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Articulāte Vol. V

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articulate a-tr'Ye't(e), a. and sb.
ad. L. articulat-us jointed: see ARTICLE and -ATE.
A. adj.
   1. Jointed on, united by a joint.
1610 Healey St. Aug. City of God 526 Our articulate members...our hands, or feet.
1870 Hooker Stud. Flora 467 Stipes not articulate with the rootstock.
2. Jointed, composed of segments united by joints; e.g. the vertebral column, some sea-
weeds.
1607 Topsell Four-f. Beasts 231 Body straight, and articulate.
1869 Mrs. Somerville Molec. Sc. ii. ii. 180 Ceraminacea...are filiform articulate plants
with the nucleus naked.
6. Zool. Of the type of the ARTICULATA.
1855 H. Spencer Psychol. (1872) I. i. ii. 16 The Articulate types, composed of seg-
ments bearing limbs.
1876 tr. Haeckel's Hist. Creat. I. iii. 52 The Articulate animals are characterized by
their ventral nerve-chord.
3. Of or pertaining to the joints. Obs. rare.
1638 T. Whitaker Blood of Grape 75 (T.) The causes internal of these articulate
pains move upon one hinge of Hippocrates.
4. Distinctly jointed or marked; having the parts distinctly recognizable.
1664 H. More Myst. Iniq. Apol. 503 The outward Lineaments thus perfect and
articulate in this Glorious Body.
1824 W. Irving T. Trav. II. 254 A miserable horse, whose ribs were as articulate as
the bars of a gridiron.
5. Of things immaterial, in same sense.
1664 H. More Myst. Iniq. 223 These Apocalypstick Visions...are made so as to seem
very trim and express, very complete and articulate in the very outward Cortex.
1858 Carlyle Fredk. Gt. I. ii. 1. 53 Added to the firm land of articulate History.
1877 Mrs. Oliphant Mak. Flor. Introd. 14 The most articulate and important pe-
riod of Florentine history.
6. Of sound: Divided into distinct parts (words and syllables) having each a definite
meaning; as opposed to such inarticulate sounds as a long musical note, a groan,
shriek, or the sounds produced by animals. A 1642 R. Carpenter Experience I. viii. 28 Not in articulate and plain
speech, but in groans.
1667 Milton P.L. ix. 557 Beasts...Created mute to all articulate sound.
1726 Defoe Hist. Devil ii. x. (1840) 325 Who talk...with articulate plain voices, as if
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Joyce’s “O”: A Different “Brand” of Heroism and the “Fulfillment” of an Odyssey

BY PATRICK J. MURPHY ’00

Winner of the 2000 Robert T. Wilson Award for Scholarly Writing

A pervasive symbol, Joyce's “O” honeycombs and so makes hollow the text of Ulysses. Acting as a symbol of vacuity and meaninglessness, it represents a range of empty actions from a sarcastic invocation on the lips of the mocker Mulligan to the embodiment of Bloom’s comically inflated onanistic act: “and everyone cried O! O! in raptures...” (366-367). As such a versatile symbol, the “O” acts much like an Egyptian hieroglyphic, in that it can be “read” both phonetically and ideographically.

In its pictorial sense, the “O” suggests both an empty hollowness and a cyclical journey, a wandering. In a more phonetic reading, the “O” can read as a pun on the French word for water, “eau.” Such a reading suggests both the pain and guilt of Stephen’s relationship with his mother, who is linked in Stephen’s mind with the ocean, “the grey sweet mother,” and the waters over which Bloom as Ulysses must make his circular odyssey homeward.

We also find another pun that is perhaps an answer to that emptiness and an end to that odyssey: “O” becomes “owe.” A sense of obligation, then, becomes the “solution” to the problem of separation which is embodied in the exiles of both Stephen and Bloom. Bloom’s journey through Dublin is made heroic by his never-resting mind, which is as eager to acquire knowledge as it is to empathize with the sufferings of others. The real distance, however, over which Bloom must travel, is the space which separates him from Molly, a “scrotumtightening” gulf of pain which has caused a larger sense of separation in their relationship, one that isn’t merely sexual disjunction. The fulfillment of this journey (strikingly illustrated by the final “answer” of the Ithaca section) comes when Bloom returns, not to reclaim Molly sexually, but to reestablish their relationship as a whole with an “osculation” that emphasizes what they “owe” to each other and to their past. In this movement from separation and emptiness to meaningfulness and reunion, Joyce’s “O” flips its significance many times. It begins as a symbol of emptiness, of distance (the “eau” of the Ocean), it becomes the struggle against that void, and it finally comes to rest as a solution to the odysseys of both Bloom and Stephen.

To begin with, then, let’s catalogue some of the ways in which Joyce has used the “O” in Ulysses. Pictorially, it resembles Bloom’s odyssey as a cartographical representation of his cyclical wandering: one uppercase loop through Dublin and back. It recalls the single eye of the Cyclops/citizen, representing the emptiness of a one-dimensional viewpoint. It is an empty circle, a zero, a void, a tiny flatulence: “Oo” (291). When second-string Irish Nationalists get together to sing their songs of heroism, the “O” is their muse-evoking vocative: “O, O the boys of Kilkenny...” (44). Its use as a phatic and pointless verbal tick by Dubliners highlights this aspect of Joyce’s “O.” Consider, for example, the case of Father Conmee encountering a group of boys on his way to offer succor to Paddy Dignam’s orphaned children. He questions them: “Aha. And were they good boys at school? O.” The reply is as vacuous and empty as the question. Father Conmee continues to coo: “His name was Brunny Lynam. O, that was a very nice name to have.” When Father Conmee engages them in some further uninspired banter, the boys know how to respond: “O, sir” (220).

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The "O" acts in all of these cases much in the same way as has the mock heroic throughout the bulk of the novel. For example, the O's position as a key genealogical indicator in such surnames as "O'Malley" or "O'Rourke," while being of course naturally present in any Irish novel, might nevertheless be said to function as a subtle undercutting to the emphasized place of Greeks and modern Dubliners, who are forever hearkening back to a "Grand Old Erin" which in the idealized form envisioned by the Citizen/Cyclops never really existed. Joyce, of course, applies more ostentatious jabs elsewhere, especially in the "Cyclops" chapter with its over-the-top mock-heroic catalogues of "Irish Heroes," most of whose appellations are blantly fictitious, or, worse yet, the names of famous Englishmen. Some names are Frankensteinian constructions, built by bricolage out of Irish and English names alike, further exploding the strict dichotomy between the two nations. In response to John Wyse's asking, "why can't he love his country like the next fellow?" J.J. answers, "Why not?" but adds, "when he's quite sure which country it is" (337). This uncertainty, of course, holds for all the Dubliners, not just Bloom. These catalogues, then, not only point out the absurdity of ancestor-worship, but also the blurred lines between nations and even races.

Bloom himself doesn't escape Joyce's mocking. The "Cyclops" section ends with Bloom being whisked away from the rage of the insulted citizen: "And they beheld Him as an angle of fortyfive degrees over Donohoe's horses" (625). "All focused their attention" on "the millions of black and brown and yellow souls that had not received the baptism on "the millions of black and brown and yellow souls that had not received the baptism on "the millions of black and brown and yellow souls that had not received the baptism on "the millions of black and brown and yellow souls that had not received the baptism..." (55, 754). Stephen, too, is a "manater" of sorts. Brooding in his guilt over his mother's death, he becomes a "ghoul" and a "chever of corpses" (10). Stephen's psychological cannibalism points us towards the inner battlefield on which, or something more subtle, will be won in Ulysses. When Bloom loses a button off his trousers, he "heiacally made light of the mishance" (614). A thousand such acts during the course of one day might lead up to a brand of heroism not easily mocked.

Bloom's exceedingly active mind is never-resting in its speculation on the causes and meanings of "phenomena." The many details of daily life are ample fodder for his inner wheels, which are more likely to spin off their axes investigating the output of breweries as they are to be moved by an abstract discussion of morality. He is fascinated by the spectacle of tiny events around him and is eager to use these subjects as a point of connection between his fellow Dubliners, who, unfortunately for Bloom, are rather inclined to be put off by his trivial and pseudoscientific inquiries. "O Rocks" is their frustrated reply to the trifles which consistently dog Bloom's consciousness.

Such obssesive fixation on the esoteric details of Dublin is a fine target for Joyce's mock-heroic narration. To return to the closing paragraph of the "Cyclops" section, we recall that Bloom rose "to the glory of the brightness at an angle of fortyfive degrees..." (345). The angle of ascent is exactly what Bloom himself would appreciate, and certainly, this detail is humorous in light of Bloom's penchant for trivial details. But if we take this detail as merely the mocking deflation of Bloom's status as hero, we miss the significance of Bloom's identity. Joyce once wrote that if the entire world was destroyed, he wanted a reader of Ulysses to be able to reconstruct Dublin in every minute detail. This is indeed one of the many goals of classical epic: To be all-encompassing, to relate the plenitude of the universe by dint of heroic cataloguing and range of coverage. When Bloom inquires into, say, the phenomenon of the human circulatory system, he is in effect acting in the role of heroic cataloguer and fulfilling the epic encyclopedic ideal.

