped when a prince has perished, / though the bride in her beauty be peerless and proud." He is wise enough to make this observation and wise enough to know it is not his place to try to correct it. Likewise, in matters directly concerning himself, he minimizes his disadvantages by using his technical knowledge. Before he fights the dragon, Beowulf orders a "wondrous shield" of iron to be made, "knowing full well that wood could not serve him / nor linden defend him against the flame." While the iron shield does not keep him from harm, his wisdom in the form of prudence and technical knowledge makes it possible for him to slay the dragon.

Sapientia is one reason Beowulf is such a great leader, but it is his physical and moral fortitudo that help him to stay a leader for so long. In the beginning of the poem when he hears of Hrothgar's trouble concerning Grendel, he goes to fight. During the battle with Grendel, "Beowulf grapple[s] and grip[s] him hard." Grendel "struggles up on his elbow . . . [but] . . . soon [finds] that never before ha[s] he felt . . . a mightier hand-grip." Grendel's "mood [is] humbled, his courage [flees], but he [finds] no escape." Beowulf mortally wounds him by tearing off his arm. Beowulf displays physical bravery again when he fights the Troll-Wife. He "heed[s] not danger" but fights without cowardice. It is in the battle with the dragon, though, that Beowulf shows physical and moral fortitudo. He knows he must fight the dragon, but "he fear[s] not the combat, nor count[s] of worth / the might of the worm." Many times before, he has had to go into battle and has been "crowned with success." By this time, however, he is an old man, and his strength has lessened. He realizes that even though it may be his last fight, he must "fight this feud, / [and] [d]o manful deeds." In the end, it is his final battle. The people of Geatland mourn his passing and remember him as "kindest of worldly kings, / mildest, most gentle, most eager for fame."

The way in which the Geats remember Beowulf is testament to his sapientia and fortitudo. These characteristics were important hundreds of years ago, but are they still so for leaders of today? Perhaps they are. A wise leader is kind, mild, and gentle to his people. A brave leader is eager for the fame of a battle well fought. A wise leader does not lead his people needlessly into battle. A brave leader does not cower from a battle he knows he must fight. As long as people form communities and elect leaders, they will look for a mixture of sapientia and fortitudo in their leaders.
In both short stories, "The Birthmark" and "Young Goodman Brown," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, the central character finds himself tormented by a unique situation because of his inability to cope with the realities of life. Aylmer, the central character in "The Birthmark," kills his wife while trying to rid her of an imperfection that he sees as unacceptable. In "Young Goodman Brown," the central character, Goodman Brown, looks down upon a society he views as hypocritical and beneath him. The central characters in both the stories exhibit a judgmental view of society that indicates their belief that they possess godlike power.

Aylmer believes he possesses godlike power that he expresses in his actions toward his wife and his manipulation of nature to create his ideal of perfection. Aylmer feels justified in his obsession to remove the birthmark. He sees the birthmark as a "symbol of his wife's liability to sin, sorrow, decay, and death." Instead of viewing the birthmark as a gift from God, Aylmer sees it as a mistake from nature that he must correct. An early indication of Aylmer's notion reveals itself in a dream about Georgianna's birthmark. In this dream, he expresses his resolve to remove the mark regardless of the hold it appears to have on Georgianna's heart. Faced with the option of killing his wife or living with the birthmark, Aylmer decides that he would take her life to rid her (and himself) of this imperfection. Later while trying to comfort his wife, Aylmer shows her the power he possesses to create life. Aylmer takes an empty flower pot containing only soil and makes a flower grow instantly. Here, Aylmer uses this demonstration to convince his wife that she can trust him. This incident also shows that he views himself as a creator much like God.

Like Aylmer, Goodman Brown also exhibits a God complex that manifests itself in his dealings with the devil and in his reaction to a hypocritical society. Goodman Brown believes that he can deal with the devil and not succumb to the powers of evil. Confident that his Faith will help him struggle against the devil, Goodman Brown agrees to meet him in the forest and attend a witch meeting. As he arrives late to meet the devil, Goodman Brown tells him, "Faith kept me back a while." This remark, along with his behavior, indicates that he believes his faith is stronger than that of mortal man, and he places himself on a plane equal to God that allows him to toy with the devil. Further evidence of his godlike mannerisms manifests itself after his attendance at the witch meeting, where he witnesses the presence of most of the townspeople. After this encounter, when Goodman Brown walks through the village streets upon his return home, he begins to notice the hypocritical people of the town. When he meets Deacon Gookin, Goodman Brown responds, "What God doth the wizard pray to?" Later he appears as a savior snatching a little girl from the clutches of Goody Cloyse "as [if] from the grasp of the fiend himself." Again, he elevates himself above mortal beings and passes judgment on their behavior.

The central characters in both these stories impose their own divine views on their fellow man (and woman) and sit in judgment over the actions of others. Their presumptuous attempts to change reality to a more favorable condition only cause conflict between the characters and others, as well as within themselves. This dilemma, to accept society the way it is or to try to force it to change to one's own selfish viewpoint, often prompts actions and molds attitudes toward that society.
Like a Rock  

Natasha Crandall

"Fatherlessness is the most destructive trend of our generation. . . . Dad is destiny. More than virtually any other factor, a biological father's presence in the family will determine a child's success and happiness" (Shapiro 39). Unfortunately, society today provides many tragic cases exemplifying the veracity of these statements. The story of Cody Tull proves to be one such example. Although only a fictional character from Dinner at the Homiesick Restaurant by Anne Tyler, Cody develops a personality that "corresponds to the psychoanalytic profiles of children who, at similar ages, are also abandoned by their father" (Wagner 74). Deserted by his father, Cody does indeed grow up at a measurable disadvantage and consequently develops some of the negative social behaviors which follow him throughout his lifetime.

