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Contents
“Whatever we conceive well we express clearly.” --Boileau

Welcome to the 1997 edition of Hoi Polloi. The tradition of presenting examples of outstanding work from Gainesville College students continues with this collection of essays. This publication is a selective and thoughtful representation of the best of student writing. The tendency to consign first and second year college students in general to second-class status as essay writers is refuted in this magazine. It is our hope that it serves as a response to their rich achievement.

Beyond an enjoyable read, out of the wealth of material submitted, we also sought to provide a tool for students to use when striving for excellence with their own writing. The essays contained herein, both formal and informal, range in diversity from an appreciation of the ancient search for the meaning of life as discussed in the essay “Gilgamesh and Enkidu: Pieces of the Puzzle” to a reminder of the need for more concern about the future of life in the essay “Save Some for Tomorrow.” Also presented are the winners of the essay writing contest: “Noon Tide” and “The Wrath of Flannery.” Congratulations!

I am grateful to have worked with such a wonderfully helpful student editorial board. In addition, others deserving of special thanks are the professors who served on the faculty advisory board and who assisted in fine-tuning the essays for this publication. I would also like to express appreciation to our contest judge, Russell Greer of Texas Women’s University. And, as with all English Club activities, an important contribution was made by Janice Nylander. Finally, it has been a true pleasure to work with Dr. Bob Croft as faculty advisor. His diligent work, fine organization, and encouraging attitude made my experience as editor of Hoi Polloi a gratifying experience.

We hope that this anthology permits each essay to be appreciated for its own particular merits, and each reader to benefit from the reading thereof.

Micki Licciardi

Introduction
Faulkner’s Revelatory Style

Stacie Carvill

Opinions about the literary style of William Faulkner are almost always exceedingly diverse. At times, his style has been called both “mere confusion of mind” and “without equal in our time and country” (Warren 211). However, one simple fact remains: Faulkner’s technique accurately reveals the innermost thoughts of the characters that he creates. Faulkner exhibits an unwavering ability to create a wholly credible universe of both character and setting. Sarty Snopes, the protagonist of Faulkner’s “Barn Burning,” exemplifies this talent. Through the use of a variety of methods, Faulkner conveys Sarty’s underlying conflict between loyalty to his family and his growing conscience. Sarty’s true nature is most exactly uncovered during the three final paragraphs of the story where Faulkner’s stylistic devices converge.

The use of long, run-together sentences is one of the most instantly recognizable aspects of Faulkner’s writing style. Edwin Hunter describes Faulkner’s sentence structure as follows: “It is any group of words beginning with a capital letter and running to a point where a mark of full stop is set down” (217). Faulkner runs his ideas together in a fashion quite similar to the overlapping of human thoughts. Reflecting quick thought and confusion, Faulkner’s elaborate sentences reveal the mixed feelings that Sarty possesses both about his family and his own ethics. The abundant use of present participle verbs such as “galloping,” “running,” and “stumbling” (Faulkner 447) helps give the passage a feeling of immediacy. When Sarty warns Major de Spain about the fire and then proceeds to escape, he feels both exhilaration and confusion. This energy is exemplified in the following passage:

So he ran on down the drive, blood and breath roaring; presently he was in the road again though he could not see it. He could not hear it either: the galloping mare was almost upon him before he heard her, and even then he held his course, as if the very urgency of his grief and need must in a moment more find his wings (447).

Since Sarty is unable to organize his thoughts clearly during his hurried escape, Faulkner indicates this mindset to the reader through his hallucinatory style. These two conflicting emotions are captured in long, urgent sentences that build a momentum progressing to the end of the story. Using commas instead of full stops, he allows the reader to feel the pressing, pulsating energy of Sarty’s experience. The rapid flood of events taking place gives Sarty an insecurity about his future, and Faulkner’s lengthy sentences reinforce the young boy’s stirring emotions.

Although Faulkner’s difficult sentence structure adds meaning to Sarty’s character, attention to minute detail is another way in which Faulkner reveals the character of Sarty Snopes. Though confused by the rush of events that take place at the end of “Barn Burning,” Sarty notices small details that seem insignificant at the time. Using groups of adjectives to ensure the exactness of the details, Faulkner adds “stylistic tone and color” (Hunter 146) to the passage. Extremely observant of his surroundings, Sarty remembers every aspect of his escape; this plethora of details effectively creates a believable character and his world. Faulkner concentrates mainly on the particulars of Sarty’s sensory perceptions and the wilderness to which he runs. When the narrator recounts Sarty’s running with “blood and breath roaring” (Faulkner 447), the electrifying rush the boy feels during his escape is captured in words. Despite his elation, Sarty also feels a certain degree of homesickness. The exact details of the cold, dark woods seem to reflect his insecurity concerning his newfound freedom. Sarty’s “shaking steadily in the chill darkness” (447) shows that he cannot truly break away from his abusive family. Suddenly, Sarty is forced to exist in the real world, and this prospect truly frightens him. Faulkner’s obsession with precise detail gives Sarty a human uncertainty about his freedom and also attaches significance to the excitement of his escape.

Focusing on certain minute details, Faulkner uses a great deal of imagery to impart the true nature of his characters. Imagery abounds throughout “Barn Burning,” and it is particularly important in the characterization of Sarty. Faulkner often uses images to “portray character” and to let the reader see into the minds of his creations (Campbell 14). Through careful word choice, Faulkner gives his images a life and individuality that cannot be duplicated. Weed-choked ditches, a chilly and dark wilderness, blurry trees, and dirty, rotting clothing are all images that set a tone which enhances the magnitude and internal conflict of Sarty’s flight. When Sarty observes images such as “tranquil early summer night skies,” “invisible trees,” and “vine-massed fence[s],” one notices his insight
Because the images used are so unique, Sarty's view seems particularly penetrating. He seems fully aware that the new life he has chosen for himself will not be an easy one. Sarty sees the world as cold and unsympathetic; the imagery used in this passage exhibits all of these qualities. Probably none of the other members of the Snopes family can perceive images as vividly as Sarty does, or even has the slightest ability to. His concern with images differentiates Sarty from the rest of his family. Despite his background and upbringing, Sarty understands much about life and people; he is not merely white trash. As one author points out, "The boy Sarty is one of the few sympathetic Snopeses" (Tuck 218). The rest of his family is comprised of bitter or submissive characters who care little about their surroundings, much less about vision. Because of his superior abilities, one may believe that Sarty is destined for a greater life without his family.