Nevertheless, this trait of Bloom's tends to add to his status as outsider, to cast him even further away from social acceptance. The citizen describes his annoyance with Bloom's tendency to prattle over inconsequential matters:

As a Jew, Bloom cannot expect to be ever fully accepted in a city where anti-Semitism is as widespread as the establishment of pubs, and his annoying habits only serve to further aggravate his position as an outcast. Yet within the context of the Dublinious atmosphere of Joyce's Dublin, as epitomized by Father Conmee's soft-brained schmoozing, Bloom's social awkwardness appears rather heroic. Consider, for example, the way in which Conmee coos at a church member's wife: "Father Conmee was wonderfully well indeed. He would go to Buxton probably for the waters. And her boys, were they getting on well at Belvedere? Was that so? Father Conmee was very glad to hear that" (219). Of course, this goes over "wonderfully well" in the social atmosphere of Dublin, though Conmee's speech seems to betray a deep disinterest in the lives of his congregations, as long as they are usually on time. Bloom, it appears to remain "a very great success" (219). Conmee's concern for the whiteness of his teeth on his way to relieve orphans highlights this fundamental unconcern as does his reflection on "the millions of black and brown and yellow souls that had not received the baptism of water when their last hour came like a thief in the night" (223). We learn that, "It seemed to Father Conmee a pity that they should all be lost, a waste, if one might say" (223). This attitude sets off in opposition the deeply personal way in which the sufferings of others affect Bloom, whose very bowels are "ruthful" (385).

It has often been noted that Bloom's capacity for empathy is supremely illustrated by his concern for the suffering occasioned by...
A ridiculous scientific-sounding explanation offered to soothe the feelings of Stephen, a young man suffering more from guilt and "a spike named Bitterness" than a superstitious goat of Martha's sexuality. Neither can Bloom seem to overcome the great ocean of pain, born out of Rudy's miscarriage, that bars him from full sexual union.

It's significant, then, that the sexual "climax" of Ulysses occurs on the seashore along with the rapid valley of exclamatory "O's". At last a rocket sprang and bang shot blind and so the sky which exploded. He did it to overcome the great gulf which lies between him and his correspondents. A ridiculous scientific-sounding explanation offered to soothe the feelings of Stephen, a young man suffering more from guilt and "a spike named Bitterness" than a superstitious goat of Martha's sexuality. Neither can Bloom seem to overcome the great ocean of pain, born out of Rudy's miscarriage, that bars him from full sexual union.

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him. Once again, we note Stephen's proximity to the sea in this section of the novel, and how it has become symbolic of his mother’s death: “...I could not save her.” Waters: bitter death: lost” (46). The conclusion of the section has Stephen picking his nose and laying “the dry snot picked from his nostril on a ledge of rock, carefully” (51). This mucus episode reminds us of Buck Mulligan’s brief monologue on the sea, which contains his adjective, “snotgreen.”

Isn’t she the what Alygy calls it: a grey sweet mother? The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. Epi einoa ponont. Ah, Dedalus, the Greeks. I must teach you. You must read them in the original. Thalatta! Thalatta! She is our great sweet mother. (5)

Further on in the same page, we find another linkage between these images of death and the sea.

Across the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by the wellfed voice beside him. The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid. A bowl of white coffee had stood beside her deathbed holding the green sluggish bile which she had torn up from her rotting liver by fits of loud groaning vomiting. (5)

One is tempted to seize on the detail of the “rotting liver” and relate this to Bloom’s taste for the inner organs of animals and his characteristic desire to “swallow” the pain of others. And indeed Bloom does at least try to alleviate the pain of Stephen, even though he seems to fail in the attempt. The “lithacca” section can be seen as Bloom’s triumphal return in other ways, as well. Bloom’s tendency to catalogue completely overwhelms the format of the penultimate section of the novel, with the narrative assuming the form of a catechism which endeavors to list all the many answers to such questions as “Of what did the duumvirate deliberate during their itinerary?” (666). Perhaps this cataloguing odyssey is finally completed when the answer is given to the question: “What in water did Bloom, waterlover, drawer of water, watercarrier returning to the range, admire?” (671). The response, a gloriously intense passage which almost seems to “plumb” the “profundity” of this topic, takes up nearly a page and a half. The quest to catalogue is fulfilled. We have “covered” the “distance” of the ocean. But though we can argue that Bloom’s empathy and his pursuit of the truth make him heroic, there is more, obviously, which he must accomplish before his return can be considered complete.

As I have indicated earlier, Bloom’s real journey in the novel is to overcome the distance which has separated him from Molly ever since the death of Rudy. As this separation is largely a result of Bloom’s inability to become sexually close (he deals with this inability, as we have seen, by making use of distance), our linkage between this infatination and acts of oranism we expect for Bloom and Molly to enjoy a sexual reunion at the conclusion of the novel. It makes sense, really. Bloom’s inability to become sexually intimate has led to a growing division between them on all other levels of their relationship. Bloom must therefore reclaim Molly sexually in order to reclaim their larger relationship. And yet this never happens. Instead, Bloom crawls impotently “like some of her rump in an act which only arouses him to the point of "a proximate erection" (734-735). This is hardly the sexual reunion we would expect. But we must remember that sexual dysfunction is not Bloom’s real exchange. It may have been the immediate cause of their estrangement, but the task for Bloom is not to reunite their sexual ties, but rather to bridge the distances between them which the sexual disjunction has caused. Bloom’s kiss, then, is symbolic of this larger reunion. It is resolution of Bloom’s “antagonistic sentiments” over Molly’s affair with Boylan, the fulfillment of his circular journey, and the “filling up” of the empty “O.”

We are inevitably reminded by Bloom’s kiss of its most famous oscillatory/ posterior precursor: Absalon’s kiss of Alison’s arse in Chaucer’s “The Miller’s Tale.” Absalon’s response to this prank, of course, is to apply a hot poker to the next pair of cheeks that pop out the window. The “branded cattle” in the “Hades” section have significantly “clothed bony croups” (97). And in the “Penelope” section, Molly is annoyed with Boylan for slapping her backside... “I’m not a horse or an ass am I...” and sympathizes with “those poor horses” slaughtered at a bull fight she once attended (741, 755). We are also reminded of the common Homeric epithet for beautiful women: “Ox-eyed.” All of this should serve as support for the notion that Bloom’s kiss on Molly’s rear end is an act of symbolically branding her, of reasserting a sense of ownership over her.

However, Bloom’s soft “melonsmellowness” kiss is much less harsh than the heat of a branding iron, and we can easily imagine the fiery lips of Blazes Boylan to be much more menacing. This is to indicate that Bloom isn’t attempting to establish some kind of proprietary control over Molly. In fact, he seems unlikely ever to do anything about her extramarital affairs (733-734). So Bloom here isn’t seeking to own Molly, it is in fact some other brand of relationship he is trying to emblazon onto Molly’s croup. It might help here to recall a passage from the “Hades” section where Bloom is thinking about his father’s suicide note: “No more pain. Wake no more. Nobody owns” (97). Further down the same page we get a fragment of a song which is repeated in the “Eumaeus” section: “He’s as bad as old Antonio. He left me on my own.” (97, 632). “Nobody’s” and “ownio” emphasize Bloom’s feelings of abandonment and solitude at his father’s suicide, while at the same time directing us towards a possible solution to this sense of isolation: “He left me on my own and yet,” so I cue. What Bloom’s kiss seems to assert, then, are the obligations Molly and Poldy continue to hold towards each other, no matter who is sleeping with Blazes Boylan. It is indeed an “obscure...osculation,” but nevertheless it serves to affirm the importance of their relationship: Bloom owes Molly, and Molly owes Bloom (735).

If we take a look at the way the “O” metaphor has developed in the course of the novel, we notice a movement from mockery to meaning. The first use of the “O” in Ulysses occurs...
Joyce’s “O”

on the first full page of text, with Malachi Mulligan making a mockery of the Catholic mass: “For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine: body and soul and blood and ouns. Slow music please. Shut your eyes, gents. One moment. A little trouble about those white corpuscles. Silence, all” (3). The final “O” occurs on the last page of the novel, with Molly recalling the scene of her betrothal to Bloom: “and O that awful deepdown torrent O and the sea the sea crimson sometimes like fire and the glorious sunsets and the figtrees in the Alameda gardens yes...” (783). The image of “the sea the sea” reminds us of Mulligan’s speech, which we have already quoted earlier in this paper: “Ah, Dedalus, the Greeks. I must teach you. You must read them in the original. Thalatta! Thalatta!” (5). Mulligan’s pretentiousness is contrasted by Molly’s genuine feeling, the “deepdown torrent” which she felt on the occasion of Bloom’s proposal. Mulligan’s mocking “O” addresses the “dearly beloved,” while Molly’s “O” affirms the significance of the moment when she pledged her love to Bloom.

