

KENTUCKY PHILOLOGICAL REVIEW

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Editor's Note

In some ways, this edition of the KPR represents a bridge between the “covid” and “post-covid” eras. Although the pandemic is not over, we are learning how to live with its spectre and gradually easing back into a version of the life we knew before March 2020. This is the second double volume of a KPR that includes papers from an online conference and an in-person conference. As I write this, the in-person conference is still a few weeks away, but the emotions associated with reuniting with friends and colleagues are palpable. The theme for the 2023 conference is “recovery,” and we are all recovering and adapting in some way. For the first time in three years, we will witness in person how our friends and colleagues have changed. Some will have dealt with the terrible sadness of losing friends and loved ones; people we previously thought of as extroverts may have morphed into introverts; others may have found an affinity for solitude rather than gregariousness. Certainly, our home and work lives have merged in strange and sometimes uncomfortable ways, and our pets now have expectations of us that we are struggling to fulfill. What is beyond doubt, however, is how joyful this upcoming conference promises to be. Founding members, loyal attendees and new faces will be in evidence, but the enduring ambiance of our association will be the same as ever: welcoming, collegial and supportive.

As for our journal, we are following the same format as for the last double volume. Volume 37 of the journal will be published as an electronic document on our website (thekpa.org) before our March 2023 conference. The papers and creative work selected for publication from the 2023 meeting will comprise volume 38 and will be added to this document and re-published online and in physical form before the 2024 conference. Since we changed our submission process to an open format rather than a best of session format, everyone who presents at the conference is welcome to submit their work for consideration to be published in the journal, and I heartily encourage you to do so!

As always, I would like to thank all our contributors; our authorship includes people from every echelon of the profession, from emeritus professor to undergraduate student; this opportunity to publish alongside each other, share scholarship, and learn from each other has always been one of the special and distinguishing characteristics of our organization.

I would also like to extend my warmest thanks to the numerous members of the editorial board who have read and commented on each of the pieces included in this volume. There is very little reward or recognition for the time you put into making your colleagues' writing shine, and this reflects your enormous generosity and dedication to our journal and our profession.

Finally, I want to dedicate this volume of the journal to my two jewels of editorial assistants, Olyvia Neal and Jalyn Findley. Olyvia and Jalyn are graduating this semester, so this is their last year with the journal. I can't express how much I

will miss them; we have worked together for four years and they have been an invaluable part of any and all improvements we have made to the editorial process. Thank you both, so much, for all the hours of work you have put in to making our journal the best it could be, for your grace and humor, for your awesome MLA powers, for your support and flexibility every day that we have worked together. It has been my honor and privilege to work with you both.

In gratitude,

Karen Taylor
Morehead State University

2022 Presidential Address: Donne, With *Henry V*

By Scott D. Vander Ploeg
Independent Scholar

Common ground is a much-celebrated concept, though in my experience rarely arrived at. We come from such diverse backgrounds that it seemeth me it would be good to pause and examine our commonalities. In debate and other versions of argumentation, this is the beginning of reproachment, of finding the starting place for future constructive development, instead of being mired in rabid apoplectic attack-culture dynamics. Let's consider our common interests.

Let's begin by being Donne. "What," you listeners say, "are we finished already?" Those who listened to my speech were of course pondering how I've managed to conclude so quickly, and are possibly relieved not to have to endure a lengthy presidential speech, but what you don't see, but people reading this do see, is that the spelling on my speech draft has what you hear as "done," which you understandable construe to mean finished or quit or kaput is actually D-O-N-N-E, as in the poet and preacher John Donne. You who are reading this may have the opposite problem in understanding, because the title of this address is also potentially playing off of being Donne. Perhaps, then "with" in the title is additive?

You see what I did there: a kind of punning on Donne's name, which he did himself in various ways. I especially am fond of his sign-off in a letter to his wife from Fleet Prison: "John Donne, Anne Donne, Undone" ("John Donne"). The paronomasia in this witty ending inheres in the realization that being undone is polyvalent, so that it could be read as being defeated, to have succumbed to the penalty for having married above his station, which is why his father-in-law, George More, Lieutenant of the Tower, had him imprisoned.

Few here will remember the Guess Who song, "Undun," but that lyric suggests a similar situation of loss, as found in the refrain: "It's too late / She's gone too far / She's lost the sun / She's come undone." The lyric could also suggest that his situation is dire and his identity is at risk. His predicament is so constrained that he has lost himself or unraveled.

Another reading of *undone* is to have something that is normally fastened or closed, instead of open or unfastened, such as one's pants front. Prior to the 1890s invention of the zipper, buttons were a popular way to fasten clothes together, so to be undone might be to be unbuttoned. Is our poet Donne making a funny, perhaps causing his bride to blush at the prospect of undone Donne.

So, yes, language play is at the heart of what it means to be a philologist—one who loves language. When I mentioned this association at my former college, some of the less literate members of the faculty would scoff. Yes, scoffing was a fairly frequent activity there in the undergraduate program trenches. It was habitual. What those scoffers thought ridiculous though, was that there existed a philological

society at all. Sounded too highfaluting to their more pedestrian ears. One of my faculty friends there would scoff himself into a smirk. He taught accounting. I call that poetic justice.

It troubles me to hear that in certain camps of literary criticism, language is portrayed as something unlovable, a mechanism that gets in the way of meaning, that it is perceived as being all symbol and no vehicle, a false set of words that do not represent the *ding an sich*. Deconstructivist ideology would encourage us to believe that the word a poet uses is really an erasure, and that the sum of the alternative words not chosen is more meaningful than the one we have been given. Somehow this has always seemed to me to be the equivalent of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

I like the ambiguity example: "flying planes can be dangerous." It conveys the idea of danger from the act of flying a plane as well as the fear that one of them might drop down on our heads, or drop some munitions on us. The meaning is simultaneous. Is this a flaw of language? Both things are true, yes? Instead of being evidence of the failure of language, I think it is instead just great fun. I suspect you think language is pretty entertaining, too. What else do we philologists have in common? We like story. It is true that absolute linguists or Chomskian transformational generative grammarians might not have much to do with stories, but most of the rest of us find storytelling an essential component of what we celebrate. Here is an example of a micro-story:¹ "For sale: baby shoes. Never worn." Isn't it fascinating what so few words can convey? The imagination is triggered and we fill in the blanks.

Another important characteristic we share is that we are scholars. We study stuff. That means significant meditation on language and language-related issues. We frequent libraries, know how to find information (ask the librarian, for instance), and have trained to spend a great deal of time sitting and absorbing that information, or having sat for a sufficiency of the former, we spend a great deal of time explaining what we have discovered to others.

We tend toward being sedentary because of this work. We tend toward being visually myopic for the same reason. Unless we hold ourselves to regular exercise regimes, we are probably not the healthiest, probably a bit overweight, probably too fond of drink and other relaxation inducing substances. As the poet Marge Piercy has reportedly stated: "We poets are not a buff lot."

Do you recall the statement: "When I have a little money, I buy books; and if I have any left, I buy food and clothes?" This was uttered by one of the architects of the Renaissance, Desiderius Erasmus Roterodamus. I don't know as a certainty, but from being among throngs of academics at a great variety of conferences, I gather that we are not a financial powerhouse and tend to live modestly. Financial incentives are not why we join the professoriate. I heard a woman at a popular culture conference held at Central Michigan U complain that when she looked at the academics in the room, she had the notion that they had all raided a Sears for their clothing. It is not that we are ascetics and hermits, but we have chosen work that doesn't make us wealthy one-percenters.

I should add that we like sharing what we know with others, often in a classroom. We aren't vested in an attempt to build young personalities, as is true of elementary and secondary teachers, though I'm sure we tend to like it when we see something happen with students that suggests they are growing and absorbing our lessons. Our subjects are more restricted, more focused. We like to share. Students come to us because we have worked hard to know our subjects. Web searches for the most noble professions almost always show these three top results: farming, medicine, and teaching.

That bespeaks another common ground issue, and one that I want to emphasize above the others. We do this work because we have a passion for it, for language and story and what is sometimes called “the life of the mind.” This is our big pay-off, our true remuneration. We are thinkers, and though some might feel uneasy at being named as such, we are intellectuals. Granted, we don’t know everything, any one of us, but we do claim expertise in some particular areas, yes?

Why all of this concern over our shared interests, our generic characteristics as philologists, scholars, teachers? Because we are in trouble, and a shared sense of unity is needed now, more than ever. Not to claim we are at war *vis-à-vis* Henry V at Agincourt, but we are outnumbered and fatigued and the world around us has changed.

As I’m sure you noticed, the call for papers for KPA was extended to mid-January, from an earlier December date. This had been a fairly common action since before I took office as Executive Director back in 2001. It is so much standard fare now that it begs the question of why we have a December deadline at all. This is minor however, compared to the fact that the paper proposal submissions for the conference have been dwindling in number to the extent that it is not a sure thing we can really have a conference with too few presenters.

Where did they go? I don’t have data on the early conferences, but I know that at one point earlier this century the number of people who chose to present at KPA totaled over 140. That’s a hundred more than we have this year. One of our colleagues wonders if perhaps the goals have shifted and more newly minted professors don’t feel the need to write essays and give presentations anymore?

Granted (another *donne*), it’s a COVID year again, and online conferences do not appeal to all. Granted that professional development funds have been cut and we are less happy about conference fees because they become out-of-pocket expenses for us. Again, though, that the listeners to this address are looking at each other in tiny boxes on a screen indicates that this time the cost is only time and effort, not dollars and cents for travel and hotel nights (except for a modest registration fee).

But what is not granted is why there is apparently less enthusiasm for what KPA represents: the guild of scholars. I’d like to think the joy of language-play and the thrill of discovering a scholarly insight would be enough to overwhelm the forces arrayed against or perhaps indifferent to us. It used to be that even though KPA did not enjoy the highest status among academic conferences, we had stellar members of the professoriate attending and throwing down really good essays, if perhaps not the best that they saved for their academic specialization associations, or MLA. People came to KPA because they liked the networking, the chance to visit other schools and towns in the state, the potential for publication in an MLA-indexed journal. We had the reputation of being a friendly, engaging group, who listened to each other and engaged in meaningful discussion, *sans ego*. For us, ideas matter.

Something has changed about the younger members of the profession, or perhaps something in the academic institutions has changed. I’m not saying for the worse, but that the changes that have occurred, whatsoever they consist of, are causing KPA to seem an anachronism, a quaint throwback to the 70s when the idea of having a statewide self-started philological association had merit. Does it have merit now? Perception is giant, and I believe KPA has become unknown and overshadowed by a myriad of concerns the new Ph.D. must contend with. The question is how do we make it attractive to them to join us, how do we incentivize membership in KPA?

Note that we are making changes. We are enhancing the degree to which we are jurying the conference submissions. This may make us more attractive to department heads who count such in how they reward faculty for conference

participation. We are, thanks to Dom Ashby, archiving our *KPR* essays and have plans to make that retroactive, so that digital copies will be available through Eastern Kentucky University. This may help circulate our writings to a larger academic audience. And the journal remains MLA indexed, which is a real reward for getting published by us. What else should we do? If you have a suggestion, please get in touch and let us know.

Yes, you are the choir to whom I am preaching. How do we get the word of our essential relevance out to those who are not with us virtually today? If we want to see KPA continue, even thrive, we must feed it some effort. “We few, we happy few”² are enough to popularize our valor, and like the soldiers at Agincourt, ought to be able to take pride in what we do here, and by that pride cause others to want to join us. To paraphrase a bit more from *Henry V*:

And scholars in Kentucky now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
Who met with us upon KPA Conference Day.

So, in going out into battle, I charge you to become advocates for KPA. Speak to your colleagues about us. Tell your administrators what a hidden gem we are. Mention us to state representatives and senators. Write about us in letters to the editor. Tell other associations about us. How about this: bring a friend next year?

I will conclude with the notion that KPA has been beneficial to a great number of Kentucky scholars, myself included, that it is an institution that deserves to continue. I am proud to have been a member since 1993, largely because it has allowed me to get to know you, my band of virtual brothers and sisters.

And now, I’m all done/Donne.

Notes

¹ Legend attributes this 6-word story to Hemingway, but the attribution is thus far unproven.

² All references in this final section of the speech are from Shakespeare’s *Henry V* 4.3.60-67.

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Of Maggies and *Pearl* Maidens: Consolation and Medievalism in Central Kentucky Cemeteries

By Holly Barbaccia
Georgetown College

A small funerary marker for a toddler-aged girl in Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, provides a surprising object lesson in how much freedom artisans find within the narrowest formal constraints (see figures 1-2). The marker contains much conventional late nineteenth-century mortuary imagery: the willow tree, the lamb, the inscribed gravestone, and the mourning woman. The monument's medium is stone, its contextual setting the rural park cemetery. However, translating the common iconographic features to a three-dimensional dollhouse-scale sculpture makes a unique and appropriately bittersweet tribute to the departed child, "Our Bettie." I imagine the parent or stonemason who had the insight of creating this miniaturized monument as something the little girl herself would find charming, on her and other children's (such as siblings, if they existed) eye level, mommy reduced to a small plaything, death reduced to a short sleep.

Medieval authors as well as post-Civil-War-Era sculptors worked with a tightly circumscribed iconographic lexicon and with specific, limited, yet pliable tools of the trade. The *trick* of the artistic trade is often to make the general apply to the personal and vice versa, to produce meaningful emotional and artistic expressions in the space between public and private. No one gets through life without confronting death, the one and perhaps only universal experience. Most people therefore do not get through life without grief, and one of art's enduring functions is to offer solace. These general ideas apply to a specific style of late nineteenth-century mortuary monument found in most large-scale central Kentucky cemeteries, a model colloquially called in taphophile circles the "baby-in-a-half-shell" (Stott).

This type of monument first appeared in the 1850s and remained in vogue through the first decade of the twentieth century. The monument's design, in which a baby or young child appears sleeping within an oversized seashell, implicitly renders the dead child as an allegorical pearl, a rich symbol in multiple senses. In her study of the motif, Annette Stott observes that the imagery would have "provided consolation" to onlookers by emphasizing the child's worth and innocence and representing death as a temporary sleep. She connects the shell and pearl imagery to numerous art-historical, domestic-material, and other cultural sources. The literary resonances of the monuments reward further and deeper exploration, as does the connection between the statue type and medieval iconography adopted by nineteenth-century Americans. Illuminating this continuity may in turn shed light on what variables may have led individuals or families to opt for the seashell memorial style while also situating the imagery in a coherent tradition of spiritual and consolatory arts.