To complement the imagery intertwined throughout "Barn Burning," Faulkner uses reminiscence to evoke strong emotions as well. Because Sarty feels the distinct need to remember his past, he shows that he will never be able to separate himself completely from his oppressive background. When Sarty remembers that his father Abner participated in the Civil War, his real vulnerability surfaces. Although trying to grow up, Sarty is simultaneously hanging on to his boyhood. Sarty's declaration, "He was brave! He was! He was in the war! He was in Colonel Sartoris' cav'ry!" (Faulkner 447), shows that strong family bonds remain within him. Sarty's heartfelt reminiscence is, however, quite ironic; for he never recognizes his father as a horse thief and a scoundrel, or even as an abusive parent. Despite being free once and for all, Sarty "still grieves for the loss of his father, and makes a final attempt to see him as a brave man who fought in the Civil War" (Tuck 160). Although Sarty has many reasons to hate his father, he still retains a respect for him. Even though Abner was not a good, or even decent, parent, Sarty still holds his father in some esteem because Abner did raise him and provide for him. Sarty's idealization of his father also shows the boy's strong optimism because he can find respectable qualities in anyone. This positive attitude leads the reader to believe that Sarty will successfully survive on his own, despite his circumstances. Through memory, Faulkner discloses Sarty's sentimentality and sense of family pride.

In "Barn Burning" Faulkner uses a variety of narrative methods to reveal the inner workings of Sarty Snopes's mind. Many intense emotions seem to swirl within Sarty's mind, and his internal strife is apparent in Faulkner's writing. Through his literary style, Faulkner captures all of these qualities and creates characters so real that one author notes: "We are analogous to fictional characters . . . but at a final remove. Faulkner not only understood this phenomenon, but he everywhere exploits it. Reading his fictions, we help make them" (Kinney 15). Through his style, Faulkner has developed both realistic characters and a world entirely his own. Because his writing is so universal, readers everywhere can identify with his literary vision.
Gilgamesh and Enkidu: Pieces of the Puzzle

Rebecca L. Vanderford

The awareness that we are unlike other animals triggers the need for a definition of what it means to be human. Throughout history, different civilizations have attempted to define the human experience in different ways, depending upon the cultural ideals and lifestyles they valued. In *Gilgamesh*, we can see this attempt to establish what is human unfold. The dilemma revolves around two main points: what man is and how he can accept his mortality.

In the characters of Gilgamesh and Enkidu, we see the first attempts to articulate what it is to be human. These two characters each make up half of the human puzzle, coming together at the middle ground between animal and god. In this epic, Gilgamesh symbolizes the godlike half of man, while Enkidu acts as a counterbalance, representing man’s animal half. In characterizing Enkidu, who “lurked with wild beasts” and was “innocent of mankind” (14), the poet identifies him with other beasts. Flesh and blood, Enkidu represents man’s base physical and biological needs. These needs coincide with those of wild animals. In *Gilgamesh* we find the other half of the puzzle. According to the poet, the gods created Gilgamesh, “two thirds... god and one third man” (13). This “two thirds god” represents man’s ability to reason and acquire knowledge. Gilgamesh “was the man to whom all things were known... He was wise, he saw mysteries and knew secret things” (13).

Linked together, the two halves, Gilgamesh and Enkidu, provide a rudimentary definition of what it is to be human. In order to envision the whole puzzle, we need to understand that Enkidu is created as both a balance and a restraint for Gilgamesh. When Gilgamesh offends the people of the city, they cry to the Goddess Anuru to “create his equal... his second self, stormy heart for stormy heart” (14). Thus Enkidu was made. At first, Enkidu’s animal part dominates, but soon after his creation, the Harlot guides him to civilization. Enkidu’s education continues when he learns that reason helps to meet his physical needs through the comforts of civilization. Eventually, Enkidu learns to “eat the bread... drink the wine... put on man’s clothing” and to bathe (16).

Although Enkidu’s encounter with civilization highlights the positive balance between animal and god, a dilemma remains. This dilemma is expressed through Gilgamesh, who has the knowledge and desires of the gods but the mortality of the animals. In essence, his animal half limits reason’s power, for all humans die. This situation frustrates Gilgamesh. Like all humans, he is the only animal to know of his eventual death, yet he is helpless to stop it. In his lament to Shamash, God of the Sun, Gilgamesh expresses the depth of his feelings: “Man perishes with despair in his heart. I have looked over the wall and I see the bodies floating on the river, and that will be my lot also” (18). In his desperation, Gilgamesh decides to seek immortality through fame, a decision representative of man’s futile desire to achieve immortality and to resolve the anguish resulting from his inability to attain his goals. In the story, Gilgamesh and Enkidu travel to the Land of Cedars to kill Humbaba and gain fame, if not immortality. Although they succeed at this task, Gilgamesh is not satisfied. He declares that “misery comes at last to the healthy man, the end of life is sorrow” (29).

Since fame does not serve as adequate armor to shield Gilgamesh from death, and since reason fails to provide immortality, he must find another option. Ironically, however, it is Enkidu who is first faced with death. As a punishment from the gods for wicked deeds, Enkidu is fated to die. Now he, who was lifted from an animal existence by obtaining wisdom, curses the wisdom he gained from the Harlot and the impressions of civilization that allowed him to become aware of his own mortality. Cursing the Trapper and the Harlot for leading him out of the shelter of blissful ignorance provided by the wilderness, Enkidu laments, “I too once in the wilderness... had all the treasure I wished” (28).

At this point, Shamash explains to Enkidu that it is simply his fate to die; therefore he should accept his death and be grateful for the good life he has lived. With this wisdom from the gods and the rich life of civilization, a human being must give up the dream for immortality. He or she must give up the dream for immortality. He or she must be thankful to “eat bread fit for gods and drink wine of kings” (29), to wear fine clothing, to have companions and someone to mourn his or her dying. According to the epic, this consolation should compensate for man’s lack of immortality. But this view of man’s condition should not simply stop at consolation. Because we are mortal and life is short, we should treasure every moment of life. Every moment of life should be lived to the fullest extent. If life is lived to the fullest, there will be no regrets. Therefore man escapes despair by using his reason to achieve this truth. Thus, reason still prevails.
In the narrative of *Gilgamesh*, the poet presents a definitive vision of what it means to be human: that man necessarily fuses the bestial and the divine. Like all animals, humans have physical and biological needs; but they also possess the gods’ knowledge to ensure smoother access to meeting these needs. We should not only accept our lot, but enjoy the reason and knowledge we have gained. Our sole loss is immortality, the lack of which only serves to make our lives that much more precious if we but exercise the reason to grasp this truth.