Earlier in the same section, Molly mentions Defoe’s Moll Flanders: “I don’t like books with a Molly in them like that one he brought with him. He looked very grave, and with a “Proteus” section, we had Stephen’s bitter, “I would argue that the sea and lived in exile from Ireland for roughly ten years, now makes his return to his fatherland, to exercise the ghost of his mother and make sense out of his past. He has taken

not merely Bloom’s proposal. Joyce’s “O” has flipped itself, like one of Mr Deasy’s coins, from a symbol of meaninglessness to one of meaning, from a symbol of separation and distance to one of affirmation and obligation. The “O” can be seen as symbolic of all three stages of this progression. It begins as an empty void, a zero, a flatulence. It then takes on the sense of the very struggle against this void: the circular loop of Bloom’s journey through Dublin. Finally, it comes to be taken as symbolic of the force which ultimately allows Bloom to overcome the great “empty bay” over which he has made his odyssey. That is, he has affirmed the significance behind human relationships, the importance of our obligations, the idea that we “owe” each other something for our past and that this tie cannot easily be broken. And therefore it represents Bloom’s eventual return (after all, an O isn’t a U) and the fulfillment of his heroic task. Consider the final question asked in the “Ithaca” section. A few lines up we take our last look at Bloom, as he falls asleep beside Molly: “He rests. He has travelled” (737). The final question asks, simply, “where?” And the answer to this question? Even more simple, a large black dot: “O” The Odyssey has been fulfilled, the empty “O” has been made meaningful.

Of course this doesn’t explain how Stephen’s Odyssey has been fulfilled within the pages of Ulysses. His parting from Bloom indicates he’ll continue to wander, haunted by his mother’s ghost and unable to find his way home. Are we able to decide, then, how or if he is ever able to overcome his feelings of guilt and emptiness? I would argue that Stephen’s final return isn’t, in fact, contained within Ulysses. I would argue that it is Ulysses. In the “Proteus” section, we had Stephen’s bitter, self-mocking remembrance of youthful plans to write books “with letters for titles. Have you read his F? O yes, but I prefer Q. Yes, but W is wonderful. O yes, W. Remember your epiphanies on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria?” (40). It must be clear by now what I mean to argue

Patrick Murphy

about this passage. It is this: That Stephen has indeed written a book with a letter for a title, and that the title is O. Joyce, having crossed the sea and lived in exile from Ireland for roughly ten years, now makes his return to his fatherland, to exercise the ghost of his mother and make sense out of his past. He has taken

his bitterness and his hollow memories, and, by weaving them all together into a rich tapestry which fills every corner of a sprawling text, he has fulfilled his own Odyssey and embodied “the eternal affirmation of the spirit of man” (666).

Works Cited


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A current advertisement for the 1997 Infiniti QX4 sport utility vehicle (SUV) proclaims: "Careful, you may run out of planet." The advertisers most likely meant to suggest that the car is capable of taking the driver anywhere he or she wants to go, though the warning implies that number of locations could be exhausted. Increasing numbers of drivers have embraced the idea of owning a vehicle capable of traversing both city streets and backcountry roads. The environmental movement aided in popularizing the outdoors, drawing many people out of the city and into national parks and wilderness areas. However, when we begin to examine the actual environmental impacts of driving an SUV, it becomes apparent that there is more being lost than just driving terrain. The growing popularity of SUVs has caused serious environmental impacts ranging from increases in pollution rates to widespread climatic changes. Advertisers must now respond to the claims of environmentalists who at one time fueled the sales of SUVs, but now threaten to ruin them. In light of the growing concern over the negative effects of SUVs on the planet, advertisers have begun to appeal to our individual's sense of comfort and security amidst the unpredictable conditions of the natural world. Three current consumer advertisements demonstrate the ambivalence felt by SUV manufacturers towards consumers with environmental concerns.

Despite the peaceful images offered by the vehicle's sleek exterior. Overlaid across the photographed sky above the mountains is the phrase, "Air conditioning doesn't grow on trees." This statement suggests that though the vehicle can take us to a remote location, we will not be asked to relinquish our sense of comfort. Instead, it promises to provide us with amenities that nature cannot create. Toyota wants consumers to believe that nature should be enjoyed from the inside of the 4Runner looking out.

The advertisers want us to believe that inside the safe world of an SUV environmental problems do not exist. An advertisement in Backpacker (September 1999:100) for the Chevrolet Tahoe plays into the notion that SUVs should take us into the wild, but not out of our comfort zone. The ad features the Tahoe cresting a grassy hill in a lush and sun-drenched location. The text describes the vehicle's "OnStar" system and it makes the claim, "Wherever you go, your security blanket is packed." The OnStar system means that with the push of a button, help is on the way. The "OnStar advisors" will send someone to the rescue "even when you don't know where you are." The concluding sentence reads, "Because sometimes the call of the wild turns into a call for help." Chevrolet suggests that we are never in danger while behind the wheel of a Tahoe. The OnStar system means the owners will never be lost or find themselves beyond the boundaries of assistance. The Tahoe allows for exploration without risk. SUV advertisers suggest that we needn't eose ourselves to the harsh conditions of a cruel environment. An advertisement for the Chevrolet Blazer in Backpacker (September 1999) plays on the idea of minimizing risk by offering the consumer a safe way to view the world. The Blazer advertisement contains a black and white photo of a rocky coastline with waves crashing and ominous clouds looming above. The Blazer is perched atop a large, white lighthouse and its headlights are providing a beam of light. The slogan promises: "A little security in an insecure world." We're meant to feel calm and consoled amidst the uncertainty of the pending storm. The contrast between the light and dark images allows the lighthouse and the Blazer to stand out as beacons in the storm. The Blazer's headlights lead us believe in the safety of the SUV in threatening circumstances.

By highlighting the features contributing to SUV comfort and security, the advertising industry tries to calm our fears about traversing the wilderness. However, their hidden agenda is to eliminate our anxiety about environmental destruction by showing the SUV as a necessary part of the natural world. The sport utility vehicle saved the American auto industry in the late 1980s when sales were declining due to competition from foreign markets. The growth of the SUV market throughout the 1990s has led sales of the vehicles to comprise 23 percent of total auto sales (Stork as quoted in Goeway 2000:114). As the nation's biggest advertisers, the auto industry has focused on marketing SUVs claiming they are stylish, roomier than cars, more powerful, safer, and capable of going virtually anywhere (Bradsher 1997). The history behind the SUV gives us some insight into why they are environmentally destructive. Bradsher notes that in the beginning, SUVs were used mostly on farms and construction sites and they were classifed as "light trucks." Because most were used for commercial purposes, they received lower standards for emission rates from the EPA resulting in their emission of 75 percent to 175 percent more smog-causing nitrogen oxides than even large cars. Research indicates that the emissions from cars and light trucks comprised nearly one-fifth of the American emissions of global warming gases in 1990. If the popularity of light trucks continues to rise, they will never be able to "Tread Lightly!" This proclaims its support for commercial purposes, they received lower standards for emission rates from the EPA that they must pay for the production of cars with low fuel economies. The exemptions granted to SUVs based on their prior status as light trucks means that automakers are under no pressure to make SUVs more environment-friendly. Toyota's weak attempt to align itself with the environmentalists makes the ad incoherent and contradictory.

The advertisers most likely meant to suggest that number of locations could be exhausted. Increasing numbers of drivers have embraced the idea of owning a vehicle capable of traversing both city streets and backcountry roads. The environmental movement aided in popularizing the outdoors, drawing many people out of the city and into national parks and wilderness areas. However, when we begin to examine the actual environmental impacts of driving an SUV, it becomes apparent that there is more being lost than just driving terrain. The growing popularity of SUVs has caused serious environmental impacts ranging from increases in pollution rates to widespread climatic changes. Advertisers must now respond to the claims of environmentalists who at one time fueled the sales of SUVs, but now threaten to ruin them. In light of the growing concern over the negative effects of SUVs on the planet, advertisers have begun to appeal to our individual's sense of comfort and security amidst the unpredictable conditions of the natural world. Three current consumer advertisements demonstrate the ambivalence felt by SUV manufacturers towards consumers with environmental concerns.

Despite the peaceful images offered by Sarah Baird
Sarah Baird is from Denver, Colorado and is a senior environmental studies major with a concentration in environmental writing and an English minor.
learning of its 12 mile per gallon fuel efficiency, the Sierra Club called it a “suburban assault vehicle [that] will guzzle enough gas to make Saddam Hussein smile” (Akre 1999). The advertising industry is addressing these environmental concerns largely by urging us to forget about them. It does not portray the SUVs against polluted backdrops and their impacts on the landscape appear minimal or non-existent. The ads show vehicles that respect nature, though, in reality, SUVs are major contributors to environmental degradation. The ads choose to focus on how safe the owner of an SUV feels. They promise us safety, security and power and play into our notion of “bigger is better.” The industry is also capitalizing on the cultural popularity of appearing “outdoorsy.” Even though only ten percent of drivers ever leave paved streets and highways, the ads suggest that an SUV can at least allow us to appear rugged (Storck as quoted in Goeway 2000).