One of the most negative social behaviors Cody exhibits is undoubtedly his angry aggressiveness. His own mother notes that Cody is "prone to unreasonable rages" (Tyler 23). This aggressive behavior results primarily from the unnurturing emotional abandonment by both his mother and his father. The results from a recent study by MacDonald and Park best describe the relationship Cody and his father share: "Boys who displayed negative and abrasive interactions with peers had directive fathers who often issued commands to the child and provided him with very few opportunities to control the pace of their interactions" (Scaffer 188). Frequently absent as a traveling salesman even before his final desertion, Beck Tull, Cody's father, offers his son very few opportunities for meaningful interactions. Sadly, when a rare opportunity does arise, Beck's dictatorial attitude only sows the seeds of hostility deeper into his son. As a result of his contemptuous, surly attitude, Cody earns an unpopular "bad boy" image at school. Cody goes through most of his life with no close friends, always pushing others, especially his family, away from himself with his actions and attitudes.

The climactic example of the power struggle that results from Beck's highly directive attitude and Cody's increasingly aggressive response occurs one Sunday afternoon on a family outing to try out a new archery set Beck has brought home for the children. As Beck begins to dictate to Cody the proper stance and techniques for using the bow and arrow, Cody first reflects on his father's contemptible inadequacy; then as Beck continues to bully Cody, Cody retaliates by maliciously aiming the arrow at Ezra, his younger brother. Mistakenly released, the arrow goes soaring through the air and pierces Cody's mother, Pearl. Feeling inadequate and frustrated as both a husband and a father, Beck soon abandons his family; thus Cody's aggression and anger only deepen.

Unfortunately, the dysfunctional family which results from Beck's departure only increases tensions and divisions already existing within the Tull family. For example, everyone knows that Pearl's favorite child is Ezra, and after Beck's desertion, she favors and clings to Ezra even more as a sort of surrogate husband. This favoritism shapes the energy of Cody's aggression into competition with his siblings for his mother's love. As one psychologist notes, "Rivalry between brothers and sisters frequently increases, as they struggle to hold on to their parent's affection in the face of a breakup" (Goode 38). Cody "renews with great ingenuity and variety his fundamentally simple and impossible effort to achieve closeness with his mother by destroying her love for Ezra" (Jones 11). Always unsuccessful at winning his mother's favor, Cody finds himself emotionally abandoned by his mother, thus his anger and aggression subsequently deepen.

For Cody, "all of life is angry competition" (Wagner 75). This negative social behavior is perhaps best illustrated by the fierce competition that defines his lifelong rivalry with his brother Ezra. As a child and a teenager, Cody instigates innumerable pranks to get Ezra in trouble with Pearl, such as breaking windows while Ezra harmlessly plays ball or snapping photographs while Ezra sleeps to make him appear like a derelict with Cody's beer bottles and nudie magazines scattered around him. Cody also never passes up an opportunity to humiliate Ezra or to show him up. One humorous example occurs one day when Cody arranges for a cemetery plot salesman to come visit a Mr. Ezra Tull. Cody attempts to annihilate Ezra in any and every possible competition—from eating the most peanuts to getting girls' attention. Tragically, this ongoing battle carries over into their adulthood with heartbreaking results. Leaving Ezra shattered, Cody successfully captures the heart of Ezra's fiancee Ruth, a homely country
cook with sprouty red hair and not at all Cody's usual supermodel type. One critic notes that Cody's "competitive instinct is so active that he steals Ezra's fiancee from him, simply to prevent Ezra's marriage" (Shelton 859). Although triumphant in winning this woman's love, Cody never succeeds in winning the favoritism of Pearl, thus keeping one of the primary roots of his aggression and bitterness.

The negative social behavior of bitterness is indeed a very potent self-injected poison. Because Cody feels rejected by each of his parents, he grows up a very bitter person. Cody's life clearly illustrates what happens when a person allows bitterness to grow unchecked. His bitterness toward his parents leads him to be resentful of his innocent brother, which in turn leads him into an unfulfilling marriage where his wife and son sadly become the new victims of his bitterness. Cody's bitterness toward his parents develops for several reasons. A traveling salesman rarely home, Beck Tull never shares a very intimate part of Cody's life even before he deserts the family when Cody is fourteen, and yet Cody craves and needs, as indeed every child does, his father's approval and acceptance. Even as a toddler, Cody would rush around on his tiny, fat legs saying, "See this? See this? See me somersault? See me pull my wagon?" (Tyler 52). As a teenager, "He thought how it would be if his father returned sometime in the future..." 'Look at what I have accomplished,' Cody would tell him. 'Notice where I've got to, how far I've come without you'" (52). Later as a man, this same need for respect and acceptance from his father, now accompanied by deep bitterness, drives Cody to strive relentlessly for success, which he ultimately achieves as a time efficiency consultant for quota-driven companies. Beck's desertion, as one can imagine, greatly increases Cody's resentment of him. It illustrates not only the ultimate rejection but also in Cody's point of view an abandonment "into the hands of their very destructive mother" (Wagner 81). At Pearl's funeral, Cody bitterly accuses Beck, who has unexpectedly reappeared after his thirty-five-year absence for the occasion: "You left us in her clutches! How could you do that? How could you just dump us on our mother's mercy?" (Tyler 340).