Works Cited


In *Hamlet*, William Shakespeare says that the purpose of acting is “to hold, as ‘twere, the mirror up to nature” (III.ii.17). Actors know that this mirror may reflect human nature in thousands of different ways and that the tragedy of *Hamlet* contains many roles that whet actors’ appetites for variety. A favorite is the role of Gertrude. Since many factors make her one of the most complex characters in the play, it is not surprising that in two modern film adaptations (Olivier’s 1948 version and Zeffirelli’s 1990 adaptation), actresses like Eileen Herlie and Glenn Close chose to portray her. Since there seems no one way of playing Gertrude, these two actresses portray this character in two unique styles.

Glenn Close, one of the most respected contemporary film actresses, represents a more sensual Gertrude. She characterizes Gertrude as someone not as innocent as she appears, and her love for Claudius is never in question. Several times during the film, the two exchange kisses. Her Gertrude also worries for Claudius and tries to accompany him whenever Hamlet is around. Close’s character is also very wary of Hamlet. Yet when Hamlet confronts her (as he does several times in the film), she tries not to let her fear show. Only when they are in her chamber does she admit her fear. In that scene Close’s Gertrude kisses Hamlet very passionately because she needs to calm Hamlet and because she wants to make him stop spouting spiteful words at her.

Close’s Gertrude appears very guilty, and she makes this fact perfectly clear in the scene with the players. At the start of the play within a play, she becomes visibly uncomfortable when the Player Queen speaks of love to the Player King. When Hamlet asks her opinion of the play, Gertrude responds, “The lady doth protest too much, methinks” (III.ii.206). By trying to laugh Hamlet’s inquiry off, Close’s Gertrude reveals her own guilt in this line. Her response...
makes the audience think that she knows exactly how her first husband died. In her chamber, Close’s Gertrude also confesses her guilt to Hamlet. In one of Gertrude’s lines that can be delivered in several different ways, “As kill a king!” (III.iv.31), Close delivers the line shamefully, as if she realizes that Hamlet knows his father was murdered. In her death scene, Close portrays Gertrude as unaware that the drink is poisoned, thus leading to the dramatic death scene in which she suffers an agonizing demise. Close’s Gertrude can be categorized as realistic and harsh, but Close does deliver this character with skill.

The 1948 film version of *Hamlet*, featuring Laurence Olivier, plays very theatrically. Audiences of the 1940s might have laughed at Close’s skillful, realistic portrayal of Gertrude. In the 1948 *Hamlet*, the beautiful Eileen Herlie plays Gertrude. Herlie’s classic characterization of Gertrude differs markedly from Close’s realistic portrayal. Herlie plays Gertrude as a true Shakespearean woman. Her Gertrude never kisses Claudius in public; rather, she speaks tenderly to him. Herlie also plays Gertrude as the “loving” mother of Hamlet. The resulting “Oedipal” interpretation that Herlie gives under the direction of Olivier becomes a very important part of the film. Her character kisses Hamlet several times on the mouth, a surprising action since she never kisses her husband. In addition, Herlie plays Gertrude as an innocent bystander, who never realizes that she is married to a murderer. She also watches the play with indifference until the Player Queen bestows her love on the murderer of her husband. Even then she still does not perceive that her husband is a killer. The chamber scene becomes the window into her character when she confesses that she has sinned by marrying her dead husband’s brother. In her reading of the line “Thou turn’st mine eyes into my very soul; / And there I see such black and grained spots / As will not leave their tinct” (III.iv.90-92), Herlie’s Gertrude reveals her guilt only for her hasty marriage to Claudius, not for murdering her first husband. In the play’s final scene, when Gertrude consciously drinks the poison in Hamlet’s goblet, Herlie portrays Gertrude as a noble character who drinks the poison without telling Hamlet her suspicions. Her death scene appears very quiet and somewhat unbelievable. Herlie’s interpretation of Gertrude provides a good example of a classic portrayal of the character.

These two interpretations contain many differences and some similarities. Close’s passionate Gertrude exudes a more vigorous presence than that of Herlie’s time-honored characterization. The style in which each actress depicts Gertrude is both unique and reflective of her time in the cinema. Close’s natural look signifies the present day. Herlie’s Renaissance costume and layers of makeup indicate the overblown elegance representative of Forties period pieces. The believability of Gertrude produces another difference between the two actresses. As Gertrude, Close is tragically believable, while the overly dramatic Herlie is not.

Each actress exhibits a strong love towards Hamlet, worrying over him rather than fearing her own son. In addition, they both display compassion for the poor maiden Ophelia. Each actress, however, shows her compassion in a different way. Herlie treats Ophelia as if she were a child, while Close, who runs away from Ophelia, nevertheless grieves with her when Ophelia mentions Polonius’s death. Even though these actresses strike out in different directions with the character of Gertrude, they both understand how, by playing the character in different ways, they can create the Gertrude that they think Shakespeare wanted.

Like many other characters in Shakespearean drama, the character of Gertrude can be played in many diverse ways. Glenn Close and Eileen Herlie are examples of how actors go about deciding how a character would react to certain circumstances. After all, as Jim Hammond notes, acting is actually “living truthfully under imaginary circumstances.” The Shakespearean actor tries to accomplish this feat by making decisions for the benefit of his or her character. This effort produces fine acting, and audiences around the world are applauding.
Based on its context, a word can be interpreted in several ways. The intended meaning of the word, however, may not match the receiver's understanding of it. In a purposeful effort to mislead a listener, the speaker may use words with double meanings. This trickery emerges frequently in Shakespeare's play, *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*. Like a mosquito on Hamlet's arm, Polonius needles Hamlet just enough so that Hamlet flicks him away rather than squashes him. Using skillful wordplay, Hamlet toys with Polonius and makes use of him whenever the need arises.