After examining the tactics used to market SUVs, we begin to wonder if the advertisers have been successful in sedating environmental concerns by offering them harmonious images of the vehicles in the natural world. An article in The New York Times highlighted the story of 39-year-old single engineer who described himself as environmentally conscious and worked to conserve energy by keeping his heat low during the winter. In 1997, he traded in his 1994 Subaru Wagon for a 1994 Land Rover Discovery, the SUV with one of the lowest fuel efficiency ratings, so that he could make it to the ski slopes during large snowstorms (Bradsher 1997). This consumer is not alone, as evidenced by the fact that over 60 million light trucks on the road today is more than triple the number in 1975 (Bradsher 1997). In response to the growing popularity, environmental groups such as the Sierra Club continue to speak out about the impacts of the SUV and many groups and individuals are pressuring Washington to raise the standards for the vehicles, ultimately leading to "greener" SUVs (http://www.sierraclub.org/globalwarming/news/prsre!5%2D27%2D99.html). The industry does not appear to be receptive to the proposed changes. Though it owes part of its success to the environmental movement, the industry blatantly disregards the concerns of the environmentalists by offering false images of environmentally-friendly vehicles.

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Shakespeare and Feminist Criticism, by Philip C. Kolin, erases any doubts that feminism has greatly shifted and widened the reading of the Shakespearean canon. In this comprehensive bibliography, Kolin surveys four hundred and thirty-nine items from 1975 through its publication in 1988. However, only thirty-eight of the books and articles listed in the subject index touch upon the specifics of sexuality (female), and thirteen of these items are repeated under sexuality (male) (Thompson 2). In addition, there are only nine sources under homosexuality and eleven under homoeroticism (shared, with no male/female designations). Thompson shrewdly notes that male critics, although he criticizes even the language used by female critics, believed that female relationships were not important in such discussions because of its prime focus in such discussions because of its "mechanical" nature ("InSignificance" 73). In this paper, I will argue that Shakespeare cannot and should not be boxed in so easily. Utilizing the established lens of conscious female homoeroticism in As You Like It, Shakespeare's inordinate boundary-pushing in portraying lesbianism as the paramount of female sexuality, reveals his atypical, yet present, feminism, in an era when women were denied eroticism of any sort.

**Naming the Danger**

It should be quickly noted that the term lesbian did not exist in Elizabethan England. Today's society tends to regard the sexual orientation of a person as an inherent part of a complete identity. For both women and men in Shakespeare's time — but more so for women because even explicit heterosexual sex for females was taboo — choice of sexuality was not an option. Paul Hammond notes that such rigidity can create problems for modern scholars because "homoerotic desire is rarely made articulate unambiguously" in works from this period. Most utilize the same language as "passionate friendships" (225). Part of the challenge for scholars, then, is to recognize varying intensities of desire. In speaking directly of As You Like It, I will use the term homoerotic in delineating persons or interactions as more passionate and sexual than "conventional" or in comparison with other "friendships." Thus a necessary erotic aura can be conveyed, with the avoidance of the modern trappings of lesbian.

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It is doubtful that a female friend would promote such gifts to another female friend—especially the gifts of inheritance. Women of higher station in Elizabethan England did not have their own estates from which to give freely. Men who married into the family took over the inheriting rights from the women. That Celia is promising her inheritance to Rosalind, links the two in a bond similar to marriage. It should also not be overlooked that Celia chose the word heir in reference to Rosalind, instead of housewife, implying a certain bending of gender into the role of son-in-law. The language in this section takes the image of "passionate love" and links the two in a bond similar to marriage. It seems Shakespeare’s problematization of the roles of women in the midst of a romantic and erotic interaction between Celia and Rosalind cannot be viewed as entirely separate.

The most revealing scene of the play in reference to the homoeroticism between Celia and Rosalind occurs when Duke Frederick banishes Rosalind from his dukedom. Once the women hear the edict, they both employ different tactics to change the mind of the Duke. Rosalind is first, standing up immediately for herself in the world of men, her tongue quicksilver with response:

Rosalind. Yet your misrule cannot make me a traitor. Tell me whereon the likelihood depends. Duke Frederick. There’s the daughter, there’s enough.
Rosalind. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom. So was I when your Highness banished him. Treason is not inherited, my lord; Or if we did derive it from our friends, What’s that to us? My father’s traitor, sir. Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much To think my poverty is treacherous. (I.ii.52-61)

Rosalind knows where she stands. Her awareness comes through sharply at this point, as well as her feminism, in standing up for herself and her rights. She is no "good housewife" that sits back and watches Fortune play her games. Celia, on the other hand, tries another tactic, appealing to the pathos of her father by enumerating on the duration and depth of the relationship between Rosalind and herself:

Celia. Hestia in I he Loveliest me not with the full weight that I love thee. . . .
You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have, and truly, when he die, thou shalt be his heiress; for what he hath taken away from thy father per- force, I will render thee again in affection. By mine honor, I will, and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. (I.ii.33-39)

Celia proposes, as sport, to mock Fortune for the misappropriation of equality, and does so by naming Fortune a "good housewife," which simultaneously ridicules the roles of women. Rosalind agrees with Celia, in turn scoffing at Fortune by terming her "blind" because she mistakes that women like the roles they are given.

Why this feminist shift in the middle of a homoerotic love proposal between Celia and Rosalind? If Celia and Rosalind are content to be with one another in a singular lesbian relationship, in which no men are present and Rosalind becomes the "father", then they must be content and willing to give up their roles as dutiful housewives. In fact, it seems that their desire not to conform to the social roles set aside by Fortune might spur them more readily into a monogamous relationship with one another, given that homoeroticism and friendship exists in the first place. This is not to say that all lesbian relationships happen because women are tired of men and the roles to which they are relegated in heterosexual relationships. Yet it seems Shakespeare’s problematization of the roles of women in the midst of a romantic and erotic interaction between Celia and Rosalind cannot be viewed as entirely separate.
to reveal the artificiality of the gender she imitates. I offer the view that perhaps Shakespeare knew the homoerotic connotations behind cross-dressing. His audience at the time certainly was aware of the section in Leviticus which forbids men dressing like women and women dressing like men. How this law filtered down through the centuries tied to the Sodom and Gomorrah story (Smith 147). If cross-dressing in As You Like It is a parody of the opposite gender, it could just as easily be another characteristic of female homoeroticism. Regardless, either use of cross-dressing has the potential to disturb the audience. Thus the purpose of the Forest comes through—to give these delicate issues a fantastic place to reside where disbelief can be suspended. Erotic excitement builds in Rosalind at the prospect of Orlando’s inhabiting the same forest she is in. When mysterious sonnets are discovered carved into trees, and Celia seems to know who the perpetrator is, Rosalind’s language reaches a female homoerotic peak as she demands from Celia the name of the author: Rosalind. ................ One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee tell me who is it, Rosalind! (III.iii.5-10)

The rhymed lines continue until Rosalind/Ganymede meets Orlando and convinces him to be cured of his affection for Rosalind. In pretending to be a man who’s pretending to be a woman, the woman being herself, Rosalind reveals her complete control over the situation. Control over sexual and romantic situations is exactly what Elizabethan women did not have. Yet Rosalind, because of her situation in the Forest and her assumed male-ness, is allowed a complete discussion of female roles and sexuality, and a complete parody of male roles and the heterosexual normative. Her femininity comes through explicitly, Rosalind. ................ Make the dores upon a woman’s rot, and it will not go at the casement; shut that, and ‘twill out at the key hole; stop that, ‘twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney. (IV.i.148-151)

Celia states after this lesson: “You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate” (IV.i.185-186). It seems more likely, however, that Rosalind is not naming the women’s rot shriveness, but that she is simply saying that women will not be quieted, if what they have to say is necessary. Therefore, Rosalind continues in her parody and control of men, retaining ambiguously outside of the heterosexual relationship, but completely embodying her female sexuality. It is not until she faints after hearing of Orlando’s flight with the lionsess, that the strings of conversion begin to tighten around her. Desire, Closed Rosalind. And I for no woman. (IV.i.155-156)

The conventional marriage ending) remains one of Shakespeare’s most enduring legacies, not because he created" and his ambiguous, decisively homoerotic role is suppressed at the end of As You Like It into the “normal” gender roles which were expected and desired by the Elizabethans.

Shakespeare does not let his audience’s returns to convention have their final. An epilogue is given by a de-trousered Rosalind—or, as the audience is acutely aware of at the moment, a boy actor in drag. This character thus proceeds to mix up all the patriarchal rules just established, not rules within the play, but within the audience. Juliet Dusinberre elaborates on this effect: “As You Like It, far from creating closure, ends by releasing into the auditorium an eroticism constantly open to revision” (21). But not simply a general eroticism, but an erotically charged message to women that roles and boundaries are meant to be transcended—though they may not carry away such a detailed message, the female homoeroticism and feminism represented in the play will hopefully linger.