Besides showing obvious favoritism towards Ezra, Pearl also exhibits a short-tempered, demanding attitude toward her children, especially after Beck abandons the family, leaving her to rear them alone in "rage, frustration, and poverty" (Gilbert 268). For example, one evening Cody, Ezra, and their younger sister Jenny come home to find their mother in a rage. At supper she irrationally lashes out at each of them. She throws the serving spoon in Cody's face and slaps him across the face saying, "You upset. You wretch, you ugly horror" (Tyler 58). Turning to all of them, she exclaims, "Parasites. I wish you'd all die and let me go free" (59). Such scenes stand out vividly in Cody's mind. Even years later he recounts them bitterly to his own son Luke. And with each recollection he paints an even blacker, more resentful view of his mother, pushing out all the happier childhood moments they had shared such as playing Monopoly together. Sadly, Cody's bitterness and resentment effectively poison most of his life.

In addition to the crippling effects of aggressiveness, angry competitiveness, and bitterness, feelings of guilt over his father's leaving also torture Cody, especially as a teenager, and leave him wondering if he has somehow caused the abandonment. Thoughts like "Was it something I said? Was it something I did? Was it something I didn't do, that made you go away?" (Tyler 52) often drag themselves through his consciousness, leaving him even more uncertain, aggressive, and resentful.

After his mother's death and his father's reappearance, Cody has a golden opportunity to absolve them both in order to release his feelings of aggressive anger, jealousy, bitterness, and guilt. Throughout his life, these feelings have simmered unchecked within him. Tyler accurately displays the complexity of human relationships within the home. With the uncertainty of real life, Tyler leaves the final outcome of Cody's life to the optimism or pessimism of the reader. Tyler does, however, give her audience a small ray of hope. Cody's talking to his father allows him to begin to heal his deep feelings of personal guilt. Hopefully, he will choose to continue this healing process and break the pattern of behavior that has bound him most of his life. If he succeeds, then perhaps he will not burden the next generation with this painful legacy.

Works Cited


The Fall of Satan in Milton's *Paradise Lost*

Danny Brookshire

Throughout the course of John Milton's epic *Paradise Lost*, the character of Satan is shown in a degrading, degenerating fashion which slowly strips him of all his former angelic glory and lowers him deeper and deeper into a perverted and debased state of being. The most tragic aspect of this fall, however, is that Satan himself is the chief architect of his own downfall. He willingly chooses to separate himself from the Almighty. He plunges headlong into the abyss, separating himself from his Creator, and he is perfectly content to do so. His hatred and disdain are attributable to his ever-consuming sense of himself, and his unyielding pride in who he is. He becomes a creature incapable of servitude, and war becomes his one and only refuge.

In the opening pages of *Book I*, Milton begins by conveying a portrait of loss. He speaks first "of man's disobedience, and the fruit / of that forbidden tree." Man's disobedience and his tragic fall have been preceded, however, by the collapse of God's most sublime creation. Before his fall, Lucifer is the highest of all heaven's host. He resides in the ever-present glory of God's throne, second only to the Almighty Himself. Raised to such high esteem, praised before all of the universe, Satan begins to consider himself as being equal to, if not greater than, his creator. Pride slowly rises in his heart, and devious plans begin to form in his mind. Satan, "the infernal serpent," raises "impious war in heaven." It is war against the very throne of God, against the all powerful entity who breathed life into all of creation, and from whose very soul all of the universe sprang. Lifted up in his new-found, unholy conceit, Satan envisions himself sitting alone upon that golden throne, or at the very least, ruling alongside the high being that he once called master. There is war in heaven, war the likes of which the heavens have never seen, as Satan leads his armies in their vain assault upon the high throne, but the outcome of his attack is never in question. No mighty weapons formed of wizardry or war can defeat the everlasting power of God. Satan is "hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky," and for "nine times the space that measures day and night," he falls into the blackness of Hell.

Following his defeat, Satan awakens in a place of nightmares and torment, a place of fire and bitter darkness, a place separated forevermore from the face of God, a place that he must now call home. He has been thwarted in the greatest coup of all time, beaten by the power of the Almighty; and yet even after the greatest rout imaginable, Satan is still not humbled.

Slowly he rises from the flames to gaze at the torment which surrounds him and fills his future existence with unimaginable sorrow. Still, even in all his troubles, Satan deludes himself with memories of "dubious battle," and how he "shook" the throne of Heaven. He rises from the fiery lake to address his beaten and broken comrades who have followed him so loyally to their doom. He commands them to take heart for "all is not lost." He challenges their "unconquerable will" and orders them "never to submit or yield." He declares to them that it is "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

Satan views his former home as an eternal tyranny, ruled by a malevolent dictator. He is the one entity who would dare challenge that dictator and make war upon God's realm. He is the one being who refuses to be humbled by the all powerful hand of heaven. He has chosen to hate for hate's sake. He has chosen to fight simply for the love of war. He has chosen to challenge God and "defy His power." Like a blast from the clear blue, he has fallen, deposed of the glory that was his. Completely of his own free will, however, Satan has chosen the depths of hell as his domain, rather than the heights of heaven. Yet God has never been in the business of manufacturing robots or machines to do his bidding. He has never discharged lightning bolts and tidal waves to force His subjects into servitude. All heaven bows at His throne out of love for Him. Therefore, the tyranny of heaven exists only in Satan's sadly deluded mind.