Beginning with the scene where Hamlet is reading a satirical book, a battle of wit ensues between Hamlet and Polonius. On a mission to prove the cause of Hamlet's madness, Polonius begins the conversation innocently. When Polonius asks Hamlet if the young prince knows him, the game begins. Deliberately misinterpreting the word "know," Hamlet answers, "Excellent well; you are a fishmonger" (II.ii.175), thus responding not to Polonius's identity, but to the type of person Hamlet considers the old man. Furthermore, Hamlet employs a rather derogatory term and insults Polonius. Missing the insult, Polonius falls into the trap. Sensing a weakness, Hamlet surges for the old man's jugular vein. Hamlet unleashes his venom on the subject of Ophelia, Polonius's daughter. Toying with Polonius, Hamlet artfully uses the word "conceive" and couples the barb with the word "sun": "if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog" (II.ii.182). With the word "breeding" fresh on Polonius's mind, Hamlet warns him not to let Ophelia "walk i' the sun" (II.ii.185). Clearly, Hamlet refers in fact to himself, the son of a dead king.

Continuing the jeer with the word "conception," which most people associate with the act of impregnation, at this point, Hamlet switches gears and states, "but as your daughter may conceive" (II.ii.185). The word now means understanding. Furthermore, he leaves the word and the rest of the sentence hanging. This response deliberately prods Polonius to draw his own conclusions. Polonius thoroughly loses the wit he boasts so highly of. In an ill-fated attempt to regain control, Polonius asks Hamlet to identify what he reads. In so doing, Polonius opens the door for Hamlet to further confuse him. Hamlet effectively responds, "Words" (II.ii.191). In an attempt to clarify his thoughts, Polonius asks, "What is the matter, my Lord?" (II.ii.192), meaning the substance, but Hamlet's quick wit rises again. Intentionally, Hamlet misinterprets the word "matter" as meaning the foundation of a dispute, and asks who the dissension involves. By clarifying his words, Polonius gives Hamlet the opportunity he seeks. Hamlet states that he reads of slander and then describes the slanderer precisely as Polonius. Finally, Polonius figures out the method in Hamlet's madness. When Polonius humbly asks to take his leave, Hamlet cannot resist one more scoff. Hamlet replies, "You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal" (II.ii.211-212), and completes the dig with "except my life" (II.ii.212). In that one sentence, Hamlet implies that he knows of Polonius's spying and attempted trickery.

From the beginning, Polonius attempts to prove Hamlet's madness. Time after time, the word "mad" takes on several meanings. Hamlet is angry, but not insane. In vain, Polonius tries to catch Hamlet in an act of insanity to prove his theory, only to have Hamlet thwart him at every turn. In fact, Hamlet controls Polonius through an invented insanity. Perhaps the most ironic situation in the play stems from the conversation between Hamlet and Polonius just prior to the play within the play. Performing an act himself, Hamlet inquires about Polonius's acting experience. When Polonius tells Hamlet that he once played Julius Caesar, Hamlet cannot resist the temptation to comment, "It was a brute part of [Brutus] to kill so capital a calf there" (III.ii.88). Hamlet twists the words and insults Polonius. Additionally, the word "calf" takes on a double meaning and clearly means "dolt." To compound the injury, Hamlet's insult occurs in front of the royal court.

Even after Polonius's death, Hamlet's artful interpretations and manipulations continue. The play on words reappears in Hamlet's conversation with Claudius. Angrily, Claudius asks the whereabouts of Polonius. Hamlet sarcastically replies, "At supper" (IV.iii.18). The king clearly misunderstands as Hamlet uses Polonius once again to deceive the king into thinking him mad. The contempt continues in Hamlet's explanation: "Not where he eats, but where 'a is eaten" (IV.iii.20). As the charade continues, the words drive Claudius almost to violence. Livid with outrage, Claudius demands to know where Hamlet has hidden Polonius. Continuing the game, Hamlet says, "In heaven, send thither to
see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself” (IV.iii.32-33). Contemptuously, Hamlet tells Claudius that he knows what really happened to the former king.

Throughout the play, Hamlet takes advantage of Polonius. Exhibiting his superior intellect, Hamlet uses wordplay to support his feigned madness. Ironically, the double meanings become clear signs of Hamlet’s sanity. The listener never knows what lies beneath the words he or she hears, as William Shakespeare takes the phrase “a play in words” and beautifully creates a play on words.

Dialogue in The Unvanquished

Kim Marlin

William Faulkner’s The Unvanquished provides an excellent example of a bildungsroman, a coming of age story that traces the transformation of the main character from childhood to maturity. Faulkner’s novel focuses on Bayard Sartoris, who is twelve at the book’s beginning and a very different twenty-four year old man at the end. Bayard grows up with a black companion, Ringo, who shares many of his experiences. In addition to tracking the maturation of Bayard, The Unvanquished also chronicles the development of Bayard and Ringo’s friendship. This development, however, is not directly commented upon by the author. Rather, Faulkner’s extensive use of dialogue, whether it be between Bayard and Ringo or through Bayard’s internal dialogue, charts the course of Bayard and Ringo’s relationship throughout the novel.

The relationship between Bayard and Ringo begins with the two boys on practically equal footing. Bayard explains the full extent of their initial equality: “even though Ringo was a nigger . . . Ringo and I had been born in the same month and had slept together and eaten together for so long that Ringo called Granny ‘Granny’ just like I did, until maybe he wasn’t a nigger anymore or maybe I wasn’t a white boy anymore” (Faulkner 7). Of course, Bayard and Ringo are not equal in all ways. The most apparent difference between the two is their skin color; at the time that this novel is set, blacks and whites were definitely not treated equally. Backman explains that “since the book holds onto the feeling of a boy’s world, the picture of the Negro-white relationship is essentially idyllic rather than realistic” (118-19). At the age of twelve, however, Bayard does not view his and Ringo’s friendship through the same eyes as society does. The book opens on a scene in which Bayard and Ringo are playing a war game. When Bayard cries “I’m General Pemberton . . . Yaaay!” (7), Ringo does not move;
Instead he stands his ground, forcing Bayard to allow him to be the Confederate general every third time. This exchange shows just how little the two boys recognize their differences. Feeling that they are fighting "against a common enemy" (4) "since the war is concerned with the liberation of the blacks" (Roberts 21), Ringo ironically does not recognize his true enemy.

In addition to their racial differences, other factors cause the boys to hold superior or inferior stands in relation to each other. Bayard does not feel that his or Ringo's level of intelligence matters, even though his father has "always said that Ringo was a little smarter than Bayard" (Faulkner 81). In Bayard's opinion, the boys' experiences are what sets them apart. These differences are manifested mainly in a boyishly competitive sense. At one point in the story, Bayard's sighting a locomotive when Ringo has not makes Bayard "ahead" of Ringo. James Hinkle points out that perhaps Faulkner intended for Bayard to be seen as superior to Ringo. In an essay on the meanings of Yoknapatawpha names, Hinkle explains that "Bayard was the name of a mythical horse of great swiftness" and that the name Mareengo is derived from "Marengo Mammoth, equally famous as an equine, although in different circles. Marengo Mammoth was ante bellum Tennessee's (and thus the nation's) most celebrated jackass" (199-200).