Shakespeare Was Not A Tease: Conclusion
Our sense of body is driven less by physical fact than by our needs in speaking about it. —Thomas Laqueur, (qtd. in Quillegen 208)

Perhaps the theater really is the place to re-inhabit subject positions that seem massacred by theory, because it creates a space of danger without quite the same consequences, a space of play and potential. —Jill Dolan

Valerie Traub is absolutely correct about the movement of homoerotic desire in Shakespeare’s romantic comedies—is what is frustrating, and all too common among scholars, is that they don’t pursue the “why” behind what they have identified. Was Shakespeare doing by showing female homoerotic desire and then taping it off? At what point does the “taping off” begin and what might fuel this masking of female homoeroticism? Convention has answered most of these questions. Shakespeare, because his living was made in the theater, was consistently, even painfully, aware of his audience. He knew where viewers would be the most likely to accept the homoerotic language between women, and where to couch more blatant im
ages of female homoeroticism. This is not to say that Shakespeare, by using heterosexual relationships as slight parody and cushion to convey female homoeroticism, advocated single-sex relationships only. John Ward reminded us earlier of Woolf's observation of Shakespeare as the epitome of the "androgynous mind," meaning Shakespeare was simply using and highlighting the different types of relationships surrounding him. In As You Like It particularly, Shakespeare conveys female homoeroticism on two parallel levels. One aspect is presented through the romantic interactions between Celia and Rosalind before they escape to the Forest of Arden; the second aspect concerns the more obvious and pros consing when to stop, and knowing that subtlety can go much farther than blatancy. Through the female homoeroticism levels in As You Like It, Shakespeare establishes lesbianism as ideal in comparison to heterosexuality. Shakespeare reveals himself as sympathetic to a variety of women's issues, and thus feminist in his intentions.

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A father-daughter relationship cannot exist as verbal exchange, but instead must be found in a letter, the words on Kitty’s t-shirt (both 17), or the magazine article on which the story hinges.

What is perhaps most interesting about the article which Kitty writes is that she seems unconscious of her father ever reading the work. The endless codification of their relationship, her father’s unwillingness to see past a single aspect of his daughter has reached a point where the relationship itself no longer exists, but only the signs which have been produced by it. Nietzsche describes the danger in over-codification as follows:

“Orchid”

In “Orchid,” the characters do not have a close friendship. Margot is unable or unwilling to see below the surface:

Patrick said, “It’s just that I feel so invisible. I just feel so invisible.”

Margot blinked and stared at him. His bright-orange shirt was open to his exquisitely collared bones. His long, subtle hands looked hypersensitive against his cheap coffee cup. He was outrageously fair and fine. “What do you mean?” she said. “What on earth do you mean?”

She didn’t remember his answer or even if he had one. (65)

Margot keeps Patrick at a distance, both physically and emotionally. In fact, all of the physical exchanges in the story are momentary, transient, like the way in which Patrick’s attention would “sometimes touch his sister, with his eye, with his corresponding realm underneath” (88). Postmodern communication has failed to supply what was needed in this relationship.

“Orchid”

In “Orchid,” the characters do not have the luxury of a “real” from which their relationship can grow; that is to say, they are never afforded the kind of intimate relationship that Stewart and Kitty, as father and daughter, presumably lost. Margot and Patrick begin their relationship at the surface level. As such, they are truly postmodern, rather than characters who evolve into a postmodern state. Unfortunately for the hearts of these characters, “what we see is all we get” (Barry 89, my emphasis).

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allow the relationship to take on a more significant level. At the same time, she is hurt by Patrick’s own inept attempt to sound casual, the statement that he “could take [sex with Margot] or leave it” (77) because it trivializes the act, makes it insignificant, relegated to the surface.

Like Patrick, Margot also allows her other romantic endeavors to be overwhelmed by surface concerns. When Patrick observes her uncertainty in her relationship with Chiquita, she responds with a comment about Chiquita’s nipples rather than her personality or the depth of feeling between them. The swiftly following end of this relationship comes as no surprise. Margot’s emphasis on the surface, her lack of concern with the interior lives of her lovers leads her to inevitably lose them. Roberta, who has just left her when she is reunited with Patrick, leaves Margot because of her disgust with her superficiality. She mocks Margot’s affinities for “bright little things on her walls and furniture” (71), for merely aesthetic pleasures, and condemns Margot’s stereotyped view of men as “rather than a fully unique, multi-dimensional human being.

A postmodern approach to romance has failed to satisfy Margot’s needs. Even when reunited with equally superficial Patrick, they are unable to break through the surface to a full relationship, but are equally unhappy to remain so distant from each other.

He was trying to show himself to her, to explain something. He didn’t have the luxury of not doing things the way they were doing, silently, with his eyes. And she was trying too. It was as if they were signaling each other from different planets, too far away to read the signals but just able to register that a signal was being sent. They sat and looked at each other, but it was like a separate, youth and beauty gone, their selves more bare and at the same time more hidden. (87)

Like the characters of “Tiny, Smiling Daddy,” Patrick and Margot have found themselves overcome by signification, by surface relationships, so much so that they are “too far away to read the signals.” With the exterior buffer of their beauty gone, they are “more bare,” but because their inner selves have remained uncultivated, have continually retreated in favor of a world of surfaces, they are also “more hidden.” A lifetime of postmodern romance has left them unable to enjoy romance on any level.

At the same time as it critiques a postmodern approach to love, “Orchid” explains the appeal of such a perspective through one of Margot’s clients. The woman explains her desire to look like a supermodel by praising the simplicity and superficiality they literally embody:

“I mean, I know the models themselves aren’t like that. They probably have the same stupid, ugly problems I do. It’s more the world as they represent it. Without any fucking awful complexity. Without any of this filthy shit.”

After this session… [Margot] went to the rest room, where two other social workers were talking about a woman who’d been in earlier, trying to have her daughter committed. “I don’t know about the kid,” said one, “but I’d sure like to put Mrs. Bitch away…”

The world of images is free of “filthy shit,” of the difficulties and frustrations of relationships that extend beyond the surface. When Margot is faced with the cruelties of her fellow social workers, her inclination is to think of Patrick, of superficial, aesthetically pleasing Patrick. Her client also leaves the solace of a pretty, problem-free world, the kind of world which she can see in photographs of supermodels. She, however, recognizes the falsity of this world. This surface-bound aspect of postmodern relationships has aesthetic appeal, as in a photograph. It also leaves the solace of a pretty, problem-free world, the kind of world which she can see in photographs of supermodels. She, however, recognizes the falsity of this world. This surface-bound aspect of postmodern relationships has aesthetic appeal, as in a photograph. It also leaves

Angelica K. Lemke

The Blanket

Gaitskill’s collection, however, does not condemn contemporary society to the inad-

Articulate - 2000
The Inadequacy of Postmodern Love

The fantasy, in fact, seem to be the kind of eclectic play that is found so desirable in postmodernism as an artwork and clearly have a charm and delight for the couple. However, when elements of real life are introduced into their fantasies, when real-life experiences are reduced to one-dimension, the delight quickly turns to fear and pain:

They went back to the apartment and had sex while imagining a heartless scene between Michael and the Seattle girl he’d rejected. About halfway through the fantasy, Valerie stopped, realising being a bystander and became the poor girl. She pleaded with him to fuck her, but when he did, she felt a terrible rush of emotional pain that shocked her into tears. Mistaking her shudders for excitement, he became too rough, and she cried out for him to stop. They separated and Valerie turned on her side, just in time to see Michael’s expression of impersonal cruelty evolve into confusion and injury. (94)

When the possibility of “impersonal cruelty” in the life outside of their fantasies, when the real world becomes one of mere surface, the relationship between Valerie and Michael can no longer succeed. Valerie immediately begins to push him away, asking to be alone for several days and then, when Michael wants to see her, answering, “Sometimes I tell people really awful stuff like it’s a joke. I don’t know why. I’m trying not to do that anymore” (96). This aversion to making real life superficial is felt by Michael:

When Valerie tells Michael about her rape, she does so in a manner that keeps with their playful, merely surface interaction up to that point, but immediately regrets doing so. She says, “Sometimes I tell people really awful stuff like it’s a joke. I don’t know why. I’m trying not to do that anymore” (96). This aversion to making real life superficial is felt by Michael:

When she’s said, “I’m trying not to do that anymore,” it had provoked a storm of monstrous pathos in him. It was the kind of pathos that felt so good he wanted to make it go on forever. It horrified him that someone had hit her, but following close upon the shock was an overwhelming tenderness that made the shock seem like an insignificant segue. (87)

However, Michael has not fully grasped the distinction between the real and unreal that Valerie must hold onto, as his subsequent attempts to play out a rape fantasy demonstrates. Valerie, understandably shaken and frightened by the experience which, for her, is very much about real life, though Michael thinks of it as mere play, struggles to pull him out of the postmodern game that has been their relationship thus far:

“What do you think? You spoiled, stupid, ignorant little shit! I tell you I don’t want to fuck, I tell you about being raped and you set up a rape fantasy? What’s wrong with you?”

“I was just doing what we do all the time.”

“It’s not the same! You were disrespecting me...For real.”

Her small voice and her words hinted at the wonderful pathos that had so gripped him. (99)

The depth of feeling that Michael senses in her voice, that he wants to experience for himself, cannot be achieved in a play of surfaces, but must be found in the “real” which postmodernism covers over and denies. In the final scene, Michael’s transformation is complete. When he truly wants to “[c]ome under the covers” (183), to go beneath the surface of Valerie’s life only when she offers him that chance, he has abandoned the postmodern approach altogether by recognizing a difference between surface and what lies underneath and seeing the need to approach that underlying reality, that complex organism known as a human being differently from the world of surface images. The strength of this relationship far outweighs those discussed earlier. Michael and Valerie may be able to forge a solid love together.