To fall from such glorious power and high estate would be enough to humble any other being, but Satan is consumed with himself. He doesn't envision his new surroundings as a fall from grace but as a sovereign new state of independence. In his mind, he has not been vanquished from his home; instead, he has chosen this new abode and, in the process, "endangered heaven's perpetual king." However, he is not yet content in his accomplishments. Rising from his
abyss, he gathers his strength like a hurricane and confers with his agents "how we may henceforth most offend." He bids farewell to the "happy fields, / where joy forever dwells" and greets the "infernal world," charging it to "receive thy new possessor." He is perfectly content in his new surroundings. He has left the throne room of God for the domain of the damned, and yet, in some ways, he is ecstatic about the outcome. He declares to his hordes that "here we may reign secure, and in my choice." He commands them that "to do aught good never will be our task, / but ever to do ill our sole delight."

Satan declares to his forces, "the mind is its own place, and in itself / can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven. What matter where, if I be still the same?" The greatest irony in all of this is that hell is not just a physical place for the devil and his legions; it is also a mental, emotional place which resides within the corners of Satan's and his fallen angels' minds. Despite the domain in which he may reside, Satan carries his own unique brand of hell with him at all times, and it will remain there forever.

Satan's great downfall springs from the blackest portions of his own heart. It is spurred on by his relentless pride and great delusions of grandeur. Instead of being an exalted servant of heaven, he chooses to reign in the depths of hell. His speeches are littered with passion but anchored in deceit. He has become the vilest, most hated enemy of God, and, though the Almighty's love is known to be legendary, so is His vengeance. Having chosen to live for the sole purpose of annoying his Creator, Satan now lives only for the fight because it is all that he has left. Everything evil now arises from his hand, and all things wicked now call him father. He has become an archaic fool who would rather rule in damnation than serve on high. What he fails to realize, however, is that all things bend and bow to the power of God, and all powers, no matter how great, must eventually succumb to His will.

Transcendental Keats

Ian Snead

The human mind is fond of building bridges. Our way of perceiving our surroundings is to connect a present experience with a past one. In order to understand a thing, we must relate it to our pool of previous experience. John Keats seeks to make this connection between the abstract and concrete through the use of explicit images, both natural and man-made. These concepts attempt to tenuously connect our concrete world of visceral experience with a different mode of existence. This transcendental existence isn't true experience, however. Instead, it represents a dissolution of the soul, complete and blissful. For example, Keats uses the natural song of a nightingale, the frozen moment of time captured on the face of an urn, and the concepts of loss and sadness existing just beyond utmost pleasure in "Ode on Melancholy." Within the lines of the Odes, Keats volubly and explicitly expresses the desire for and paths to a "happy, happy" life so far beyond ordinary perception that it ceases to be an ordinary life and transcends material existence.

In "Ode to a Nightingale," a natural song of joy leads a merry path to the shadows of "leaves [that have] never known . . . weariness . . . fever . . . [or] fret." The poem begins with the words "drowsy numbness pains," expressing a feeling of depressed desire that will recur in both "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and "Ode on Melancholy." The persona then goes on to wander the incomplete timelessness of his transport, wanting to give in to this darkness and leaden spirit.
Paradoxically, he wants to drink both "hemlock" and a "drought of vintage!" A curtain fine as gossamer separates our stormy, time-swept existence and the stillness of the eternal; that gossamer curtain is as classic as a bird's song, shimmering in and out of both planes as the music fades and swells, giving glimpses and hopes to both planes of existence. The persona follows that thin thread "into the forest dim" yet is yanked back from the timeless by "a bell" to his "sole self." As the "plaintive anthem fades," we are left with a taste of the joyful dissolution that lies in the moments when one gives oneself to "that music" and experience becomes drawn crystal.

The overwhelming stillness of a moment finds fullest expression in Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn." In this poem a "flowery tale" and "slow time" lie breathless. Through this urn, an object made by human hands and, therefore, much closer to our minds than the ethereal song, we find that "heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." Timeless song, felt without sound, is a clear, deep expression of the transcendent experience so well conveyed by Keats. We can watch the stillness in which a "bold love . . . never canst ... kiss" yet "cannot fade." Keats belies the frustration that his reader might naturally see in eternal tension by calling this state "happy, happy love" that will "ever ... love" and "be fair." Scenes of "sacrifice" and an "Attic shape" are forever suspended "in midst of other woe," preserving moments both blissful and "desolate." Through these lines the tone drifts subtly to a maxim through "emptied" events and places, perfect examples of transcendence and stillness without "a soul to tell." When Keats says, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty" and then unfolds that concept in firm resolve by saying "that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know," one sees that true being and reality are of paramount importance. Truth in this case is the moment, hard and eternal, that has been frozen and left open to minute interpretation and meditation. We are able to look upon an object, the scene on the ancient urn, which "cannot fade," just as we are able to listen to "the voice . . . heard . . . in ancient days" in "Ode to a Nightingale." Keats uses these mental images to convey the timeless. Although the images themselves are not eternal, for one can smash an urn or kill a songbird, they at least beckon the reader subtly from the hidden doorway of eternity like an unknown yet familiar hand crooking its supple fingers in invitation. Keats has provided the pathway, but the choice, whether or not to enjoy the peace of enlightenment, is left up to us.