My own study of the sepulchral style originated in a cultural context shared by medieval, nineteenth-century American, and twenty-first-century people: plague. During the COVID-19 lockdown of 2020, I visited local cemeteries as a kind of pandemic hobby. My examples of the baby-in-a-half-shell monument are thus focused on central Kentucky cemeteries because that is where I live; my arguments emerge from the examples I observed during this fieldwork. I have found all the examples mentioned below in larger rural park cemeteries constructed circa 1850, around the time of the third cholera pandemic. These cemeteries would have been primarily or entirely for white Christian families of the middle or upper class. Extrapolating from this context, situating the cemetery iconography within a received Anglo-European Christian cultural context reveals lines of reception. That said, the baby-in-a-half-shell could and did become detached from an explicitly religious background as it reached a widening and increasingly secular modern market through major manufacturers like Ripley Sons and Sears and Roebuck towards and after the turn of the century.

Three passages in the New Testament provide the origin point for pearl symbolism in theology, literature, and art that were probably familiar to mid-nineteenth-century Christian Kentuckians. In Matthew, Jesus commands that Christians “Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast . . . pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you” (7.6). The Parable of the Pearl, also in the gospel of Matthew, states that “the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it” (Matthew 13.45-46). Then Revelation 21.21 describes “The twelve gates [of the New Jerusalem as] . . . twelve pearls, each gate being made from a single pearl.” These passages helped to shape early and later Christian articulations and interpretations of pearls as symbols.

Medieval bestiary lore influenced the culture Victorian-era Kentuckians inherited. The near-ubiquitous bestiary explication of pearls claims that oysters conceive pearls from heavenly dew. Therefore, in this scheme, oysters symbolize the Virgin Mary, the pearl Christ. Pearls persist as a Marian symbol and symbol of Christ and gain association with St. Margaret because of her name (from *margarita*, the Latin word for pearl). By extension, because of their physical features of roundness and whiteness, they come to represent maidenhood and purity more generally, innocence, perfection, and the soul and eternity, all relevant to Victorian symbology. Pearls also in medieval and later literature can represent beautiful beloved women, as in the Marguerite poetry of Guillaume de Machaut, where the French “marguerite” is a flower as well as a pearl; the English word “daisy” translates “marguerite” and carries many of the same associations. Pearls’ rareness and value make them an obvious fit for praising beautiful women, but they also continue to be associated with children and babies. For instance, in her seventeenth-century collection of carved pearl statuettes, Anna Maria Luisa de Medici had a small figure of a baby carved from pearl (Soth).

English and American literature of the nineteenth century registers all these implications of pearl symbolism. Romantic and Victorian poets compare beloved women to pearls or offer them symbolic pearl love gifts. More directly relevant to the cemetery statues, significant literary girlchildren appear with the symbolic name “Pearl.” An obvious example is Hester Prynne’s daughter in *The Scarlet Letter*, “that little creature, whose innocent life had sprung, by the inscrutable decree of Providence, a lovely and immortal flower, out of the rank luxuriance of a guilty passion” (Hawthorne 104). Hester “named the infant ‘Pearl,’ as being of great price, —purchased with all she had,—her mother’s only treasure!” (105). Hawthorne’s

description of Pearl's gestation hearkens to the bestiary pearl lore: Hester's pregnancy is a time during which "Pearl was imbibing her soul from the spiritual world, and her bodily frame from its material of earth" (105). Hawthorne has connected Pearl by virtue of her name with purity, innocence, spirituality, and worth. A less widely known poem from 1861 by English poet Gerald Massey circulated in various periodicals and recounted the "Legend of Little Pearl," a poor girl forced to labor who is visited by the "Christ-child":

"And would you like to come with me, [he asks,]
And wear this robe of whiteness?"
He bore her bundle to the door,
Gave her a flower when going:
"My darling, I shall come once more,
When the little bud is blowing." (43-48)

Pearl dies in the night when the rose blossoms, and she smiles in death, in the arms of her bereaved mother. Both Pearl maidens are flowers: their earthly lives are brief, and their souls are eternal and perfect.

Finally, Victorian literature also maintained the popular imagery of pearly gates, relevant to the sepulchral pearl-children statues. A novel whose influence on American mourning culture is well documented, *The Gates Ajar* by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, explicates the pearl in the pearly gates as "a vision; a symbol . . . of something, to be sure, and rich with pleasant hopes, but still a symbol" (78). This pearl symbolism is important for Christians and for Christian children and mourners, in particular. The whole novel is presented as the protagonist's journal, kept in the period after her beloved brother dies in the Civil War. The heroine discusses the gates of heaven with her aunt Winifred, who explains how she teaches her daughter, Faith, about the afterlife. She says:

I treat Faith just as the Bible treats us, by dealing in pictures of truth that she can understand. . . . There will be . . . pianos [in heaven] in the same sense in which there will be pearl gates and harps. Whatever enjoyment any or all of [these earthly things] represent now, something will represent then." (187)

She explains that she doesn't hesitate to reassure her daughter that all the things she enjoys in life she will enjoy after life, up to and including sweets and toys: "I sincerely believe that [Christ] would give her the very pink blocks which she anticipates, no less than He would give back a poet his lost dreams, or you your brother" (188). Ultimately, according to the novel,

The truth is [that God] has obviously not *opened* the [pearly] gates which bar heaven from our sight, but he has as obviously not *shut* them; they stand ajar, with the Bible and reason in the way, to keep them from closing; surely we should look in as far as we can, and surely, if we look with reverence, our eyes will be holden, that we may not cheat ourselves with mirages. (239)

The book is a mourning manual and consolation novel that deals in the purpose of artistic symbols and fictions for solace. Peering with spiritual eyes towards the semi-open pearly gates is encouraged, within reason.

We do not know whether Phelps read the fourteenth-century anonymous Middle English dream vision *Pearl*, but it resonates with her writing. It survived in only one manuscript and was published for the first time in 1864 in a Victorian world where

the aforementioned cultural associations of pearls had persisted. The poem's revival also contributed to the sizable body of Christian and Victorian pearl iconography. Because it is the version most likely to have related directly to the late nineteenth-century sepulchral trend of the baby-in-the-half-shell, Richard Morris's 1864 Early English Text Society edition provides the relevant text of the poem. Stott argues persuasively for the connection: "The revival of the medieval poem *Pearl* [as well as] illustrated fantasy literature such as *Water Babies*" and various kinds of domestic and material objects pertain to the memorials which she points out "provided viewers with an aesthetically and psychologically appealing decorative motif to help cope with emotional loss. Most parents could appreciate the concept of the child as a precious pearl or a sleeping innocent who would wake, in time, to a purer, heavenly world and reunion" with the family.

Morris's 1864 sidenotes for the *Pearl* poem interpret it explicitly and exclusively as a father's grief-stricken vision of his two-year-old daughter as she exists truly and forever, a pearl-bedecked bride of the Lamb in the richly bejeweled heavenly city. In the marginal notes, Morris summarizes the poem's opening frame thus:

Description of a lost pearl (i.e. a beloved child). The father laments the loss of his pearl. He often visits the spot where his pearl disappeared, and hears a sweet song. Where the pearl was buried there he found lovely flowers. Each blade of grass springs from a dead grain. In the high season of August the parent visits the grave of his lost child. Beautiful flowers covered the grave. From them came a delicious odour. The bereaved father wrings his hands for sorrow, falls asleep upon the flowery plot, and dreams. (1-2)

As these notations suggest, the poem and its Victorian marginalia coincided in a fascinating way with the late nineteenth-century American movement towards creating rural cemeteries to which mourners would want to go and spend time, beautiful parks and gardens where grieving family members could visit their loved ones and turn their spiritual gaze (within reason) towards the "gates ajar" where those lives truly and eternally went on and where families would awaken from this dream of life that is earthly existence. The setting encourages visionary spiritual rest and contemplation as the tall narrow obelisks and carved hands pointing upwards constantly reminded onlookers where to look for their dearly departed.

There is something dreamlike and otherworldly about the sudden sight among other monument types of a marble child sleeping peacefully in a fantastically gargantuan marble seashell. Marys and Margarets, Daisies and Minnies seem to have been popular subjects for baby-in-the-half-shell memorials. Two such monuments stand in the sprawling Lexington Cemetery, both dedicated to girls named Maggie (presumably short for Margaret). Both memorials have inscriptions that resonate with the lines above: Maggie Adams' reads "Not Lost but Gone Before" (see figure 3). Maggie Bissicks' reads: "'Who plucked that Flower' / Cried the Gardener / His fellow servant answered / The Master / And the Gardener held his peace" (see figure 4). Maggie Adams' death date is not listed, but Maggie Bissicks' is 1869 and her memorial substitutes acanthus leaves in the shape of a shell for an actual shell, underscoring the plant imagery in the inscription and the persistent association of Margaret/marguerite, pearl and daisy. Each time I have visited I have seen a different pearl bracelet left at this particular memorial, so viewers today are still making the association it is a modern medieval American shrine (see figure 5). These two memorials are otherwise quite different in size and scale. The Bissicks memorial presents an almost life-sized baby while the Adams

one presents a miniaturized doll-sized child (see figure 6). Stott refers to the fanciful proportions of children and scallops in memorials in this type, stating that only in fairy tales do babies fit into oyster or scallop shells. Additionally, the differing monument sizes, while certainly a consequence of monetary investment in the statue, also could relate to the composition of the grieving family. Families with surviving children might choose the smaller version in which the sleeping baby resembles a doll in her bed, something that could be on the child mourner's eye level like the little statue above for "Our Bettie." The larger version seems more cued to the grieving parents for whom a life-sized baby might be more conducive to stimulating consolatory experiences through the senses.

To conclude, surveying the range of possibility for this sculptural type and image helps elucidate their broader cultural context in Victorian medievalism. The earliest example I have observed in Kentucky of a pearl-maiden type of monument is for Mary "Minnie" Hoyt (d. 1862), a ten-year-old (see figure 7). Her bust is missing facial details today but conveys her maturity and almost imagines her more as a young woman than a child. Here, as in the Lexington cemetery, the name seems important to the choice of imagery, the pearl and Mary being long associated, but unless the statue was commissioned significantly after the child's death, it almost certainly wasn't influenced by the 1864 revival of the medieval *Pearl* poem—which is too bad because it's the sole example where the child seems to be imagined in some way as the woman she never became on earth. Of the memorials I have so far observed in Kentucky cemeteries where sex-gender is stated, over two thirds are definitely girls.² Of the girls, all except one are Maggie, Mary (one with Minnie as a nickname), or Minnie (possibly as a nickname for Minerva, the mother's name, or possibly once again as a nickname for Mary or Margaret). Moreover, Stott's centerpiece example is for a girl named Daisy (again, an English equivalent of Marguerite, "pearl"). Finally, a seemingly rare variation on the sepulchral statue type exists in the form of a lamb within a seashell, (see figure 8). These statues once more demonstrate the range of expressive possibility stone-carvers and commissioners found in the limited visual vocabulary available in this time and place while yet again bringing the medieval *Pearl* poem with its lamb-bride pearl-maiden to mind.

The above research sets the stage for further investigating and historicizing the memorial type; the possible connection to pearl nomenclature, which may be of a moment, might speak to the ways that late nineteenth-century American mourning culture deployed medievalism. The traditions discussed here shed light on the consolatory possibilities of art that is on one level generic and public and on the other potentially tailored to the specific and personal needs of the individuals. In suggesting that as the statue type gained popularity and that as the various "pearl-adjacent" literary works entered the mainstream people might have gravitated towards choosing the baby-in-a-half-shell memorial for children with certain characteristics, in particular girls with pearl-names, I open myself up to the kind of criticism James Earl once leveled at C.G. Osgood and Israel Gollancz who offered the "dubious contention . . . that the [*Pearl*] poet's daughter was probably named Margery. This theory [Earl judged] is certainly the simplest and most literalistic way of associating the maiden of the poem" with the iconography of pearls (3). But then again, my point is exactly that the interplay between spiritual and literal, conventional or generic and personal, is what gives mourning art its power to assist in the experience of grieving, something that is always different, always the same.



Figure 1. Our Bettie, d. 1873. Mt. Sterling, Kentucky (Machpelah Cemetery).



Figure 2. Our Bettie, d. 1873. Mt. Sterling, Kentucky (Machpelah Cemetery).



Figure 3. Maggie Adams. Lexington, Kentucky (Lexington Cemetery, Section K). Detail.



Figure 4. Maggie Hunter Bissicks, d. 1869. Lexington, Kentucky (Lexington Cemetery).



Figure 5. Maggie Hunter Bissicks, d. 1869. Lexington, Kentucky (Lexington Cemetery).



Figure 6. Maggie Adams. Lexington, Kentucky (Lexington Cemetery, Section K).



Figure 7. Mary Harrison "Minnie" Hoyt, d. 1862. Louisville, Kentucky (Cave Hill Cemetery).



Figure 8. Our Daughter, Danville, Kentucky (Bellevue Cemetery).

Notes

¹ All photos are by Holly Barbaccia.

² The rarer example (less than one-third) of boys' monuments featuring shells and acanthus leaves is an avenue for future research.

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Not our William Wallace: Masculine Heroism in Jane Porter's "Other" Historical Novel

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The past few decades have seen historical fiction criticism gradually diversifying its approaches and broadening its focus. New approaches have challenged the materialist critique so prominent in the 20th century, particularly championed by Georg Lukács in his seminal *The Historical Novel*. Once, critics such as David Brown, Avrom Fleishman, and James Reed, took it for granted that the true historical novel features a realistic worldview, focuses on political clashes, resists romantic and Gothic components, and understands history as a changing force on individuals. For a time, criticism distinguished easily between the handful of serious historical novels and piles of romantic potboilers. That simplified, reductive reading did not allow for nuance and has proven a less reliable critical model in the long run, as various studies now demonstrate the multiple practices within the genre. The materialist critique based on Lukács usefully recognized historiography as a dialectical process, but it also hindered critical assessments of the genre and misrepresented its relationship to the novel as a whole. In this way and others, Lukács has proven "as much an obstacle as a guide" (Hamnett 6).