Conclusion

Though “the postmodern condition” may foster a healthy playground for the arts, it is, like an actual playground, full of cruelty toward the heart. Though Because They Wanted To has been written in a time period which is increasingly referred to as “the postmodern era,” it laments, rather than celebrates, this condition. As one of the “eternal verities” that postmodernism would have us reject, love is endangered and often lost if we are to approach it without depth. To love postmodernly, then, is to love badly, if to love at all. The terrible pain of Stew, Kitty, Margot and Patrick leaves us yearning, like Michael for “the wonderful pathos” which lies beneath the surface.

Notes

1. In fact, his view is bound by a single word, “lesbian,” which he uses four times in less than four pages to describe his daughter (13-16), even saying, “Then he would remember that she was a lesbian...making it impossible for him to see her. Then she would just be Kitty again.”

2. In keeping with the postmodern spirit, Patrick’s appeal cannot be fully classified by gender: Margot consistently characteristics him as being boyishly feminine. See 60, 75, 76, as well as Donald’s comment on 77 which shows the contrast between Margot and Patrick’s uncassifiable relationship and a world view which maintains strictly defined categories, such as heterosexual/homosexual.

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Robert Levine is a senior cinema major, former Editor-in-Chief of The and president of the German film industry, they took the reins of national tradition at a time when film was all...
may be induced to run the risk of death to se-

nificance of propaganda decreased. Goebbels,

Goebbels, cinema, for as Taylor articulates: solidified (Taylor 143). Additionally, aesthet-
17). It is no wonder he gravitated towards the be continued even after power has been con-

Aryan ideal, further separating all three from forms of propaganda to the newsreels that pre-

climbing ideological wall, whose purpose was Socialist procession. Leave these to us - we

kept distinct and separate. In his book 

fundamental points regarding propaganda, mestic German productions, he kept his ear

he writes, "where the destiny and ex-

It was Goebbels who kept Nazi cinema

First, Hitler felt that art and politics should be kept distinct and separate. In his book Mein

Second, Hitler felt that the importance of strong propaganda is inversely proportional to party membership. It is crucial only insofar as it is necessary to draw allegiance. Once al-

nicence of propaganda decreased. Goebbels,

Goebbels, however, felt that propaganda efforts should be continued even after power has been con-

solidated (Taylor 143). Additionally, aesthetics were absolutely a concern and, above all, Goebbels never wanted an audience member to "know that today he’s going to a political film.” Disallowing that realization was to Goebbels the key to effective propaganda; the primary impetus behind his emphasis on entertainment. He feared that overtly politi-

cultural propaganda, where the hand of the gov-

ernment was clearly visible, risked alienating the audience. An audience aware that it is the

target of didacticism will naturally be skepti-

cal, and Goebbels hoped to avoid such a dy-

namic. As Goebbels stated in a letter to Soviet

his eye firmly fixed on the lowest common de-

nominator and the bottomline. In 1937, when he

and the fantastic.

No expense was spared in the creation of

pre-war German productions, he kept his ear to the ground; audiences made it clear they
desired their Steamboat Willie before their

Battleship Potemkin. His features were to main-

dress the appearance of escapist vehicles and

innocent recreations” (Rentschler 16).

nent newsworthy production. As Taylor articulates: "It is not only to the eye of the propagandist that every viewer knows that today he's going to a political film...Goebbels articulated a de-

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Robert Levine

The screen. They walk arm-in-arm, singing in unison. Inside his chambers, the King of Prussia, Frederick William II, is braced by command to tell his troops that they are to fight on. He wants to lead but can’t obey? he asks. Here we see the fascist ideology begin to emerge, in times of great distress and turmoil, concern for one’s homeland is pivotal, but never at the expense of hierarchy and order. “Otherwise,” the commander states “we’d be on the road to anarchy.”

In the following scene, with a speech supposedly scripted by Goebbels himself, Gnesenau addresses the people of Kolberg directly (Manwell and Fraenkel 85). He begins with “Citizens of Kolberg, Prussians, Germans!” effectuating the intended metaphorical line of the film. He states:

No love is more sacred than love for one’s fatherland. No joy is sweeter than the joy of freedom...Citizens and soldiers, from farm labourer to citizen general, you want to be as good as your fathers were. Dare to live up to them? you have the example of an example.

The best way to defend a fortress is to attack (qtd. in Taylor 204). As Taylor points out, “once more we have a call necessity. Kolberg demands a pragramatic line of the film. He states:

He begins his own narrative and again providing voice to Goebbels’ rebuking of a French emissary with “Citizens of Kolberg, Prussians, Germans!” effectively drawing the intended metaphorical line of the film. He states:

No love is more sacred than love for one’s fatherland. No joy is sweeter than the joy of freedom...Citizens and soldiers, from farm labourer to citizen general, you want to be as good as your fathers were. Dare to live up to them? you have the example of an example.

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He begins his own narrative and again providing voice to Goebbels’ rebuking of a French emissary with “Citizens of Kolberg, Prussians, Germans!” effectively drawing the intended metaphorical line of the film. He states: The screen. They walk arm-in-arm, singing in unison. Inside his chambers, the King of Prussia, Frederick William II, is braced by command to tell his troops that they are to fight on. He wants to lead but can’t obey? he asks. Here we see the fascist ideology begin to emerge, in times of great distress and turmoil, concern for one’s homeland is pivotal, but never at the expense of hierarchy and order. “Otherwise,” the commander states “we’d be on the road to anarchy.”

In the following scene, with a speech supposedly scripted by Goebbels himself, Gnesenau addresses the people of Kolberg directly (Manwell and Fraenkel 85). He begins with “Citizens of Kolberg, Prussians, Germans!” effectuating the intended metaphorical line of the film. He states:
This comment speaks volumes, not only raising the question of which is the means and which is the ends (the war or the film), but indicating that Goebbels had now completely severed his tenuous fidelity to reality. As Taylor articulates, propaganda "canalizes an already existing stream," but if that stream, that reality, is entirely false, the illusion breaks down (210). For this reason, Kolberg has come to embody "the declining fortunes of the Wehrmacht and the progressive retreat into myth which characterized Nazi propaganda during the last years of the Third Reich" (Baird 9). Goebbels seems foolish to have pursued the project at the time that he did. Based on his comments earlier, Harlan himself was aware of the futility of the project, which might explain all the multiple references, both visual and aural, to self-burial throughout Kolberg. Nettlebeck is heard saying, "They can burn the houses, but not the ground. If they do, we'll become moles." Later, at Gneisenau's (i.e. Goebbels') order, the villagers dig out flood canals so that they can block the enemy's advance with water. The image of the villagers digging relentlessly in unison not only suggests they're digging their own mass grave, but also evokes the mass graves used to bury the victims of the Holocaust.

Indeed, Goebbels' edicts as Minister towards the end of the war make the suggestion that his thoughts were not entirely lucid. On April 17, 1945, with Berlin about to be overrun, Goebbels called a fifty-man assembly. He mentioned Kolberg, then announced plans for another film, "The Twilight of the Gods of Berlin," a film that would be shown a hundred years in the future (Roper xxi). His staff "looked at him with amazement and concluded that he had gone off his head" (Roper 206). Goebbels, despite its heritage, has all the makings of an extremely entertaining film, with endearing characters and battle sequences that are still impressive by today's standards. To a viewer raised on the films of Hollywood, Kolberg's pleasures are easily accessible, primarily because its conventions are recognizable as our own, from the David vs. Goliath theme to the romantic side-plot (the only thing missing is comic relief). Indeed, Goebbels often "let Hollywood be his guide" and made "films crafted along classical American lines" (Rentschler Illusion 41). Additionally, "the utopian energies tapped by the feature films of the Third Reich in a crucial manner resembled, indeed at times consciously emulated, American dreams" (Rentschler Afterlife xxii). Within this affinity, there lies a disturbing realization: that our cinemas, and cultures by association, are equal part myth-machines, rival purveyors of a deceptive ideal and that we, as viewers, are equally susceptible. It is simple, with the benefit of hindsight, to point out the propagandic elements that permeate the films of the Nazi Cinema, but would we have been so capable at the time of their release? Finally, we have the figure of Joseph Goebbels, a man consumed by his own myths and "enamored of [his] own media images" (Rentschler Afterlife 4). His career to personify Walter Benjamin's presage that, with the advent of the cinema, "[mankind's] self-alienation has reached such a degree that it can experience its own destruction as an aesthetic pleasure of the first order" (Benjamin 242). With Kolberg, his roles as entertainer and engineer became undistinguishable, perhaps even to him.