That path finds its most lucid expression as a road of emotions, concepts, and feelings. We can hear the timeless beauty inherent in the nightingale's song, and we can see and wonder about the scenes frozen on the urn. Each of these actions, listening and seeing, elicits from the subject matter a gut impulse, an intuition of the eternal. In "Ode on Melancholy," Keats uses a slightly different method of guiding our metaphysical footsteps in the direction of enlightenment. Here he says "go not to Lethe" and "make not your rosary of yew-berries," for these mysteries will "too drowsily ... drown the wakeful anguish of the soul." He does not want us to seek with bumbling, clumsy apathy the richness of "thy sorrow on a morning rose." When seeking enlightenment, one should experience every emotion fully. For example, "if thy mistress some rich anger shows . . . feed deep," for "she dwells with Beauty . . . that must die." On the other hand, one should also experience "Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips bidding adieu." Human experience is fleeting. By first being silent in order to listen and then directing one's energies toward the cardinal emotions and experiences, one may eventually find oneself pulled in so many directions with such force that one's soul will "burst Joy's grape against his palate" and reveal "Veil'd Melancholy" and her "cloudy trophies." Thus, beyond experience lie joy and then sadness. Beyond darkness light exists, and, past that, dissolution and nothingness, a swelling to fullness then bursting. This transcendence is not an explosion, though, but a wispy wandering and misty fading of our mind's life that find a catalyst in the partial eternity of our existence. One needs a guide, an example, or an illustration, as put forth in the Odes, along this shadowy path that is as insubstantial as "the rainbow" to human feet.

This path to a transcendence of blissful stillness is a concept that Keats approaches from many directions, much as the spokes of a wheel all approach, albeit from different angles, the center of that wheel. Keats opens many doors in the mind of his reader, gently guiding him or her through, as we see in "Ode to a Nightingale," "the grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild." In the Odes, one may observe this concept approached from and illustrated by indirect praise of a song, as well as the concise map of the appropriate emotions and reactions necessary for connecting with the timeless. One may choose, then, to be led along the path to transcendence or to forge ahead in stillness. Whatever one chooses, the point is to "fade far away and forget," thereby attaining a perfect life beyond our current existence.
Professional baseball, by literal definition, is played by individuals who receive financial compensation for their efforts. The conventional concept of professional baseball, however, is that of a game played between two teams composed of players of the highest possible athletic caliber. If one subscribes to this latter concept, professional baseball is still in a state of limbo. Team owners have resolved to begin the season on schedule by fielding teams composed of minor league players, walk-ons, and retirees. Those who would normally attend baseball games, loosely described by the blanket term of baseball fans, are therefore presented with something of a quandary. These fans can be more accurately described by subdividing them into three general categories.

The first category is the True Devotee. These diehard fans can be seen at any game discussing batting averages, who would be the most effective pinch hitter in a given situation, who will come on in relief, in what inning, how many batters he will face, and so on. This type of fan argues baseball strategy endlessly, and each fan feels that he or she is better qualified than the manager, umpire, or catcher to call the game. True devotees know the names and stats of all the leading candidates in the All Star balloting. They know who led the league in stolen bases in 1967. In short, they have strong and very vocal opinions about every aspect of the game.

The second category of fans is the Tag Along. These unfortunate creatures are generally the spouses or significant others of True Devotees and are most often the unwilling recipients of the Devotees’ endless fountain of baseball trivia. Tag Alongs can also be seen at any game, nodding at the appropriate moment or simply staring off into empty space when a lull in the monologue—I mean, conversation—occurs. They wear the look of the beleaguered foot soldier and are the true heroes of the sport.

The third category, for lack of a more accurate term, I’ll call Any Excuse for a Party. These individuals show up at almost any public outing where alcohol is served. They are always among the loudest and most boisterous fans in attendance. The baseball game is merely their forum for a never-ending celebration of inebriation. By the third inning, these revellers are usually oblivious to all but the most obvious of the game’s occurrences (i.e., home runs, brush-back pitches, bench-clearing brawls), and, in the late innings, they frequently cheer for the visiting team. The True Devotee damns the partiers to eternal hell while the Tag Along finds them refreshingly amusing.

As of this writing, game attendance at baseball spring training camps has largely consisted of relatives of the players. As the season progresses, it will be interesting to see which of the aforementioned categories of baseball fans turn out for the games. Provided ticket prices are reasonable and the beer is cheap, Any Excuse for a Party can be counted on. The attendance of the Tag Along, however, is directly correlated to the attendance of the True Devotee. If the True Devotee cannot or will not adjust to the lower skill levels of this season’s players, baseball stadiums will be filled only to one third of their capacity and baseball will suffer a long, quiet, and unprofitable summer.
The Women of Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*

*Neal Weaver*

There are many hearts of darkness to be found in the writings of Joseph Conrad, not the least of them being the dark heart of European colonialism. According to Conrad, the roots of this particular evil seem to lie solely in modern man's desire to make money. The justification for the darkness of European colonialism, however, seems to lie in the ideals of women who "talked about weaning those ignorant millions from their horrid ways" (Conrad 1626). Although the women in *Heart of Darkness* are easily passed over and forgotten, they exist at every level of Marlow's inferno. They see him off on his journey, haunt him in the form of paintings and African Queens during his journey, and listen to his words about Kurtz upon his return. Some critics consider them to be peripheral characters (Galef 117). These women's thoughts and ideas, however, have a tremendous impact upon the story and upon the men they encounter. It almost goes without saying that the sin of the male gender in this story is greed. Yet Conrad also exposes the sin of the female: a naive idealism. The female characters in *Heart of Darkness* provide both empowerment of and justification for the male atrocities committed through European colonialism.

Marlow, much like Dante, must make a descent into hell in order to achieve enlightenment. A female character waits at every level of his descent. At the first level the reader finds the *Nellie* "a cruising yawl" (Conrad 1618). Marlow's aunt presents herself at the second level. At the third level the reader finds the two company women dressed in black. Kurtz's ambiguous painting of the blindfolded woman occupies the fourth level, while his African Queen waits at the fifth. Finally, at the icy bottom of *Heart of Darkness* is Kurtz's Intended. Each female, in her own way, is used by Conrad as a reflection of a main character, and helps the reader better understand that character's purpose (Galef 117).