As the criticism diversifies, it still struggles to situate Jane Porter, the Anglo-Irish sentimental novelist and historical novel pioneer whose *The Scottish Chiefs* preceded Walter Scott's *Waverley* and remained popular throughout the nineteenth century. While we seem to have moved beyond simply ignoring her, efforts to understand her contribution are hamstrung by attempts to compare Porter's achievement with Scott's. Porter's historical novel does not lead obviously to Scott's, so long as we understand Scott only via a materialist and realist critique. Some critics have persuasively argued for Porter's influence within the genre's development, most notably Fiona Price, who attributes to her the innovation of an alternative or "other" historical novel ("Resisting"). This alternate form does not emphasize history as a changing force, argues Price, but instead emphasizes continuity and the importance of shared stories of heroism and suffering. But if Porter indeed created a distinct type of historical novel different from what followed, what happened to it? What is its trajectory, if not simply the obscure fate of becoming an untried "alternate" other?

As I will argue, Porter's novels do in fact connect to Scott, as may be seen clearly if we examine their strikingly heroic masculine protagonists. If she does not obviously lead to the more realistic *Waverley* or *The Heart of Midlothian*, she does convincingly influence *Ivanhoe*'s lush medievalism and the super-heroics of *The Talisman*. Specifically, Porter contributes mightily to historical romance, if not to the critic's preferred historical novel. It is not that Porter's historical novel

disappeared; it is simply that its type, much admired and imitated by Victorians, has been critically neglected for over a century. An idealized, romanticized, even worshipful masculine heroism is one clear way to describe the trajectory from Porter through Scott to his Victorian imitators, and such masculine heroism is on full display in the depiction of Scots patriot William Wallace in her best-known novel, *The Scottish Chiefs*.

Before measuring Porter's male hero against Scott's, we pause to clarify what Price means by this "other" type of historical novel. In place of the dialectical process model posited by Lukács, Price argues that Porter "uses history to promote a narrative of ongoing, disinterested patriotism" ("Resisting" 640). This patriotism is expressly Christian, as Price notes of *The Scottish Chiefs*: "the true patriot is primarily a Christian and . . . his role is defensive, not offensive" ("Introduction" 14). Wallace's compassionate and moral ardor "might not be to everyone's taste, [but] the novel constructs an ideal patriotism" (Price, "Introduction" 14). This patriotism and this version of history is also expressly masculine. Porter wrote few historical novels, but her protagonists are all men; such was the norm for the genre regardless of the novelist's sex. Historical writing at the time implied that history's meanings could only be found outside the feminine domestic sphere. The "other" historical novel's key features—a disinterested moral patriotism, an emphasis on continuity rather than change, heroic tales to promote virtues supranational and perhaps supernatural—may all be seen in Porter's characterization of William Wallace.

However, if Scott learned anything from Porter's William Wallace, that fact was obscured from the first by his own dismissive reaction as recorded by a fellow Scotsman. This episode is useful in establishing the gender territoriality of the genre. In *Anecdotes of Scott*, James Hogg recorded that Scott "wished to think . . . well" of *The Scottish Chiefs* and even acknowledged it "as a work of genius" (71). Yet Scott found himself unable to accept Porter's sentimentalized version of a revered Scottish hero: "But, Lord help her! Her Wallace is no more our Wallace, than Lord Peter is. . . . It is not safe meddling with the hero of a country, and, of all others, I cannot bear to see the character of Wallace frittered away to that of a fine gentleman" (71). Despite the compliments he pays, then, Scott is scornful and dismissive, the healthy skeptic whose apparent loathing of sentimentality would so appeal to Lukács and to generations of historical novel critics that applied his realistic evaluation too broadly (Robertson 48). Scott's dismay leads Thomas McLean to comment that "[b]ased on Scott's recorded response—even allowing Hogg's probable embellishment of the conversation—it would be difficult to award Porter much credit in the development of the British historical novel" (93). That settles that, or so it seems.

A few contextual items about this episode should be noted. Firstly, the passage appears in the midst of Hogg's encomiums on Scott's manliness—indeed, it is immediately followed by his pronouncing Scott "the best formed man I ever saw . . . a perfect model of a man for gigantic strength"; he describes Scott's taking part in a muscle measurement contest and besting "a number of the young heroes . . . to their great chagrin" (71). The juxtaposition strongly suggests a gendered rebuff of a female novelist into masculine territory: that is, it is not women's business to depict a masculine political hero, a leader of nations. Secondly, by 1834 when Hogg's book appeared, the Waverley Novels were already being touted as the essence of manful entertainment, peculiarly healthy, decidedly un-feminine, a common assessment throughout the century.¹ This phenomenon Ina Ferris has characterized as a "manly intervention . . . establishing novel writing as a literary activity and legitimating novel reading as a manly practice" (79-80). Thirdly and perhaps most

importantly, Hogg's anecdote records a moment in 1810, four years before the publication of Scott's *Waverley*. It therefore records Scott implying what he *would* or *might* do with similar subject matter, not what he *did* do as the famous Author of *Waverley*.

What then did Porter do with William Wallace in *The Scottish Chiefs*? The answer is simple: she romanticized, idealized, and depoliticized him. It is not what Scott *might have done* in 1810 and not what he *did* do with Charles Stuart in *Waverley*. But it is very similar to what Scott did do with Richard I in *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman*. And it is even more similar to what a century or more of historical romancers would do with their historical male warrior heroes.

The Scottish Chiefs takes an idealized, even a devout, view of the insurgent career of William Wallace, contrasting his behavior as general and nobleman with that of petty, jealousy-driven Scots chieftains—thus measuring the titled aristocrat, gentleman by definition, against the “natural” aristocrat, gentleman by behavior. By pitting Wallace against these greater-but-lesser men, Porter celebrates him as leader, hero, gentleman, and Christian—all by emphasizing his physical beauty, superhuman strength and agility, godlike virtues, selflessness, and self-control. Much like Mel Gibson's film, *Braveheart*, *The Scottish Chiefs* traces Wallace's career from his being forced into Scotland's wars against England, through several glorious victories, to his defeat by treachery, to a heroic and inspiring martyrdom, and finally to his legacy: the eventual triumph of the Scots at Bannockburn. The portrayal is rampantly, joyously ahistorical, although it is an undeniably exciting read that features plenty of historical tidbits. In short, it is the primal stuff of historical romance, and historical romance—not serious historical fiction—was the popular and influential Victorian version, as practiced by W. H. Ainsworth, G. P. R. James, Edward Bulwer-Lytton, and occasionally by more serious authors such as Charles Dickens, Anthony Trollope, and William Thackeray.

Since the novel's heroic tone and incidents are predicated on Wallace himself, it should be noted that Porter's William Wallace is less the “fine gentleman” of Scott's dismissal than the subject of hagiography (qtd. in Hogg 71): he is “a wonder of a man” (200), with a “god-like countenance” (316), “the most perfect of manly forms” (428), with a physical presence simultaneously sexualized and ennobled, both dangerous and docile. Porter writes:

She started at the appearance of Wallace; but it was not his garments dropping gore, nor the blood-stained falchion in his hand, that caused the new sensation; it was the figure breathing youth and manhood; it was the face, where every noble passion of the heart had stamped themselves on his perfect features; it was his air, where majesty and sweet entrancing grace mingled in manly union. (200)

At once the embodiment of Scotland and “the perfect exemplar of all nobleness” (333), Porter's Wallace also displays God/Christ-like qualities that both inspire and frustrate the novel's other major characters, especially those for whom he serves as the object of a gaze. For Edwin Ruthven, his worshipful apprentice, his is a pattern to emulate, even unto sacrificial death. And in this emulation at the hero's elbow, we see the stuff of G. A. Henty's historical romances featuring young men drinking up the warrior's example: *Under Drake's Flag*, *With Frederick the Great*, *With Lee in Virginia*, and so on. For the devout Helen Mar, Wallace is the object of an earthly desire that dares not rise to the surface, that must be sublimated in piety: ““He is not a being of this earth, Edwin. We must learn to imitate him, as well as to . . . to revere him. I do revere him: With such a sentiment as fills my heart when I bend before the altars of the saints”” (334). Such characterization of male-warrior-as-earthly-saint

fits Porter's Wallace into a providential view of history in which God's right men appear at God's right moment to do his will, to effect the changes necessary to history, however tragically. Bulwer-Lytton profitably spun this type of historical tapestry after Scott's death in romances like *The Last of the Barons* and *Harold, The Last of the Saxons*. And the providentially guided saintly warrior became a mainstay in dozens of historical romances, often intended for juveniles, typically penned by devout Anglicans both male and female.

For Helen's stepmother Joanna Mar, the most interesting of his admirers, Wallace is the object of raw lust and ambition, and it may be this feature as well as Joanna's agency and extravagant conduct that alienated and embarrassed Scott upon reading *The Scottish Chiefs*. The attempts of Joanna, this "guilty woman" (306), to lure Wallace into an affair leads her to inevitable disappointment, causing her to forsake even the appearances of female propriety. At one point in her scheming (and contrary to history), she even dons armor and battles alongside Wallace. Indeed, understanding what is actually distinctive about the novel may depend much on accounting for the dominance of Joanna Mar, whose like is rarely seen again in nineteenth-century historical novels in English (although similar characters do appear in French variants, like Milady de Winter in Dumas's *Les Trois Mousquetaires*). But the emphasis on intrigue and sexual temptation may have led Scott to consider the entire affair a domestic-sphere melodrama: a belittling of historical events to a group of lustful women pining after and scheming for a "fine gentleman" (Scott, qtd. in Hogg 71).

Considering these predilections or habits of Porter, the question becomes one of influence, and therefore one of similarities: between Porter's Wallace and Scott's heroes, and thus to the decades of imitators. As a genre focused on masculinities even when the authors were women, the historical novel generally reveals common features in its male protagonists, as may be seen in one important critic's observation. While Fleishman accepted many of the preferred materialist criteria for evaluating the genre, he also noted that observing the concept of the gentleman/nobleman across different historical periods and contexts was Scott's "ulterior social motive in his choice of historical subjects," and that contrasting titled with "natural" aristocrats is one of the few themes that can be traced across the entire series of Waverley Novels (52). In other words, a unifying feature of Scott's—and by extension, of the genre in the nineteenth century—is a description of "true" manly behavior, achieved by weighing worthwhile examples against inferior copies. This observation about Scott precisely describes the gender dynamic of *The Scottish Chiefs*. Porter and Scott may arrive at different ideals of manliness, but they are both busily seeking and constructing them in their novels.

Tracing these masculine ideas and ideals brings clarity to Porter's role in the historical novel's development. The stumbling block, as I indicated before, has not been that Porter and Scott are irreconcilably different; rather, it has been that the criticism has preferred and emphasized one type of Scott's novels to the other. Scott's work has always been separated into two piles: the Scottish novels and the non-Scottish or Chivalry novels. The Scottish novels (e.g., *Waverley*, *Rob Roy*, *The Heart of Midlothian*) have been the preferred variety of critics even prior to Lukács' work. Reliant on recent history, local lore, even living eyewitnesses, these novels emphasize Scott as journalist, firsthand observer, compiler, historian. As such, they matched the prevalent bend of the novel towards realism, and also perfectly suited Marxist/materialist ideas about history. Further, they fit gender stereotypes about male seriousness and rationality. On the other hand, the Chivalry novels (e.g., *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *The Talisman*) were the popular favorites, the works that made Scott an international bestseller. Reliant on legend, Gothic atmosphere, and

idealized male heroics, these novels emphasize Scott as romancer, storyteller, poet, and bard. They suited the nineteenth century's contra-realism tastes: the fanciful medievalism, fascination with ghost tales, Gothic revival architecture. They were fairly useless to materialist critiques, so the long-standing practice has been to ignore them in critical assessments. As this narrow, exclusionist view changes, Porter's influence should become more apparent.

It is fair to say that Porter's historical fiction does not obviously lead to Scott's more political, realistic, journalistic brand of novels. It is inaccurate, however, to call hers an alternate or other variety—a sort of prototype that did not pan out. The trajectory from Porter to Scott's Chivalry novels is evident; it may be seen in their similar versions of male protagonist. The trajectory from Porter *beyond* Scott is even more apparent.

By critics, it is usually conceded that Porter's is a less serious production; it is "teleological and primarily ahistorical" (Morton, *William Wallace* 27), a national tale rather than a true historical novel, with an emphasis on the moral utility of history quite different from Scott (Price, "Introduction" 30). Such distinctions make for neat boundaries but are holdovers from broad applications of the Lukácsian critique, which downplay the complexity of the Waverley Novels as a complete *oeuvre* and do not recognize the flexible, all-purpose nature of the genre for Victorians. Put another way, if by looking at historical novels via Lukács means we can disregard Porter, we can also disregard much of Scott and nearly all the Victorians. In 1850 Porter herself, in fact, claimed that her novels led not only to the Waverley Novels but also to the popular novels of James, the author of *Richelieu* and the kind of romancer that most criticism has ignored:

I own I feel myself a kind of sibyl in these things. . . . And what a splendid race of the like chroniclers of generous deeds have followed, brightening the track as they have advanced! The author of 'Waverley' and all his soul-stirring 'Tales of my Landlord', &c. Then comes Mr. James, with his historical romances on British and Foreign subjects, so admirably uniting the exquisite fiction with fact, that the whole seems equally verity. (Porter, qtd. in "Miss Jane Porter" 221)

While she frequently asserted her role as the inspirer of Scott's novels (McLean 95), it should be remembered that the mid-nineteenth-century reader understood Scott to be a romancer, not the historian-cum-journalist of the Lukácsian authenticity test. He was the Wizard of the North, not its compiler, chronicler, curator. By claiming both Scott and the more romantic James as descendants, Porter makes it clear that she saw continuity. She thus intuitively describes the trajectory of her influence, at the same time confirming Price's argument for an historical novel that promotes an economically and politically disinterested patriotism, that wields power only to bring about moral ends (Price, "Resisting" 640). Such features as Price identifies are to be found in Porter, in some of Scott, and certainly in James, Ainsworth, Bulwer-Lytton, Charles Kingsley, Henty, and so on. Porter's is therefore only an "other" historical novel because it was othered by twentieth-century criticism. Twenty-first-century criticism should recognize and rectify the error.