Works Cited


Robert Levine

Articulate 2000
Retreat Into Myth


The image is a color portrait of a young couple. The woman, nude, lies at the front of the picture, eyes cast down and arms crossed in a heart shape over her breasts, legs tucked under her body in a similar triangular shape. She reclines on a bright greenish-yellow sheeted bed, her head resting on an immaculate white pillow. The man is further back in the image, behind the woman's head, smaller in proportion and less defined in focus. Unlike the woman, he wears a pair of dark pants, perhaps jeans. His feet are bare, the right one dissolving in sunlight. The same slanted-bar light patterns repeat on his body, blind stripes. He sits in classic "Thinker" pose — elbows on knees, chin in hands, contemplative. Books or papers sit in a stack before him, on a table perhaps, though this detail is lost in shadow. A yellow cloth or towel is folded before him, perhaps, though this detail is lost in shadow. The sun rose. Bars of yellow and green fell on the shore, gliding the ribs of the eaten-out boat and making the seaweedly and its mailed leaves gleam green as steel. Light almost pierced the thin swift waves as they raced fan-shaped over the beach. The girl who had shaken her head and made all the jewels, the impact, the aquamarine, the water-colored jewel with sparks of fire in them, dance, now bared her brow, and with wide-opened eyes drove a straight pathway over the waves. (54) — Virginia Woolf, The Waves

Articulate - 2000
Goldin, the obsession for documenting began which I change” —Nan Goldin

suicide. Perhaps reacting to the absence of visual memory from the ravages of time and the inevitable erosion of retrospective projection or image of herself in her work, Goldin is herself an assertion of control over self-image, as Woolf trained her perception with the physical tangibility of her sexuality, the presence of the camera in the photograph illustrating both the camera as a machine to gather evidence, much like an emergency room examination or a police report, as well as a silent witness in the absence of other human comfort². In her pictures of parties and bar scenes, Goldin also shows the abusive lifestyles of her friends in the constant yet unbearable presence of cigarettes and glasses in various stages of emptiness. Her own abuses are also documented, including blurred self-portraits — as Goldin herself was in transition — outside and in her room at a drug treatment center. “Nan at her bottom, Bowery, NYC, 1988” as the 12-step terminology title suggests, features an unfocused Goldin sitting on her bed with ashtray and telephone. An empty wine bottle and prescription pills loom in the background as the eye is drawn to a scar- ing yellow, bare-bulb light, emulating, conventionally and prophetically, from the feet of a golden crucified statue⁵.

In contrast to Goldin's candid representation of abuse, Woolf's fiction notably avoids direct mention of the topic. As a child and young woman, Woolf was sexually abused by her half-brother, George Duckworth. The abuse obviously affected both her perception of self as well as her relation with others, most dramatically, with her husband, Leonard, whom she rarely had sexual intercourse. As Woolf's abuse must have made it difficult for her to function as a sexually active woman, so Woolf's females characters have difficulty with their social existence as wives and mothers. Most come off as unhappy and trapped, and their responses to the men in their lives — husbands, sons, and fathers — seem antagonist and resigned. Woolf writes in To The Lighthouse, the novel that was her fictionalized portrait of her mother:

And what then? For she felt that he was still looking at her, but that his look had changed. He wanted something — wanted the thing she always found difficult to give him; wanted her to tell him that she loved him. (133)

And, it can more than likely be added, wanted the physical tangibility of her sexuality, the “proof” of her love. Woolf’s male characters are presented as docile and sympathetic (and, arguably, effeminate), or harsh and masculine — the representations of two dominant men in Woolf’s life, her undemanding husband and her abusive half-brother? Perhaps this is Woolf’s long-buried abuse suracing in fictional manipulations. Another scene in To The Lighthouse exemplifies the kind of domestic uneasiness characterizing much of Woolf’s work:

Suddenly Mr. Ramsay raised his head as he passed and looked straight at her, with his distraught wild gaze which was yet so penetrating…she pretended to drink out of her empty coffee cup so as to escape him — to escape his demand on her, to put aside a moment longer that imperious need. (160)

Perhaps out of subconscious reaction to the violent associations with men in their lives, both Woolf and Goldin had affairs with women. Goldin is openly bisexual. She first fell in love, she said, with drag queens, biological men who dressed and occasionally lived as women, encapsulating, in theory, both her attractions to the male and female. Shind writes in the introduction to The Other Side, a retrospective of her drag queen portraits (which takes as its title the name of an infamous drag queen bar in 1970’s Boston), “As a bisexual person, for me the third gender seems to be ideal” (7), at the very least, in terms of subject matter. Goldin’s photos in The Other Side may be separated into two periods — the black and white portraits from the time she

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lived as a runaway teen with drag queens; and the color, more formalized but no less empathetic pictures taken after Goldin’s return to the community, this time armed with an art school education. Yet the major influence of non-heterosexuality may be evidenced not in these images, but in portraits of her female lover, Siobhan Liddell.

The images of Siobhan... have a greater range of expression. They move from the gloomy yet beautiful intensity... to an uncompromising eroticism. They are not set in social situations—rarely are other people caught in the same space; Siobhan in all her moods exists for the photographer’s eye only. (Sussman 39)

Gone is the harsh, flash-induced artificiality, or the static locale of the same dirty bed in Goldin’s portfolio of herself with boyfriend Brian. Gone are the aftermath shots of Goldin’s beaten-eyes, wet face, shot in glaring, often almost falsified, bright colors. Instead, the portraits of Siobhan are infused with natural light, glowing with the subtleties of shadow and contrast. They are simple, close, and often close up: Siobhan on a sheeted bed, for example, without the cluttered background of a disheveled bedroom that characterizes Goldin’s earlier shots. The proximity of the photographs, zeroing in on Siobhan’s face and especially eyes, reflects Goldin’s closeness to the subject.

She states in Couples and Loneliness, on the page facing a portrait of Siobhan, “taking a picture of someone is a way of touching them. It’s a caress. My pictures often come from erotic desire” (Goldin 58).

As a relationship with a woman extended Goldin’s artistic palette, so Woolf’s (mostly emotional) love affair with Vita Sackville-West brought a new passion to Woolf’s writing. Unlike Goldin’s quiet, tonal revolution in pictures of Siobhan, Woolf’s work gained a boldness and audacity equal to the brazen character of her lover. As Dunn notes, “[Vita’s] extravagant passions were barely contained by reasonableness, convention, or control” (208). Dunn goes on to write, “the relationship with her was particularly enriching to [Woolf] personally and artistically (211-212). It produced Orlando, the most surreal, fantastic work Woolf was to write, a fictional biographical which expands, not only the boundaries of narrative structure which Woolf was wont already to do, but the boundaries of time and gender. It was written for Vita. As the character of Orlando, sitting next to his/her beloved, says, “ransack the language as he might, words failed him. He wanted another landscape, another tongue” (Woolf 32), as bisexuality caused Woolf to reject traditional (male? heterosexual?) notions of time and sexuality as too restricting, and opened her up to a new richness of fantasy previously unknown in her work.

Erasing the Ladder: Structure

“It is a glimpse beneath the waves on the surface, into the unknown depths which she knew she must some day penetrate to complete her life-long search for form.”—Thomas A. Vogler

The fluidity of narrative found in Orlando was characteristic of the majority of Woolf’s works. Her distinctive aesthetic involved erasing the linear ladder, the chronological skeleton on which it was built—omitting exposition and unnecessary background. Her novels plunge right in the middle; Woolf worked from the middle out, stretching voluminous pages and simple moments. The world of her characters is often internalized, and, as in The Waves, seen through the eyes of multiple, often contrasting, characters. Hawley describes Woolf’s selective narration as, “narrow[ing] down her field to one important factor: the discovery of what it is that gives to the design its sense of reality” (107). This also may lead to an uncertainty; one wonders whether the events in a Woolf story take place in the physical world, or in the emotional one of the character’s head.

Goldin relates in her version of the unreal narrative, namely, through the gender presentation of her subjects and their relationships to each other and to her. Though she titles her photographs in conventional fashion—relational to the people, places, and times photographed—the images themselves often eschew linearity, as if the specified titles are only to remind Goldin (again, in an act of preservation) of their significance. These are private titles. Take, for example, “Santi with his portrait as a Young Queen, Bangkok 1992.” The image features a middle-aged, Asian man smiling contently before a painting of what appears to be a young woman in a red dress, but the modifier in the photograph’s title (“his”) as well as the male sex of the subject contracts this assumption. The painting looks cheaply done, but is mounted and displayed in a gilt frame, and the figure wears a hefty, beauty pageant tiara, suggesting a double entendre on the word “queen.” The title locates the picture in the present, yet the palmprint curtains, wallpaper, and flowered shirt seem to position the image in the seventies. The man’s and painted woman’s matching smile cement the portrait, locating the image as a series of images, repeated through time. Relying often on mirrors, background images (such as a postcard of Woman with Meat Packers Gloves stuck into her mirror frame), or self-invoking objects like Barbie dolls, Goldin layers metaphors through extended versions of the self. According to Carole Naggar, “[Goldin’s] pictures resonate with these multiple truths” (41).