Regardless of this observation, Ringo is depicted as Bayard's intellectual superior at different times throughout the novel. Volpe explains how the "superiority of Ringo is dramatized in... 'Riposte in Tertio.' Here, it is Ringo who understands, regardless of this observation, Ringo is depicted as Bayard's intellectual superior at different times throughout the novel. Volpe explains how the "superiority of Ringo is dramatized in... 'Riposte in Tertio.' Here, it is Ringo who understands, regardless..." (Faulkner 81). In Bayard's opinion, the boys are equal, Bayard still considers Ringo inferior. The largest gulf that separates the two boys racially is dramatically depicted in the last story, "An Odor of Verbena." Most notably, Ringo is referred to as a boy and Bayard is seen as a man, even though they are both the same age, twenty-four. Here once again, Bayard merely sees Ringo's skin color. When riding to Redmond's office, Ringo tells Bayard, "I'm going with you." Bayard replies, "No, you ain't," to which Ringo says, "Yes, I am," and Bayard finally settles the issue with "No, you ain't" (246). Ringo wants to avenge Colonel Sartoris's murder as much as, or even more than, Bayard does; but Bayard still applies the old southern code to Ringo, refusing to allow Ringo to participate in inflicting injury upon a white man.

Ringo's willingness to avenge the Colonel's murder, however, also indicates the different moral and ethical developments that have occurred in the two boys. At the end of the novel, these changes are evident. In the last story, Bayard and Ringo are still friends; but the differences between them have all been acknowledged and the two boys act accordingly to one another. Bayard explains how Ringo "had changed so much that summer while he and Granny traded mules with the Yankees that since then I had to do most of the changing just to catch up with him" (216). Not much later, though, Bayard attributes Ringo's intelligence to "some outrageous association gained from too long and too close association with white people" (218). Here the reader sees that Bayard, who once saw Ringo as his equal and did not consider skin color to be important, has reduced Ringo, once again, to a position of inferiority. Apparently, Bayard has regressed instead of progressed in his racial views. He has, however, undergone a remarkable change in one area in which he has surpassed Ringo. This area involves his beliefs regarding the worth of human life. On the way to Redmond's office, Ringo says to Bayard: "We could bushwhack him, like we done Grumby that day. But I reckon that wouldn't suit that white skin you walks around in" (218). Ringo is attributing Bayard's decision to cease killing to his whiteness. This statement shows Ringo's acknowledgment of his and Bayard's
racial differences, but it is also indicative of his own racism. As Alan Holder explains, “Ringo seems arrested in a state of Uncle Tom-hood, defined only by his wish to avenge the Colonel’s death” (210-11). Ringo has apparently not changed much since the day he and Bayard killed Grumby. Perhaps the term “boy” is a fitting one for Ringo, because morally he still views life and the taking of life in the same light that he did as a boy.

In reading The Unvanquished, one can see that the use of dialogue in the novel is an accurate and effective way to trace the development of the friendship between Bayard and Ringo. The individual, social, and moral changes experienced by each boy are related through their conversations, as well as through Bayard’s internal dialogue. Although the novel’s setting greatly affects Bayard and Ringo’s relationship, in the end, despite vast differences, their friendship, however strained it may be, remains intact.

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Save Some for Tomorrow

Shane Lancaster

To many, life is like a mound of sand in a child’s hand. Whether a strong wind blows or the grains slip through the cracks between the tiny fingers, the once plentiful mound will eventually be reduced until only an empty palm remains. While no one can bring time to a screeching halt, one can escape to a special place where he or she can relax and reminisce about days gone by. My retreat from the battle of everyday life takes me to a stream located in the minute, unincorporated town of Suches, Georgia. Because of its large concentration of rocks, the small stream is called Rock Creek. Just as my grandfather did with him, my father has spent many days with me at Rock Creek. During these times, my dad desperately struggled to teach me the art of trout fishing and a reverence for nature. Now that I am no longer a child, I yearn to return to those days of unplanned fishing expeditions and the special times spent with my father. Through the past two decades, Rock Creek has undergone many visible changes. Although I cannot travel back in time, I can return to that sacred place that has grown and changed just as rapidly and drastically as I have.

As a child, I was awe-struck by the variety of trees and other plant life that seemed to paint the entire region with a heavy coat of green. The rising and setting of the sun captured my attention each time my father and I journeyed on one of our little excursions. Rising from behind the gargantuan mountains, the sun seemed to emerge slowly from its blanket of trees in the morning and gently return to its original position at the end of the day. Wildlife has always fascinated me. Since Rock Creek runs through a wildlife management area, my curiosity grew in exponential form with each successive trip. Deer, wild turkeys, and many other animals could be seen frequently, standing next to the road or in one of the many food plots which were designed to provide a secondary source of food for
the animals. The fish hatchery at the head of the stream seemed to contain millions of fish eagerly awaiting their release and the beginning of my pursuit. Snakes, both poisonous and nonpoisonous, were present everywhere. As a youth, I failed to notice the swift and massive changes that were taking place between each trip. But as I grew in age and knowledge, the transformation of Rock Creek became sadly evident.

Today, the once vast forest that surrounded Rock Creek has shrunk drastically because of two tornadoes in 1994 and the continuous logging that has taken place. A large portion of the ground that was once covered by the towering trees has been littered with fallen trees and branches or is bare; now its precious topsoil is exposed to erosion. Despite efforts to stop the current erosion and prevent it in the future, logging continues, sanctioned by the government because of the enormous profits. The once precious sunrises and sunsets seem to me as spectacular as the original; however, because of the addition of myriad houses and new subdivisions that can be seen from the mountain top, the sun now seems to spring forth from a distant rooftop early in the morning and settle behind a different one at the end of the day. At the crack of dawn comes the annoying buzz of busy chain saws nearby and the roar of speeding logging trucks as they transport the harvested timber to the local sawmill. Although wildlife is still present in abundance, I have noticed a significant decline in numbers from one trip to the next. Because of budget cuts, the hatchery, which supplies Rock Creek and other local streams with fish, is being threatened by the reduction of government facilities. Everything I once admired and marveled over is slowly disappearing.