The first female the reader encounters is the *Nellie*. She seems to represent one of the many ways in which men depend on women. The *Nellie* is, of course, the ship which provides the setting for the outer frame of Conrad's story, and, much like the female characters the reader encounters later in the novel, she helps the men aboard her to reach their destinations. It is easy to compare her to Marlow's aunt, who assists him in finding a job. The *Nellie*, much like Marlow's aunt, helps the characters of the outer frame make their way up the Thames. This assistance seems a subtle example of man's physical dependance on woman, as well as one of the ways in which women empower men.

The *Nellie*, however, only seems an example of how women enable men to carry out their actions, and not an example of how women's ideals justify men's actions. At the next level of Conrad's inferno, Marlow's aunt, much like the figure in Kurtz's painting, seems blind to the situation about her. She appears to have no idea of what is really going on, on the continent. All she knows is that her nephew needs a job, and that if it is his desire to go to Africa, then she will, as Marlow says, "make no end of fuss to get [him] appointed skipper of a river steamboat, if such was [his] fancy" (Conrad 1623). The interesting thing about his aunt is that she does not seem at all interested in what Marlow will do on his journey. Rather she seems completely enthralled with helping the savages become more civilized. When Marlow grows tired of his aunt's speaking of such matters, he "venture[s] to hint that the company [is] run for profit" (1626). His aunt promptly replies with a phrase from the Bible: "You forget, dear Charlie, that the labourer is worthy of his hire" (1626). As a response to this attitude Marlow tells his audience, "It's queer how out of touch with truth women are" (1626). With this situation Conrad has taken his readers through the second level of colonial darkness. The women whom he describes in the opening scenes provide both empowerment for a man and justification for a course of action. Their main fault is that they are blind to what they are doing, ironically justifying not humanity but inhumanity.

In contrast to Marlow's aunt, but very similar to the *Nellie*, the women who work for the company in the sepulchral city act more like means to an end than some form of justification. These women do not seem as naive as some of the other women in the story. In fact, they seem more like the fates spinning the destinies of men:
She glanced at me above the glasses. The swift and indifferent placidity of that look troubled me. Two youths with foolish and cherry countenances were being piloted over, and she threw them the same quick glance of unconcerned wisdom. She seemed to know all about them and about me too. An eerie feeling came over me. She seemed uncanny and fateful. Often far away I thought of these two, guarding the door of Darkness, knitting black wool as for a warm pall, one introducing, introducing continuously to the unknown, the other scrutinising the cherry and foolish faces with unconcerned old eyes. (1624-25)

These women seem to know what is taking place on the continent. Their actions are similar to the Nellie's. They are part of the company, and they are moving men to the places they want to go. They are not holders of ideals; however, they do provide empowerment for men.

The idealistic naivete, not seen in the previous level of Conrad's darkness, figures very prominently in the next level. The third level of hell in which the reader perceives a female character is that of the inner station. At this station the reader finds the character of Kurtz's painting. As David Galef points out in his review "On the Margin," anyone who feels that a painting cannot be a character should refer to Browning's "My Last Duchess" (123). Galef goes on to say that the painting has two possible symbolic undertones:

The image of a perverted ideal, however, the darkness creeping into what was once a just set of values, does admirably reflect what has happened to Kurtz. The picture may also portray the Intended: Kept in the dark by Kurtz, yet carrying a torch for him. In any event, since neither Marlow nor the owner of the painting yet knows of Kurtz's transformation, the effect is adumbration. (123)

The first symbolic undertone, the perverted ideal, which Galef mentions, is much like the idealistic naivete mentioned earlier. Some of the women in Heart of Darkness seem to think that they are helping to carry the light of civilization into a dark and savage country. The torch in the painting represents this attitude. The blindfold, on the other hand, represents how the women seem neither to recognize nor to understand that these atrocities on the continent are being committed in the name of profit and civilization. While the first symbolic undertone deals with women as a whole, the second pertains to Kurtz's Intended.

Before Marlow reaches the female character of Kurtz's Intended and the novel's readers can examine this second undertone, however, they must first encounter the character of Kurtz's African Queen: "She was savage and superb, wild-eyed and magnificent; there was something ominous and stately in her deliberate progress" (Conrad 1665). This female differs markedly from any of the other women in the book. She seems to be the only woman whom Marlow may actually admire, for she seems to represent the anti-European woman. Conrad juxtaposes her against Kurtz's Intended. David Galef notes that the African Queen's "mute gesture suggests once again the forces that attend, or have attended, Kurtz. Lying moribund within the riverboat, Kurtz has just received a declaration of love from a heart of darkness" (130). The gesture to which Galef refers is that of the African Queen throwing her arms in the air as if to touch the sky. Galef goes on to say that "the black woman, of course, also serves as a foil for the Intended" (130). The question which Conrad seems to ask is this: "Does the African Queen embody darkness and the Intended embody light, or is it the other way around?" There is no denying that these two women are polar opposites. This fact is true regardless of how the reader chooses to answer Conrad's question. One must note, however, that the African Queen does have something in common with the other women in Heart of Darkness. By attending to Kurtz's needs, she has enabled him to carry on with his work, and once again a female has provided the means by which a male carries out his actions.