Notes

¹ See Bagehot, who cites the "peculiar healthiness which distinguishes [Scott]" (46); "over all [his subjects] he has spread the glow of sentiment natural to a manly mind, and an atmosphere of generosity congenial to a cheerful one" (66).

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“Good Traders in the flesh”: Pandarus and the Audience

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While few would deny the centrality of Geoffrey Chaucer and William Shakespeare to the development of English literature, it is curious how rarely they told the same tale from the same source; their contribution to literature is one of style and temperament, rather than the establishment or embellishment of a central national narrative like the Arthurian legends. One story they did both tell (Chaucer in his *Troilus and Criseyde*, circa 1380-1387, and Shakespeare in *Troilus and Cressida*, first printed 1609) is of special note for comparative purposes, as it had its source in the work of another well-known author, *Il Filostrato* by Giovanni Boccaccio (circa 1335-1340). While most of the principal characters are named in Homer's *Iliad* and parts of the story developed in short Latin romances, “Boccaccio invented the whole first part of the story, from the lovers' first sight of one another to the consummation scene,” as well as introducing the character of Pandaro (Barney xii). This chain of authorship allows us to examine the way Chaucer engages and changes his source as well as the way Shakespeare engages and changes Chaucer.¹

At its core, the story of the Trojan lovers Troilus and Cressida has always been a story of sexual attraction and consummation told with little reference to or regard for marriage and procreation. It has also been a story that even in the most charitable reading raises questions about Criseyde/Cressida's² consent and fidelity in her sexual relationships, first with Troilus and later with the Greek Diomedes. To summarize, Cressid is a Trojan widow and daughter of a man who has defected to the Greeks. Her uncle, Pandarus, is friends with Troilus, a prince of Troy, and Pandarus agrees to help Troilus woo Cressid. After the relationship is consummated, Cressid is traded to the Greeks to obtain the release of a Trojan prisoner. Despite her insistence that she will be faithful, she begins a love affair (under considerable duress) with the Greek warrior Diomedes. Learning of this, Troilus attempts to fight Diomedes. Chaucer concludes his tale with Troilus being killed in battle, Shakespeare with Troilus angrily abusing Pandarus and storming off. As it has become more commonplace to explore medieval and Early Modern texts through lenses other than that of heteronormative Judeo-Christian models of sexual relationships, the ambiguous sexuality and shadowy desires of Pandarus in each text have been of increasing interest to critics of the last fifty years. Friend of Troilus and uncle of Cressid, Pandarus performs his role as matchmaker so eagerly that his name has become synonymous with a trader in female flesh.³

While there is little question that *something* untoward may be behind Pandarus's ostensibly benevolent act of bringing Troilus and Cressid together, critics have struggled to identify precisely what motivates Pandarus without disrupting the entire

interpretive framework of the texts. Pandarus as a sexual other demands a centrality from modern interpretation that distorts both texts far beyond the traditional interpretation as an examination of heteronormative love and jealousy. One way out of this interpretive quandary is to simply ignore Pandarus's queerness,⁴ but modern productions of Shakespeare's version have instead foregrounded it to a notable extent. David Bevington notes:

Ever since the play was first revived in the early twentieth century, directors have seen Pandarus as a vapid social butterfly, a pathological nanny, a diseased wretch, and a syphilitic, mincing drag queen. He has been fitted out in top hat and Ascot attire, a blazer, and a giant dildo. (Pandars 63)

Similarly, once one focuses on certain scenes between Pandarus and Criseyde in Chaucer, especially the conversation and *pleye* they engage in the morning after the consummation of her relationship with Troilus, it becomes clear that the sexual relationship between Troilus and Criseyde is only one of several sexual possibilities raised in the poem, and perhaps not the most important one.

Chaucer, by inventing or embellishing scenes of intimacy from his source material in Boccaccio and showing a potential seduction between Pandarus and Criseyde, can present Pandarus as seducing or possessing Cressid in a way Shakespeare's Pandarus does not. Shakespeare, by excising these scenes of intimacy between Pandarus and Criseyde, essentially ungenders Pandarus and directs attention to him as a bawd rather than potential lover. The vicissitudes of history and reception did not leave him much else to do with Chaucer's character, who had already become a byword for bawdry and prostitution. Chaucer makes the reader a voyeur and participant in a questionable seduction; in contrast, by his changes to the Pandarus character, Shakespeare makes Pandarus a vehicle for the audience's social criticism.

In both texts, Pandarus's interactions with the lovers prior to the consummation of their affair are very similar. In each case, Pandarus does most of the decision making for his niece and controls most of the action on the part of Troilus. As Gretchen Mieszkowski notes of Chaucer's Pandarus, he is developed with clear hints of heterosexuality, incestual desire, and homosexuality,⁵ and he reserves the courtship of Criseyde entirely for himself (142-44). In a sense, he substitutes his own erotic imagination for theirs; in both texts, Troilus is overwhelmed and rendered imaginatively (and possibly physically) impotent at the thought of sex, while Cressid is continually more acted upon than acting. This is true even in Shakespeare's play, where Cressida soliloquizes her attraction to Troilus at the end of her first scene on stage: "But more in Troilus thousandfold I see / Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be" (1.2.275-76) while ending her speech with an admission that she is unwilling to act on her attraction because of her own fear of abandonment if she should give in to her desire. She believes that "Men prize the thing ungained more than it is" (1.2.280). In this play, she is as desirous of, and reliant on, Pandarus's facilitation of the affair as Troilus himself, although of necessity she must remain silent about her desire until she knows it will not only be reciprocated, but respected and honored after the fact.

That marriage is never even hinted at (and is in fact parodied, as we shall later see) points to the constrained nature of female desire in the play; it seems the best she can hope for is to become the mistress of a much more powerful man, and as such is running all the risk of any sexual encounter. Carolyn Dinshaw's observation of Chaucer's Criseyde is perhaps even more apt of Shakespeare's: "Criseyde, in response to society's patriarchal demands upon her, ultimately shapes her desires in

accordance with how she is herself desired” (55-56). While she may enthusiastically consent to become Troilus’s lover, she has no means of entering into any kind of relational equality with him, a situation that ultimately repeats itself with Diomedes at the end of the play. Whether Cressida could have been otherwise than she is remains very much an open question in Shakespeare’s play, where Pandarus is the easiest route to her destination.

Pandarus has more work to do in Chaucer’s version, where he is simultaneously helped and hindered by Criseyde’s status as a widow and daughter of a traitor. Like Shakespeare’s Cressida, she has no male protector to ensure her place in society; in fact, Pandarus’s main ploy to make her Troilus’s lover is to enlist Troilus as her patron and protector against false charges Pandarus has himself invented. On the other hand, and unlike Shakespeare’s version, her sexual availability is determined by her status as a widow. Widows played an outsized and potentially destabilizing role in the sexual imagination of 14th-century England, a fact Chaucer was later to utilize while creating the Wife of Bath (Hanawalt 60). The combination of the innocent helplessness, dependence upon her uncle, and presumed sexual voraciousness of Criseyde is a transgressive template that Pandarus, and by implication Chaucer’s narrator himself, can inscribe with his own intrigues and notions of romance. The plots employed by Pandarus to sexually manipulate her determine his character in ways Chaucer’s audience would have recognized from their own knowledge of classical and medieval romance.

The question of how Chaucer’s audience would have interpreted and reacted to Pandarus’s facilitation of the affair between Troilus and Criseyde has been thoroughly investigated by Mieszkowski. Her key insight is that there were two distinct literary traditions depicting a go-between available to Chaucer, and that the ambiguity surrounding Pandarus’s role is his simultaneous possession of characteristics from each tradition. He has many characteristics of the idealized go-between, who traditionally aids two people, often aristocrats, in overcoming the obstacles placed in the way of their love; however, he also sees love quite cynically and is more than willing to use tricks and plots to subvert Criseyde sexually without much concern for her consent. These are characteristics Mieszkowski identifies with the go-between who serves the lust of the male patron in a series of popular yet thoroughly misogynistic ‘romances’ designed to titillate by demonstrating sex as an exercise of masculine power (134-35). This ambiguity in Pandarus’s role puts the reader in an awkward position; without the stereotype of either kind of go-between to guide the reader’s reaction, the unfolding seductions certainly present a voyeuristic and transgressive experience for the reader, one only intensified by the question of Criseyde’s consent in her seduction. This closely fits Ronald Huebert’s definition of voyeurism:

a mode of observation that transgresses an acknowledged boundary. For the voyeur, the pleasure and value of the experience derive in part from its transgressive character. The object of the voyeur’s gaze may or may not be aware of being watched, and the voyeur’s experience will certainly be altered by any such awareness. The voyeuristic experience is by definition paradoxical, in part because it includes both a yearning for intimacy and a desire to remain distant on the part of the voyeur. (111)

By unsettling the reader’s expectations while at the same time inviting the reader to share in a much more detailed description of the lovemaking between Troilus and Criseyde than Shakespeare provides, Chaucer has manipulated the reader into an identification with Pandarus, who plays quite an active role in the lovemaking itself.

There is a further identification here, as well. Many critics have noted the affinity of Chaucer's narrator and Pandarus, as well as the narrator's evident affection for, and attraction to, Criseyde; E. Talbot Donaldson has observed that Chaucer creates a sense of sympathy for her by rendering her ambiguous in all of her actions while making his narrator absolutely smitten with her (80-84), and Dinshaw has remarked upon the similarities between the narrator's role as translation and Pandarus's role: "both of these mediating acts, pandering and translating, are substitutes for amorous action . . . and both activities yield vicarious pleasures" (48). Together, the narrator and Pandarus are the writers of an incestuous romance; they share vicariously in the consummation of the love between Troilus and Criseyde, and re-enact the consummation either figuratively or literally the next morning. In the constant identification of Pandarus with Chaucer's narrator, even to the point that both remain in the room with the lovers as they consummate their love, Pandarus's attentions to Criseyde ultimately can be read as indicating sexual desire. Of course, the reader is invited to remain in the room as well in an act of literary voyeurism.

In both texts, Cressid overtly acknowledges Pandarus's role in sexually manipulating her when she speaks to him the morning after the consummation, in Shakespeare with "Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle! / You bring me to do—and then you flout me too" (4.2.26-27) and in Chaucer with "'God help me so, ye caused al this fare, / Trowe I,' quod she, 'for all youre wordes whyte'" (3.1566-67). While in neither case does her anger seem lasting nor particularly genuine, there is little doubt that Chaucer's Criseyde had not previously consented to Pandarus's scheme that ended with Troilus in the bed where she lay naked, and we have already seen that Shakespeare's Cressida would not have been willing to stake her reputation on Troilus without Pandarus's facilitation. In both cases, Pandarus teases Cressid for her sexual activity the evening before, with one crucial difference. Shakespeare has Troilus present during the morning-after exchange, and he enters into the sexually charged mocking with the same limited capacity he displays in every other aspect of his romantic life, laughing at Cressida's presumably innocent directive "My lord, come you again into my chamber" and forcing her to defend herself with "You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily . . . Come, you are deceived. I think of no such thing" (4.2.38,40). In Chaucer, however, Troilus has already left before Pandarus enters, and here Chaucer introduces a remarkably ambiguous scene between Pandarus and Criseyde that has no precedent in Boccaccio:

With that she gan hire face for to wrye
 With the shete, and wax for shame al reed;
 And Pandarus gan under for to prie,
 And seyde, 'Nece, if that I shal be ded,
 Have here a swerd and smyteth of myn hed!'
 With that his arm al sodenly he thriste
 Under hir nekke, and at the last hire kyste.
 I passe al that which chargeth nought to seye.
 What! God foryaf his deth, and she al so
 Foryaf, and with here uncle gan to pleye,
 For other cause was ther noon so.
 But of this thing right to the effect to go:
 Whan tyme was, hom til here hous she wente,
 And Pandarus hath fully his entente (3.1569-82)

In Barry Windeatt's translation:

And, saying this, she made a move to hide
Under the sheet, for she was blushing red;
But Pandar, lifting up a corner, pried
Within, remarking 'Well now, strike me dead!
Where is that sword of mine? Chop off my head!'
And, with a sudden thrust, his hand slipped past
Under her neck; he kissed her then at last.
I will pass over all that needs no saying;
God let him off his death, and so did she;
There they were, laughing happily and playing,
There was no reason why they should not be.
But to my purpose in this history;
When the time came, home to her house she went;
Pandarus had accomplished his intent. (339-40)

Entente here is a tricky word; it can, and likely does, refer to the fulfillment of Pandarus's plan to bring Troilus and Criseyde together sexually. However, unlike the go-betweens that form the collective literary source for Chaucer's Pandarus, his reward is not financial; as Mieszkowski notes, it lies in his presence at the consummation and his encounter with his niece the following morning (172-73). Here Pandarus has gone beyond the narrator; no longer a voyeur, he is an active participant in some kind of *pleye* with his naked niece. Given that *pleye* often has a sexual meaning in Chaucer's other work and is also paired with *entente* in the "Prologue to the Wife of Bath's Tale," it appears that Pandarus's *entente* here is of a sexual consummation beyond the voyeurism of the narrator and reader. Shakespeare's Pandarus, for all his undoubted queerness, never engages in anything so brazen.

Part of Shakespeare's creative starting point with Pandarus was that his precursor had entered into the popular vernacular in a very specific way. As Donaldson rightly surmises, Chaucer's Pandarus is self-aware that he is acting as a procurer would, but Chaucer does not explicitly name him one. By Shakespeare's time, *pander* had already come to mean procurer, largely as a result of Chaucer (102-3). Given this, Shakespeare's hand was somewhat forced; what Chaucer had left implicit, popular culture had very much made explicit. This allows the audience to locate any sexual deviance in Pandarus in his role as bawd, rather than Pandarus as potential lover of his niece, and subsequently critique his role rather than participate in it. As such, Shakespeare's Pandarus has attributes of the stage manager character who manipulates others to achieve a romantic match, like Prospero in *The Tempest* and Rosalind in *Romeo and Juliet*. Unlike Prospero and Rosalind, however, Pandarus is not arranging a marriage, although his words and actions just before the match's consummation are similar in form, if not identical in meaning, to a marriage ceremony:

I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's. If ever you prove false to one another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name: call them all panders. Let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between panders! Say 'Amen.' (3.2.192-99)

Despite this relatively high-flown rhetoric, Pandarus's real interest is revealed in words that directly precede this parody of marriage: "Go to, a bargain made" (3.2.192).