As a person undergoes a process of change over the years, he or she may find that the world changes as well. I hope someday my children will have an opportunity to enjoy the educational benefits and the physical and mental relaxation Rock Creek provides. If the current rate of destruction and development continues, however, I doubt if they will ever experience the joy I once enjoyed at Rock Creek. I have seen this pristine environment transformed from one of lush tranquility to one troubled by the human touch. I can only hope that I will never think of Rock Creek and say, "Here today, gone tomorrow."

My Sister

Sandra Thompson

Why did God create sisters? Considering that they are one of the best things He thought of, I'm sure He means for them to be a blessing instead of a trial and tribulation. The old saying is "You are your brother's keeper," but in my family we say, "You had better be your sister's keeper."

My older sister Gail is a refined, educated, genteel lady with a quiet air about her; however, she does not have a lick of sense in her head. She resides in a kind of "Twilight Zone." To give Gail credit, she is a wonderful cook, always coming up with delicious goodies which she shares with everyone.

Recently, Gail's goodies got us into a tangle. She and I were flying out of Atlanta International Airport to Dallas, Texas, to visit her son, Tra. Gail baked the entire night before our 9:00 a.m. flight. She harped and harped about not forgetting her finished goods. They were the most important factor. The next morning was totally chaotic, but we made sure we had the sweets as we headed out the door. Three blocks away from her house, she suddenly remembered that her Canon A-1 camera was still on the kitchen table. Back to the house we went. We were now twenty minutes behind schedule. Thirty miles away from home, I happened to mention tickets. I had mine, but the look on Gail's face told her story. "I can't believe you made sure you had your Snickerdoodles, but you didn't give one thought to your plane ticket," I ranted over and over again as we wasted another hour returning home. We were then considerably behind our schedule; consequently, we flew down I-85 before we finally flew to Texas.

Another time, Gail and I were planning to spend a crisp, autumn Saturday morning at a country festival. Gail lives on a quiet, tree-lined, residential street, but the intersection, a mere one hundred yards away, is always full of traffic because an industrial park and a shopping mall are located nearby. As we sat
patiently at the stop sign, car after car kept driving past. After several false starts, we had edged too far into the road. Gail had to reverse to get us back where we belonged. Finally, after fifteen more minutes, I said, “The next time I tell you to go, really stomp down on the gas and get this show on the road.” Gail had a death grip on the steering wheel while she waited for my command. Seeing an opening just big enough for her Buick, I yelled, “Go! Go! Go!” She pressed down on the pedal as hard as she could. We careened backwards at sixty miles per hour. She had not put the gearshift back into “drive.” We were still in reverse. The tires, Gail, and I all competed to see who could scream the loudest. I won. When we finally came to a stop, we were sitting once again in front of Gail’s house. I decided I would drive.

Then once Gail and I went to a McDonald’s drive-through window to pick up lunch. She placed our order for two Big Macs, two large fries, and two teas. We could barely hear the counter-lady when she told us to repeat our order. A little louder, Gail gave our order again, and once again she was told to repeat it. We did this two more times with Gail talking louder each time. By the sixth attempt, Gail was literally hanging out of her car window, hollering as loud as she could. If the drive-through window had been open, everyone inside could have heard our order. Embarrassed, I pulled myself from under the seat, where I had hidden after the third attempt, to see if I could help. Finally, I understood what was happening. Gail was screaming our order into a decorative trash can, not the microphone which was ten feet ahead. We must have sounded desperate for a Big Mac.

Unfortunately, these are not isolated incidents but everyday occurrences in Gail’s life. My sister doesn’t need just one keeper; she needs an army to look after her. Nevertheless, I do my best to take care of Gail. I guess that’s why God created sisters.

Differences

Shelby D. Kirby

The emphasis today is to allow children to be who and what they want to be, throwing gender roles to the wind. I firmly believe in this idea, and I am determined to follow suit and raise my own children in a way that will allow them freedom from stereotypes. Coming from a traditional southern household where the mother’s place was in the kitchen and the father only went there to repair an appliance, I want the world to be more open to my children. If my son wants to be a nurse, wonderful. If my daughter wants to work on diesel engines, wonderful. When my children were born, however, I was not prepared for the innate differences between boys and girls, differences that presented themselves from their births and have remained firmly entrenched.

To follow through with my plan of providing equal opportunity, my daughter Jessica received both Tonka toys and baby dolls. However, I soon had to modify my plan because she has exhibited no interest in the Tonkas. She plays with the dump trucks only because they create a bed for her babies. She spends her allowance buying baby paraphernalia and plays Mommy for hours with her life-sized baby dolls. She does not understand why her mother will not simply produce a real baby for her. Apparently, she thinks that babies are on sale at Macy’s. She probably wants to go shopping there too. Jessica shows concern and compassion for everything. She is loving and nurturing, and worries if she hurts someone or something. Among all the opportunities available to women, her career goal is to become a nurse. I have tried to explain to her that she can be an astronaut, a pilot, anything she wants, but no, she wants to be a nurse.

Jessica can play or watch television and carry on a conversation at the same time, an amazing balance of mental capacity that girls possess which is often taken for granted. Since my daughter has turned out to be such a stereotypical female, I’m
almost afraid to look up for fear that I might see a submissive southern lady on the horizon. I have never been terribly fond of submissive southern ladies. Whatever will I do?

I soon realized that the idea of trying to raise my children equally was in trouble when my son Joshua discovered mechanics at age three. After finding a screwdriver, he took the training wheels off his bike and put them back on again. There will be no baby dolls for him because he may develop hives or some other gross disease from touching them. He plays house with his sister only if he gets to be the dad and go to work somewhere, preferably on a diesel engine. Although tenderhearted, Joshua doesn’t show much compassion. He is delighted when someone, especially his older sister, gets into trouble. Of course, Joshua’s main goal in life is to have a job that involves destroying anything and getting really filthy in the process. My suggestions for becoming a doctor or journalist fall on deaf and probably dirty ears. My son actually “becomes” whatever he is doing. If he is watching television, I have to get directly between him and the T.V. and break his concentration before he’ll respond. Like most boys, he can concentrate on only one thing at a time. I accept that, but the day he brings in a dead rabbit and requests that I “fry it up” for him, I’m putting my foot down. I can tolerate only so much stereotypical male behavior.