The Nellie, Marlow's aunt, the company women, Kurtz's painting, and the African Queen all lead up to the final level in Marlow's journey into darkness. At the icy bottom of Heart of Darkness, Marlow finds Kurtz's Intended: "she came forward, all in black, with a pale head, floating towards me in the dark" (Conrad 1676). Later Conrad continues this form of description when Marlow says, "But with every word spoken the room was growing darker, and only her forehead smooth and white, remained illuminated by the inextinguishable light of belief and love" (1677). In his critique, "Kurtz's Sketch in Oils: Its Significance to Heart of Darkness," Mark S. Sexton asserts:

We see here the transformation of the Intended into a figure closely resembling the one in Kurtz's sketch. As such, she represents to Marlow a vision similar to that first recorded in the sketch by Kurtz—a face, "blind" to many things, most obviously to the true nature and experience of Kurtz. Nevertheless, this face appears to Marlow illuminated by the "inextinguishable light of belief and love," but seen here by Marlow from a perspective similar to how he sees the dying Kurtz. (390)

Through Marlow's descriptions of the Intended, the reader can now tie in the second undertone to which Galef was referring. Through these two examples the reader should be able to see the link between the Intended and Kurtz's painting.

The Intended, like Marlow's aunt and Kurtz's painting, is blind to the events that have occurred over the past few years in the name of the company. She does not even know that atrocities were committed by her beloved. Like everyone else, she recognizes that Kurtz is an extraordinary individual.
Nevertheless, she has no idea about the heart of darkness which Kurtz possesses at the time of his death. The irony is that she claims to have known him better than anyone. Yet the reality is that she hardly knew the man he became at all. It is also ironic that her family had disapproved of her engagement to Kurtz, ostensibly because Kurtz did not have enough money. Perhaps his long stay at the station and his desire for more ivory led to his demise. Is it possible that what drove Kurtz to his heart of darkness was his Intended? Did he go there to earn the money to win her family over, or possibly to get away from the pressure he felt? In the end, Kurtz's Intended both empowered him and gave him justification for the atrocities which were committed on the continent. If Kurtz represents all that is evil in males regarding European colonialism, then his Intended must represent all that is evil in females on the subject.

One final note must be made about Joseph Conrad and gender. It involves the company women. By placing these women within the company, Conrad suggests that both men and women are responsible for the horrors of colonialism and that idealistic naivete does not exist in all females. Similarly, the youths (presumably males) who were being piloted over seemed to have no idea what they were getting themselves into. Therefore, the sins with which Conrad concerns himself are not completely gender related.

The females in Conrad's _Heart of Darkness_ are representative of the idealistic naivete which empowered and justified the cause of European colonialism. Although females seem to embody this concept, Conrad's story does not try to make idealistic naivete and empowerment an issue of gender. Conrad's attack targeted the blindness itself and not the gender in which he found it to be most prominent. Conrad simply wanted the truth to be known and then faced. He wanted his readers to realize that everyone was responsible for the horrors of European colonialism: "We are accustomed to look upon the shackled form of a conquered monster, but there--there you could look at a thing monstrous and free" (1645).

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session followed with more stretching, abdominal workouts, light calisthenics, and sparring. Both sessions would last approximately three hours.

In addition to the physical training, I had to watch my food intake carefully so that I could lose some weight. Losing just fifteen pounds would enable me to fight in a lower weight class. I wanted to fight in a different weight class so I'd have a better shot at winning a match. Often I was physically tired and hungry. The only thing that kept me motivated was my desire to win.

The day of the fight finally arrived. I had given one hundred percent in preparing for the three-round fight. Not only was I in great shape, but I was physically conditioned to box. My trainers noticed the drastic improvement in my boxing skills. My opponent, Dave "Bam Bam" Atherton, had a record of six wins and one loss to Mike "Lightning Fists" Smith, a fighter with an undefeated record. Nonetheless, I felt confident that I could win the fight, especially after weighing in at a lean one hundred and thirty-four pounds. Dave weighed in at the same weight, but his frame contained a noticeably greater proportion of fat than mine.

I knew the time for the fight was near when the ring announcer introduced us: "Weighing in at one hundred and thirty-four pounds in the blue trunks in his boxing debut, fighting out of Atlanta, Georgia, Scott 'Big Daddy' Murphy. Weighing in at one hundred and thirty-four pounds in the gold trunks with a record of six wins, two by knockout, one loss, fighting out of Portland, Oregon, Dave 'Bam Bam' Atherton." The bell rang and round one began. I approached my opponent with confidence. With no success, I attempted to land a jab. I decided that a combination might be in order, starting with a left jab followed by a right hook. The jab landed, but the right hook was a little slow, causing me to miss. My mistake enabled Dave to land a right/left combination. I was stunned! My head was throbbing, and my only response was to throw a couple of jabs. The jabs helped me move away from the barrage of punches Dave was throwing. The rest of the round followed a similar pattern. My unsuccessful attacks were always met by a barrage of counter punches that left me with no other option except throwing more jabs and moving away.

As the bell rang to end round one, I could not help but think how fortunate I was to escape to my corner for a few moments. My confidence shaken and my game plan not working, I looked to my corner for some answers. I was instructed to move around more and let Dave come to me. Using his own technique and fighting a defensive fight sounded like a great idea.

If I had known the abuse I would encounter, I would have regretted the sound of the bell. When the bell rang to start round two, I was confident that my new strategy would work. It was successful all right, that is, for my opponent. I found myself constantly on the ropes taking numerous body shots. If I was fortunate to have survived round one, surviving round two was a miracle. Nevertheless, somehow I managed to make it through the round without even landing a punch on Dave. Of course, throwing just seven punches does not produce great odds in landing a punch. Again, I looked to my corner for help. The only advice given to me was to return to the style I had used in round one.