They further reject linearity by the order in which she chooses to publish and exhibit them. Goldin often groups portraits of a particular subject together in portfolios, such as the ones of Cookie Mueller and Siobhan. Her arrangement otherwise is not chronological. Even in the portfolios, images seem often to be structured more aesthetically than archival. Max Kozloff writes, “The Ballard of Sexual Dependency has the character of a tawdry story, carried by thematic momentum, as distinct from linear plot or expositional plan” (39). Goldin’s penchant for nonlinear order emerged from her early days—what Dunn writes— which, in turn, emerged out of necessity (she had no access to a dark room). The first one, The Ballad of Sexual Dependency, still runs today, and is different—in length, style of music, but especially images; new ones are added and old replaced all the time—but still displays a liberal view of order.

The only chronology Goldin does not play around with is death. Goldin fears it, because it respects it. Her photographs of AIDs, trace a menology of parties, a wedding, a child, sickness, and a coffin. By presenting these images in traditional, linear order, Goldin shows not only the beauty of Muller maturing, but also, the suddenness of images of death. On one page, she looks serious in a wedding dress, on the next, her eyes are closed in her coffin. Goldin follows her subjects through multiple, years of photography, like Orlando’s narrative of a life. James Crumley writes, “Goldin’s imagery is unrelenting in that the photographs seem to build on themselves” (26). Such photographs also serve as visual history. In the introduction to Goldin’s book I’ll be your Mirror, Elisabeth Sussman writes:

As she continued to take pictures of her friends, she began to accumulate their histories, and history itself emerged as an imperative that would thenceforth govern her operation. By capturing the present, Goldin instinctively knew that the record would ultimately deliver the truth. (25)

Other Goldin photographs are juxtaposed onto singular large print, creating gridlocks of visuals, like a montage family tree. Thus, one is confronted by a grid of faces, does not know where to look, is overwhelmed by sheer abundance of images, not to mention Goldin’s zinging trademark colors. Such collage-type construction, echoing Woolf’s abundant layering of images, serves to multiply the central emotional motion of images: the tragedy of AIDS related death in the Gottescho series from Couples and Loneliness, or the base sexualizing of young men in pictures of Jon-Jon from I’ll be your Mirror. These images take their originality and their impact from (multiple) nonlinear representation.

Despite her deviation from chronology, at their heart, Goldin’s images still tell stories. Her structure remains largely narrative, derivative of Woolf’s work as writer. “Stepping
out of physical and psychic wholeness and into the fray of its surround, such works treat the subject paradigmatically, through literary or metaphorical forms of representation" (Feldman 43). The compelling subjects of her work make them narrative. The complexity of each subject's face holds a story. Goldin's documentative tracing of the lives, and deaths, of her friends ensures their place as protagonists in a continually unfolding drama. Goldin also shares with Woolf a penchant for metaphor and allegory. For Woolf, metaphors tend to be construed from physical objects, representing emotional states; for example, the lighthouse in To the Lighthouse and Mrs. Ramsey's inability to reach it. Goldin uses similar metaphors, often, as Woolf does, re-creating other artistic works or referencing history: "such works employ fictional or allegorical modes of representation that open themselves to multiple meanings and new art forms" (Feldman 10). "Gina and Bruce's dinner party, NYC, 1991" contrasts a Classical/romantic metaphors in the unfolding of her portrait of her parents next to a shot of a wax figure of her mother, Woolf's and Goldin's frustration with a culture where so many things were dictated. As she says, "I came from a culture where so many things were dictated...."

44 calling other artistic works or referencing his-cautiously into mirrors, crying, or bathing, with a sad-faced, plump drag queen in a neon party, NYC, 1991" contrasts a Classical/romantic modes of representation that open them-selves to multiple meanings and new art forms" (Feldman 10). "Gina and Bruce's dinner party, NYC, 1991" contrasts a Classical/Romantic image of the God of wine Dionysius with a sad-faced, plump drag queen in a neon sweater as well as the bowl of glistening, sexual (and fake, like Gina's "artificial" sexual-ity) fruit and a vase of lilacs—creating at least four representations of the standards of beauty, if not more. James Crump writes, "Goldin's many female model-friends[look] can barely hide their desire to be seen, crying, or bathing, sometimes Wally, sometimes Goldin, these portraits display myths of clas-sic beauty and grace" (26).

Goldin establishes less direct, more his-toric metaphors in the unfolding of her portraits. Some subjects, like David and Susan, she has been documenting almost continually since their young adulthood, thus, giving their pictures a kind of mythology all their own—much the way Woolf's Orlando, as Dunn writes, "even primary bedrooms aren't sanctuary as visited [sexually] by half-brothers" (45), so the bed loses its sexual sanctity. Instead, Woolf infused her drawing and living rooms, her parlors and other non-sexual domestic locations with loaded sexual longings, fear, and frustration. Woolf's and Goldin's frustration with conventional domesticity is reflective in their negative portrayal of the nuclear family. Woolf's wives, mothers, and daughters are always unhappy, looking onward or back-ward but never existing bodily, contently, in the present. The traditional family failed both Goldin, in her sister's suicide, and Woolf, in the sexual abuse her family. Though Goldin's photographs of her aging parents are rendered lovingly and patiently, she perhaps sums up her discontent best by arranging the portrait of her parents next to a shot of a wax dummy Coney Island couple in The Ballad of Sexual Dependency. As she says, "I came from a culture where so many things were dictated. In my family there was a high premium on being a male" (Goldin 153). In her work,

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"Reality is in Color" — Nobuyoshi Araki
Goldin dismisses the male head. Women, by themselves and with other women, occupy the positions of strength and power in her pictures, dominating the lens, filling the frame. Her work can be seen as a critique on the middle class. "When Goldin's camera visits Bourgeois interiors... she notes a decrease in such warmth, and with that, a failure of even ordinary human connection" (Kozloff 41).

Both artists' dissatisfaction with traditional family is evident in their attempt to create new ones for themselves. Woolf with the Bloomsbury Group and Goldin with her adopted circle of artists and bohemians. The latter notion of invented family is crucial to Goldin's work. After running away from her biological home, following her sister's death, the traditional family again failed Goldin in a series of unsuccessful foster homes. She only succeeded in finding a place for herself when she made her own family from societal outcasts—drag queens, prostitutes, artists. Only the dregs of society could redeem society for her; thus, her interest in picturing outsiders as a way to redeem photography. She writes, "I was interested in people who were re-creating themselves, as I was trying to do by leaving home. They had achieved some kind of liberation" (155).

Yet liberation of the self comes at what cost to community? AIDS has left a ravaging effect on Goldin's community, as did the war on Woolf's. Though societal ideals of the self and self-perceptions may be altered through Goldin's lens and Woolf's pen, society itself remains unchanged by the art and mostly unsympathetic—many of Goldin's friends are dead and Woolf committed suicide in 1941. Perhaps the illusionary world imagined by Goldin and Woolf is the only world, at present, that could hold their inventive views of self-creation. As Woolf writes in The Waves, "How can I proceed now, I said, without a self, weightless, without illusion?" (244).

References

1. And perhaps, metaphorically, to the lukewarm, somewhat confused response of the public at large to her images (very personalized portraits of friends), which have been accused of being exclusive and inartistic due to their snapshot aesthetic.

2. One wonders if Goldin's self-exposing later images of herself physically battered are latent attempt to recognize the denial inherent in everyday, constructed appearances.

3. Goldin rarely features other people in photographs where she bears marks of abuse—perhaps out of social shame?

4. Some might criticize Goldin's photographs of her abuse as self-benefiting, eliciting sympathy, yet as her work for AIDS activism suggests, the photographs perhaps emerge more out of an activist intention, as well as her continued commitment to honest documentation.

5. Initially feeling somewhat like an outsider after being gone for so long, Goldin's photographs of this transitional time reflect the strained, but fortunately fleeting, artificiality.

6. Or Woolf's husband, who, believing Vita to be no real "threat" to their relationship, tolerated her, and even grew to like her (Dunn).

7. Meuller also appeared in films, providing alternate representations for discussion.

8. Symbolizing frustrated heterosexuality (the phallic connotations inherent in the symbol are obvious)? Or, more indirectly, inability to reach domestic happiness, symbolizing by the lighthouse's beam?

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Editorial Notes

Editorial Policy:

A joint student and faculty journal, Articulate is published in the spring semester of each academic year and features student essays of literary and cultural criticism. Articulate will consider papers written by Denison undergraduates in any area of literary and cultural criticism, from any department or discipline.

Faculty members are encouraged to recommend particularly strong essays from their classes for publication in Articulate. As a special feature, every year Articulate will publish the winner of the Robert T. Wilson Award for Scholarly Writing.

During the review process, all information identifying the author is removed from the essay and the essays are read as anonymous works of writing. Each Articulate editor ranks the essays on a three point scale. After all submissions have been read, the editorial board meets to discuss and choose the essays to be published. The names and Slayter box numbers of the authors are not revealed until all decisions have been made.

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Submissions will be accepted throughout the academic year and should combine research with original insight. Submissions should not exceed fifteen typed, double-spaced pages, although essays of greater length which are of exceptionally high quality will be considered for publication. Please use MLA documentation.

Initial submissions should be in hard copy. Those writers selected for publication will be asked to submit an electronic manuscript of their work. Please submit your essay with your Slayter box number only on it, not your name. The journal accepts submissions at any time during the academic year.

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