What is most curious, however, is that the terms of this 'bargain' or how Pandarus stands to benefit from it remain unclear throughout the play. The compensation, however perverse, that Chaucer's Pandarus receives is fairly clear: he takes definite voyeuristic and quite probably first-hand pleasure in the seduction of his niece. Harry Berger may have been the first to note the motiveless nature of Shakespeare's Pandarus:

Chaucer had carefully given his Pandarus motives of compensation—he is a frustrated lover who enjoys intrigue, derives vicarious pleasure from the affair he is arranging, and occasionally reveals his privation in vague suggestions of lust or prurience. Shakespeare discards all this. The motive of compensation is shifted to Thersites, and no reasons at all are given for Pandarus' behavior. (133)

Berger's observation applies to the reasoning behind having Pandarus speak the Epilogue of the play, like Rosalind and Prospero, and, like them, the subject matter of his address points to a recurring theme in the play: in this case, the valuation of human needs and desires.

Unlike Chaucer's version, war is omnipresent in Shakespeare's play due to his inclusion of many scenes in the Greek camp. However, we do not see the grand illusion of war as heroism; throughout, we are given self-serving speeches and actions, gross insubordination, and the literal trade in female flesh. Even the climactic battle scene involves bastards fleeing bastards and the massacre of an unarmed Hector while Achilles looks on. Shakespeare presents this without comment in the form of a character whose fixed perspective we may rely on; as Berger notes, "he assumes nothing about, and demands nothing from, the audience. He suggests that their characters will determine their responses, and their responses reveal their characters. In effect, then, he presents the play as an ink-blot test" (125).

As Pandarus delivers the Epilogue, his last rhetorical move is to finally invite the audience to identify with him as "Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade" (5.11.55); that is, we are panders and facilitators, not active participants, and are not to value or consider the human cost of what has transpired on the stage. In Shakespeare's play, we are to observe, interpret, and judge; while it remains a role of the eye, the focus is on how Pandarus's actions facilitate the reduction of sexuality to commodification, and it is therefore different from the voyeuristic gaze that Chaucer's Pandarus invites us to enjoy, however uneasily. Ultimately, Pandarus's role in Shakespeare's play is to call attention to the vicissitudes of consent and desire in a war-time society with no clear role for a woman of Cressida's social standing to play. In both cases, the trade is in female flesh; the difference lies in precisely how the audience is implicated in the trade.

Notes

¹ While there is a minority of critics who would deny the Boccaccio->Chaucer->Shakespeare source transmission, the fact that the most recent Norton Critical Edition of *Troilus and Criseyde* prints *Il Filostrato* on facing pages and that David Bevington includes a substantive discussion of Shakespeare's indebtedness to Chaucer in the most recent Arden Shakespeare *Troilus and Cressida* speaks to mainstream scholarship's acceptance of this chain of influence.

² Hereafter, when there is no need to distinguish between Chaucer's Criseyde and Shakespeare's Cressida, I will use the name 'Cressid' to avoid this cumbersome way of referring to both characters at once.

³ My title quotation from Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* (5.10.3681) alludes to this role of procurer.

⁴ *Queerness* here is defined in the terms set out in *The Penguin Dictionary of Literary Terms & Literary Theory*: "queerness has come to be associated with all non-normative gendered and sexual experience, including bisexuality, polyamory, and transgenderism . . . queer readings identify anxieties relating to gender and sexuality which unsettle a text" (Queer Theory 580-81).

⁵ For an introduction to modern interpretations of Pandarus as homosexual, see Severe and Zeikowitz, among others.

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An Un-Silent Cry: Revisiting Feminist Liberation Theology with Margery Kempe

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In her introduction to *The Silent Cry: Mysticism and Resistance*, feminist theologian Dorothee Sölle offers a vision of mystical devotion as a feminist force, using the word *madness* to describe the loving and longing for God experienced by mystics. These early pages of *The Silent Cry* moved me to think of my near-constant companion, Margery Kempe of Lynn—a late-medieval English female mystic often regarded by critics as suffering from some mental illness, variously labelled as hysteria or postpartum depression. As subjects of theological value, Kempe and *The Book of Margery Kempe* have not been widely integrated into genealogies of current theological thought, as Sölle exemplifies. Unlike those of her medieval sisters—such as Julian of Norwich, Birgitta of Sweden, and Marguerite Porète—Kempe’s life and meditations remain at the fringe of recent theorisations of mysticism and the mystical woman’s manner of living. Using *The Silent Cry* as an example of this marginalization, this article considers why Kempe’s theology has been neglected by feminist theologians, exploring especially Kempe’s vulnerability to narratives of mental illness and hysteria in the twentieth century, which exposed her to medicalised interpretations of her *Book* and ableist dismissals of her mysticity. This exploration reveals how established feminist theologians such as Sölle reinforce ableist hierarchies in theological thought, even as they attempt to dismantle systems of oppression and pursue women’s liberation. When Sölle invokes a sense of madness in her study of female mysticism, she does so to describe the desire mystics have for God:

God loves, protects, renews, and saves *us*. One rarely hears that this process can be truly experienced only when such love, like every genuine love, is mutual. That humans love, protect, renew, and save *God* sounds to most people like megalomania or even madness. But the madness of this love is exactly what mystics live on. (1-2)

Sölle emphasises the popular perception of mysticism as behaviour driven by madness, and this is what she calls on Christian women to aim for: to “live on” in their devotion. She goes on to say that ““longing for God”—which could be a different rendering of mysticism—evokes embarrassment” and that this kind of devotion is often perceived as “a kind of misguided indulgence, an emotional excess” (2). As both Kempe scholars and students being introduced to her *Book* should recognize, these descriptions mirror both medieval and modern attitudes towards Kempe. In the *Book*, Kempe’s incessant speaking of God’s love “as wel at

the tabyl as in other place” (as well at the table as in other places) is perceived as excessive and often annoys the company she keeps—so much so that she is abandoned by them on their pilgrimage to Jerusalem (151-152:1974-98). Some onlookers in her hometown suspect she may even be suffering from “the fallynge evyl”, or epilepsy, due to the violence of her affective outbursts (220:3475). While these behaviours still draw laughter and confusion from students and scholars, specialists in medieval mystical traditions now well recognize the centrality of affective piety in the devotional lives of female, Christian mystics in the European tradition.

In Kempe’s case, Santha Bhattacharji offers one compelling supplement to our explanation for her behaviour. Placing her and her *Book* in a medieval, fifteenth-century context, she explains:

From Margery’s account we might think her reactions of roaring and writhing on the ground unique; but the most detailed account of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem to have come out of this period, that of the Dominican friar Felix Fabri, shows us that this was a widespread, almost standard phenomenon. When the pilgrims got to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, he tells us, they uttered groans, sighs, laments, and sobs, and some fell to the ground. . . . Men and women abandoned themselves equally to these behaviors; but in particular, he adds, the women screamed as though in labor. (235)

This affective piety, and the externalisation of her longing for God, appears to align with Sölle’s answer to the place of mysticism in our contemporary social reality. Sölle likens the gift of mysticality, which anyone may obtain, to sustenance for the soul, cautioning against hiding it from the world. She advocates for public performances of piety, sharing this “longing” for God “so it doesn’t spoil, like the manna in the desert that was hoarded for future consumption” (3). According to Laura Varnam, Margery’s excess of emotions allows her to “stir” her feminine observers through performances of weeping and sobbing (148-49). Varnam considers this a key element of Kempe’s exemplarity, positioning her emotional outbursts as being performed in service to God and her feminine community.

However, considering Sölle’s vision of mysticism as living on the madness of loving devotion to God, perhaps the best way to describe her vision of madness is silent—it is distanced from the loud, oft-called hysterical devotions of women like Margery Kempe, both in the medieval period and in the twentieth-century West. Despite the popularity of Kempe as a rising feminist and mystical figure in the late-twentieth century, Sölle ignores her, and in doing so affirms the ways in which she has been so thoroughly and unfortunately described. Instead, when Sölle invokes the reforms championed by St. Teresa of Ávila, she lingers on those which admonished the devout to observe “two hours of silent prayer daily.” She attempts to align them with the teachings of the Persian poet Rumi (Sölle 74-75), and urges her community to resist *silently*, applauding the efforts of “young people [who] maintain ‘vigils of silence for peace’”, who “make god visible simply by standing in those places [where the golden calf is venerated]” (Sölle 76). Sölle’s vision of mystical madness doesn’t appear very mad at all.

Why, in an exploration of the mystical traditions of the Christian West, would one dismiss or pass over the spiritual-political disruptiveness of public affective devotion, of the public weeping which empowered so many women as they were seeking their Lord? A simple answer might be that this is Sölle’s perspective, informed by decades of theological work and contemplation. However, there are

more complex social dynamics at play, and answering this question in earnest requires a greater degree of understanding of the spiritual-political culture of the twentieth century. This exclusion of disruptive affectivity stems, to some degree, from the broad stigma that certain forms of feminine piety became burdened with due to the medicalization of feminine, mystical behaviours by twentieth-century clergy and scholars. Sölle's marginalization of Kempe highlights the politics of exclusion which drove twentieth-century liberation theology, where mentally ill or neurodivergent women are placed at the fringes. The rest of this article develops our understanding of Kempe's exclusion and provides context for the place of mental illness in theological discourse. It interrogates feminist theologians' relationships with twentieth-century attitudes towards mysticism, especially in the Catholic tradition—a tradition foundational to Sölle's genealogy of mysticism and resistance. Focusing specifically on the treatment of Kempe by theologians and scholars *before* the feminist third-wave illuminates the ableist medicalization of mystical, feminine madness—a feature which deeply stigmatised Kempe as a subject of serious study for decades before Sölle's *The Silent Cry* was written.

The demystification of Kempe in the twentieth century took many forms, but the foremost strategy for her dismissal from the ranks of serious mystics was retrospective diagnosis bolstered by rampant ableism. Pseudo-medical analyses of Kempe's behaviours were extrapolated from readings and designated as symptomatic of modern medical conditions which rose to prominence in the decades preceding the *Book's* rediscovery. The most popular of these conditions was hysteria—a diagnosis now roundly discredited in psycho-medical literature, though traces remain in the diagnostic criteria for histrionic personality disorder and conversion disorder (Showalter 287). Within the Western Christian tradition, studies of mysticality in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries became heavily associated with the developing studies of abnormal psychology, especially as it relates to Freudian psychoanalysis and the phenomenon of female hysterics (Hollywood 2-5).

With Kempe unable to be observed by a priest in the flesh, the debate surrounding her status as a hysteric begins even before the first scholarly edition of her *Book* is published in 1940, as widely consulted Jesuit Father Herbert Thurston offered an early diagnosis of her condition. Thurston's assessment—given on the grounds of his “long experience” in the identification of “psychological types like Margery”—concludes: “that Margery was a victim of hysteria can hardly be open to doubt” (“Margery” 452). Considering Thurston's position as a Jesuit priest, his continued use of an “already outmoded Charcotian model” of hysteria (Kane 166), and the wide-reaching Catholic protocols in place to deal with claims of mystical revelations and encounters, it comes as no surprise that Thurston claimed the authority of his “experience” in retrospectively diagnosing Kempe. Thurston's assessment, along with the numerous articles and monographs which concur with his opinion, is built upon the premise of hysteria being thoroughly tied to feminine mysticism across the earliest decades of the twentieth century. Even St. Teresa of Ávila—frequently featured in Sölle's *The Silent Cry*—was dubbed the “patron saint of hysteria” by Freud's collaborator Josef Breuer in their co-authored *Studies on Hysteria* (Mazzoni 42). Contemporary scholars of medieval religious cultures still enjoy playfully invoking Teresa's purported mental illness (Kristeva 26). However, in the case of Teresa, this identity hasn't quite stuck, and her status in the Church remains saintly. Conversely, Kempe could not benefit from centuries of high, widespread acclaim before being assessed in light of modern scientific models—the rediscovery of her *Book* in 1934 catapulted Kempe into the midst of medical and clerical speculation from which she could not escape. Her mystical madness came in

the form of a loud, publicly disruptive figure whose performances of affective devotion were never hidden away in an anchoress' cell.

As part of the process for authenticating the claims of (mostly female) mystics, the Catholic Church has integrated psychological evaluations which are purported to determine the veracity of mystical inspiration and properly address accusations of mental illness. Already so heavily influenced by the late-nineteenth century physicians who frequently dismissed claims of mysticism in favour of delusion and hysteria, such processes became apparently necessary innovations for the Church's continued inquisition, especially as it concerned female mystics and cases of stigmata (Kane; Kugelmann; Van Osselaer et al). Showing special interest in the self-injurious behaviours common to ascetic mystics—such as the wearing of hairshirts, excessive genuflection, self-flagellation, and (self-)stigmatization—the modern model with which scholars and clergy commonly assess contemporary reports of such behaviours is heavily tied to the medicalisation of this apparent desire for pain, as explained by Jerome Kroll et al.: “there are no comfortable modern models for understanding and accepting a healthy and constructive asceticism and an intensely affective expression of union with God, which were such prominent components of medieval spirituality” (96). The ascetic behaviours Kempe displays in the *Book* have become potent evidence against her legitimacy, despite the cultural context for their performance and documentation. The recounting of her self-harm in the *Book*, such as how *sche roof hir skyn on hir body ayen hir hert wyth hir nayles spetowsly* (she violently tore at the skin against her heart with her nails) (55:216-17), becomes evidence against her legitimacy, despite the cause of her anguish arising from the neglect she experiences from her *confessowr* (confessor) (54:195-96). This modern discomfort with the behaviours of medieval mystics like Kempe contributes to both the broad, retrospective diagnoses of female mystics and the dismissal of these behaviours from genealogies like Sölle's.