I still haven't decided if my corner's advice was actually well-thought out or if they used that advice out of desperation. But it worked! I was throwing and landing solid punches. The combinations were highly successful. Dave was intent on just making it through the round because he had amassed such a tremendous point lead. The only problem with his strategy was that he failed to punch more to keep me away. With one minute and twenty seconds to go in the third round, I backed him in a corner and threw every punch in my arsenal. He slumped to the floor. The referee didn't even finish his count before stopping the fight and declaring me the victor. The fact that Dave should have won didn't prevent the rush of joy I felt. I was ecstatic over my victory. Peering at Dave with his sad expression, I knew that he would take no solace in the knowledge that he should have won the bout.

I sympathize with the spectators who feel that I should have lost the fight and that Dave should have won on points. Yet does that take anything away from my victory? I don't think so. I agree with Vince Lombardi: in the end, winning is the only thing that really counts.
A Profession in Transition

Betty Murray

One of the oldest professions accessible to women is now in a state of transition. Nursing is faced with the challenge of meeting the multiple health needs of society. With the introduction of the advanced practice nurse, nursing now has the opportunity to increase access to care, to lower health care costs, and to free physicians' time. Changes in attitudes toward the nursing profession are needed both within the profession and society as a whole if this challenging call is to be answered. I began to change my attitude toward nursing many years ago when I entered the profession with a narrow, physician-directed, task-oriented view, but I have gradually developed a broader outlook that encompasses a more self-directed, holistic practice. Needless to say, my attitude towards nursing has changed dramatically over the span of my thirty-year career.

My attitude toward the professional relationship between nurses and physicians has changed. When I first became a nurse in the late fifties, nurses were expected to stand when physicians approached their desks or stations. This tradition suggested to me that the physician was omnipotent and that nurses were much less important than doctors in providing care. My attitude went right along with the prevailing view, for I too gave a wide berth to physicians, stood in their presence, and believed that patient care was something doctors ordered and nurses carried out. I have since, however, abandoned my practice of standing when physicians enter my space or giving up my seat to a doctor just because he is a doctor. My current attitude is directed more toward a team approach when I consider the roles of physicians and nurses as they relate to health care delivery. While I still maintain a respectful attitude toward doctors as professionals, my attitude about the professional relationship of nurses and physicians has changed. In the past I was apt to view myself as a physician's subordinate; now I am more likely to think of myself as his or her colleague.

Another difference in my attitude about nursing evolved with the advent of community health care. My view of the scope of nursing practice in the late fifties and sixties was limited to hospital or other institutional care. My narrow outlook left me with the conviction that nursing care could be administered adequately only in those facilities, when, even at that time, public health nurses were going into homes to provide care. With the advancement of home care philosophies, my point of view has broadened to include community nursing as a major role assumed by my profession to extend the range of nursing care. I have seen the diversity of services offered by public health nurses increase, and I value their emphasis on prevention. Specialty clinics run by nurses address such problems as pain and depression. Hospice care and home health care are managed by nurses and are a part of a trend toward community nursing care. My attitude now is quite different regarding where care can be given, but I continue to see the need for hospitals when high tech services and care are needed.

I have also adjusted my attitude toward the use of nursing theory in my practice. In my earlier years of nursing, I didn't base aspects of care given to patients on nursing theory. I was aware of efforts being made to develop nursing theory and could see how theory-based care could be valuable to the advancement of the profession. I felt, however, that borrowed theories from other disciplines were more useful to me. For example, Maslow's hierarchy of needs theory from the field of psychology helped me as I planned care for a pediatric patient. I have studied nursing theory recently, and it has become evident to me that nursing theory is, indeed, relevant to the practice of nursing, and I incorporate it into my practice. I value the work of Patricia Benner, a nursing theorist who describes the novice-to-expert concept of nursing. Benner asserts that "caring makes giving help and receiving help possible." I find that now I often refer to nursing theory when making nursing judgments, whereas in my earlier years I rarely thought of theory as relevant to giving care.

These examples show that my attitude about nursing has changed significantly over the last thirty years. Similarities remain when it comes to the traditional attitudes of caring, nurturing, and providing quality care; differences lie in the areas of autonomy, community, and theory. Perhaps nurses can succeed in changing the attitudes of society about their profession by better defining who they are and what they do in order to meet today's challenging health care needs.
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Danny Brookshire, who now works for UPS, has lived in Gainesville for the past nineteen years. He plans to transfer to the University of Georgia, where he will major in journalism.

Ray Buice, a native Georgian and resident of Hall County, is pursuing an accounting degree at Georgia State University. He enjoys spending time with his wife Marsha and is looking forward to the birth of their first child. After graduation, he plans to work at an accounting firm in Atlanta.

Natasha Crandall lives in Gainesville. She is majoring in foreign languages and plans to transfer to a private university next year. After graduation, she plans to serve God through teaching foreign languages or English as a Second Language.

Britton Hammett was born and raised in Peachtree City, GA. After attending Gainesville College for two quarters as an English major, she transferred to Georgia State University, where she is majoring in film. Her hobbies include acting, writing, and photography.

Cynthia Johnson is an English major who will soon transfer to Piedmont College. Upon graduation, she hopes to teach. She lives with her husband and son in Banks County. Her hobbies include reading, writing, and sewing.

Scott Murphy served in the army for four years. He is currently attending Gainesville College and resides in Gainesville.

Betty Murray, a registered nurse since 1958 who currently works as a staff nurse on a surgical unit at Stephens County Hospital, lives in Dahlonega. She is the mother of four and has one granddaughter. She enjoys hiking in the North Georgia mountains.

Ian Snead attended Gainesville College in 1994-95. He is now at UGA, where he is majoring in math and biochemistry. He enjoys surfing the net and reading.

Neal Weaver graduated from Gainesville College in 1995. He is a member of a band.

contributors