Experts continue to argue whether the differences between boys and girls are genetic or environmental. As for me, I believe wholeheartedly that they are genetic. Trying to modify my children’s gender-typical behavior, “for their own sake,” has been futile. I must console myself with the knowledge that I am not a failure as a mother if my daughter becomes a nurse, or if my son spends his life in grease up to his elbows. I will still faithfully encourage them to be who and what they want to be. The bottom line, however, is that boys and girls are just different, and I’m glad they are.

Recently, I read the story of the tortoise and the hare to my son, Kyle. As a child, I had thought the story was ridiculous. How could a tortoise win a race against a hare? However, since running a marathon, I have a different perspective on the story.

On a hot afternoon in August during a typical training run with my friends, the subject of the Atlanta marathon came up. My friend Todd said, “I’ll run the marathon this year if any of you will.” Todd is the one who normally pushes our pace and turns an enjoyable long training run into a race. In our group, he has the fastest 10K time. It is a fact that he has little trouble talking about. Knowing my times were closer to Todd’s than my 5K times, I thought maybe at a marathon’s distance of 26 miles and 385 yards, I might have an advantage. So, I accepted Todd’s challenge. I believed that I could compete successfully against him in a marathon by adopting a conservative strategy.

Once I had committed to running the marathon, the next step was to change my training schedule. Gradually, I increased my running mileage from 25-30 miles a week up to 40. My long run each week increased from 8 miles at the beginning, until I reached the 20-mile mark. In addition, I read every marathon article written in Runner’s World over the past year. Sifting through all the articles, I found one common warning: no matter how good you feel at the beginning of the race, start out slowly.

My training complete, the day of the race finally arrived. At 5:00 a.m. on Thanksgiving Day, I left my warm bed and drove to Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium. When I arrived, the skies were partly cloudy and the temperature was 45 degrees, perfect weather conditions for a marathon. I met Todd at Hank
Aaron's statue, where he was already talking about his projected finishing time. I, on the other hand, had only one goal, to finish the race without stopping.

At 8:00 a.m., we started the race with a conservative 8-minute-a-mile pace. At the 5-mile mark Todd began to pick up the pace. As Todd started pulling away, he threw in a parting shot. “See you at the finish line around Christmas,” he said. A part of me wanted to accept his challenge and pick up my own pace. Instead, I gestured for him to go on. Over the next several miles I concentrated on maintaining a consistent pace, as Todd slowly disappeared from sight.

Everything went according to plan until the 20-mile mark. I kept checking my watch, trying to predict when I would reach the next mile marker. I realized my 8-minute-a-mile pace had decreased to 10. Even so, I was starting to pass other participants. Some were still runners, while others were now just walkers. As I headed up Heart Break Hill by the Georgia Capitol building, I recognized a familiar face twisted in agony. It was Todd, immobilized and trying to stretch out a leg cramp. As I ran by him, I told him not to worry. I assured him that the sag wagon would come by soon to pick him up. Maintaining my slow, steady pace, I finished my first marathon ahead of Todd.

After I completed my first marathon, the story of the tortoise and the hare didn’t seem so ridiculous. I would strongly recommend that first-time marathon runners take the story seriously. If they think the tale of the tortoise and the hare is absurd, they should withhold final judgment until after they finish their own first marathon.

Noon Tide

Ed McNabb

The thick grey bank of fog rolled over the whitecaps toward the ship on the evening of April 3, 1992. Twinkling lights and the glow of Virginia Beach, Virginia, slowly disappeared in the background as the fog surrounded us and became thick as pea soup. Only moments before, we could almost smell our wives' perfume and the aroma of char-grilled steaks. Now, only the scents of the past 138 days remained: jet exhaust, salty sea spray, grease, and sweat. The homecoming for the U.S.S. Dwight D. Eisenhower, “Ike” to her crew, would now be delayed until the noon tide. Just like my first deployment in 1977, my last homecoming in the Navy was delayed. Those extra six hours would not matter. The air would still be filled with electricity on Pier 12 when “Ike” returned triumphantly from her Persian Gulf War cruise.

The last of the H-46 cargo helicopters had lifted slowly from the flight deck only minutes before the fog engulfed the ship. All that remained aboard for the last seven miles into Naval Station Norfolk, Virginia, and Pier 12 were 5,500 sailors, their personal bags, and the staged maintenance gear for the Jacksonville, Florida, based squadrons. All the guys could now turn their attention to getting their personal gear packed.

One could feel the excitement escalating as seabags, flightbags, hangup bags, and even an occasional suitcase came out of the nooks and crannies. Copies of Tom Clancy's Clear and Present Danger, Playboy, People, and Reader's Digest started to fill the trash cans as luggage space grew full. Realizing that I had more junk than I could carry, I helped fill our trash can to its limit. After zipping my last bag shut, I noted that it was after midnight, although not one soul seemed concerned about the time. With everyone wide awake and all bags packed, we prayed that the fog would lift early. The Chaplain had even added the
fog to his long list of prayer requests during the evening prayer, admitting that it would be a sleepless night for all hands. Even our “Captain Hook” would be awake this long night. He hadn’t slept for the previous 182 nights, so why should he start now?

Since nobody could sleep, everyone tried to find something to occupy the time. Poker, Spades, Hearts, and Pinochle were the games of choice for the card players. Some wanted to re-acquaint themselves with the female anatomy and watched Debbie Does Dallas in the back room of the galley. Others just wanted to think about tomorrow and the much anticipated reunions ahead. Everyone heard the bells ring on the hour, every hour, as the time passed excruciatingly slowly. We all knew that when breakfast arrived, time would pick up speed.

The aroma of baking bread, frying bacon, and fresh brewed coffee crept slowly throughout the ship as an incredible sunrise shattered the darkness in the east. I managed to settle a couple of eggs, bacon, hash browns, and toast on my nervous stomach. Feeling renewed, I headed for the showers to complete the last minute primping before putting on my crisply pressed and starched dress-white uniform.

Taking a hot shower and pulling on a freshly ironed uniform adorned with medals has a tendency to refresh you, pump you up, and get you ready for anything. Some of the younger sailors were requested to show off their uniforms and were assigned to the “Man the Rail” detail. I managed to escape that task and hurry to the hangar deck for roll call, and then lineup for leaving the ship. A huge American flag hung on the rear bulkhead, fluttering as the breeze rippled through the opening hangar bay doors. Hoping to see that the fog had lifted, everyone strained on his tiptoes to catch a glimpse of Pier 12.