In accordance with Thurston and the Catholic Church's view of countless women, and complementing this ecclesiastical authority with scholarly ones, the notion of Kempe as mentally ill was maintained across the twentieth century and into the twenty-first. From the 1940s to the 1980s, serious studies of her and her *Book* were overwhelmed by the continued use of hysteria as a pseudo-diagnostic term by lay, non-medical scholars such as Evelyn Underhill—the famed modern mystic, scholar, and author—and David Knowles—a prominent scholar of medieval mysticism (Underhill; Knowles 121).¹ Kempe Studies is still haunted by this reputation, and it was only in the latest part of the twentieth century that feminist scholars began to push back somewhat successfully against these designations. Still, the image of Kempe as an unreliable, mad woman appears to have stuck. In conversation, if rarely in print, one still hears the common jokes about Kempe's “hysteria” and sexual obsession with Christ—characterisations which verify the triumph of those earlier dismissals and unqualified, ethically-suspect diagnoses. Even in the last few years, scholarship has been published which purports to offer *another*, new medicalised explanation for Kempe's behaviour which pushes her experience even further to the social fringe of disordered minds (Dresvina).

At the heart of this conflict lies the persistent ableist narrative that women cannot be mentally ill or neurodiverse and still be accepted as theologically legitimate or valuable. Other works, including Christopher Cook's study, address this conflict, head-on. He writes: “[A]uthors who identify Margery Kempe as suffering from major mental disorder generally seem to not consider her experiences to be mystical. It is not clear why this should necessarily be so. Why may a mystical experience not be had by a person suffering from a mental disorder?” (154). This is

the root of the erasure of Kempe, betraying what Sölle appears to have tried to avoid. Kempe is perceived as illegitimate simply because she is also perceived as mad, despite Sölle's insistence that "madness . . . is exactly what mystics live on" (2). Unfortunately, Sölle appears to find Kempe's brand of madness too distasteful, too *loud* to be of use to her feminist project. Despite her status as a pioneer of feminist liberation theology, Sölle's exclusion of Kempe affirms the ableist narratives which have been weaponised against women—both mentally ill and not.

Some scholars continue to focus on the elements of Kempe's experiences which are the most inflammatory and salacious, while others promote views which challenge these in favour of theologically driven interpretations of the *Book*. Sölle's *The Silent Cry* and works of other feminist liberation theologians affirm that we, as scholars and feminists, must rigorously confront the dismissal of Kempe's mysticity and the questionably ethical diagnoses which continue to be a barrier to serious consideration of her and her *Book* as sources of theological value today. In the context of *The Silent Cry* and feminist theologies and considering the stature of Kempe in the decades before its publication, there really can be no surprise that Kempe and disruptive, loud, *mad* mystics like her are not included in Sölle's work alongside other, more palatable ones.

Notes

¹ Underhill, a cousin of Allen, is responsible for procuring Allen's assistance with identifying the *Book* at the Victoria and Albert Museum in the summer of 1934.

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Literacy Sponsorship as a Catalyst towards Third Space: An Investigation of Early Nineteenth-Century Cherokee Women at Brainerd Mission School

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During the early 1800s, more than three hundred Eastern Cherokee students attended the Brainerd Mission School in Chickamauga Creek, Tennessee, to learn the English language from Christian missionaries (Nichols). Throughout this process, the missionaries from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (ABCFM), who established the school in 1816, did not only provide their Cherokee students with instruction in English reading and writing, but also indoctrinated them into their religion, values, and gender roles (Moulder 80). The students' English writing now survives as a collection of letters and diaries within the John Howard Payne Papers. Since the missionaries acted as literacy sponsors—"agents . . . who enable, support, teach, model, as well as recruit, regulate, suppress, or withhold literacy" (Brandt 326)—to the young Cherokee women, the missionaries were able to set the terms and requirements of literacy learning.

However, literacy sponsorship often comes with more than just literacy learning. The missionaries gained an advantage from teaching Cherokee students, as this furthered their agenda of spreading their views to a different culture. In cases of literacy sponsorship, often "literacy takes its shape from the interests of its sponsors" (Brandt 328), which happened as the missionaries taught their religious and cultural views to the Cherokee students. The price to pay for literacy was assimilation, especially since a major facet of the school's mission was to "Christianize and civilize the Cherokee" (Phillips 400). Due to this complicated site for literacy learning, many of the young Cherokee women who attended the school began to take on features and ideals of the Christian missionaries while simultaneously maintaining dedication to their Cherokee culture, creating a new third space that incorporated elements of both. Therefore, through the literacy sponsorship by Christian missionaries, early nineteenth-century Cherokee women at the Brainerd Mission School occupied a third space between their Christian and Cherokee identities, creating both opportunities for power and problematic struggles of identity.

Third space, or the in-between space that may occur when one's home culture encounters and adapts to a new culture, was first explored by Homi Bhabha (1). Third space represents a new, unique space that shows cultural hybridity and negotiation as one navigates a new culture—thus, the space in-between (Bhabha 38). When applied to literacy, Elizabeth Moje and colleagues explain that third space can be defined as the "integration of knowledges and Discourses drawn from different spaces" (180), which includes the merger of the first space of a person's home

culture and the second space of another culture or formalized space to create third space (180). “Discourses” with a capital “D” was coined by James Gee to encompass the “words, acts, values, beliefs, attitudes, and social identities” (6), of a person, as opposed to “discourse” which implies only language itself without the other components of personhood (6). These mergers can also result in code-switching, which represents a “linguistic hybridity and liminality” (Bhatt 177), for those in third space that are trying to adapt to their new environments.

Additionally, to further explore the definition of third space, Moje and colleagues state that “third space is produced in and through language as people come together, and particularly as people resist cultural authority” (183), which is relevant to the Cherokee women at Brainerd Mission School. The hybridity and in-betweenness of third space are especially salient during colonization, creating a situation where individuals might feel like they are forced to exist between cultures (Kalua 24). Third space is also more likely to occur when there are cultural and identity differences of class, gender, and values—or a greater distance between a person’s first space and second space (Bhatt 178), which the Cherokee women experienced. However, even though literacy sponsorship can result in a third space that is problematic to one’s identity, it can also “generate new knowledges, new Discourses, and new forms of literacy” (Moje et al. 182), that the literacy learners can use for their own purposes (182). Moje and colleagues also summarize Bhabha’s work on third space to conclude that third space can be “productive as well as problematic” (183). Therefore, even though the Cherokee women experienced extreme pressure to assimilate, they still maintained elements of their own identities (Moulder 88). While third space can create problematic qualities, it also gives an opportunity for people to “transcend any fixity” (Sonu and Moon 143), and “transform spaces and create new ones” (145), as the Cherokee women did. Third space can also be productive, after all. The Cherokee women did not simply take on the second space of the Christian missionaries, but maintained elements of their Cherokee identities, too (Moulder 88).

At Brainerd Mission School, the Cherokee women experienced colonialism and a gap between cultures during literacy sponsorship, which made it more likely that third space would develop. The extreme cultural and identity differences were further exacerbated by the missionaries acting as literacy sponsors who controlled the women’s language and way of life, as opposed to only teaching language skills. They therefore experienced a merger of the first space of their homes and communities with the second space of the missionary school and church. During this merger—which was facilitated by the missionaries’ control and literacy sponsorship—conflicts between the spaces of home/community and school/church began to arise for the women, such as moving from speaking Cherokee to English, learning patriarchal values and domesticity over matrilineal structures (Moulder 76), altering dress and homesteads (Gaul 8), changing their community structure (Gaul 8; Phillips 13), and adopting Christianity (Phillips 13). As the students began to take on the traits of the missionaries through sponsorship, their sense of self and identity began to change through these new traits, which is a common occurrence with third space (Moje et al. 182). Additionally, Moje and colleagues state that while having multiple “funds of knowledge” (182), can assist youth in their learning, it can also be “constraining in terms of one’s literate, social, and cultural practices, and ultimately one’s identity development” (182), when the knowledge and Discourses of different spaces are competing. Since the knowledge, ways of life, and Discourses of the Cherokee and Christian missionaries differed dramatically, the third space that resulted from this merger was sometimes limiting to these Cherokee women. Their first and second spaces were in competition, especially since the

missionaries wanted the Cherokee women to assimilate to a Christian, westernized way of life.

The process of trying to reconcile differing and competing Discourses can cause a “struggle for identity and selfhood” (Moje et al. 183), especially if the people are “constantly defined in relation to a dominant Discourse” (183). The Cherokee students at Brainerd Mission were defined by the white patriarchal Christian Euro-American society that belonged to the missionaries. In fact, the missionaries’ goal was one of cultural assimilation. Instead of valuing the students’ Cherokee culture, the missionaries described them with phrases such as, “though their skin is red, or dark, I assure you, their mental powers are white” (Perdue 162), equating whiteness with positive traits while demeaning Cherokee culture as inferior. The young Cherokee women at the school began to internalize these degrading views, too, as a teenage student, Nancy Reece, stated in a letter: “When Miss Ames tells the two white girls they have done well, we often say they can do well because they are white girls” (Perdue 162), again equating whiteness with intelligence and ability. Reece also pens another letter to a white benefactor stating, “Thank you very much for the interest you took in this school. I am always glad to see anybody who is willing to do the heathen good,” again disparaging her Cherokee people as a result of the missionaries’ teachings (Payne 11). Another student, Catharine Brown, even refers to her people in a letter as “poor ignorant Indians” (Brown 66). This is not a surprise, though, as the primary mission of the ABCFM was to “reside among the Indian tribes for the joint purpose of civilizing and Christianizing the heathen” (Phillips 3). Providing the Cherokee students with English literacy was not even in the mission statement of the school, as the literacy sponsorship was only a method to force religion and values on another culture.

Additionally, since third space is more likely to manifest in situations of colonization and cultural authority (Moje et al. 182), this is relevant to the Cherokee women. Several Cherokee initially wanted to learn English to help negotiate and avoid the “looming threat of Cherokee removal” (Moulder 79). However, Moulder explains that this literacy learning did “not take place in a vacuum” (77). Even though Cherokee parents and students “understood the power that Euro-Americans invested in English-language writing” (Moulder 79), and wanted to harness that power to fight encroachments on their land (79), the fact that this language was taught to them by Euro-Americans altered some of these students’ trajectories due to a manifestation of third space as a result of literacy sponsorship. Even though the Cherokee first sought out English to fight cultural oppression, along with their literacy learning came traits of the missionaries, such as domesticity and gender roles (Moulder 76), patriarchal values (Moulder 76), religion (Phillips 13), and altered labor, home, and community structures (Gaul 8; Phillips 13). This continues to connect to third space because third space can include competing—and sometimes incompatible or irreconcilable—cultural values and traits. Ultimately, the adoption of these traits was unanticipated by the Cherokee. The third space that resulted as their Cherokee and new Christian identities merged, more closely resembling the Christian missionaries due to the colonizing and assimilatory nature of these missions, showing the problematic nature of third space and literacy sponsorship in the face of severely unequal power dynamics and dominant Discourses.

Furthermore, the merging of the students’ Cherokee and Christian identities represents the hybridity and in-betweenness that Bhabha explored with third space. While the students at Brainerd Mission School were both Cherokee and Christian, there was still a sense of liminality as they navigated and reconciled their sometimes-at-odds identities and Discourses. There was not a way these two

conflicting identities could exist completely harmoniously with one another (Kalua 24). Both these concepts of hybridity and liminality often occur due to cultural change (Kalua 23). Since third space can create a sense of “confusion, paradox, or liminality” (Kalua 25), in situations of colonialism (25), the Cherokee women likely felt this as they experienced an entirely different Euro-American culture within school. The missionaries tried to convert the Cherokee—and Native Americans in general—to their religion and way of life as part of literacy learning, making the idea of colonization and assimilation highly relevant. The young Cherokee women therefore might have found themselves stuck between their conflicting identities.

Also, since Bhatt explains that “language is the key to understanding how people view themselves and how they use language to construct themselves and their identities” (180), the notion of learning English itself along with new literacy practices and contexts would also impact the Cherokee women’s identities. They began to construct themselves and their identities in new ways based on the new language and culture they were learning, such as their altered gender roles (Moulder 76), clothing (Gaul 8), domestic duties (Moulder 76), community structure (Gaul 8; Phillips 13), and religion (Phillips 13). The fact that the students took on Christian/English names instead of using their given Cherokee names is also telling, though most likely required by the missionaries.

Another hallmark of third space can be code-switching (Bhatt 177), which the Cherokee women seemed to experience. Through reviewing the letters and diaries of the Cherokee women from Brainerd Mission School, such as Catharine Brown, Nancy Reece, Susan Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, and Mary Ann Vail, I noticed potential evidence of code-switching. When writing, the students typically only spoke of their schooling and Christianity rather than mentioning their families or Cherokee life (Gaul 30). These authors predominately worked within the epistolary tradition and the “conventions of evangelical Christian discourse” (Gaul 31), writing about their love and appreciation of God, their experiences at church, their worry about sin, and their desire for a savior (Payne). Brown wrote the following: “How thankful I ought to be to God that he has permitted me once more to commemorate the dying love of a crucified Savior, who has shed his precious blood on Calvary for the remission of sins” (Brown 117); this letter not only shows a representation of the kind of religious writing that these women were undertaking but also seems to have been coached by the missionaries, since it is incredibly formulaic. In Brown’s letters and diaries, there was no mention of “longing for home, family, or Cherokee practices” (Gaul 30), suggesting again that students had to conform to their Christian identities when writing these letters, rather than bringing in elements of their personal lives outside of school. Since they were writing the letters typically to other Christians, schoolteachers, or potential Christian donors (Gaul 47), the omission of Cherokee references might have been a rhetorical strategy employed by the students. Either way, a part of their identities had to be suppressed to participate with Christian society and schooling. Due to this, the Cherokee women’s English writing practices seemed to be deeply interweaved with Christianity, as there are few surviving primary sources from these women that do not deal with religious topics.

Even within the John Howard Payne Papers collection of over one hundred letters from these Cherokee students, the format and topics within the letters were consistent and repetitious: they spoke of church, their class schedules and school in general, a love of God and Jesus, and their Christian teachers and contacts, with the occasional disparaging remark about Cherokee culture (Brown 66; Payne). In addition to code-switching, this could suggest how separate the spheres of their lives really were. More and more, the third space seems to be taking on the qualities of

the second space of the church/school, which is yet another reason that this particular third space is problematic. This third space acts more to assimilate another culture, while a completely productive third space would give further opportunities to language learners. Since the young Cherokee authors were expected to adhere to proper Christian letter and diary writing, the topics they could and couldn't write about were often limited to their Christian identities (Gaul 6). This again resulted in them having to suppress the Cherokee parts of themselves to code-switch to their Christian identities—as dictated and managed by the missionaries—when using the English language to write these letters and diaries.

Also, some of the students began to identify more so with the missionaries than their own families, shifting further into the liminal realms of third space and away from their prior Cherokee heritage. Reece writes that two missionaries were “father and mother to me, and it almost makes me shed tears to think about them” (Payne 9), and, Brown writes to a missionary, stating: “You can hardly tell how my heart ached when I was parted with you, expecting never to see you again in this world” (Brown 61), showing again the strong bond between the Cherokee students and the missionary teachers. Also, when Brown passed away in her early twenties, she “showed no visual traces of her Cherokee identity except for the shading that slightly darkens her face” (Gaul 1). Instead, her dress, furniture, room, mannerisms, and attributes were westernized (Gaul 1). However, this does not mean that Brown—or any of the other students—assimilated completely into Euro-American culture, as they still felt great distress over the conflicting Discourses of their Cherokee and Christian identities. In one of her diaries, Brown can be seen wrestling with her Christian identity as she states: “Why is it that I pray no more to God? Is it because he is not merciful? O! No. He is good, kind, and merciful . . . I might pray more, to my Savior, and have more love to him, than I now have” (119). Therefore, even though the students seemed extremely dedicated to the missionaries and Christianity, they did struggle with their position within third space, as was expected by the theory surrounding the third space of colonization and unequal Discourse power. There are also repeated references to being unworthy, sinful, and wicked individuals in the letters and diaries of Taylor, Taylor, Reece, Vail, and Brown, again showing that they are still trying to navigate their positions within their new religion while being Cherokee (Payne). Unfortunately, third space can be problematic and occupy a fragmented space when individuals are “defined in relation to a dominant Discourse,” as Moje and colleagues explain (183), which was again the case due to unequal power relations between Euro-Americans and Native Americans during the nineteenth century.

Additionally, the attempted westernization of Cherokee by Christian missionaries continued past English literacy learning, as Samuel Worcester, a Moravian missionary, appropriated and altered the Cherokee syllabary that was created by Sequoyah (Cushman 256). A syllabary uses symbols for each syllable of a word as opposed to an alphabet that uses a symbol for each letter. Instead of honoring the 86-character Cherokee writing system for what it was—a syllabary—Worcester insisted on organizing it through his western lens of the Roman alphabet, which reduced the syllabary to “its simplest function” (Cushman 256), as opposed to the richness it possessed before Worcester’s uninvited intervention (256). He reordered the syllabary alphabetically according to Latin and assigned each character an English sound (Cushman 256). Before this reorganization, each character of the syllabary could represent several meanings at once, but it was reduced to only an alphabetic functionality (Cushman 264). Worcester’s changes impacted students at the Brainerd Mission School because they did not learn the syllabary as originally intended by Sequoyah; Worcester also translated the New

Testament of the Bible into Cherokee using his altered syllabary for the students to study (Cushman 266). Therefore, even the Cherokee language was pushed into third space by Worcester's meddling. The Cherokee students didn't get to learn the syllabary as originally intended, as it became westernized and contextualized by the missionaries and western literacy practices (Cushman 265). The missionaries even tried to sponsor literacy learning of the Cherokee's own writing system, rather than letting their original use of the syllabary continue.

However, despite all the struggles of identity, oppression, and indoctrination suffered by the Cherokee students, they were still able to find power within their new English literacies in third space. Moulder explains that the students used "the power of English-language writing to bring attention to the fate of the Cherokee people" (Moulder 88), and to "serve their own communities" (89). They also wrote letters to contact donors and benefactors to support the Cherokee people (Gaul 29). Brown even used her English literacy skills to help prevent Cherokee removal and take an interest in Cherokee politics and community (Moulder 85). Therefore, even though third space caused these women conflict over their differing identities, it also made space to use English literacy practices to challenge Euro-Americans and help the Cherokee people, too. Despite the missionaries' assimilation attempts, the Cherokee women still straddled the line between a westernized, Christian identity and their Cherokee identities (Moulder 85). The in-betweenness of third space doesn't always have to be sinister. In fact, Sonu and Moon state that third space can "enable new layers of the self to emerge" (145), which wouldn't have been facilitated without the literacy sponsorship. Therefore, the ways that Cherokee women used their literacies for the betterment of their people might even transcend the typical definition of literacy sponsoree, as another term, *literacy steward*, is defined as, "women who read and write in their first and second languages and use their skills to negotiate private, public, and Pan-Indian identities specifically for their communities' well-being and sustainability" (Frost 56). Literacy steward seems to fit the Cherokee women from Brainerd Mission School, as their new layers of self facilitated the literacy stewardship.

Finally, even though many of the students of Brainerd Mission School showed fortitude, agency, and mastery of a new language, the reality is that the missionaries' literacy sponsorship of the Cherokee people had lasting ramifications, even two hundred years later. Today, Cherokee is ranked in the "Severely Endangered" language category by UNESCO, which is a direct result of the attempted assimilation and indoctrination of Cherokee people by Euro-Americans (Peter et al. 5). Additionally, much of the historical information and stories told about Native Americans today are by Euro-Americans, stripping Native Americans of agency over their own stories (Lyons 449). According to Scott Lyons, a Native American himself, the highest hopes that Native Americans have for their future writing and literacy is what he calls rhetorical sovereignty (449). Lyons states that "sovereignty is the guiding story in our pursuit of self-determination, the general strategy by which we aim to best recover our losses from the ravages of colonization: our lands, our languages, our cultures, our self-respect" (449). In the end, rhetorical sovereignty would help mitigate some of the damage of literacy sponsorship and the negative aspects of third space. Currently the linguistic situation is following a more hopeful direction: Cherokee Nation now has a revitalization plan that includes a Cherokee School, Tsalagi Dideloquasdi, to teach students the Cherokee language (Peters 6). Peters states that this school is "part of the process of reclamation and renewal" (6) and "a period of linguistic renaissance" (13) for the Cherokee people. The school also teaches the Cherokee syllabary in the manner it was intended to be used by its creator, Sequoyah (Peters 14). Ultimately, Tsalagi Dideloquasdi weaves

together both Cherokee and English at the school, creating a new third space that is completely defined by the Cherokee, giving them agency and sovereignty over their language practices. This might finally be the meaningful transcendence that third space promised as language boundaries are negotiated and used for the Cherokee's own purposes without the influence of a predatory literacy sponsor.

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The Death of Academia in Zadie Smith's *On Beauty*

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In her novel *On Beauty*, Zadie Smith addresses the concerns of class and racial discrimination within the elitist walls of higher education. For many individuals, academia is a haven for nurturing expression and thought. However, beneath the romanticized veil of education, and beyond the rose-tinted glasses pointed towards academia lies a grim reality: what academic institutions present under the guise of providing a space for learning and growth may well hide the foundations of patriarchy and whiteness on which academia has been built for hundreds of years. Through the characters of Carl Thomas, Zora Belsey, and Erskine Jegede, Smith explores the intersection of race and class, questioning whether academia is a safe space for all learners, or if that space is only limited to the rich, white, and elite.

Carl, a young, poor, Black man from outside the inner circle of the fictionalized Wellington University is a character who urges us to take a deeper look at who belongs in academia. Dubbed by a Wellington student “like Keats with a knapsack” (Smith 230), Carl is a spoken-word poet with no formal training, performing outside the walls of an academic setting and shaping the rules of poetry into a unique style and voice. His talent and individualism catch the eye of Wellington poetry instructor Claire Malcolm, whose class “wondered at her absolute confidence—this must be what comes with age and power” (233) as she invites him to attend her poetry workshop to refine his talent. With this simple inquiry, Carl’s encounter with academia begins.

Delving further into the relationship between Carl and Claire, Gemma Lopez writes: “The exchange between Claire and Carl makes one wonder whether his assimilation into the poetry class may be an honest gesture to bring the institution into direct contact with the ‘real world’ or, rather, as Claire herself states, an opportunity for the young man to refine” (361). The word *refine* here is a complicated one. The idea of refinement is making something better; however, the process of refining a substance also means removing impurities, dirt, and blemishes to make something clean and pure. The fact that refinement is often the result of an industrial process, such as the refining sugar or grains, adds a different connotation to Claire’s use of the word. In this situation, we can correlate the industrial process with the academic institution of Wellington itself; the idea of refining sugar can be applied to Carl’s poetry. Why does Claire use the word *refine*? The words *improve* or *enhance* have more positive connotations. The concept of refining Carl’s work implies that there are unwanted aspects, and by asking Carl to join her class under this premise, Claire would prefer to mold Carl’s work into what she wants it to be, rather than show him the true potential for growth in his writing.

In fact, Claire seems here to fit the role of a white savior—an individual who supports marginalized people for self-serving reasons and to attract admiration. Claire does not truly want Carl in the world of Wellington and is only interested in how she can use Carl to fulfill her own need to be esteemed. Claire's invitation for Carl to join her class brings the guise of inclusivity at universities to the forefront. While Claire does not directly claim to be a hero to minoritized individuals, her actions reflect a larger landscape that shows how universities and academic institutions, to maintain an appearance of diversity, will include minorities to fill in the diversity gap. Carl was fortunate to be noticed by Claire, but the reader may wonder if he would have been accepted into Wellington if he had taken the traditional route in applying to the university. Would Carl, as a young man of color—even with his talent—have been as readily admitted into the university considering his lower socioeconomic class, race, and lack of educational background if he had not been noticed by a white person? When Smith mentions Claire's "age and power," (233) she is yet again problematizing higher education since Claire's power has less to do with her prestige as a professor and more with her class position and white skin.

Carl's continual marginalization is evidenced in his fictitious work-study position of "Hip-Hop Archivist." While Carl finds a sense of fulfillment and enjoyment in this position, it does not truly serve to integrate him into the university culture. Brianna Brickley suggests that "inhabiting a body of color fundamentally limits Carl's inclusion in the inner circle of knowledge production and cultural authority that Wellington University represents" (81). Carl is given the archivist position to keep his place as a discretionary student at Wellington, apparently forgotten by Claire, his once valiant defender, and goes unnoticed by the rest of the university. Furthermore, we discover that Erskine, the Assistant Director of the Black Studies department at Wellington, bequeaths this position to Carl to simply get rid of him. Smith writes: "In the case of Carl Thomas, giving someone a headache who was in turn giving *Erskine* a headache, in situations like this, Erskine . . . simply gave them a job" (372). This placement of Carl as an archivist, coupled with Claire's fleeting interest in his talent, is the ever-prevalent story of minoritized students being disregarded by those in academia. Once Carl serves his purpose, and his novelty has worn off, he disappears entirely from the novel.

Carl's storyline shows the deeply troubling fact that a young poor person of color hardly stands a chance in higher education. However, Smith also uses *On Beauty* to demonstrate how even established scholars of color have challenges and difficulties navigating their fragile positions in academia. Erskine is another minoritized character simply filling a role. While his role is more prestigious and official than Carl's, we are left wondering what it is that Erskine actually does at Wellington. His official role is Soyinka Professor of African Literature and Assistant Director of the Black Studies department. However, rather than fulfilling a meaningful role in the university, Erskine spends his time overseeing the elimination of nuisances in the department and assigning them invented job positions. Furthermore, Erskine apparently never contributes to the culture of the Black Studies department or supports its students.

Kanika Batra argues that one of the main goals of Black Studies is to urge students to see the predominance of white literature and culture, pointing out how marginalized Black literature, art, and culture are in an academic setting (1080). However, this goal is unmet by Erskine. As readers, we never find out what type of classes Erskine teaches, and what those courses might contribute to Wellington's diversity. While Erskine does not play the traditional main character role in *On Beauty*, he pushes readers to start questioning his purpose. By painting him in a

negative light, Smith shows just how undervalued Erskine is, even depicting him as failing to take his own position seriously. Further, Erskine's relationship with his best friend Howard has little substance, as they mainly commiserate with each other. Erskine's role in *On Beauty* falls into line with the portrayal of persons of color in novels, television shows, and other media as the best friend trope, leaving their characters with little depth and meaning. Likewise, this presentation of minorities reflects the way they are treated in academia.

Smith shows that while the inclusion of a Black Studies department looks good for Wellington, little attention or significance is given to it. Batra states that Smith deliberately uses Erskine to display the clear intent of the university to use his position to fill in the diversity gap. However, this in turn serves to urge readers to question the value of the Black Studies department (1080). By trivializing the contribution and value of Black literature and thought to Wellington, the university shows the appearance of diversity but denies marginalized students and faculty the inclusion and platform they need to bring about awareness and importance to their role in academia. Once again, minoritized people are used by academia to fill a gap in the educational system to further support the appearance of diversity and inclusivity in establishments founded on whiteness. By not giving minoritized characters like Erskine and Carl any true worth or place in the world of academia, Smith is pointing out the flagrant discrepancies of equality in universities as they subtly attempt to silence the voices of minorities, destroying their sense of worth, while simultaneously placating those who raise the cry for equality, representation, and diversity in academia.

While Carl and Erskine demonstrate the limit of scholarly recognition for racialized bodies in academia, Zora's privileged position offers a more complicated take on the problem. Much of Zora's character is revealed when she dedicates herself to ensuring Carl stays on at Wellington as a student. In contrast to Carl, Zora, a biracial woman, comes from a different socioeconomic class that places her at a slightly elevated status. However, she is desperate to fit into the world of Wellington and follow in the footsteps of her professor father, Howard. While Howard is not currently successful in his field or even very well-liked, he has still found a place in academia through his journey as a working-class man. In the eyes of Zora however, Howard's success in academia happens with ease, particularly due to his whiteness and status. Brickley writes that she "is a mirror of Howard. She is an insecure college freshman student at Wellington, and her aspirations to become an intellectual make her a cringe-worthy cliché, the kind who references Foucault in casual conversation" (77). While several of Zora's actions are certainly questionable, they are also deeply telling of her complicated character. For Zora, her status is not simply about the money her family has; it is about education. Unlike Carl, Howard, and Erskine, she has parents who are educated and who ease her introduction into academia. Without her father, Zora would unlikely be able to attend Wellington, but at the same time, readers see that she wants to gain individualism within academia without relying on nepotism.