As the hangar bay doors clanged to a stop, the hopes of all aboard were fulfilled when Pier 12 came into view. The sky was a beautiful blue with just a few scattered, puffy clouds above us. Pier 12 was covered with huge American flags and yards upon yards of red, white, and blue bunting. Thousands of wives, children, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and friends lined the pier behind a 2-inch anchor line that stretched the entire length of the pier. Homemade signs, balloons, and thousands of tiny American flags were waving in the cool breeze. The Norfolk Navy Band ended its rendition of “Stars and Stripes Forever” and struck up “Anchors Aweigh” as “Ike” was nudged to the pier by five Navy tugboats.

Crew-members of the U.S.S. John F. Kennedy waited below to help as the ship’s boatswains passed the huge lines to the pier below. Time seemed to stand still as I searched the sea of faces and signs, looking for my loved ones. Soon, our eyes met. The recognition was followed by tears and shrieks of joy. While jumping up and down, I waved as a Public Works crew hurried to connect the four gangways from “Ike” to Pier 12. Bedlam ensued when “Moorled, Shift Colors” was announced. New fathers were the first ones off and were herded to an area where all new babies were gathered. My seniority allowed me to be in the first one hundred Officers and Chief Petty Officers to go ashore. Tension mounted as the lines surged towards the quarterdeck.

My turn to debark came quickly and I saluted the Ensign, requested and received permission to go ashore, and virtually ran down the gangway. My last homecoming in the Navy had finally arrived. Immediately I was surrounded by my family. After several hugs and kisses, we walked briskly down the pier towards the parking lot as hundreds of my shipmates held their reunions with family and friends. I stopped, turned to face “Ike,” saluted, and said farewell to my home away from home for the last time.

Electricity filled the air and my body as I dropped that salute to “Ike” for the final time. I knew and understood that more than twenty years of hard work and difficult family separation were finished. As I reflect on that wonderful April day, I sense that I have entered a different period of my life with a different fog bank. I can only hope that when I emerge from the mist that the sky will be blue, the band will be playing, and that my family will be there, waiting to cheer me and welcome me home again.
In Flannery O'Connor's two stories "A Good Man Is Hard to Find" and "Revelation," epiphanies are not brought about by subtle means. O'Connor's main characters in these stories are hypocritical and bigoted, and it seems that she felt the need to show them the error of their ways through violent incidents that are, as Claire Kahane wrote, "so intense that the character is rendered helpless, a passive victim of a superior power" (408). The violence in O'Connor's stories at times seems almost gratuitous, but it is an effective catalyst causing morally weak, static characters to become introspective and dynamic ones.

In "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," the grandmother is a self-centered manipulator who doles out "helpful" advice to her son and grandchildren, usually with her own goals and comfort in mind. She readily sees the flaws of others, but she is blind to her own dishonesty, selfishness, and racism. She is a stubborn old lady traipsing her way through life, oblivious to the fact that her opinions and wants are not necessarily those of others. She shows no remorse after her cat, Pitty Sing, causes an accident on a road leading to a plantation that the grandmother has exaggerated in the first place, and which she finally realizes isn't even in Georgia. Instead of being concerned for her family's well-being after the accident, the grandmother cowards "under the dashboard, hoping she was injured so that Bailey's wrath would not come down on her all at once" (363). It takes more than a mere automobile accident to snap this old lady back to the real world.

If a brush with serious injury or death is not enough to cure the grandmother of her self-concern, then O'Connor is quite willing to provide a more dramatic solution: gross, senseless violence. Though she has to lose all five family members at the hands of The Misfit's henchmen, the grandmother finally experiences a brief moment of true Christian and Christ-like charity and compassion when, reaching out to The Misfit, she says, "Why, you're one of my babies. You're one of my own children!" (367). After trying every act of manipulation she can come up with under the circumstances, she seems to finally be stripped down to a more feeling and honest character after the loss of her family. As The Misfit aptly states, "She would of been a good woman...if it had been somebody there to shoot her every minute of her life" (368).

In "Revelation," the violence is not fatal, nor is its redemptive effect as immediately apparent as in "A Good Man Is Hard to Find." Indeed, Ruby Turpin appears to take a turn for the worse after Mary Grace's assault in the doctor's waiting room. Her smug, self-righteous superiority merely devolves into bitter, hateful superiority. She has gone through life feeling that she is superior because Jesus has blessed her with "a little bit of everything, and a good disposition besides" (397). While she may condescend to those she deems inferior, she avoids open hostility to preserve her cheery image. But after her "revelation" in the doctor's office, she becomes impatient and mean, and she does not try terribly hard to keep her emotions in check as she struggles to understand why she was chosen to receive this message. Instead of coddling her employees, as is her usual practice, she snaps at them after they fail to give her satisfactorily sincere sympathy: "I got more to do than just stand around and pass the time of day" (401).

Though the moral bullet Mary Grace fires into Mrs. Turpin's head does ricochet, it finally reaches its target after a bit of cathartic blaspheming and swine bathing. Ruby begins by questioning God, but she realizes, when her anger reaches its peak, that her question, "Who do you think you are?" (402), is better directed at herself. As she looks at the hogs, who "pant with a secret life" (403), and thinks that her husband and her "inferior" farm hands would be equal in blood and brains should they lie dead together on the highway, Ruby begins to understand that all life comes from the same divine hand and shall come to the same end. She sees in her vision that all who ascend to Heaven become equals as "even their virtues [are] burned away" (403). Mary Grace's verbal and physical violence may not bring about an immediate, definitive revelation, as the title would suggest, but it certainly sets in motion the thought processes leading up to Mrs. Turpin's visionary epiphany.

While the violence in Flannery O'Connor's fiction shows the ugly, bestial side of human nature, it serves to bring about and highlight the basic goodness that lies dormant in persons previously too ignorant to consider how much they were lacking in morality before. If not for disturbing acts of violence, Bailey's mother and Mrs. Turpin could have spent many more years sitting in judgment of others while neglecting their own cancerous morals. Perhaps, as the late Ms.
O'Connor might have argued, a little mortal violence is better than an unpleasant surprise on Judgment Day.

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Contributors

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Donald Hunt, a police detective in Winder, is a criminal justice major. A third degree black belt in the martial art form of Aikido, he teaches control and restraint techniques nationwide and enjoys spending time with his daughter, Sara.

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Amy Strickland is a theater major heavily involved with the Gainesville Theatre Alliance, both on and off stage. Although born in Marietta, she has lived in Gainesville all her life. She plans to transfer to Brenau University to continue her education, with her love of theater as a guide.

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