Beneath the tough layers and oftentimes desperate exterior, lies an insecure young woman searching for her identity in both academia and her family. In spite of her cultured background, her identity, not only as a biracial individual but also as a woman, automatically makes it more difficult for Zora to obtain any type of solid footing at Wellington. She feels slighted by Claire who overlooks her writing and by her father who ignores her. At a pivotal point near the end of *On Beauty*—in an argument surrounding a sexual affair Howard has—Smith writes, "[I've] [d]efended," said Zora, opening her eyes very wide in amazement, letting the tears course down. 'Defended and defended and defended *you*'" (433). This moment is

one of the few times readers see Zora outside of her critical, intelligent exterior, and perceive her vulnerable and human side. This moment of vulnerability with Howard is a projection of the vulnerability she feels in the search for her own identity.

Smith uses Zora's moments of vulnerability to highlight the hope, however small, that might exist for marginalized individuals at Wellington and in higher education. While there is no solid place either for working-class persons of color or for scholars of color like Carl and Erskine, Zora, as a biracial woman, shows that there is space for more than just elite white men in academia. However, if readers are tempted to believe that Zora encapsulates the ideal of inclusivity in academia, particularly in her fight to keep Carl incorporated in Wellington, this ideal is shattered by material realities and interpersonal conflict, as exemplified in their angry final encounter. Feeling betrayed by his lack of romantic interest in her, she throws his social status back in his face when she says to him:

You go to Wellington for a few months, you hear a little gossip, and you think you know what's going on? You think you're a *Wellingtonian* because they let you file a few records? You don't know a thing about what it takes to belong here. And you haven't got the *first idea* about our family *or* our life, OK? Remember that. (Smith 417)

In this passage, Zora does several things. First, she points out the truth behind Carl's position at the university, drawing attention to just how little Wellington values Carl's purpose as an archivist. Second, Zora establishes that no matter what Carl does, he will always be an outsider to Wellington due to his race, class, and background. This passage reflects Zora's own fears and insecurities; even though Zora has grown up in Wellington, she still feels like she doesn't belong, and Carl is a direct mirror of Zora's feelings of displacement and lack of worth. As Anna Glab asserts, "Racial brotherhood no longer matters at Wellington. Race-based identity and solidarity vanish when human passions and hurt feelings come into play" (503). Glab's insights draw us back to the larger question of whether academic institutions are making a true effort to be inclusive to minoritized individuals, or if they are merely concerned with how the presence of these individuals makes the institution appear. While Zora begins as a champion for Carl, when it comes down to her feelings and appearance in the eyes of Wellington, Carl—and the marginalized groups he represents—disappear into the background.

The experiences of these characters demonstrate the disparities between inclusion and diversity in liberal arts education. As Alexander Dick and Christina Lupton state, "There is a way of life being advocated here, and it is one in which differences, however much they are recognized, are mediated by the shared language and procedures of the institution" (132). The freedom that liberal arts can offer has been squashed by the rules and procedures of academic institutions. Understandably, academia must have organization and procedure, but how much of a reliance on rules and regulations will apply before it changes the very purpose of a learning institution? While universities attempt to advocate for diversity in academia, the sustainability and intent behind this diversity pose crucial questions: what attempts do universities make to actively diversify texts and curricula? What types of pedagogical practices are employed to provide an inclusive and equitable learning environment? How does diversity shape the way advisors interact with their students? While Wellington may be a fictionalized university, there is still a need for genuine attempts to diversify real-life universities.

Gregory Semenza claims that "The single worst problem higher education faces is because it is linked to every other crisis in the industry" (15), yet academia is not

an industry, and labeling it as such implies that higher education is a sort of robotic environment, incapable of allowing beauty, color, and diversity to exist within its walls. If we can first look at academia as something other than a factory producing singularly focused individuals, then we can begin to open discussion that centers on how universities can consistently advocate for diversity and inclusivity in their departments and classrooms.

Though *On Beauty* is a critique of academia, it is vital to look at this critique through a lens of hope. In her novel, Smith has laid out the foundations and perceptions of what can go wrong in universities; how they stifle the voices of minorities, and how these minorities respond to this stifling. The question is, how does this change? How do we ensure that the cocoon of academia and the unparalleled experience of learning is opened to every individual, and that each voice is equally heard? One way to start is by peeling back the layers of academia and exposing the truth of its foundations. We must hold universities accountable for their actions of building on white foundations that were never intended to include marginalized peoples; by acknowledging this truth, we can hope to rebuild the foundation. This rebuilding can take the form of truly acknowledging the worth of departments such as Black Studies, encouraging those teaching literature courses to offer more than a western canon, and advocating for students to be allowed to share their stories and experiences as equals. What *On Beauty* shows us is that, although the future of academia must be changed, this task is perhaps not a hopeless one.

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“vivre” by Henri Meschonnic

***Translated by Gaby Bedetti, Eastern Kentucky University and Don Boes,
Bluegrass Community and Technical College***

vivre
ne se commande pas
se souvenir
ne se commande pas
la rencontre
ne se commande pas
ce que j’ai à dire
ne se commande pas

living
cannot be controlled
remembering
cannot be controlled
the encounter
cannot be controlled
what I have to say
cannot be controlled

from *La vie je cours (Life I Run)*, Tipaza, 2008
Reprinted with permission of the publisher.

“tu me refais le monde” by Henri Meschonnic

***Translated by Gaby Bedetti, Eastern Kentucky University and Don Boes,
Bluegrass Community and Technical College***

tu me refais le monde
en moi en toi se confondent
tous ceux qui sont du même côté
de la vie
du même côté des mots
que nous
et c'est un rire qui nous ouvre
l'un à l'autre
et qui nous tient
ensemble

you remake the world for me
in you in me mingle together
all those on the same side
of life
on the same side of words
as we are
and laughter opens us
to one another
and holds us
together

from *Demain Dessus Demain Dessous (Tomorrow Above Tomorrow Below)*,
Arfuyen, 2010
Reprinted with permission of the publisher.

“Tres de marzo” by Paola Valverde Alier

Translated by Holly Hendrix
Morehead State University

*Aquí se derrumba el límite
de una ciudad
porque el amor no es otra cosa que un templo
columnas de cielo sosteniendo al barco.
Soy la ruta del descenso
mis manos caen como anclas
sobre ti.*

*Levantarnos
despertar el silencio acantilado
rasgar la tormenta con el sol al hombro
decir yo te buscaba
te buscaba en el encuentro de tus mitades
en la atómica composición del aire
donde un cuerpo balancea al otro
sin hundirlo
a pesar del peso.*

“March Third”

Here the city limits
collapse
because love is nothing but a temple
heavenly columns holding up the boat.
I am the downward path,
my hands fall like anchors
onto you.

Getting up
awakening the steep silence
tearing apart the storm with the sun at our back
saying I was looking for you
I was looking for you where your halves come together
the atomic composition of the air
where one body rocks the other
without letting it fall
in spite of its heaviness.

“Oscilación” by Milenka Torrico

Translated by Holly Hendrix
Morehead State University

Mi mamá no me ama

*se sienta frente al televisor
para llorar por otros
para dolerse de otros*

*si la culpa la alcanza
me da dinero*

*si la furia la alcanza
me abofetea*

*si la ansiedad la alcanza
se enamora de mi padre*

*si la lucidez la alcanza
se arrastra por la casa
buscando un lugar para colgarse.*

*Mi mamá no me ama
yo amo la lucidez de mi mamá.*

“Oscillation”

My mama doesn't love me

she sits in front of the television
crying for others
hurting for others

if guilt gets to her
she gives me money

if rage gets to her
she smacks me around

if anxiety gets to her
she falls in love with Dad

if a lucid spell gets to her
she drags herself around the house
looking for a place to hang herself.

My mama doesn't love me
I love my mama's lucidity.

“Despertar” by Armando Maldonado

Translated by Holly Hendrix
Morehead State University

*Amo tu despertar,
tu cuerpo tibio como un mercado a primera mañana.
Tu primer pestañeo de girasol.
Tu despertar, siempre de espaldas a mí,
como implorando una flagelación de mi asombro.*

“Waking Up”
I love the way you wake up,
your warm body like an early morning market.
Your eyelids fluttering like a sunflower.
Your waking up, always facing away from me,
as if pleading for a lashing of my amazement.

“Impatience / Ungeduld”

By Nancy K. Jentsch
Northern Kentucky University

“Impatience”

Crocuses wake purple
stretch and yawn

Petal cups fill with sun’s vigor
Colors cavort in counterpoint

under time-bleached leaves
Daffodils follow

tumbling with tulips
and giddy hyacinths

onto a quilted counterpane
of April’s violets

“Ungeduld”

Krokusse erwachen lila
rekeln sich und gähnen.

Blumenblattbecher sonnen sich satt.
Farben feiern feuchtfrohlich

unter winterbleichen Blättern.
Osterglocken folgen

turnen mit bunten Tulpen
und beschwipsten Hyazinthen

kullern kühn ins Reich
der Maiveilchen.

“Threadbare Day”

Inspired by “Wood Fire” by Andrea Kowch

By Nancy K. Jentsch
Northern Kentucky University

When lit, fingers of wood
lift chill morning’s fog
heat threadbare days

flame auburn like wisps
of wind-waltzing hair
till night tucks in

black as crowding crows.

Lithe fingers that once reached
like kite strings to sky’s
infinity now serve

only this day’s purposes
clutched close to pulsing heart.

“Fence Row Monarch”

By Nancy K. Jentsch

Northern Kentucky University

I. Accolade

In the fence row, an accolade of asters
circles the oak, chosen
before lasers and satellites
to bind land to owner.

Scores of storied rings later it sprawls
taunts space and time with limbs so bold
they could each be trees, bark
unscarred by war or storms. Today
leaves wear lobes of nature’s fluid symmetry
and green cedes to autumn’s blush.

II. Overlooked

The squirrels overlooked an acorn—
the thatch-capped nut that became the monarch.
A clumsy seedling, gloved with leaves
grew to a sapling, awkward as a budding
tween wishing itself inches.
Today its tip nudges a cloud.

A different oak shaded asters
and dropped that thatch-capped nut
before courthouses and deeds.
That tree, too—a rooted acorn, overlooked.

“E-mails from the Dead”

By Gary Walton

Northern Kentucky University

This is a frozen day, with its blistering wind
And sky so gray and overcast it's hard
To count it as anything but a blank space

Waiting to be filled, like an application
For life insurance or a credit card;
The plague is still raging, more so than ever,

37% infection rate and climbing;
With about a million dead, the cost of
The virus has moved from tragedy to statistic

And thus, for many, is forgettable like
School shootings or climate change.
Thus, I am sequestered again (or still?) and

I have been relegated to watching reruns of
Lawrence Welk, that refugee from North Dakota,
The scion of Polka and bland big band music,

(A sound so square you could build a bowling
Alley or an ice rink on it);
But what strikes me now, watching these faded videos

50 years later, observing the facility of these
Technically penultimate musicians, who spent their
Entire lives in service of their craft—is that they are all dead—

Passed on to their “lack of reward,” as Barthelme once said.
Every glissando, crescendo, prestissimo, and maestoso
Long gone—now a mere trick of digital projection,

Electronic illusion, Maya of the mind—is it immortality
Or a kind of a cruel joke?
Of course, I have trouble letting anything go:

I kept an email from a deceased friend in my inbox
For years, until the provider went bankrupt and killed
Even that lingering memory—another departed pal, lives in my

Answering machine along with political robocalls and
Various “come all ye’s” from telemarketers.
Strangely though, I cannot look at their photographs,

Hard copies I have pasted in elephantine albums, nor
Can I peruse pictures of my father and mother, though
I did keep a ficus Mom planted, for several years, until it

Too gave up the ghost from lack of water (one reason I
Can’t have a puppy or a parakeet).
Yet, there is a satisfaction that comes from watching

Old black and white movies—especially silent ones—
Knowing that those actors who owned mansions and sleek
Limousines, engaged in scandalous affairs and lost thousands

At the dog track have dissolved as surely as their silver nitrate
Film stock did half a century ago—
Is it hubris or just human nature to want to embrace *this* moment,

No matter how humble—to walk to the kitchen, open a
Bottle and let the flavor slide down the throat, knowing that this
Fleeting iota of consciousness is still better than what’s

Left of those pale images, stuck lifeless on a brittle reel
Of celluloid or the music of apparitions floating from
The conjured spirit of a haunted digital video screen?

“Pandemic Jeremiad”

By Gary Walton

Northern Kentucky University

The virus attacks like Calvinist sin—

It creeps in when your guard is down,
Invisible, almost metaphysical as it

Wends its way around all your good deeds,

Your careful defenses, your pious wishes;
In the grocery store, double-masked you

Become alarmed because you can smell

The cigarette smoke on the clothes of
The old man waiting at the deli or the

Deodorant soap that lingers by the

Snide woman picking out zucchini and
Winter squash or even the decadent whiff

Of chocolate in the candy aisle or the

Unctuous scent of bread and cakes in
Baked goods because you know that,

Like temptation, momentary lapses

Are seductive that can lead to calamity,
For if a young mother's perfume can

Breach the fine weave of the mask, so

Can invisible infection and disaster—
In Salem, according to Cotton Mather,

A witch could send her invisible shape

Or familiar to torment her unsuspecting
Godly neighbors—one wonders, what

Demon sends its noxious breath today

To bring us down—perspicacity is not
Enough—righteousness is a ruse—no

Coupon, store credit or debit card can
Shield us from this intrepid evil and
No good deeds (or, alas, good thoughts)

Will get us through checkout unscathed.

“Autumn Song”

By Gary Walton
Northern Kentucky University

The trees seem joyous this fall day
 Relieved as they are of summer's burden;
 Their dark limbs seem to stretch high

Fingers arching, jazz hands, toward the
 Pale blue of sky and the wisps of cirrus
 Clouds diffidently sliding by—

The crimson, sienna, gold and bold red
 Maple leaves twirl with the pale yellow
 Oak signaling the end of striving, growing

And furious blooming—and now it is time
 To stop, just for a while and wait for winter;
 Let others sing the praises of Halloween

With its spooks and Trick or Treat minions,
 Its false faces and hidden agendas—
 Let me sing a roundelay, perhaps a prick song

Of thanksgiving for this moment:
 Becoming is over—being is all we need now—
 Breath to fill us up in a beatitude of life

Amid all the impetuous, if inevitable, dying—
 Perhaps a Kaddish is appropriate—but no,
 A canticle of joy to just stand still, without

Thought or worry—without expectation—
 Just to be here, to be now—
 Excelsior!